The Shock of it All

by faewm

Summary

A freak potion accident renders our hero without memory of who he is. Watch as the new Harry takes Hogwarts by storm. No one is going to tell him what to do. AU 4th year. Super!Harry. Unfettered!Cussing!Harry. Not a crossover, but with a lot of Sci-fi references. Harry's a bit of an ass.
Chapter 1 What Had Happened Was

This is a challenge fic, here is the challenge:

Poster: Crazy Aunt Ella

I Am Giving A Challenge

Set 4th year

Harry Potter leaves Hogwarts and goes missing for a week. Later he is found wandering the streets by Professor McGonagall with no memory of who is or anything about the Wizarding World. (Done)

His memory loss is has nothing to do with magic or any injuries. (I’m not sure if what I did counts)

As those closes to him try to piece together why Harry left that day and try to get Harry out of the tournament things they are faced with the possibility they don't know Harry as well they think they do. (Accepted)

Authors note:

A big thanks to eha1234 who helped me flesh-out the outline.

I don’t own Harry Potter. This will be the disclaimer for the rest of the story.

This fic is unbetaed, I will read all the chapters at least five times to make sure there are few mistakes, but I am human and have dyslexic so there are bound to be a few. I simply do not have the patience to wait for betas to get back to me, no matter how fast and good they are.

Warnings: There will be cussing in this fic as Harry doesn’t feel the need to impress anyone. It is constant and unfettered. There will be bashing of some of the characters, though I hope it is mild, since I don’t like making them too OOC. This will be a Super!Harry story and the laws of JKR’s magic will be broken. I have received a few reviews that state that Harry is an asshole, so be warned on that as well.

Enough of this long note, to the story.

Hphphp

“He must compete…” the words echoed over and over in our champion’s head as he stumbled blindly through the castle. He didn’t want to go back to the dorms yet. He was in too much shock that the adults were making him participate in this stupid tournament. He had thought for sure that Dumbledore would stand by him, but the headmaster didn’t. As a matter of fact, the old man had done the exact opposite and stated that he must compete. It was that man’s determination that the young teen was now in a magically binding contract, that broke our hero’s mind. For if Dumbledore couldn’t get him out, then he must truly be stuck participating.

The teen wandered aimlessly as his brain circled over his dilemma, until his breathing became erratic
as did his pulse, and sweat poured down his forehead. He needed to calm down. He couldn’t think like this, everything was so unclear. So, without even realizing it he turned his steps to the dungeons where he’d seek some Calming Draught. He had no desire to go to the Hospital Wing since he knows Madam Pomfrey will just keep him overnight. He just wanted to be alone to figure out how he was going to get out of his latest predicament.

His footsteps echoed the empty halls as he slowly walked through them. His mind was running a mile a minute, and he was paying very little attention to where he was going. In a daze he opened the Potions’ classroom door and headed towards Snape’s office. There was a sludge-like resistance, it made him feel like he was wading in shallow waters. But he was determined to get the needed potions, so he carelessly waved his hand and it went away. He stumbled blindly into the office and looked at the hazy labels, but everything was unfocused.

Why couldn’t he see, was his body rebelling? He needed to clear his head. He shook his head and looked for the correct color. There was a tingling in the back of the room, so he headed there. He instinctively went to a locked cabinet where the pulse of magic was coming from. There appeared to be a barrier on the door, so with a thoughtless wave of his hand he cleared it. Opening the wooden door and spotting green, he blindly reached for the vial and lifted it off the shelf. He popped the cork and took a long pull, grimacing at the dirty sock taste.

‘Wait, dirty socks, that’s not…’ was the incomplete thought as the potion hit him and his eyes rolled in the back of his head as he slammed to the floor. The glass container tinkled as it hit the stones and rolled near his feet.

The Bloody Baron was making his rounds of the lower-levels of Hogwarts when he heard the body and glass fall. So, he drifted to the scene and saw a boy in a Gryffindor uniform on the floor. Heaving a great sigh at the stupidity of that House, he went to get the Potions Master. Floating through the wall, he came up on the man sitting in his study, reading. “Potion Master Snape, there is one of Gryffindor’s students in your office, who appears to have overdosed on something,” the apparition stated coolly as if this happened every day, while truth be told it only happened once or twice a decade.

“Dammit, of all the dunderheaded things to do,” the greasy-haired man snarled as he slammed closed his book and got up. “It is probably some fool thinking that the Cheering Draught will give him the euphoria of cannabis,” he stated, hating when Muggle-born teens discovered that particular drug. He headed to the office and when he spotted our hero, he growled. “Get up, you foolish child,” he said, waving his wand and spelling him awake.

“Who the hell are you?” the dark-haired teen stated groggily as he pulled himself up. He adjusted his glasses and shook his head to clear it, but everything was still fuzzy. He had no idea who the man in front of him was, but he looked like someone you stayed far away from if you could help it. The greasy hair, the crooked teeth, dressed all in black; yeah not someone you would want to meet in a dark alley.

“Do not play stupid with me, Potter. What are you doing in here? How did you even get past the wards? No, you are too senseless and feeble to have done it yourself. You must have had an upper-year do it for you, was it the twins? Never mind I will find out, but for now it will be detention for a month for stealing from a teacher,” the vile man sneered, happy to finally have a legitimate reason to punish the boy. He grabbed the teen and started yanking him towards the door. “Get out of my office and if I ever see you in here again, I will make sure you are expelled.”

“What are wards? What twins? What the fuck are you talking about? I don’t even know who the hell you are. Get away from me, you creepy bat!” the now named Potter yelled, pulling away from the
grip on his arm, and slamming into the wall behind him. His wild eyes were glancing around the room, taking in the fact that it looked like something out of a horror movie from the telly. There were vials and jars of… things that were floating in goo and sludge. The man in front of him looked like a villain off a comic book, perhaps he was a mad-scientist. The dark-haired teen worried about where he was but was even more concerned over the fact that he didn’t know who he was. But, he wasn’t going to tell the strange person this.

“Do not play stupid with me, Potter. This is no time for one of your pranks,” the dark man yelled as he yanked the teen up further from his slouched position, who once more jerked from his grasp and hit the wall. “You are coming with me to the Headmaster’s office for sneaking out after curfew and disrespecting a professor,” the now claimed teacher stated as he once more tried to grab the boy.

Potter saw this and ducked, putting his foot forward so he could evade the grabby hand, he heard a crunching of the glass vial under his foot. He looked down and saw green goo seeping out from under his shoe. He lifted his foot and tried to shake it off as he stepped away from his tormentor.

Snape, upon hearing the noise, also looked down. He picked up the broken vial and when he saw the label he paled. His eyes darted around the room, as he looked to make sure what he saw was real. ‘He couldn’t have… that cabinet is warded against students. How did he get in there?’ his mind frantically thought. Then he stared at his most hated student and noted his completely confused look. “You stupid fool, how much of this did you take?” he snarled at the teen, waving to the broken glass under the kids nose.

“I didn’t take anything,” Potter snapped, leaning away from the hook-nosed man, who was in his face again. Like he would touch anything in this room, it all looked like experiments gone wrong. His nose wrinkled at the thought, though his mouth did have a dirty sock taste to it, which made him wonder how he knew what dirty socks tasted like.

“If you had only sipped this vial then you would merely be… dazed,” the Potions Master hedged, thinking of the ramifications of the Boy-Who-Lived overdosing on an experimental potion. “I can’t tell from the amount on the floor,” he mumbled, trying to evaluate how much the child had taken. If it had only be a sip he would be easily controlled, much like the Imperius, but the boy seemed to be completely without memory. What to do?

The wary teen saw that his tormentor was distracted, so he ducked passed him and ran. When he saw the label he paled. His eyes darted around the room, as he looked to make sure what he saw was real. ‘What the hell kind of place is this?’ he wondered as he rabbited through the dungeons. He passed talking portraits and suits of armor that seem to move to grab him. He twisted and turned and didn’t stop for even a second. He eyes were wild with what he was seeing and all of it made him run faster. ‘This place is crazy,’ was the thought running through his mind as he followed the torch lite halls, until he came to some stairs. He took a deep breath and started up them.

There at the top were a set of large double-doors. He sprinted forward and pulled one side open. Running outside towards the wall that appeared to be surrounding the large stone building, his only thought was to escape this madhouse. As he ran, tried to get his bearings. There was a gate in front of him, so he went in that direction. There is a dark forest to his right and in the pale moon light he saw beings that looked to be a cross between man and horse. This made him run faster still.

Just about the time he reached the gates, a very, very large man came from the trees. “‘arry,” the giant called, lifting his hand in greeting, which just happened to have a huge crossbow.

Our hero, upon seeing the weapon, freaked out more and twisted to turn away, when suddenly he wasn’t near the Grimm’s fairytale place anymore.
Chapter 2 What Now?

Snape’s POV

Severus fretted. This was not something he normally did; however, it wasn’t every day he broke a national icon. He whirled on the Bloody Baron, his robes flaring behind him. “This never happened,” he snarled, waving his hand to indicate that he meant the whole scene. “You never saw that boy. I never confronted him. As far as anyone is concerned, he never entered the dungeons tonight. Or I will find a way to exorcise you and blame it on the Weasley twins.”

“My dear deluded man, that is not a threat to me,” the unimpressed Baron stated in his most pompous voice. “Long have I wanted to leave this plane of existence. Besides, I have a duty to tell the Headmaster of things such as this,” he stated, then got a sly look on his face as he realized he could use this to his advantage. “However, perhaps we can come to an accord. You tell me what was in that vial and perchance we can… make a deal, I believe is the current saying. Only if I find it is a Slytherin worthy cause.” He was Slytherin after all and any deal that could benefit him was not something to pass up. He had long wanted to have something to hold over this man, who he felt had ruined many children’s lives. Now, he could make the man behave and perhaps reap a reward for himself.

Snape thought about it and ran all the repercussions over in his mind. He couldn’t think of anything that a ghost could want that would be worse than Dumbledore discovering this potion, or the stupid boy taking it. “I have many enemies amongst the Death Eaters and a few amid the Order. They all are trying to blackmail me. A few are coming close, and oi do not believe Albus could be of help this time. This,” he waved to the mess on the floor, “was a bottled Imperius/Obliviate Draught. It is scentless, tasteless and untraceable. Four drops of this and I can erase their memories of everything I want and make them… pliable. It was yet untested. I do not know what would happen if one overdosed, but judging from the dunderhead that just left, I would say it wipes the entire memory.”

Perhaps, or it was combined with the fact that the boy suffered from a great shock,” the apparition stated smoothly, knowing full well that the child was innocent. The teen was not trained enough to do what was needed to charm the Goblet of Fire. The tournament was held in his day, and the Goblet was used even then. There was no way a student could charm the artifact to do what was done. No, someone was out to get the boy, but the Potions Master was too blind with hate to see that. It was one of the reasons the Baron was willing to broker a deal.

“Please, that child is nothing but a glory-seeking Gryffindor. He put his name in the Goblet and is only pretending to be overtaken with emotion,” Snape sneered and waved his hand as if dismissing the entire idea.

“I did not know you thought so highly of the boy’s skills. If he is accomplished enough to confound an ancient artifact at such a young age, why he could be the next Merlin,” the Baron stated with false awe.

“Do not toy with me, Baron, you know damn good and well that he had someone else do it.”

“You are letting your past cloud your mind, a very unSlytherin like quality,” the ghost sneered condescendingly. “Now, tell me Potion Master Snape, who is it that you work for?” the bloody spirit asked. He had watched this man dance to two masters but wondered if he was really the puppet he pretended to be. He really wanted to know. It would be vital to his plan on blackmailing the
“Myself, like any other self-respecting Slytherin,” was the deadpanned answer.

“Well done. I had wondered,” he stated, looking down his nose to the greasy-haired man. Then sniffed and looked Snape dead in the eye. “As to our accord, if you try and come from out of the past and start treating the students correctly, along with one other little thing, I will keep my silence. However, if you continue to persecute innocent children because of your memories, then you will find that I have no fear of you or your petty threats. Think well on this, you Obliviated a celebrity; if it were to get out you will wind up in Azkaban. My thoughts are of this school and all the students within it. It is the main goal of all the House Ghosts. You would do well to emulate us,” the blood-covered spirit stated as he looked sincerely. It felt good to have a reason to make this man behave. “Now, you will find my other need is simple. The time is late, and we have dallied at the scene for longer than necessary. I will join you in your quarters after you have cleared this… mess,” the ghost said as he floated to the ceiling and disappeared.

Snape stood in surprise for a minute. He had no clue that the Bloody Baron was so… protective. Shaking himself out of his stupor, he quickly banished the spilled potion and broken bottle. He secured the cabinet with a few Darker wards than he had had on there before, and left the room as if it had not been touch. He then calmly went back to his study, thanking Merlin that Albus couldn’t read the minds of ghosts. He cleared his mind and organized this night in to the deepest parts, hiding it under his hate of all things Potter.

The Baron did join him, and his next demand was easy, yet at the same time hard. All Snape had to do was talk to the Grey Lady and convince her to converse with her murderer. He felt he could accomplish this with few issues. She was merely an overemotional woman after all.

Meanwhile in a dark alley, Harry’s POV

Right now, our hero was huddled against the cold winds of the city streets. He had no idea how he got here, but the phrase ‘out of the frying pan and into the fire,’ kept running through his mind as he took in the shadows of the alley he was currently hiding in. One minute he was escaping from the spooky castle, full of mean men, animated armor and holograms of men covered in blood, and the next he was in the cold streets of a city. He did wonder what kind of technology that greasy-haired, hook-nosed person used to make all that happened and why. Did the guy do something to make him forget? Is that why he was so mean? What could he have possibly done to piss someone off so much that they’d take his memories? Maybe it was a murder, or a drug deal, or a slave operation. Harry didn’t know, there were too many possibilities, and since he had no memory he had no way of proving anything. So, he couldn’t go to the coppers, they’d just laugh at him, or throw him into the loony-bin.

But that was for another time; right now, he had to get warm, and stay hidden. He was alone, at night, in the city, and had no weapons or means to protect himself. He didn’t know why that was his first thought, but he needed to regroup and deal with it all in the morning. So he hunkered down behind a large waste bin and wrapped his… robe around his legs. In his mind he was chanting, ‘get warm, stay safe,’ and he could slowly feel the warmth spread throughout his body from the center. Unknown to him, he was using his magic to protect himself from the elements and the excessively bad people as he fell asleep sitting against the wall.

Too bad that didn’t include petty thieves.

When he woke the next morning, he was sans glasses and shoes, but for some reason was still a decent temperature. He figured it was the woolen robe, and brushed it off. He looked through the pockets of what appeared to be a school uniform. In them he found some weird paper, a stick,
feather with ink on the tip, and a few pieces of silver and bronze. Thinking this might get him some real money, he threw all but the coins away and hit the streets. Thanking God he had been sitting on these treasured coins, or he might not have them either.

He walked for a while, not noticing that his feet were not freezing on the cold concrete. He had to get right up to the windows to read the signs, and many of the shop owners chased him away. He stumbled around, until he found a store that bought gold and rare coins.

“Good morning,” he stated as he slowly made his way up to the counter. “I found these coins and was wondering if they were really silver and how much I could get for them.” He held out two of the silver ones.

The man took them, eyed them carefully, then quirked an eyebrow at the teen and snarled, “Think your funny, do ya? Trying to get me in trouble, are ya?” He slammed the money on the counter and was ready to run the boy off. It had to be a prank or a set up to see if he’d buy them. There was no other reason the kid would come in asking about them. While he had had wizards in the past, they all wanted what that bank Gringotts would give them. They gave the appropriate words that were used in non-magical shops. This kid seemed to want the going prize of precious metal.

“What? They’re not real silver then?” was the disappointed sigh. His shoulder slumped in defeat, he had no idea what he was going to do for money now. He didn’t think the vendors would take them, especially if they weren’t real.

“Oh, no, they be silver alright, but I can’t buy them. There is a law against takin’ wizard coins,” the man sneered as he looked the child up and down, taking in his defeated posture and wondered why he wasn’t in school. He didn’t look like a street rat. His clothes were new, and he had probably had shoes on last night, judging from his clean feet.

“Wizard coins, what are you on about?” Potter asked with a completely bewildered look on his face.

“Look, kid, I ken give ya what the goblins would, which might be enough to get ya a meal, but you can’t sell these to anyone. I ken tell from yer uniform that ya know what I’m talkin’ abut,” he said, waving his hand at the uniform in question.

“Right, had a bit of an accident, and lost my memory. I did just find these coins in my pocket. Look, here are a few more,” the messy-haired teen stated, as he pulled out five more of the silver money. Something in the man’s voice renewed his hope.

“Don’t know who ya are then? Pity, I might have been able to ‘elp. As it is I ken give ya a couple of quid to tide ya over until ya get back to yer school,” the man stated as he opened a box under the counter and counted out some money. “Perhaps, ya ken buy some shoes from the junk store, jest down the street,” he stated, pointedly looking at the boy’s feet.

“Oh, right, shoes,” Harry said, and now that he was thinking about it, his feet were getting cold. ‘Must have been mind over matter,’ he thought.

“Course, ya could jest wave yer wand and keep them warm,” the man said absentmindedly.

“Are you a…. wizard?” the teen asked warily, not really believing the man, but he wanted to see how far the delusion ran.

“Nay, I’m a Muggle, but they let me know when some kids came in with coins like yers. I give them the goin’ rate and the goblins fell on me like rabid dogs. I ‘ad ter promise ter ne’er to buy them again, accept fer what they give at their bank. I get a sheet once a year tellin’ me what’s what. The goblins
put a spell on me, so I can only talk ter wizard folk,” the man said as he noted something in a red ledger.

“Right, Muggle. Well, thanks, and have good morning,” Harry said as he scooped up the money and all but ran from the barmy man. It had to be a hustle to keep kids like him from getting the true value of silver. There was no other explanation… goblins indeed. But it wasn’t like Harry had many other options, he was basically homeless now. He’d take what he could get, and when he got his memory back perhaps he’d get some payback.

“Get yerself back ta school!” the man yelled as Harry quickly made his exit.

‘Wizards,’ the boy thought, after the door closed. ‘There’s no such thing as magic… wait… that sounds familiar…. Where have I heard that from? Think, Harry, if that is your name, think.’ But nothing came. His mind was a complete blank as to who he was or where he was from. He knew his name for the men last night, and he knew he was English from his accent. He knew he was a teenager, and that he had been in school, judging from his clothes and height. What he didn’t know was how he wound up in that creepy castle, or what crime he might have seen that that weird guy would wipe his memory for, if that was the reason for his amnesia. But he had no other ideas about himself and flat-out refused to believe he was a wizard. ‘Everything can be explained through science,’ he remembered hearing, just not where from.

He went straightway and purchased a pair of boots from the junk store, though they didn’t have socks. So he went without, knowing that he would probably get blisters. There was also a bin of glasses that he tried on until he found some that he could sorta see out of. It was better than seeing the world as one big fuzzy blur that moved. Now only things very far away were unclear around the edges.

He wandered the streets until his tummy rumbled, and then bought the cheapest thing he could. He ate the hot pastry and drank the lukewarm tea, hoping to seep the heat out of them for a while. It was quite cold here in London, which according to the landmarks he recognized, like Big Ben, that’s where he was. November was not a good time to be lost in the city.

He ducked the bobbies, because he didn’t want to go to an orphanage. He remembered they were bad places, but once again had no clue as to who had told him that. He only knew that he was once scared to death of going there, now that he was a bit more mature he was only cautious.

He could live off the streets, it would be easy.

**Meanwhile at Hogwarts, Albus’ POV**

“Albus, did you send Mr. Potter somewhere last night?” Minerva asked as she scooped some eggs on to her plate.

“No, I told both of our champions to rejoin their friends in their common rooms,” the old man said slowly, alarmed at the question. “Why do you ask, my dear?” he turned his head towards his deputy, hoping she wasn’t going to say what he thought she was.

“According to Miss Granger and the Weasley twins, he never showed up for the party,” she said, getting a bit alarmed herself. She had been certain that the boy had been frightened, and that the Headmaster had sequestered him somewhere. Unlike others she knew Harry was innocent. She had been teaching him for four years and never had he wanted fame or glory. Still, to run was not the Gryffindor thing to do. She didn’t worry too much. She knew Albus would take care of it, just like he always did.
“Oh my, this is most destressing,” Dumbledore stated, looking over the Hall to see if Harry was sitting isolated from the other students, like he had during his second year. “Well, I am sure this is nothing to worry about. He is more than likely just overcome with emotion and is in hiding. I will send the ghosts to find him to make sure he attends class. It will build character to face his tormentors.” He was positive that what he spoke was true. After all, look at him, he had to face bullies in school, and his hometown, and he was a fine specimen of a human being.

“Very well, Albus,” McGonagall said and went back to her meal, once again reassured that her boss had everything under control.

Snape listened to the entire conversation, but kept his mouth shut. He only hoped they didn’t find the brat, maybe he got lost in a foreign country and would never return to the castle. All Snape had to do was be… kind to the… children and talk to one emotional ghost. Then he’d be free and clear.

After breakfast, the Headmaster gathered the ghosts and gave them the order to search the castle. When they reported the boy was not to be found, he recruited the house elves. They too came back and stated that Master Harry Potter was not there. So the grounds were searched and Hagrid was asked.

“‘Arry, sure I saw ‘im last night. I was comin’ back from ‘unting, and ‘e was goin’ through the gates. Looked to be a might scared, so I thought ‘e was goin’ ter blow off some steam at The Three Broomsticks, jest like his dad woulda done. Didn’t think much of it after that,” the gentle half-giant said, scratching his scruffy beard in thought. “Now that I think abut it, ‘e seemed ter not recognize me,” the huge man recalled.

“Thank you, Hagrid. Next time a student leaves the grounds, I would very much appreciate it if you informed the staff,” Dumbledore said, patting the man on the arm.

“I am staff,” the Care of Magical Creatures Professor stated, puffing up importantly.

“Quite right, quite right, forgive an old man his memory slip,” Albus placated.

“Ah, it’s alright, I forgive ya,” Hagrid said as he patted the old man on the back, making him stumble.

“Thank you, my dear boy. Now, we must be ever diligent in finding our misplaced student. Perhaps you are correct, and he could simply be at The Three Broomsticks enjoying Madam Rosmerta’s lovely company,” Dumbledore said as they walked to Hogsmeade with hopeful anticipation.

They were disappointed when the search of the whole town, including the Shrieking Shack, brought up nothing. Dumbledore assigned the teachers to look for the boy on their nonexistent downtime. Snape, of course refused, until he got a look from the Bloody Baron, then he begrudgingly accepted his time to find the dratted boy.

The hunt was on.
Chapter 3 Gotcha

A week later, Harry’s POV

‘This isn’t as easy as I thought,’ the miserable boy mused as he stuffed more newspaper in his boots, in hopes to prevent more blisters and ward off the chill. That and there was a small hole in the bottom of the right one that needed padding. It had been a week for him and living on the streets was harder than he had assumed.

A few weird things happened over the course of the week, like he didn’t freeze to death in the night. As a matter of fact, he always woke warm and toasty. He looked for wires in his robe but didn’t find any. He brushed it off as modern technology that he just didn’t know. There was another time when he saw a man with a lot of money. He remembered thinking that he could do with a bit of it, and seconds later there was a small pile of bills on the street. He snatched them up and reckoned the man dropped them. He hemmed and hawed over whether to return it, until he saw the man kick a stray dog.

‘Fuck him,’ he thought and bought something for him and the dog to eat. The dog ate his meal and ran off, which was too bad, he could use a companion. He did catch sight of a snowy owl, but the bird just sat and watched him at night. She even chased off a few unsavory men. However, he could never get her to come closer.

There were a few more incidences that he couldn’t explain, but they were minor, so he just brushed them off.

As he huddled behind a bin, he recalled meeting an older boy two days into this adventure, who gave him a bit of advice. “Don’t trust the adults, yeah. They just want to shove you in a home and forget about you. As long as they don’t have to look at you, they’re happy. It’s that way in ‘loving’ homes too. You’ll grow up one day and be the same way. But right now, you’re just a kid, so don’t trust them.” The boy had said all this very sincerely, right before he hit Harry in the stomach and searched his empty pockets. “Right, I’m eighteen, so that makes me an adult. Ta.” And with that he sauntered away.

Harry learned pretty valuable lessons from that. Or at least he thought he did. One thing he did know, after asking a few adults for handouts and getting shoved away, was that the young man was right. As long as he was out of sight, they were happy.

When the wind blew through his hair, Harry shivered and came out of his trip down his short memory lane. He was forever thankful that he had his robes and boots. He had to fight many times just to keep them. He had already lost his new glasses and had the man in the gold store exchange his copper coins to get a new pair. But, like the last two pairs, they were gone when he woke. It was only the fact that these boots laced up mid-calf that they didn’t get stolen in the night. He always woke when nimble fingers tried to unlace them. His face and chest were still bruised from the last two scuffles. Thank God they were steel-toed; it made defending himself much easier. That and that snowy owl chased off a few. He would be forever thankful to her for that. Too bad she never came near. He just wondered what an owl was doing in downtown London. Whatever the reason he was happy she was there.

He was also thankful that there were public restrooms for bathing or he’d be a bigger mess than he was now. As it was his robe was torn and dirty and his uniform was not much better. But, he
couldn’t take the chance in washing them, or his hair, because he had no way to dry them in this freezing weather.

Now, he was hungry. He had a feeling that he had been in this type of situation before, dirty and starved, but he couldn’t remember. That was very frustrating. He wanted to know, but his entire life was a complete blank. He could remember things he had heard, things he had read, seen on the telly, how to talk, how to walk, basically now to function as a human; but, everything else was a complete blank.

He didn’t think he had felt so helpless in his life, but without his memory he couldn’t be sure. It was all a feeling, and he didn’t like it. As it was he had to hide from his aggressors and in the last week, he got very good at that. For not only were the local street rats mad that he was hanging about, but there were people in robes and funny clothes looking for him. He thought he saw the greasy-haired man once, but he never really got a good look at him, that night had been very blurry. Plus, without his glasses he wasn’t sure.

The bin he was huddled against was outside a pub called the Leaky Cauldron, and for some reason the locals never raided it. It kept him pretty well fed, because most of the stuff that was thrown away was wrapped, like it was just waiting for someone to tip the bin and eat.

‘Maybe, the guy thinks he’s helping the poor or something,’ Harry thought as he stood and started rummaging through the tossed-out food. He had just opened a bag of day old pastries and was bringing one to his mouth, when…

“Mr. Potter! Stop sorting through the rubbish at once,” came the voice of a very stern older lady, dressed in a very strange combination of clothes. She was dressed in a smart woman’s business suit that wouldn’t be out of place in the 1940’s, and a witch’s traveling cloak. “What on earth are you doing, child? Do not eat that,” the woman ordered, her voice laced with shock and demand.

Harry took one look at her attire, dropped the pastry and ran. He ducked by her and sprinted down the street, weaving his way through the adults that were shopping. He ran and ran but didn’t hear anyone come after him.

McGonagall huffed, turned into a cat and followed. She dashed through the people milling the roads and tailed him into an alley about ten blocks down.

“Whew, she didn’t give chase,” Harry mumbled to himself as he wiped the sweat off his brow, disgusted that such a short sprint caused him to perspire. For some reason he felt he should be able to run much further and faster.

“That will be quite enough of that, young man,” McGonagall said from behind him as she morphed back into herself.

Quick as a wink, the young teen twirled, picked up a discarded bottle and smashed it on the wall. He had seen someone do that once and had always wanted to try. “Who are you? And what do you want?” he demanded, brandishing his new weapon.

“This is not a time for jokes, Mr. Potter,” she snapped, taking her wand out, and with a flick the jagged glass went flying into the wall. It smashed further on compact, rendering it useless. “Now I have no idea why you ran away; however, if it is the tournament then I am sure that something can be done to help you. Come along,” she ordered as if he was just going to do what she said.

“I’m not going anywhere with you. You’re one of those mad scientists,” Harry stated, pointing an accusing finger at her. “Isn’t it bad enough one of you caused me to lose my memory, now you can’t
leave me in peace!” he yelled, his face turning red with anger, as he looked at the stick and wondered if it was like the tricorder he had seen on the telly, only better since it could move things. ‘Just how advanced are these guys?’ he wondered, not taking his eyes off the stick. Cursing the fact that he threw his away.

“Whatever are you blathering about, child? What is a scientist? And why are you accusing me of being mad? I assure you, my mind is intact,” she asked and then it registered what else he had said. “How did you lose your memory?” she gasped as she clutched her chest with her free hand.

“I wouldn’t really remember that, would I?” the boy spat, then seeing she was worried he softened. Oh, he was still going to try and escape, but she seems to really care, so he answered what he could. “All I know is that a week ago, I woke up to some creepy man yelling at me, and a hologram of a man in bloody robes. The real man was threatening me, so I ran,” Harry stated with a shrug of his shoulder. He shuddered as he recalled vials of strange things, the horsemen, and the giant. But, he refrained from telling her that.

“Do you know the man’s name?” she asked, narrowing her eyes at the thought that Severus knew there was something wrong with the child and didn’t say anything.

“No, and I couldn’t see him very well,” he confessed with a shake of his head. “My mind was all muddled and my vision was blurry. I remember he was tall with dark hair and a long nose, that’s it,” our hero hesitated, a bit put out that he couldn’t identify the crazy scientist.

“Well, that could be Severus, but it is not enough to accuse him of anything. Perhaps Albus can get the memory,’ she thought and with a nod she lifted her wand in case he tried to run again. “I am going to need you to come with me, Mr. Potter,” McGonagall stated primly.

“Again, why the fuck should I go anywhere with you? I have no clue as to who you are,” the teen demanded, slipping his feet into a position that would make it easier to run.

“I would like for you to get some medical help,” she tried to appeal to his basic need. “If you come back to Hogwarts then Madam Pomfrey will see if she can get your memory back.” She was sure the Poppy could help; perhaps the child hit his head or something easy to cure.

“What the hell is a… hogwarts?” he asked, inching to her right, where there was space to break free.

“It is the premier school for witchcraft and wizardry,” was the haughty reply.

“Right, magic, what is with you people? Are you a cult or something? This is the third time I’ve heard someone mention wizards,” he stated as he looked at her like she was completely barmy.

“I assure you, Mr. Potter, we are not a… cult. However, this is not the venue to be discussing this. Come with me, or I will take you forcefully. For your own good,” she said with a bit of steel in her voice. There was no way she was leaving anyone with amnesia on the streets of Muggle London, especially not the hero of the wizarding world.

Harry didn’t bother to reply. He made a break for it as he dashed to her right, but before he even got two steps he was hit with a red light and fell to the ground.

The old woman huffed, waved her wand and levitated him; with another flick, she had him in a standing position. She grabbed his arm and twisted and with a ‘crack’ the alley was empty. She and the boy reappeared at the gates of Hogwarts. With a lifting of her wand, he was floating behind her. The first person she ran into was Snape, who was just about to go on his scheduled hunt, which meant he was on his way to the Leaky Cauldron for a pint.
“Ah, Severus, I have found the lad, there is no need for you to search,” Minerva stated, giving him a sidelong glance as she made her way to the Hospital Wing. She still had no proof, but he might be the reason they were in this mess to begin with. She wouldn’t put it past the man, he did hate everything to do with young Mr. Potter.

“Did he say where he had been and why he left?” the very concerned man asked as he turned to walk besides her. Oh, he wasn’t alarmed for Potter, only what the dunderhead had told the old cat.

“He did mention memory loss, and that he might have had a run-in with someone who fits your description,” she confessed, narrowing her eyes at the Head of Slytherin.

“I assure you, madam, I did not see the child after he left the antechamber on the night he ran. I am very troubled about the memory loss,” he stated as they walked along the corridor. “I wonder if it was the shock of someone meaning him harm again.” His voice dripped with faux anxiety.

‘Well that is a different tune,’ the Transfiguration Teacher mused. ‘Perhaps, Albus is correct and he is seeing the light.’ She looked the man up and down and didn’t see any duplicity. “I will take your word, Severus. However, if I find you have lied to me, then you will see why mother lions are so feared,” she said as they made it the double-doors of the medical wing.

“Of that I have no doubt,” grumbled Snape as he walked with her, trying to figure out how to get the memory of the dungeon from the boy’s mind. It would ruin all his plans if the boy were to let it be known that he was the one who ran him off. Potter couldn’t prove that he had anything to do with his amnesia, but he could inform people that Snape was the last person he saw, and that would not be in the Potion Master’s best interest.

“Poppy, I have a patient for you,” the Deputy Headmistress called as she floated Harry to one of the beds.

“Oh, thank Merlin you found him. Can you give me any clue as to what is wrong with him?” the nurse asked as she bustled into the room. She waved her wand and did a diagnostic spell, but could find nothing wrong but for some bruising, a few small lacerations, and the blisters on his feet. A little underfed, but nothing life threatening.

“He was eating out of a dumpster and tried to run, so I had to stun him. He did not mention much, only that he has lost his memory,” McGonagall reported, moving out of the way and letting the matron do her work. “I will leave him in your hands, Poppy. I must go and inform Albus that he is back,” she said, and went out the doors.

“Oh dear… amnesia… well there is little I can do about that…. I don’t see a head injury… I will do a further diagnosis when he wakes… better to let him wake on his own… oh dear, blisters,” Poppy mumbled to herself as she went over her report. Then she turned to the Potions Master. “Watch over him for me a minute, Severus, I have to get a salve from the storeroom,” Poppy said, thinking of the damages to the poor boy’s face and torso.

“Of course,” Snape said sharply with a curt nod, like it was anything but okay. Internally he was wringing his hands with glee, he would get a few moments alone with the stupid child. Madam Pomfrey hustled to the storeroom and no sooner had the door closed, when the dark-robed man whipped out his wand, opened the boy’s eyes and Obliviated the memory of the night he ran. The only thing the teen would remember is waking in an alley, cold and scared. He made a mental note to purge his wand the moment he was alone. He quickly put his wand away and stood sneering at the comatose boy.

The nurse came back out with a jar of medical cream and asked, “Did he stir?”
“No,” was the succinct answer. “I must go, I have a potion brewing. It was bad enough that I had to leave it in stasis to look for the brat, now that he is back I must tend to it,” he made his excuse and left. The second he was out of the wing, he was casting cleaning and repairing charms at the walls. After about thirty he stopped, that would be enough. He almost had a bounce in his step as he hurried to the dungeons. He still needed to talk to the Grey Lady, but he did foresee a problem with that. Then that ghost would leave him in peace.

Poppy just nodded as he left and tended to her patient, rubbing the cream over his bruises. When she was done with his face, she waved her wand and switched his clothes to hospital pajamas and removed his boots. She tutted at the sores on his feet and proceeded to treat them. When she finished her healing, she called one of the house elves to come and clean the uniform and repair the boots. She then placed the little bit she found in his pockets on the nightstand. There wasn’t much, a bit of string, a paperclip, and for some reason a bell. She shook her head at the bobs-and-ends and went about her duties.

There was a small commotion at the door when the Headmaster and his Deputy came into the ward. Albus looked over the small pile of belongings. “Oh dear, this is not good, not good at all. Poppy did you see his wand?” he asked the healer.

“No,” she answered.

“Can you wake him? It is imperative that I talk to him,” the old man asked as he conjured a chair right next to the head of the bed.

“Well, it is better that he wakes on his own. How important is it?” the nurse asked, not liking the idea of waking the child, but knowing that it wouldn’t really hurt the boy.

“Very,” the Headmaster stated, his eyes glued to the sleeping teen.

“Very well,” Poppy huffed, waved her wand and woke him.

Harry shot up and fell out of the bed. He stood, backed away and looked around the room. It was an infirmary. There was a déjà vu feeling that he had been here before. “Where the bloody hell am I? And why the fuck did you bring me here?” he demanded, whirling on the old woman who had knocked him out. “Do you always kidnap people off the street? Or am I a special case?” he sneered his question at her.

She opened her mouth to answer, but only got out, “Mr. Potter…”

“Oh, my dear boy, you are a very special case indeed,” came the answer from the old man behind him.

“Right,” Harry said, spinning around and folding his arms across his chest. “What could you possibly need with someone who doesn’t remember who he is?” He looked at the bearded man in front of him and immediately didn’t like him.

“We have ways of recovering memories. If you would just consent to letting me look into your mind, I can find what you have lost,” Dumbledore said in a placating tone as he made calming gestures with his hands. He was positive that this would all be over in a very short time and the look of distrust on the boy’s face would turn back into the worship that had been there before.

“You want me,” he pointed to his chest, “to let you,” he waved in the old man’s direction, “rummage through my head? Are you barking mad? That’s not even possible,” Harry accused as he backed away from the adults, skirting around the beds that lined the walls.
“Well, yes, I can reverse whatever made you lose your memories,” the old man stated as if it was the only answer. “It will not hurt a bit, my boy. And it will only take a minute to have you right as rain,” he said with a gentle smile.

“No,” came the forceful rejoinder as Harry inched closer to the door, ready to make a break for it.

“I am so sorry, my boy, but you leave me with little choice,” Dumbledore sadly stated as he raised his wand, causing Harry to turn and run.

The teen made it to the door when suddenly he couldn’t move. He arms were forced to his sides, and his legs snapped together. He was still awake, but he was frozen. If his eyes could have widened, they would have when the floor rushed up to meet him. The pain in his nose when it met the stones was great, and he would not forgive the old man for doing… whatever it was he just did.

“Albus, really, was that necessary?” the old woman retorted as she rushed to the boy’s side.

“I must do all I can to make sure he remembers. It is vital for him to understand his place in our society,” the old man defended his actions as he levitated the teen back to his bed. “He is an icon in the wizarding world, and it will not do for him to shun us,” Albus declared as he stood over Harry, who was mentally glaring at the man.

Harry had no idea what they were talking about, all he knew was that the old man’s eyes twinkled and then he felt someone in his mind.

He felt violated.

He pushed and pushed with his thoughts, until the bastard went flying to a wall. He expanded this feeling, until the binding holding him broke. With that Harry got off the bed and ran to the doors. He got to the doors unmolested, since the two women were tending the old man. He looked right and left and choose right. He ran to the end of the hall and turned left, then he hurried down the stairs at the end of that hall. He saw his way out and ran; shoving people out of his way, and was almost to the double-doors, when he heard a young female voice say, “Harry! Wait!”
So Close to Freedom

Our hero turned at the sound of his name. He was almost knocked off his feet when a brown-haired missile collided with him. “Ummm,” was all he got out as he wrapped his arms around what appeared to be a girl his age. He was not at all put out by her chest snuggling up to his.

“Oh, Harry, I’ve been so worried. You’ve been gone for a week. Where have you been? Why did you leave? Is it the tournament? We will find a way. Is it Ron? He’ll come around. No, wait, you don’t know about that yet. Forget I said anything. Oh, Harry, why did you run?” the girl prattled in one breath as she pulled back and searched his face for injury. Seeing the fading bruises and that he was in a hospital gown and pants, she figured he had been hurt, but was healing. She decided that he had been in the Hospital Wing and for some reason ran, but he needed medical help. So, she grabbed his hand and tugged and was quite surprised when he dug in his feet and peered at her through his still unwashed hair.

“I’m sorry, had a bit of an accident, and I’m all lost in the head. Who are you?” he said, not sure where to start in all those questions that made him have questions of his own. She was a cute girl with bushy hair and slightly large front teeth. Still she seem to know him really well. He did wonder just how well.

“Oh honestly, Harry, this is no time for jokes,” the girl huffed, still trying to get him to move. She huffed and pulled, but he didn’t budge, so she whirled around and folded her arms and stared at him curiously.

“Why does everyone keep saying that? Am I really that much of a prankster that I’d lie about something like this? I don’t think I am, I don’t feel the need go around embarrassing anyone,” the amnesiac stated firmly as he planted his feet in a defiant stance.

“Well, no, you usually don’t joke around about serious things,” she conceded, glancing at his confused face.

Whispers started and that made him look around to try and see the faces of everyone who was gathered in a circle around him and this girl. He could tell from their height that they were kids and teen, but their faces were all a blur so he couldn’t see the expressions.

He felt like a sideshow freak.

“What the hell are you people staring at?” he barked, making quite a few jump and hurry away. “Do I stop and listen to your private conversations? Wow, I must’ve really been an arsehole,” he muttered, confused as to why they felt his was important enough to gawk at. If he had been an arsehole before, he didn’t think he was one now. Little did he know the opposite was true.

“No, you don’t,” the girl stated as she twirled around and glared at the spectators. “Move along, this is none of your concern,” she ordered as she grabbed the sleeve of his hospital gown and pulled him back to the stairs.

Gossip broke out, but the crowd dissipated.

“Wait, I’m not going back up there. That old man pillaged my mind!” Harry yelled as he jerked his arm away and started back towards the doors. He wasn’t staying here if he could help it. He had lived on the streets for a week, he could do it longer. Though, he didn’t seem to have his boots, ‘Damn, that’s going to make it more difficult,’ he thought as he continued to try for freedom.
“Honestly, Harry, I am sure that Dumbledore was only trying to help,” the still unintroduced girl said as she grabbed his arm and pulled him in the direction of the stairs… again.

“I said no, and he did it anyway. How is that okay with you?” he asked, once again yanking his arm free and backing away. “You’re a girl, you should know better,” he snapped as he wondered if this truly was his friend. How could that be if she thought it was okay to be violated in such a manner?

“He is your guardian while you’re here,” she said sternly, twirling around to look at him.

“So if he beats me, is that okay too?” our hero demanded, not sure how she could think this.

“Of course not, that’s not at all the same thing,” she huffed and then noticed they were getting a new crowd. She tugged on his gown once more, but he was unmovable. “Harry, stop being difficult and come back to the Hospital Wing, I’m sure there is a logical explanation for what happened.”

“Yeah, that old man has a God complex,” the dark-haired teen muttered, but didn’t move an inch.

Just then Hagrid came into the building. “There ya are, ‘arry, we’ve been lookin’ all over fer ya,” the giant man stated, coming up to the two arguing teens. He was very happy to see his little friend. He had started to become worried that Harry had met with a bad end.

“Oh my God, you’re fucking huge,” Harry said as his eyes got wide and he pushed himself into the wall as much as the unforgiving surface would let him. His eyes darted up and down the large room he was in. To his right was the stairs, to his left was the door, but the huge man was in his way. If he moved forward and went through the crowd, maybe he could get out that way. He was calculating how to get to the doors, when the still unidentified girl broke his train of thoughts.

“Harry,” the bushy-haired girl started tentatively, laying a hand on his arm. “Don’t you remember Hagrid? He’s one of you first friends,” she stated with a very worried voice and look.

“E doesn’t remember?” the man with the shaggy beard said, leaning forward and looking at Harry with his beady eyes, making the wary boy sidle away from him, closer to the stairs.

“Oh Merlin, you really do have amnesia,” Hermione gasps, putting her hands to her mouth in shock. “You have no clue as to who I am, do you?” When he shook his head and glared at her in a ‘duh’ way, she smiled and said, “My name is Hermione Granger. We have been best friends for four years.”

“Right,” he said with a nod, trying to remember her. The next voice he heard made him jump and try and get around the giant, who kept getting in his way. ‘Damn, this guy is quick for someone his size,’ he thought.

“Hagrid, be so kind as to escort Mr. Potter back to the Hospital Wing. He is very sick and should not be running about,” McGonagall’s voice said from the top of the stairs.

“Alright, Professor,” the half-giant said as he closed a large hand around Harry’s arm. “Come on, ‘arry, let’s get ya back,” he said as he hauled the teen towards the stairs.

“I am not going back there!” the teen yelled at the top of his lungs as his magic exploded out of him, affecting everyone but the giant.

People stumbled back and a large circle of emptiness surrounded Harry and Hagrid. Some fell to the floor, and others slammed against the wall. None were hurt, but they were all staring at Harry with wide fearful eyes. It was a good thing he couldn’t see their faces.
Now, ‘arry, that’s not right, ya should jest listen to yer teachers,” the unaffected man stated as he lifted the struggling teen over his broad shoulder and carried him up the stairs.

“’No, that old man is going to rip apart my mind with some weird telepathic sci-fi contacts that make his eyes twinkle,” Harry shouted and squirmed to get out of the firm grip of the giant arm keeping him pinned down. He kicked and hit the man, but none of it work, and the man’s muscles caused his bare feet and fist to hurt.

“Harry, what are you talking about? Professor Dumbledore isn’t a scientist, he’s a wizard,” Hermione asked as she followed the trio up the stairs.

“There is no such thing as magic,” the struggling boy said loudly, making everyone in the hall gasp.

“Explain what you just did then,” she stated firmly.

“Telekinesis,” he said smugly.

“That is science fiction, Harry. It’s not real,” she said as she shook her head.

“And magic is? How is that logical?” the boy sneered, already getting tired of debating everything with this girl.

“Oh,” was all he had to say as he stopped he fruitless struggle.

They got to the Wing and Hagrid put Harry on a bed. “I’ve got ter… er… go and feed the animals,” the half-giant stuttered out, when green eyes looked at him with betrayal, making him quickly leave the room.

The boy looked around and saw the old man was laying on a bed on the other side of the wing, near where he had hit the wall. His emerald eyes narrowed as he tried to stab the man’s head with just a look. Perhaps giving him an aneurism, or at the very least a huge bloody headache.

“You should be ashamed of yourself,” McGonagall snapped, when she saw him glare at the Headmaster, “hurting him in such a way that he is unconscious.”

“I don’t know why everyone is getting up my nose. He violated my mind. It was self-defense,” Harry snarled, his eyes never leaving the prone man.

“As headmaster he has a right to do what he needs to do to help and protect the children of this school, which you happen to be one of,” the old woman responded fiercely, not that she like the way Albus did what he did, however it was within his privileges as a headmaster.

“Let me get this straight, it is okay for him to go around, imprisoning students, and peeking into people’s minds. Just like that, even if they say no? What about my rights?” Harry asked as he turned to look at her with an incredulous look.

“You are a minor, you do not have rights,” she stated primly, which was completely true, and as an orphan he had fewer than most children.

“So you are saying I can’t defend myself?” he all but shouted. ‘Maybe that kid was right, and you can’t trust adults,’ he thought as he glared in the woman’s direction.
“Of course you can, what I am saying is that Albus did not do anything for you to defend yourself from,” McGonagall huffed, not understanding what the issue was. If the child would just cooperate then he would be well in short order.

“Bugger this, I’m out of here,” our hero stated, only to be spelled to the bed by all three females. His pants didn’t budge, his legs were frozen, and wraps sprung from the mattress holding his arms down.

“You will stay right where you are, young man,” Poppy Pomfrey stated as she waved her wand to check to make sure he was uninjured from his flight. Seeing he was fine, she went back to the Headmaster, to make sure his injuries were healing.

“Why should I?” he demanded as he watched her walk away, and if he could’ve moved his arms, he would’ve folded them. Just who the fuck did these people think they were tying him down like a criminal. When he got out of here there was no way he was coming back.

“Well,” Hermione started as she sat on the foot of his bed, making him want to kick her off for sticking him to it, “for one, you’re safe here. Two, you get three meals a day, a bed to sleep in and it’s already paid for. Three, you have to stay and compete in the tournament or you will lose your magic,” she finished counting each on her fingers, hoping he would listen to reason. If he had been living on the streets these things should appeal to him. She felt bad for immobilizing him, but he needed to be here where people could protect him. She shuttered at the thought that a Death Eater could have found him when he was gone.

“That is the third time someone has mention this tournament,” Harry said, trying to get his hands free. Maybe if he could get them talking he could break free like he had before. “What is it and why do I have to compete? I don’t give a rat’s ass about ‘magic’,” he finished, causing the three women to look at one another. That’s not good.

“The Tri-wizard Tournament is a competition between the three most premier magic schools in Europe. The Goblet of Fire picks a champion from each school. This year there was an age limit of seventeen, but for some reason, four people were picked and you were one of them,” Hermione hurriedly explained.

“Did I do something as stupid as enter myself?” he asked, trying to call up his telekinetic powers to break the bonds holding his arms. So far they only seemed to work when he was threatened in some way, but right now they were silent.

“I don’t believe so. I saw your face when your name was called, you were completely shocked. I think that might be one of the reasons you’ve lost your memories,” she said thoughtfully. “Though retrograde amnesia is usually caused by a blow to the head,” she said, looking at the nurse, who was fussing over Dumbledore.

“I don’t believe that was the cause,” the nurse said, “but that is all I can divulge. Patient confidentiality,” she stated firmly and went back to tending Albus, who was starting to come around.

Hermione nodded at that and gave a confused look to her friend, and asked, “What do you remember?”

“I remember waking up in a cold alley, then the week on the streets of London. People talking about wizards and magic, there was even mention of goblins,” he said, closing his eyes trying to see if he could get past that wall, and then he let out a frustrated sigh when that was all he could recall.

“Wait, did you not tell me that you remembered a ‘creepy man’ yelling at you and making you run away?” the Transfiguration Teacher asked, looking startled.
Harry shrugged, “If I did, I don’t remember it now,” he said, then worried that his loss of memory was getting worse.

“Poppy, did you leave Severus alone with Mr. Potter at any time?” the old woman asked, looking at the nurse.

“Only for a second, surely not long enough to do any damage,” Pomfrey replied.

“You mean someone else messed with my mind? Just what kind of fucked up school are you running here?” Harry yelled and started his struggles anew.

“Language,” came the reprimand of three female voices.

“Fuck you,” the trapped boy snarled.

“Harry, calm down, we don’t know for sure if anyone took that memory or if it’s part of your… condition,” Hermione said, knowing full well amnesia didn’t work that way.

“I’ll bloody well calm down when people stop messing with my mind in the madhouse.”

“Mr. Potter, where are your glasses and wand?” McGonagall inquired, hoping to quiet the boy down and change the subject until Albus could contribute.

He saw right through her ploy, but sagged on the bed and answered. “Well, my glasses got stolen three times. I couldn’t really sit on them to prevent that. And if you mean the stick that was in my pockets, well, I threw it away, didn’t I? I mean, how was I to know it was some sort of super tricorder,” he said sheepishly, trying to remember which alley he threw it away in.

“Oh, Harry,” the bushy-haired girl moaned as she put her head in her hands.

“What is a tricorder?” the teacher asked, not going into the disposal of the wand. That was another thing for Albus to handle.

“It’s from an American television show,” Hermione groaned, and then shrugged and added, “It’s a Muggle thing.”

“Well, I can at least fix the missing glasses,” the nurse stated as came to their side of the room. She transfigured some frames and added glass, and with a wave of her wand, she made them self-updating prescription lenses. “These will hold you until you get to Diagon Alley or St. Mungo’s,” she stated, handing the temporary spectacles over.

The boy looked at her, then at his fettered arms, and then at her again. She blushed and put them on for him. He blinked to clear his sight after going for a week without glasses, and glared at everyone in the room. Now that he could see, his piercing green eyes were direct, and they knew he was angry with each and every one of them. “How long are you going to hold me prisoner?” he asked with a snarl.

“Mr. Potter, it is for your own good. There are people who want you dead. You need to stay here where you are safe,” the old woman stated, looking over her glasses at him as if she could keep him in the bed with her stare.

“Right, don’t remember a thing,” he said with a shrug, his glare not lessening a bit.

“That does not negate the fact that they will still try and kill you,” she snapped, getting tired of his attitude.
Two things happened right then, two men came through the door, and Albus woke up.

“Oh ho, I see our youngest champion is awake,” the largest of the men stated. “How are you, Harry, my boy,” he asked jovially.

“Great, another fucking happy adult,” Harry moaned and thumped his head back onto his pillow.
Harry Potter, This is Your Life

Chapter Notes

Thanks for the support.

Don’t let the title fool you, I’m not retelling the series. You have more than likely read the tale many times already. So, no, I just liked the title.

“Now, my boy, there is no need for such language,” came the voice that Harry would listen to the least as Dumbledore slowly got up from his bed and looked at the emotional teen. His eyes were twinkling, which caused Harry to quickly look away.

“Go screw yourself, old man,” the tied-up teen snarled as he made sure not to look in the man’s direction again. He erected a shield around his mind, because if he remembered his sci-fi correctly, that would keep a telepath out. He figured that since the man used contacts, he needed to be looking his victim in the eyes. Still he wasn’t going to take the chance, so he created an impenetrable bubble around his brain, like the one for the Enterprise, hoping that would keep the arsehole out. He was glad he got to catch glimpses of that rerun shows on the telly in the store windows. It gave him wonderful ideas, for the use of his tricorder, when he found it. That and the library was a great place to get out of the cold. The books were just as cool as the show and he could imagine better from the words. He had spent hours just reading, and they didn’t care as long as he was quiet. Though, they did wrinkle their noses at his dirty clothes. He had had to get right up to the books to see, but the headache was well worth it.

Gasps were heard around the room, and one chuckle. “Tut, tut, Harry, there is no reason for vulgarity,” Albus said as he moved closer to the upset child. Just as he got within ten feet of the boy’s bed a shield sprung up. It was gold in color and it pushed everyone away from the angry teen. The headmaster peered at the boy to see if he was using wandless magic, but he seemed to be doing this subconsciously. He stroked his long beard and wondered just what had happened to Harry that his magic felt the need to protect him like this. ‘Was it the ‘power that he knew not’? Could this be harnessed to be used consciously? Or was it just a case of accidental magic?’ these thoughts flew through the old man’s mind as he calmly stood and looked at Harry.

“You stay the fuck away from me, you bloody pervert,” Harry snapped, his eyes going to the man who had violated his mind, making sure to look at that long nose, which gave him a niggling feeling that he should remember another nose much like this one. Not wanting to be laying down and helpless, he took the feeling of his telekinesis and broke the bonds on his arms. He swung his legs off the bed and flattened himself against the wall. “All of you stay away,” he said, pointing to each of the adults as his eyes darted from person to person.

“Albus, what did you do to the boy to provoke such accidental magic?” the more official looking man asked as he ran his hand down the ward, only to snatch it back when it burned. Poppy came and checked, but it was only mild. She waved her wand at it and the redness went away. No need for cream for something so minor.

“Ah, Bartemius,” the Headmaster answered the man, while he was being treated, “I merely tried to bring his memory back. Unfortunately, he was not compliant at the time,” Dumbledore stated as he waved his wand to rid them of the barrier, albeit uselessly.
“He claims to have lost his memory?” the bureaucratic man inquired, looking at the teen shrewdly. He knew the boy was just a glory seeker, this was just one more way to get attention. He would prove that the brat was lying.

“Alas, yes. I attempted to bring it back, but Mr. Potter was not in the mood to receive my ministrations. I had little choice but to bind him against his will,” Albus said absentmindedly, running his hand down his beard as he took in the marvelous ward in front of him.

“You mean to tell me, you held him down and pillaged his mind?” the overweight man asked completely aghast. He was more worried at how this affected the tournament. He had a lot of money riding on this kid.

“I deemed it necessary, Ludo,” the Headmaster said with an air of authority.

“See! See!” Harry shouted, pointing at the pudgy man. “Even he agrees that you violated me.” He was happy someone agreed with him, even if it was the overly happy man. Harry didn’t like the look in the man’s eyes, like he was some prize or something.

“Well, I wouldn’t call it that, but I do see why you are scared of him,” the man compromised with a tight smile, not wanting to cause conflict with either side.

“I’m not scared; I am bloody well defending myself. I have no shields against mind-rape,” the messy-haired amnesiac snarled, once more causing people to quickly intake their breaths. There was no bloody way he was telling them about his new bubble. “I may not have rights,” he snapped at the old woman, “but I will protect myself.” He folded his arms and glared at them all, as he moved his foot minutely towards the door.

“Harry, you need to calm down and hear these gentlemen out,” Dumbledore tried to placate, waving a hand to the two official looking men. “They have important information that you need to hear, before you try and run away again,” he added knowingly, as if there was little doubt that was what was on the boy’s mind.

“Fine, but I’m staying right here, and this cool shield stays too. I want to know what technology they use to make a barrier like this. Is it on the beds, but you have to be able to move to use it? Did I push a button on accident? I mean it didn’t work when the old man violated me, but right now it’s pretty cool,” he said enthusiastically, looking at Hermione, who was the only teen in the room and seemed to know what’s what. He wouldn’t trust these adults. However, she seemed to be on their side, after all she helped keep him on the bed. She did say they were good friends, so for now he’d give her some leeway.

“Oh, Harry,” she said, burying her face in her hands, and thinking ‘This is going to be a problem.’

“Albus, what is he on about? Technology? He knows very well and good that it is magic. What are you playing at, Potter? If you think you can get out of the tournament by pretending you don’t know magic, you can think again. The Cup emitted your name, you will compete or lose your magic,” Bartemius stated firmly as he tried to get closer to the boy, only to be pushed back by the golden ward.

“I’m not bloody well pretending! I have no fucking clue who you are, where I am, or what the hell you’re talking about! According to Hermione, I didn’t bloody well enter anything, so, I will not compete in some bloody Roman game for your enjoyment! Those were outlawed for a reason you know! Therefore, I will lose my fucking ‘magic’!” he yelled back, once again making everyone gasp as his magic exploded, knocking them back away from his bubble.
The wind picked up and everything that weighed less than five pounds started fluttering around the room, like a dust storm in a desert. Blankets were thrown to the floor and dragged in circles. Bedpans were flying in the air above everyone’s head, except Dumbledore’s, who constantly had to duck because he was so tall. Gloves, paper towels, and other small items were joining the dance.

“Harry! Harry!” Hermione called, trying to get his attention through the maelstrom of energy and debris.

“What?!” he bellowed back, thinking of all the cool uses he could do with such a defense. He looked around for any machines that would be causing this. Maybe it was telekinesis. That would be handy. He’d just have to learn to use it right.

“Stop before you hurt someone!”

“Right,” he said, taking a deep breath and noting that all the adults were sending cool flashes of light from their tricorders. Those lights were hitting his shields and he really wish he had someone to tell him what strength they were at. *If they’re failing, I’ll have to reroute life support,* this thought made him chuckle and the energy lessened and the now useless items were falling to the ground.

Madam Pomfrey was banishing them left and right, and then replacing them with fresh ones. Her lips were pursed, but she really couldn’t blame the child for his reaction. No, she blamed the Headmaster for his heavy-handedness.

“Harry, would you like me to tell you a little bit about yourself? It might bring back some memories. Well, that is if Madam Pomfrey thinks it’s okay,” she said questioningly as she turned to the nurse.

“I don’t see a problem with that,” the mediwitch stated, looking at the irate teen as she finished making up the last bed.

“Are you an expert at memory loss?” Harry asked as his eyes narrowed. From his reading there was little that could be done, but Hermione’s suggestion might have merit. Still, he didn’t want anyone point their tricorder at him.

“I am well versed in healing, thank you very much, and I can tell you little is known about amnesia. There are different theories on how to treat it, but the most common one is to surround the patient with the familiar. Therefore, Miss Granger telling you about your time here should not be detrimental,” she huffed, hating the fact that he questioned her professionalism.

“Right,” was all he said.

“I can tell you some things as well,” the old man offered as an olive branch, desperate to see something besides loathing in the boy’s eyes.

“You stay the fuck away from me, you old bastard,” Harry growled, pointing a finger in his direction, but not looking him in the eye.

“Language,” came the reprimand of the three females, which caused Harry to give them the bird.

“Very well,” Dumbledore sighed, and then turned to the other adults in the room. “We should relocate to my office to discuss this situation,” he said with a wave of his hand towards the door.

“Yes, that is perhaps for the best,” McGonagall agreed, as usual. She wanted to know what was going on with the boy, but he didn’t seem to like any of the adults in the room. It broke her heart a bit that he didn’t trust her like he did before.
“I will have a full report on what is happening. We do not know where he has been, or what he has been doing for the last week. How do we know he has not done something nefarious to make him more powerful? Just look at this room and that dome, it is evidence enough that he is stronger than he was when he left,” Barty stated, folding his arms and not budging. Thought, Ludo seemed happy about that turn of events.

“Come now, Bartemius, we can take this discussion elsewhere. Moreover, I saw his memories, before he removed my presences,” argued Albus as he shooed the other adults, bar Poppy, out of the ward. “I can confirm that the child has been living as a vagabond for the last week. He merely is doing accidental magic in a form of protection. He…” and the voice trailed off as they left the infirmary.

“So, tell me about myself,” Harry said with a ‘go ahead’ wave of his hand as he sat on the nearest bed.

“I'll just leave you two to it,” Pomfrey said as she hustled to her office. She would need to order more supplies after this.

Once the adults left the ward dropped, and Hermione moved closer. “Well, I don’t know much about your childhood only that you don’t like your aunt or her family. You never really discussed them. I know you were placed there for protection against the Death Eaters, who may want to kill you for vanquishing their master, who is still out there in wraith form, and also wants you dead,” she said all in one breath.

“So there really are people trying to off me,” Harry said with a thoughtful look on his face as he tried to think of where he dropped his ‘wand’. He could probably use it right about now. All he would have to do is find someone to show him how. He looked at the girl in front of him and wondered if she would be a good candidate, she was knowledgeable, but she came off as bossy.

“Yes, which is one of the reasons you should stay here,” she pointed out.

“Right, still not sold on that, but tell me more about us and how we met,” he offered as he nestled back into the pillows he piled up on the headboard. He was tired and needed information if someone was looking to do him in. He’d settle here for a moment and then leave if he had to.

“Well, we met on the train, but we didn’t really like one another until Halloween our first year, when you saved me from the troll, with our other friend, Ronald Weasley,” she said as she settled at the foot of the bed.

“Troll?” he questioned with a great deal of doubt in his voice. In his mind he pulled up a picture of a large green man-shaped being. Like the one’s in the story ‘Billy Goat Gruff’. He really hoped those weren’t real.

“Oh yes, I was ever so scared, and you were so brave,” she said with a bit of fear and a lot of admiration. ‘I was in the girls’ bathroom, crying because Ron said some horrible things about me, when…’ she went on to tell him all about his heroic fight against the large monster, and then proceeded to tell him about the next few years.

His face went through a myriad of emotions, the biggest one was skepticism. ‘How could all this be real, and no one know about it? If there were large monsters running about, it’d be on the telly,’ he continued to think.

Meanwhile in the Headmaster’s office
“I have heard what you said, but how do you know it the truth?” demanded Crouch Sr., once everyone got seated. He had listened to the Headmaster ramble the whole way here, but still didn’t believe a word of it. The boy was just trying to get out of the tournament.

“I went into his mind, Bartemius, and I can tell you that the boy is suffering from amnesia. It is unlike anything I have ever seen. I looked as far as I could and he only remembers this last week. His first memory was hiding in an alley; cold, alone and scared. He has no recollection of how he got to London, only a vague feeling of fear,” Albus said as he stroked his beard in apprehension. This would not be good, if there was no way to return the boy’s memories then he would not remember the joys he felt being away from his family. He would not look onto Albus with admiration or listen to him when he was told his fate. It was a disaster; however, the Headmaster was confident that he could turn this around to be benefit of all.

“There is nothing? Nothing at all?” McGonagall asked, her face lined with worry. The poor boy had suffered enough, couldn’t he go one year without danger? So far, this year was out, but perhaps the next? That is if he stayed, which if he didn’t remember what he had learned over the years could be difficult. He would have to start from the beginning, and that might prove too much for the poor lad. Harry had never been studious.

“No, after this prior week there is a vast blank space. It is gone, and I do believe that it will not come back. As I said, it is unlike anything I’ve seen before. Even poor young Alice and Frank Longbottom have memories.”

“Will he compete?” the extremely concerned Bagman asked. Oh, he wasn’t worried about the boy, no; it was his gold that was on the line.

“Alas, I do not know,” Albus stated truthfully.

“There could be a problem,” Crouch said, thinking about how the press would react.

“Yes,” the old man agreed, but he was more alarmed over the return of Voldemort and the Prophecy.

**Back in the Infirmary**

“So let me get this straight, by my count, my life has almost ended eleven times. Nevertheless, you and everyone else insist that this is the safest place for me?” the disbelieving boy asked with a gobsmacked expression on his face, when she was finished telling his tale.

“Well, yes,” she said, squirming in her seat.

“Right, still not sold, but like you said, I will be fed and housed, and it’s already paid for. So I’ll take my chances and stay here for now. However, I’m not going to be a student until I am convinced this isn’t some really wacked out science fiction funhouse. Where they train mad scientists, fantasy novelists and game programmers,” he stated, folding his arms in a hardheaded manner.

“Oh, Harry,” she said for the third time as she folded her arms in much the same way.

“Tell me about this kid, Ron. If he’s my best mate, why isn’t he here? I’m sure after the noise we made earlier, everyone knows I’m back,” Harry asked, changing the subject.

“Well,” she said slowly, not really wanting to tell, “he believes that you went behind his back and put your name in the Goblet, for the fame and money.”

“In all the years we’ve been friends, did I do anything to make him believe that?” our hero asked, still thinking he must have been some arsehole to do that to a friend.
“NO!” she shouted, and then she leaned forward and put a hand on his leg. “I mean, no, far from it. You hate your fame.”

“Oh, well then, he’s not much of a friend if he thinks that,” Harry concluded without much thought. After his week on the streets, he trusted no one but himself.

“He’ll get over it,” she tried to get him to see reason. She didn’t want him to throw away four years of friendship because a small spat. Sure, Ron was hot-headed, but he soon cooled down and they could pick up their friendship to what it was before.

“Nope, anyone who thinks so negatively about me isn’t worth my time,” he said with a firm wave of his hand. He heard that somewhere, but like everything else he had no clue where.

So Hermione tried to make him see reason, and told him that he and Ron had been very good friends for years. She told him about all the fun they had and the things they did together.

**Back in the office**

“What about his wand?” Crouch asked, moving the subject along. They had been beating a dead horse for a while now, and the only conclusion they had was that the boy had lost his memory. “He cannot compete without one,” he added, firmly in denial that the boy would back out.

“I believe I can solve that easy enough,” Albus stated with a twinkle in his eyes. “Dobby,” he called and smiled when the little elf popped in.

“What can Dobby be doing for Headmaster Dumblydore?” Dobby asked with a small bow.

“Harry Potter seems to have misplaced his wand somewhere in an alley near the Leaky Cauldron. Would you be so kind as to go and fetch it for him? I am sure he would appreciate that,” the old man manipulated.

“Dobby will do that right away,” the happy little guy said and popped away.

“There, that should solve that,” Dumbledore said with a small smile. He would use the wand to make Harry more compliant. Too bad he knew less about Dobby’s devotion than he thought.

**Back at the Hospital Wing**

Hermione was trying to get Harry to say he would go to classes, when a small being popped in and latched himself to Harry’s legs. “Dobby had found Master Harry’s wand,” the energetic little guy stated as he let go and bounced on the balls of his spindly feet. He held up the wand and smiled at his favorite wizard.

It took all of Harry’s control not to scream when the little gremlin grabbed his legs.

“Harry, this is your friend, Dobby. Dobby, Harry has lost his memory,” Hermione said quickly as to not repeat the scene from earlier.

“Master Harry, does not remember Dobby,” the elf said as his ears drooped. Then they perked back up and he stated, “Dobby will do everything he can to get Master Harry to remember him.”

This made Hermione shiver in a small amount of fear at how Dobby would go about that, remembering all the things he did to ‘save’ Harry’s life during their second year.

*I make some weird friends,* the boy thought as he looked at ‘Dobby’ and wondered if he were a
robot. How cool would that be? An AI that was so lifelike. “Nice to meet you, Dobby,” he said warily. And then he saw what the being was holding out and yelled, “My tricorder! Thanks, little guy,” he said as he grabbed his ‘wand’. “Where are the controls?” he asked eagerly.

“Oh, Harry.”
Meeting New Friends

Headmaster’s office

After the two officials left the office, McGonagall broached a subject that she had been holding back, knowing that Dumbledore liked to keep issues such as this in-house, so to speak. “Albus, there is something that I probably should have brought up before,” Minerva hedged, not wanting to get a coworker in trouble, but needs must. “When I found Mr. Potter, he informed me that he ran from the castle because there was a ‘creepy man’ and ‘a hologram of a man in bloody robes’. He stated the real man threatened him, so he ran. Now, he did confess that he did not get a good look, only that the person had dark hair and a hooked nose,” she added quickly, lifting her hands in a ‘don’t jump to conclusions’ way.

“Oh dear, that is distressing. Only two people come to mind; however, there is only one ghost that matches that description. I will therefore have to have a tête-à-tête with the Bloody Baron,” he said, stroking his beard and running calculations through his head. If he could keep this knowledge to himself then he would have blackmail material over one of the two men he was thinking of. He could work harder in bring whichever one it was to the Light. There was no doubt that Severus was closer, but he still delved into the Dark Arts. Much to Albus’ displeasure. “It is best to not tell anyone, they may make inaccurate guesses, and someone could ‘pay the price’, I believe the saying is,” he said, giving her his best ‘I know better than you’ look. “We do not want that. It would reflect badly on the school if we were to accuse an innocent man. No, best let me deal with this,” he said kindly.

“Yes, I suppose you are correct,” the professor conceded with a huff, thinking that maybe she let Severus off too easily and wondering who the other person might be. However, Albus usually knew what to do and most of the time things worked out for the better when she left it to him. She would need to concentrate on the tournament and Harry’s little problem.

“Well, that is for another time,” he said, waving it away and picking up a quill. “At the moment, we need to have you, and a few others, ask around the streets near the Leaky Cauldron to see what Mr. Potter has been up to this last week. While I did see his memories of the last week, my word does not appear to be satisfying Bartemius. Therefore, this must be done the hard way,” Albus said, writing a few notes on a piece of parchment.

“Very well,” the old woman sighed.

In the infirmary

“Let’s wait until you’re released from here, and then I’ll walk you through how to use one. But, Harry, it might not be easy with your memory being as it is. Plus, if you don’t believe in magic, that might make it harder,” she said firmly. “Now, tell me how you know so much about science fiction. I’m not sure how amnesia works, but I am almost positive that you shouldn’t know as much as you do,” she said, peering at his face as if she could solve this puzzle just by his expressions.

“Well, I just knew it,” he answered with a confused shrug. “I remember everything I’ve ever read, seen, or heard. I know who the Prime Minister is, and how the government works. All my lessons in Primary. And, I watched Star Trek in the appliance store, until the clerk kicked me out, and then I went to the library. It’s pretty boring being homeless, not to mention bloody cold. There’s nothing to do all day but dig in the bins for food and beg for money. Anyway, I went to the library to try and figure out why I know this stuff. I looked up amnesia, but it was all in medical terms, so I gave up, and read a lot of comic books and science fiction. There was some reason I did all that, but it’s
missing now. I just know I was driven to research things like, experimental chemistry, holograms and horsemen. Does that make any sense?” he asked, thinking perhaps she would know.

“We have a few ghosts that you might have seen when you left. That could be the holograms,” she deducted thoughtfully as she bit her lip. “There are centaurs in the woods that you might have seen as well, which are the horsemen. And except for potions, I’m not sure why you would look up chemistry. I mean, how could that affect your memory? There are no potions that are that mind-altering, unless you overdosed on something,” she added absentmindedly as she went over the ones she had read about in her mind.

“Woah, ghosts, centaurs, really?” he exclaimed, and then rubbed the back of his head when she gave him a ‘duh’ look. “Oh yeah, you told me about them, something about a detention, a Death Day party, and a female ghost that cries a lot,” he said sheepishly, remembering her tales of his first and second years. “I think that whatever caused my amnesia is still affecting me. I mean, I seem to keep losing memories. Unless I was correct, and some other adult messed with my head,” he snarled and folded his arms, more than ready to believe the latter.

“Or, as the famous Vulcan saying goes, ‘Humans do have an amazing capacity for believing what they choose and excluding that which is painful,’” came an airy voice from the doorway. “That would actually explain why you think this is all some sort of large scientific experiment. I mean, if rumors are true, you didn’t have a good time at Hogwarts these last three years.”

“Wotcha, ducky, ‘ho ‘re ‘ou then?” Harry said in his worse Cockney accent, with an exaggerated wink and a complete perusal of her robe clad body. The girl was a cute little blonde that he wouldn’t mind getting a hug from.

“Wotcha, ‘arry Potter, I’m Luna Lovegood,” she snarked back in much the same accent, doing a much better job than Harry did. “Sugar and spice ter meet ya at Present and Past. I’ve ‘eard so much abaht ya,” she added, much to the confusion of the other two teens.

“Right. Luna, Lovely, come, have a seat, and tell me how you know the wonders of Star Trek,” Harry said with a beaming smile as he patted a part of the bed near him.

She drifted to where he indicated, and delicately took a seat. “Oh, Daddy heard about their tribble trouble, and we spent many hours watching it at an empty Muggleborn’s house.”

“You broke in to someone’s house?” Hermione all but yelled at the ditzy girl.

“No, silly, it was one of Daddy’s friends that went on vacation,” she said, waving the accusation away. She was quite used to people misunderstanding her. “They subscribe to our magazine, you see, and when they found out we wanted to do an article on the tribbles, they offered to let us see where they came from. It was ever so educational. Though, we were very disappointed to find they were make-believe.”

“So, tell me, Lovely Luna, why you’ve come to visit when my ‘best mate’ hasn’t?” Harry asked, edging towards the new girl a bit at a time. He liked this one, she wasn’t bossy, and she liked Star Trek.

“I heard you were infested with wrackspurts, so I came to see if I could help. However, when I got here and heard you talking, I was saddened to learn that it is simply amnesia,” the little blonde answered in a dreamy voice, and then she stared at the space near his right ear. “You do seem to have some nargles, though,” she added as she took a bottle cap necklace off her neck and put it around his.
When she leaned over to accomplish that task, Harry took the chance to see what the robes hid and was pleasantly surprised that it was quite a bit.

“Pervert,” Luna accused without malice.

“Teenager,” Harry rebutted with a big smile.

“Oh, Harry,” Hermione groaned.

Just then Dobby showed up with a beaters’ bat, “Dobby is thinking that maybe Master Harry got in his bad situation because of a blow to the head,” the little guy said as he raised the bat. “Then Dobby is thinking that maybe another hit might make Master Harry remember.”

And he swung.

_Somewhere in the castle_

Severus Snape was not having a good time of it. No, he was trying to talk an overly emotional female ghost into reason. He thought it would be easy as most women are quickly swayed by love, but this one was holding on to her murder as if it were more important than his issues. She was already dead; couldn’t she get over it already?

“Madam,” he tried again in his silkiest voice, “what happened to you was awful, that is to be sure. However, it was centuries ago. Can you not find it in your heart to forgive the man? He is truly remorseful.” He put on his best sincere expression, which he really needed to practice in the mirror.

The usually shy ghost flared with anger. “You are only trying to protect yourself from something. You would never be here if that were not the case. You are a cruel and selfish man, Severus Snape, and I will not be persuaded by your petty words. Be gone,” she hissed as she neared the hated professor’s face, making sure he knew that she didn’t believe a word he said. She had heard the children of her House cry and moan over this man’s teaching and his spiteful behavior. She had been taken in twice by smooth talking Slytherins; she was not going be fooled again.

“Madam…” Snape started, only for her to turn her back on him and fly away.

“Ah, Severus,” came a voice that he didn’t want to deal with right now, “why ever are you trying to persuade poor Helena to talk to Damien?”

‘Dammit,’ the dark-haired man thought as he turned with a blank face. “I am merely doing the Baron a favor,” he answered as if this were an everyday occurrence.

“I did not know you were so helpful to your House Ghost. Well done, very well done indeed,” the old man praised. “Speaking of which, I was searching for Damien myself, have you seen him?” he asked knowingly, thinking that perhaps there was something to Minerva’s story. Severus doesn’t do ‘favors’. At first, he thought it might be Karkaroff trying to get rid of the competition, he would not put it past the man, but now he was leaning towards his Potions Master having a hand in Harry’s amnesia.

“The last I saw of the Baron he was haunting the dorms. He seems to have taken a liking to young Draco,” the Potions Master lied, knowing full well that the apparition was standing in one of the classrooms nearby, in case that dozy cow of a ghost consented to speak with him.

“Then let us departure to the dorms, for it is imperative that I speak with him. Perhaps you should join us, there are rumors that need to be put to rest, and they pertain to you as well,” Dumbledore stated with a jovial voice, though his eyes were hard.
“Of course, Headmaster,” Snape said reluctantly as he turned and started down the hall to the dungeons.

**Back in the infirmary**

“NO!!!” came the voices of three teenagers, as the golden dome flared again.

“Dobby is only trying to help,” the poor elf said as he pulled himself off the floor from where he was flung.

“Woah, that’s your idea of helping?” Harry asked, putting up his hands in an ‘I give up’ way. This castle was anything but safe, if this was a friend ‘helping’, then he remembered Hermione’s recount of his second year and sighed. He released the dome when the elf started pulling his ears painfully.”Oh, stop that,” he said sharply. “I guess… I can see where you get the idea that it might help. But, Dobby, don’t try that again,” he softened his tone, but wagged his finger at the elf, who perked up and was going to speak, but Hermione overrode him.

“Dobby, Harry didn’t lose his memory due to a head injury. At least we don’t think so. Madam Pomfrey said she didn’t see any signs of one. We’re still trying to figure out how he got his amnesia,” she reasoned quickly, not wanting the little guy to get all excited and try something else that might cause more harm than good.

“Oh, I do believe that there are people in the castle keeping secrets. But, don’t fret, Dobby, Harry, they will be exposed soon enough,” Luna stated firmly as if what she said was fact. She then looked off into the space above Harry’s head and hummed a little tune.

“How could you possibly know that?” Hermione harrumphed, folding her arms in disbelief.

“Oh, maybe she’s a seer, like Deanna Troi,” Harry said excitedly as he put his arm around the blonde and got the hug he wanted. Yes, it was indeed worth it.

“She was an empath, not a seer,” Luna argued as she thumped his chest.

“Oh, right. Oh, I remember it was the chick from that other spaceship show… ummm… let me think… ummm… oh, I know it was called Andromeda. Now that was one wicked show. It’s too bad I only got to see one episode,” Harry said with a pout.

“Well never mind that,” the bushy-haired girl said with a wave of her hand. “We need to see how much longer you’re going to be here,” she said as she got up and made her way to the mediwitch’s office. “Madam Pomfrey, can we speak to you a minute?” she asked through the door.

The nurse hustled out and looked at the teens assembled, all of whom had anxious faces, and huffed. “Just let me do a diagnostic spell to make sure you’re healthy,” she said resigned. She waved her wand and read the report, ignoring the restless teens. “You will need to eat more. And but for your amnesia, you’re fine, and can leave as soon as you get dressed, though I do recommend you make use of the shower. Cleansing charms can only go so far,” she answered their unasked question.

“Dobby will get Master Harry’s clothes,” the forgotten elf stated as he popped up out of nowhere, and then he popped away. He then came back with some blue jeans, a button-down shirt, socks and underwear, and Harry’s combat boots.

Harry was glad to see the boots, which were now repaired and shiny, they were the only things he remembered buying that he could call his. “Great! My boots. Thanks, Dobby,” he exclaimed as he snatched up the clothes and footwear, went to the bathroom, took a quick shower, promised himself to take a longer one later, and got dressed.
“Lovely, you’re done,” Luna stated as she drifted towards the door, and then waited for them to join her. “I don’t know about you two, but I am hungry. Let’s go to the kitchen and get some pudding,” she said airily.

“Oh, sweets,” Harry said as he bounced to her side and put his arm over her shoulders. “Then you can show me how to use my…” he glanced at the glaring Hermione, “… wand,” he finished.

“We can do that,” Hermione said with a beaming smile as she went to his side. She was shocked when he put his other arm over her shoulders.

“To the kitchens,” Harry stated as they left the Hospital Wing.
The three teens left the Wing arm in arm, and wandered down the deserted hall. Luna took the lead as she guided them to the stairs that were least used. “Now, Harry, since you don’t know how to use your tricorder, you need to stick close to us,” she said as she firmed her arm that was around his waist. It felt good to have someone to hug. Not since her mum died, had she walked arm in arm with anyone. Her daddy hugged her, but he was a very busy man. It was nice to have friends.

“Don’t encourage him,” whispered Hermione under her breath, though both parties heard and ignored her.

Right as they were about to descend the stairs, a snowy white owl came winging in their direction. She landed on Luna’s shoulders, but her yellow eyes were fixed on Harry.

“Woah, I remember you,” he said with a great deal of excitement, making Hermione perk up.

“You remember Hedwig? That’s great,” she said as she bounced in place, making our hero’s eyes drift from the owl to her… jiggling assets.

“Is that her name? Yeah, of course I remember her,” he said, turning his attention back to the owl. “She chased off some of the more persistent thieves, when I was on the streets,” he explained, as he dropped his arm and petted the owl’s chest.

Hermione deflated and just said, “Oh.”

“Thanks for that, girl,” Harry cooed. “I wonder why she never approached me in the alleys.” He had tried almost anything to get her down to him, but she would just hoot at him and stand guard.

“She knows something is wrong with you, but she’s doesn’t understand what. So like any other animals she’s being cautious. She knows you, but she doesn’t know how you will react to her. Magical animals are smarter than most,” explained Luna in a very serious voice as she too fawned over the owl. “You will notice that she didn’t land on you, but she is letting you pet her now. That is because she feels safer in this environment,” she added with a general wave of her hand indicating the castle as a whole.

“Well, Hedwig, I am very pleased to re-meet you. I hope for a beautiful friendship with you,” Harry said softly as he continued to pet her chest, marveling in how soft those feathers were. “Who does she belong to?” he asked, partly guessing she was his, but wanting to make sure.

“She’s your owl,” Hermione confirmed.

“Well, that just makes it all the better to be friends with her,” Harry said with a big smile. “Why do I have such a cool pet as an owl?” he asked to both girls.

“Hagrid, you remember him, gave her to you. She was your first ever birthday present,” Hermione informed him softly.

“Oh, well, that’s… good, I guess. I mean, how old was I?” not really wanting to think that his childhood had been so bad that he never received gifts when he was younger. Now he was going to have to reevaluate his opinion of the giant man.

“You were eleven,” she answered reluctantly, hoping he didn’t get angry again.
“Well, shite,” he stated in frustration. He really hated that he couldn’t recall his childhood, from what little Hermione had told him, he would really like to… repay, his relatives… generosity.

“Language,” the bushy-haired witch said.

“You really need to stop saying that to me, if you want to stay on my good side,” Harry said with a great deal of steel in his voice.

She simply looked warily at him and nodded.

Hedwig decided she had had enough human interaction, butted her head on Harry’s hand and then flew off.

“Right, I’m hungry, what day and time is it anyway?” he asked, judging from when the old woman picked him up, and how long he had been here it should be early Monday evening, which means close to dinner. He wrapped his arms around their shoulders again and they walked down the stairs.

“It’s Monday, November 7, 1994 around 5 pm,” Hermione answered as she looked at her watch. Thank Merlin she found a wind-up in a junk store.

“Why weren’t you in class then?” our hero wondered, she didn’t seem the type to skip classes. Especially not with the way she was trying to get him to attend.

“Classes were canceled when they started the search for you. They were going to do it on their downtime, but the professors protested, so they canceled classes until you were found. If they hadn’t recovered you after the end of this week, then the Aurors— magical police— would’ve been brought in,” the bushy-haired girl said with a great deal of resignation. “I overheard Mr. Crouch and Mr. Bagman talking about it,” she offered, when they gave her a ‘how do you know this?’ look.

At that, the other two teens nodded. By this time, they had made it down the stairs and were now headed down another deserted hallway, going towards the kitchens.

“Wait, people were being petrified a couple of years ago and they didn’t cancel classes, I go missing and bam they practically shut the school down. Am I really that important that they’d stop your education just to find me? I know what you told me earlier, but really, I’m just a kid. If they are waiting for some fucking hero, well aren’t they going to be bloody well disappointed,” Harry said with a smirk. He had learned his lesson, and he was no one’s hero. There were a few times in the last week, he stuck up for the kids on the street, only for them to kick him in the shins and run off with whatever they could pinch from his pockets. Now he was for himself, and perhaps his friends, which he still didn’t know who were.

Yeah, Hermione seemed to know him, but she kept defending the old man and woman, which in his books made her some sorta authority worshiper. He really didn’t need someone who would put others first. He was keeping her around, because she knew him and could tell him about his past. That and if he got his memories back, he might find there were other reasons he liked her.

Judging from what little interaction he had with Luna, this was his first time meeting her, and well, he liked her well enough. Even with all her quirks. She had the potential to be a great friend. He was going to keep her close.

“When it comes to you, Potty, we are all disappointed,” came the drawl from behind them.

The trio turned to see three teenage boys looking like they were ready to rumble. Well, the two bruisers did, the one in the middle looked like the kind to give orders and watch.
The two witches dropped their arms and pulled their wands, while Harry bent over laughing almost hysterically. He had taken one look at those expensive clothes, the slicked back hair and his bodyguards and knew this boy was a rich snob that hid behind his parents. “Oh my God, did you really just call me that?” the dark-haired boy asked between laughs. Taking deep breaths and wiping the tears of mirth from his face, he stopped, looked at the ponce in front of him and broke down again. “Shite, he’s a Daddy’s Boy, isn’t he?” he guffawed to Luna, who nodded with a smile, but kept her wand trained on the known bullies.

“What on earth is the matter with you, Potter?” the confused blond asked, his eyes looking over his schoolyard nemesis. This wasn’t what he expected, though he really should have after the spectacle the boy made earlier.

Quick as a wink Harry sobered. “Listen, Papa’s Little Bitch Boy, I don’t know who you are, I don’t care who your daddy is, and I will only tell you this once… stay the fuck out of my way, and I won’t stomp you with my steel-toed boots,” he threatened menacingly as he stepped closer and closer to the other boy.

“You can’t threaten me,” Malfoy sneered as he waved his henchmen forward, causing the girls to point their wands at one each with a spell on their lips.

“Now, now, ladies, gentlemen, I am sure you are not fighting,” the Headmaster said as he and Snape rounded the corner. They came to a halt when they were by Slytherins’ side. The old man looked over the group with a great deal of grandfatherly disappointment showing in his face and eyes.

Snape on the other hand, was glaring at all of them, Draco and his goons, because they got caught, and the others on principle.

“Of course not, sir,” Malfoy stated as he stepped away from Potter with a wary, yet calculating, look in his eyes.

“Bugger off, old man, this is between me and the ponce,” the messy-haired amnesiac snarled, his eyes never leaving the blond in front of him.

“Potter, you will show the Headmaster some respect,” snapped Snape and was about to say more, when he saw a glimpse of the Baron out of the corner of his eye. Cursing his luck, he settled back down.

“Woah, aren’t you an ugly duck,” Harry said, when he looked to see who was talking, making the man step forward with his hands out, like he was going to strangle the boy. “Ever hear of shampoo? I’m not sure if it will turn you into a swan, but it can’t hurt,” he added with a shrug. There was something about this man that said to keep an eye on him. And yeah, he probably shouldn’t provoke him, but really, that hair. “Hermione’s parents are dentist, maybe you should give them a call. I mean, your teeth look like you eat metal,” he finished as he looked the man up and down.

“Why you…” was all Snape got out when the Bloody Baron drifted in front of him.

“Potion Master Snape, control yourself,” he barked with a threatening look in his eyes, and then turned. “I heard you were looking for me, Headmaster,” he said pompously, though he was fuming at the Potions Master’s lack of restraint. He knew he was going to have to tell the old man what was happening if the out-of-control teacher didn’t get his act straight soon. Now he just had to figure out how in a very Slytherin way.

Harry’s jaw fell when the ghost came into view. It niggled something in the back of his mind, but he couldn’t quite reach it, so he shrugged it off for the moment and stared at the very realistic hologram.
He looked around to see if there were any projectors, but didn’t see any. Maybe, just maybe, there might be some truth to this whole ‘magic’ thing. He’d have to ask Luna, but for now, he needed to pay attention to what was going on in front of him.

“Ah, yes, it is a blissful circumstance that we four are all here together,” the old man said happily as he looked at the three he wanted to talk to, and all but clapping his hands in good cheer. “Mr. Malfoy, you and your companions may leave,” Albus said as he made a shooing motion to the fourth year Slytherins. “Miss Granger, Miss Lovegood, you may depart as well.”

“The girls are bloody well staying with me, arsehole. I’m not letting myself be alone with some mind-rapist,” Harry snarled as he backed up to where his… friends… were standing.

“Harry? Are you sure?” Hermione asked, torn between obeying the Headmaster and standing by her friend. She looked back on what had happened to Harry since his return and then nodded her head and stood her ground.

Luna never said a word, nor did she drop her wand.

“Very well,” Dumbledore sighed, and then turned to the other students. “Mr. Malfoy,” was all he said.

“Yes, Headmaster,” Draco grumbled as he jerked his head at Crabbe and Goyle, and they left. He really wanted to know what Potter meant. It would be wonderful blackmail material on the old coot. He was going to duck in a nearby classroom, but then he couldn’t hear anything behind him, privacy wards must have been put up, so he simply continued on.

“Now, there seems to be some confusion,” the old man stated as he looked over at Harry, then to Severus, and last at Damien. “When Minerva found Harry, he told her that he ran because a dark-haired, long-nosed man threatened him. The boy also said that there was a… hologram of a man in bloody robes. Now I can only reason that he meant you two,” he finished as he looked over his half-moon glasses at Snape and the Baron.

“I did see a child in Gryffindor robes, in the dungeons on All Hollows Eve,” the Baron confessed truthfully.

“Why ever did you not tell me?” the Headmaster asked, appearing disappointed. The ghosts were supposed to notify him of everything that went on in the castle. How else was he supposed to know what was going on? His information network of ghosts and portraits kept him well informed.

“Headmaster, there are always children from other Houses wandering the dungeons on that night. It is some sort of rite of passage,” Damien said, which was true… about fifty years ago.

“Ah yes, I do remember something about that in my younger years. Very well, what did you do when you saw Harry? And what was he doing?” the old man asked as he stroked his beard in thought.

“Why, I informed the Potions Master, of course,” the ghost stated as if it were obvious. “However, the last I saw of the child, he was running, so it is plausible that they never connected.” Once again completely true.

“Very well,” Albus sighed again, this was not going as he wanted. “Severus?” he turned his inquiring eyes to his… protégé, which was the only polite term he could think of for the man. Everyone else insisted on call Severus his ‘pet Death Eater.’

“I did not see the bra… young man after we left the antechamber,” the man boldfaced lied, fuming
that the dratted ghost would put him in such a position, and at the same time applauding the very Slytherin move.

“Harry, my boy….”

“I Am Not Your Fucking Boy!” Harry snarled as he poked his finger in the hated man’s direction. “I note that you call everyone else by their last name. You will do the same with me or we will have further issues,” he said pretentiously. There was no way he was ever going to make it easy for this old man. He was going to do everything he could to make it difficult for him.

“Yes, well, can you tell me what you remember?” the old man asked, trying to catch the boy’s eyes.

“Are you the police?” our hero asked, folding his arms in an ‘I know you’re not, and I’m going to be stubborn’ way.

“No, I am not part of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. I am however the head of the Wizengamot, which a body that makes, and tries those that break the laws,” Dumbledore stated importantly.

“So you’re like the head judge?” Harry asked with a smirk.

“Well, yes,” was the answer.

“Now, I don’t know nothing about this ‘wizarding world’, but I do know that in the real world, judges don’t investigate crimes. So, if you want answers from me, get a copper here,” the messy-haired amnesic stated firmly. “Oh, and I want an attorney,” he added. “I do know that that is within my non-existent rights.”

“That may be true in the Muggle world, however you are not there,” Dumbledore said smugly.

“Then I’ll bloody well leave. You can’t hold me here forever, you old bastard,” Harry snarled as he whirled around and started down the hall. “Come on, girls, let’s eat, I’m starved.”
I just want to gently remind all of you that this is fanfiction, and AU, so not everything is going to be canon. The whole debate is sort of an eye-opener to Hermione, letting her see that her relationship is not the same as it once was. That and I feel that most 4th year fics need to answer this debate before it gets out of hand. Unless of course they are crack or Hermione bashing then she should be left to go out of control.

Once again thanks for all the support and questions. One question a lot of you asked is, ‘Will Harry get his memory back?’ To tell the truth I haven’t decided. I do have three different scenarios in my outline, yes he does, he partly does, and not at all, so I have been debating it with myself. Let me know what you think, I’m always up to hearing your views.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Snape’s POV

“Headmaster, are you going to let that… child talk to you that way?” Snape questioned, completely floored by the messy-haired teen’s attitude. While he had always thought the boy was arrogant, this was beyond the pale. If the amnesiac ever got his memory back, then he was in very deep trouble if that brat maintained this personality. There was no way this new boy would be intimidated into compliance. The Potions Master just hoped and prayed the teen never recovered.

“Alas, there is little I can do,” Albus said as he watched his students walk away. “In my haste to cure him, I have lost his trust. He now looks upon me as an enemy,” he stated remorsefully. His mind was calculating as to how he could get the girls to make the unruly teen see that he, Albus Dumbledore, was Harry’s idol. Then the child would follow along with what was needed. Miss Granger would be of great help, Miss Lovegood however might be problem. While he had never be vilified in the Quibbler, he was not looked up favorably either. The Lovegoods were a very honest and controversial family and never cowed to pressure.

“Nevertheless, you should not let him get away with such disrespect,” Severus snarled as he glared at his most hated student’s back.

“What would you have me do, Severus? I cannot discipline a child who does not know who he is, or that he is doing wrong,” the Headmaster said as he glanced at his protégé. “He is merely a victim of an illness. It could have been the shock of being called as a champion. Or he somehow, he had his memory wiped like poor Gilderoy,” the old man stated as he watched his teacher’s reaction to that comment.

“If you let him get away with such behavior now, he will never learn,” was the rebuttal as Snape did his best not to look at the Bloody Baron, who was smugly sneering from behind the Headmaster. ‘Sneaky apparition,’ was his thought as he tried to come up with a story about that night. “We have no way of knowing what caused the bra... child’s memory loss. Though, him being feebleminded enough for shock to make it happen is not out of the realm of possibilities,” he sneered, only to pale a bit when the ghost glared at him.
“I will do my upmost to make sure the child is well cared for, that is all I can do. Now, as to Halloween night…,” the voices trailed off as the two men and one ghost moved in the opposite direction.

**Harry’s POV**

Harry heard them talking and ignored the, to him, meaningless words. He tightened his arm around Hermione when she tried to turn back. Luna all but skipped along and led the way. When they got to the kitchens, Luna tickled the pear, and they went through the door that appeared. The three students stood for a second and watched the mass organized chaos. The house elves that greeted them were very busy making dinner for the masses, so they let Dobby tend to the kids. The teens were soon hustled to a table off to the side by Harry’s elf friend.

“What can Dobby be getting for the Master and his friends?” the hyper elf asked as he bounced in his sock clad feet. He was just so excited that he could serve Harry Potter. He had many ideas on how to make Master regain his memories. Then again, from what little he had seen of the teen, he liked this new man. This Harry Potter did not seem to need to be saved as much as the old one did. He stood up to old little Master, the greasy Potions Master, and the Headmaster. If this was true then maybe Dobby didn’t need to watch him as closely, then Dobby could start to really serve him.

“Hey, Dobby, good to see you again,” Harry stated, patting the little guy on the back. “Can we get dinner? Whatever’s already prepared is fine. Although, I think Luna wants some sweets,” he added, giving the blonde a wink, and was very happy to see she was taking off those cumbersome robes. Her cute little ruffled blouse still hid most of her assets, but he could finally make out some of her curves, which was enough to fuel his teenage imagination.

“Dobby can be doing that,” the tiny being said as he snapped his fingers, making platters and plates appeared on the table. There was three types of meat, potatoes of every kind, and a great deal of vegetables. Harry chose ham, potatoes au gratin, and some asparagus. Hermione went with pork chops, baked potatoes, and salads, making Harry roll his eyes at the thought that she thought that she needed to diet. Luna, on the other hand, decided to have a greasier fare. She loaded her plate with roast beef, buttered and gravied mashed potatoes, and candied carrots.

“Thanks, Dobby, but where’s the pudding?” the messy-haired wizard asked slyly, glancing at Luna.

“Afters will be served when Master and his friends is being done with the main meal,” the elf said stubbornly with a small stomp of his foot. When he had heard the cat professor and the hospital witch say that his master had been eating garbage for the last week, he was horrified. Now he was going to do whatever it took to make sure the teen ate right. He may be a free elf, but he wanted his master to be healthy.

“It is alright, Dobby,” Luna said airily as she cut her meat. “I can wait.”

“Good,” he said with a firm nod in her direction, and then popped away.

“I’ve been meaning to ask, what is Dobby?” Harry asked between bites, which he took quickly. He was starving, and he didn’t remember ever having such a nice meal. The stuff from the Leaky Cauldron’s rubbish tip was good, but it was always cold and bland. This was hot and spiced just right. He was going to eat as much as he could. Though, he would stop when he felt full.

“He’s a house elf,” Hermione stated with a great deal of contempt in her voice, which startled Harry because he didn’t think she was the type to discriminate. She saw his confused look and sighed. “I’m not angry with them; I am disgusted that they’re slaves. I even started an organization to free them. It is called Society for the Promotion of Elfish Welfare. You’re the treasurer,” she said happily,
jumping up and down in her seat.

“Spew? You called your organization Spew?” Harry laughed, while he watched her chest bounce.

“It is not spew, it is S.P.E.W,” she snapped, slamming her flatware on the table.

“You can call it that all you want, but others are going to call it Spew,” our hero stated firmly, glaring at her.

“Not all the elves are slaves,” came the dreamy voice from the blonde Ravenclaw.

“How can you say that?” Hermione spat angrily, turning her irate gaze to Luna. “They are bought and paid for, therefore they are slaves,” she added with finality.

“Yes, I do concede the point that most are purchased. However, you are under the impression that the ones here are Hogwarts were such. They are as free as Dobby. The only reason they shun the poor elf is because they don’t know he’s already bonded, and he let the Headmaster pay him for his time since his master doesn’t need him at the moment. They need to work and keep busy or they go insane. Hermione, they are quite happy the way things are,” Luna stated, narrowing her eyes at the know-it-all. Being raised in the Wizarding World, Luna had a better idea on how things were, and she didn’t like when someone who was not raised here came and told her she was wrong. Though, it made her sound like the bigoted Purebloods, in this they had a point. She didn’t know Hermione, but she could see the girl was a bit closedminded.

“Prove it.”

“Oh, Poppy,” the little blonde called cheerily into the air.

“What can Poppy be doing for Missy Luna?” an old female elf came from nowhere and asked. This one was dressed in a pillowcase with the Hogwarts crest on it.

“Poppy, please tell Hermione that you are not a slave,” she said, waving her hand in the other girl’s direction.

“Poppy is not being a slave,” the elf gasped, looking completely affronted that anyone would suggest that she was. “Yous is being another one I see. Poppy is telling Missy we is not being slaves,” Poppy said with a small stamp of her foot.

“But, you were bought, and you don’t get paid, or medical, or vacations. You’re being brainwashed into thinking you like this lifestyle,” the bushy-haired girl said kindly, as if talking to a mental patient.

“You is being thinking that we is being human. We is not,” the elf answered as if that was all the answer needed.

“What does that matter?” Hermione stated as if it was inconsequential.

“Will yous be going into the forest and telling the horsy people that they must be living in houses and wearing clothes? Will yous be going into the lake and telling the fishy people they must be living on land?” Poppy asked, folding her arms and raising an eyebrow.

“Of course not, that’s not the same at all,” the Gryffindor female harrumphed.

“Poppy is not liking being told she is a stupid critter. Poppy is telling Missy she is putting her point-of-views on Poppy. Poppy thinks Missy would not like being told she should be workings hard and not learning in the schools. We are happy as we is. Why should Missy comes and tells us were are
wrong,” the kitchen elf stated firmly.

“But…”

“Hermione,” Harry interrupted as he looked at all the elves listening in, “they all look happy and healthy to me.”

“But they are slaves,” she protested again.

“Poppy is not being a slave. Poppy is being bonded to the Headmaster and works like she is supposed to be doing,” the female elf stated, stomping her foot again in frustration. “We was not ‘bought’, we all lost our masters, and was invited here. Or we is being born here after the great Lady Hufflepuff is bringing our forefathers to the castle to works,” she explained slowly.

“But you are bonded, you just said so. Don’t you want to be free like Dobby?” she asked, the noise in the kitchen stopped, but for the quick intake of breath from hundreds of elves. She dismissed the fact that one of the Founders condoned slavery. ‘Helga Hufflepuff was a good woman; there was no way she had anything to do with elves being in the castle,’ Hermione consoled herself.

“Dobby is being bonded,” Dobby said with a great deal of confusion.

“But your free,” Hermione stated with just as much confusion.

“Yes, but Dobby is bonded to Master Harry,” the hyper elf said with a look of admiration that the teen in question.

“Oh, you are not making a lick of sense. How can you be free and bonded at the same time?” she snapped at the two elves.

“Master Harry did not buy Dobby. Dobby chose Master Harry,” the elf said brightly as if that cleared it all up, which made the other elves feel better about having Dobby about.

“Do you have to do what he says? Do you have to stay with him? Do you get paid? Do you get medical? Do you get vacations?” she fired off, counting each question on her fingers.

Dobby turned to Harry and stated, “Master Harry, Dobby is being sick. Can Dobby go to the healer and not works for two days?” There was a gleam in the little guy’s eyes that let Harry know he as just showing Hermione that she was wrong.

“Of course, Dobby,” our hero played along. “I hope you feel better.”

“Master Harry, Dobby does not think yours should be eating dessert todays. Can Dobby be saving it for tomorrows?” he asked with a wink to Luna.

“Yeah, Dobby if that’s what you think is best. You would know better than me,” Harry said with a smile.

“Master Harry, Dobby is needing a new shirt,” the elf stated, picking at his brand-new kid’s shirt. “Can Dobby be having some monies to buy one?” he gave the boy puppy-dog eyes.

“Sure, little guy, as soon as I get to the bank,” Harry nodded, thinking he might have to do that for his own wardrobe. If he had money that is, which was going to be his next question when all of this is cleared up. Of course, if Dobby really wanted a new shirt, he would be more than happy to get the little guy one.
“Yes, Dobby gets medical, vacation, and pay,” the hyper elf said as he turned back to Hermione, who huffed and opened her mouth to debate.

“Dobby, do you know Winky?” Hermione asked, thinking that there was one elf that would prove her point.

“Dobby is knowing her. She is being very unhappy right now, because she is having no one to serve. She is being crying all the times, and drinking butterbeer,” the tiny elf stated as his ears drooped.

“Who is Winky, and why is she important?” Harry asked, he could use another elf to help him get through his … situation. He was sure that his jailors wouldn’t let him out anytime soon, so maybe they could do things outside his prison for him.

“Winky was Mr. Crouch’s elf. He was the official man in the Hospital Wing. He freed her because she supposedly used a wand. She didn’t, but I’ll tell you that story later. The point is she is a free elf,” the brunette stated, folding her arms defiantly.

“And from the sound of it, she is not happy about that,” the only male debated. And then he looked at Dobby and said, “Dobby, can you ask Winky if she is looking for someone to bond with?”

“Harry,” was the aghast response from his ‘friend’.

He held up his hand and watched Dobby.

“Dobby will be asking her, but she is needing to be sober first,” the elf said with a grateful smile. Winky didn’t deserve to be so unhappy and he would be more than happy to share Harry Potter with her.

“Thanks, buddy,” Harry said, clapping him on the back.

“But… but…” Hermione started.

“You’re not going to change their minds. You should fight for better treatment for those who are slaves and beaten, like poor Dobby was. But I can tell you right now, they will always bond with a witch or wizard. Hermione, elves are not human, they are creatures, sentient, yes, but still creatures. And you should not foist your human views on them,” Luna stopped her before this got any further. The elves had done their best to let this girl know what’s what, but she’s stubborn. In Luna’s opinion she could now flounder her way through the world she now found herself in. Maybe when a few things came to pass, she would learn, but right now they were at a standstill.

“Oh, by the way,” Harry added his two cents worth. “I quit as treasurer, unless you change your platform. If these guys are happy as they are, then who am I to tell them otherwise?” The bushy-haired girl looked like she was going to snap at him, but he held up his hand and stated, “You need to be very, very careful about what you say next. I have tolerated you this long because you say we are friends. However, from the reaction of those around me, including yourself, I am nothing like I once was. Who knows how I will react,” he said, narrowing his eyes at her in challenge.

Hermione snapped her mouth shut and nodded, though her mind was rapidly going over just who this new Harry was. She was beginning to wonder if she should stick around, perhaps she needed to back off and look at this situation from afar. The Harry she knew would have agreed with her. She often wondered if it had to do with his upbringing. But, right now she didn’t want to alienate him. Observe, yes, estrange, no.

“Dobby, Poppy, thanks for dinner. I’ll call Dobby when we’re ready for dessert,” Harry said to the
two elves with a thankful smile. He quite like house elves, they seemed happy, helpful and nice.

They gave him a cheerful smile and went back to what they were doing before Hermione tried to ‘free’ them. The kids ate in silence until their plates were cleared. Then Harry called Dobby, who brought them afters of chocolate cake, treacle tart, and some vanilla pudding.

“Those is being your favorites,” the elf said, tugging at his shirt, but wearing a huge smile.

“Thank you, Dobby, I’m sure we’ll enjoy it,” Harry said, and the girls nodded. Dobby beamed at them and then popped away. “Oh my God, that smells good,” the dark-haired wizard said when he got a whiff of the treacle tart. He took a big piece and fell on it like a man starved. After scarfing down a few bites, he turned the conversation to his money, and if he had any. “Hermione, you said the school was paid for, does that mean I have money?”

That question made Luna choke on her food. Harry pounded her on the back until she could breathe again. “Oh Merlin, that was a funny question,” she said cryptically, while giggling.

“Why was it funny?” he asked, taking another bite of his dessert.

“Harry, the Potters were a very well-to-do and influential family,” the blonde Ravenclaw stated with a huge smile.

“Oh, I didn’t know that,” Hermione said thoughtfully.

“You never really looked. I mean, it is in the library. If you know where to search,” Luna said with a negligent wave of her hand.

“Be that as it may, how do I get my money?” Harry interrupted, looking at his favorite blonde girl. Well, she was the only blonde that he knew, but right now she was his favorite, and he didn’t see that changing soon.

“Well, you could write the goblins at their bank, Gringotts, or you could just go there,” she offered with a shrug.

“Oh, yeah, I can do that,” the messy-haired amnesiac said, and then deflated. “I don’t know how to get there, and I’m sure none of my keepers will take me,” he said morosely.

“Why don’t you just use your Invisibility Cloak, go to Hogsmeade and call the Knight Bus?” the little blonde asked with a quirk of her head.

“You’re forgetting that I’ve forgotten. I don’t know anything you just mentioned,” he answered, tapping her nose, making her scrunch it up in a cute way.

“Oh dear, it appears the nargles are back,” was her answer.

So, Harry took off the bottle cork necklace and put it back on her. “There you go, that’ll chase them off.”

“Thank you, Harry; it’s just what I need,” she gushed as if it weren’t hers to begin with.

“Great, you can tell me all about this Invisibility Cloak and stuff,” he said mischievously. “And then we’ll plan my escape.”

None of the trio noticed the door opening and two figures making their way towards them.
Chapter End Notes

Oops, I didn’t even notice until hours after I wrote this that I called the female elf Poppy. Oh well, she’s just going to have to share a name with Madam Pomfrey.
A shadow fell over the table causing the trio to look up. “See, Fred, my lad, I told you I smelled mischief in the kitchens,” said a redheaded boy as he sat at the table across from Harry.

“That you did, George, ole boy, I never shoulda doubted you,” said the boy’s double as he took the seat next to ‘George’.

They both reached out and served themselves up some chocolate cake. It was like watching synchronized dancing as they both moved at the same time, and did the same thing. Harry just thanked God that they stopped when ‘George’ used his left hand to eat, and ‘Fred’ used his right.

“Hello, hello, hello, who are you then?” our hero asked, liking these two immediately. There was an air of mischief around them that said they didn’t conform to the rules. They could probably help him in what he needed to get done. That and, they seemed to know him, and a different point-of-view would be very welcome. The girls were nice, but it was all from a female perspective. He needed a man’s point-of-view.

“Harry, these are the Weasley twins, Fred and George,” Luna said, pointing to the correct twin when she called their names. It was actually quite easy to tell them apart, Fred had a rather large freckle under his right eyes and was left-handed, while George had one under his left and used his right hand. She loved to throw off their playfulness by calling the correct one when she introduced them.

“I hate that Little Luna can tell us apart,” Fred said as he looked at his brother, who simply nodded in agreement as he ate his cake. “Right, enough of that, we overheard that there was a plan to escape. Now we’re always up to causing chaos for the staff, but why do you feel the need to run?” he asked the dark-haired Gryffindor. He was glad Harry was back they had been worried when he was gone. After many years of hearing their brother boost about the ‘adventures’ they had been on, how could they not be concerned. While Harry usually came out okay, this time he was alone. It was with great relief that they heard the rumor that the dark-haired boy was back.

George looked at the boy and noted the air of confidence that had never been there before. Yeah, Harry had done amazing things in the past, but it was only when there was danger that the boy was self-assured. Now it seemed to ooze off of him. He nudged his brother and they held a private conversation with facial expressions. They both looked at Harry critically and came to the conclusion that something was different. The rumor was that he had lost his mind and was unstable, but they thought it was something less volatile.

“Harry has amnesia,” explained Hermione, confirming their thoughts, and then she told them what little they knew about how he had lost his memories.

“So Poppy says you didn’t get it from a blow to the head,” George said, tapping his finger in his chin.

“And you only remember waking up on the streets,” Fred stated, tapping his finger on the table.
“A mystery,” they said together with a huge grin on their face.

“Well, I do remember the taste of dirty socks, but that’s it,” the messy-haired boy confessed, as he mind raked over what little he could recall. It still made him wonder how he know what dirty socks tasted like.

“You didn’t tell me that,” Hermione said, with a slight accusation in her tone.

“I’d forgotten until now,” he offered with a shrug.

“Don’t worry, Harrykins,” Fred said, picking up his fork. He wasn’t concerned; he and George were great sleuths.

“We’ll suss this out,” George finished, putting his flatware to the table, having finish his sweet. He, like his brother, loved mysteries, and they could find clues where no one thought to look. They knew what was hidden in the castle their third year. And what was in the pipes their forth. They Black was in the castle and on the grounds their fifth year. They had tried to tell the professors, but it was brushed off as them playing one of their pranks. After the basilisk they stopped trying. It never dawned on them to tell Harry and his friends, they were young kids, who never should have been caught up in all that to begin with. It was, however, one of the main reasons they have the dark-haired boy the map. They had hoped he saw what they did. They never figured out who that Pettigrew bloke was though. By the time they got close the guy was gone.

“But for now,” Fred said.

“tell us about your escape plans,” his brother continued.

“so we can help,” they stated as one.

“Right, please don’t do that. My brain is muddled enough,” Harry begged, and then smiled. “Luna tells me that I have an Invisibility Cloak, which I’m going to take does what it’s named, and that I can sneak to a place called Hogsmeade, and from there I can catch the Knight Bus to some place called Gringotts, which I am told is where my money is. So far that’s all I have,” he said in a conspiring whisper as he leaned over the table as if sharing a great secret.

“Right well, that’s a start,” Fred stated, thinking that they were going to have to teach young Harrykins all the tools of the trade… again. “Let’s finish our afters, and then we’ll go back to the dorms. Sorry, Little Luna, but you can’t come with,” he said with playful remorse.

“Oh, that’s alright. I have homework to finish anyway. But before you make plans, we should find an empty classroom and teach Harry how to use his tricorder,” she said dreamily with a wave of her hand, making Harry bounce with excitement.

“Wand,” Hermione said at their blank looks. “Harry is having a hard time believing in magic. He thinks all of this is one great experiment with technology,” she huffed, a bit put out that Luna was playing along with that idea. How was she supposed to teach Harry magic if the other girl was feeding his delusion?

“Well, after seeing that bloody ghost, glasses that came from nowhere, and the woman who turns into a cat, I might be swayed into believing in magic,” Harry confessed as he ate his last bite of dessert.

“Oh phooey,” Luna said, folding her arms and pouting. “I had an explanation that could teach you in minutes.” She had wonderful ideas about how to make her new friend all-powerful. If she could do it before Hermione got ahold of him. If there was one thing that Hermione shared with her fellow
Ravenclaws it was book learning. If it wasn’t written down it wasn’t correct. She was hoping to get to Harry before all the rules were put into his head.

“We can still try that, Lovely Luna,” Harry said with a beaming smile. He loved how she thought his ideas weren’t bullshit. She was turning out to be a good person to have around.

“I believe I am going to go and… do my homework,” Hermione stated, not wanting to see what wacky thing Luna came up with. That and she wanted to reevaluate her relationship with this new Harry. With his new personality, she wasn’t sure if they would stay the tight friends they were before. Before he would listen to her, but now…

“We want to come,” intoned the twins with grins splitting their faces. They were always up to whatever Luna came up with.

People seemed to forget the little blonde was sorted into Ravenclaw for a reason, and while they weren’t friends with her, per se, they were very good neighbors. They would sneak over and watch her when she hunted for things in the field behind her house, sometimes they even joined. They had witnesses amazing things, but she was a bit standoffish when it came to them, like she was unsure of their intentions. They, being the cheerful boys they were, just took it in stride and kept watching and hunting.

“Great, let’s go,” the little blonde said as she stood, grabbed Harry’s hand, and pulled him out of the kitchen. The others followed. Hermione left and the twins smirked, knowing the resident know-it-all was going to miss something wicked. Luna took them to a nearby classroom and closed the door after they all entered. She waved the boys to sit and tugged Harry to the front of the room. She then took on a teacher’s voice and said, “Take out your tricorder.”

“Okay,” our hero said slowly and pulled out his wand.

“Now, from what you’ve said you’ve done over the last week, you have been doing wandless magic,” she stated as she paced in front of him. “I want you to take your tricorder, point it at that book and with a flick, like pushing a button, think ‘lift’, all the while seeing in your mind’s eye the book lifting off the table,” she instructed as she indicated what book and how high she wanted it in the air. She was almost giddy with excitement. If this worked then there might be a whole new way to teach magic.

Harry shrugged, that was simple enough. He did as told and the book flew off the table about six feet in the air. The twins gasped and started whispering excitedly. Harry flicked his tricorder again and the book lowered back onto the table.

“Very good, now put your wand away, and do the same thing with your finger,” came the next order.

The dark-haired amnesiac did as bid and the book lifted three feet this time.

“Wonderful,” Luna exclaimed, bouncing up and down, making Harry very glad she left her robes in the kitchen. “Now look at the book and imagine it turning into a… cat,” she decided.

“Why?” Harry asked.

“Transfigurations can be very important in a fight. The things you turn something into are not real, however they move and act like the real thing. Say you are in the middle of battle and there is a spell coming towards you that you are unprepared for. If you think of the ground, or rock, in front of you as a wall, or a bear, or really anything, it will spring up and take the spell. It is still a rock and will
explode like a rock, but you are unhurt,” she lectured, pacing back and forth in front of him. His eyes followed her, paying very close attention to every word she said. “Now the same can’t be said for turning a bird into cat. It is still a living bird, but it acts like a cat. If you transform a rat into cup, it is still rat. Destroy the cup and you kill the rat. I don’t like living transfiguration,” she exclaimed with a huff.

Harry nodded his agreement and promised himself that he would not do that unless it was very important, though for the life of him he couldn’t think of any scenario which he would need to.

“Right, okay… I can do that,” he said as he shook his head to clear his thoughts, and glared at the book. It took a minute, but slowly a cat emerged from the paper. It stretched and laid down to nap, just like a real cat. Then he thought it back into to a book.

“I believe you are going to need to practice that one, but very well done indeed,” she praised, clapping her hands and then sobering. “Now this is important, you are the only person in this whole castle, possible the entire wizarding world, that can do these things. That is because you are not hindered by the rules that were drilled into our heads for the minute we learned about magic. For us it was the moment we were born. For you, however, because of your amnesia, you’re not held up by limits,” Luna stated, once again pacing. “This has to stay between just us four, no one can know until you are more proficient,” she said, twirling towards the twins, who quickly nodded in agreement.

“Are you saying that I am more powerful than the old man?” Harry asked amazed at the things he just did.

“While I would not use the word powerful, I would say you are more unrestricted,” she said thoughtfully. With the animosity Harry had towards the Headmaster, she didn’t want him to go head-to-head with the older man. If he hurt Dumbledore, he might regret it if he got his memories back. From what little she knew of the Boy-Who-Lived, he was a kindhearted soul who loved the old man. No, she would not point him in that direction.

“So, you mean we can’t do that?” came the disappointed voices of the two redheads.

“Actually, if you can overcome a lifetime of teaching you can do anything you want,” she said absentmindedly. The only thing holding her back from being unfettered was the death of her mother playing in her mind when she tried. How did she know that Harry wouldn’t suffer the same? Well, her mother knew spells were dangerous, Harry doesn’t. If what she was thinking was true, then it was all about mind over matter.

The twins started whispering again as Luna and Harry did a few more amazing things, until the boy believed he could do anything he wanted with his… wand, or even without it. He now firmly believed in magic, since there were no wires or controls on his tricorder, which is what he was going to still call it, if only to piss people off.

“Right, it’s getting close to curfew, so we’d better take Harry back to the dorms,” George said as he got up and started for the door. He and his brother gone over a few things they could do to become as free as Harry, short of wiping their memories of course. Having witnessed the messy-haired younger boy do things they had been told were impossible, well as the saying goes, ‘seeing is believing’.

“Now student, remember don’t let anyone tell you what you are doing is impossible. The only thing you cannot do is make food. That is a proven fact. If you try and you eat it, then you will not get the nutrients of real food,” she lectured again. She didn’t want to add a bar to his learning, but it was established that conjured food had no substance.

“Right, no food, but the sky is the limit,” Harry said with a nod of his head. His mind was rapidly
going over all the things he had seen on the telly and read in the books. There were thousands, millions, of things he could do. He could turn invisible and wouldn’t need the Cloak. He could teleport and wouldn’t need the Bus. Over and over his plans were improved.

“I can see that squirrel running ‘round in circles in your mind, Harrykins. Come on and we’ll suss it all out together,” Fred said, taking our hero’s arm and leading the dazed boy out of the classroom.

“Wait, Harry,” Luna said and came to his side, she then stood on her toes and kissed his cheek. “Thank you. For making me feel special,” she said with huge grin.

“You are very welcome, Lovely Luna,” the messy-haired wizard stated as he tucked some of her hair behind her ear, leaned down and kissed her cheek, which caused the twins to snicker. “Shut it, you two,” he said as he turned, though the grin on his face negated the harsh command.

“Well, here is where I leave you. I hope you have a great adventure,” she stated once more standing on her tiptoes and giving Harry a smooch on the cheek. She then turned and went to her dorms, with a spring in her steps.

“See ya, Luna,” Harry called after her, and then turned to the chuckling knuckleheads and smirked. “Ah, what a wonderful end of the day,” he said, and then waved his hand in a ‘lead the way’ manner. “So you are related to my supposed ‘best mate’,” he said questioningly.

“Yeah, ickle Ronniekins is our younger brother,” Fred answered, with a disappointed look in his eyes.

“We have no idea why he thinks so badly of you right now, but you were best mates up until your name came out of the Goblet,” George said, partially defending his younger brother, yet still upset that Ron turned his back on Harry.

“I don’t know either, but I’ll tell you what I told Hermione, I don’t let negative people into my life,” Harry stated firmly, with steel in his green eyes.

“I understand that,” Fred said, slinging an arm over his shoulders. “Negative people just bring you down,” he added with a nod to his brother.

“To right, brother o’ mine,” George stated as he too put his arm around Harry’s shoulder.

“Get off, guys. It’s not quite as fulfilling as have two lovely girls on my arms,” Harry said, flinging their arms off good-naturedly, chuckling all the while.

“Right you are, Harrykins. Do tell how you accomplished such a feat?” George asked, not a bit put out by the younger teen’s actions.

“Well, it all started on my first escape attempt, after that bastard mind-raped me,” our hero growled, and then he recounted his first hour in the castle and how Luna came to be by his side.

“I always believed that Dumbledore thought himself important, but to hold you down and pillage your mind, that is something I would’ve never thought of him,” Fred said with disgust in his voice.

“Yeah and according to the cat lady, he didn’t do anything wrong. I’ll let you in on a bit of a secret, Hermione feels the same, and that makes me not trust her completely,” the dark-haired boy confessed. “I’m going to escape tonight and I want to see what she’ll do,” he added with a wink.

“We’ll do what we can to help. With the tools you have at your disposal it should be easy,” Fred said
as they turned into the hall Gryffindor’s tower was.

“Right, I was thinking about that,” Harry said with a mischievous smirk. “I have a few ideas, but I want to see these ‘tools’ first.”

They came to the portrait of the Fat Lady and George gave the password, ‘balderdash’, and they went into the common room. Harry looked over the red and gold decorated room and quirked an eyebrow at the overabundance of the two colors. He was just about to make a comment when a younger redhead boy came up to him and sneered, “Potter. Out giving autographs?”

‘Well, this might be fun,’ Harry thought and prepared for a confrontation.
I hemmed and hawed, stood on my head and looked at it sideways trying to decide on how to have this confrontation. Finally I threw my hands up in the air and left it to my muse. Therefore, this is NOT a good chapter if you like Ron, but in my defense, this time in canon he was being a jealous prick. It is labeled as a Ron bashing fic. So, telling me all the good things Ron did in the book isn’t going to change my mind. My daughter loves that character and has already had this debate with me. If she can’t sway me, believe me you can’t either.

Harry turned and looked the redheaded boy and thought about how to handle this. He could be a complete arse, or he could let it all slide. After a minute he decided to go with something in between. From what little he knew about the boy, he was very jealous of everyone, which was understandable being the youngest male of six. However, that didn’t get him off for abandoning a friend. The messy-haired teen smiled and said, “I’m sorry, who are you?”

“How can you ask that? We’ve been mates for years,” the youngest male Weasley asked as his face turned red as he stepped forward as well, not one to back down from an argument. Merlin knows he had enough practice at home. If this was a prank, he was going to smack Harry down for embarrassing him in front of almost all of Gryffindor.

Everyone in the common room was hanging on every word. Rumor had it that Potter was different, and that he was throwing defensive magic around like Merlin. They wanted to see how this turned out. Maybe they could take advantage of this opportunity to finally become friends with Harry, like many wanted to do in the past, but were always thwarted by his other friends. They never knew if they were being protective or possessive. Given what the boy had been through the last three years, it could go either way. However, if the Golden Trio was no more, then it might just be time to try again.

“Be that as it may, I’m all muddled in the head, didn’t you know? I truly have no clue as to who you are,” Harry said as he made wiggling motions with his fingers near his temple.

“You’re just trying to get out of the tournament, ruddy coward,” his ‘best mate’ stated, still squirming under that intense gaze.
“Do you always accuse your friends like that?” Harry’s eyes narrowed as his glare increased.

“Yeah, when they’re being glory seeking gits,” Ron sneered again, this time taking a step back and looking at Harry in disgust.

“Ah, you must be Ron,” he declared, dropping the charade. “I heard so much about you,” he said as the smile fell from his face.

“What’ve you heard?” the ginger asked, worried that someone was feeding the other boy with bad gossip. That would never do, if Harry knew just how much he relied on him and Hermione, then the other boy could use it against him. He quickly peeked at Hermione, who was standing off to the side ready to jump in if this went further than words. ‘No help there then.’

“Well, Hermione and the twins tell me that we were best mates right up until about a week ago,” the amnesiac deadpanned not giving anything away.

“We were, until you put your name in the cup and didn’t tell me,” huffed Ron, still not believing that Harry was all ‘muddled in the head’.

“That’s right, she told me that you believed that,” Harry nodded, disregarding the ignorance and taking a step forward, until he was right in the ginger’s face, his eyes full of curiosity and a bit of anger. “Now, my question to you is, in all our years of friendship can you name one time that I used my fame to get anything? Take in mind that I don’t have these memories, so you’re going to need witnesses.”

“You got on the Quidditch team in first year,” was the triumphant answer as he took a few steps back.

“Who’s your witness? And what’s Quidditch?” Harry asked, looking around at all the people listening.

A tall stocky seventh year boy stepped forward and said, “Actually, Ron, McGonagall sort of forced it all on him. He didn’t even know how to play. By the way, I’m Oliver Wood, I am the captain of the Quidditch team, you’re the seeker,” the older teen said to Harry, holding out his hand.

“I’m told my name is Harry Potter, and thanks for confirming that. Not that I know what a seeker is,” the younger boy stated, shaking the young man’s hand.

“I’ll tell you all about the team and Quidditch, when you’re done here,” Oliver offered with a smile, like he would love to do so. Many people groaned, or chuckled, at that statement. Everyone knew Wood was a fanatic when it came to the game.

“I have a few other plans for the next few days, but I might take you up on that later, yeah?” Harry smiled at the overenthusiastic teen. He could see the guy really like the game.

“Great.”

“Now, back to you,” the messy-haired boy turned back to the embarrassed redhead. “Anything else?” he inquired, folding his arm in a ‘I know you don’t’ way.

Ron rubbed his nose and thought real hard for about three minutes and then sighed in defeat. There was nothing he could use that he could prove. Anything he said would be the opposite of Harry being a glory hound. So he just shook his head and stepped back. There was a flash of guilt in his eyes, and he opened his mouth to say something, but snapped it shut, and shook his head again.
“Right, that’s what I’ve been told so far. That I didn’t like my fame, and would hide when people
gossiped about me,” he stated as he spread his piercing look around the room, making many bow
their heads in shame, “and generally tried to stay out of the limelight. Right?” he asked his ex-mate,
who mutedly nodded.

There were many that wanted to step forward, but the icy glare made them stop.

“Well let me tell all of you right now, this new me won’t put up with your bullshit. If you want to
talk about me, expect to do it to my face and we’ll… discuss it. If you think I’m going to hide my
head and play good boy, think again. Now, some of you might say I’m an arsehole, but I really,
really don’t care. Fred, George, Hermione, I need one of you to show me where my stuff is,” he
finished, looking at the twins and Hermione.

“Right you are, Harry, my lad,” George said as he jumped up from the couch where he and Fred sat
and watched. Fred got up too and they made their way to Harry. Hermione came as well, and the
four of them went to the stairs.

Right when they would’ve gone out of sight, Harry turned and addressed the entire House, making
the whispers stop immediately. “Oh and one more thing, those of you that thought we were friends in
the past will have to… remake being friends with me now. I wasn’t lying when I said I can’t
remember, so your telling me we’re friends isn’t going to cut it. Besides, there is a good chance that I
might not stay here at Hogwarts. Who knows?” he shrugged at the gasps. “What I’m trying to say is
that it’s all a clean slate for me. I can only go on what I know now. However, negative people need
not apply,” he finished as he purposely looked at Ron, and then he whirled around and followed
Fred.

“Harry, are you sure you should have done that? You might have burned some bridges,” Hermione
asked as they ascended the stairs.

“Or I might have opened some doors,” he rebutted. “I mean, come on, I’ve lived in this castle for
three years and I only have two friends my age. Just how big of an arsehole was I?” he threw his
hands up as Fred made it to the door of the fourth-years’ room.

“You were just shy,” she said, patting his arm and then following the twins, who were making a
beeline to Harry’s trunk, which was standing open and looked like it had been rummaged through.

“That’s not right,” Fred said as he looked inside. There were only clothes and books showing.

“What are we looking for?” Harry said, trying to hold his temper that people went through his things.

“Well, your Cloak for one,” George said, picking out the clothes and laying them on the bed.

“Bring me my Invisibility Cloak,” Harry demanded the air as he lifted his wand and held out his
other hand to catch it.

“That’s not how…” Hermione started only to stop and stare when the Cloak flew to his hand from
Ron’s trunk. “How…? What…?” she stuttered as she sat on the bed in complete shock. She was
going to question him, but the look on his stony face said to leave it for now.

“Right,” our hero stated. “Whose trunk is that?” he asked, pointing to where his family heirloom
came from.

“That would be ickle Ronniekins,” George snarled, very upset with his brother.

“Well, there went all chances of him being my friend again,” the young wizard growled, not that it
was much of an opportunity to begin with, but now...

“He might have been keeping it safe,” Hermione hedged carefully, not wanting to believe that Ron would take something so valuable.

Harry nodded, conceding the point; he would have to ask the other boy. Later. When he cooled off. If he confronted the redhead now, well the coppers might get called.

George stomped over to his younger brother’s trunk and looked through it, and pulled out the map and some of Harry’s other trinkets. He looked under the bed and pulled out Harry’s Firebolt. He exchanged looks with his twin and they nodded. There was going to be a family meeting soon, this could not go unpunished.

“Right, questions later,” Harry said as George handed him his things. He then turned and put most of it back in his trunk and locked it with a thought. “Tell me what this is, and how it works.” He opened the parchment and saw it was blank, so he sent a questioning eyebrow to the three around him.

So the twins and Hermione showed him the map, how to activate and deactivate it, and pointed out how to get out of the school. They made sure he knew how to get in the tunnels, and discussed the best ways to go. Harry was still thinking sci-fi, and wondered if he could set up some sort of magical radar that would work like the map. That way he’d have one wherever he went. That would be so wicked.

“Well, I guess I’ll have to wait until tomorrow to make my escape,” Harry sighed, after looking out the window and seeing nothing but stars.

“Why?” Fred asked.

“The bank is closed, isn’t it?”

“Harry, Harry, Harry, you live in the world of magic, which has sentient creatures that are not welcome to, or just can’t, roam about during daylight hours. Do you really thing beings as greedy as goblins would pass up on such a market?” George asked with a sad shake of his head.

“Really? They’re open? Great, let’s plan my escape,” he said, leaning forward about to layout his idea.

“Harry, you can’t,” Hermione said with a shake of her head.

“Why?” the amnesiac asked confused.

“It’s after curfew, you’ll be expelled,” she answered at his muddled look.

“Your point?” he asked with lifting of his eyebrow.

“Right, I forgot, you really don’t want to be here,” she said biting her lip. This was a big step away from her comfort zone. But in her thinking earlier, she realized that she really didn’t want to throw away three years of friendship simply because Harry gained a mind of his own. It was after all something she had been nagging him to do for years.

“Are you going to tell the teachers?” he asked, wondering what she was going to do.

“No. But, I won’t lie, not for you or anyone,” she said defiantly, remembering the horrible feeling the one time she lied to the teachers, but she couldn’t put that at Harry’s, or Ron’s, feet since they didn’t ask her to. That and she was so horrible at it, that she was surprised that they believed her.
“That’s fine, I wouldn’t ask you to,” he said with a shrug. He would never ask a friend to break their morals. That’s not what friends did, as long as she held her tongue then it was fine.

“Oh, right, well then, I’d better go, so I don’t know your plan,” she said hastily as she got up and headed for the door.

“Goodnight,” the male voices said as one, making their owners chuckle. Then the boys planned.

**Meanwhile in the headmaster’s office, Dumbledore’s POV**

McGonagall, Snape and Sprout were sitting in the headmaster’s office going over what they learned from the shopkeepers near the Leaky Cauldron. Albus had given them a list of who to talk to, so it was much easier then investigating the entire neighborhood.

“There really isn’t much to report,” Pomona said as she handed the written version of the questions she asked and who she had asked them to. The answers were on separate parchments. “The man at the coin shop said he exchanged some Sickles and Knuts for poor Mr. Potter, so he could get some food and shoes. He seemed right pleased that the lad was back at school.”

“The man at Regale’s Appliances said he chased Harry out of the store many times for loitering,” Minerva reported, also handing in her written version.

“The lady at the library confirms that he was there many times reading fiction and fantasy novels, and comic books,” Snape sneered as he all but threw his report on to the desk. He knew even without his memory that the brat was too stupid to research.

“Very well, thank you all for doing this much,” the Headmaster said politely as he shuffled the parchments into order. “I am sure that Bartemius will accept these. If not then he can do his own ‘legwork’, I believe is the word.”

“Yes, well, I have classes to prepare for tomorrow,” Snape said, standing and shaking out his robe. He then turned and left the room without looking back.

“I do as well,” Sprout said as she too moved to leave, though she did stop at the door to say goodnight.

“Thank you again for your reports,” Dumbledore said as they left, and then he looked at his transfiguration teacher, who remained in her seat, glaring at him.

“Did you speak to Severus and the Bloody Baron?” she asked primly, looking over her glasses, much like Albus liked to do.

“Yes, Damien says that he saw a young man in Gryffindor robes that night, but did not report it because…” the old man explained, giving her a rundown on what their stories were for the night in question.

“Do you believe them?” was her next question when he had finished.

“I am not sure, to be honest. If this had happened any other year, I would have stood by both of them unequivocally. Now, with Harry’s name entered the tournament, his running away and his story to you…” he trailed off, lost in thoughts of conspiracies.

“I will keep my eye on Severus,” she stated firmly. “I suggest you do the same for the Baron.” She then nodded her head and stood from her seat indicating the meeting was over and left.
Dumbledore sighed, popped a lemon drop in his mouth and wondered when he had lost control of his school.

Chapter End Notes

So, I went for passive/aggressive for the… discussion but left it open for more later. It can still go either way. I know I will lose some readers over that and all I can say is, sorry to see you go. Thank you to those who will continue on.

Oops, Oliver graduated the year before, but he is needed for the scene, so I’m keeping him.
Harry was in the tunnel to Honeydukes, he had used his Cloak and map to get this far. Now he wanted to see to what extreme he could take his magic. So he put the two tools on the ground, held up his wand and said “Make me Invisible.” He felt a cold sensation all over his body, like he had been plunged into snow, and when he looked at his hand in the torch light and it was transparent. He could just make out a very faint outline, but other than that he was invisible.

“Great,” he exclaimed, and then pointed his wand at his glasses and said, “Make a Marauders’ map.” A six-foot translucent map with green shapes of buildings and two moving dots, with names over them, appeared in front of him like a hologram. It showed about twenty feet in all directions.

“Minimize,” he stated quickly and now it was in the corner of his right lens. He could see it just off to the side, about ten inches tall. He could just make out the two dots, but they were far away and moving further.

“Tiny.” Now it was just a speck of green on the bottom of his glasses. It was there but he couldn’t see anything but names. He could now read Argus Filch and Mrs. Norris, but he had no idea who they were. They were still moving away, so he didn’t care.

“Expand.” Made it the ten-inch version. He could see through it, so it didn’t impede him too much. He moved his head and the map moved with him. He looked up and could still see the ceiling of the tunnel, and the light on the wall. He experimented with it for a minute or two and saw that he could still see quite clearly, though everything to the right had a green tint.

“This is fucking fantastic,” he said with a great deal of excitement and made it minimized again.

Now he wondered what to do with his Cloak and paper map. He looked at his front pockets, pulled the right one open and said, “TARDIS.” and the inside grew much larger than the outside. He had no idea why that worked, when the acronym TARDIS didn’t mean that at all, so it must be intent and vision like Luna had explained to him. He just shrugged it off, quickly picked up the two items and shoved them in the now really wicked pocket. He was going to have to do this to all of his pants. At least one pocket on each. Oh… or he could make a bag to tie onto his belt, or even get a money belt and expand that. The ideas were endless.

He looked at his cool new map, and saw that the coast was clear. So he hurried down the tunnel. He didn’t want to teleport inside the wards of Hogwarts, just in case the old man could feel him leave. That wouldn’t end well.

When he felt the wall of magic, he went to the other side of it, and then with a ‘Bampf’ and a bit of blue smoke he was in the alley next to the Leaky Cauldron. It was a good thing his teleporting worked, or he would have had to call that Knight Bus, which the twins said was a nightmare. It was also beneficial that he had spent a lot of time here when he was on the streets, or he wouldn’t have a
target to go to. He surely didn’t want to wind up in China on accident. He had gotten the idea off that blue guy in the X-Men comics. Nightcrawler, that guy was one of his favorite characters. He was just awesome. The way he could go anywhere he wanted at any time.

Our hero expanded his map and checked it and saw that only someone named Tom was in the pub. Being invisible, he simply snuck through without any problems. When they were going over the plan, the twins were very thorough and told him how to open the archway. When it opened he looked around, and was disappointed that all the stores were closed, but he could see that this would be a neat place to walk around during business hours. It was so old-worldly and rustic. Nothing like the streets of London.

He peered at the stores as he made his way to the bottom of the marble steps that led up to Gringotts. The lookalikes had warned him to not go inside undercover, or they might think he was there to rob the joint. “Appear,” he said, after looking at the map to make sure he was alone. This time it was a warm sensation that accompanied the change.

The two goblins at the door growled at him, but let him in nevertheless. He nodded his head in thanks and scuttled through the golden doors. He scoffed at the poem and went through the second set of doors. The inside was just like Fred and George described it. All counters and marble, with small, yet mean looking, goblins running around or counting jewels and money. It was actually quite busy for this time of the night. There were men in dark cloaks, some with hoods. Others with no outerwear, just very stiff and old-fashioned suits. He was quite sure some were vampires. If the pale skin, long teeth and ruby lips were any indication. There were a few that looked too poor to need a bank. Their clothes were patched, and they were covered in scratches and scars. There was one guy that just oozed darkness, but he was leaving. None of the patrons seemed hostile, but Harry wasn’t going to go and talk to them.

He went to one of the lines and waited his turn. He kept looking around and noting everything. This was all new to him after all. He did realize that the goblins were curt and snarly and wondered if this was just how they were or was it because they were working the graveyard shift. When the teen was finally called forward, he almost skipped to the teller. He held up his key, smiled and said, “I’d like to see what vaults I own. You see, I’ve had a bit to a bother and my memory has gone walkabout,” he explained cheerfully.

The goblin took the key and examined it, when he recognized who it belonged to he handed it back. “Well,” the surly goblin snarled, tapping his gnarled finger on the countertop, “we can do this one of two ways. You can let us do a blood test, or come back in a week, giving us time to look through our archives.” He fully expected the teen to say the latter. Most wizards enjoyed making the goblins do it the hard way. Lazy, untrustworthy bastards. It wasn’t like his people could do anything with their precious blood. Well, not that they would tell about anyway.

“I’ll do the blood test,” our hero offered quickly, not wanting to waste his or their time.

“Very well. Snarlfist!” the still unnamed goblin shouted.

“You bellowed,” came the deadpanned response from right next to Harry, making him jump in surprise.

“Take this human to do a blood test,” the teller growled, pointing at a door in the back.

“Come with me, human,” Snarlfist said as he turned and walked away.

“Sure thing, goblin,” Harry snapped, put out that they didn’t even introduce themselves. Then he remembered Luna’s lecture to Hermione about putting human values on other creatures. So he
shrugged and followed the shorter creature.

“You would do well not to anger us,” Snarlfist stated firmly.

“And you would do well to be polite,” the messy-haired boy said just as firmly.

“Just get in here,” the little being growled as he yanked open the door the teller had pointed to.

On the other side of the door, was a little room with a waist high table that had a stone bowl and plain silver knife on it. That was all; the rest of the room was bare.

“Well, this is homey,” Harry said, looking around at the marble walls and stone floor.

“What did you expect? Tea and biscuits? It is a simple blood test. You prick your finger, the results show and you’re done,” the goblin said with an impatient wave of his hands.

“Right, I just put some blood in the bowl and Bob’s your uncle?”

“Yes. Only a few drops.”

“Okay,” Harry said as he went to the small table, took the knife and made a tiny cut on his thumb. He let a few drops of blood fall into the bowl, making sure to think the dagger clean. He had no clue as to who these guys are, but in many books blood could be used to curse you. When he was done, the potion in the bowl turned red and three vault numbers appeared above it.

“You have three vaults,” Snarlfist stated redundantly.

“Thanks,” the human said with a roll of his eyes. “How do I access them?” he noted that two were under Potter and the other one was Evans. ‘I wonder if that’s Mum’s name,’ he thought.

“First we have to find out why you have three vaults, when you should only have access to one.” The goblin rubbed his bearded chin in confusion.

“What do you mean?” Harry asked with a tilt of his head.

“I mean, you are about fourteen years of age, and should only be allowed in your trust vault. This,” he waved his long, thin hand at the numbers, “also shows your family vault and your mother’s.”

“Oh, well I was falsely entered into a tournament that is for of age people. Could that be it? Even though I’m told I didn’t put my name in?” he asked, thinking of all the things he could do if this were true. Though with his limited memory and only secondhand recounts, his information was minimal. Though, he was glad to now know he knew his mum’s maiden name.

“Yes, if magic thinks you are old enough to die for the masses, then it might be as you say.” Snarlfist nodded his head knowingly. “You will have to talk to an attorney to make sure, but it is plausible.” He then shrugged his shoulder, it wasn’t his duty to understand the ways of humans.

“Shite, I wonder if that means I have to compete,” Harry fretted, not wanting to lose the vaults, but he really didn’t want to play in those deadly games. Even if what Luna said was true, and it was all about intent, he wanted some practice before he competed in anything.

“Don’t be foolish, if you didn’t enter your name then you are not obliged to fulfil the contract,” the goblin said as he led the boy to the lobby. “We do know how contracts work, and magical contracts cannot be forced. Magic doesn’t work that way, or people would be forcing contracts on others all the time, what with the spells you humans have.”
“I guess that makes sense,” Harry said relieved.

They came to an empty counter and Snarlfist waved his hand over another stone bowl and two keys appeared. “Everything your family owned is in these vaults. Don’t ask us what, we don’t know and we don’t care. As long as the fees are paid, then you keep the vaults.”

“So you’re more of a storage facility and less of a bank?” Harry hedged, not wanting to piss him off more than he already had. He just wanted some money to spend, not pick a fight with beings that were probably fiercer than they looked.

“When it comes to the vaults, yes, however, we do make loans, exchange money, and other such services. The pure-blooded families would never let us lower beings control their finances,” the goblin snarled menacingly as if it were Harry’s fault.

Harry remembered the coin man from London and couldn’t help think, ‘Loan sharks and thieves.’ He made a mental note to himself to move his gold elsewhere as soon as he could. Right now though, he nodded, took the keys and said, “Thanks, you’ve been very helpful. Can I go to my family vault please?”

“Right this way,” Snarlfist said a bit snidely.

The Twin’s POV

Ron was headed to bed, when his twin brothers each took an arm, and hauled him into the empty Headboy’s room. They all but threw him on the bed and stood in front of the door. “What?” the youngest redheaded boy snapped, but with a very worried look in his eyes. He knew damn well what they wanted. He just hoped they believed him.

“Want to tell us why you had Harry’s stuff in your trunk?” Fred asked as he folded his arms across his chest. He wanted to believe that his brother was not a thief, but the evidence was just too much. There was no good reason for what they found.

“Yes, do tell us why we shouldn’t tell Mum and Dad,” George added, mimicking his twin. He too was severely disappointed with tonight’s events.

“I was holding it for him,” Ron said, lifting his chin up.

“Right, you hate Harry right now, so why would you protect his things?” Fred said with a disbelieving shake of his head. “You could’ve just cast a locking charm on his trunk, or had an upper-year do so,” he pointed out.

“I was!” their younger brother shouted. “If I did that someone could have just taken the trunk. I was keeping his stuff hidden in mine.”

“Ron, stop lying,” George snapped as he narrowed his eyes. “You’ve never been able to, not with us. Now tell us the truth.” Ron had a tell, his left eyebrow twitched when he lied. They never told him, of course. If they had the boy would just learn not to do it. Right now, that twitch was there, so he wasn’t telling the truth or at least on all of it.

“No, I really was, I was going to give it back if he returned,” Ron said, rubbing his nose, his tell showing. “But, I thought he was gone for good and it was all just sitting there, so I reckoned why let it go to waste. Not that I wanted him dead, or even thought that he was, but I figured he ran away like a bloody coward and wasn’t coming back. I mean why else would he have left his dad’s cloak behind?” He shrugged as if it was obvious.
“That is still stealing. You have no right to any of Harry’s things unless he gives them to you or wills them to you, you idiot,” Fred snarled, walking forward and getting into Ron’s face. “Even if he did run away, the professors would’ve packed his things up and sent them to the bank,” he explained to his little brother. “Then after this whole thing blew over he could collect them. They aren’t your things, you have no right to them,” he finished, poking Ron in the chest.

Ron stood and pushed him back. “Why the bloody hell not? Do you know how many times I’ve almost died because of him and his need to ‘save people’? The troll, the chest game, the huge ruddy spiders,” here he shivered, “the cave in, and his bloody godfather. Every time something’s going on with Harry Bloody Potter, I’m stuck getting hurt. And what do I get for my trouble? He goes and enters the tournament behind my back!” he yelled. “He owes me,” he stated firmly.

“First off, the troll was partially your fault. If you hadn’t been such an arse to Hermione none of you would have been there,” George said, ticking that off on his fingers.

“Second, you volunteered to go and help with the stone, and got points for it,” Fred said, lifting two fingers. “You bragged about it all summer, until Mum threatened to magic your mouth shut.”

“Third, what spiders?” George said, thinking back over that year and wondering what Ron was talking about.

“Harry dragged me out into the Forbidden Forest to talk to a nest of Acromantula. Hagrid said if we wanted information to follow the spiders. We almost got eaten, if it hadn’t been for Dad’s car, we’d be dead,” Ron explained, with a full body shudder. He still had nightmares about that night. His fear of spiders was very strong. He deserved a bloody award for that alone.

“If Hagrid is the one who directed you there, how is that Harry’s fault?” George asked curiously, causing his little brother to glare at him.

“Fourth, if you hadn’t flown the car and broken your wand then that cave in might not have happened, granted you’d be dead, but again you volunteered to go after Ginny,” Fred pointed to the forth finger.

“Now I have no idea why Black was after you, those are his actions not Harry’s,” George finished, waving it away as he lowered his hands.

“Of course your taking his side, everyone always does,” Ron snarled as he sat back on the bed and folded his arms mulishly.

“When has everyone taken Harry’s side?” Fred started, looking very confused.

“In first year, when he lost all those points and the whole house turned on him?” George asked, just as confused.

“Ruddy dragon,” Ron mumbled, rubbing his hand where that stupid baby dragon bit him.

“In second year when they thought he was the Heir of Slytherin?” Fred said, remembering the great time they had yelling in the halls, but also acknowledging that it had been a very bad year for Harry.

“Which you stood up with him for,” the youngest pointed out.

“Because we knew he wasn’t,” they both snapped back.

“Now third year I have to admit the school didn’t turn their backs on him, but they didn’t ruddy well have his back either,” George said, thinking the year over to see if there was a time the school
shunned Harry and coming up blank.

“And last, but surely not least, this year when the whole school is calling him a liar and a cheat? So tell us Ron, when was this standing up going on?” Fred asked, looking to his younger brother.

“You don’t know Harry like I do,” Ron protested, holding up his hands defensively. “He is always in trouble and he always seems to get out of it. After all of his ‘adventures’ he gets points, or awards, and stuff. I got a crummy fifty points first year, while he got sixty, how is that fair?”

“If what I am told is correct, then he faced You-Know-Who. He should have gotten the House cup named after him,” George retorted, not liking this side of his baby brother. He had no idea that his jealousy went this far.

“He saved our sister’s life,” Fred said softly as if that should stop the whole argument.

“And he got an award for it,” Ron said snidely. “I was there too, you know? All I got was a pat on the head and a lolly.”

“No, you got over a hundred points for the Chamber incident, which all you did was stand around with Lockhart,” Fred snarled. He couldn’t believe the stuff coming out of Ron’s mouth. He thought that his little brother enjoyed all the ‘adventures’ he and Harry had gone on. They heard about it every summer, while Ron bragged about all his heroic deeds.

“That’s it, we’re done talking to you,” George said, grabbing his twin’s robe. “We’ll leave this to Mum and Dad,” he finished as he pulled open the door.

“You need help,” Fred said, pointing a finger at Ron as he was pushed out the door.

Ron just fell back on the bed and pouted; now he was going to have to listen to his dad lecture and his mum yell and it was all Potter’s fault.
Learning more and liking less

Chapter Notes

We finally get to the end of that very long day, and there may be one or two more like that. This story is already much longer that I outlined for, so I have no idea how long it is going to be. I might wrap it up with only a few days happening, or I might carry it to the end of the year. Who knows? My outline is basically useless. The whole different points of view, Luna’s teachings and super-powered Harry were not in my outline. So, from this chapter forward, Harry will be over powered, hopefully not stupidly so.

Every time I went to edit this one, it got longer, until I finally had to throw up my hands and say ‘enough’. So, there may be some errors.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harry’s POV

The ride down to his trust vault was fun, with the speed and all the twist and turns. Harry had a blast riding down and was a bit disappointed it didn’t last longer. The goblin took his key and opened the door. The smoke that came out was a bit disconcerting, but our hero bravely ventured in. He took a quick look around the stone room, noted there was only money, so he grabbed some of the gold and silver. He’d figure out what the dominations were later. Getting back in the wonderful cart, they then went to the Potter’s main vault, which was vast and had tons of coins, furniture, trunks, books, portraits, and other household items. Harry figured they expanded the inside to hold all of this. He thought up a quick counting spell in his head and it came back as millions of Galleons. He was ecstatic that he would never have to live on the streets again. Plans were forming in his mind.

He looked at all the stuff and noticed that there were loads of trunks full of books, which Harry quickly minimized and put in his TARDIS pocket. He then filled a few more with the loose books laying about. There didn’t seem to be anything from his parents, so he was hopeful that the Evans vault held something. The ride there was just as thrilling, but the teen wondered if it was at the top of the tunnels, why didn’t they go there first?

After Snarlfist opened the door to his mum’s vault, Harry went inside. It appeared as if she had been trying to build a library, maybe to take advantage of the bank’s security? Being the pragmatic person he now was, he could see why she would want to keep a library here at Gringotts. The walls were lined with half-full bookshelves and such, and the center of the vault had more trunks full of tomes, a tool chest, some sawhorses, and planks of wood.

He glanced around and spied a cozy red chair in the back with a tiny end table next to it. On the table sat a brown leather book that had the simple word ‘Diary’ in gold-leaf on the front. That almost brought a tear to the orphan’s eye as he reached over and picked it up. He opened the first page and noticed that it was written in the style of a little girl, so he flipped to the back and was relieved to see grownup handwriting. He reverently tucked the book in his pocket and looked around some more.

Making a quick decision, he unloaded his pocket of all the trunks.

“Sort,” he said to the air as he waved his hand, and the books soared off the shelves and out of trunks, and into piles that were organized by topic and author. He waved at the empty trunks and
said “Potter vault,” making them vanish, hopefully to the vault.

“TARDIS,” he said, waving his hand to encompass the whole room, and with sound of stone groaning, the vault expanded.

Harry then glared at the wood and said, “Multiple.” And then there was suddenly a lot more wood, nails and tools, “Build.” And much noise was heard as the wood was magically sawed into proper size, and hammers and nails worked as they assembled the bookshelves.

“Shelve,” was the next order and the pile of books disappeared and reappeared on to the appropriate shelves. It took about ten minutes and when all was said and done there was a nice library in the vault.

“Magical Theory books, here,” he stated, and all the books of that subject flew into a stack, which Harry shrunk, tied together with conjured twine, and put in his pocket. “Diaries,” he commanded, and all those landed at his feet. He created a bag for these and gently placed them in his pocket. He figured there might be some of his ancestors ramblings as well. He’d read his parents’ first and then go backwards from there.

Snarlfist, who had been watching, was warily looking at the teen he had been rude to. Never had he seen such casual use of magic, and it didn’t set off the alarms. Since the boy hadn’t used a wand, he couldn’t get him for breaking the rules since the wording made no mention of wandless magic. “That was rather amazing,” he said to the young man.

“Oops,” the embarrassed teen said sheepishly as he turned to his audience. “Sorry, I forgot you were there. I think we need to have a bit of a talk. Now I don’t know how goblins work, but my magic is my secret weapon. I hear there is a Dork Lord, or some other pretentious title, after me. So I offer you one of two deals. One you make a vow to keep my secret, or two, I go MIB on you,” the teen said seriously.

“What is MIB?” the goblins asked with a tilt of his head.

“I take and replace the memory,” was the succinct answer.

The goblin thought hard on this. He really didn’t want to piss this child off, and if it got out that Potter could perform such great feats of wandless magic then the boy would automatically think it was him. Snarlfist didn’t know what the powerful wizard could do to him, so he said, “Do the latter. Do try to make it believable. We are not nice, so don’t try and make it a happy memory.”

“Okay,” the surprised Harry said and waved his hand and said, “Forget.” He made sure to replace the blank spot with the memory that the vault had always been this way, and that the goblin had been impatiently waiting for him to finish reading. He quickly called up a book, which happened to be his mum journal, and opened it.

“Will you hurry up,” Snarlfist snapped at the boy in front of him, who was reading a book for goodness sake. What did the brat think this was… a library?

“Right, sorry, got caught up I my mum’s diary,” Harry said with faux embarrassment. He snapped the diary closed and put it in his pocket.

“I don’t have all night, you lazy human. Some of us have work to do,” the testy being stated as he pointedly moved to the door. “Come along.”

Harry took one last look around and decided to keep the vault open for now, but he might move it all when he found a home. He could feel the wards around the bank and would have no problem
updating and copying them. For now, he had to get back to the school, since he had no place else to go right now.

After the ride to the top, the very tired Harry exchanged some gold to pounds, went outside and then used his new form of transportation to the Honeydukes’ tunnel. He quickly checked his map, made himself invisible and dashed to Gryffindor tower. There he looked around, viewed his map, saw the youngest male Weasley’s name, and decided to crash on the couch. He blinked his trunk to him, and got dressed in some sleepwear. He shrunk the trunk, put it on a necklace, and then fell asleep as soon his head hit the pillow he conjured. It had been a long day.

Hermione was the first one down the next morning. “Harry,” she said as she gently shook his shoulder.

“Wassa?” was the nonsense answer as the sleeping teen rolled over.

“Come on, Harry, wakey, wakey,” she said with a nudge and a giggle.

“Ermoine, ‘hy are ‘ou shakin’ me?” came the muffled question.

“As much as I’d like to let you sleep, the prefects will be down soon, and they will be much more forceful in getting you awake,” the bushy-haired girl stated, giving his shoulder another shake.

“Think ice water,” she said when he just mumbled again.

“Fine, fine, I’m up,” our savior grumbled as he rolled over and sat up.

“Why are you sleeping on the couch?”

“That thief is in the dorm room,” Harry answered, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes, wondering where his glasses were, since he didn’t take them off last night. He squinted around and spotted them on the floor near Hermione’s foot. He held out his hand and thought at them. They winked in to his palm, and he held them up looking for damage. They were only smudged, so he thought them clean.

“Harry, you don’t know…” she hedged, biting her lip and looking away, missing his use of wandless magic. She really didn’t want to believe that Ron would steal anything. It had kept her up all night. Was he really so mad at Harry that he would act so completely out of character?

“Right,” he interrupted her and he put his glasses on, “and until I do, I’m not sharing a room with him.”

“I guess that makes sense,” she said, letting it go for now.

“It does. Look, I’m hungry, let’s go eat. I’m thinking breakfast in the kitchen today. I want to ask you and Luna, maybe the twins, more about this… world, I guess is the word I’m looking for,” he said and pulled off the trunk necklace, expanded it and rummaged through it for clothes. He picked out his attire, which he was going to have to fix since they looked too big and holey. He looked at Hermione and said, “I meant after I get changed. I might be awhile in the shower, so you don’t have to wait for me,” he said with a small smile, negligently shrinking and putting the trunk back around his neck. He was looking forward to a long, hot shower. It was only two days ago he was cold and dirty. No, right now scrubbing clean sound luxurious.

“I’ll be here for about an hour, so try not to take that long, and you will show me how you just did that,” she said as she pulled out a book from her bag.

“Right,” was all he said as he turned and ran up the stairs.
Exactly fifty-five minutes later, a clean and well-dressed Harry Potter came down to the common room. Now there were many other students gathered there, and they all looked at him as if they were fascinated at the change. They had been so caught up in his little speech and argument yesterday that they hadn’t noted his clothing. Now though, they could see this was not the teen they knew before. Gone were the baggy hand-me-downs and in their place were some nice black jeans and a royal blue button-up shirt. Not to mention the awesome shiny combat boots.

“Quit fucking gawking at me like I’m some bloody zoo animal,” our hero snarled as he pushed his way to Hermione and the Weasley twins.

“Let’s just go eat,” Hermione said as she laid a hand on his arm.

He smiled, threw his arm over her shoulders and said, “Yeah, I’m starved.”

Luna had been waiting for them at the half-way point and the now five students were eating breakfast in the kitchen. Harry made sure to make her feel welcome with cheek kiss and an arm around her shoulders. They were having a full English breakfast and Harry delighted in the spread. He made sure to load his plate with a bit of everything and all but inhaled the food.

“You know, you’ll taste more of it if you chew,” Luna reprimanded kindly, knowing that he still worried about starving. She wondered if part of that was subconscious conditioning, from his childhood. Not that she knew anything about it, but just from observing him these past two years, she concluded his homelife was not ideal. Now, with his memory gone she may never know.

Hermione was also thinking along those lines, and she put a hand on his arm and said, “No one is going to take it from you.”

“Right, sorry,” he said as he slowed down.

“How did it go last night?” George asked Harry, changing the subject and taking those pitying looks away from the amnesiac.

“Yeah, did anything exciting happen?” Fred added, concurring with his brother.

“I went to the bank, did a blood test, got some gold, built a library and came back here,” the dark-haired teen answered evasively, not wanting them to know the full extent of his magic. Not that he didn’t trust them, but it was better to keep some secrets to yourself.

“How many vaults do you own?” Fred asked casually as he lifted his glass to take drink of pumpkin juice.

“Three.”

“You built a library?” Hermione asked excitedly.

“Well, my mum started it, I just finished it. It’s in Gringotts for now, but I’m thinking on moving it when I have my own place.”

“Oh,” she said disappointedly.

“I have to tell you, those goblins didn’t impress me at all,” he stated firmly. “They come off as racketeers to me. I don’t trust them one bit.”

“It’s all the wars we’ve had with them,” explained Luna gently. “Not that you’d remember, but the goblins rebel every hundred years or so. They really don’t want to be bankers, they just want our
Then why is there a Gringotts?” the confused boy asked.

“It was part of a treaty,” George said, making Harry look his way.

“What, they were winning a war, or something?”

“No, losing actually. I don’t remember the wording, or the reason for the rebellion, but they got far less than they demanded,” Fred stated as he paused eating his eggs. “But, one of those demands was the right to run a bank.” He shrugged and took up his fork again.

“That just doesn’t make sense,” Harry snarled in frustration. Putting his plate to the side, to irritated to eat.

“The magic world rarely does,” Hermione said with an exasperated sigh. She too got upset with how things were sometimes.

“I’m not sure I like that. I mean, I get this is a different culture, but is it adapt or leave scenario?” he asked, looking at the purebloods at the table.

“Well, magicals are slow to change, but we do try and keep up with what’s going on in the muggle world. We know that technology is close to magic sometimes, well the more openminded wizards do. And we know that muggles can do things we can’t. However, the governing body of the Ministry would never let those they think lesser then themselves make laws or changes,” Luna once more took up the explanation.

“Fucking politics,” Harry growled to himself, though everyone heard him. He pulled back his plate and started eating again.

“Language,” Hermione reprimanded.

Harry just glared at her and continued eating.

“So ickle Harrykins, what are you doing today?” George asked as he scooped up some more beans.

“I thought I’d take a bit of a walk around Hogsmeade,” was the answer. He was trying to cool down after that short discussion. He figured a walk in a wizarding village might help him understand more. Maybe. He hadn’t met a magical person yet that hadn’t confused him. Even the twins and Hermione often said of did something that threw him off. He figured Luna did it on purpose.

“What about classes?” his bushy-haired friend asked, worried that he was never going to catch up. She still needed to get with him, and teach him magic with a wand. She only hoped that whatever crazy idea the blonde Ravenclaw imparted yesterday didn’t hinder his learning.

“Oh, I’ll go back another day… maybe… perhaps. To tell the truth I don’t think I need them,” Harry said absently, wondering what the village held. Would it answer some of his questions? Or leave him with more?

“Don’t be silly, Harry, of course you need classes,” she said firmly. She couldn’t believe he was blowing off school so casually. If it were her that couldn’t remember she’d do everything she could to reeducate herself. “How are you going to learn if you don’t go?”

“I don’t really know if I’m staying here or not,” he said finally paying attention.
“Why wouldn’t you?”

“Because that mind-violator thinks he is in control of my life,” Harry snarled at the thought of the man. “Besides, there really nothing keeping me here as is. You guys are great and all, but we hardly know one another. From what you’ve told me, I’m hardly the same bloke you knew a week ago.”

“Oh,” was the soft answer. She was still coming to terms with the Headmaster being anything but kind. His word hurt her a little bit. They have been friends for years. They did everything together. For him to be so casual about that… well, it hurt.

Not realizing the pain he unintentionally caused, Harry drew his wand and said, “Time,” and a digital-like clock appeared in the middle of the table. It showed those that were going to class that it was time to go.

“Shite,” came from the twins as they made quick egg sandwiches and ran out the door. They still had to get their books.

“Oops,” rejoined Luna as she smiled at Harry, and got up from the table. She bussed his cheek and left as well.

“Behave, at the very least,” Hermione said as she gathered up her bag.

Harry gave her a wicked grin and said, “I’ll try.” He watched her leave and then brought up his Marauders’ map, since it spanned further. He saw that the staff was still in the Great Hall, so he put it away, made himself invisible, went to the statue of the humped back witch, and snuck into Honeydukes.

He kept himself unseen as he strolled around the picturesque town. He could see why some people would want to keep this place like it was. It was calm and uncomplicated, unlike big cities, like London. He looked in all the shops and admired their wares. As he was doing his walkabout, he kept the ten-inch map on his lens. There was someone following him, but when he looked all he saw as a large black dog that had the name of Padfoot. It took a second before it clicked that the Marauders’ Map had the same name. So he went to the Shrieking Shack and the ‘dog’ followed.

He waved his wand and the board on the back doorway moved aside. After he and the ‘dog’ entered, he whirled on it, held up his wand, became visible and said, “Lift and Revert.”

The ‘dog’ yelped when it suddenly was elevated into the air and started to change back into a man. The man was skinny, but not skeletal, and had long curly dark hair and goatee, and an aristocratically featured face. He was wearing dirty slacks and a just as filthy t-shirt with a rock band’s name, which Harry couldn’t quite make out due to the state of the shirt. It looked like Queen.

Now Harry’s map read Sirius Black. “Hello, who are you?” he asked, knowing who he was, but wanting to see the man’s reaction. Hermione only told him that this was his falsely accused godfather. He knew very little else.

“What do you mean, who am I? Harry, don’t you recognize me? It’s me, your godfather, Sirius Black,” the man gasped as he peered at the teen’s face. Seeing that he truly didn’t know him, the godfather sighed. What Albus had written him last night was true then; the boy had lost his memories. He had been worried when he had been brought back for the hunt, but now he was even more so. If what the Headmaster said about him not participating in the tournament, then Harry could lose his magic. Dumbledore had all but begged Sirius to make the boy reconsider. “Oh, yeah, can you put me down please?” the man asked as he was still hanging in the air.
“Tell me how you knew I was in the village first,” he said, looking at his godfather’s face, trying to remember anything about him.

“I didn’t know you were there. I was actually going to sneak in the castle to try and find you. But then I caught your scent. I thought you were under your dad’s Cloak,” the man said as if it answered everything, which it sort of did.

“Right, my brain is a bit scrambled, so I only remember the last week or so,” the teens said as he lowered the man down and gestured to one of the couches that looked like an animal rendered it dead. He waved his wand, said “Repair,” and the couch looked good as new.

“How did you do that?” Sirius asked as he examined the sofa. He couldn’t find anything wrong with it, so he sat.

“It is a secret for now. I hear I have enemies, they might find out, so mum’s the word or I make you forget,” our hero threatened with a pointed wand and narrowed emerald eyes.

Black held up his hands and said, “Your secrets are yours to share. I can shield my mind from invasion,” he offered.

“That is good to know,” Harry said as he repaired a chair and sat. “Now my one question to you is how loyal are you to Dumbledore?”

“Why?”

“Let me tell you about my long day yesterday, and then you can decided who you will stand by,” Harry suggested, he could always give him the same choices that he had given the goblin. A vow or the MIB treatment.

“Okay, Harry,” the older man said as he settled in the sofa, ready for a long talk. He would see what his godson had to say before he made any commitment.

Chapter End Notes

I know MIB hadn’t come out yet, but I like the reference, so I’m keeping it.

Thanks for all of your support.
A Clash of Cultures

Chapter Notes

I love Sirius, but too many stories have those two, who hardly know each other, falling into a familial pattern from the get go. While that does make a cute storyline, it doesn’t fit with my Harry, so they are going to have clashes. This is just my take on how it should go. Don’t worry they will get it together in the end. It might just take a minute to get there.

Harry is not using, Rowling’s magic he’s using more along the lines of Bewitched, where all he had to do is make a motion and it gets done. He uses words because he is still experimenting and his wand to hide the fact that doesn’t need to. Yeah, it might come back to bite him, but he’ll have fun getting there.

Please, Please, Please remember this is a story about magic and magical beings, logic need not apply.

Thanks again for the reviews and support.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harry’s POV

“It all started when I was found myself in an alley with no idea who I was…” Harry started and then proceeded to let Sirius know most of his story, leaving out Luna’s lesson, his grasp on magic and his mum’s vault. He had no idea who this man was, or where his loyalty laid. All he knew is that Black was an innocent man who was on the run. No one ever said anything about his personality or what anything like that. For all he knew the guy could be a dick. So, yeah, he was going to be cautious.

Sirius’ face went through a variety of emotions, mostly shock and sadness, but he held his tongue until the tale was over. He fumed at the Headmaster’s forcefulness, but as a wizard he didn’t understand why it was such a big deal. It was something that Dumbledore was well known for and in this world he had every right to do what he did. However, he could see the teen’s point of view. He did say no and was still held down and ‘mind-raped’. The older man knew if Albus did that to him, spells would have been thrown, but he was an adult. He looked at his godson’s face and realized the whole thing had been traumatic for the kid. He vowed to have words with Dumbledore.

Black would have to decide who to stand by, Harry or Albus. While he wanted to instantly say it would be Harry, the teen wasn’t in his right mind right now. He didn’t know what he was facing and seemed to have picked up the attitude that he was invincible, which granted most teenage wizards thought at one point or another. But, if what Harry was saying was true, then Albus was also not in his right mind, so he was going to have to think hard on all of this.

“Now, tell me about you and my dad,” Harry all but ordered, breaking Sirius from his thoughts, not wanting to discuss the whole violation with an adult. He could see that Sirius, like that old catwoman, didn’t think the Headmaster had done anything wrong. It must be a wizarding thing.

Sirius bounced in his seat and started telling his godson all about the Marauders and what they got up to in school. The more the Animagus talked the less impressed Harry was with the group of friends. Not all, but some of the things being described were cruel and just plain bullying in our hero’s mind.
The teen’s face got harder and harder as he tried not to explode on the man who was taking great pleasure in the recapping of someone else’s pain. The whole attempted murder, via werewolf, thing didn’t sit well with him at all.

It seemed that his dad grew out of it, because his mum insisted that he do so if he wanted to court her. But this guy appeared to be thrilled, if not proud, of what they had done.

“You mean to tell me that you ‘Marauders’ hurt that bloke Snape on a constant basis?” Harry growled at Sirius when he was done retelling his schooldays. “And that you don’t feel a bit of remorse for doing so? You almost had him killed, how is that okay with you?” the dark-haired teen accused, with disgust dripping in his tone.

“No, don’t get me wrong, I feel really bad about some of the stuff we did. Especially the Remus bit,” Black said quickly, holding up his hands compliantly. “You have to understand, there was a war going on and most of the Dark side was from Slytherin. We thought we were fighting against an enemy. It wasn’t until we graduated and Peter betrayed us that we realized that the enemy was from all Houses. We were young and stupid,” he explained quickly. “In our defense we spent just as much time in the Hospital Wing as they did. Only they fought back with borderline illegal spells.”

“No, you don’t understand, you almost got another student eaten by a werewolf,” Harry accused, pointing his finger at his godfather. “As a joke,” he emphasized, not understand the mindset of anyone who would do that.

“I have been falsely imprisoned for over twelve years, I think I’ve paid for that,” Sirius snapped, tired of defending himself to a kid. He really did feel bad about what he had tried to do to Snivellus, but he did feel he had done his time for that crime.

“Yeah, I suppose,” Harry said thoughtfully, still not sure how he felt, but willing to let it go for now. “What would you do if you saw Snape now?” the teen asked very curious about the answer.

“You said you woke up with the taste of dirty socks, which means a potion. He is the Potions Master of the school. So, to tell the truth I would probably tie him down and force the truth out of him,” the dogman said seriously. He wouldn’t put it past Dumbledore’s pet Death Eater to have done something to his godson. When it came to the name Potter that man’s mind went bonkers. Yes, he would have to find the man and… talk.

“Okay, I can see why you would think that, and from what I’m told and the one time I met him, the man does seem to hate me,” Harry conceded, wondering how Sirius would do that. Then a thought filtered through his head and he started to make a plan for the greasy-haired git. He would just have to figure out how to do it and keep his morals. Maybe he’d talk to that bloody ghost. He seemed to know something.

“What are your plans now that you’re all emancipated?” Sirius asked, getting away from the touchy subject.

“I’m not sure, I mean I don’t feel the need to learn what Hogwarts teaches. Plus, I don’t want to participate in their foolish game, and I don’t really want to be under the same roof with thieves and mind-rapist,” Harry said with a shrug. He was making a few revenge plans, and he wanted to know how he ended up an amnesiac, both of those required he stay in the castle. However, judging from what Hermione told him, he really wasn’t safe there. ‘Then again, with this new form of magic, what could really hurt me?’ he thought in that ‘I’m an adult now’ teenage way.

“I agree with you for the most part. But, Harry, you’re fourteen years old, with no memory, no skills and no guardian. People are not going to sell or rent to you,” the other man argued, pointing out
some of the obstacles in the boy’s way. He well knew this was true, from when he ran away at the age of sixteen. Even the Leaky Cauldron had turned him away, and he had to beg his best mate’s family to take him in. Thank Merlin for the Potters.

“Don’t I have houses I can go to?” the teen asked, remembering what Luna said about his family being prestigious.

“No, sorry, but no. Potter Manor was destroyed in the war, and Godric’s Cottage is now a monument. There’s no place for you to go there,” Sirius said sadly. He spent a good few years at the manor, so it was disheartening that it was gone.

“Well, I have tons of money. I…” Harry started, thinking that money runs the world.

“When will only get you so far,” his godfather interrupted. “Yeah, it’ll get you a place to stay, but let’s think about that a minute. If you bribe someone into giving you a flat, they then have blackmail material on you and can use it to milk you of all your money. Then when you can’t pay them anymore, they turn to the next bidder. That is not a good way to start a new life,” he said, imparting some of the lessons his father had taught him before he rebelled. “The only way that works is if you have good stuff on them as well and since your memory isn’t there, well…”

“I know how to defend myself. If they push it I will retaliate,” the teen said forcefully.

“Which still won’t get you shelter,” was the rebuttal.

“Fine,” Harry threw up his hands. “What do you suggest?” he snapped at yet one more adult that was trying to hold him down.

“Look, I get that you think I’m just being negative, but I’m trying to be pragmatic. You are only a teenager and people will not take you seriously. I think you should stay here, at Hogwarts, commandeering one of the classrooms, so you don’t have to sleep with that Ron kid. Utilize the library and just chill for a while,” Sirius suggested seriously. He really didn’t want the boy to learn the hard way that everything he said was true. And he didn’t want to suggest that Harry use magic to make people do what he wanted. That way led to the Darkside.

“Can’t you rent or buy something for me?” our hero asked, perking up at that thought.

“Harry, I’m a wanted man in both worlds. If I show my face I’m asking to be shot or Kissed,” Black said, shaking his head sadly at the thought that he couldn’t help more.

“Oh. Well, shite.” The teen thumped back in his chair and thought really hard on what they had just talked about. He came to a conclusion and sighed. All of his grand escape plans just went up in smoke. “What do I do about the head arsehole, the greasy-headed creepy guy and the redheaded twit?” Harry asked mulishly.

“Didn’t you ask for an Auror, and an attorney?” his godfather asked with a tilt of his head. That would help loads to get Harry out of his predicament.

“Oh, yeah, I do have that right now, don’t I?” That made our champion sit up and take notice.

“Yup,” Sirius agreed with a smile. “Now nothing will come of Albus rummaging through your mind,” he warned, knowing that all wizards thought the same. There was no law protecting the students from Legilimency. It was frowned upon, but not illegal, which is why all heirs were taught to shield their mind. He was going to have to sit the boy down and teach him, but there had to be trust to do that, so he let it go for the moment. “However,” he added quickly, “Ron taking your stuff might get them moving. I mean, that cloak is a family heirloom.”
“Not to mention he had my broom too.” Harry hated the fact that the old man will get away with what he did. He would have to come up with something really nice for the guy.

“You mean the one I gave you last Christmas?” there was a bite to the question.

“Oh, well, I didn’t know it was from you, did I?”

“Right, walkabout,” Sirius said, rubbing his chin in deep thought. He was trying to think of anything that would get the boy his memories back, but most of the magic he learned was not healing magic, so he was coming up empty-handed. He was a bit put out that Albus couldn’t reverse the amnesia.

“Oh, well, I didn’t know it was from you, did I?”

“Right, walkabout,” Sirius said, rubbing his chin in deep thought. He was trying to think of anything that would get the boy his memories back, but most of the magic he learned was not healing magic, so he was coming up empty-handed. He was a bit put out that Albus couldn’t reverse the amnesia.

“Okay, I’ll stay here for now,” the messy-haired teen said, determined to not let the negative people in the castle near him, “but I’m not attending classes. If they try and make me then I’m bloody well leaving. I lived on the streets before, I can do it again. And don’t even try to talk me into participating in those gladiator games they call a tournament. It is not going to happen,” he hissed, making sure the man understood that.

That caused the godfather to be very, very worried. “But, Harry, you could lose your magic,” he said with a great deal of concern. Losing one’s magic was huge, and quite painful. Some didn’t survive the experience. He knew he wouldn’t.

“I don’t fucking care. Besides, the goblins said that won’t happen. Contracts can’t be forced, so whoever entered me is in more of a bind than I am,” he said, waving his hand in the air like it was no big deal, which in his eyes it wasn’t.

“Right, I knew that,” Sirius mumbled, wondering why he didn’t think about it, and then brushed it off as a side effect of Azkaban. “So you’re going to stay here for now?” that was a load off his mind.

“Yeah, but what about you?” Harry asked, “Where are you staying?”

“Oh, I have a cave nearby. I wanted to be close in case you needed me,” the older man said, looking Harry in the eye to show he was serious.

“That was very thoughtful of you,” the teen said with some positive emotion. This was the first adult to show he cared, so maybe Harry could trust him. Still, he wanted a vow before he shared all his secrets.

“You are my godson. I failed you once, I won’t do it again,” Sirius promised with a firm nod.

“Right, as much as I’d like to take you at your word, I still don’t know you, so my secrets are going to stay that way for a while,” the young man stated firmly, making up his mind to not tell.

“I understand,” his godfather said with a nod, but sad eyes.

“Okay, well, you can’t stay in the cave, so why don’t you maintain your dog form and live with that giant guy, Hagrid? Doesn’t he live on the grounds? That’s what Hermione said. Something about a dragon,” Harry asked thoughtfully. Having man close would be helpful.

“Dumbledore doesn’t want me near the castle, unless I have to be. He said it’s not safe,” the dogman stated.

Harry scoffed, “But it’s the ‘safest place in all of the United Kingdom’. That’s what everyone tells me anyway,” he added with a disbelieving shrug.

“Okay,” Sirius said slowly. “Perhaps, I can stay here for now. Maybe I can sneak into the kitchen
and get some food.” His mind was going over plans to fix the joint up a bit.

“Or you could bond with a free elf and have her bring you meals.”

“You know a free elf?” the surprised man asked, thinking of his mum’s elf and hoping this one wasn’t as twisted. “Do you know how rare that is? Most of them wind up working for Hogwarts.”

“Right, they said that. Anyway, yeah, I know of a free elf. Dobby,” Harry called to the air.

“Master Harry is calling Dobby?” the clothed elf asked as he popped in.

“Yeah, thanks for coming. Can you get Winky here? He,” he pointed at Sirius, “needs an elf.”

“Dobby can be doing that right away. She is being sober now,” Dobby said happily and then popped away, while Sirius mouthed ‘Sober?’ to which Harry just gave an ‘I have no idea’ shrug. Seconds later both elves appeared.

“Someone is wanting Winky?” the female elf asked hopefully.

“Yeah,” Sirius said, making her turn to him. “My name is Sirius Black… I’m innocent,” he said hurriedly at the elves’ confounded looks, “I was framed. If you want I need an elf.”

Poor Winky had already been made to do many, many things that scared her in her last position. The Crouches were not kind masters. She looked the jokester up and down and wondered if it were worth it. Finally coming to the conclusion that it was better than being drunk, she nodded.

“Great,” the older man said, “I, Sirius Black, take you, Winky, as my elf,” he stated as he put his hand on her head. There was a quick heaviness in the air, and then it dissipated.

“What can Winky be doing for Master Sirius?” the excited female elf asked, bouncing on her long feet.

“Well for starters, we are going to be staying here for now. So can you clean up the inside, but leave the outside alone?” he asked, looking around the room at all the dust.

“I’ll help fix some of this furniture,” Harry offered as he pulled his wand. He was thinking this would be a test on the man’s loyalty. He could fix up the house, making it look like he needed his wand, and if his godfather didn’t tell then Harry would know that he was true to him.

“Dobby will help too,” the little elf said as he started snapping his fingers in time with Winky. Soon enough all the dust was gone from that room. The elves popped away and were elsewhere in the house.

Harry waved his wand around the room and said, “Fix.” The furniture mended. The wallpaper repaired. The floors were smooth again. The roof was free of holes, though the boards stayed to keep up appearances. All in all, the whole inside looked freshly built. "Your word that you won't repeat what you just saw, or I can take it from your mind and replace it," Harry said in the least threatening way possible. He felt kinda bad making that threat, not that he’d carry it out, seeing as it was just as bad, if not worse, that what the old man did. Still, the threat might be enough to get a vow or something.

“Don’t worry, pup, you have my word. I won’t even tell Moony,” Sirius promised, holding his hand in the air as he swore.

The teen said a line he read in a book, “So mote it be,” and that promise became binding. Not that it
would have ramifications; he could still break his word and not be harmed, but magic would remind Sirius that he made a promise. He waved his wand and pulled up his floating clock, he cursed when he saw it was almost lunchtime. “I’ve got to run; I promised the girls I’d be back for meals. If you need anything, have Winky or Dobby get a hold of me,” he said as he headed for the tunnel.

“Girls, as in plural?” his godfather asked proudly.

“Shut it, I hardly know them,” Harry said almost to the exit. “I’ll tell you about them later.”

“Right can’t wait to hear this story.”

“Oh, I think you’ll like it.” And with that he was gone.

Chapter End Notes

Before you point out that Harry stayed at the Leaky Cauldron when he as thirteen, that was set up by the Minister. I am going under the premise that they would not rent to an underage wizard unless an adult makes them.
Shields Up

Harry’s POV

Harry ran down the tunnel and stopped at the exit. He prodded the knot and then ran before the tree unfroze. Since it was a weekday, everyone was in class and no one saw him. He skirted Hagrid’s hut and went to the castle. In the Entrance Hall, he stopped and looked around for the first time. He did have to say he was captivated over the fact that they have kept this building standing for over a thousand years, or so Hermione told him. It must be magic.

He did wonder about the wards, and how they operated. He could feel them and could probably replicate them, but were they tied to a stone or to the magic of the students and staff? He was going to have to do a bit of research, because if he could figure out how they were anchored, then he wouldn’t have to tie them to himself, which would be a mite draining. He didn’t know much about magic but when his dome flared he did feel the pull. He made a mental note to have the flare become brief and heard a very tiny voice say, ‘Make it so,’ which made his eye twitch.

A large bell toned, letting the children know that class was over. Suddenly the empty hall was filled with noise. Harry moved off to the side and waited for someone he knew to come along. He watched the students file into the Great Hall and wondered if he had known any of them. Most of them stayed away from him, some with fearful looks, and others with looks of contempt. There were only a few that had thoughtful or pitied expressions on their faces. Every now and then, a person would call his name and wave.

Harry nodded his head to the friendly ones, tried to give a reassuring smile to the frightened ones, and flipped off the others, who either gasped at him and then scuttled away, or sneered and returned the favor. He had to wonder if this was the type of treatment he always got. He was supposed to be famous, did all celebrity types get this kind of scorn? Sure, he got entered into that stupid tournament, but from what Hermione had told him he had saved the lives of many of these people. He remembered that they thought he was a liar and a cheat, but damn it certainly made him feel less inclined to save anyone again. ‘Tabloids. Right, famous people are always being torn down. Well, I’ll just have to keep out of the limelight. I have enough to worry about without this shite,’ he thought as he looked for the girls.

As he stood there waiting, he was approached by three adults. He groaned, not wanting to face this trio right now. Didn’t they have paperwork to do or something? He was going to have to add a proximity alert to his map to warn him when the adults come in to range. As if he ordered it, there was a warning bell clanging in his head, and the three dots on his map turned red and had a red circle around them. He canceled the noise but made note of it for future reference.

“Mr. Potter, why were you not in class?” McGonagall asked primly as she peered over her reading glasses.

“I am ill, remember? Until I get my memory back, your classes are a waste of my time,” he stated just a primly and pulled his glasses down to mimic her, causing her to narrow her eyes and open her mouth to reprimand him.

“Excuse me?” she started to rant. Never had she been so disrespected. Students were to listen and do as they were told. How would they learn if they rebelled? It was her job to make sure they were prepared for the world out there. She would put the poor boy in his place, if only to get him ready for what was to come. “You will…”
“Harry, my boy,” Dumbledore said, interrupting whatever his Transfiguration Teacher was going to say, “I will ask that you respect the adults in this castle,” he chastised with that damn twinkle in his eyes.

“Stay out of my mind, old man,” Harry warned as sirens in his head went off and the words ‘Yellow Alert, Shields up’ resounded throughout. It was weird, and he wondered if he was going a bit insane, hearing voices in there.

“I assure you I do not intend to enter your mind again. I found there was little I could do to help. Back to the matter at hand, you must attend classes,” Dumbledore said in his teacher’s voice. “You will not be able to obtain work if you do not receive your OWLs and NEWTS.”

“No,” was the succinct answer.

“However will you find employment when you leave these hallowed halls?”

“I’m sure I can figure it out, or I believe that I can catch up and take the tests on my own time,” Harry said with a negligent wave.

“Then what will you be doing with your time, pray tell?” Snape drawled as he looked over the child to see if there was any indication that he was retaining his memory. He was already in a sour mood from having to coddle the dunderheads in his class. Now he had to pretend that he… cared about the savior.

The teen shrugged and said, “I thought I’d study in the library. I mean, it should have the younger year books, right? So, I’ll just look up stuff and see how much I can remember or retain.”

“You did not sleep in your bed last night. Why were you on the couch when I did my bed count?” his Head of House asked. She had thought to wake the boy and make him go to his bed but decided to find out the reason he was there in the first place. She had heard that he and the youngest Weasley boy were on the outs, and she speculated on just how far they had separated.

“Right, thanks for reminding me, Headmaster I need you to get the police and a lawyer here soon. I still have to tell them about my amnesia and now I have to report an attempted theft of my belongings, including a family heirloom,” Harry said, ignoring the initial question.

“I am sure that Mr. Weasley was simply protecting your items from true pilfering. There is no need to involve the DMLE,” Albus stated grandfatherly as he reached to pat Harry on the back.

“Don’t fucking touch me, arsehole,” the boy snarled as he golden doom flew up, which fell as soon as the man dropped his hand. He was so pissed that the man had the nerve to try and be friendly with him that he didn’t even ask how the Headmaster knew who he was talking about. He would soon find out that Hogwarts’ rumor mill was very fast, and very little was left private.

“Yes, I can see that you are still quite peeved with me,” the old man said a bit sadly, but already going over ways to get the boy to see that he, Albus Dumbledore, was a great man who did not need to be despised so. “Nevertheless, I will let you be excused from classes until you have caught up with self-study. However, you must rest in your assigned bed,” he added firmly. Those two must regain their friendship, it was imperative that Harry be surrounded by Light people. He was slipping far into the Grey right before everyone’s eyes, and there was little he, Albus, could do about it.

“It will be over his mutilated body that that happens,” Harry warned with a sneer and narrow eyes, making everyone who heard gasp at the threat.

This also caused the Supreme Mugwump to cringe internally that his thoughts were seen true.
“Nonsense, my boy, where else would you sleep?” he asked, not showing his inner turmoil.

“I’ll have one of the house elves make up one of the empty guest rooms for me,” the boy hero shrugged as if it were obvious.

“This is not a hotel, Mr. Potter,” Snape snapped at the gall of the teen.

“Great, I’ll just be leaving then,” Harry said jovially and then turned to do just that.

“You are still entered in the Tri-wizard Tournament, and you still have Voldemort to contend with,” the old man said quickly, hoping to dissuade the boy from going.

That caused Harry to pause and turn, “Which I’m not participating in, and I beat him once I can do it again.” He shrugged and once more turned to leave.

“Wait, Harry, my boy, you…” the old man said, reaching out to grab his shoulder only to be knocked back by the golden dome.

“For the last time, I Am Not Your Boy, and Quit Fucking Touching me!” Harry bellowed in the old man’s face as the sirens in his head now screamed ‘Red Alert.’ There was even a faint whisper of ‘I’m given her all I can, Captain,’ which made our hero’s eye twitch again. He wasn’t sure if he wanted an imaginary Scotty running his brain. Not that the guy wasn’t a great engineer, but he did have a way of slapping things together and making them work with luck and golly. Now was not the time to have such thoughts, so he shook his head to clear it and glared at his violator.

Albus’ face hardened as he stood to his full height, “I will not be spoken to in such a manner, Mr. Potter,” he said in his most commanding voice as he let his magic flare, which was actually pretty impressive.

“And I won’t be pushed around by you. So, you can look as domineering as you want. I am a free citizen and don’t have to remain here,” the teen stated snidely. “If you want me to stay, then get the coppers here, let me have my own room and don’t force me into your stupid classes and foolish games.”

“Listen here, you imbecilic brat, you cannot go around making demands on the headmaster. This is his school, and you are merely a student,” Severus said with his usual sneer.

“There’s where you’re incorrect,” Harry said pompously, as if lecturing a lesser man. “I am a paying guest. Hogwarts took my money for the year, as far as I know I’ve not been expelled and I’m not bound by any rules, since I demanded to leave and was told that I had to stay. Therefore, negating any prior agreement between me and the old codger,” he added, glaring at the old man.

“That is not how it works,” Severus said harshly, tired of the boy’s arrogance.

“That’s how I see it, and if you don’t like it then I’ll just leave,” Harry said once more turning towards the stairs, his golden dome falling as he turned. He turned at the Headmaster’s next words.

“What do you want, Harry, my…?” Albus asked, trailing off at the piercing look he received.

“Albus, you cannot be thinking of giving in to a child,” Minerva stated completely flabbergasted that he would concede to the demands of a student. While she felt pity for the boy, there was no way she felt letting him get his way would be beneficial to anyone.

“Harry?” the Headmaster ignored her.
“The cops, an attorney and you not telling me what to do,” were the demands.

“Very well, I will have the DMLE here tomorrow, you will have to arrange your own counsel, and until you regain your memory we will not interfere with your studies,” he compromised, leaving quite a bit open.

“Or where I sleep,” Harry said quickly.

“Or where you sleep,” the Headmaster agreed.

“Oh, and I need someone to take me shopping. Turns out I’m loaded,” he said gleefully, and then backtracked, “from what the twins tell me anyway.” He hoped they didn’t catch his slip.

“Yes, well, there are times allowing students to go to Hogsmeade. A few weekends are set aside for such, you may journey with them at the appropriate time,” Albus said with a wave of his old thin hand.

“Wait, so this is a prison and you do regulate free time,” the boy hero accused with a gasp.

“No, of course not,” the old biddy snapped. “We schedule those days so that we know where the children are. We cannot be expected to keep track of four hundred or so teens unless we know where they are. It is easier to keep them here in the castle then let them run about willy-nilly. It is for their safety,” McGonagall explained, affronted that he would say such a thing.

“The next Hogsmeade weekend is scheduled for this coming Saturday, you may attend,” the Headmaster said with his grandfatherly smile. He reached his hand to pat the boy’s shoulder but dropped it before it got anywhere near the lad.

“Fine, then I’ll just be on my way. I see two lovely ladies waiting for me,” the teen said with a nod of his head and moved away from the adults, pushing his way through the large crowd that had been watching them. He put his arms around his two female friends and guided them to the Great Hall. It was time to quit hiding.

The whole room’s noise lessened when they entered, until Harry barked, “Still not a zoo animal.” The other students then went back to what they were doing or started talking about what an arse the Boy-Who-Lived had become, while others mooned over the dreamy rebel teen.

Hermione sighed and steered them to the Gryffindor Table and they sat with their year mates. There was a huge amount of food in front of them and Harry was starved. He had used a lot of energy to fix that broken old house and now needed to refuel, so he piled his plate with roast beef, potatoes, and loads of vegetables. He feel on it until one look down the table at some of the other male students made him slow down, not wanting to look as ill-mannered as they did.

“Harry, I don’t think…” Hermione hedged, worrying her lip. “I mean, are you sure you should…?” she trailed off again.

“Don’t worry, Hermione, I know what I’m doing,” he said, giving her a reassuring smile, glad that she wasn’t nagging him about disrespecting adults. He could see from the pinched look on her face that it was hard on her to hold her tongue. “I tell you what, when we’re not surrounded, you can yell at me all you want. Heed this, I probably won’t listen to you, but I will let you rant.”

She gave him a smile, pleased that he understood and then turned to her meal.

“You need to be more careful in what you say to the adults,” Luna warned portentously. “Twice you almost gave away how their games have freed you. You’re actually lucky you offended the
Headmaster into ignoring your slips,” she said and then hummed a little tune as she ate her onion soup.

“How did you…? Right, seer,” Harry said, leaning over and kissing her cheek in thanks for the warning.

Hermione huffed, she still didn’t believe in Divination, nothing controlled her life, except perhaps her parents, and the authorities in the school, and the government; oh bother.

“Hey, Harry, sorry to hear about your amnesia,” a pudgy sandy-haired boy said as he reached across the table and held out his hand. “Neville Longbottom.”

“Harry Potter, or so I’m told,” Harry said with a friendly smile as he grabbed the hand and gave it a shake. “Were we friends?”

“More like acquaintances,” the shy boy confessed.

“That doesn’t mean we can’t be friends now,” the dark-haired teen said reassuringly.

“That would be nice,” Neville admitted with a small smile. He had been one of those that wanted to be friends with Harry but was thwarted by the other two. He figured they were being overprotective. He felt he would be much the same way, if he were close to the boy that constantly finds trouble.

“Well, Neville, tell me about yourself. I mean we can’t be good friends if we don’t know each other well,” Harry said, picking up some roast on his fork and nodding to the boy to talk.

“Well, there really isn’t much to tell,” the other teen started and then proceeded to tell him about his childhood — leaving out were his parents were— how his uncle continuously tried to kill him to ‘scare the magic out of him,’ and then his dreadful years here at Hogwarts. He smiled shyly when he told about how he got the points in their first years. He preened proudly when he talked about his love of plants. However, there was sadness in his voice when he recapped his abysmal use of magic. “Maybe, my uncle was right and I’m all Muggle,” he finished sadly.

“I don’t believe that for one second, and I’ll do all I can to help you be a great wizard,” Harry said, fuming over the callous way the boy had been treated growing up. There had been a faint nudge to his memory as he heard someone say, ‘beat the magic out of him,’ when Neville was talking, but then it was gone.

“There is no way you could help, cheater. If what you say is true and you’ve lost your mind, then how are you going to teach anyone magic you don’t remember?” Ron Weasley asked importantly. “I’ll help you, Neville,” he added.

Neville chuckled, then snorted, and then bent over in his seat in full-blown laughter.

“What’s so funny,” Harry asked as he chuckled at his new friend’s mirth.

“Well… I don’t want to speak badly of anyone, but Ron doesn’t do well scholastically,” Hermione explained delicately.

“Oi, you take that back,” the redheaded stated, angry that Hermione would take Harry’s side… again. He didn’t do too bad on exams, and he wasn’t stupid. He just felt his time was better spent that having his nose in a book. “I do alright.”

Harry scoffed, then snorted, then joined Neville in his laughter. After a few minutes the boys got themselves under control, and our hero stated, “Right, I’m not talking to the thief until I speak to my
lawyer, so someone tell the idiot his opinion is not needed or wanted.”

“I was holding them,” Ron snarled, while a few nodded their heads believing that he would do just that.

“Ron, Harry isn’t going to speak to you until there is an investigation,” Hermione said as she looked at her… friend, ex-friend; oh, she didn’t know how she felt.

“We’ve already written our parents,” Fred said, glaring at his little brother, “and we’re waiting for an answer. Do you really need to involve the Aurors?” he fretted, not wanting his parent to get in trouble.

“That cloak was a family heirloom. I found out that it’s hundreds of years old, so, yes, sorry, I need to report it. If he thinks he can get away with it now, how will he feel when he gets older?” Harry asked maturely, hoping that this didn’t ruin the budding friendship he was starting with the lookalikes. He quite enjoyed their company and felt that he could learn loads from them.

“Right,” Fred nodded, and put his head together with his twin.

“Well,” Luna said as she reached for the sweets that just popped up, “you do know that Ron will only get a smack on the back of his hand, since he is a minor, but his parents might be fined. I know you don’t remember this, but they were once like family to you,” she finished.

Harry sighed as he scooped up some caramel ice cream. He really didn’t want Ron to get away with anything. Perhaps he would ask for leniency. He would talk to the cops, but ask that they scare Ron good and proper, but maybe, just maybe, he won’t press charges. It would all depend on how Mr. and Mrs. Weasley reacted.
Another Day Gone

Chapter Notes

Thanks to all of you who are still here, I hope you like it.

Harry’s POV

They were just about to finish lunch when Luna made the comment, “You know, Harry, Occlumency is a wonderful art to practice. It might even help you find your memories.” She then gathered her books, kissed him on cheek and left with a skip.

“Occlumency?” he turned and asked Hermione.

“It is the art of shielding one’s mind from invasion. You have to learn to do some deep meditation and organize your memories, which means you might have an easier time getting started, what with you only remembering the last week or so,” she said, tapping her finger on her chin in thought. She came across the book in first year and had practiced it to help with her memory retention. Her mindscape was a non-magical library with an AI librarian, card references and computers. It aided her a lot when taking test. She didn’t think the boys would sit still enough to practice, so she never told them. Well, she mentioned it to Harry once, but he had other things on his mind.

“Are there books?” Harry asked, thinking he could split his time between his mum’s diary and that subject. If it could help him get his memory back all the better, but he was worried that he might revert to his former personality, which everyone said was shy and introverted. He liked this him and didn’t want to go back. Well, maybe he could add a filter to his mouth, which seemed be like a sieve. It was something he was seriously going to have to ponder.

“I found a few in the library in our first year, since you are not attending class you should go and check them out,” his bushy-haired friend said as she too gathered her bag and got up from the table.

“If you don’t find what you need there, I’ll ask Gran. I already know it, being an heir and all,” Neville offered as he grabbed a muffin and stood.

“Alright. Thanks, Nev. I’ll check out the library while you guys are in class,” Harry said as he finished his afts and nodded to Fred and George and walked the other two out of the Hall. They separated at the stairs and Harry followed his map to the library.

The lady behind the desk, whose name was Irma Pince according to his map, took one look at him and pursed her lips. “Mr. Potter, what are you doing out of class?” she asked the boy. While he was not an unruly child, he did have a tendency to get into argument with his friends here in the library. That was not something she could overlook. He seemed to be alone today, so maybe it would be alright.

“I have amnesia and I’ve been excused to do self-study,” Harry said with a charming smile, which was lost on the old woman.

“Keep yourself quiet and don’t ruin my books,” the possessive librarian said firmly.
“Right,” our champion said, wondering what he had done to cause such disdain. “Could you please tell me where I can find books on Occlumency?” he asked politely.

“Fifth row, middle of the aisle,” was the sharp answer that was accompanied with a pointed finger.

“Thanks,” he said and went to the fifth aisle. He trailed his fingers along the titles to find what he was looking for. In the middle there were five books on the subject, so he pulled them all down and took them to a nearby table. He tried not to thump them, but they were heavy, so when they made what seemed like a large bang in the quiet room, he just sheepishly smiled at the old crow and sat.

It took a half an hour just to read a small part of one of those dry books, and then his brain felt like it would die of boredom, so he pulled his mum’s diary out of his TARDIS pocket and started from the beginning. This went on for the rest of the afternoon, a half an hour between each subject.

The diary started when she was around nine, going on ten. She had just been told she was magical. He learned that his mum was a very happy girl, who loved everyone she ever met, even, much to his shock, that creepy Snape guy. She felt he was like a brother she never had and was her best friend for years. She loved both of her parents dearly. She spoke sadly of her sister, Petunia, and how they fell out when Snape told her she was a witch. She waxed poetic over all the things ‘Sev’ showed her and would go on and on about how she couldn’t wait for her letter. There were a few passages about how she as worried about ‘Sev’. She thought that he was being abused and would cry that there seemed to be nothing her family could do about it.

She talked about all the times her sister called her a freak. This made his brain jerk, like a memory that he couldn’t quite grasp, so he put it aside and read more about his mum. Harry didn’t get very far into the diary, it would take days to finish it, but that was enough to completely floor him for now.

It struck Harry as weird that when she was young, she and Snape had great control over their magic. They made flowers grow for pity’s sake, but then they got a wand and couldn’t do that anymore. That made him more determined to not attend classes if that was the result.

From the Occlumency books, he learned how to meditate and create a mindscape. He wondered if he could build the Enterprise in his mind and have a mishmash crew of the first two series. There was also the one that just came out, Deep Space Nine, but he really didn’t know much about it. He did wonder how many shows they were going to make. But for right now, he would go with what he knew. He could have Picard for the captain, and Scotty for the engineer—yeah, he decided he like the guy—with Data and Spock to help keep him logical, and of course Uhura and Troi, for the hot babe effect. Oh, and Bones for a doctor. It would be cool.

It was getting close to dinner time, so he put the books away that he didn’t need and checked out the three he hadn’t read. His head rang with the warning the librarian gave him as he quickly walked through the halls to the Great Hall.

The girls and Neville were waiting for him and they all went in together. People still stopped talking and gawped at him, until he glared back. They went to the Gryffindor table again, this time sitting away from Ron. Harry didn’t feel like fighting with the boy. As they ate, they talked about their day and what lessons they had. Harry brushed a bit on what he read but kept most of it private. He did let them know how much he admired his mum for the kind person she was.

“It’s great that you are getting to know your mum, I don’t know much about mine. Gran only talks about my dad,” Neville commented sadly as he scooped up some vanilla ice cream and put blueberries on it. He did wonder if his mum left a diary in the family vault, it was something he was going to have to explore this summer, if he could get his grandmother to let him.
“Where are your parents, Neville?” Hermione asked kindly, but with a great deal of curiosity.

“Oh, well, you see, they’re in the long-term care ward at St. Mungo’s. They were cursed by some Death Eaters when I was the same age as Harry was when he lost his parents,” the shy boy said, hanging his head. It wasn’t that he was ashamed, like Gran accused him of being; he was more upset that they didn’t seem to be getting better.

“Oh my, I am so sorry I asked,” the bushy-haired witch said remorsefully, reaching out a hand and patting his arm.

“No, it is okay, Gran says I should talk about them,” he waved it away as he pulled back his arm, but he didn’t raise his head.

Harry laid a hand on his other arm and inquired, “Do you get to see them?”

“Yeah, they don’t really know who I am, but I am determined to find a cure,” Neville answered, lifting his head and showing his Gryffindor spirit. It was one of the reasons he was into Herbology. He lamented that he was pants in potions but figured that he could pay someone to do that part. His theory was good; it was the execution that held him back.

“I’ll help make you a great wizard,” our hero promised again, thinking it would be easy with such determination. All he had to do was get the boy to overcome years of intense teaching, sure easy.

Just then two owls came swooping by the table. One as a very tiny excitable thing that was carrying a red envelope, the other was a worn-out grey owl that looked to be on his last wing. The little guy went straight to Ron, and the twins quickly grabbed it and hustled their brother out of the room. They didn’t need the whole school to know their brother might be a thief. They made it to the Entrance Hall and moved quickly to an empty greeting room.

“Drop it, you ruddy bird. Do you want to get hurt!?” Fred yelled, trying to get the poor owl to drop the offensive letter.

“What did you have to tell mum for?” the youngest whinged as he too desperately grabbed for the letter, not wanting Pig to get maimed by the Howler.

“We didn’t, we told Dad,” George said, finally getting the smoking envelope off the miniature owl. He dropped in on the floor and it flew up and formed lips and the melodious tone of Molly Weasley filled the air.

“RONALD BILIUS WEASLEY! I HAVE NEVER IN ALL MY DAYS BEEN SO DISAPPOINTED IN ONE OF MY SONS. HOW DARE YOU GO INTO ANOTHER PERSON’S TRUNK WITHOUT THEIR PERMISSION? I DON’T CARE IF YOU WERE HOLDING HARRY’S ITEMS OR NOT, YOU SHOULD HAVE NEVER GONE INTO HIS SPACE IN THE FIRST PLACE. YOU COULD HAVE WARDED HIS BELONGINGS, OR HAD THE TWINS DO IT. THE POOR BOY COULD HAVE BEEN LAID UP IN ST. MONGO’S, AND YOU WERE TAKING HIS THINGS. YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED. HARRY IS YOUR BEST FRIEND. HOW WOULD YOU FEEL IF HE TOOK YOUR THINGS? YOU WILL APOLOGIZE TO HIM AS SOON AS POSSIBLE, OR YOU WILL FEEL THE END OF MY SPOON. HARRY POTTER IS A SWEET BOY WHO HAS DONE NOTHING TO WARRANT YOUR SCORN. I DON’T KNOW WHAT HAS GOTTEN INTO YOU, BUT IT BETTER GET OUT BEFORE YOU GET HOME. Oh, and do tell Harry we will be more than happy to talk about this,” the letter stated, and then simply shredded and the pieces fell to the floor.
“Well that was kind of hypocritical of her,” Ron said, folding his arms in a pout. He hated that his mum blamed him automatically. She always did, well in his mind.

“What do you mean?” George asked as he banished the shredded red parchment.

“You two go through people’s stuff all the time, and Ginny stole a book out of his trunk two years ago. I didn’t hear any Howlers for those times,” the youngest redhead snapped with an accusing finger. His mum always played favorites, and Percy and Ginny were hers. He would much rather a lecture from his dad, than a letter from his mum. It just pointed out how inadequate she thought her children were. He seemed to forget that the twins were always pushed to the side and punished for the littlest thing. “Plus, it was Harry’s godfather that was trying to steal my rat. I didn’t ruddy well hear her complain about that. He broke my leg for Merlin’s sake. That didn’t even warrant a visit.”

“Wow, you really do need help,” Fred said dumbstruck at just how far this jealousy went. He thought it was just Harry, but Ron really thought he was being put last in everything. He just couldn’t understand where it was coming from, he and George also had a lot to live up to, but you didn’t see them blaming the world for their plights. No, they were bound and determined to make names for themselves. They didn’t really care that their mum could hardly tell them apart. They were their own men.

“I don’t know where you get these ideas, we get Howlers for everything, but like today we simply leave the room with them. Unless we think it’s going to be funny, or if there’s a bet on what she says. That and Mum never knew about Ginny, heck we didn’t know about Ginny. But even if we did, wasn’t she controlled by an evil book? How can you want your baby sister to be punished for that?” George asked, just as flabbergasted at his twin.

“Right, plus we still don’t know what went on last year, and you won’t tell, so we can’t defend you if we don’t have all the facts,” Fred stated, turning to leave now that the letter was over. “But wasn’t this owl from Black?” he asked as he pulled open the door and went through.

“See, you still won’t stick up for me, and I’m your brother,” Ron grumbled as usual everyone thought he was in the wrong.

“That is because you’re being a prat,” George stated as he too left the room.

Ron stood silently; cursing the fact that Harry Potter ever came back. He snorted at the unfairness of it all and went back to his meal.

Harry’s POV

“Oh, Errol, you poor thing,” Hermione cooed at the poor old owl as it landed in front of Harry.

“Whose owl is this, then?” Harry asked, taking the letter from the exhausted bird, who hooted pitifully and seemed to fall asleep on the table. He looked at the envelope and noted it had his name, so he turned it around and broke the seal.

“This is the Weasleys’ owl. They can’t afford to get a new one and retire the poor thing,” Luna said, petting the sleeping bird.

“He really is too old to carry post,” added Hermione as she picked the owl up and cradled him in her arms. She tried to get it to eat a bit of ham, but the poor thing was just too tired. It was very sad to know that one day the post wouldn’t be delivered, and they may never know what happened. Maybe she could give them one as a gift for Christmas; she would have to ask her parents.

“Read the letter, Harry, it could be important,” Neville said, glancing at Hermione in a ‘don’t ask’
manner.

She huffed and continued to pet the exhausted bird.

Harry took out the letter and silently read to himself:

**Dear Harry,**

*Professor Dumbledore and the twins have informed me that you have lost your memories, so let me introduce myself. My name is Arthur Weasley and you have been friends to my children for a long time, and they have nothing but good things to say about you. You saved my daughter's life during her first year and I can never repay you for that. I believe you are a good, kind and brave person and hope that your condition gets better. My wife, Molly, also sends her best.*

*To the problem at hand, it hurts me to think that a child of mine would steal. I would like to believe that Ron is speaking the truth and was merely holding your belongings; however, the twins say it didn’t stop at that. The only thing I, as a parent, can do is offer my sincerest apology. I raised them to know better. Ron is the youngest of our boys and is prone to fits of jealousy, but he is a good boy. I am sure that he would have returned your items to you given time.*

*I would like to speak to you at your earliest convenience. Perhaps, we can work out a solution.*

Arthur Weasley

**PS: Please use a school owl or Hedwig to deliver the response to give Errol some time to recover.**

“Well, that was short and sweet,” Harry said, folding the letter and putting it in his TARDIS pocket. “He just wants to meet,” he added when Hermione opened her mouth to ask.

“Oh.”

“Well, let’s finish this and then go to the dorms. I have tons of books to read and I want to finish Mum’s diary as soon as possible,” Harry said as he took the last bite of his pumpkin pie.

“I have homework that needs to be done, but, Harry, I want you to tell me how your magic is coming along soon,” Luna stated, put out that she was in a different House than her friends. Ever since she told Harry how to control his magic, she had been doing a bit of experimenting of her own. She still couldn’t get her mind around the rules, but she could now pull off some wandless tricks to keep the girls in her dorm away from her things.

Just yesterday she vanished all their knickers with just a thought. They searched the whole dorm for an hour to find them. She had put them in the common room, and the girls were mortified when they went down the stairs and saw the boys playing with them. It was a start.

“The old man said that there is a Hogsmeade weekend coming up soon. We can all go, yes, you too, Neville, and I’ll tell you all about it then,” he said with a wink, knowing that she would know that he would hold back on some stuff.

“Oh, I would love to go,” the little blonde squealed as she bounced in place and clapped her hands, making Harry and Neville watch her chest for a second, until Neville blushed and turned away, but Harry just smiled.

“Pervert.”
“Teenager.”

“Oh, Harry.”

“What’s this then?” an older female brunette asked from Harry’s right.

“Is the great Harry Potter goggling girls?” inquired an older blonde girl next to her. There was a second brunette grinning at him.

“Well, yeah, I am a teenage boy. Isn’t that what I’m supposed to do?” Harry asked as he looked them up and down and smirked at their figures like the teen he was. “And who might you lovely ladies be?”

“I’m Angelina Johnson, this is Katie Bell, and that is Alice Spinnet,” the blonde introduced the three girls. “We’re the chasers for the Gryffindor Quidditch team. We heard about your amnesia and wanted to say how sorry we were that something else happened to you. Seems like something new every year, yeah? Don’t ogle too closely, we’re spoken for,” she warned with a mock wagging finger.

“Right,” Harry said, making sure to keep his eyes up. “Nice to meet you all, sorry I don’t remember you. I’m sure it’ll all come back one day,” he said, waving it off as unimportant.

“I’m sure,” Katie agree as she got up from the table. “Well, we have to run. Even though there are no games this year, Oliver is making us run drills before curfew. Don’t know why, he graduates this year,” she grumbled.

“Did you want to join?” Alice asked, pushing her hair into a ponytail.

“Nay, better not, not until I’ve read up on it more,” our champion stated, getting up and shaking hands with the three ladies.

“Well, when you’re ready, there’s always a spot for you, Harry,” Angelina stated as she too pulled back her hair.

Harry’s eyes strayed again; he just gave them a sloppy grin and wished them a good practice. They simply smiled and batted his head as they passed.

“You certainly have changed,” Hermione commented when the trio left. “I don’t think you even knew what girls were before,” she added at his questioning look.

“Really? I must have been very dull,” the amnesic stated, wondering how he could possibly have never noticed girls. They were bloody everywhere and in all sorts of glorious shapes, sizes and colors. What’s not to notice?

“You were very shy,” she said softly, getting up from her spot and joining him. Luna went to his other side, and Neville took the lead.

“Do you miss me? The other me, I mean,” he asked just as softly as they walked to the doors. He put his arm around his two girls and guided them out.

“To tell the truth, yes, sometimes I do miss my shy friend. However, I like this guy too,” the bushy-haired girl confessed and then giggled when he kissed her forehead.

“Perhaps, if my memory comes back, you’ll get a mix of the two. Until then let’s just take one day at a time,” he said, giving her a squeeze.
“Let’s,” she agreed as they made it out the doors. They walked quietly thinking about the changes in Harry and how different he would be when, or if, he got his memory back, and they were just to the stairs when a snide comment stopped them.

“Oi, Potter, how could you hang out with such lowlife? A squib, and loon and a mudblood,” the cultured voice asked, making the quartet turn and three of them reach for their wands. “Due to your… condition, I was going to offer to introduce you to more refined people, however if you insist on wallowing in mud, then there is little I can do to help you,” Draco said maliciously.

“Papa’s Little Bitch Boy, I thought I told you to leave me be,” Harry said jovially as he took his arms from around the girls. “I see manners are not taught to the elite anymore,” he added disappointedly, looking down his nose at the approaching boy. “I wouldn’t be your friend if you gave me all the gold in Gringotts.”

“You just wait until my father hears of this, you will be sorry you even denied my hand in friendship,” Malfoy threatened as he came up to our group of heroes. Crabbe and Goyle following behind as usual.

“Really? Well then, I can’t wait to meet him,” Harry stated, still smiling like his friends weren’t holding their wands.

“Wait, what?” that was not the answer Draco was expecting. Where was the wand drawing and the yelling? This new Harry didn’t play by the rules. How was he supposed to get him in trouble if he was being so… happy?

“Yeah, I get to tell him that while I have two very lovely ladies on my arm, you hang out with… well, two ugly bruisers. How disappointed he’ll be that his line will end with you,” our hero stated as the smile fell from his face.

“What are you implying?” the blond asked as he glanced at his thugs, who looked just as confused.

“Well, think about it, I have women, you have men and…” Harry trailed off impishly and then he lashed out with his magic. Suddenly there was a cry of pain and blood was dripping down the blond boy’s face. “Don’t call my friends names again, you pounce,” he said menacingly, never moving from his spot. He flinched a little when his mind went on Yellow Alert, there was an adult coming.

“What did you do, Potter?” came the silky voice of Severus Snape as he swooped down on the scene, making all those who had stopped to watch step back.

“Me? I never even pulled my tricorder,” Harry said with a completely affronted look. He empty hands in plain view.

“It is a wand, you idiotic child. I will find out how you did that, and you will be expelled,” the Potions Master stated ominously.

“Really? Great, then I won’t have to deal with arseholes like you and the head one,” the dark-haired wizard said excitedly, bouncing on his toes.

“Twenty points from Gryffindor for disrespecting a teacher,” Snape snarled, making a good majority of those watching cringe.

“Fifty points to me for making you look bad,” Harry countered, and with a thought those jewels flew to the appropriate place. Not that anyone saw them, since they were all out of the Great Hall. “Tsk, tsk, picking on an ill child,” he said, wagging his finger.
Snape sneered, took Malfoy by the shoulder and guided him away.

“I really don’t know what my mother saw in you, you greasy-haired bastard,” Harry called to his departing back. He shook his head sadly at the thought that his mother once loved this man like a brother. Oh, how disappointed she’d be if she could see him now. “It’s no wonder my dad hated you, you are a slimy git,” he added, making the man flinch and the crowd murmur. “What did you do? Wait until blows were thrown before you came swooping in like the bat you are?” he wouldn’t put it past the man, who seem so have a hard on for wanting to get him in trouble.

“How did you know about my past?” Snape hissed as he whirled around to look at the boy’s face, ignoring the accusation of waiting on the sidelines. Fear ran through his mind that the boy was starting to remember. He had no idea if the Obliviation worked on amnesiacs, the child might regain all his memories. Then he’d be done for. He started making plans to get out as soon as he could. The stress of too many secrets was getting to him. The Headmaster wanting a pet spy, the Dark Lord’s return, that bloody ghost, others blackmailing him, and now this boy, who could ruin the good thing he had going here. No, it might be time to cut his losses.

“That is my business, and unless you are my guardian, lawyer or doctor it is none of yours,” the teen stated firmly. All thoughts of confronting the man about the diary vanished at that point. There was no way he was going to let this bastard know his mum’s good thoughts.

“Do not push me, child,” the imposing man stated, pointing a finger at his most hated student.

“Professor Snape do we need to have another talk?” a voice interrupted, making the teacher cuss under his breath.

“Of course not, Baron, I am simply giving out punishment due. It is against the rules to fight, and Potter is not above those rules,” Snape said in his most sincere tone, which didn’t fool the ghost for one minute.

“And I said I didn’t use my tricorder, so you have no proof I did anything. Heck, it could have been accidentally magic,” Harry retorted as he looked that the ghost and wondered how he could get some time alone with the apparition. He knew the guy knew more than it was telling. And he could be the reason that when he was on the streets he looked up legends of blood covered ghosts.

The Bloody Baron seemed to read his thoughts and looked closely at the boy. He saw the narrow eyes and determined jaw, and just knew he was going to have to speak to the child. Now all he had to do was see what the teen would do with the information. Was he Slytherin enough to use it, or was he a Gryffindor at heart and go straight to the authorities? Only time will tell.

‘Red Alert,’ blared in Harry’s brain and he looked around and groaned.
Harry’s POV

“Now, Now, Severus, you need to escort Mr. Malfoy to the Hospital Wing,” Dumbledore chastised as he came up to the group. He looked over the assembled students and merely peered over his glasses at them and they all dispersed. Many grumbled, but a great few were whispered about the latest gossip on the new Harry.

The boy in question just looked blankly at the ones who were staring as they moved past him. He honestly didn’t care what they were saying. Though, he really wished they found something new to talk about. It was getting tedious listening to it all. However, he really didn’t like when they stared, that was just plain rude, and he felt like they were all judging him, and they didn’t have the right. He thought that over in his head for a moment and realized that it just didn’t make sense, so he shrugged it all off and paid attention what was happening.

“When, Mr. Malfoy, let us see about your injury,” Snape said as he guided his student away, thankful to be gone. He still fretted over where Potter had gotten his information. He thought it was well buried, and then he realized that the boy must be in touch with Black. Blast that man to the deepest pits of Hell. How dare he tell Potter anything. His memories were his own and the last thing he wanted was the brat to know anything about him. No matter that it pertained to his mother as well. He fumed as he turned the corner and led Draco to get his nose fixed.

“Harry, Miss Granger, Miss Lovegood, Mr. Longbottom, you too should move along,” the Headmaster stated, not wanting another confrontation with the belligerent boy. Ever since Harry lost his memory, the child had been a handful and he was far too tired to deal with him right now.

“I will ask you once again to address me by my title, young man,” Albus said wearily, pinching his nose in agitation. It seemed nothing was going to go well with Harry. He pondered on the question; if the boy hadn’t lost his memory, would the time on the streets have hardened him into the teen standing before him?

“Then address me as Mr. Potter,” was the rebuttal complete with mulish arm folding. “You don’t seem to have the same issue with anyone else. It’s really creepy that you keep being so familiar with me. Kind of stalkerish, if you ask me.”

“Very well, Mr. Potter, off you go,” the old man said with a sigh and a shooing motion.

“Wait, where is my new room?” Harry asked, still not wanting to sleep in the same room as Ron. Plus, he had no idea who the others in that room were, and he learned that things could easily go missing in his sleep. Although now with his intruder warning, that might not happen, but why take the chance? It was a good thing his trunk was now secured around his neck.

“You will be using the Gryffindor Head Boy’s room. A prefect will show you where it is. There is
no one using it at this time. However, if a Gryffindor is chosen for Head Boy next year, you will have to sleep in your assigned bed. I am quite sure that all fences will be mended at that time,” the old man said in good cheer. He still didn’t believe the child had any memories to restore, but he hoped that Mr. Weasley would overcome his jealousy and make friends with Harry.

Harry scoffed and didn’t say anything, but turned dismissingly on the old man. The quartet moved up the stairs.

Hermione was holding her tongue, wanting to ask questions and chastise Harry, but not here. There was enough gossip about the amnesiac, so she just walked on. Luna was skipping along without a care in the world, with Harry’s arm around her shoulders. She had friends and that was all that mattered. Neville was thinking about what just happened. He hadn’t seen Harry’s interaction with the staff since he came back, and judging from what he knew about him before, this was a whole new Harry. He was positive it was for the better. Anyone who stood up to Snape and Malfoy was a hero in his books.

“Well, I’m knackered, and I still have a bit of studying to do, so let’s call it a night,” Harry said at the parting point. He leaned over and kissed the little blonde in his arms on the cheek and said, “Goodnight, Lovely Luna.”

“Goodnight, Sweet Harry,” she replied with a giggle and then left, making her way down the hall with a bounce in her step, making Harry realize that she had a nice arse as well as good looking breast.

“Do you have designs on Luna?” Hermione asked as they started back down the hall.

“I’m not sure, really. I mean, we’re a bit young for that, but she is good looking,” the messy-haired boy said as he thought hard on the question. “I mean, I hardly know any of you, but I am a teenage boy, so yeah, I think about her,” he confessed not the least bit shy about talking about it with her.

“Oh,” was all she said. She wondered why she was jealous of that fact, and contemplated on if he thought of her the same way.

“You are also quite pretty,” Harry said as if reading her thoughts. He kissed her cheek, making her redden as they continued to the tower. “And I’m sure, like all teenage boys, Neville thinks so too,” he added playfully, making the boy stumble and blush.

“Harry,” Hermione admonished, smacking him on the chest, “quit embarrassing your friends.”

“Well,” the shy boy said, squaring his shoulders, “he isn’t wrong.” Though the words were brave, the redness of his face gave away his discomfiture.

Harry laughed and patted him on the back. “We’ll make a player out of you yet,” he said to Neville.

They got to the portrait and went inside. The common room was buzzing with activity. People were playing games and doing homework. The twins were off to the side, whispering to each other. They saw the trio come in and waved for Harry to join them.

Harry gave Hermione another kiss on the cheek and excused himself. Many of the girls giggled, but there were one or two that narrowed their eyes possessively. He made his way over to the lookalikes and said, “What’s up?”

“We did a bit of investigation on the night you disappeared,” Fred said quietly, as he waved to a chair for Harry to sit. “We asked portraits and ghosts and such. We found out that you were first seen headed toward Gryffindor tower, then you turned and went to the dungeons. The last time you were
see you were running from that direction straight out the front doors. No one knew why you went to the dungeons though. Only that you went to the potion’s classroom, were there for a half an hour, and then you took off as if Fluffy was after you.”

“Who’s Fluffy?” the younger teen asked as he leaned forward in his seat.

“That’s right you wouldn’t remember. Well, there was a Cerberus here in the castle supposedly guarding a great treasure in your first year. He was Hagrid’s, and his name was Fluffy,” George said. He and Fred had gotten the half-giant to spill the beans that year. Too bad when they got to the room at the end of the gauntlet there was nothing there but a gilded mirror. The things the mirror showed them were like dreams come true, and when they deciphered the saying on the top they realized that was exactly what it was. However, it made them more determined to become what they wanted most. Greater tricksters than the Marauders. Still, they tried to tell a professor they had completed it but were told that it was forbidden to be there and to not go there again or points would be deducted, and detention would be had.

“Right, three-headed dog, Hermione told me about him, just not his name,” the amnesiac stated, going over what little he knew and chuckling at the silly name. “Did your… witnesses see anything else?” he asked, wondering if that bastard Snape was responsible for his condition. He really got bad vibes from the man, it was like the bat hated everything about him. Snape couldn’t even speak his name without disgust dripping from his voice. Harry still didn’t see what he mum saw in the greasy-haired git.

“Well, there aren’t any living portraits in the classroom and Snape’s quarters are attached, so they wouldn’t know what went on while you were there. However, Snape has been acting weird since that night. While I wouldn’t call him nice, in any reality, he has been more tolerant. So we think he’s being blackmailed, we just don’t know by whom,” Fred said, looking at his twin.

“I think I might know, but let me talk to a few… people and I’ll get back to you. It all has to do with some research I did when I was on the streets.”

“Right, well if you need any more help, let us know,” George stated, slapping him on the back, after he got up from his chair.

“Right you are, George, we’re always willing to snoop,” Fred said with a huge grin as he joined his brother.

“I will,” Harry agreed, knowing that if they got this far when the adults hadn’t, they would be a great asset. “Goodnight, guys,” he added and went to join his other friends.

**Snape’s POV**

“You are not keeping with our bargain,” was the accusation thrown at the Potions Master when he returned to his quarters after seeing Malfoy to Madam Pomfrey. He had been hoping for time to cool down, but it appeared that that wasn’t going to happen. Blasted ghost.

“I have been… kind to the brats in my class,” Snape defended himself to the apparition, leaving off the argument he had just had with Potter. He had graded fairly, only took points when necessary, and didn’t yell nearly as loud. So what if he glared at them, they were only going to make mistakes if he didn’t use a firm hand. Granted it had been only one day of classes, and he had been hard-pressed to hold his tongue, but he did well, or so he thought.

“I disagree,” the Bloody Baron stated with a firm shake of his head. “While you were less volatile, you were far from kind. Mr. Longbottom shook with nerves all through today’s class, and you took
great pleasure in making him do so. How is the boy to ever do well in your class if you torment him so?” He had been on the ceiling watching the man terrify the boy by just standing over him and staring. “Furthermore, the confrontation you just had with Mr. Potter shows that you are not holding back in the least. You almost gave up the game, as the saying goes. How very unSlytherin of you,” he sneered with a sad shake of his head.

“It is a dangerous class that I teach. What would you have me do? Baby them? Longbottom is a menace, and should never be allowed near a cauldron. He requires thorough watching. As for Potter, the brat needs to know his place, and it is not in my past. He is in cahoots with that mongrel of a godfather, I just know he is,” was the rebuttal as the man fumed about the spat they just had in the hall.

“I will tell you this once more, Potion Master Snape, stop harassing the students and taking your childhood grievances out on them or you will be seeing the inside of a cell,” the Slytherin Ghost threatened ominously as he floated into the man’s space and almost through his body. That would have knocked Snape out, and the Baron was still thinking on it, just to teach the man a lesson.

“I will do my best,” was all the professor offered as he watched the ghost fly away, snarling internally that Potter ever came back to Hogwarts.

Now all he had to do was confront the boy on where he got his information, and do it without the ruddy ghost around. He knew the boy had done something to Mr. Malfoy, but even the blond said that Potter had no wand. In addition, he still had to convince the Grey Lady to talk to the Bloody Bastard, that wasn’t going well at all. And there was the suspicion in the Headmaster’s and his Deputy’s eyes.

No, not all was going well for our Potions Master. Once again he was thinking of just disappearing. He knew that if the Dark Lord came back that he would not be hidden for long, but there was always a chance that Potter would kill the man on a fluke, so perhaps he would risk it.

Harry’s POV

“What did the twins want?” asked the ever-inquisitive Hermione, when our hero approached.

“I have a question for you,” Harry said as he sat across from her. “Did I always tell you everything in my life? And did you return the favor? It seems to me that I can’t have a private moment without you asking about it,” he asked. ‘Have I always been this whipped?’ he thought. A bit disgusted with himself it he had.

“That is what best friends do,” she said defending her actions. Harry had always told her what was going, no matter how much of a secret it was. They shared everything, except their childhoods. Oh, she knew he hated the Dursleys, and they didn’t treat him right, but that was all she knew. However, everything that had happened since the troll had been shared.

“Okay, I’ll give you that, but we are still learning about one another,” he said, rubbing the back of his head and thinking about how to word this. “I mean, you just said that I’m different, so you don’t really know me, and I don’t really know you. So let’s just not ask anything personal for a while and see where it goes, yeah?”

“Okay, I can see that,” she agreed with a nod of her head, though it was sad that their tight friendship had to be rebuilt.

“Well, like I said, I’m knackered so I’m off to bed. I’ll see you in the morning,” our hero pronounced as he got up, kissed her cheek, slapped Neville on the back and used his glasses map to get to the
Head Boy’s room.

The room wasn’t much. It had a large bed, a desk and a wardrobe, but that was all. The best thing about it was that he was alone. He laid in the bed for a moment and relished the softness. Then he sighed, reached in his TARDIS pocket and took out his books.

He stayed up for two hours and read the ones on Occlumency and his mum’s diary. He learned more on both and before he went to sleep he meditated and started to build his spaceship. When he first got into his mind he was shocked as to how small it seemed.

He was floating in an area of black, and there were stars shining in a bubble, like a tiny pocket of space. He touched one and saw the time he woke up missing his glasses for the third time. He moved to the edge of the small universe and saw a great white open area. At the extreme far end was speck of orange light, like a tiny piece of sun. However, the white space was vast and the speck looked like a mirage, all watery and hardly there. He knew that his memories were on the other side, but when he tried to step in the space a barrier held him back. He figured he wasn’t ready yet, so he turned and started to build the Enterprise. He had decided to go with the USS Enterprise - NCC-1701-D, since it was much more advanced.

For an hour he built, but he wasn’t kidding before, he was quite tired from the last two fun filled days. So he gave up for now and went to sleep. He thought he heard Data say, ‘We seem to be gaining power, Captain. It is an anomaly,’ as he slipped off into a nice dream of girls, girls and more girls.

Snape’s POV

Just when Snape didn’t think his day could get any worse, there was a scratching at his door. He got curious, drew his wand and went to answer it. On the other side was a huge Grim. Shocked at seeing the Death Dog, he was easily pushed aside. Much to his surprise, and discontent, the Grim morphed into his hated childhood nemesis.

“**Black,**” he spat and fired off a bone crushing curse, thinking he could get that Order of Merlin after all. He still had no idea how the man had escaped, but he knew it had something to do with Potter. It always did.

Sirius ducked the spell and threw a small dung bomb at the other man’s face, making him choke on the smoke and smell. “Fuck off, Snivellus, and calm down. I just need to speak to you,” he said as he raised his stolen wand and wrapped the man in ropes. He then guided him to a chair and tied him to it. He grabbed Snape’s wand, set it on a nearby table, and sat in the opposite chair. “Now, tell me what you did to Harry,” he demanded as he leaned forward into the Potions Master’s space.

“I did not do anything to your precious godson,” Snape snarled back, again wondering if the boy’s memories were returning. “Perhaps, in his clumsiness, he fell and hit his head.”

“He didn’t, and he had the taste of dirty socks in his mouth when he woke. That means a potion, which means you,” Black accused with a jabbing finger. He didn’t know if the man had a direct hand in Harry’s condition, but he was bound and determined to find out. It was too bad that Snape was an accomplished Occlumens. He’d pull it from his mind if he could, but he was pants at Legilimency. No, for now he would just put the fear of the Marauders in him.

Severus discreetly tried to get out of his bonds all the while snarling at the hated man. He didn’t get far and soon gave a minuscule sigh of defeat. His mind was going a mile a minute to try and come up with a believable story. “I didn’t see the brat after we retired that nights. All I know, from what the Baron told me, is that he came to the classroom and then left in a hurry. Who know what the little
monster got up to while he was rummaging around the cabinets? Potions are a tricky thing, and if not taken correctly, they can have devastating consequences,” he said as calmly as he could, which was very well. Thank Merlin for Occlumency.

“Okay, I’ll grant you that, but I don’t believe for a minute that you are telling me the whole truth. Know this, Snivellus, I am already a wanted man, so killing you would not be an inconvenience,” he idly threatened. It was an empty threat, but given their past, Snape would take it seriously.

He didn’t want to stay here too long, someone might see him, and he’d get caught. The last thing he needed was to be put back in Azkaban. He had already put a wizard-repelling charm on the Shrieking Shack, and hoped that no one would remember that it was there. He was taking a great risk coming here. He was tempted to Obliviate the greasy git, but he was terrible at that spell and might wipe his entire memory, which might be beneficial, but it would be noticed.

“Threats, Black? How boring,” Snape said in a condescending tone. Though, he was even more worried now. He knew that the man had it in him to kill.

Sirius waved him off and got up from the chair. “Oh, and one more thing, I have spies here in the castle, and they’re keeping a very close eye on you,” he said cheerfully as he waved his wand and turned the bound man’s skin orange with pointy green hair. Like the Oompa Loompas in that movie Lily made them watch after Harry was born. He even added a charm to make the man sing once a day. It would last a week, since it didn’t change his features. That and the song would stay in his head forever. Then he went to the door, looked up and down the hall, turned and made a small cut in the knot, morphed into his other form and left.

Severus snarled again and struggled to free himself from the ropes. This time, because of the cut, he was able to. He snatched up his wand and made it to the door, but Black was long gone. He would have to tell Albus that the man still had access to the castle. He went to his room looked in the mirror and yell inarticulately. How he loathed that man. He sent a house elf to get the Headmaster and repeatedly tried to charm away the jinx.

Dumbledore soon came in, and tried very hard not to laugh at his protégé. “My dear boy, what in Merlin’s name happened to you?” he asked, his eyes were twinkling madly, and he was waving his wand trying to dispel the joke.

“That blasted Black was here and he threatened my life. He seems to be under the delusion that I had something to do with Potter’s condition,” Snape snapped, as he paced the room. “I informed him, the same as I did you, that I did not see the boy that night after the drawing of the names. However, he does not believe me. Albus you have to do something about this.”

“Oh dear, that is not good,” the Headmaster mumbled. If Black was in touch with Harry there was no telling what kind of mischief they would get up to. He was glad to know that the child had yet to leave the castle proper. He would have to find Sirius and impart to him the importance of making Harry see that he, Albus Dumbledore, was not a man that went around and violated little boys’ minds. What had happened was necessary to help the child. If only the boy were still mild mannered, then all this would not be playing out the way it was. It was beyond frustrating and quite tiring.

“That is all you have to say? A murdering madman snuck into the castle, came into my quarters and threatened to kill me, and all you can say is ‘oh dear’? Look at what he did to me!” the deformed teacher yelled at the old goat. This was typical of Albus, even when they were students the old coot would take the Marauders’ side.

“Things are not always as they seem. You are going to have to trust me that Sirius is not a threat,” the Headmaster stated with a firm tone that brooked not argument. “Let it go, Severus.”
“Yes, Headmaster,” Snape said with gritted teeth. “However, I will not be put on display to the students.”

“We will simply have to cancel your classes until it wears off. Although, you are more than welcome to go to the Hospital Wing and see if Poppy can reverse it,” Albus stated, looking over his glasses with a challenge in his eyes. He knew that Severus would not leave these rooms looking like that unless the need was dire.

That made Snape pause, a week or so away from the dunderheads was worth contemplating, even though they just had a week off searching for that brat. One more would be more than welcome. That and he didn’t want that dozy cow to know that Black had gotten the best of him… again. “Very well, I will remain in my quarters until the jinx wears off,” he said in a much calmer tone.

“Yes, I had a feeling you would,” the Headmaster said as he made for the door. “I must depart; I have a never-ending stack of paperwork that must be finished before I retire. Goodnight, Severus, sleep well,” he stated as he left the grumbling man behind.

Hphphp

The next morning some of the early raising Slytherins caught a glance at their jinxed Head of House singing a Muggle children’s song, while he was putting the sign on his classroom door. Quite a few snickered at his new looks, though many commented that he did have a nice voice. It would be all over the school before lunch. Not all Slytherins liked him.
Okay, I know I’m going to get flack for this chapter, but as I see it, at the point in time that this takes place, this is what could happen. My muse said, ‘write what you want’, and I listened. I’m trying to keep it as realistic as I can while working without logic. It is a wonky road to travel.

Harry’s POV

That morning, the quartet was eating at the Gryffindor table again and simply chatting about what they were going to do that day. Rumors that the Potions Master had been pranked were already making their way around the Hall. Harry laughed his arse off when he heard what the man looked like and what he had been singing. Hermione had to tell the other two what was so funny, and they all joined in. The dark-haired teen knew it had been Sirius and he was going to have to congratulate the man, as well and yell at him for coming in the castle. He was supposed to stay in the Shack, not put himself in danger.

Harry had a sudden thought and with a blink he put up a shield around the house so that no one could see it, except Sirius, Winky, Dobby and himself. He was still going to go and tear into the man for being reckless, after he congratulated him on a prank well played. But, from what the old dog had told him, he had always been that way.

It was getting close to class time when the doors of the Great Hall opened and three people walked in. One was a middle aged woman who wore her graying hair in a bun and had a monocle. Next to her was a man of African descent who was very tall and bald. Next to him was an older light-haired man in a dark blue business suit. They went to the Head Table and talked to the Headmaster, who turned to McGonagall and whispered in her ear. She got up, went around the table and headed straight for Harry.

“The Headmaster request that you meet him in front of his office,” she said primly. She was still peeved at the child’s behavior since he came back. He had no respect for authority and his mouth was filthy. That and his blasted Muggle references were giving her a headache. Tricorder indeed. “Come, I will show you the way,” she added, remembering that he didn’t know where to go.

“What, now? I can’t finish my breakfast?” Harry asked, putting his fork down and turning his head in her direction. He had no love for this pushy woman. She was the sole reason he was in this castle to begin with.

“Harry,” Hermione scolded. She was still mortified when he treated the staff so. He had let her vent this morning, but at the end informed her that her issues with authority were not his, and he would act as he saw fit to each person he met. She could see that he meant every word of that with his actions. Still, she couldn’t wrap her mind around disrespecting an adult.

“What? I am eating,” he snarled and took a bite of bacon.

“You shouldn’t talk to the Professor that way,” she said firmly.
“Whatever,” he said as he rolled his eyes. This was one issue they were never going to see eye to eye on.

“Make yourself a sandwich and we will be on our way,” McGonagall compromised with a sigh. “After all, you were the one who demanded they be brought here,” she reminded him through gritted teeth. She still couldn’t believe that Albus agreed to the boy’s demands.

“Great! the bobbies are here,” he said joyously as he threw together a cheesy scrambled egg and bacon sandwich, wrapped it in a napkin and took a long drink of his pumpkin juice and got up from the table. “I’ll catch you guys later,” he said to the other three.

“Okay, Harry,” Neville said with wary eyes. He knew the two of the people that had come in, and was worried that Harry would insult them. He didn’t know the old guy, but the other two had known his parents, and his Gran had introduced them to him ages ago. They were alright people, who visited his mum and dad often.

“Do try and listen to what is said,” Luna predicted as she took a bite of her hot cereal. Her eyes had a vague look, so Harry nodded and wondered what bit of information she thought he would need to know. So he would heed her words and pick apart what they told him.

“Oh, Harry, just… behave,” was Hermione’s input.

“Right,” he said, giving each a nodded and a mischievous smile. “Lead the way, Professor,” he said and suddenly realized this woman had never been introduced to him. He knew from prior conversations that she was a professor, but not of what. Her name was Minerva McGonagall according to his map, but that was all he knew. “Professor, I don’t believe we’ve met. I know you teach, but that is all,” he said as they exited the Hall.

“Oh dear, I do believe you are correct. Very well, my name is Professor McGonagall and I am the Deputy Headmistress, the Head of Gryffindor and the Transfiguration Teacher here at Hogwarts,” she offered with a tight smile.

They were headed down the hall, and there were students either trying to get to breakfast or running to get their books for class. A lot of them kept pointing in his general direction and whispering things about him. If he heard something he didn’t like, he’d flip them the two finger salute behind the Professor’s back.

“Right, do all magicals have more than one position, or are you and the old man special?” our hero quipped. He had no idea how someone could hold three professions at once. Did they not sleep, or was there one job that just got shunted to the wayside?

“Show some respect,” she snapped, stopping their walk and glaring at the upstart. “You bloody well kidnapped me off the street, and dragged me here against my will. You’ve done nothing by keep me prisoner here for the last two days. Where in all that have you earned my respect?” he snarled back, looking up at the irate woman. Oh, yeah, he was still angry at her.

“It was to keep you safe, you foolish child. I could not in good conscience leave you on the street with no memory,” she huffed and started down the hall again.

“You are a very important figure in this world, Mr. Potter. We could not leave you to fate.” She sighed again and thought, ‘Why couldn’t he just understand that he was needed here in the wizarding world? Was it really so hard to comprehend?’
“And all the other children on the street, what will you do for them?” he asked, folding his arms defiantly as he walked beside her. Leaving the whole hero thing alone for now, he really didn’t know enough to debate that.

“They are Muggles, there is little I can do to help them,” McGonagall said starchily, not understanding where all of this was coming from. Like Albus, butting heads with the new Potter was wearing on her nerves. She did hope the Headmaster was wrong and that he might regain his memory. Then perhaps he would go back to the polite boy he had been.

“What? You can’t hand out food to them? You can’t set up a clothes bin for them, with warm clothes? You can’t put things they might need where they could find them? Right, you can do nothing,” he scoffed. His mind was thinking about ways to do all those things he just mentioned. He had enough money to do it. Perhaps, he could do like the Leaky Cauldron did and set up some bins that had wrapped food and clothes.

“The Muggle government does what it can, and we cannot interfere. It is the law,” she said with finality, which was mostly true. It was part of the Statute of Secrecy that made it almost impossible to help the Muggle poor.

“Right,” was the sarcastic reply as they fell into an uncomfortable silence as they made their way to the Headmaster’s office. They turned a corner, Harry’s proximity alert went off, and they saw four people waiting for them in front of a gargoyle.

“Harry, my boy, these people are here to see you. We will be holding the meeting in my office,” Dumbledore stated jovially, though he was anything but happy about it. He really hated it when the DMLE interfered with Hogwarts. In his mind, he and his staff were more than capable of handling any situation. They did well the last three years, why not now? Besides, he was the Great Albus Dumbledore, and there was very little he could not accomplish unaided.

“Albus, old man, I wouldn’t go to your office unless I was tied up and knocked out,” Harry returned just as happily, but with a glare that would melt ice. “I see senility has set in, you really should get that checked out. I’m not sure you could hold your many offices, if you can’t seem remember a simple conversation from last night,” he said, showing a great deal of concern, and peering intently at the old man’s face as if to see if he was indeed senile.

McGonagall sighed and rubbed her forehead. The woman, Amelia Bones according to the map, with the monocle just gawped at him for a second the righted herself. The two men, Kingsley Shacklebolt and Albert Waters, looked like they were about to break out laughing, though doing their professional best not to. Dumbledore looked floored that Harry would disrespect him in front of strangers. Then again, everyone was a stranger to the boy.

Harry turned to the other three, dismissing the Hogwarts staff and asked, “You the cops?”

“Auror Shacklebolt and I are with the Department of Magical Law Enforcement. This other gentleman is the attorney you asked for, Mr. Waters,” the grey-haired lady said, pointing to each person. “I am Madam Bones, and you will address me as such,” she said, narrowing her eyes.

“If you call me Mr. Potter, we’ll have no issue,” Harry returned just as happily, but with a glare that would melt ice. “I see senility has set in, you really should get that checked out. I’m not sure you could hold your many offices, if you can’t seem remember a simple conversation from last night,” he said, showing a great deal of concern, and peering intently at the old man’s face as if to see if he was indeed senile.

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“If you call me Mr. Potter, we’ll have no issue,” Harry said, returning the glare. “Look, I don’t want Albus or McGonagall to be there when we talk. My lawyer should be enough,” he added, wondering how the man knew to be here. He had no idea who he was, or how he heard, but was thankful for the representation.

“I would like some time alone with my client,” Mr. Waters said, picking up his briefcase as he moved to Harry’s side. “We need to get to know each other and I need to understand what has
happened to him. Is there a place we can speak privately?"

“There are a multitude of unused classrooms, or there are the greeting rooms in the Entrance Hall,”
Dumbledore sighed, but knew it was out of his hands for now.

“A classroom will do for now,” Waters stated, giving them an inquiring look. Minerva led the way to
the nearest one and then left. The attorney then cast many privacy spells and instructed the portrait of
a green fairy to leave. The little painted being huffed and flew away. “There now we can’t be
heard,” he said as he made his way to the nearest desk.

Harry threw up his own shields, but Waters didn’t feel it, pulled a chair to the other side and said,
“Nice to meet you, Mr. Waters. How did you know to be here?” he asked as he pulled out his
sandwich. “I hope you don’t mind, but I was eating when they brought me here.”

Waters waved him to go ahead. “Your godfather, Sirius Black, asked that I come today via his house
elf. He told me a bit about what is going on, but I need to hear your side. I met Madam Bones and
Auror Shacklebolt at the gate and we came up together. Them being here was a welcome surprise to
me.” It had come as quite a shock being contacted by the fugitive, but he was happy to take a case
for the Boy-Who-Lived, his reputation right now notwithstanding. The attorney knew the public was
fickle and one day the hero would be seen in a better light. Fudge was an idiot not to see that.

“Good ole Sirius,” Harry said with a big smile. “I need assurances that what we say gets back to no
one, and I mean, no one, not even Sirius. I’d like to tell you everything, but my experience with
adults so far has not left me with a good impression.” He took a bite. He was glad he grabbed the
napkin, not wanting to be uncivilized as to wipe his mouth with his sleeve, it was bad enough he was
eating in front of someone. He remembered his friend’s advice and paid very close attention to what
the man said. He was unsure if it would pay off in the end, but it never hurt to listen.

“Here is the standard non-disclosure contract. Anything you tell me will be held in the strictest of
confidence,” Water stated as he pulled a yellow legal pad, a ballpoint pen, and a heavy piece of
parchment out of his briefcase.

Harry put down his meal, wiped his hands, took the contract and looked it over very carefully. He
saw that what the man had said was true so he signed it. There was a flash of light when the barrister
sighed and the contract disappeared.

“It goes to a warded filing cabinet in my office,” was the answer to the unspoken question.

“Right, I’m still getting used to magic,” Harry said as he waved his hand and made the chairs more
comfortable, which got a raised eyebrow. “Well, here is my story so far…” he then proceeded to tell
about the last week and left nothing out.

Waters showed great skepticism about the new magic, but held his tongue. It wasn’t important to the
matter at hand. He asked a few questions, here and there, and wrote most of it down.

Harry went on and on about his treatment so far, and our hero even asked if the guy could do
something for Sirius and was met with a ‘we’ll see’ look. When he was done talking, he finished off
his breakfast and banished the mess with a wave of his hand.

“Well, this is a fine pickle you’ve got yourself into,” Waters sighed as he jotted down the last of
Harry’s story on his legal pad. “Not that you’ve done anything wrong, it’s just that all of this will be
hard to prove. I mean, you’re accusing the Great Albus Dumbledore of mind-rape, but it is in the
bylaws that he is allowed to do what he did. Professor McGonagall can state that she was bringing
you here for safety reasons. The Weasley boy can claim that he was being a friend and holding your
items. As for Snape, well, if we have no proof, and with your memories gone...” he let it trail off there. He was upset that the boy had gone through so much in such a short time, but the laws were not on his side.

“One question, does my name being picked for this contest mean that I am an adult, even if I have no intentions of competing?” Harry asked. He had already known that everything else was a long shot.

“Yes, if you have access to all of your family holdings, then you were claimed by magic as to being of age. The goblins are correct you cannot be forced into a contract against your will. You can be tricked, so be very careful on what you sign, but if you had nothing to do with your name coming out of the Goblet then that contract is null for you. However, the person who entered your name might want to be wary,” Waters agreed, making more notes. “I will also remind you that someone could be trying to kill you by adding your name. You would do well to learn to protect yourself.”

“I am, I’m learning all I can,” Harry agreed, cursing the fact that he hadn’t really thought of that. ‘Was this what I was supposed to be listening for? It does make sense and I hadn’t realized it, not really’, he thought. ‘I’m going to have to add more security to my mindscape. Oh, maybe some photon torpedoes to shoot from my eyes. That would be cool,’ was another notion. “How does me being an adult effect my case?” he asked, still dreaming of shooting people from his eyes. Then again, maybe not something so fatal, unless necessary.

“Well, with you being an adult since Halloween, we can get a restraining order against Albus for preforming mind arts. But, since he didn’t know at the time, and you were an injured student, that is the best we can do,” he said quickly at the gleam in his client’s eyes.

The teen sighed, but nodded that he understood. “I still need to talk to a few people, but if I can get proof that Snape did something to aid my condition, then can we throw the book at him?”

“Oh definitely, that man is a menace to society, and I, for one, would be happy to see him thrown in Azkaban,” the lawyer said viciously. His grandson had wanted to be an Auror, but since he had been in Hufflepuff, he got low scores in his potion’s exam and was now being groomed to take over the family law firm. Which the boy hated, but had little recourse.

“What about Sirius’ case?’

“Right now there is a Kiss on Sight order for him. I can talk to him via his house elf, get his story and hand it over to the authorities, but Fudge can quash it without a problem. He doesn’t want to look bad and if the Head of an Ancient and Noble House was falsely accused… that would make him lose face in the eye of the public, even if it wasn’t his doing,” the lawyer explained as he put his papers together.

“Well damn, I’ll let him know and I’ll make sure to keep in touch with you via my house elf, Dobby,” Harry said, going over in his head how he was going to corner a ghost.

“Very well, let us go and talk to Madam Bones. Just remember she is a good woman and follows the law the best the Ministry will allow her. There are many things that bog down her job. Don’t take it out on her what politicians do. The law is not on your side with this,” Waters warned, already getting a feel for the boy’s hot temper.

“I’ll try,” was all Harry would agree to.

Waters waved his wand and dispersed the wards, Harry simply thought his away. They left the room and wandered back to the Headmaster’s office. No one was in the hallway, and they didn’t know the password for Mr. Waters to go and see if they were up there. Harry still refuse to go anywhere the
man might be. It was none of his damn business what he said to the cops, or his lawyer.

So Albert shot off a Patronus and ordered it to find Madam Bones, and let her know they were ready for her. The silvery fox flew through the wall on the opposite side of the gargoyle. The two men talked of how to make and use the Patronus, until a silvery cat came up to Mr. Waters and said, “We are in the Great Hall. Please, meet us there.”

They went there and saw Bones and Shacklebolt talking to the Slytherin House Ghost. Harry wondered if he was going to tell the whole truth this time as they made their way to the other end of the table. When Madam Bones finished, she came and sat with them, her Auror standing at her back. Harry gave her a much more abbreviated recount of the last week.

When he was done she sighed. “Well, like Mr. Waters I’m sure has already informed you, all of this is going to be hard to prove. You didn’t know Mr. Weasley was stealing your things, though we can take him in for questioning. I will warn you that even though they are poor, the pure-blood laws are on their side,” she said, taking her eye piece off and rubbing the red area.

“Can’t you just scare him straight? There’s a program in the States, where they take kids to the prison and have the prisoner frighten them into not committing crimes. I don’t know much about it. I only caught the gist from the news, but it might work,” Harry asked, not really liking this world very much and once again thought maybe he was just wasting his time here. Then he remembered what Sirius said and internally pouted.

“You don’t know much about Azkaban do you?” she inquired with a raised eyebrow.

“No, ma’am, I know very little about this world,” he admitted. “Only what my friends have told me since I got back.”

“There are creatures, demons really, that guard the island. They suck every bit of happiness out of you, leaving you with only your worse memories, and if you’re condemned they will take your soul. Do you really want to put young Mr. Weasley through something so horrific?” Amelia asked, hoping that he wasn’t that Dark. Albus had warned her that this boy was not the boy hero they knew before. He was much more argumentative and callous.

“No, I guess not, but there has to be something you can do. From what I know of the rest of the Weasley family, I don’t want the parents punished for the sins of the child. The twins said that if I died, or was never found, he was going to keep my stuff. That cloak, from what I’m told, has been in my family for hundreds of years. There has to be something in the laws about family heirlooms,” Harry said firmly, thinking that if the Aurors didn’t do anything, then he was going to take it into his own hands. With his grasp on magic, illusions shouldn’t be too hard.

“I can try and impress on how wrong stealing is. But, the only other recourse is to fine his parents,” she stated, writing a few ideas down on her pad.

“Right,” Harry said, folding his arms and slouching in his seat. Here was one more adult that can’t do anything.

“Mr. Potter, I would like nothing better than to throw the book at him, but my hands are tied with the pure-blood laws,” she said, looking at the sulking child.

“I know, I’m sorry, it’s just that I can’t seem to catch a break,” Harry said, sitting up and rubbing his hand over his weary face. Then he perked up. “Hey, what about the whole Boy-Who-Lived thing, or the fact that one of my friends says that the Potters were a very influential family, don’t those count?” he asked, hoping that it made some difference.
“You have not been reading the papers, have you?” she waited until he shook his head. “Right now you are considered a glory hound and a cheat. Your fame will do you no good. Had your father not married a Muggleborn, then you would be able to use your family name. But, as it is you are a half-blood, and have very little pull in the Ministry,” she stated with another sigh. Fudge had made that very clear when she informed him that she was coming here. It was only the fact that he was the Boy-Who-Lived and a Potter that all of this wasn’t buried.

“Well, fuck,” Harry said, once more slouching down.

“Watch your tongue, young man,” she snapped as his lawyer nudged him with an elbow.

“Sorry.”

“I will investigate all of this, including the part about Mr. Black, and get back to you on what I find. However, don’t get your hopes up that much will be done,” she said as she gathered her notes. “Perhaps some of this will put you in a better light with the public, and then you can use your pull. But for now…” she trailed off with a great deal of frustration lacing her tone. She gave him and small smile, which didn’t give him much hope, and with that she and Shacklebolt left the room.

“Don’t worry, Harry, I’ll do some digging on my own. Politics is a cutthroat game, which I play very well. I’ll make sure something is done. I know we can get a restraining order on Dumbledore, and I’ll try to get one on the Weasley kid,” Waters stated, giving the boy a pat on the arm and the getting his stuff together. “It is what you hired me for, after all.”

“We never did discuss fees,” Harry said, picking at the table.

“Your godfather is paying. He is the adult,” Waters said, waving it away and getting up from the table. “I’ll see myself out. Do try and stay out of trouble.” And he left, leaving Harry all alone in the room.

“Right, trouble,” the dark-haired amnesiac said as a wicked smile came across his face.
Harry’s POV

The rest of the week went by slowly as Harry finished his reading the books on Occlumency and his mum’s diary. He now had a completely functional Enterprise with a full mishmash crew. He stored his memories in the databank, knowing that magicals would have no idea how to use it. That and it had a passcode that only he knew. He was still getting used to Data and Spock talking to him about some of his harebrained schemes. His ideas in scaring Ron were far out there, and those two would poke holes in most of them, pointing out how he would be caught or could hurt others. It was a work in progress.

He now knew why his mum and Snape fallen out, and that later in life she saw him for the bastard he was. She found out he was a Death Eater after they graduated, which made Harry a bit more cautious around him. Hermione already explained what that meant when she told him about this last summer and some World Cup celebrations being interrupted by a few. His friends were also leery when he pointed out that the slimy man was one.

It was Neville that informed them that Dumbledore supported him at his trial, saying he was a spy for the Light. His Gran had told him that when she raved about a minion of Voldemort teaching at Hogwarts. She’s on the Board of Governors, but no matter how much she complained, the vile man still sat at the Staff Table. This tidbit of information made Harry dislike the old goat even more. He could understand getting an innocent man off, but to keep him in Hogwarts was beyond the pale. ‘And why was the same courtesy not given to Sirius? He had been in Dumbledore’s group of vigilantes, so why did he go to prison?’ those thought turned in his head making him trust Albus even less.

Most of his mum’s teenage entries were about his dad’s courtship, which was comical in how he kept trying to get her attention. The things his dad did were way over the top, like filling her room
with lilies… while she slept… which she happened to be allergic to. She had no clue as to how he did it but was not happy that a male teen found a way around the gender ward. She had woken with a full-body rash and a stuffed head. The symptoms went away fast, thanks to the nurse, but she was not a happy camper. Or the time he tried to give her an emerald necklace… when she was thirteen… after he had picked on her friend ‘Sev’. She had informed him that he was a bully, that she couldn’t be bought, and threw it back in his face.

Harry, even with the diary, had no idea how they finally came to be a couple. One day they were arguing and the next moment they were snogging. It made no sense. There were only a few entries after they married, but he did know his first word was ‘Mum’, which had made her ecstatic. He knew she was researching on way to keep him alive, but the diary didn’t go into detail. More like entries that said, ‘I think I’ve found a way, but I need to do more research,’ or ‘Blast it, that won’t work. I need another book.’ Still it made Harry feel loved that his mum was going through so much trouble just for him.

He also learned that there was a prophecy, and that Dumbledore believed it to be him or Neville. The Supreme Mugwump had been paying very close attention to both families. Not close enough in Harry’s books, since both sets of parents were taken out of the picture. He wondered if that was the plan all along. He really hoped not, because as much as he disliked the old goat, he didn’t want to think him evil enough for that. He really needed to get moving on all the things he needed to get done and get the bloody hell out of this place. As soon as he found out what had happened that night, he was gone.

He had yet to corner the bloody ghost and was getting frustrated at the apparition’s cunning. Every time he even looked the blasted thing, it would float through a wall. He was working on a ward to capture it. So far, the one he created needed the spirit to be within sight distance, and the only time he caught a glimpse of him was in the Great Hall. He did have to applaud the ghost being very Slytherin in avoiding him.

The restraining orders did come and the two people they applied to were very upset with him, but that little piece of paper kept them from confronting him, so far. He could see the redheaded teenager was going to get in his face soon, but he really didn’t care as long as he stayed away from his stuff, which he still kept around his neck.

He did talk to Mr. Weasley, who was very apologetic and thankful that Harry didn’t push further. He explained that his family was very poor and would not be able to afford the fine. The man was kind and Harry could see how the old him would think of him as a father figure, but the new him thought Mr. Weasley needed to take a firmer hand with his son. The adult redhead would go on and on about how it was a huge misunderstanding and that Ron was a good kid. Finally, Harry just smiled and said ‘okay’ and the whole subject was dropped— between them.

Arthur did tell him about all the times the teen had spent with his family and how our hero saved Ginny’s life. There was a debt between them, but Harry needed to study about that before he could use it. The bit about Ron and the twins ‘saving’ him from a locked and barred room was a disconcerting. He would have to ask the lookalikes more about that.

He read the books on Magical Theory that he had retrieved from the library vault, and now understood why his mum kept them there. Some of them were ancient; one was even written by Gryffindor and another by Merlin. She must have spent a fortune on them, or they were from the Potter Library to begin with.

Thanks to his new usage of magic, he was able to translate them to modern English with just a thought. It didn’t change the book and lower the value, just imposed the image of the language he
wanted over the original text. The newer ones were discarded as useless, since they all said that magic could not be done without a wand, which Harry knew was complete bullshit. The older ones were taken with a grain of salt, since they cautioned that tampering with new magic was dangerous, even Godric’s stated that.

Only Merlin’s was read with fervor, since it was more in line with how Harry did magic. The great wizard did write that magic can cause more trouble than help if not used wisely. He made sure to put in many examples of the times he messed up trying to save King Arthur. Some were humorous, others were tragic. *That* Harry paid attention to.

**Hphphp**

Now it was the weekend and Hermione and Luna were taking him shopping. He really needed new clothes. The stuff he shrunk and repaired were okay, but they didn’t fit the new him. The clothes in his trunk were truly horrid, and they once again made him wonder about his childhood. Still newer things would be nice, so he put himself into their hands, and then flinched at the wicked smiles that played on their faces.

Saturday came bright and early, albeit chilly, and our group was in the Great Hall eating breakfast.

“So, Harry, you’re going to let two girls pick out your wardrobe, good on you,” Katie said with an amused smile as she patted his back. This caused many of the females around her to giggle, while the male population gave him sympathetic looks.

“Well, I really don’t know fashion, so why not?” he answered as he took a sip of juice.

“I’ve got your back, Harry,” Neville said with a shake of his head at the poor boy, who didn’t seem to understand just what he had gotten into. The sandy-haired teen had been dragged into shopping with his gran, who was a strict person, but she did love to dress him up. Neville hated those days.

“Ummm, thanks?” Harry said questioningly as he finished off his eggs.

The two girls were bouncing in their seats, raring to go. “How much of a budget are we looking at?” Hermione asked with a gleam in her eyes.

“Well, I have about two thousand Galleons on me,” our foolish hero said without care, and then cringed when the girls squealed loudly as they clapped their hands and jiggled in their seats, making the whole table look their way, especially the males. “I take it that’ll be enough?” was his innocent question.

“We could do three wardrobes with that kind of money,” Luna confirmed, going over in her head the things she wanted to make him try on. “Don’t forget you need dress robes, if you didn’t bring one already,” she added with a vague air.

“Why?” he asked, turning back to his sausage. He thought back and remembered there was a set of dark green dress robes in his trunk, but they were a bit posh for his taste.

“I really don’t know, but I would say there is going to be a dance of some sort,” she predicted logically.

“Oh, if there is, do you two lovely ladies want to be my dates? As friends, mind you,” he asked his two female friends.

“Don’t you want to ask Cho?” the little blonde asked, knowing that the old Harry had a crush on her.
‘Who’s Cho?’ he asked, looking at his favorite blonde.

Luna pointed to a girl of Chinese descent and Harry roamed his eyes over her face and what he could see of her body. While she was a looker, he didn’t like the superior attitude she seemed to exude, as if she was head of the pack of girls she was talking to. He then shrugged and turned back to his two girls. ‘I’m not impressed,’ he said. ‘So, shall we?’

‘I’m not sure if you can have two dates,’ Hermione said thoughtfully as she beamed a smile at him for not leaving her out.

Harry just shrugged and said, ‘I don’t see why not. The female population slightly outweighs the male. So, I don’t think it will be a problem.’

“Well, if it is okay, then I, for one, would be happy to,” she said.

“Oh, I don’t think it will be an issue, like Harry said,” the little blonde said as she too gave her acceptance.

“Great, we’ll get formal wear that matches today. On me,” Harry said, and then winced when they squealed again.

“Harry, what about the dresses we brought? I mean, isn’t this a bit frivolous?” Hermione asked, biting her lip. The dress she had brought was pretty, and while she was more than happy to have two, she just didn’t like wasting money, but then again...

“Don’t worry, I’m loaded. I think I can spring for one or two dress robes,” he said, waving her away.

“Flaunting your money again, Potter? Is that the only way you can get a date?” Ron sneered from behind the dark-haired teen, who cursed himself for not making the boy part of his proximity ward.

‘Shields up. Add this person to the alert, Mr. Data,’ Picard said in his mind. And the Yellow Alert blared. ‘Yeah, thanks, Captain,’ he thought snidely as he lowered the loud noise in his head. He was really going to have to scare this boy away somehow. ‘Oh, maybe I can have Worf appear in his head… nay that’s too much like playing with someone’s mind. But, I could do a hologram of the Klingon to scare him, hmmm,’ he thought, going over the ramifications as Spock and Data debated them in his brain.

“Someone, please, explain to the fool behind me, that he can’t talk to me,” he said aloud as he bit into a piece of toast.

“Ron, Harry has a restraining order against you coming within thirty feet of him, except in class, and even then, you have to be ten feet away,” Hermione explained carefully. “Not that Harry attends class,” she grumbled under her breath.

She was still conflicted about the whole thing. She just couldn’t wrap her mind around the fact that her friend would steal from her other friend. Nothing Ron ever did indicated that he could, but the twins were very adamant in saying that he told them that he was going to keep the stuff he was holding if Harry never returned. She was just thankful that Harry said he would not dictate who she hung around with, though she stayed away from Ron for now.

“Shut it, Granger, you’re a traitor and have no say in anything,” Ron snarled with a look of loathing and betrayal. Yeah, he was hurt that she took Potter’s side. He thought for sure that she would remain neutral, like she always did. But now he couldn’t stand to look at her.

Hermione hung her head and tears formed in her eyes. Luna patted her back and glared at the
youngest Weasley boy. Neville stood to push Ron away. Harry just ate his breakfast, all the while thinking that Ron would look good as a skunk.

Suddenly there was a great deal of chaos as the whole student body ran from the Great Hall when the smell of said animal radiated from the redhead. His skin, and hair, took on a black hue with a great white streak down his back. The poor kid passed out as the odor overwhelmed him and Poppy, in a Bubblehead Charm, ran to see if he was okay.

Everyone was pissed; many were expelling their breakfast in corners. Bubblehead Charms were everywhere, with older students help the younger ones. They now had to go shower and change for Hogsmeade, and a great deal of them were contemplating if their clothes needed to be burned.

Harry realized that this was one of those times when magic should have been used more cautiously. He hadn’t meant to do that; all he wanted to do was change Ron’s features. He must have overpowered it. He was thinking away the smell when…

“Mr. Potter,” McGonagall all but yelled as she stormed up to the boy in question. “What did you do to Mr. Weasley?” she demanded, looking over her glasses. After the way the child had shunned her, and the restraining order against Albus, she had very little positive emotions for the boy hero. She would be damned if he got away with this.

“Me? I didn’t even talk to him. All I did was finish my breakfast. Why are you accusing me?” he asked indignantly. “He’s the one who broke the restraining order. What are you going to do about that?” he asked, folding his arms.

“You really cannot expect him to keep his distance in the same room as you. Now, I know you had something to do with this,” she insisted, holding out her hand. “Give me your wand.”

Harry shrugged and pulled it out and handed it over. The last thing he used it for was to fix the Shrieking Shack. Now that he knew he could do magic without it, it stayed mostly in his pocket.

McGonagall cast the spell and saw a repairing charms, the likes of which she had never seen before, however it was not a transfiguration spell, so the boy was clean. This time. “Very well,” she sighed, handing him back his wand. “I apologize for falsely accusing you,” she added blandly, holding out her hand for the other three teens’ wands. She found nothing to hold them and waved them away. She then sought the Weasley twins.

“Come on, let’s get changed,” Harry said to his friends, completely dismissing the old biddy. Hermione was satisfied with McGonagall’s finding and didn’t question Harry. Luna, on the other hand, knew he could do magic with a thought, so she glaring at him once, and then broke out into giggles. Neville had no clue if the other boy did anything. Harry just kept his face calm and laughed hysterically in his head.

The showers were full when they got to the tower, which anyone who knew about skunks could’ve told them wouldn’t do any good. But there were some older years using Cleansing Charms to rid others of the smell. They had to go over a person three times, but it was working. Someone got the bright idea on using tomato juice, which helped those showering a lot.

House elves were popping in using their own brand of magic to help where they could. They were the ones who charmed the showers, half with tomato juice and half with water. It was going to take at least the day to fumigate the castle. It took about a few hours for everyone to be sorted, but the stink lingered in the air, making the younger years hurry outside, and the older students make their way to the carriages.
As their carriage neared the village, Harry had to admit it had charm. Even though he’d seen it once before, looking at it from this angle made it look like a picture postcard. As soon as they made it to the town, the two girls dragged him to the nearest clothes store, Tylor’s Threads, and went immediately to the man at the counter for help.

“Our friend here needs a whole new wardrobe,” Hermione stated, indicating Harry with a big smile. “Oh, and we need matching formal wear,” she added as an afterthought.

“Does he now? Well, I’m Tylor Ruston, this is my store, I will be more than happy to assist,” the owner stated, running his eyes up and down the fidgeting dark-haired teen. He knew this was the Boy-Who-Lived and wanted to make the sale. Even though the boy hero was being vilified right now, that would pass as it did a few years ago when it was thought he was the Heir of Slytherin. This could up his sales if he could get them to spend their money here.

“Yes, he does,” she confirmed, and then introduced everyone as she looked over the store. She saw racks of clothes and pointed to them. “We would like to see what you have on the rack, after you take his measurements,” the bushy-haired witch said with a great deal of excitement. Even though she was a bookworm, she did love shopping.

First, they got their dress robes, and each got suits, or gowns, for underneath. They would wear their robes open, so the girls could show off their dresses. Neville offered to take Hermione if they didn’t allow for Harry to have two dates, so they made sure the four of them coordinated. Since the robes were simple, he shouldn’t have a problem adjusting them if he had to find a new date. That and he still had the set his gran sent with him.

They then spent the next hour dressing Harry in the most outrageous and outdated clothes. Many of which made the quartet break out in gales of laughter. Neville spent more time in his mirth then having Harry’s back. Traitor. Now Harry knew why everyone was giving him weird looks when he told them that he was letting girls do his shopping. They were a nightmare.

Wizards really had no clue as to how non-magicals dressed. Our hero was getting irritated, as was Hermione. Though, they both had quite a few giggling fits, like when Harry came out of the changing room looking like a flowerchild. His bellbottom pants and flowery peasant shirt made him look absolutely ridiculous. He conjured some dark round glasses, a few beaded necklaces, and a leather headband to complete the image. It was a good thing that Hermione was laughing so hard that she didn’t pay attention. Luna and Neville didn’t understand why they were laughing, not even when the bookworm explained it to them. They thought Harry looked nice, especially Luna.

“We’re not going to get what I want here. Let’s go to London and see what’s there,” the dark-haired teen boy said as he put the last outfit in the discard pile. Hermione protested, and Luna sighed, but they both agreed that they wouldn’t find any good clothes here, so they nodded their head.

“We’ll hit the other stores first, and then we’ll see if we can’t get permission to go to London,” Hermione compromised as she put another shirt in the discard pile.

Harry just shrugged. He could probably get all of this and transform it into the clothes he wanted, but where was the fun in that? That and he’d have to explain how he did it.

The owner, seeing money and prestige slip away, ran in front of the door, and held out his hands to stop them. “Wait! Please! What are you looking for? I can create anything you want,” he all but begged. “Perhaps, I’ll even put your name on it. At the very least say you had a hand in the creations. I’ll give you a discount. Please, give me a chance.” There was no way he was letting the greatest sale he ever had escape.
Harry went to the place where they put the clothes he had tried on, picked up some discarded bellbottoms and took out his tricorder and waved it over them. Soon he had in his hands more stylish blue jeans. “This is what most teenage non-magicals wear. See how the waist is lower and the legs are formed to fit? I also made the material much lighter in weight.” He handed them to the pleading man, who examined them closely.

The tailor nodded and went to the fabric hanging on the wall. He grabbed some of the denim and started working his magic. Soon enough there were five sets of jeans in black and dark blue ready for Harry to try on. They fit, and he and the girls were happy. Neville didn’t care either way, but he also tried on the new style. They spent another hour going over modern fashion with the tailor and left with a huge wardrobe, spending over five hundred Galleons, even with the discount the man gave them.

Harry was dressed in dark blue jeans, a light blue button-up shirt, and a black pullover jumper with a picture of a grey Grim running around on the front. He made sure to think one of his pants pockets into a TARDIS one. Harry took out his wand, shrunk the bags the girls said the boys had to carry, and then put them in said pocket, when the girls weren’t looking. When they asked where the bags were, he told them the truth, mostly. That he shrunk them and put them in his pocket.

Neville just lifted an eyebrow and shrugged. He just hoped Harry would teach him that, after all the boy had promised.

The others were also decked out in more modern clothes, which accented the girls’ figures nicely. This made many of the female students make a beeline for the store, which already housed a sign that stated they had creations designed by Harry Potter. Harry would get his lawyer to see about the profits. Right now, he had a verbal agreement with Mr. Ruston, but he’d like it on paper.

As they walked down the street, Harry pouted. He really wanted to go to London and get some non-magical reading material. However, his magic was a secret, so he couldn’t just wink out and leave his friends behind. He also couldn’t drag them with him via other travel methods, because Hermione was still hung up on authority. Perhaps, he’d sneak off tomorrow and go alone, or take Sirius with him as a dog. He still needed to berate the man anyway.

They had a small run-in with Ron, who still exuded stink and was discolored, though Madam Pomfrey lessened it some. She got his hair the right ginger color, which made the black and white skin all the more noticeable.

Harry drew his wand, and threw bubbles around his friends, when his alert sounded, to ward off the smell, for which they were very thankful. He was laughing so hard that he was bent over and couldn’t catch his breath. They all wondered how the redhead got out of Pomfrey’s care while still jinxed.

“I know you did this to me, Potter. Undo it now, or I will get my revenge,” the redhead snarled, angry that he was being treated like … well, a skunk. And he was sure it had been Harry that made him this way, even though he had to admit he didn’t see him do anything. The nurse said there was nothing she could do and that he needed to find the person who cursed him. So, he snuck out, when she went to her office, and looked for the boy-wonder.

“Thanks, Red, I didn’t think you thought so highly of me?” Harry beamed, after he pulled himself together.

“What?” Ron sputtered.

“I wasn’t even looking at you, so how did I do this great feat of magic without my tricorder or eye to
eye contact?” the dark-haired wizard asked with a smirk. “You must think I’m the next Merlin.”

“What is a tricorder? Never mind. You had to have used Dark Magic,” the other boy accused, pointing his finger at the boy hero.

“Oh, Ron,” Hermione said with a sad shake of her head. “McGonagall cleared him of wrongdoing. If anything, it had to have been an upper year. Harry doesn’t even remember many spells. Now you should move along before an Auror sees you,” she added with a shooing motion. Even though they pulled the Dementors, the Ministry didn’t trust Black, so the DMLE patrolled on Hogsmeade weekends.

“When you see ‘em, tell them I’m available,” Ron called as he and his friend left.

“Piss off, Granger,” he snarled, looking menacing with his coloring—like a demented figure of Death.

“Fuck off, Weasley,” Harry growled back, getting ready to hurt the boy.

“I’ll get you back, Potter. I was going to forgive you for cheating, but now I don’t think I will,” the Weasley boy stated as he moved away, catching sight of an Auror out of the corner of his eye and storming off. People scurried away from him as he approached, making Ron more inclined to get some payback.

Harry just scoffed, circled his wand, dropped the bubbles and canceled the jinx, not that Ron would know that for a while. Hermione gave him a curious look, wondering where he learned the magic he was doing, then brushed it off as something Luna, or the twins, must have taught him. The quartet then continued their day. They hit Honeydukes and the amnesiac rediscovered wizarding treats. He spent over seventy-five Galleons in that store alone. When he shoved it all in his TARDIS pocket, Hermione bombarded him with questions.

“How did you do that? Those are new jeans. Did you ask the tailor? Will he do it for me?” she rattled off, bouncing on her toes.

“Oh this, well, you see, it was sorta an accident. I just wanted a bigger pocket and there it was,” he fabricated, mostly. It was true, but not completely.

The bushy-haired girl deflated, passing it off as accidental magic, but then she got a glint in her eyes that said ‘research’. Luna snickered, and Neville just shrugged. Harry smiled, and they went on their way. Zonko’s, in Harry’s eyes, was a joke, no pun intended. He could do all this stuff without the trinkets they sold here, though it did give him some wicked ideas for that Ron kid.

They had a late lunch at The Three Broomsticks, and Harry marveled at the taste of butterbeer. The rest of the day was kind of boring. There really weren’t any more interesting stores, but the teens did stock up on school supplies, and then walked back to the castle.

“I wonder what happened to the Shrieking Shack,” Hermione commented when she didn’t see the house as they passed the area it stood.

“What is the Shrieking Shack?” Harry asked, playing it off, but happy his ward worked.

“It is the most haunted house in all of Scotland,” Neville informed him, before the know-it-all could. “The villagers say that there were some really scary noises that came from it during the full moons. They were convinced that the ghost of a werewolf resided there.”

“Were?” the dark-haired teen asked. “And isn’t Hogwarts technically haunted?”

“The noises stopped a little while back, it’s said that the place still groans and creaks,” the sandy-
haired boy replied. “And yeah, but the Hogwarts Ghosts couldn’t scare a fly, well maybe the Bloody Baron.”

Hermione held her tongue; she knew that Professor Lupin used the place for his transformation when he was at Hogwarts. Last year there were no such noises, only because the professor took the Wolfbane potion. Well, maybe the one night, but that was more in the forest. She would have to explain that to Harry.

“Maybe it was a real werewolf there and they moved on, or it could mean the house was about to fall down?” Harry stated, once more thinking that logic need not apply to wizards.

“Magic is used to keep most houses standing,” Luna offered, from her place under Harry’s arm. “Even the oldest magical house doesn’t make much noise.”

“I guess that makes sense.”

“Still I wonder where it went,” Hermione reiterated.

“Maybe the old man hid it, so kids would stay away,” Harry offered.

“Perhaps.”

They moved on and went to the castle. Harry went to his room, took off his trunk, pulled his bags out of his TARDIS pocket and put his new clothes away. He jotted a quick letter to Mr. Waters about the clothes, sent it off with Hedwig— who finally decided she was safe with the new Harry—and then joined his friends and they went to dinner.

Harry wasn’t able to sneak away until Monday, so he entertained himself and his friends with what he had read in the newer Magical Theory books. Hermione wanted to read them, but he said they were priceless, but he would try to find a way to copy some for her. He did pass Merlin’s to Neville on the sly, thinking that it might make his job easier to get the guy to do ‘thought magic’. If Neville listened to anyone, it would be the great mage.

Chapter End Notes

According to my research there are no skunks in Europe, but I’m sure they at least know about them.

I have the first 46 chapters done. I’m editing them and filling in some of the plot holes, but when those are posted updates will be further in between.
A Day With Sirius

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all the support you have given me, it truly does help me get in front of my laptop and work harder.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Harry’s POV

Monday came, and all his friends went to class. So Harry made his way to the Shrieking Shack. He went down the tunnel and past the wards, which reminded him the still needed to research those. He decided to scare his godfather, so he ‘poofed’ to the living room. The man in question startled so badly that he fell off the couch.

“What the hell was that? It wasn’t Apparation, it doesn’t make that ‘Bampf’ sound or have blue smoke,” the dogman said when he realized it was Harry as he hauled himself up and dusted off his pants.

“It is my own form of travel,” the teen said with a shrug. “I got it out of a comic book. I call it poofing.” he added thoughtfully. He never heard what sound it made, so he was going to stick with ‘poof’. He did note that he might want to get it to where there was no blue smoke or ‘Bampf’. One couldn’t sneak up on people if there was a sound and smoke.

‘Put that in the databank, Mr. Spock, and see what can be done,’ Picard ordered, making Harry’s eye twitch again. He was still getting used to hearing his crew and was starting to think that he might be a bit peculiar. Still, it was awesome to have a mind that ran like his. He could hear what was going on and give suggestions when he needed something done.

“Can you teach me?” Sirius asked with a hopeful gleam in his eyes.

Harry thought about it, he was pretty sure you had to have a greater grasp on your magic than most wizards had. “Can you do magic without a wand?” he asked optimistically. He wouldn’t mind teaching him. It would give him something to do.

“No, I can only turn into my Animagus form without one,” was the sullen answer as Sirius’s shoulders sank in defeat.

“Perhaps that’s enough, but you might need to get a better understanding of your core first,” the messy-haired teen sighed. “I have a book that I can lend you, after a friend is done reading it, that might help,” he offered, thinking about Merlin’s book. He’d have to see if it helped the shy boy first. He hoped the older man wasn’t too hard to teach but knowing that Black had learned magic since he was a baby, it was possible that he couldn’t relearn how to do ‘thought magic’.

“Well, alright,” the older man said with a bit of a grumble. He thought he was through studying, but if it could let him do magic like Harry, well he’d give it a go. “What are your plans for today, pup?” he asked, changing the subject for now.

“Please, don’t call me that,” Harry whinged. He really didn’t like pet names, unless it was from the
lips of good looking birds, like Luna or Hermione. Or come to think of it, any of the females he had met so far could call him anything they wanted. If they kept it to how handsome and rebellious he was now.

“Why? It never bothered you before,” a confused Sirius asked. He had always call Harry ‘pup’ or ‘prongslet’. The kid never complained in the past, but then again, he hadn’t called him that since he broke out of Azkaban, barring a few letters. Still Harry never wrote him that he disliked the name.

“It is too much like ‘boy’, and for some reason I loathe that moniker. I think it has something to do with my past, but I don’t remember,” was the explanation. Did all adults used derogatory pet names; my boy, idiot child, foolish boy, pup? They were all depictions of a small child, and the only type he had heard from an adult since he had been back. He was almost of age and a legal adult, dammit, and he needed these people to quit treating him like he was still a baby. Even the twins used Harrykins, which he didn’t overly mind. Then again, what did it matter when he was planning on leaving as soon as he figured out what happened.

How the hell did his former self put up with all this bullshit? According to Hermione he never complained about the mistreatment from the student body during his first and second year. How could he keep shite like that to himself? He knew that if that happened to him now, he would have no problem telling the professors to do their damn job, or better yet, giving back as good as he got.

“Oh, I guess I can see that, so I’ll try,” Sirius promised with a sad nod. He was beginning to realize that he wasn’t going to be able to pick up from where he left off all those years ago. This teen before him was independent and would not like to be coddled. That made him a bit melancholy, because he wanted to be the adult in the boy’s life. However, now he could see that he was going to have to take the role of an adult friend or mentor. He berated himself for putting revenge over the safety of his godson. He missed so much of Harry’s life, and now he may never know what happened in those years.

“Anyway, I’m going to London. Do you want to come with?” the teen asked as he stood, breaking Sirius from his morose thoughts.

“I’m still a wanted man,” the fugitive pointed out, slumping his shoulders and remaining in his seat.

“That didn’t stop you from sneaking into the castle and turning Snape into an Oompa Loompa,” our hero snarled, still upset that the man was so foolish. Yeah it was funny, still it was a great risk. “You’re lucky I figured out it was you and erected a ward around this place,” he said, folding his arms and glaring at the unrepentant dogman. “I don’t understand how you could be so fucking reckless. Didn’t your time in Azkaban teach you anything?”

“Low blow, Harry,” his godfather stated with sad puppy dog eyes. Then he perked up remembering how Snivellus looked. “Besides, it was funny. He looked great, all tall with orange skin and green hair. It really set off his huge nose,” he laughed, until he saw that Harry didn’t think so. He sobered and got a firm look on his face. “Moreover, he needed to know that I am watching him. I’m positive that he had something to do with your condition.” He too stood and the two stared at one another for about five minutes, until the older man sighed, seeing he wasn’t going to win this one. “Okay, fine, I was irresponsible. I won’t do it again,” he promised. He really couldn’t now that Snape knew his Animagus form. He just hoped the Potions Master was too embarrassed to let that tidbit out.

“Well, good,” Harry said. Sirius should have left it to him. He had had plans to get the slimy man to talk, but with that stunt he would have to be more careful.

“How did it go with the DMLE?” Sirius asked, trying to get the negative attention off of his
thoughtlessness. “I saw them pass by here the other day.”

“Pretty much like you predicted,” the teen said with a sigh, still angry that the backwater, pure-blood laws prevented him from justice. “Thanks for contacting Waters that was helpful. I did get restraining orders on the old man and the Weasley kid.”

“You’re welcome. It was the least I could do,” his godfather said, glad that he had finally done something right. “Are they complying?” he asked, thinking that a bit of paper might not do much. If he knew Albus, that conniving old man would find his way around it.

“Well the old coot is, but that Ron kid doesn’t seem to understand what’s what,” he said with a snarl. “I showed him, though,” he said with a smile and proceeded to tell the older prankster about the whole skunk incident.

The two shared a bout of laughter over the poor redhead’s plight, and then the older man sobered when he realized what Harry had said. He did it without a wand or incantation. “Wow, your control of magic is that strong?” Sirius asked in wonder. He knew the kid was powerful, but to turn someone partially into an animal that he had never seen, complete with smell, sans wand, was beyond what he imagined. The best he could do as a teen was change someone’s coloring and hair.

“Sure, but remember you promised not to tell anyone” Harry reminded him with a jab of his finger. “I won’t,” the older man reiterated, vowing to himself that he wasn’t going to let his godson down.

“Right, are you coming or not?” he really didn’t want to talk about his powers. Not with an adult, at least not yet. Sirius hadn’t proved himself all the way, that and he seemed to still be suffering from his time in Azkaban if his depressed mood was any indication. He wasn’t entirely sure his godfather was stable. He really hoped that the older man would keep all of this to himself. So far he showed that he was a careless Gryffindor. Just jumping in things and not thinking about the consequences. The spell he had put on him would remind Sirius that he did make a promise, so maybe that would help.

“Sure, but I’ll have to go as Padfoot,” was the reluctant answer. He really wanted to get out of the house, but hated the fact that he wouldn’t be able to talk to his godson. Still, time well spent and all.

“Or I could disguise you,” our hero offered nonchalantly with a negligent wave of his hand. This would be a new bit of magic for him, but after what he had done to Ron, he was pretty sure he could pull it off.

“Really? How?” that perked the man up. It would be great to spend time with Harry. They could do so many things in London. With the kid having no memory, there were a great many things he could show him.

Harry waved his tricorder up and down his godfather’s body, wanting the extra boost it gave his spells. He thought hard on what he wanted, and the man changed right before of his eyes. Sirius now looked like a teenage version of himself. He appeared to be eighteen with long dark hair, grey eyes and a lanky build. Another wave and he was dressed in more modern clothing; tight jeans and a clean t-shirt with a grey and black jumper.

“This is great, how long will it last?” the glamored man asked excitedly. If he could just get Harry to trust him more, he could learn to do this himself then he wouldn’t have to hide all the time.

“Until I release it,” the dark-haired teen said, giving his godfather a weird look. “Why? How long do most glamors last?”
“Well, spells like I did to Snape can last up to a week, but stuff like this will stay around for about an hour. Same with Polyjuice,” Sirius said, looking in the mirror over the fireplace. He put his fingers to his face and poked it. It was so real. Not like regular glamors that only imposed an image. This truly changed his entire body. He was for all intent and purposes a teenager.

“What is Polyjuice?”

“It’s a potion that lets you take on the appearance of another person for an hour,” the now teenage looking man explained. “It is a real vile concoction and you have to have a piece of the person you’re impersonating, like hair or skin.” He gave a full-body shudder.

“That sounds absolutely gross. How, the bloody hell, do you keep someone from impersonating other people if you have so many ways of changing your appearance?” Harry asked, thinking that someone could break it to the bank that way. How the hell did organizations know they were talking to the real person? All someone had to do was mimic a CEO and they could get all of the businesses’ secrets. What other crimes could be committed just by using this potion? The things that could be done with it were endless, and few of them good… maybe spying, but even that could be used against you. He could imagine the chaos that one could do in the non-magical world, why they could become rich without hardly trying.

He had a tickling feeling that he had used it before, but the memory faded quickly. He’d have to ask Hermione about it.

“Well, there are spells that will tell you if someone is glamored. We used security questions during the war, to make sure there were no Polyjuiced spies. Gringotts has its own security, I don’t know what, but they have only been broken into once that I know of,” Sirius said in a lecturing tone. “Plus, like I said most only last an hour,” he added, still looking at his youthful face.

“Alright, well this one will last until I disperse it, so we should be good to go,” Harry said, shaking off his thoughts and coming up to the older man, getting his attention away from the mirror. “Let’s get to London, yeah?”

“How are we going to get there? I can Apparate us, or we can get the Knight Bus,” Sirius suggested, finally breaking away from his image.

“I was going to poof us there, but if you want, you can show me what Apparation is,” the teen said with a shrug. It didn’t matter to him either way.

“How about I take us, and then you can bring us back?” was the reply. He really wanted to see the difference. He wondered if the Death Eaters had a similar form of travel, since they liked to create black smoke when they appeared. It made them appear more dangerous. However, there was still a ‘crack’ sound when they came, so perhaps not.

“Sure,” Harry agreed, hoping the wizard form of travel was as smooth as his.

“Grab my arm and close your eyes,” Sirius instructed as he held his arm out.

Harry did as bid and then got the sensation of being sucked through a narrow straw. It felt like parts of his body were about to be torn off. He made sure to concentrate really hard on keeping his bits in place. Being a teen, the last thing he wanted was to lose his manhood. When they arrived, he threw up his breakfast. “God, that was awful,” he said when he was done. He stood and glared at the unapologetic man.

“I take it your ‘poofing’ isn’t anything like that?” Sirius asked with a quirked eyebrow.
“God, no.”

“Then I can’t wait to try it,” the now teen said eagerly.

“Right, let’s get this show on the road,” Harry sighed as he looked around the alley.

“First we have to get some money,” the godfather said, bouncing on his toes. He really wanted to go to the bank and see if the goblins could see through this glamor. He wasn’t worried they would turn him in. They were mostly neutral about him. Probably, because he had used their services many times in the last year, well, that and he was big account.

“Right, where are we?” Harry asked, not recognizing the alley they were in, not that most alleys looked different, but there were subtle things that one could see to tell them apart. Like the placement of rubbish tips, and where the doors stood.

“Oh, right, well we’re near Kings Cross, so we have a bit of a walk,” the dogman said as he made his way to the mouth of the alley.

“You couldn’t get us closer?” the teen whinged as he followed. Not that he had anything against walking, but he didn’t want to spend all day in London.

“This is the only alley I know,” Sirius defended himself. It was the one he and the Potters used whenever Lily wanted to get out of the house. They spent many days in London, just getting away from the war. Lily wanted them to be educated on the city in case they ever had to hide here. That and his old flat wasn’t far. “Besides, a bit of walk will do you good. If you use magic to move around, you get fat and lazy.”

“Fine,” Harry said mulishly. “I’ll show you a better place to appear. It’s closer to the Leaky Cauldron,” he offered as they made it to the streets. Being a weekday, it wasn’t that busy, so they made good time. Harry showed Sirius where he slept and what businesses were nice to him when he had been living here. Sirius showed Harry what sites there were; where a good place to eat was, and the few places that were still around from when he dwelled here.

The two made their way to Gringotts, and Sirius was not recognized by the goblins. He was speechless, if Harry could teach him this magic, he could go anywhere. Of course, he didn’t ask to see his accounts, or try and get money from the teller.

Money was exchanged, and they went back to the city proper. They spent a good part of the day in bookstores and touring the sites. Harry had to admit he had a good time. Sirius was a funny and happy guy, when he wasn’t depressed. He did pick up some wicked books at a Wiccan store that focused on ritual magic and tuning yourself with nature. He figured if he could use ambient magic as well as his core, well he’d be more unstoppable than he was now. Mostly though, he bought ones on meditation.

Thanks to Luna’s advice, and Mr. Waters’ warning, he realized that there was someone in the castle that put his name in the cup. He was already going over security with Worf in his head. However, from what he had been told of this Voldemort person, he would need to be more powerful, hence the books. He reckoned it was a good thing that he was a mostly moral person, or he would attempt to rule the world. But who wanted that headache?

He also found some self-defense books that he wanted to learn in case Mr. Waters and the goblins were wrong and he lost his magic. He didn’t think it would happen, he was really in tune with his core, but why take the chance? Now that he had these books, if the worst happened he could still defend himself.
After five hours of roaming the city, Harry ‘poofed’ them back to the Shrieking Shack.

“That was really smooth,” Sirius commented when they appeared in a cloud of blue smoke. “I hope that book helps me learn this magic.”

“I’m sure it will. Barring what you did to Snape, you seem like an intelligent man,” Harry encouraged. He really wanted this man to be able to protect himself, if not for the fact that he was his godfather, then for the fact that a great injustice had been carried out on his person. He hoped that when Sirius was acquitted they could do something about that Fudge guy. It had to be illegal to put a Kiss on Sight order out for someone who never had a trial.

“Hey, I wanted to tell you that I have a house that we can hide in over the summer, if you don’t want to go back to the Dursleys,” the dogman said as if just remembering. He didn’t really want to go to his childhood home, but it was the only Black house that wasn’t occupied. “It probably needs some work, because it’s been standing empty for a while, but with your magic and the elves’ help, it should be easy to clean.” He wondered if Kreacher were still about, but he wasn’t going to call the demented elf to find out.

“Let me think about it. I want to try and to go to the non-magical part of London and get a flat. I could do the reverse on what I did to you today and make myself older. Plus, I can shield that just as easily. You’re welcome to join me, as long as you don’t try and run my life,” Harry said, thinking over some plans to leave. He still had to find out how he lost his memory, talk to the bloody ghost and scare that Ron kid. That and the library was full of things he would never think of, like household spells and defensive magic. He wondered if he could use his invisibility to get into the restricted section. It was something he would try here soon. However, if he could glamor his godfather, he saw no reason why he couldn’t do it to himself to look older. Speaking of which, “Do you want me to drop the glamor?” he asked.

“Merlin, no. I want to be able to walk the streets. It’s not like I’m a real teen and have to go through puberty. No, leave it on,” Sirius said excitedly. He was ecstatic, not even Dumbledore could fault him wanting his freedom. He could even go and talk to Waters about getting cleared. His memories were intact and he could show them to the lawyer, and hopefully obtain a trial. They would have to do some heavy politicking, but he now had hope. Unlike Harry, he was a pure-blood, so the laws were on his side. All he had to do was get around that idiot Fudge.

“Right,” Harry said with a nod. He could see the man’s point of view. He searched his brain for something to talk about, and then remember his talk with the twins’ father. “Hey, I was talking to Mr. Weasley and he told me that there was a life debt between me and Ginny. What does that mean exactly? I mean, I don’t want to have to marry the girl. I don’t even know her.” That was one Weasley that had kept her distance, though every time he looked at her she was staring at him with cow-eyes. It was almost flattering. Almost.

“To put it simple, a lift debt means that she is going to be pulled by magic into helping you until it is repaid,” the older man said, taking a seat on the couch. He crossed his right leg over the left and thought hard on how to explain it more.

“So if I demanded that she do the first task for me, she would have to comply?” Harry asked, sitting in one of the chairs and leaning his arms on his knees. That wasn’t the type of power he wanted over anyone.

“Well, yeah, but I really hope you’re not planning on pitting a thirteen year old girl against a magical beast,” the godfather stated firmly. He really didn’t want to think that, but…

“Fuck off, I’m not like that. It was just a question,” Harry snarled, completely affronted that anyone
would think he’d do that.

“I don’t really know the new you, not like I really knew the old you either,” Sirius mumbled the last part, distraught over the fact he really didn’t understand the teen sitting across from him. These mood swings were starting to get to him. He wondered if the self-help books Harry made him buy were going to help. He really hoped so.

“Does this mean others owe me debts too. I mean, I’ve practically saved the entire castle at one point or another. At least, so I’m told,” he asked a bit worried that people were going to start throwing themselves in front of curses or something. “Do I owe that Ron kid for breaking me out of my relatives? I don’t know what happened, Hermione only touch on it vaguely, but she said he and the twins rescued me.”

“Well, I’m not sure,” came the vague answer. “I don’t know all the stories. We never really got to talking about your life. You usually only tell me what’s going on right now. I can tell you this, magic will find a way. If there is a debt. I suggest you just go with the flow. Let magic suss it out,” his godfather said seriously.

“Right. How did you know it’s going to be a magical creature?” Harry asked, changing the subject and vowing to do his own research on life debts.

“Oh, my family would wail about how the tournament had been canceled. They thought it was a great idea in getting rid of anyone could be more powerful than them,” Sirius said with a wave of his hand. “They’d talk about the past ones and would go into great detail on how contestants died. Which is why I’m glad that you don’t have to compete,” he added with a softer tone. “Anyway, the first task is traditionally a magical beast. It’s supposed to test your daring.”

“Your family sounds like right bastards,” the dark-haired teen said with a concentrated look.

“Oh, they were,” he admitted with a laugh. “They tried to disown me just because I got sorted into Gryffindor. I left when I was sixteen, which is how I knew no one would rent to you. I lived with your dad’s family until I graduated. That put a hair up Mum’s nose,” the fugitive laughed. “She’s probably rolling in her grave over the fact that I’m now Head of the family.” That had been a surprise, he thought for sure that being disown would make him ineligible, but it seems his grandfather didn’t agree with his mum.

Harry looked at his watch and cussed, “Fuck. I missed lunch, the girls and Neville will be worried. I’ve got to run. I had a great time getting to know you better, I hope you understand more about me now,” he said, getting up from the chair and heading to the tunnel. He still didn’t know if the old man could feel his poofing and he really didn’t want to find out.

“You still haven’t told me about these birds,” Sirius whinged, wanting to live vicariously through his godson. Then he realized he could get some of his own now. Hopefully it would be an older woman, who liked younger men. He glanced in the mirror and cringed, ‘Not this young,’ was his thought. “Harry, do you think you could make me a little older? I want so to see if I can score, but I don’t think I can if I look like a pimply teen.”

“Sure,” the younger man said with a shrug. He waved his hand and now Sirius looked to be in his mid-twenties, with brown hair and bluer eyes. This way he wouldn’t be recognized.

The jokester went and looked in the mirror and smiled wickedly. “Perfect,” he said.

“Well, that’s done. I really have to run,” Harry said, making his way out the entrance. “Try not to get into trouble,” were his parting words.
“Yeah, right,” Sirius laughed as he made his way to the front door.

Chapter End Notes

I know the smoke from the Death Eaters is part of the movie effects, but I couldn’t help the comparison.
Poor Sirius

Chapter Notes

I want to say, as I do in many of my stories, I do know the difference between ‘Luna and I’ and ‘me and Luna’. I purposely make this grammatical error, and a few others, to add character. Though well versed, this Harry speaks casually to his friends. He only pulls the posh act out with people he doesn’t like.

Thanks to those who are still reading my work, and my other stories. I am glad you like them.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harry’s POV

Harry made it back to the castle just as the bell rang to let out the last class of the day. He hurried to the Entrance Hall, stood on a windowsill, and waited for his friends to show. They should be coming for study time. He watched the crowd, and internally groaned at the attention he was getting. ‘I can’t wait for someone to break up with someone, then all this attention would be off me,’ he thought unpleasantly. Yeah, it wasn’t a nice thought, but really didn’t these people better things to than to stare at him?

The student body was still debating on this new Harry; some said he was an arsehole, others stated he was a rebel. So there was still a lot of gossip about him, complete with finger pointing and whispers. There were the occasional snide remarks, which he promptly ignored or flipped off the offenders. He did nicely acknowledge those who waved to him and called his name, wishing that he remembered theirs, so he could hail them back. But, they seemed okay with a nod of the head, and a wink to the females.

Many of those girls giggled and ran away, when he smiled and winked at them. He wondered what that was all about, as he perused their fleeing figures. He noticed that even though there wasn’t much in the way of physical exercise around here, barring all those damn stairs, most of the girls were trim and slender. And very sexy, if anyone wanted his opinion. He had to wonder if it was the use of magic that burned off the fat and calories. Given what they had been served so far, more people should be pudgy like Neville. Maybe the shy boy didn’t use as much magic, and with his low self-confidence it was possible. Then again, Sirius said he’d get fat and lazy if he didn’t walk now and again. He’d have to do some research, but he felt he was on to something.

‘Mr. Spock, add that to the databank,’ Picard ordered in his head. Harry now knew he wouldn’t forget.

“Harry,” came the exasperated voice of Hermione, breaking him from his thoughts. “Where were you at lunch? We were so worried.” She stood in front of him with her hands on her hips, looking like she was going to start yelling if he didn’t give her a good answer.

“I was with an adult,” he told her in a firm tone that said ‘drop it’. She didn’t need to know what he did with his day. The answer he had given her should appease her enough that she shouldn’t ask more. He was wrong.
“Oh? Who?” she asked with a tilt of her head. She was sure he had snuck out and gone to London, but did one of the professors take him? Surly the new Harry wouldn’t want that. He really didn’t like the staff that he had met so far. But, perhaps it was one of the teachers he hadn’t met, like Professor Flitwick or Professor Sprout. She didn’t think he’d be rude to those overly nice people. It was hard to tell with this new personality. She did miss the old Harry, but was getting to like this new one. Still, it was hard to reconcile the two in her mind.

“Honestly, Hermione, that’s all you need to know,” our hero stated with a glare. ‘Did everyone have a friend that argued with them all the time?’ he wondered to himself. He would really have to hate to dump her. She was actually a nice person, when she wasn’t being bossy. That and she was one of his dates to whatever function the staff had dreamed up for this year. Which was another reason he would stick around for a while. He didn’t want to disappoint the ladies.

“As you can see, Harry is just fine,” Luna’s voice cut in, stopping the argument before it started. “Did you have fun with your dogfather?” she asked dreamily as she sidled up to his side. He jumped from the windowsill and put his arm around her, making her sigh happily.

Hermione opened her mouth to start haranguing, until Neville elbowed her to stop. He agreed with Harry, she didn’t need to know. Moreover, here was not the place. She turned her glare to him, and was met with a matching stare. She cringed a bit at the look he was sending her way. He never did that before, and he looked like he could put her in her place without blinking. Yeah, a lot had changed since Harry came back.

“Yeah, we had a great time, and I got some books that’ll help with that little project you set me up with,” Harry answered Luna with a wink and a smile. He really liked this slip of a girl. She kept him calm with her airy questions and statements. Her whole aura just oozed tranquility, which he immersed in whenever he could. He still didn’t know if they could have more, but he’d bask in the friendship, until he figured it out.

“What project?” the know-it-all asked, bouncing on her toes, which once again caused the two male teens to look down. ‘Maybe if I quit nagging, he’ll tell me,’ she thought, then blushed and stopped bouncing when she noted where those eyes were. ‘Perverts.’

“Just something that me and Luna are experimenting with,” he said with a wave of his hand as he returned his gaze to her face. “However, you’re more than welcome to read the books, after I’m done with them.” She was a smart girl; perhaps, she would suss it out on her own. It wasn’t his fault that she doubted Luna.

“Fine,” the bushy-haired witch harrumphed, seeing she wasn’t going to get better answers. “Although, you really should be paying more attention to your school studies,” she scolded, only to be met with a bland look. She turned and marched into the Great Hall and took a seat at her normal spot. She then pulled out her books and started to read, grumbling all the while.

“Don’t worry, Harry,” Neville said, clapping him on the back. “She’ll either learn to accept that she doesn’t need know everything, or die disappointed.” He didn’t care what Harry studied, as long as he kept his promise to help him learn to be a great wizard. He had flipped through that book the other boy had lent him, and was impressed with the fact that it was written by Merlin. He was especially glad that the translation spell was still on it. He now had a start on what his friend was going to teach him, and he couldn’t wait.

“Well, that’s a bit morbid but accurate,” the dark-haired wizard agreed as he made it to the seat across from his angry friend, Luna sitting next to him and Neville by Hermione. He dropped his arm and pulled the Wiccan books from his TARDIS pocket and started to read.
They studied for a little while with Harry getting strange looks over his reading material. The bright colored covers and the non-moving pictures of scantily clothed women praising the moon drew a lot of attention. Most wizards and witches didn’t know what Wicca was, so they had no clue that they were passing up a different type of magic. ‘Their loss,’ he thought as he caught a whisper.

Harry learned that the religion was all about keeping your cool and not hurting anyone, while attempting to do magic. ‘And harm it none, do what you will’ was their motto. Well, there was a longer creed, but it was mostly boiled down to that one sentence. They used ritual spells to help others, or improve their own lives. Some of those ceremonies were bizarre. Really, dancing naked in the moonlight, chanting to dead deities and the elements was a bit much. ‘Still naked women,’ he thought as his mind wandered.

Our hero shook his head and disregarded those titillating thoughts, for now. They were something he might research later, since they truly believed that is where they got their powers from. He wanted to learn to meditate using new approaches that could improve his mindscape and let him feel the ambient magic in the air. The book he was reading right now was on aura reading. It was telling him how to get in touch with the magic around people and feel their aura. He closed his eyes for a moment did that with Luna, and once again felt the tranquility he felt earlier. This might not be as hard as the author was suggesting.

There were two suggested meditations in this book. The mirror technique seemed like it could trap you, if you weren’t careful, so he put that away for now. The candle one seemed like a good start. He’d have to do it in a non-flammable area, just in case his magic made the flame flare. He was still learning how to harness it, given how the whole skunk fiasco played out.

Speaking of Ron, he subtly glanced at the redhead and noted that there was only a small space around him, so the stink must be mostly gone. He did see that the black and white hues were still there, albeit washed-out. He was glad that the jinx was fading. He really felt bad for the boys that had to bunk with him. He chuckled under his breath, and turned back to his studying.

He put the aura book away and pulled out a ritual book. After a few minutes, he was really getting into it. Perhaps, he could convince a few girls to dance in the moonlight, sans clothes. For a spell, of course. Shaking his head from those thoughts, which he had to say were very distracting, he read more.

**Sirius’ POV**

Meanwhile, Sirius was walking down the streets of Hogsmeade, relishing the freedom of not being recognized. He looked everywhere, as if he were a third year and in the village for the first time. He was just about to go into the clothing store, which advertised a new line of clothes with Harry’s name on it, when he realized he had no money. Cursing to himself, he turned to The Three Broomsticks, and after waving to the always lovely Rosmerta, who gave him a queer look, he used the Floo to the Leaky Cauldron.

Using his stolen wand to get into Diagon Alley, he made his way to Gringotts, once more basking in being able to walk down a busy sunlit street unmolested. He spotted an Auror, who was probably there to catch him, and didn’t even blink. The guy looked right past him, which made him break out into a huge smile. This was quite a prank on the DMLE. He’d have to tell Harry all about it.

The two goblins in front of the bank bowed and opened the door. He nodded back, as was proper, and made his way to the nearest empty teller and glanced at the nameplate. “Hello, Steelblade, I’d like to see Shockhorn if I could,” he said, when the goblin acknowledged him.

“Shockhorn is the Black Family Account Manager. Judging from your hair and eyes, you are not a
Black,” Steelblade growled. “Or you are under a disguise, which we greatly frown upon,” he added, narrowing his beady black eyes at the fact that the wards didn’t warn him.

“I have little recourse except to come as I am,” Sirius said, hoping the goblin realized who he was by that vague statement. In the past it was always night when he came, without a disguise, and to a mostly empty bank. One more shady looking character, whose hood was up, was always disregarded by the night dwellers.

“We shall see. Snarlfist!” the teller shouted.

“You bellowed?” the little being asked from Sirius’ elbow, making the young looking man jerk.

He wondered where this one came from. ‘Sneaky little critters, these goblins,’ he thought.

“Here is another one for a blood test,” Steelblade growled, pointing his gnarled finger at the twitching man. “Find out who he is, and how he got past our sensor wards. If he is who I think he is, and swears an oath, then take him so Shockhorn. If he is not, kill him,” he snarled, making Sirius very glad he wasn’t lying.

“Follow me, human,” Snarlfist deadpanned as he turned to the same door Harry went through to take his test.

Sirius fretted. He was worried that Harry’s glamor might be a little too complete. He really didn’t trust his magic to get him out of trouble. The spells he had used since he stole the wand were weak. This made him more determined to learn his godson’s brand of magic. He hated that this whole thing was making him feel emasculated; he used to be stronger than this.

Damn the bloody Ministry and the fucking Dementors for making him feel pathetic. He made a vow to himself to become the man he used to be. He squared his shoulders, like the Gryffindor he was, and followed the goblin to the room, grabbed the knife with a firm hand, and took the test, making sure to wipe the blood on his robes. When the numbers of his four vaults appeared, he silently sighed in relief. A bit too soon.

“Come with me, Black,” the goblin said and went to another room.

The glamored man followed the tiny creature. When he got to the door, he felt magic wash over him, but he remained the same.

In the room was a small table with four wooden chairs. There were swords and axes along the wall and stuffed heads of magical creatures. ‘Was that a werewolf?’ the dogman thought, hoping it really wasn’t. It takes a skilled hunter to kill a one of those in that form. There was the same warning that was written on the entrance on the back wall. The fugitive knew that if they could get away with it, there would be human heads decorating those walls. Goblins really didn’t like thieves.

“Tell me, Black, how did you defeat the Thief’s Downfall?” Snarlfist asked as he pulled a wicked looking blade from his belt. He started to clean his long black fingernails and glared menacingly at the man.

“I didn’t do it, someone else did,” Sirius quickly defended himself, holding up his hands in surrender. Then he felt the tug of the promise he had made, and lied, “I can’t tell you more, I’m under oath.” He worried that he might have to break his promise. He was sure Harry would understand if it was to save his life.

Snarlfist snarled and slammed his knife on the table, disappointed that he wouldn’t get torture anyone—today. Trying to get information for someone under a vow was pointless. They usually died
before telling anything. He sat on one side of the table, and then waved his spindly hand to the chair opposite. “Tell me what you can, and we will see about seeing Shockhorn. I want an oath that you will not use this new magic to rob Gringotts.” His toothy grin didn’t make Sirius feel any more comfortable, though he didn’t show it.

“I can’t tell much, but from what I understand, they actually turned me into my younger self, and changed my hair and eyes. This is not a glamor as much as it is a transfiguration or morphing,” he said as he sat, making sure to not mention Harry’s name.

“Hmmm, do you mind if I study it? We don’t want people to be able to come into the bank in such a disguise,” the tiny being asked, rubbing his pointed beard in thought. It was imperative that this magic be known to the goblin nation. The Downfall was supposed to be foolproof; being able to trick it was bad for business.

Black thought about it for a second as his eyes roamed the heads on the walls. He firmly nodded his consent, thinking it would do no harm.

The goblin waved his hand in front of the human’s body to try and get a feel for the magic. His brow furrowed as he concentrated on what he was seeing. There was a great deal of raw magic involved in this ‘glamor’, but he couldn’t see an actual spell used. He narrowed his eyes as something clicked in his head. The other person wasn’t using spells, he was doing intent magic. Much like his own people did. There was little that could be done to reverse it, only the caster could. However, it can be detected by wards, if they were retuned to human intent magic. He had enough to give to the warders.

He nodded and stopped the spell. “Your oath,” he said, picking up the knife once more and twirling it in his hands. There would be an oath, or this man would not leave this room alive.

“I, Sirius Orion Black, do solemnly swear that I am not here to rob Gringotts, and will not in the future. Furthermore, I will never tell anyone outside of Gringotts about this magic, unless they take a similar vow,” the dogman recited firmly, making sure to add that loophole, and holding up his stolen wand. A dim light flared and sunk into his body, binding him to that oath and the promise he had made Harry.

“I will take you to Shockhorn now,” Snarlfist stated, getting up from his chair and replacing his blade on his belt.

Sirius subtly wiped his brow; that was close. He had no idea what they did with thieves, and he never wanted to find out. His eyes went to the head of the werewolf once again, and he shuddered.

They made their way to another set of doors that led to a long hall lined with more doors, which the disguised man had walked many times before. They came to a stop in front of a door that had the Black crest on it.

Snarlfist knocked, and then entered. “Mr. Black is here to see you. Be warned, he is under a disguise, but he passed the blood test.”

“The Thief’s Downfall?” the old goblin behind the desk asked, tapping his knotty finger on the desk and wondering how a glamored human made it this far into the bank alive. The medium sized room looked like any other business office. The walls were lined with books and scrolls, and a large metal and wooden desk sat against the back wall with two matching, red cushioned chairs set in front of it.

“This is a new form of magic, and it fooled the Downfall,” Snarlfist said blandly. “I have studied it, and it will soon be incorporated into the wards,” he assured the older goblin.
“Very well, show him in.”

Snarlfist waved the young looking man in, and Sirius took a seat on one of the chairs in front of the large desk. “Shockhorn,” he greeted with more confidence, at least he knew this goblin.

“All I can tell you is that it was someone else, and they are the only person who can break it. I’ve already given an oath that I will not rob Gringotts—ever. All I wanted was some money to play with,” the poor man whinged, really put out that his glamor would cause so much trouble.

“Black,” the goblin returned as he waved his hand to see this new magic. He too was impressed. “I have to say that is a fine bit of magic. Tell me how you accomplished such a feat.” He leaned forward on his desk, his hands folded over some important looking documents.

“Of course,” Sirius replied. “It was a simple potion. I cast the Incantation and then added the ingredients to the mixture. It took me only minutes to complete.” He looked up at Shockhorn, who was still watching him with interest.

“Hmm, I see. What is the name of this potion?” Shockhorn asked, his voice still calm and soothing.

Sirius thought for a moment, then replied, “It is called the ‘Polyjuice Potion.’”

Shockhorn nodded, satisfied. “I see. Well, I will be keeping a close eye on you from now on. Make sure you keep up your end of the bargain.”

Sirius nodded, understanding. “Understood.”

Harry’s POV

The kids had been studying for about an hour, when Harry remembered something. “Hermione, tell me why the word ‘Polyjuice’ jiggles my memories,” he said questioningly.

She looked up from her DADA book, and got a thoughtful look on her face. “Oh, well, you see, we sort of used it in our second year. It’s a potion that lets you mimic someone else, if you add their… essence. Like hair or fingernails,” she quickly reiterated at the disgusted look on our hero’s face. “Bad choice of words, sorry. Anyway, it takes forever to brew. You and Ron were convinced that Malfoy was the Heir of Slytherin, and wanted to catch him talking about it. You boys took the potion, I think you were Crabbe, and the two of you snuck into their common room,” she hedged in a whisper, making Harry lean over the table to hear her. She didn’t want to tell that she had been stuck as a hybrid cat person for two weeks. “You did find out that he didn’t know anything,” she added.

“Ewww, really, I drank that shite?” he inquired with grimace on his face as he did a full body shudder. He still didn’t remember, but if he was getting nudges there was hope.

“Well, the whole school was sure it was you that was petrifying people, even though you were friends with me. They were shunning you and running away in the halls. You just wanted to get the attention off of yourself,” she explained, not even reprimanding his language. See she could learn.

“What were the teachers doing about it?” he asked blandly, pretty much sure of the answer.

“Well, nothing really,” she stuttered, not wanting to give him more reason to hate and distrust the staff, but she didn’t want to lie to him either. “However, I think they were unsure as to if it was you or not,” she finished, hoping that would ward off his anger.

Harry scoffed, “Typical,” and went back to his reading. One more nail in that coffin. They were quiet after that and soon it as time for dinner. So they all put their books away and settled to talk of non-important things.

Harry looked to the Staff Table and brought up his map to cover his right lens. He read the names of the teachers and wondered why Bartemius Crouch Jr. was teaching, and what he taught. He was also
confused as to why the man looked older than his father. He remembered Senior telling him he had to compete in the stupid tournament. With the discussion he just had, there was a chance that this guy was an imposter, but he didn’t want to accuse anyone of anything without proof. He was just about to ask a few questions, when his proximity ward went into Yellow Alert. There was an adult coming.

Sirius’ POV

Hours later, Sirius finally stumbled from the bank to a mostly empty Alley. He cursed the goblins with every fiber of his being. He rubbed his aching right hand, and wandered down the street to the Leaky Cauldron. He went to the alley behind it, and Apparated to the outskirts of the Shrieking Shack. He was far too tired to pick up a bird. He somehow made it to the bed he was using, and waved off Winky when she asked if he wanted dinner. He was asleep before his head hit the pillow. He dreamed of goblins coming after him with rubber hoses, and beating Harry’s name out of him. No, poor Sirius had not had a good day.

Chapter End Notes

I did try and not make Sirius into a wuss, but in my defense I doubt he is recovered from Azkaban, either in mind or body. That and, I’m sure his stolen wand is not a match for him.

One more thing, I do know that not all Wiccan rituals are sky clad. I was a practicing witch for many years and never lost my clothing to the moonlight, but it’s a funny way to distract our hero. Also, I’m not bringing religion in, per se, more like bringing a new from of magic to the pot.
Harry’s POV

“Mr. Potter,” came the voice of the person Harry wanted to talk to least, “you left the school grounds today. May I ask why?” Dumbledore said, looking over his glasses as if greatly disappointed. Which he was in fact was. Ever since Harry returned from his week-long absence, he had defied him at every turn. Now, with this restraining order, Albus just didn’t know what to think.

“None of your business,” our hero snarled as he turned to face the old man. At least he wasn’t being familiar with him this time. “You aren’t supposed to be near me, Dumbledore,” he reminded the Headmaster.

“If it has to do with school business, then yes I can question you,” Albus stated firmly. He had made sure that little clause was added to the restraining order. It had been a great debate with the Wizengamot, the school board, and Harry’s lawyer, but in the end they saw it his way, as they always do. Well, mostly. He had tried to get the whole thing squashed, but Waters was adamant that the now adult, and wasn’t that a surprise, did not want anything to do with the Headmaster, and if Dumbledore wanted the young man to stay at Hogwarts, then he would comply. Since the boy did need to be here, he conceded to the demands.

“Yeah, I did note how you snuck that part in,” Harry stated with a glare, remembering the rant in the lawyer’s letter. He had been in such a hurry at the time that he just skimmed the missive. Now, he was going to have to read it again to see just how far that went. “Don’t think I don’t know your game, old man. You are just trying to find a way to keep an eye on me.”

“It was the only way that you would be able to stay in the castle,” Dumbledore stated, rubbing his beard. “You cannot expect to remain at Hogwarts and have me not inquire about your whereabouts. It is against school policy for you to wander away from the castle without informing anyone. Even if you are of age,” he added questioningly, as if Harry would tell him how he knew that.

“Great, I’ll just be going then,” the teen said, making as if to get up. Only to have his friends protest. He turned to them and winked. He knew the old man wouldn’t let him leave.

“That is not at all what I meant, young man,” the Headmaster sighed, pinching his long nose. “I am merely stating that you should have told someone that you were going. Now once again, why did you leave? You know there are Dark forces that want to kill you.” He really wanted him to stay here where he, Albus Dumbledore, could protect him. Why couldn’t this unruly teen understand that? Perhaps, he should have let it alone, but he really didn’t want Harry wondering around without escort.

Harry smirked at his friends in an ‘I told ya so’ way, and then turned back to the old man. “I was getting study material,” he said calmly, which was ninety-one percent true. “You said I could self-study, and I am. It’s not my fault that what I wanted to learn wasn’t in your library. Now that I’m of age, I have rights, and one of those rights is to go off campus,” he pointed out.

“Yet, you still need to notify the staff. In addition, there is nothing on the curriculum that is not in the library. Consequently, you are studying outside of what we teach in Hogwarts. May I see what you acquired? I need to be sure that it is safe. There are many tomes that are forbidden in the school, or that need to be put aside until one is older,” the Headmaster stated, wondering what the child could possibly be learning. He did hope that Harry wasn’t turning Greyer than he already was. He brushed off the rest as unimportant, since he, as the headmaster, still had complete control of the school.
“Sure, but don’t think for a second that you can ‘put it aside’. This is my personal book,” Harry said, and pulled Gryffindor’s book out and held it out to man, making sure it had a Return Charm on it. If the Headmaster decided to walk away with it, or add any charms to it, it would reappear back in his TARDIS pocket. Harry wasn’t taking any chances. He didn’t trust this man, or any of the adults he met, bar Sirius and even he was still a maybe.

“This is a priceless manuscript, how did you obtain it?” Albus asked as he turned the book over in his hands, studying it intently. This was a lost piece of knowledge, and he wondered if Harry would let him read it. It was very doubtful at this moment, but he’d ask another time. For he was sure the boy would one day forgive him.

“Not your business,” Harry repeated, holding his hand out in an unspoken command.

“Very well,” the old man sighed as he handed the book back with a grandfather like smile. “Learn from it well. Furthermore, do try to let us know if you are going to leave the grounds,” he said as he turned to go back to the Staff Table.

“Yeah, right,” the teen scoffed as he turned back to his friends. Luna nodded, knowing that her friend would go where he will. Neville shrugged, it wasn’t his business, and Hermione…

“Harry,” the bossy girl started only to stop and flinch when she was met with three piercing glares.

“No, just no, Hermione, don’t start with me,” Harry bit out with a slash of his hand. He really didn’t want to get into it with her. She knew how much he loathed the old goat and the reasons why. He didn’t understand why she was so hung up on authority. It had to be something with her upbringing. Perhaps, she’d start to see that adults weren’t the last word in everything. They made mistakes, and the Headmaster thought he controlled everyone, that was abuse of power, and the amnesiac hoped she learned that soon.

“I was going to ask if I could read it,” the bushy-haired witch huffed, not completely lying. Not that any of the other three teen believed her, but they let it go. As long as she wasn’t scolding anyone.

“Like the old man said, it’s a priceless artifact. So, sorry, but, no, it’s not leaving my possession,” our hero stated, putting the book back in his TARDIS pocket.

“You can trust me. I’ve never damaged a book in my life,” she all but begged. She really hoped that he would start treating her like he did the others, while he didn’t leave her out, he still held back with her.

“I’m sorry, but I’ll see if I can make a temporary copy of it for you,” he compromised. He’d make one that couldn’t be copied and would disappear in a few days. She would be able to take notes, but that was all. It wasn’t that he didn’t trust her with the book. He knew she would not abuse it, but he really felt that she still hadn’t proven herself either. Sure she’d kept his secrets so far, but nothing had challenged her yet. As it was she was walking a thin line with all her reprimanding and such. Then again, she had been by his side since the beginning, so had Luna.

Maybe, he was playing unfair favorites among his friends. After all, Neville hadn’t really proven himself either and he had Merlin’s book. However, the shy boy didn’t harass him whenever he did anything. He didn’t ask questions, and he had stuck up for Harry whenever he could, but so did Hermione. The dark-haired teen knew that he’d let Luna borrow any book in a heartbeat, but she just radiated trust and peace. He was going to have to put this in the databank and look harder at his actions.

“Can you tell me more about it?” she asked, eager to know.
He shrugged, not seeing the harm. “It’s a book written by Godric Gryffindor. It’s mostly about wandless magic and the pitfalls of messing with spells,” he said, scooping up some of the roast beef and potatoes from the platters that just appeared.

“Oh, that sounds wonderful. I will be glad to get a copy,” she said excitedly. She was a fast reader and a bit of knowledge was better than none. Besides, it was written by Gryffindor, who wouldn’t want to read it? Even Slytherins would jump at that chance.

“Harry, I was wondering something,” Luna said, looking at him pointedly. “Why do you still wear glasses? I mean, you might be able to get your eyes healed. Or get contacts. Have you asked Madam Pomfrey? Or attempted to research it with your project?” She really wanted to see if he could pull off something that even the best healers could not.

“I didn’t know I could, and they’re useful, but I’ll look into it,” he answered vaguely, he wanted her to understand there was a reason why he didn’t use his new magic to rid himself of glasses, other than the fact that it never occurred to him. “Which reminds me I need to get new ones, too bad I didn’t think of that while we were in Hogsmeade, or while I was out today,” he added, remembering that these spectacles would fade.

“That’s right, those are short-term, I had forgotten,” Hermione stated a bit upset that she had overlooked it.

Harry waved his hand in a ‘forget it’ manner. “Don’t worry about it, I’ll get Madam Pomfrey to magic up a new pair,” he lied. He was going to fix his eyes and make this pair plain glass. He once more opened his mouth to ask about Junior, when the twins came up and sat on either side of him.

“So what’s this we hear about you sneaking off, ickle Harrykins?” Fred asked as he served himself some roasted chicken. They had just come back from Quidditch practice, and Wood had driven them hard. He was starved.

“Yeah, and why didn’t you invite us?” George continued, picking the same food as his twin.

“I had no idea you wanted to go,” was the answer. “Please, don’t call me ickle, I don’t mind Harrykins, much, but would prefer it if you stuck with Harry.”

“Okay, Harry,” they said together.

“Just for future reference, we always want to go,” George stated with a smirk.

“Yeah, trouble is our middle name,” Fred added with a matching smirk.

“Right, well I never know when I’ll need new material, so how will I tell you when I’m about to go walkabout?” the dark-haired teen asked the matching gingers.

Hermione opened her mouth to protest, when Neville stomped on her foot. She yelped and when she met his glare, she realized that she was doing it again. So, she held her peace, for now.

“Well, that is a puzzle, what with us being in different years,” Fred said with a frown. The twins put their heads together behind Harry’s back and had a quick discussion with mostly whispers and facial expressions.

They drew apart and they said, “We’ll get back to you on that.”

“Right, you do that. Hey, I have a question. Your dad told me about you and Ron coming to ‘rescue’ me during the summer before my second year. What was all that about?” Harry asked, looking back
“Well, you didn’t answer Ron’s letters,” Fred started as usual. “And I do have to say he was quite worried about you. Don’t know why that changed,” he added, rubbing his chin. “Anyway, he told us that your relatives didn’t treat you right, so we stole Dad’s car and went to find out what was going on.”

“We got there, and there were bars on your window, locks and a cat flap on your door, and they were feeding you a cold can of soup once a day, or so you told us. Your poor owl was also locked in her cage. Both of you were starving. It’s a good thing we showed.” George continued, making Harry swing his head between the two.

“Did I tell you why they were doing that? Not that I can think of a good enough reason, but…” he trailed off. He really wanted to know. The more he heard about these Dursleys the more he didn’t like them. He was piecing together his childhood from the tidbits people told him, and it looked like he might have been an abused child, or at the very least neglected. Either way it didn’t sound like a happy home, which made him more determined to not go back. This new him might wind up hurting them. Abuse would explain his gut reaction to hide while he was on the streets.

“Something about Dobby ruining an important dinner engagement,” Fred said with a frown as he tried to remember.

“Yeah, he dropped the pudding on a guest to get you in trouble with the Ministry,” George laughed. That was funny, well until you got to the part where Harry was punished. But picturing an elf floating some large dessert over a woman’s head and dropping it was hilarious.

“It worked to. You had them cowed, until they found out you couldn’t do underage magic,” Fred said.

“Why did he do that? I thought he was my friend,” Harry asked, remembering Hermione vaguely touching on this subject, when she was retelling his life.

“He was trying to save your life,” they said as one.

“Yes, he didn’t want you to come to Hogwarts that year,” Hermione added, hoping that Harry wouldn’t look down on the little guy. “He really thought he was doing the right thing.”

“Right, you mentioned that,” our hero stated and then waved it away. He’d have to talk to Dobby about it, and the order came for it to be added to the databank. “So, who is the ugly guy with the weird eye, sitting at the Staff Table?” he finally got to ask. All six of them turned to teachers.

**Snape’s POV**

“What are those children talking about? They just all looked this way,” Snape asked warily as he watched five Gryffindor— and one Ravenclaw— heads turn towards where he and Moody sat.

He didn’t need any more trouble. He still wasn’t getting anywhere with the Grey Lady and the Bloody Baron was up his nose all the damn time. He couldn’t help if the kids in his class were useless. Dumbledore was still questioning him about that night; like his answer would change the more he was asked. He wondered what country he could hide in. Somewhere where there were no Death Eaters, Order members, or ghosts to blackmail him. No Potters or Blacks to make his live miserable. No twinkle-eyed men or torturous masters to control him. There had to be somewhere.

“I don’t know, Snape, perhaps they found out that you’re a damn Death Eater,” the imposter snarled, playing his part. He was trying to use the magical eye to read their lips. ‘Constant Vigilance’ indeed.
He cursed under his breathe when he realized they were talking about him. He threw his napkin down on the table, got up and stomped from the room without another word. He didn’t need the attention on him.

“What did you say to Alastor to make him to leave so suddenly?” McGonagall asked, as she patted her lips with a napkin. With Harry’s missing memory of the night he ran, she didn’t quite trust the Potions Master as much as she used to. Not that she liked the boy right now, still to Obliviate a child, and perhaps being the reason he ran away, well, she was keeping an eye on him.

“I simply asked him if he knew why your Gryffindors were looking this way. Potter is up to something, I know it,” Severus snarled, glaring at the teens. His eyes narrowed when he was something green flicker in the brat’s glasses, like there was a light on them. ‘Just what is that child up to now?’ he wondered.

“Severus, must you always blame Harry for everything?” Minerva sighed. It was a constant battle between them, and she really didn’t want to get into it right now.

Then the teens looked back to each other and started to talk in whispers.

“I’ve lost my appetite,” Snape said, folding his napkin and placing it on his plate. ‘Goodnight, Minerva, Filius, Pomona, Albus,” he said as he nodded to each of those nearest him, and then swept from the room.

Harry’s POV

“You mean the ugly guy that just stomped out? Not Snape, but the old one?” Fred asked, picking up some chicken and taking a bite.

“Yeah, he’s a bit unnerving,” our hero stated, also returning to his meal.

“That’s ole Mad-Eye Moody,” George answered, swiping some more chicken off the platter.

“What is his real name? Because that sounds like a nickname,” Harry asked with narrow eyes.

“Alastor Moody,” Neville answered. “He’s the DADA professor and an ex-Auror. Most of the people in Azkaban are there because of him.”

‘Shite,’ Harry thought frantically. ‘What am I going to do with that bit of information? I was right, he’s an impostor. Why would there be an impostor at Hogwarts? Oh, dammit, he must be the one who put my name in the stupid tournament. But why? Is he the one trying to do me in? Again, why? Fuck, what can I do?’ His mind raced with this information. He knew he couldn’t trust the adults, and he couldn’t just out and out say he knew the guy was a fake. He’d have to explain how he knew.

So what to do? Dammit.

Out loud he said, “I don’t trust him, there is just something about him that gives me the willies. Try not to be alone with the guy, okay?” he looked to each of his friends with a serious face.

“I don’t know, Harry, I was alone with him and all he did was talk about my parents. He seems reasonable enough,” Neville said, looking at his frantic friend and wondering what set him off. When the DADA professor talked to him after the class with the Unforgivables, he seemed like a nice guy, if a bit gruff and paranoid.

“Please, just trust me on this, that guy is bad news,” he all but begged, still running the new data through his databank, trying to come up with a solution.
“I believe Harry is correct,” Luna said with a dreamy look. “That is a man that should be avoided at all cost. He is the Defense Against The Dark Arts professor after all,” she added, and then came back to herself, humming a little tune.

“That’s right, according to what Hermione has told me, we trusted all the DADA teachers and they all tried to kill me at one point or another,” Harry exclaimed, happy to have an excuse.

“Harry, how can you say that? Professor Lupin didn’t try to kill you,” Hermione said, looking at her friend and wondering the same thing Neville was.

“Wasn’t he the werewolf that tried to eat me— twice?” our hero asked with narrow eyes. He still was uncertain about that guy, even if he was Sirius’ best friend. From what Hermione told him he was just as reckless as his godfather. Well, maybe not quite, but still with his condition he should’ve known better than to rush ahead unprepared.

“Well, he really wasn’t himself,” she tried to defend the werewolf.

“That doesn’t negate the fact that he put himself in a position that put others in danger, or the fact that he tried to eat me,” Harry snarled, slamming his fork on the table.

“Yes, I suppose you are correct,” the bushy-haired witch quickly conceded.

“Well, when you put it like that, I guess I understand why you wouldn’t like him. Okay, Harry, I’ll keep people around me when he’s near. I just hope I don’t get detention with him,” Neville said to defuse the angry boy. He did wonder if it was more than that, and vowed to ask Harry when they were alone.

“Good,” the dark-haired boy said with a firm nod and went back to his dinner. His mind was still racing as to what to do. He knew one thing for sure; he wasn’t going to be caught around that man.
Dropping Bombs on Neville

Chapter Notes

I am basing the book covers off some that I remember from when I practiced.

Harry’s POV

“Hey, Neville, I just remembered something.” Harry said, turning to the sandy-haired boy. He was going to let mind crew go over what to do about the Moody impostor. They’d think of something. “You know how I was telling you about my mum’s diary? Well, there’s a prophecy, and it pertains to both of us, so we’d better get started on that project.”

“Really?” the shy boy asked, a bit fearfully. Being raised as a wizard he had a healthy dread of prophecies, which was one of the reasons he took Divination. Not that Trelawney was any good. He certainly didn’t know if he liked the fact that he could be part of one. “What does it say?” he asked.

“Well, I don’t know the exact wording, but something about only a boy who was born at the end of July could ‘vanquish’ Voldemort. It states that it is either the boy’s life or the Dark Lord’s,” our hero said, rubbing his chin and ignoring the flinches. “There is a bit about being marked as an equal, which could mean my scar, so you may be in the clear. But, why take that chance?” He really didn’t want the other boy to be caught unawares. He really didn’t understand prophecies, but with Luna being a seer, he wasn’t going to take the chance that it was bogus. While he got Neville up to speed on wandless magic, maybe he could help fortify his mind.

“Right, I’ll study that book harder,” Neville stated with a firm nod of his head, as he firmed his shoulders. He was determined to get that book read tonight. Maybe, if he did, they could start tomorrow. From what he skimmed of that book, he could go really far and then he wouldn’t be such a wuss at magic. He was really glad he had Harry as a friend, because only a friend would lend out such a priceless artifact.

“Yeah, get back to me when you’re done,” the dark-haired teen stated as he bit into some scalloped potatoes. He had to admit the house elves really knew how to cook.

“Don’t worry, Harry, I plan on finishing it tonight,” the other teenager stated, then he too returned to his dinner.

“What book?” Hermione asked carefully. She really wasn’t winning any good points with her friends today, and she didn’t want to rock the boat any further.

“Just copy of a book on Magical Theory that I let him borrow,” Harry lied, waving it off as unimportant. He took out the Wicca books that he read earlier and gave them to the bookworm to hold her over. Perhaps, it would slake her curiosity for now. “These are what I was studying today. I’ve done with these, so you can look at them. Maybe we can practice some of those rituals,” he added with a wink and a wiggling of his eyebrows.

Neville blushed when he saw one of the covers. Those were some very fit women.

“Pervert,” Luna giggled, seeing the scantily clad woman on the front of the first one.
“Teenager,” Harry laughed. He loved their little byplay.

“Harry, some of these women are indecent,” Hermione gasped, as she looked at the females praising the moon with only robes and bit of cloth to cover the essentials.

“All the right bits are covered,” he disagreed with a frown. He didn’t think they were offensive at all. To him they were visions of loveliness. They all had pretty decent clothes on in his opinion. Sure one to the books had women in open robes and nothing underneath, but like he said, all the right bits were covered. They rest of the books had women and men in Renaissance clothing, flowing gowns, cloth pants and tunics and such. He had no idea what was offending her.

“Fine, I’ll look through them, but I don’t see what could be so important about a minor Muggle religion,” she said, glancing at the index.

“I got it mostly for the meditation techniques. The lady in the store said there were good ones in there that I hadn’t tried. I’m trying to see if I can get my memories back with them,” he added taking a sip of his juice. “Here Luna, here’s one on aura reading. It might help clear your mind up a bit,” he added, handing the book to his blonde friend. “Seriously, let two me know if you want to try anything,” he said again with smirk as his mind went to thirteen sky clad females dancing in the moonlight. His eyes glazed over, until Luna hit him on the head.

“Pervert,” she said again with a huge grin on her face.

“Guilty,” he finally conceded. “Something was bugging me earlier and I was wondering if you guys had any insight,” he waved at pure-bloods surrounding him, who all perked up. “I noticed there aren’t a lot of overweight people here, at least not compared to the non-magical world, and was wondering why. It’s not like there is an abundance of exercise. Except all those damn stairs.” Which he really was tired of climbing. “That and look at all this fatty food,” he added, indicating all the roasted meat, the gravies, the sauces, and the excess starches.

“That is a very intelligent observation,” Luna commented, looking over the people around her. She never really thought of it. She knew she never gained any weight, and with her love of pudding she really should, but that could be a family trait. After all, both of her parents were willowy. Her mind was going over what she knew, making her less attentive to the rest of the conversation.

“Well, our mum is on the heavy side, but she doesn’t get much exercise, what with keeping house all the time,” Fred said, rubbing his chin. “That and she cooks enough to put a house elf to shame. We never want for food in our house.”

“Now that I think about it, Dad’s not the epitome of heath either,” George stated, thinking over who else negated Harry’s statement, like Professor Sprout, Minister Fudge, that toad of his, and Bagman.

“Do they use a lot of magic?” Harry asked tentatively, not wanting to offend.

“Mum uses quite a bit for chores,” Fred said with a nod.

“Dad might use a lot in one day, but most days are slow,” George stated.

“Oh, I never asked him, but what does he do?”

“Head of the Department of Misuse of Muggle Artifacts,” they said proudly.

“I’m going to take that means what it sounds like,” the messy-haired amnesiac said with a smile.

“I’m not one to ask,” Neville lamented, bringing Harry’s attention to him. He hated being pudgy. “I
can say since I’ve been here my weight has dropped a bit, but I can’t seem to get that last bit of baby fat off,” he said with a frown. Yeah, he had a few body issues.

“Oh, sorry, I didn’t mean to make you feel bad, I was just wondering,” our hero stated, keeping the rest of his theory to himself for now. He’d have to scan the other boy’s magical use. Harry really wanted to help his new friend, and hoped it was his self-confidence that was holding him back.

The shy boy waved it away. “It’s alright, it’s something I want to look into too,” he said, now that he was thinking about it. If he could get rid of the fat, that would be awesome. It was another thing his gran always got on to him about. She’d point out how fit and strong her son had been, and how Neville wasn’t measuring up.

“Great, we’ll add it to things to research,” Harry said as he rubbed his hands together, and then changed the subject. “I want to prank Snape, any ideas?” he asked, looking to the twins and Neville.

“Well,” the sandy-haired boy started reluctantly, “Snape is my greatest fear and when we faced the Boggart, to make it funny, I had him dressed in Grans clothes. You can possibly jinx him with that,” he said as his face held a hopeful look. The scene played out in his head, making him chuckle.

“What’s a Boggart? And how does your gran dress?” were the excited questions. Snape dressed as a woman would be great, and if he could get it to be random that would be funny as hell.

“A Boggart is a creature that takes on the guise of what you fear most. Only laughter will make it fade. We learned about them last year. Your Boggart is Dementors,” Hermione informed him with a frown. She didn’t like the idea of pranking a teacher, but she held her peace for now.

“Right, Madam Bones told me about them,” Harry said, thinking that he needed to get the Patronus down quickly. Waters had told him all about them, and what they were used for. He’d have to ask the twins if they knew it, so that messages could be sent if he went walkabout again. He could already hear his mind crew going over the spell, so he would know it completely soon.

“Yes, it was Professor Lupin who took his time to teach you the Patronus Charm. He was ever so kind, and one of the best DADA teachers we’ve had. Though, Professor Moody isn’t bad,” the bushy-haired girl stated, wanting Harry to understand that Lupin was good guy.

Harry frowned at that both those statements, until Neville brought his attention to him.

“Gran dresses in an old-fashioned woman’s suit. It’s tweed and has a knee length skirt and a matching jacket, and she has a buzzard hat. She pretty much has the same suit in many colors. I’ll get Dean to draw it for you, so you can get a better picture.”

“That’d be bloody awesome,” the twins said as one. They had heard about the incident, but could never quite get a spell down to replicate it.

“Right, I’m knackered, so I’m headed up. You guys coming?” Harry said with a yawn. It had been another long day. He really hoped Sirius got his leg over, the man deserved to have a good time.

**Sirius’ POV**

Poor Sirius sneezed in his sleep and continued to dream. He was chained to a desk and there was a huge pile of paperwork in front of him. His account manager was cackling to the side; saying that he would never be able to leave. The rubber hoses would hit his hands whenever he stopped signing something. There were women to the other side the room, calling him to come and play. He rolled over and mumbled in his sleep, “I’m trying. Wait for me, my beauties.” His legs made a running motion as he went nowhere.
The Gang’s POV

The group all decided that they too were tired, so all of them grabbed their bags and left the Great Hall. They talked of unimportant things and Luna spilt off near the Ravenclaw dorms. Harry made sure to kiss her cheek goodnight, making the twins crow and Neville wonder if he could start doing the same. Hermione just blushed, when Harry did the same to her. They made it to the Gryffindor tower and they all climbed wearily in to their rooms.

Neville settled on his bed, and took out Merlin’s book determined to finish it tonight. He could always get a Pepper-up from Pomfrey in the morning. Ron came in, glared at the closed curtain and mumbled something about a traitor. The shy boy was just glad that the jinx was wearing off and the odor was mild. He turned his attention to the wondrous tome and read with fervor.

Hermione was looking through the Wiccan books, and she didn’t find what Harry was so fascinated about. The meditation techniques were interesting but could’ve been found in the school library. She was sure that Harry only got them for the women. Really, boys. She scoffed and put them away with a snort of disgust and went to sleep.

Luna warded her trunks with a new prank ward, which would glamor anyone who touched it into an old woman. It would only last on hour, but those vain girls would cry when they saw their beauty fade. She giggled to herself and went to sleep, dreaming of the stars and the moon. She’d read the aura book tomorrow. There was no great hurry.

The twins were talking to Lee about what they discovered about the night Harry left, but no matter how much they discussed it they still couldn’t pin it on Snape. They then talked about helping the other boy with his prank, until Morpheus came and took them to dreamland.

Harry’s POV

Harry was in his mindscape going over what to do about Crouch Jr. He made the connection that this was a bad guy, possibly a Death Eater. He thought maybe he could write to Waters and have him and the Aurors come to the first task. Then he could out the man, when he lost his magic. That might clear Harry’s name and then he could start getting things that needed to be done.

While in his mind, standing on the main deck of the Enterprise, he pulled all the remaining Wiccan books out and handed them to Data. He wanted to see if the android could read them quickly and process them. Then it would only take minutes to find the best form of meditation.

Data took the books and flipped through them. “It is my opinion that you should start with the candle meditation. I would not recommend the mirror one. My analysis shows that it would be too easy to become trapped in the ever repetitive images.”

Harry nodded and said, “Thanks, that’s what I thought too.” He took the books back and put them in his pocket. He’d give them to Hermione if she asked or to Neville if she didn’t.

“I am part of your mindscape, albeit mostly the subconscious part,” Data said with a nod of his head. “I will be able to process information quickly and do what I can to give it to you while you are awake.”

“Any thoughts on how to get my memories back?” the dark-haired wizard asked, looking at the view screen and seeing the vast white area. He saw the miniature sunset and really wanted to be able to get there.

“Inconclusive at this time,” was the answer. “We are running scenarios now. This shield appears to
be impenetrable; however, all defenses have a weakness. We just have not found this one’s yet.”

“Well, that sucks.”

“Indeed.”

“Well, keep up the good work. I’m going to go to sleep and hopefully dream of hot babes,” Harry said, looking at Troi and Uhura on the sly, hoping they didn’t see. He then blinked and was in his own bed. He rolled over and went to sleep. He did dream of good looking women dancing around a bonfire, naked. They were all his age though. For some reason Luna and Hermione weren’t there, maybe he subconsciously felt it would be disrespectful. Who knows how the dreaming mind works?

The next day the first thing the boy-wonder did, was fix his eyes. It was quite painful as they healed, like someone was scrambling them and then trying to separate the parts with a hooked needle. Perhaps, he should’ve asked Pomfrey. When the pain finally stopped, he blinked and smiled. “Perfect,” he said the empty room, which he could now see clearly. He then made his glasses permanent with plain glass, so he could still use his map. He added some charms that could see through things and vowed to keep it to walls. No promises, he was a teenage boy, after all.

Getting up and dressed he met his friends and they went to breakfast. Luna came down, and sat with them, snickering to herself. When they looked at her inquisitively, she waved to the old looking women in school uniforms, who were coming in to Great Hall. They went up to the Staff Table and complained to Flitwick. They couldn’t tell how it happened, since they might get in trouble. The professor waved his wand told them it would fade before their first class. The girls turned crone, went to the Ravenclaw table to much laughter and finger pointing. Harry gave the little blonde a kiss on the cheek for a prank well played.

The gang didn’t talk about anything important over breakfast, though Hermione did tell him what she thought of the books when she handed them back. He just shrugged and said, “Your loss,” making her frown. And he handed them to Neville, who did his upmost best to not look at that one cover.

Harry hit Snape with the jinx, though he used what he knew of fifty style dresses. He could tweak it later to fit Neville’s gran. It wouldn’t activate until the middle of the man’s first class. It would last a few minutes and then catch him again an hour later. He made sure to set it up so the times were random and the dresses were different.

Snape sneezed and glared around the Great Hall to see if anyone was paying attention to him. He didn’t see anyone looking his way, but he was sure Potter was talking about him.

The rest of the morning passed with everyone, but Harry, going to class. The boy hero went to the library and turned in his borrowed books. He took a few random books off the shelves and tried to get the Enterprise to scan them. It worked; everything he even glanced at was added to the databank for Data and Spock to go over. They would pick out what was useless and evaluate the rest. He did this until Neville had his first break. Using his map he found the boy and dragged him into an empty classroom.

“Did you finish the book?” he asked, looking at his friend’s tired face.

“Yeah, I got it all read by midnight. I have to say I’ve never heard of such magic,” the exhausted boy said, taking the book out of his bag and handing it back.

“Great,” Harry said, putting the book in his TARDIS pocket and then manhandling Neville to the front of the room. “Stand here and let me scan you,” he all but ordered.
“Scan?” the shy boy asked.

“I’m going to see if I can… get a feel for your magic. Then we’ll know what we’re working with,” our hero explained, as he let his magic roam over his friend from head to toe. His eyes widened when he saw Neville’s core. It was almost as big as his. Now, he just had to boost the boy’s confidence. “Well, we do have a lot to work with. You are almost as powerful as I am,” he said with a huge smile.

Neville furrowed his brow at that. “That is good news, but then why doesn’t magic work for me?” he asked, not sure if Harry got his ‘scan’ right.

“Let’s see you cast a spell,” Harry said, making sure his eyes never left the teen in front of him.

The sandy-haired boy shrugged, took out his wand and levitated a small statue. It wobbled and then slowly rose into the air. He deflated, and put it back down. “See, I am all Muggle,” he sighed.

“Nonsense, it’s your wand,” Harry said after his crew gave him the analysis. The scans showed the magic leaving his core and then stopping at his hand. It would then trickle down the wand and slowly do what it was supposed to.

“My gran told me this is a powerful wand, it was my dad’s. She said I should be proud to use it,” the other boy debated. He really didn’t want to give up his father’s wand. There was so very little that he had of his parents. He was still determined to see if there were journals in the vault.

“Yeah, but for some reason it’s not connecting to you. Here, try my tricorder,” the dark-haired teen said, handing it over. His eyes once more fixed on the boy’s core.

Another shrug and another spell later, Neville perked up. He could feel the difference. It still wasn’t perfect, but that statue rose higher and quicker.

“See,” Harry said excitedly. “Now we just have to get you to do all of that without one. The theory is sound. All you have to do is meditate on your core, follow it when you cast a spell and then channel it through you hand.”

“Easy for you to say, I’ve been told all my life that that is impossible,” Neville sighed. He wasn’t going to get over his issues in one setting.

“Here, watch,” our hero said, as he waved his hand and lifted the statue six feet into the air without any effort.

“Wicked,” the other teen said, looking astonished. He knew Harry did different magic with all he had observed since he started hanging out with the boy.

“Right, you have to get to class, but tonight I want you to meditate. Get some books on Occlumency and build your mindscape. Then read those books I gave you this morning. And then we’ll work on it some more. I have faith in you, Neville,” Harry said, clapping him on the back and leading him out of the room.

“I’ll try,” the shy boy said, still not convinced that he was all powerful.

“Do or do not, there is no try,” our hero quoted, though he had no idea where he heard that from. He thought it might be the guy Yoda from Star Wars, but did he read it or was it on the telly? He didn’t know, so he waved it away. It was good advice.

His friend looked at him weird and then shrugged and went to class. Harry decided to go and see if
his godfather scored.
Rita’s Poisoned Quill

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all the comments, and Kudos. They mean a lot.

Harry’s POV

As Harry walked through the courtyard, making his way to the Whomping Willow, he was spotted by Hagrid. The huge man waved for him to stop and ran to catch up with him. The teen wasn’t sure what he wanted, so he waited. The Yellow Alert went off the closer he got. With a thought he had his crew stand down, but to remain alert. He didn’t know Hagrid well, and the guy looked like he could crush him like a tin can. Still, from what Hermione told him, there wasn’t a gentler soul on earth.

“‘Arry, where are ya off ta now?” the half-giant asked as he made his way to the teen. “Dumbledore doesn’t want ya ta be wandering around alone,” he added when he caught up.

“Don’t worry, Hagrid, I’ll be with an adult,” the dark-haired wizard said in complete honesty.

“Well, that’s alright then,” Hagrid stated, clapping the boy on the back, making him stumble.

“Right, I’ll just be off. If the old man asks, tell him I’ll be back before dinner,” Harry added as he walked away.

“Ya shouldn’t talk abut the Headmaster that way. Great man, Dumbledore,” the tall man said to the boy’s back, scratching his beard. He knew Harry was still upset with him and the Headmaster, and he hoped Dumbledore was wrong and the boy would gain his memories back. He really missed his teas with his little friend and his mates. He still needed to find a way to tell Harry about the dragons. He couldn’t do it now; he had to teach a class. Maybe, he’d get Ron to help him. Surely the rumors were not as bad as they say. Those two had been friends since the beginning. With those thoughts, he went back to his hut to wait for the Hufflepuff/Ravenclaw third years.

“Yeah, right,” the amnesiac scoffed under his breath and continued on. He made it the Willow, and wandlessly threw the Knockback Jinx that Data just suggested at the knot and ambled to the tunnel. Once he got to the Shack, he called out, “Sirius, are you up yet?” He really hoped the man had had a good time.

The still glamored man came stumbling down the stairs. “Yeah, I’m up,” he said tiredly as he flopped in a chair. “What’s up, Harry?” he asked, running a hand down his exhausted face.

“Well, you either got lucky, or you’re suffering from a hangover, or both,” the teen smirked, looking at his map and not seeing anyone but him, Sirius, and Winky. He shrugged his shoulder and took a chair. “Either way, you must have had fun.”

“I spent all day in Gringotts getting my accounts in order, and it’s all your bloody fault,” the dogman snarled, pointing an accusing finger at our hero.

“How the fuck do you figure that?” Harry exclaimed. He thought for sure that his godfather had a
great time with his new looks.

“Those goblins are slave drivers,” he whinged, and then he told his godson about his adventures of the day before, and snarled when Harry doubled over in laughter. “It’s not bloody funny,” he growled. “I had nightmares all night long.” He gave a full body shudders. He swore he woke up with red hands.

The teen waved him off and continued laughing. Sirius threw a pillow at him and then the older man joined in with his own chuckling. If it had happened to someone else, then yeah, it was funny.

“Sorry, sorry,” Harry said, regaining control over his mirth. “I wanted to see if you scored, but I guess not. Maybe later, yeah?” he encouraged with a waggle of his eyebrows, and then got a thoughtful look on his face. “There is something I want to talk to you about. Who is Lupin? I mean, I know some things about him, but why haven’t I seen him? Hermione goes on and on about what a great guy he is, and tells me that he was good friends with you and my parents. So where is he?”

“Moony? Well, he is a very good friend of mine. I told you about him when I was telling you about your dad,” Sirius said seriously, all joking gone now. “She told you about his furry little problem?”

“Yeah and the fact that he tried to eat me, twice,” the teen snarled. He still wasn’t sure what to make of the guy. Just because someone was nice does not mean they can be trusted.

“Yeah, I can see where you might be wary, but, Harry, werewolves have no control over themselves during the full moon,” the glamored man said, hoping that this new Harry wasn’t prejudice.

“From what I understand there is a potion that makes it so they can. He was given it on that night, by Snape, and he ignored it. How long does it take to swallow a goblet of liquid?” he asked, not giving an inch.

“He thought I was here to kill you,” Sirius defended his buddy. “He probably didn’t even think about it, what with fearing for you and your mates’ lives,” he snarled, not liking where this was going. “He was trying to protect you.”

“By putting us into more danger by having an out of control werewolf on the loose, sorry, not buying it,” Harry said, folding his arms defiantly.

“Look, he made a mistake, anyone could do the same. Besides, he showed you the Patronus Charm so you wouldn’t have to deal with the Dementors,” the dogman tried to reason.

“Which I understand saved our lives, and for that I am thankful, but that still doesn’t negate the fact that he didn’t take proper precautions,” was the argument. “Five seconds is all it would have taken to swallow that potion, and he could have done it while he was coming here. He’s been a werewolf for how long?”

“Like I said, it was a mistake, but it all worked out in the end,” Sirius reasoned.

“Why hasn’t he come here to see me, or you, for that matter, if he is such a good friend?” Harry asked again, brushing the rest aside until he met the man. Maybe he was being harsh on the guy. Still, he’d hold off his opinion on what happened that night, for now.

“You have to understand some things about Remus’ life. He’s shunned in today’s society. He can’t find work or have a family. Life is rough for a werewolf.”

“So he can’t afford a Get Well note, or a stay safe letter?”
“Dumbledore probably told him to stay away until all the heat from last year blows over,” Sirius said, rubbing his hairless chin. He missed his goatee, maybe when they were done debating, Harry will magic him up one. “Snape outed him to the whole school, so yeah, he’s probably hiding.”

Harry scoffed, but figured the man was right. Still a post would’ve been nice. He dropped it for now, and brought out Merlin’s book. “Here is the book I told you about,” he said as he put it on the table. “This is the only book I found that comes close to my type of magic. Learn from it, and we’ll see if we can’t get you going on wandless magic,” he added and pulled out Godric’s book. He placed it next to Merlin’s and then waved his hand to copy both. Gryffindor’s for Hermione and Merlin’s for Luna.

Glad the argument was over for now, the young looking man picked up the offered book. “Holy shite, this is written by Merlin,” he exclaimed, running a reverent hand over the pages. This was priceless, and Harry trusted him with it. That made him swell with pride. He would do his very best to not damage it.

“Yeah, it’s a really good book and if you are an Occlumens, then you will benefit from it quickly,” Harry said, putting the other three books back in his TARDIS pocket, making sure to tag the copies. “Before you get into that I have a problem. Possibly life and death,” he said ominously, looking his godfather in the eyes so he knew this was serious.

“What’s up?” Sirius asked, putting the book back on the table.

“There is an impostor in Hogwarts. His name is Bartemius Crouch Jr.” the teen said, pulling out the Marauders’ map.

“That’s impossible, I saw the man dead,” Sirius said with a furrowed brow. He remembered when the floated the dead Barty Jr. in front of his cell.

Harry snorted and said, “With all the ways you people have to impersonate someone; you truly believe it can’t happen?” He lifted an eyebrow, thinking once again that logic didn’t apply to wizards.

The dogman once again rubbed his chin in thought. *He’s right; it could’ve been someone else. But who and how?* He thought back to that time and remembered Senior and his wife visiting. They both left, but the wife didn’t look good, but that could be the effects of Azkaban. Still…

“Look, here’s the map. See, Junior is teaching right now, and Moody is in his quarters. Don’t you have to have the person your impersonating’s essence?” he asked, pointing to the two places on the map, which didn’t actually show the Jr. part of the name.

“How do you know that’s not Sr.?” Sirius asked gazing at the map.

“Senior is in the Head arsehole’s office.”

And he was right there were two Crouches in the castle. “Shite,” he said, looking at both names.

“I thought we could write Waters and he get him to come to the first task with Bones. They could then catch him when he loses his magic,” Harry explained. “Then I can get my name cleared as a cheater and move on with my life.”

“That’s a good start, but I’m not sure if we should hold on to this information that long. That man,” he pointed the DADA classroom, “is a stark raving lunatic. I don’t want him near you or the other students.”
“Well, what do you suggest?”

There Sirius deflated, he had nothing. Even with his glamor there was little he could do with his weak wand. Jr. was not to be underestimated. He may be barmy, but his was a powerful wizard.

“Tell Dumbledore?”

“Didn’t he claim to be Moody’s longtime friend?” Harry asked, wondering where he got that information from. He shrugged off as someone mentioning it, but he couldn’t remember who.

“Wouldn’t he already know the man was a fake?”

“Double shite. Fine, we’ll go with your plan then, but, Harry, please don’t confront the man. He is quite mad, and a zealot of You-Know-Who.” There was no way he wanted his godson near that fake.

Harry waved him away and said, “I’ll just keep an eye on him. The task it right around the corner. So he probably won’t make a move until then. If my theory is correct then one of us will lose our magic, hopefully him.”

“Alright, let’s get planning.” Sirius said thoughtfully, and the two put their heads together and strategized. Noting that Senior and the Headmaster had left the office.

Bagman’s POV

There was a small crowd waiting in a small room. It was the official Wand Weighing Ceremony, and they were waiting on the youngest champion.

“Where is Harry Potter?” Bagman asked, looking at his magical watch. They had been waiting for a good twenty minutes for the boy. Everyone was getting antsy. The champions were bored and the officials were angry. The press was having a field day, as the longer the wait, the more those vial quills scribbled. This did not look good on Hogwarts. He was also worried that the teen spoke the truth and wasn’t going to participate. That would be bad; he had a lot of money riding on this. It was bad enough that those Weasley twins were in his face about the Leprechaun money he had given them.

“I am sure that he will be along any minute now. Perhaps we should have warned the champions of this ceremony before today,” Albus said, looking over his glasses at Crouch Sr.

“It’s tradition,” the man grumbled. He was looking bad, like he hadn’t slept in days. He had no clue where his son was, but he was getting a sneak suspicion that he was right here in the school.

Just then Colin Creevey came running into the room, breathing hard and trying to restrain his laughter. He had just come from the potion’s classroom and saw Snape dressed in a frilly dress pink that was tightly belted and flared at the skirt. It was hilarious. The man kept trying to magic it away, but he couldn’t. He was yelling that he was going to get Black back. It wasn’t until the dress disappeared that Colin asked about Harry, only to be told he wasn’t there. He looked all over the castle, but couldn’t find him.

“Mr. Creevey, where is Harry?” Dumbledore asked, rubbing his beard with worry. He just knew the boy left the castle again. ‘Damn that boy, why couldn’t he stay in one place?’

“He wasn’t in class or the library. I looked everywhere, even the dorms,” Colin stated, catching his breath as he put his hands on his knees.

“Oh my, that is troublesome,” the Headmaster stated.
“Do you always let your students run around during class time?” Madam Maxime asked with a look of disapproval. So far Hogwarts didn’t impress her. It was bad enough they had two champions, now one of those champions was snubbing them.

“Yes, Dumbledore, how hard is it to keep control over one student? And a celebrity at that,” Karkaroff inquired. He knew the boy would do a runner. He looked so scared after the drawing. Then he was missing for week and had to be dragged back to the castle. Gryffindor courage, indeed.

“Young Harry is suffering from an illness at the moment. He is doing self-study, and I had hoped he would be in the library,” the old man stated gently. He had kept Harry’s condition within the walls of Hogwarts so far. He was surprised the two of them hadn’t learned about it yet.

“If you are talking about the rumor that ‘e ‘as… amnezeia,” she tried the word. “Zen it is merely a boy afraid,” she finished, waving her many ringed hand.

“Yes, ve have heard the rumors as vell, but the boy does not seem to be suffering,” the Durmstrang Headmaster replied. He, like Maxime, did not think they were true. They had both seen the boy laughing with his friends and generally appeared in good health.

Rita Skeeter’s green quill was writing a mile a minute. This would be good. She had so many headlines running through her head; all she had to do was pick the one that would cause the most damage. Did she want to make the Boy-Who-Lived suffer or Hogwarts, perhaps the Ministry? Oh, the possibilities.

**Harry’s POV**

“Well, we’re not going to get any further in this. I have a few books I want to read, so let’s just study for a while,” Harry said, taking out some of the books he got from the library. Yeah, he could scan them, but sometimes reading was just relaxing.

“Yeah, let’s,” Sirius said, picking up Merlin’s book and carefully opening the cover, very thankful that there seemed to be a translation spell on it.

The two read for hours, until it was time for dinner. Harry put his books away and ran to the castle. He was met by Dumbledore and his two minions, McGonagall and Snape. His proximity ward flared, but they were in his way so he continued on with a heavy sigh.

“Mr. Potter, I thought I requested that you to let us know when you would be leaving the castle,” Dumbledore said, looking over his glasses.

Harry shrugged and said, “I told Hagrid.”

The old man sighed. He couldn’t fault him this time. “You missed a very important part of the tournament. This is the day your wand would have been weighed to see if it was in good condition. You made me look very unprofessional.”

The teen shrugged again. “Not my fault that you play your cards close to your chest. No one told me about any appointments today. Hell, I don’t even know when the tasks are scheduled, so that is not my fault. Plus, and I’m repeating myself here, *I’m not competing,*” he enunciated each word. “I don’t know why you people don’t listen to me.”

“You will lose your magic if you do not comply,” the Headmaster said, pinching his long nose.

“I don’t care,” Harry stated for what seemed the hundredth time. “Look, I’m done talking to you; you asked your questions, I gave my answers. So if you will excuse me, I’m going to dinner,” he
said as he walked away.

“When are you going to start disciplining that boy?” Snape snarled as he watched Potter move on. He knew either he of Black played the dress prank on him. He was leaning towards Black, because he didn’t think the boy-wonder was up to it. His clothing had changed three times already today, making him a laughingstock, and he couldn’t do anything to vent his anger on the amused students with that blasted ghost hanging out in his classroom.

“What can I do? He abided by the rules I set out. There is nothing to correct,” the old man said, looking at his protégé. He still was doubtful about the man’s alibi. However, so far the man was sticking to it.

“He disrespects you, me and every adult in this school. I’m sure he is in cahoots with his godfather. Who knows what they will get up to,” the greasy-haired man pointed out.

“To which he feels he has a very good reason,” was the rebuttal. “For all intent and purposes, we are keeping him here against his will. I am sure he will soon see our way, Severus. Leave the boy alone,” he added firmly.

“Yes, Headmaster,” Snape gritted and then whirled around and stomped to dinner.

“Severus is right. You should discipline the child more. You are never going to earn his respect otherwise,” McGonagall stated. She was mortified when she heard the boy had skived off such an important event. She was, and always will be, loyal to Hogwarts, and the child was making them look bad at every turn. He needed to be brought to heel. Even if he never recovered his memory, he was still a child, and they should not be allowed to be so disrespectful to the staff of this school.

“What would I punish him with? He cares not for house points or being expelled. He needs to remain here where we can protect him,” Albus argued, thinking he would have to do something soon to gain Harry’s trust. His staff was starting to lose respect for him.

“Get him to follow your rules, or I am going to the Board and have him removed. Boy-Who-Lived or not, he is making a mockery of us,” she threatened and then turned and followed Snape.

“When did I lose control?” the old goat asked no one. With a heavy sigh, he too moved to the castle.

Harry’s POV

“Where were you today?” Hermione asked softly, not wanting to start another argument.

“Studying? Why?” Harry asked as he served up some breaded pork chops and mixed vegetables.

“Oh, I was just wondering. Colin Creevey was looking for you today. Something to do with the tournament,” she said, pointing at the third year, and then started dishing up her own meal.

“Yes, I was just confronted by the adults. I told them what they needed to know and came here,” Harry shrugged and continued eating. He pulled out the two copies, gave Luna hers under the table and handed Hermione hers. “Here’s that copy I said I’d get to you,” he said, winking at the little blonde, who discretely put hers away.

“Thank you, Harry, this is marvelous,” she said as bounced in place, making the teen’s eyes wander. “How did you do this? You don’t know any magic,” the bushy-haired witch asked, looking over the first page with wonder.

“Padfoot,” was the answer. “Tell me how classes were?” he asked, changing the subject as
Hermione propped the book on a pitcher, blocking his view.

So the group talked about unimportant things as they ate. Right when dessert started, there was a flurry of owls delivering a special edition of The Daily Prophet. Harry didn’t get one, but the look of horror on Hermione’s face said it wasn’t good.

“Oh this is bad,” she said, and handed the paper over with trembling hands. Harry read the headline and his face reddened with anger. There on the front page was a picture of him, he didn’t know where they got it, and the headline said:

**The Boy-Who-Lived Shuns Tournament. Is He Scared or are Rumors True?**

“Who is this bitch and where does she get off writing about me?” Harry asked as he read the article. It mostly stated that he blew off the Wand Weighing Ceremony and that he was feeling remorseful about putting his name in the Goblet of Fire. There was a small sentence about the possibility that he had amnesia, but she wrote that it might be a ploy to undermine the officials. “I’m going to make sure she fries,” the angry teen stated as silverwares started to lift off the table.

“Harry, calm down,” Luna said, putting her arm around his shoulders. “Your magic is getting away from you,” she added, waving her free hand to indicate the floating tableware.

“Someone give me some parchment and something to write with, not a quill,” the dark-haired teen demanded as he put all the silverware back on the table. He had a few letters to write. “How do you make a howler?” he asked the twins with a wicked grin.
Hermione’s POV

“Harry, I’m not sure that’s a really good idea,” Hermione said worriedly, but firmly. There were times you had to stick to your views, and this was one of them. If he got mad at her for it, then so be it. She wasn’t going to let him jump into trouble just because he was furious. She had stood by him for too long to just let him do something that might come back and bite him. “She’s a horrid person and gets away with writing poisonous things about everyone, even the Minister. All you’re going to do is make her write more about you. Do you really want that kind of publicity?” she reasoned strongly. The Harry she knew would have just rolled with the punches. He never would had done anything to get noticed and sending a howler to Rita would do that.

“I’m just saying to think about it first, and don’t let your anger control you,” she said with a soft look. She knew it was probably pointless, but she had to try. She was beginning to wonder if he valued her opinion at all.

“Did you read the same article I did? She called me a coward. That is not okay. She never even spoke to me. It would have been simple to confirm whether or not I have amnesia. All she had to do was ask. No, she’s a spiteful bitch who is more of a glory hound than I’m accused of being, and I’m going to show her just what a coward I am. If I hide, I will be proving her point,” he stated quietly, and held out his hands for writing utensils.

Hermione sighed and handed him a parchment, an inkwell and quill. “You can’t write a Howler with a pen,” she explained.

Our hero shrugged took them up and put quill to parchment for about five minutes. His face took on a myriad of emotions, mostly maliciousness. He folded the parchment into an envelope, stuck it shut with a spell, and then turned to the twins and raised an eyebrow.

“You have to point your wand at it and feed it your anger or frustration until the paper turns red,” Fred told him.

“The problem is there’s an incantation, and we don’t know it,” George finished.
“Oh, that’s alright, I think I get the gist,” Harry said wickedly, and put his hand on the parchment feeding it the negative emotion. He felt the anger leave his body and flow into the letter. Everyone watched in amazement as it turned red and then black. Smoke started to pour off and it looked like it would burn if you touched it. He pulled a long piece of twine from his TARDIS pocket, added a spell to it, and tied an end to the letter. As if just knowing he needed her, Hedwig flew to his shoulder. “Alright, girl?” he asked as he petted her chest. She hooted calmly. “Good. Here, take this to Skeeter, but try not to touch it, okay? Make sure you leave as soon as it drops,” he said, tying the other end of the string to her foot.

The owl nipped his ear and took off, the black letter leaving trails of smoke behind it. All the people in the Great Hall watched her and wondered just what the Boy-Who-Lived was up to now. Dumbledore shook his head and had a brief thought on stopping that post, but decided he was in enough trouble with Harry. Perhaps, it was time to let him make a few mistakes, and this was surely to be one.

“How… how… how did you do that, Harry?” Hermione asked, completely flabbergasted. As far as she knew, he didn’t know how to do magic. This confirmed that he was hiding things from her. It made her sad that they hadn’t gotten back to the tight friendship they had had.

“Read the book I just gave you, that will explain most of it,” was the answer as he wrote another quick note to Waters. He’d send it off in the morning. Then he tucked it away and went back to his afores, feeling much better. His proximity alert went off, causing him to sigh. He didn’t bother to check his map, thinking it was the old man coming to reprimand him. The Daily Prophet was slammed down on to his plate, spattering the remains of his dessert onto the table. That made him frown, he wasn’t done yet.

“See, Potter, I’m not the only one who thinks you’re a coward and a cheat,” Ron sneered, folding his arms in a smug ‘I’ve proven my point’ way. “The whole world knows what you are now.”

“Go away, Weasley, unless you want me to press charges on you for stealing my shite,” Harry said, running a tired hand through his hair. That spell took a bit out of him, he had added more than just the Howler spell, and he really didn’t want to put up with this right now. “Are you sure you want that? I mean, can your parents afford it? I’ve only let it go because I like them, and the twins, but if you don’t back the fuck off and maintain your distance, I’m going to,” he threatened. He really didn’t want to, but he was tired of putting up with the youngest male.

Those words set the twins in motion. As one they stood and grabbed an arm and said, “We’ll handle this.” And without another word they took Ron out of the Great Hall, with him protesting that he wasn’t done yet. Whether was his meal or his rant, they never knew.

“Well, that’s done,” Luna said as she spelled Harry’s plate clean. “Have some more pudding, Harry. That Howler seems to have taken a bit out of you,” she added, looking at his pale look.

The boy hero nodded in agreement and took a huge slice of pumpkin pie and started eating. When he finish he let out a jaw-cracking yawn. “That’s me done,” he said, getting up from his seat.

“I’m done too,” Neville stated, grabbing his bag and joining him.

“I would actually like to talk to Hermione for a while. I’ll see you boys tomorrow,” Luna said, looking pointedly at the bushy-haired witch. “Girl talk,” she added, turning to the males and giving that ‘women’s secret’ smile.

The boys shuddered and left for the dorms.
“What did you really want to talk about?” Hermione asked, giving her a wary look. She had the idea of what the topic of the conversation would be, but she wasn’t sure what the ditzy girl would say.

“I was wondering if you wanted to maintain your friendship with the new Harry,” Luna said as she picked at her tart. She liked Hermione and would hate to see her driven away with her bossiness. She really hoped the girl would listen to her advice.

“Of course I do, how can you ask that? He’s my best friend.” The other witch looked totally affronted that anyone would question her devotion to Harry. Even though she, herself, had since he came back.

“Is he really? What do you know of this improved personality?” the little blonde asked with wide serious eyes.

Hermione deflated at that, she really didn’t know much about the new Harry. He was so different from the introvert that he used to be. She was still attempting to get along with this more outgoing character. It was hard though with them arguing all the time. However, she still thought of him as her best friend. “I’m trying,” she said softly as tears form in her eyes, “but he keeps some many things from me. I know he is, and he never used to do that before. I don’t know what to do,” she cried, and put her face in her hands.

“Oh dear, I didn’t mean for you to cry. Shhh, there, there,” Luna said, giving her a one-armed hug and holding her close. “I wanted to give you some advice that I hope will help,” she whispered in to the other girl’s ear.

Hermione sniffled for a few minutes, then used a napkin and dried her tears. Then she squared her shoulders, sure she wasn’t going to like what was going to be said, and looked at the Ravenclaw. “I can take it,” she stated with firm nod.

“Oh, don’t fret so. It is rather easy to get alone with Harry. All you have to do is… listen,” the small girl said with a bright smile, patting her arm as if it was really that simple.

“I do listen,” was the defensive argument.

“No, you really don’t. You may hear with your ears, but you don’t listen with your eyes,” Luna said vaguely.

“That doesn’t make a lick of sense,” the bushy-haired witch huffed. She knew the girl was going to say something barmy.

“It really does if you think about it,” was the rebuttal. And with that Luna grabbed her bag and went to her tower. She had a book to read.

“Listen with your eyes,” Hermione grumbled as she too left the Great Hall. She too had a book to read.

Rita’s POV

Rita Skeeter was relaxing at her desk with her feet up and a cup of tea in her hands. She was satisfied with a good day’s reporting. Everyone was talking about her article and they were all vilifying the boy-wonder. The paper had a good run tonight; they even did a second printing. She knew she should be getting started on her commentary for the next day but was content to relax for a minute.

Other reporters were glaring at her in jealousy or hate. They never liked that she could get way with such articles. Most of them tried to be good reporters, but with sensational sales like this evening’s,
well that didn’t happen often. The Prophet was more of a tabloid, so most good stories were binned. Many wished that there were more papers to be employed with, but with only three major publications, jobs were limited.

Just then a beautiful snowy white owl flew through the owl window, carrying a smoking black envelope that was trailing on a long string. No one had ever seen a black Howler before, so they had no idea what it was. Wands went up and shields were cast as they all watched the bird fly to Rita’s desk.

Rita looked at the letter with dubious eyes and tried to banish it. That was the spell to release the twine and the letter flew into the air and opened. Hedwig shot to the ceiling, and out the window. Soot was flung from the parchment, covering everything within ten feet of Skeeter. She coughed and waved her wand to rid of it, but that only set off the yelling part of the letter.

“LISTEN HERE YOU CONNIVING TWO-BIT REPORTER. IF YOU EVER WRITE ABOUT ME AGAIN WITHOUT MY PERMISSION OR WITHOUT TALKING TO MY LAWYER, I WILL SUE THE PANTS OFF YOU. AND IF YOU THINK FOR ONE FUCKING SECOND THAT I’M GOING TO RUN AND HIDE FROM YOUR VILE WORDS, THINK AGAIN, BITCH.

CALL ME A COWARD WILL YOU? I’LL SHOW YOU HOW MUCH OF ONE I AM. WANT TO TUSSLE WITH ME? BRING IT. YOU KNOW WHERE I’M STAYING. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS FACE ME AND WE’LL SEE WHO THE BLOODY COWARD IS. OR IS ALL YOU CAN DO IS SPIT OUT LIES TO MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER? AFRAID OF A LITTLE BOY WITH NO MEMORY. YOU’D KNOW MORE MAGIC THAN I, SINCE I BLOODY WELL CAN’T REMEMBER SHITE.

I HAVE AMNESIA, YOU STUPID CUNT, AND IF YOU THINK THAT THAT IS BULLSHIT THEN ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS TALK TO MADAM POMFREY AND SHE WILL CONFIRM IT. DO YOUR FUCKING RESEARCH. YOU’RE SUPPOSED TO BE A REPORTER. WHAT KIND OF REPORTER JUST WRITES SHITE LIKE THIS EVENING’S ARTICLE. THAT’S NOT REPORTING, JUST SOME HACK SPOUTING BULLSHIT TO SELL PAPERS. WELL, IF YOU THINK YOU CAN GET AWAY WITH THIS, THINK AGAIN. I’VE GOT MY FUCKING EYE ON YOU AND YOU’D BETTER WATCH YOUR STEP, OR I’M GOING TO CRUSH YOU. I MAY NOT REMEMBER MUCH, BUT I DO HAVE PEOPLE WHO ARE MORE THAN WILL TO HELP ME PUT YOU DOWN LIKE THE BUG YOU ARE.

AS FOR SNUBBING THE TRIWIZARD TOURNAMENT, LET’S JUST SAY THAT I WILL NOT PLAY IN THOSE STUPID ROMAN GAMES FOR A BUNCH OF BLOODTHIRSTY FUCKING PEOPLE THAT I DON’T KNOW. IF YOU WANT SOMEONE TO DIE FOR THE MASSES, THEN BE MY FUCKING GUEST AND DO IT YOUR DAMN SELF. I DIDN’T PUT MY NAME IN THAT DAMN GOBLET. THAT IS THE LAST I HAVE TO SAY ON THAT MATTER.

I WILL BURN YOU IF YOU TRY AND DO THIS TO ME AGAIN.

DO YOU UNDERSTAND?”

The Howler then burst into flames setting the desk on fire, but it burned out before it hurt anything but Rita’s notes and her half-written article.

Suddenly there was the sound of clapping. Soot flew from her wiry hair as Rita turned and scowled. She all but growled when she saw the rest of the reporters cheering her misfortune. She picked up
her soot covered alligator purse and left the building. She’d see what he thought of tomorrow’s article. A wicked smile crossed her face. Little did she know that the Howler was far more than it appeared to be.

**Harry’s POV**

The next day the first thing Harry did was mail his letter to Waters. He wrote a quick note to Sirius and had Dobby take it to him. He hoped that the man got lucky today, and would be in a good mood tomorrow. He went back to the dorms and picked up Neville and Hermione, the latter looked thoughtfully at him. He raised an eyebrow, but she just shook her head with a small smile, and gushed over the Gryffindor book. They met Luna on the way and went to the Great Hall. Sitting in their usual seats, they talked about Magical Theory as they ate.

The post owls came and soon there was a lot of laughing when the Prophet was read. There on the front page was Skeeter covered from head to toe in soot as the black Howler was exploding. It replayed that scene over and over. The headline read.

**Potter Fights Back. Who’s Scared Now?**

The article that followed retold what the Howler said, and how Rita left the building and hadn’t been seen since. It stated that she was now running scare of the boy hero, and didn’t want to anger him any further. They did say that they were going to check on reports to see if the Boy-Who-Lived really had lost his memory.

The gossip started up again, as the students from all three schools were debating on whether the amnesiac would compete. There was a lot of grumbling and whispers, but our hero’s group ignored them.

Harry had a good laugh. He knew that it was more than that, and that there would be another article from Skeeter soon. Boy, would she be surprised. Right now, he brushed it off as a job well done and went about his day. He needed to talk to Sirius again, but that could wait until tomorrow. Today he wanted to scan books about wards. So, after excusing himself to his friends, he went to the library. He wandered around, not wanting to bother the bitchy librarian, and soon found the section he was looking for. Taking down four books, he carried them to a table and started scanning.

He learned a lot about ward stones and personal wards, like his golden dome. How they worked and what they needed. He needed a better grasp on Runes, so he searched for those books. Again scanning the ones he found. While he, Data and Spock were going over what to do with them, his proximity alert went off. He noted on the map that it was Weasley, but the guy maintained his distance, so he just watched out of the corner of his eyes. After a few minutes the redhead left.

When he learned all he could, he left the library. He made it down a corridor as was just turning the corner when there was a rattling in one of the suits of armor. He scanned it, but it came back inconclusive. He and his mind crew figured it was the magic on the metal interfering. So he stepped up and peeked into the suit, to make sure no one was trapped in there. Bullies could be cruel like that.

Suddenly he got cold and scared.

A creature came out of the mouth. It looked like the epitome of death with its ragged cloak, and its boney hands. There was deep rattling breathes coming from the thing, which cause Harry to shiver. He looked at the demon in front of him and had the fleeting thought, ‘So this is a Dementor. I wonder why if I can’t remember what they are, I’m see one now. Is it subconscious? Who would bring something like this in to a school?’ His thoughts were going a mile a minute as he backed
He heard a voice of a woman screaming and wondered who it was. Then he heard horrendous laughter and wanted to kill whoever was making it. He got his head together and cast the Patronus, which he did on instinct. Instead of a transparent silver stag, it was solid looking brown one, except it was translucent. When it touched the Dementor, it screamed. But it didn’t fade, or run, so Harry knew it wasn’t the real thing. He banished his Patronus and made the creature in front of him a clown, which was quite a funny sight. When he chuckled, the thing flew back into the armor. He’d have to tell someone about that, but he had no idea who. Perhaps Flitwick…

He heard cursing down the hall, but it was too far away for his map to pick up. He’d have to fix that, and with that thought the map expanded. There about fifty feet away was one Ron Weasley. ‘So that’s how he wants to play?’ Harry thought vindictively. He looked at his watch and saw it was lunchtime and smirked. ‘I don’t have time for you right now but you’ll get yours, Weasley.’

Turning in the opposite direction, Harry headed towards the Great Hall.

Chapter End Notes

Honestly, I tried to not leave even the slightest cliffhanger, but for some reason I have a hard time doing that, it’s just the way I write.
Harry’s POV

He met up with his gang of friends outside the Great Hall for dinner. He had no idea he had spent the entire day in the library. They went inside and the first thing Harry did was go to the Staff Table. He decided on telling Flitwick, at least this man hadn’t done anything to him yet. “Hello, Professor, I don’t believe we’ve been reintroduced. I’m Harry Potter,” he said to the diminutive man.

That got some looks from those that had doubted him. Madam Maxime was now wondering if she had been wrong. Karkaroff was still in the firm belief that the boy was faking. The rest of the Hogwarts’ staff, barring Snape and Moody, was giving him looks of pity. He cut them all icy glares, and then turned his attention back to Flitwick.

“Ah, yes, Mr. Potter, my name is Professor Flitwick. I teach Charms, and am the Head of Ravenclaw. What can I do for you this evening?” Filius asked with a beaming smile. He had yet to have a confrontation with this boy, and was more than happy to help. He still remembered the nice shy boy from his class and was hoping Minerva was wrong and the child had not turn in so someone as vile as she said.

“I was coming from the library and was confronted by a Boggart,” Harry said blandly. Even though this was one of the professors that he didn’t hate, he still had very little positive emotions for the guy, since he couldn’t control his own House. Luna had told him that she had gone to complain to the man in her first year, but he said that until she had proof then there was little he could do. Harry understood that, to an extent. After all the teachers were busy that year, doing the Aurors’ job and trying to solve why people were being petrified, but the man could’ve taught her how to ward her things.

“Oh my, that is not good. Why, first years will be terrified. Thank you, Mr. Potter, for letting me know. But, why tell me and not Professor Moody?” Flitwick asked, placing his fork on the table.

“Luna said you were mostly a nice man, so I came to you,” was the stoic answer.

“Mostly?” came the confused inquiry.

“You like to turn the other way when others are being bullied,” Harry stated boldly.

“Ah, yes, Miss Lovegood’s nargles. I had forgotten about those. Tell Miss Lovegood to come to me after dinner and we will discuss her missing things,” Flitwick said thoughtfully. In truth he had forgotten, and the young girl hadn’t come to him again. He had thought perhaps it had been solved without his input. “I will be in my office around eight this evening.”

“I’ll tell her. The bogart is right outside the library, and the last I saw it, it was in a suit of armor,” Harry said, feeling a bit better about the man.

“Very well, I will talk to the DADA professor and we will go and take care of it,” the half-goblin stated, hopping down from his chair and doing just that.

Harry shrugged and went to join his friends. He had done his job and now all he wanted to do was eat. As he joined the table he leaned over and whispered to Luna to meet the man after eight. She nodded her head and gave him a grateful grin.

“Why did you need…?” was all Hermione got out when someone kicked her foot. She looked
around at the people surrounding her and Luna and Neville were both giving her pointed looks.

“It’s alright, guys, I’ll answer her question. Weasley set me up to face a Boggart,” he said as he started to load his plate.

“Not saying that you are wrong, but are you sure it was Ron?”

“I saw him,” was the answer as Harry took a bite of his roast beef. He really liked the way they prepared it. It was spiced just right. He was going to have to talk to Dobby to see if he couldn’t get the recipe. For some reason he felt he liked cooking.

“Oh,” was all she said as she too took up some food, and pulled Gryffindor’s book out and started reading it.

“I assume you are going to pay him back?” Neville asked, taking some chicken and potatoes.

“Well, yeah,” Harry said a bit astonished that he would ask.

“Okay, just to let you know, Ron is terrified of spiders,” the not quite as shy boy stated.

“Is he really?” our hero hummed, thinking that that might be too easy, but still the arsehole had set him up to face his greatest fear. He’d have to think about it.

Rita’s POV

Rita Skeeter was taking a bath for the hundredth time today. It was the reason she never showed up to work, that damn soot was still covering her. No matter what she did, she couldn’t get it off. Her hair and skin on the front have of her body was black as coal and no magic would make it otherwise. The rest of her was her normal self.

She tried to settle down and write, but every time she saw her hands she was compelled to wash them. It was infuriating.

She was going to get that scrawny runt if it was the last thing she did. She finally gave up on regaining her true coloring, got dressed, grabbed her handbag, Disapparated to Hogwarts gates, and morphed into a bug. Much to her dismay, she now looked like a dung beetle. Deciding there was little that could be done about that, she flew up the path.

She never saw today’s paper, as if she would read that rag. There was never anything good in it, but for her articles; she was the best after all.

Dumbledore’s POV

Flitwick and ‘Moody’ came back into the Hall and sat back at their seats. “Pray tell, what did Harry want, Filius?” the Headmaster asked, doing his usual grandfather glasses routine.

“Such a thoughtful young man, he let us know that there was a Boggart in the library corridor,” the cheerful man stated, deciding he would take care of his House on his own. There was no need to trouble the Headmaster about it. “Never fear, we took care of it.”

“Did he, indeed? Well, that is a wonderful surprise,” Albus said as his eyes sought the messy-haired teen, thinking that the kinder more polite Harry was emerging. ‘Maybe his friends are changing him? Soon he will go back to admiring me for the great man I am,’ he thought with a happy grin. ‘Yes, the poor boy may never remember, but he will see the truth soon enough.’ And with those delusional thoughts the old man went back to eating his dinner.
Harry’s POV

“The old man is twinkling again,” Luna said in a sing-song voice as she made a fort out of her mashed potatoes.

“I wonder if he is trying to read someone else’s memory,” Harry said, looking at her fort with admiration. It was really good.

“No,” she said vaguely as she ate the roof off her finished building. “I think he is just having happy thoughts.”

Harry shrugged and went back to his own meal, thinking up ways that his payback to others might come back and bite him. He knew the spell that he placed on Rita was irreversible, which is why it took so much out of him, so he didn’t have to worry about that. Weasley was a minor annoyance, but he was trying to play with the big boys. Right now, the dark-haired teen was trying to decide whether spiders or Worf, in full Klingon regalia, would be the better bet into scaring the boy off. Speaking of Ron, he cast a glance down the table and saw the boy shoveling food in his mouth with a very disgruntled face.

With a flick of his finger, Harry set a small illusion on the boy. He then went back to eating.

Ron’s POV

A large hairy spider came from the ceiling and dangled in front of Ron, and then it just dropped on his arm. “Get it off!! Get it off!!” yelled the redhead as he swatted a spider that wasn’t there.

“Get what off?” Dean asked, looking over he roommate. He didn’t see anything to remove. He really didn’t like Ron, not that he was a bad bloke, but he badmouthed everyone. Ever since Potter’s name came out of the Goblet, the redhead had gotten worse. Most the Gryffindor tower avoided him. The skunk prank had made it easy. He was however glad that the jinx wore off and with it the smell disappeared. He and Seamus learn a lot of fumigations spells over the last week. Neville, on the other hand, learned a bubble spell to protect his belongings from the offensive odor.

“Don’t you see that big hairy spider?!” the redheaded teen yelled, still swatting the insect, not noticing that his hand was going through it. All he saw was his greatest fear crawling up his arm. Why wouldn’t that damn thing get off?

“You’re barmy, there’s nothing there,” Seamus stated, and then went back to his dinner. He felt much the same way has Dean did.

The illusion faded and the youngest Weasley male left in a huff. He knew Potter had something to do with it, but when he had looked all he saw was a blank face. There was no wand present, so it couldn’t have been the git, but he knew that the cheater had done something. He looked to his brother’s and they were laughing their arses off, maybe he set the twins on him. He cursed the fact that he had been seen in the corridor.

Hermione’s POV

“What did you do?” Hermione accused, looking to the twins after the other boy left. She wanted to go and help him, but he had been such a prat to her lately.

“Us? Oh, that wasn’t us?” they denied, holding their sides and sitting up straighter, mirth still lining their identical faces. That was a great; they’d have to ask Harry how he did it. They needed to get the boy to make them copies of the book that Hermione was reading. Then they could pull off hysterical
shite like that. Things like illusion jokes would be wonderful for their shop. Oh the endless possibilities.

She looked to Harry, who was just eating, albeit chuckling, shook her head and went back to her book.

“Weasley twins!” McGonagall yelled as she moved towards the students.

“We didn’t do it!” they exclaimed, taking out their wands and presenting them to the irate teacher.

She checked them over and snarled. She was sure it had been them. It wasn’t the first time this year they embarrassed their younger brother. She turned to her other troublesome student, who was already handing her his wand. After clearing Harry, she growled under her breath and left to find the younger Mr. Weasley. She needed to know what happened.

Sirius’ POV

Sirius was ecstatic that he was finally out and about. He had finished Merlin’s book and was excited, though nervous, to get started but first he wanted to have some fun. He had gotten some new clothes earlier and felt like a new man. Right now he was chatting up some bird, who granted was a few years younger than him. However, he wasn’t going to complain since she was of age. “So, why’s a good looking woman like you sitting here by yourself?” he asked in his most suave tone. He was really out of practice.

She was a good looking woman, about twenty-five and had long straight blonde hair. Her curves were to die for, and she was wearing new clothes from Tylor’s Threads, which accented them quite nicely.

“Waiting for my twin sister,” she giggled. “We do everything together,” she purred as she leaned towards the handsome man. She hadn’t seen him before; maybe they could have some fun. It wouldn’t be the first time she and her twin played a little slap and tickle together.

“Really? Maybe we three can to something together,” he said smoothly, sidling closer to the girl. “Tell me more about you and your sister. Are you identical?” he added as he waved Madam Rosmerta to refill their drinks. Now all he had to do was figure out where he was going to take them, since he couldn’t go to the Shack. Rosmerta rented rooms, didn’t she? Well, he’d figure it out, later.

“Oh, yes we’re the same… everywhere,” she purred again, pressing those curves on his arm.

“Lovely.” Oh, yeah, Sirius was going to get lucky tonight.

Harry’s POV

Harry was just about to serve himself some dessert, when his brain went into Yellow Alert. He looked around, but didn’t see an adult anywhere near him. He was confused until, he noticed a beetle in Luna’s hair. He looked at his map and it read Mrs. Wiggles, so he knew it was an Animagus. Normal animals and pest don’t have names, unless they were pets, like Mrs. Norris. So, even if this wasn’t an Animagus, he should put it in a jar, so he could return it to its rightful owner, right? He was sure this was a human in animal disguise, though. And judging from the coloring he knew just who this was.

Quick as a wink he blinked, and the bug was stunned. He wandlessly floated it into his non-TARDIS pocket, knowing it wouldn’t kill her. Though he might later, if she was here to hurt him or his friends and judging from the fact that she snuck into the castle, well… he’d see. Yeah, it wasn’t a
nice thought, but only a conniving person would sneak into Hogwarts. They had to be up to no good.

The rest of dinner was uneventful as the gang talked of classes and Magical Theory they had read. Hermione was getting frustrated that Luna and Neville were making arguments that contradicted what she was saying, but they never gave up their source. The twins asked if they could read the books, and Harry agreed that he’d get it to them tomorrow at lunch. Finally, everyone got up from the table and made their way to their beds. Well, Luna went and talked to her Head of House, but the Gryffindors called it an early night.

Harry was in his room, sitting on his bed. He took out the bug, placed it on the other end of the mattress, and then waved his hand to make them reform to their human form. An unconscious dual colored woman was laying on his bed. ‘I knew it was Skeeter. Oh, this will be fun,’ was his wicked thought as he glanced at his map to confirm it. He tied her up and woke her.

“Hello, Rita, what can I do for you today?” he asked kindly. He was making plans for this bitch, but the spell from the Howler would be a good start, so he was going to play innocent for now.

“You could untie me and let me go,” she said coyly, which really with the jinx made her look ridiculous.

“No, I don’t think I will. At least not until you tell me why you were sneaking around the castle,” he demanded with a wave of his hand, placing a truth spell on her.

“I wanted to get some dirt on you,” she said airily, like it was okay to let him know that.

“Really? Well, if you wanted an interview all you had to do was ask,” Harry said, settling into his pillows. He took out his wand, released the spell, and said, “Shall we start.”

Rita wasn’t about to let that opportunity slide, so she quickly dug into her purse and withdrew her Quick Quotes Quill, some parchment and she settled at the end of the bed. They talked for a good while, Harry telling her how he woke up in an alley in London missing his memory, and the abridged version of rest of the two weeks since. She smiled wickedly, thinking she could spin this to make the boy look weak. Her revenge would be sweet.

Harry grinned like he had no idea on her thought process. He just continued with his tale, until he was done. He left all the major things out of course, but gave her enough to think she had a juicy article.

When he finished, she got another coy look on her face and said, “Thank you so much, Harry, may I call you Harry? Anyway, I will make sure to write this up and I’ll see you on the front page.” With that she put her notes in her bag, turned back into a beetle and flew out the open window.

Harry waved his wand and shut it when she was gone. He then broke down and laughed his arse off. When he was done, he talked to his mind crew about setting up holograms outside mind. He really liked the idea of scaring annoying people off with Worf. They went over how it could be done, until he was too tired to continue. He went to sleep and had his favorite dream about women dancing in the moonlight.

The next day, he got up, ate with his friends and went to see Sirius. This time casting the invisibility spell on him, so he wouldn’t be bothered by teachers.

Sirius was in a great mood, he just kept smiling and getting vacant looks, so Harry figured he had gotten some and left it at that. “Did you read the book?” he asked instead as he settled in his chair.
Winky popped in and set up a tea tray then mumbled something about housework and left. The dogman never even noticed his head was so high in the clouds.

“Sirius, the book?” Harry said louder, snapping the man out of his daydreams.

“What? Oh, yeah, I’ll have to shore up my Occlumency, but I think I will be able to do some of the easy stuff. But like you said, I will have to unlearn everything I’ve been taught. It’ll be hard,” he said, his smile leaving his face. He really wanted this to work, but he still had doubts. He’d go over the book again when Harry left.

“Nay, as long as you think you can, you will,” our hero argued with a wave of his hand.

“If you say so,” the dejected man stated, not really believing the teen.

So the two sat and discussed Merlin’s methods until lunch. Harry excused himself and ran to the castle, remembering to cast the invisibility spell. He really didn’t want to have to talk to the old man again. As he entered the school, he saw the Bloody Baron, who didn’t see him. So he shot the spell to hold him and floated the ghost to a greeting room. “Hello, Damien, I’ve been wanting to talk to you,” he said with a smirk.

“How are you doing this magic? Nothing can hold spirits,” the bound ghost asked, running his hand over the shield that preventing him from leaving.

“Just something I picked up,” the teen said as if it were unimportant.

“Very well, what can I do for you Mr. Potter?” the Bloody Baron asked, hoping the child would now call him by his title. He truly hate when people used his human name, it was too painful.

“I just want to know what happened that night. I know Snape has something to do with my memory loss and I know you know how,” he stated, all signs of friendliness gone. “And don’t give me that story you gave the Head arsehole.” He glared pointedly at the ghost.

“Everything I told the Headmaster was true,” the spirit sniffed.

“But, not the whole truth. See I have this niggling feeling that I should remember you, Snape and what happened that night, and I wouldn’t put it past the man to take that memory to save his skin. So tell me what happened and I might help you peacefully move on,” Harry said smugly.

That was something to think about. While he still wanted to be near Helena, he felt he had done his penance for her murder. Then again, can you really do enough reparation for that type of crime? He debated it in his head and got a narrow look in his eyes. Perhaps the boy could talk to his love, and then maybe he might be able to leave on his own. “Will you talk to the Grey Lady? All I want to do is show her how sorry I am,” Damien asked, still floating in that marvelous shield.

“I can ask, but no promises. Is that what you have Snape doing?” the dark-haired wizard asked.

“That and one other thing, though he is not keeping his part of our bargain,” the ghost confessed with a scowl.

“Right, I’ll do my best, but really after all this time, I wouldn’t expect much. From what Luna tells me, she really hates you,” Harry said with a bit of pity.

So the Baron told the young boy what occurred the night, hoping that this human would keep his word. They talked for a while and Harry left to eat lunch, after waving his wand and releasing the shield. He went to the Great Hall and sat with his friends. He looked at the twins and remembered
his promise, so he reached in his TARDIS pocket and made two copies of the Gryffindor book. “Here,” he said as he handed them over, “if you finish this one I have a few more you might like.”

“Thanks, Harry,” they said as one and dived into the books.

“So, how was your day?” he asked his friends and they settled into eating, all the while Harry was going over what to do with the information he had. He knew he could just out and out accuse the man, but with twinkle-eyes being his mentor that might not happen. So he glanced at the twins and came up with a plan.
Well, That Didn’t Work

Chapter Notes

Just a forewarning, this chapter is a bit dramatic and morbid. My mood is being reflected, but I figured not everything can work out perfect, so here it is. Every time I went to edit, I changed it, so there may be some mistakes, sorry.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harry’s POV

After lunch the first thing that Harry did was track down the Grey Lady. She was an elusive ghost, but he finally caught up with her after about an hour later, somewhere on the seventh floor. She was floating back and forth in front of a tapestry that depicted a man teaching something large and ugly how to dance. He had no idea what these creatures were, and really never wanted to meet one.

“My Lady, may I have a moment of your time?” he called, ready to cast his spirit bubble if she was hard-headed, which he had been told she could be. “I can help you with some of your past, if you hear me out,” he cajoled, coming close to her slowly as if approaching a wild scared kitten.

The sad female spirit glided nearer, and asked, “How can you do such a thing? And what part of my dismal past can you help with? I have heard this promise before, and was used and discarded. So what can you offer that they could not?” She was wary; the last student she talked to did her a great disservice. What could this child know? There were many things in her past that were hidden and lost in history. Most of the people in this castle didn’t even know her name, let alone her sins.

“Well, before we begin with all that, I’m Harry Potter and I have amnesia, so I don’t know much about you or the history of this school. But, I did talk to the Bloody Baron and I’ve thought of a way to get him to move on. Do you want him gone?” Harry inquired as he moved closer to the very attractive apparition.

“What do you know of that vile man?” she hissed, hating that anyone would bring him up in front of her.

“Nothing really,” the teen confessed, raising his hands compliantly. “But, if you want to tell me the story that’s fine, if not that’s cool too.” He shrugged; he wasn’t going to push her into confessing what seemed to be hurting her. All he knew from Luna was that this ghost was sad, and that she hated the Baron for some reason. The story is that he had something to do with her death, but no one knows exactly what.

She drifted there undecided, if what he said was true then she would no longer have to look at her murderer. She could rid herself of that burden and perhaps not be quite so depressed. “Well met, Harry Potter. I am the Lady Helena Ravenclaw,” she finally introduced herself with a regal nod of her head.

That made Harry startle, he had no idea that she was from one of the Founders’ families. He wondered what she did to be bound to the castle; she seemed like an innocent woman. “Well met,” he said as he nodded his head in reply.
“Tell me, Mr. Potter, what has that lout told you?” she asked, wondering if the Baron had made it seem her fault that they were forever damned. She would not put it past that wretched man.

“He merely asked that I ask you to speak with him. He didn’t tell me why. I just figured out that his bloody robes and his desperate desire to talk to you, and your sadness must go hand in hand. But, like I said, you don’t have to tell me anything. All I’m offering is to give you a chance to tell him what you think of him, or hear him out, either way, he may say his piece and move on,” the dark-haired wizard said as he sat on one of the windowsills and swung his legs in a lazy manner.

Before, he hadn’t cared what happened with these two ghosts, they were just echoes of the past that was never released. Now, he did have a bit of anger towards the Baron for making a deal with Snape. But he could see the spirit’s point of view, in that he was trying to make things better for the students. And looking at the miserable woman in front of him, he felt like maybe she could finally get some things off her chest and not be so gloomy.

This gave Helena pause, after all these years was she ready to face the man? She had avoided him for over one thousand very sad and anger filled years. Maybe she could be a bit Slytherin and hear him out and then pretend to forgive him. Then he’d be gone, and she would no longer have to gaze upon him and see her blood line his robes. Then the only thing keeping her here would be the taint on her mother’s diadem. She glanced at the child in front of her shrewdly. “Tell the Baron that I will hear him out, however, I require a boon.”

“Really? Pray tell,” Harry said, looking at her with a tilted head.

“I need you to find and destroy my mother’s diadem. Tom Riddle, or as you know him, Voldemort, has desecrated it into an abhorrent thing. It is in a hidden room here within the castle walls, contaminating the very air with its turpitude. It can only be destroyed by basilisk venom or Fiendfyre. Do this and I will speak to that horrible man.” She floated back and forth with worry and nerves. If this worked out she could finally rest in peace. Then she would be able to look upon her mother and not feel as remorseful. It was all that man’s fault that she never got to see her mother’s last moments of life. If he had been kinder, she would have gone to her and confessed her sin, and all would have been forgiven, she was sure.

“That is something I cannot grant, sorry,” he said, shaking his head with some understanding. He wanted to help, but he would have no clue as to how. “First off, I have no idea as to where to get the venom, or how to create Fiendfyre. Secondly, I’ve no memory of this castle or its layout, so I wouldn’t even know where to begin to look,” he lied, mostly. He knew the snake was in the Chamber of Secrets, and Hermione could take him there, but he had no idea where a crown could be hidden. There was no way he was going to get into something that mysterious or dangerous, not without a plan and some back up. He could go grab his friends and they could find the head piece and hide it until it could be destroyed. Or he could write to Mr. Waters, who would then talk to Madam Bones, and let them deal with it.

Helena hung her head and worried her lip, trying to think up a way to fix that. She wrung her hands and went over just how much to tell.

“However, what I can do, is tell the right people and they can take care of it,” was the counteroffer, when he saw she was so desperate.

“I can tell you the room which it hides. Please, do this for me and I will grant you any boon, even speak to the man whose hands are stained with my blood,” she all but begged. She was so tired; her existence was morbid and melancholy. Unlike the other spirits that haunted these halls, who seemed at peace with their fate, she and the Baron were doomed to be forever in unrest. Well, there was Moaning Myrtle, but that child enjoys being despondent.
“Okay, I can take a look, but I can’t promise to be able to abolish it,” Harry compromized sincerely, 
that would take less planning, and it would help the lady in distress. Besides, it wouldn’t hurt to take 
a gander at the thing, who knows what he could learn.

“Very well,” Helena sighed as she just hovered there, as if waiting for something. Her face took on a 
determined look, like she was going into battle.

Harry’s heart went out to her; it couldn’t be easy to face the guy that killed you. He felt a little bad 
for bringing this about, but it might end her turmoil. Now, all he had to do was find the bloody ghost, 
who just happened to appear, right when he was going to get up.

The Bloody Baron came through the wall as if he had been waiting for her consent, which he had. 
He stood in front of his lady love with a desperate look of longing on his face. “Lady Helena, for a 
thousand years my heart has mourned for what I did to you. It was unjust and immoral. I have done 
my penance, and know what I did was very, very wrong. I know how painful it is for you to look 
upon me. Please, my love, forgive me so that I may finally leave you in peace.” He looked for a 
moment like he would take her hand, but her icy glare stayed his movements.

“I hate you with every fiber of my being,” she hissed, drifting closer to the man she has despised for 
many years. “I would rather see you burn in the pits of Hell before I forgive you. You are a petty and 
cruel man that I would never have married. I would have seen myself dead before I lay in your bed. 
All it took was me saying no to you once, and you lashed out and murdered me, all the while 
professing your love;” she spat. One look at his face and all thoughts of pretending forgiveness flew 
out the window. The scene from her death played over and over in her head. The look of anger that 
had lined his face and the feel of the knife as he stabbed her many times was overriding her senses. 
She threw back her head and flung out her arms and screamed to the air in anguish, making everyone 
within a hundred feet wonder what was happening.

Damien hung his head in sorrow. Would he be forever doomed to wander these halls? Never to 
speak to the woman he loved in anything but anger? He, like Helena, was very tired, if a ghost can 
feel such. All hopes of forgiveness died with that wail. He stared and her and also fell into the scene 
of their last moments as living people. He moaned deeply in despair, causing Harry to shift 
nervously.

“Ummm… well… ummm… Lady Ravenclaw can come and find me when it’s all hashed out,” 
Harry said hurriedly, getting off the windowsill and sidling down the wall. He wanted to get away 
from the two feuding ghosts. That scream pierced his heart, making him wonder just how brutal her 
death was. Oh, he guessed that it had been a murder, just from the state of the Baron’s robes, and 
what she shouted, but there was an underlying something that he didn’t know. That and the Baron’s 
moan also indicated that there was something more to the whole story.

The Grey Lady continued to yell vitriol at the Baron as our hero rabbited down the hall. He heard the 
bell and went to wait for his friends. He’d tell them what happened, in one of the receiving rooms. 
They all met in the Entrance Hall and Harry took them to one of the rooms. When they all entered, 
he threw up a ward. “Well, that didn’t work,” he said as he slumped in one of the chairs.

“Do you know who was wailing and moaning? I thought it was Myrtle, but it’s in the wrong part of 
the castle,” Hermione asked as she took a seat. She had been in DADA when the screams and 
moans fill the air. It had set shivers down her spine.

“That was the Grey Lady,” Luna informed her airily. “She is confronting her murderer as we speak. 
I suspect we will hear more soon.” She too felt the anguish of the ghost, and knew that it was the 
Grey Lady. The only thing that would have made her wail like that was the Bloody Baron.
“How could you possibly know that?” the bushy-haired teen asked, turning to the girl she thought of as ditzy. She still didn’t believe the little blonde was a seer.

“She’s right, that’s who it was. It’s partially my fault,” Harry stated with gloom in his voice. He waved them all silent and told them of his talk between both ghosts. Even the part about what had happened on the night of his disappearance.

There were gasps and shrewd looks among his friends. They were equally saddened for the ghosts, but angry at Snape.

“I do hope that the Baron passes on, I hate to see Lady Ravenclaw so sad,” was Luna’s comment.

“Yeah, that scream was heart-rending,” Harry agreed with a nod and a full-body shiver. He never wanted to hear something like that again.

“Well, there is little to do but wait. What do you plan on doing about Snape?” Neville asked, hoping the man would be more embarrassed than he was with the dress prank, which he now ignored. It was still hilarious to see the man when it hit, but not quite as fun as when he tried to rid himself of it, all the while yelling that he was going to get Black back.

“Yeah, Harry, what’s the plan?” the twins asked, perking up.

“Oh, I have a plan, alright. I’m going to out two people during the first task, but I need your help,” the amnesiac said with a wicked grin, and then laid out his plan to them.

This made the boys and Luna cackle with glee. Hermione got a look on her face as if she was undecided as to what to think. On one hand, Snape was a teacher. On the other hand, he was partly responsible for Harry’s condition. She weighed what she knew and looked at her best friend’s face. She listened with her eyes and nodded her head. She’d stick with Harry.

Chapter End Notes

Wow, that was a short chapter. Usually they are much longer. Oh well, until the next one.
Hogwarts’ POV

The ghosts’ wails and moans went on for hours, well past dinner and into the night. Dumbledore did his best to stop them as they were upsetting the students, but he made it worse with his jovial, and then demanding, attitude. The Grey Lady was in no mood to be sweet-talked. She screamed and ranted a thousand years of suppressed emotions. She drifted around the castle, chasing her murderer and told him over and over just what she thought of him. Her shrill voice carried into the night air.

The whole school now knew who she was and who killed her. The Slytherins, most of them, were very unimpressed with their House Ghost. They thought he had it right in killing the girl for denying him, but to take his own life after, made him weak in their eyes. The Hufflepuffs cried for the tragic tale, along with most of the Ravenclaws, the rest of the bookworms were itching to ask their ghost more. The Gryffindors wanted to kill the already dead man.

Finally around midnight, it stopped. Everyone wondered if she moved on. Except Harry and his gang, they all knew that there was one task that needed done before she could.

When the commotion was over, the students of school slept. Albeit fitfully. There were nightmares aplenty throughout the castle, while the teachers did their best to find out what happened to the two ghosts.

Harry’s POV

The next morning was bright and cold. The ceiling in the Great Hall showed only the crisp sunlight and a bright blue sky, like the whole of space had been washed during the night and was now clean and clear. Our group of heroes sat at the Gryffindor table and ate. They discussed the emotional filled night, just like everyone else, but they also whispered about some plans.

Snape looked smug for some reason, which had Harry narrowing his eyes at the man. He had to wonder why the man looked like Christmas had come early, although faintly. He wondered if it had something to do with the ghosts. If the Grey Lady passed on, then he would be relieved of talking to her. On the other hand, if the Bloody Baron left then he no longer was bound to their agreement. Would that be enough to make the man so… well, not happy, but complacent?

The teen gave up on it for now, and then turned back to his friends and talked about the long night they had. He wrinkled his nose when he overheard a few girls thinking the whole thing was a tragic love story. He shook his head at the flighty gossips and peered at Hermione. She was giving him thoughtful looks and then glaring at the Staff Table, like she had finally come to the conclusion that they weren’t the epitome of goodness and authority. She even threw a few cutting glances at Ron.

Harry, who always listened with his eyes, could see that she was now completely on his side, so he copied Merlin’s book and said, “Here, Hermione, this is for you to read.” She took the book and
noted its title and author. “After you’re done, come to me and we’ll talk. Don’t fuss about it now and bring attention to us,” he added when her face took on an angry look, like she had been denied knowledge and was going to chastise him for it. He made two more copies and gave them to the twins with a simple smile. “These are temporary copies, so read them fast.” He was content that his entire group of friends would now know what he knows.

“We will be discussing this,” the bushy-haired girl hissed as she carefully put the book away. One part of her was glad the boy was opening up to her, while another part wanted to hit him for keeping this treasure away.

“Of course,” he conceded, he’d let her rant, but only so far. He had his reasons for doing things his way, and if she wanted to remain his friend she’d see that. It wasn’t like he was malicious in any way, he was only protecting himself from the world he didn’t know. “Anyway, it’s Saturday so what shall we do?” Harry asked, hoping to fend off that argument for a while.

“I think we should explore the seventh floor,” was the dreamy response from Luna.

“As in near the Gryffindor tower?” the dark-haired wizard asked, not sure if they’d find anything in such a well trafficked hall.

“No, silly, on the other side of the castle, where you found the Grey Lady yesterday,” the little blonde stated, as if it were obvious.

“Right, how foolish of me,” our hero chuckled as he bussed her cheek. He didn’t even have to ask how he knew. “So, who’s with us?” he looked at his friends.

“I’m going to read that book, so that counts me out,” Hermione stated with a predatory gleam in her eyes. She had seen that the tome was written by Merlin and couldn’t wait to sink her teeth into it. Besides, who wanted to explore some dusty old classrooms, when there was learning to be done.

“You to that, write down any questions you have, so they aren’t talked about out loud. Or we’ll just find someplace private to go. You too, guys,” he said, pointing to the twins, who were reading the book under the table and having whispered conversations about it. They looked up sheepishly and put it away. “I really don’t want this to get out. At least not yet,” he added when Hermione opened her mouth to argue. He knew she thought all knowledge should be shared, but he needed to keep this a secret for now.

George cleared his throat, “We’re going to study,” he said, with a wink and a secretive smile.

“Right, need to study to be able to do good pranks,” Fred added, playing along.

“Speaking of pranks, it’s time to change Snape’s,” Harry said wickedly as he looked at the dress wearing man. It wasn’t funny anymore, because he wasn’t reacting, neither were the students. So the teen blinked and snickered, “Watch,” was all he said.

Suddenly a large pink bubble came out of Snape’s mouth and when it popped it said, “I love lilies.”

Harry sat in shock as the Hall burst with laughter. He knew that the greasy git meant he loved his mother, even after all these years. It made him feel sick in the stomach. The bubbles told the truth after all, but still… The amnesiac waved his hand and quickly dispelled the jinx. He’d have to think of something else to do.

Snape got up and left the Hall. He would hide again, in case he gave out other information that would get him arrested. Later he would thank Merlin that it was only once. Now that he was free and clear, he had to keep his head about him, to make sure it stayed that way. He was still making plans...
on running. He figured that it would be soon since that brat, Potter, was showing signs that he was either putting the pieces together or remembering.

“Did that work like it was supposed to?” Luna asked, patting her friend’s arm. She didn’t like the look on his face.

“Yeah, unfortunately,” Harry replied, giving her an ‘it’s alright’ smile.

“I don’t see what’s wrong. I mean, I guess you didn’t expect him to spout his favorite flower, which was a bit out of character,” Hermione said, with a tilt of her head.

“No, I wanted him to say something else, but magic doesn’t always do what you want. Read the book and you’ll see what I mean,” the dark-haired teen stated. While the jinx worked, the fact that that man still…. He couldn’t even finish that thought. It was just too vile.

“Alright,” she said, gathering up her books and giving Harry a kiss on the cheek. With that she left.

“We’re going too,” the twins stated as they too picked up the book and left the room.

“Let’s just explore. I want to see if I can find the Grey Lady and apologize about yesterday,” the boy-wonder said, getting up as well and leading them out of the Hall. He still felt a bit bad, not overly so. He felt that the two spirits did need to have that talk, if only to vent. Still, her wails had given the whole castle nightmares.

So, the three teens moved through the castle and went to the seventh floor. They wandered aimlessly, or at least the boys did. Luna knew exactly where she was going.

“Are you sure there’s something here, Luna?” Neville asked as they turned another corner, where there was nothing but armor and portraits. They had searched every hall along the way, in hopes of finding a secret room or passage; so far all they found were a few old classrooms.

“Soon,” she said mysteriously as she pointed to the end of the hall they were walking in.

When they turned where she had indicated there was Lady Ravenclaw, who actually looked much better. She was no longer grey and was now more of a washed-out white. There was a wistful smile playing on her lips as she drifted back and forth in front of the wall. “Well met, young students,” she said when they came up to her.

“Well met,” they answered back.

“I wanted to say I was sorry for bringing the Baron here. I really did think that he’d move on,” Harry said, rubbing the back of his head.

“Oh, he did,” the shy ghost replied with a wave of her hand. “I am not sure how it happened, but one minute he was there, just taking my vitriol, and the next he was gone in a great flash of light. I really hope that he is paying for his crime.” Her smile turned bitter. Her mind played at all the torture the absent ghost must be going through.

“I wonder who will be the House Ghost for Slytherin now,” Luna said with vacant eyes.

“It is being discussed by the Ghost Council. They want to make sure it is someone who can control Peeves,” the Grey Lady said with a tilt of her head. “You’re a seer,” she stated as if it were fact.

“I am,” the little blonde replied with a nod.
“My mother was a seer. It can be a terrible curse. Use it well, but hide it when you can,” was the vague advice.

“Did she ever see the nargles?” the little Ravenclaw asked excitedly, bouncing in place, making Harry and Neville very glad she was dressed casually.

The lady ghost just smiled approvingly, and said that her mother had not. That was a good disguise. She turned to Harry and said, “Where you seek is behind this wall. Pace back and forth three times and think that you need to hide something. When the room appears you will find my mother’s diadem, please grant my wish.” She then drifted away, hiding in the walls to see if the boy would grant her boon. She wanted to finally put to rest the curse on her mother’s greatest treasure.

Our hero did as told and a door appeared in the wall, which he opened and inside was the greatest hoard of junk he had ever seen, well that he could remember. The other two teens’ eyes popped nearly out of their heads. Harry got a wicked smile on his face and entered the room. “This could be fun, but first we have to find the diadem,” he said, clapping his hands together and rubbing them.

He called his map to enlarge so it showed a foot in front of him, making it so Luna and Neville could see it. He then had Data scan the room for dark magic. Hundreds of things appeared on that map and they were all deep within piles of junk or further in the room. So he had the android calibrate it to the Darkest of spelled items. There were then ten spots to find. “Let’s start with the shelves first,” he said, pointing to the line of bookcases on the right. He explained the map and his headspace along the way.

Neville was impressed and had plans to do something a bit more magical for his headspace. He was really glad that his gran had taught him Occlumency, so it would be easy to adjust. He figured that he too could incorporate some magical people to make his mind clearer and stronger. Like Merlin, Rowena, and Godric.

Luna, while fascinated, already had her mind set up so that it would boggle the greatest of Legilimens. It was a mass of twirling colors and lights. Finding anything in her mind was impossible, except for her, of course.

The first item they came too was an ornate silver spoon with a vile curse that would kill the person who used it for potatoes, according to Spock’s readout that is. It was harmless any other time, but the second any form of potato touched it the curse activated, and the person would die a horrible death. It had been brought to the school over 600 years ago to kill a rival family member of a then prestigious family. It had worked, and the spoon was then brought here to cover the crime.

“Don’t touch that,” Harry said, when he got the report, making his two friends step back. “Spock says it’s safe right now, but I don’t want to take the chance,” he explained, getting closer to the object.

Luna shivered at the blackness coming off the piece. “Harry, please cleanse that,” she all but begged. “Try and use as much magic as you can.” Then she smiled at him in a dreamy way to show she wasn’t trying to boss him around.

He shrugged and waved his hand. “Deep cleanse,” he said, putting a large bit of magic into the spell. He called up his golden dome to protect his friends.

The spoon shivered in place and then floated and spun as the curse fought to stay attached. Finally with an explosion of black smoke it dissipated. The tableware then dropped back on to the shelf, clean and shiny. He scanned it and now it was just a piece of silverware.
“That took a bit more out of me than I thought it would, so let’s save anymore until we find the diadem, yeah?” he said, slumping his shoulders and then stretching them with a roll. He casually waved his hand and dropped the shield.

“That is probably for the best,” Neville said, clapping him on the back, very awestruck with how much control his friend had over his magic. He couldn’t wait until he was where Harry was. He had already done a great number of wandless spells, in the privacy of his bed. They were little things, like levitation or cleaning Trevor’s habitat. He even found all his socks, which seemed to always disappear. His confidence was growing by the day and his showed in his schoolwork. McGonagall even praised him once or twice, but he still needed to do something with his wand. He looked around the room, ‘Maybe there’s one in here,’ he thought wistfully.

After Harry rested for a minute, they followed the map and found the headpiece. The dark-haired teen took a deep breath and concentrated on what he needed to do. He pulled out his tricorder and pointed it at the diadem, “Deep cleanse.” A narrow beam of light hit the piece and it shook hard, like it was break apart at any moment. Once more the golden dome sprang up.

This time the curse fought ferociously, soon there came a hideous scream coming from the relic. The kids all stepped back, while Harry kept adding power to the spell. A flash of bright light blinded our explorers momentarily, when they could see again, the diadem was shining as new. Harry scanned it and saw that it still was spelled, but it was all good magic. He then dropped the shield and sank to the floor, almost completely wiped out. He took out some muffins, which he had put in his TARDIS pocket for just such occasions, and wolfed them down. He could already feel that his magic was replenishing.

The Lady Ravenclaw came out of hiding with a radiant smile on her face. “You have set me free,” she said in awe.

“I promised that I would try. I’m just glad I could keep that promise,” Harry said with a weak smile from his place on the floor.

“Thank you,” she said as she slowly faded out. There was no flash of light, she was there one moment and then gone.

“Well, poo,” Luna huffed with a stomp of her foot, “I wanted to ask her some questions.”

“Cheer up, Lovely Luna,” the tired wizard said, getting up and slinging his arm over her shoulders. “She’s probably in a better place now.”

“You’re probably right,” she conceded.

“How about we explore some more? Who know what we’ll find,” he said, looking around the room with a devious grin.

“Wait, what do we do with the this?” Neville asked, gesturing to the diadem, not wanting to leave such a treasure.

“I’m not sure, I guess we can take it with us,” Harry said with a shrug.

“There is supposed to be a spell on it that will grant the wearer great knowledge,” Luna added longingly, like she wanted to run and grab it and put it on.

“Let me take it and do a deeper scan on it first. If it is as you say, perhaps you can test it. But, I want to make sure it’s safe first,” the dark-haired wizard said, floating the headpiece into his TARDIS pocket.
“It belonged to Ravenclaw. If anyone should try it first it should be Professor Flitwick. However, if we give it to him, he is sure to give it to Dumbledore,” was her reply. She truly wanted to give it to the diminutive professor, but keep it out of the hands of the headmaster.

“Let’s wait until we talk to the whole gang. For now we have a room to explore,” our hero said as he guided her away.

“Yeah, I want to see if there are any wands here that I can use,” the sandy-haired boy said as he moved with them.

So the teens looked through the junk for a while, with Harry making plans on coming back and fixing what he could, which he believed would be all of it. He just needed to make sure he ate plenty of protein and starches before he came. He wondered if he could pull it off, this was much bigger than fixing the Shack. If his theory was right and magic burned calories, then yeah he would just make sure that he could replenish his core with meat and rolls. Maybe he’d bring sandwiches, big meat filled ones. He looked at Neville and noted the boy was much thinner in the face and body. He smirked.

They did find a few of wands, which Neville tried, but only one came closer to his magical signature. It wasn’t a perfect match, but it was better than his dads, so he took it. He’d put his dad’s in a safe place. After they gathered some ancient tomes and a few other items that would help with schoolwork, they then left the room and went to lunch. The jewels were left for another time. They would talk to the rest of their friends and discuss what to do with the trove.

As they entered the Great Hall, Harry was glad to note that he was no longer the topic of conversation. It was now going around that the Grey Lady was also gone. There were a few girls that were saying she forgave the Baron and now they were a peace together. Our hero just shook his head at that, but didn’t say a word.

They went to their usual spot, and started to fill their plates. Hermione and the twins were missing, but the trio figured they were still reading. About halfway through the meal, a late edition of the Daily Prophet came. Harry wondered why it was so late, until he read the headline over Neville’s shoulder.

**Harry Potter Tells All**

Below was an article that pretty much said what he had told Rita. He was sure she tried to defame him; little did she know she couldn’t. The curse he placed would make her think she was succeeding. She would only see written the stuff that was in her conniving little mind. But really she was writing only the truth. Her editor would see the same that Skeeter did, and he would print the paper thinking that it would boost the ratings, which it would, but not for the reasons they thought. It would only be after the paper got out and was sold that they would realize just what happened.

It was the reason the Howler had taken so much out of him. When it exploded it cursed the whole building. Now that rag would be a genuine newspaper. Who knows it might even sell better.

Harry laughed his arse off, getting strange looks from people around him. They thought he’d be happy that his story finally got out, but not this happy. He sobered up and looked around when his proximity alert went off. He glanced at his map, which was now just on his lens, and groaned.

“Mr. Potter, we need to talk,” the Headmaster stated very firmly. He thought the boy was coming around and now with his story out there, he could see that there was still a lot of animosity between them.
“I’m not talking to you without my lawyer,” Harry stated just a firmly. He had no intention of going anywhere alone with this man. He was still very upset about the whole mind-rape incident. And since that was now in the paper, it was probably what the man wanted to talk about. He looked at the old man and saw there was great disappointment in his eyes. “Look, I don’t want to fight with you. I only told the truth. I’m tired of being vilified in the press. You didn’t seem to care about me being called a liar and a cheat. So why are you upset now?”

“What goes on in Hogwarts should stay in Hogwarts,” was the vague answer.

“Right, like kids don’t write home to their parents,” our hero scoffed, though he did have to wonder how the last few years were suppressed. Or was it? He really didn’t know. Maybe he should get ahold of some back copies of the paper and see. If word had gotten out and the whole of this Wizarding World just sat back and read his exploits like it was a good novel, well he didn’t know what to think on that.

According to Hermione, these people wanted him to be a hero, but why would he fight for those that never lifted a finger to help him. Disappearing in to the non-magical world sounded better and better. He now knew who cause his memory loss and as soon as he got the guy arrested he’d book it. Probably taking his godfather with him. The poor man wouldn’t need to hide anymore. And Harry could make them look any way he wanted them too. Young, old, fat or skinny, none of it would be a problem. They would never be on the run and could just live their lives. They were both loaded so they could live anywhere. His friends would understand and there is no reason the couldn’t visit.

“Mr. Potter, you talked to a reporter that slipped unnoticed onto the grounds. I need to know how she did that. It is for the safety of the school,” Albus tried to reason with the boy.

“Oh, well, if that’s all, I can tell you that she flew in,” Harry said with a smile.

“How do you mean?” the old man asked.

“That’s all I can tell you,” was the curt answer from the boy, who was lying through his teeth. “She flew in and cornered me. I didn’t see anything wrong with talking to her.”

“Very well,” Dumbledore stated, pinching the bridge of his nose, knowing that that was all the answer he would get. At least the boy was telling the truth. He would have to see about strengthening the wards this summer when the school was empty.

Harry was pretty much thinking the same, only sooner. Perhaps, after the first task.
Fun in the Room of Requirement

Chapter Notes

Another small chapter, I hope it answers a few of the questions that have been asked. Remember they don’t know what the Room can do. The Grey Lady only told them about the Room of Lost Things. They are going to have to find out on their own.

Comments, suggestions and theories are always welcome.

Thanks for the support.

Harry’s POV

The trio finished their lunch, while the rest of the school talked about the article. There were tons of whispers from all three schools. Harry looked around the room and noted that there were a lot of contemplative faces, like they were wondering if they had been wrong about the boy-wonder all this time. He looked at the other three champions. Cedric was morose, he felt bad about not believing Harry. Fleur was of the opinion that the paper was lying. Viktor could care less; he was the strongest of them all, in his mind.

Harry was a bit put out that gossip was back to him. He had hoped the disappearance of two House Ghosts would have been better fuel for the rumor mill, but alas, he was mistaken. He sighed and made some emergency sandwiches, which he wrapped in napkins and tucked in his TARDIS pocket.

When the trio was done they went back to the Room of Lost Things. Harry, upon entering, asked them to stand back, and when they were flush to the wall, he threw his golden dome over them. He then took out his wand, wanting the extra boost, and circled it above his head and said, “Fix and sort.”

A loud series of noise followed as things that were broken and rusty did their best to pull together. Groans and clanking filled the air. Three piles collapsed as repaired thing flew out, and then re-piled into neat rows. Trunks were like new, still spilling out jewels and treasures, clothes repaired to their original states, books were cleaned and the printing renewed. Trinkets, wands and toys were now in good condition. The many pieces of armor that had been broken and dull were once again standing tall and shiny. Not everything could be fixed, stuff that was missing pieces were still broken and laid in a pile off to the side. Only the nearest piles of broken things were refreshed, but it was still a big accomplishment.

“Cleanse,” the teen stated, once more circling his wand, and the Dark magic that lingered was washed away. “Whew, that took a bit out of me. Let’s look over what was fixed, before I do more, yeah?” the very tired Harry stated as he pulled out a sandwich and nibbled on it. He was starved, even though he just ate. That was the biggest spell he had done, and it only did a tiny part of the room. This was going to take more than one day. It was a good thing he had nowhere to be. He wondered if he should sneak Sirius and the elves in here. It might be a good way to get the man to practice.

“This is what we’re going to be able to do, when we’ve gotten as good as you?” Neville asked in
awe. He couldn’t wait. Perhaps he could heal his parents with this magic. If he could just wave his wand and then simply say ‘heal’, they could come home. Tears filled his eyes at the thought.

“Well, there is still the matter of how big your core is, and if you believe you can, but yeah, one day,” our hero stated as he meandered to the nearest stack of trunks. “For example, your core it slightly smaller than mine, but Luna’s is quite a bit smaller. Sorry, Luna,” he added sheepishly.

“It’s alright, I know my limits,” she said dreamily. She knew she was a normal witch, and that Harry and Neville were prophecy children. Both would have a part to play, if the future didn’t change, though Harry’s part would always be the same. If the prophecy was true, then only he could defeat He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. Then again, with his amnesia the future was more unclear than it had ever been.

“The twins have a larger core than Luna’s, but smaller than ours. However, they seem in tune with one another, and if they could harness that, there’s nothing they can’t accomplish. Hermione, for all she is smart, has an average core, but she has the knowledge to do great things,” the dark-haired wizard continued to explain while rummaging through some of the books. “Now, Sirius has a large adult core, but it is stunted because of all his years in Azkaban.”

“Sirius?” Neville asked, not sure how Harry knew about Black.

“Yeah, umm, well, I’ll tell you later,” Harry stammered, reprimanding himself for not watching what he said.

“Don’t worry, Harry, it’ll all work out in the end,” Luna said with a pat on his arm.

“Right,” Neville said, dropping the subject. “So, what about Dumbledore’s core? His has to be huge,” the sandy-haired wizard asked, as he tried another wand that he found, but it didn’t feel right, so he chucked it into a pile of examined things.

“The old man is over a hundred years old, his core is humongous, but he will never learn to do what we’re doing, because of years of wand training. Oh, he might be able to do a few things wandlessly, but with all those years of suppression, I doubt he will ever be proficient.” Harry said, tossing another useless book over his head.

“Harry, please don’t treat books like that, even if you feel they are worthless, they’re still knowledge,” Luna reprimanded, picking up the discarded book and putting it in the pile she was creating.

“Right, sorry. I’ll just hand them to you then,” he said, properly chastised.

They fell quiet and sorted through the treasures, each having their own thoughts about what to do with it. Harry wanted to take it all and put it in a TARDIS bag, while Luna wanted to give at least the books and jewels to the school. Neville was of two minds; he wanted to keep what was useful and give the rest to charities, like St. Mungo’s.

Harry did two more piles and a few bookshelves. They found tons of good stuff, but left it all there for now. Soon it was time for dinner, so the reluctant trio headed to the Great Hall. First Harry waved his hand and cleaned them up, so people wouldn’t wonder why they were so dusty. Sitting near Hermione and the twins, they talked about the article that Rita wrote.

“Harry, when did you talk to Skeeter? And how did you get her to write the truth?” Hermione asked as she served herself some beef Wellington. The book said to keep you calorie intake high, so she was going to start eating more fatty foods. She just prayed it was right; she really didn’t want to gain
“She flew in a few days ago, and I just made sure she’d never lie again,” was the vague answer.

“How did she fly in? I mean, aren’t there wards to prevent that,” she asked, looking at her friend and noting he looked a bit worn out. She glanced at Luna and Neville, they too were tired. She narrowed her eyes and wondered what they had been up to.

“No, she didn’t come on a broom. What I should’ve said is that she buzzed in on her tiny wings.”

“Oh, you’re not making a lick of sense,” Hermione huffed.

“Don’t worry, Sweet Lady, I will tell you when we’re not surrounded,” Harry said, with a very saucy smile.

“Don’t you try buttering me up, Harry James Potter. We’ve been friends far too long for that,” she stated with a playful glare. “However, I do see your point.”

Our hero nodded and started his dinner again. He looked around the Hall and noted that everyone was still talking about the article. There were a lot of sympathetic glances coming his way, which he ignored. The only two people who didn’t seem affected in the least were Snape and ‘Moody’. He knew it was because they both had a great deal of dislike for him. Snape he sort of understood, the man hated him for just being a Potter. And ‘Moody’, well Barty Jr. was a Death Eater, so he guessed he could get that as well.

Now that he was watching harder, he could see quite a few of the officials, were looking either mad or introspective. He figured they were all trying to figure out how to get him to come to the first task, when he made it clear that he wasn’t going to participate. He was going to have to be firm in his stance.

Dumbledore’s POV

“Dumbledore, what are we going to do? If Harry Potter shuns the tournament, there will be chaos at the office,” Crouch Sr. stated, banging his fist on the table. He was already getting flak from Fudge. That man was now bending over backwards to get the boy hero on his side. He was in talks with Waters to see if there was any way he could kiss up to the boy. They were even discussing getting Black cleared. Fudge had already rescinded the Kiss on Sight order. Oh, how mad Crouch Sr. was about that. In his mind that man was as guilty as his son. Who he still didn’t know where was.

“Do not worry so, Bartemius, all will work out. I do have some ideas on how to get young Harry to cooperate,” Albus waved the irate man’s concern away. He already had plans in talking Harry into competing. He was sure the boy would listen to him, if he made it clear that there really wasn’t any other choice. He had to get Harry to see how important he was to the wizarding world. Maybe, he’d tell him the prophecy, and then the child would understand.

“I do not see why Potter is so important,” Snape huffed, cutting up his meat, making screeching noises, because he was pressing so hard on his knife. He really hated that the brat was the topic of conversation, again. “Just last week you were saying he was a glory hound that cheated to get into the tournament. You were going on and on that his condition was faked. Now you want to pander to his every wish,” he sneered, disgusted with the lot of them. He would still have to watch his step. He knew just from the looks the boy threw at him that he was still on shaky ground. However, he’d be damned if he was going to coddle the brat.

“It is politics,” Barty Sr. said as if that was the answer to everything, which in this case it really was.
Snape just sneered again, and started to eat his chicken.

“There has to be something we can tempt him with,” Bagman said, sweat forming on his brow. He was in deep trouble if the boy didn’t compete. The goblins were already stating that he could not change his bet and they will not tolerate any late payments.

“I do not see why you are so worried,” Karkaroff stated, looking at the nervous man. “The boy is a cheat and a liar. Who care if he shows or not.” He waved it all away, hoping the boy wonder did as he said and rejected the games. This would make his school look better and give Viktor a better chance at the cup.

“You are a heartless man, headmaster Karkaroff,” Maxime said, pointing her ringed finger at the sour man. “The boy is suffering from amnesia and you are being petty. Do you fear him so much that you would let him suffer?” she demanded, although she really hoped the Boy-Who-Lived didn’t compete either.

“Again, I have to state that you are all worrying for nothing. I am sure that I can convince young Harry to be there during the first task. All it will take is a small amount of persuasion,” Dumbledore said jovially, as if he had it all under control.

“He had better, or it is going to be your head,” Crouch Sr. snarled as he threw down his napkin and left the table.

“Oh, he will,” was the ominous reply to the man’s retreating back.

**Harry’s POV**

“So, did you guys finish the book?” Harry asked softly, after Crouch Sr. stomped off.

“Oh yes, it was ever so informative. Do you really believe we can do magic like that?” Hermione said, bouncing in place, all thoughts of chastising him forgotten. She had plenty of time to think about it, and came to the conclusion that when she trusted the teachers, he really didn’t have faith in her to keep his secrets. It hurt a little, until she remembered that this was not her Harry.

“Yeah, well it’s more of what you believe than what I do. Let’s not talk about it here, okay?” he said, shifting his eyes around to make sure no one had heard them. “We found a room that we can talk in. Let’s go there when we’re done with dinner. I think you’ll like it. There’s more books.”

“Okay, Harry,” she said and then ate faster. She really wanted to discuss the book with him. Maybe, he already could do the things depicted and that was why he had the wicked pocket on all his pants. She went over all the times she had witnessed him doing magic and realized that most of the time it was without a wand. She felt really neglectful for not noticing sooner. She did have a lot on her mind, with trying to figure out how he had lost his memory, and what she could do to help. That and keeping him out of trouble, which she had to admit she didn’t accomplish very well.

They finished their dinner in silence and then the five of them followed our hero to the seventh floor. Harry called up the door and they trudged inside. Hermione and the twins were very impressed with the piles of like new things, and the mass of broken stuff, and they wondered where it all came from.

“According to Lady Ravenclaw this it a room of lost things,” Harry answered the unasked question.

“Yeah, all of this was broken, then Harry fixed it,” Neville said, waving to the gleaming piles of treasure.

“Can we do that?” Hermione asked in awe. She couldn’t wait to give it a go.
“That’s one of the reasons I brought you here. I want to use this stuff for you practice on. You each pick a pile and use what you learned in the book and try to fix or levitate what you can. It won’t be easy, you have to unlearn everything you know and start from the beginning. Also it all depends on your core,” Harry said, and then explained what he had told Neville earlier. “I suggest you try with your wand first, then when you’ve got the hang of it, try without.”

“Ohhh, this will be wonderful,” Hermione said as she ran to the nearest pile of junk to see what she could do. She took out her wand and waved it over a few items with the spell ‘Reparo’. They shook and shuddered, and two of the pieces fixed. She pouted, but was determined to continue.

“You said we could do more if we work together?” the twins asked, holding a private conversation with looks and gestures.

“Yep, it’s almost like your cores reach for one another,” the dark-haired teen nodded with a huge smile.

“Wicked,” they said and wandered to the next pile.

Each person did what they could, while Harry went around and gave them words of encouragement and corrections. He decided that he’d let them flourish or flounder, as the case may be. Neville got half of his pile fixed and mended and was floating items into piles. He made sure to check any wand he found. Luna only did a third of hers, but she was having a blast doing it. The twins were on their second pile, but when they tried to do it separately, they weren’t quite a successful. Hermione was having a harder time, she was still trying to unlearn all the rules that she knew were supposed to be true. So Harry gave her the same speech that Luna had given him when she had brought it up. That seemed to help a little.

Soon it was time for curfew and the teens all went to bed, each contemplating on what they had done and how to do it better. They didn’t know what to do with all the stuff they were fixing, and they all had different ideas.

Harry was making plans on bringing his friends to see Sirius, and telling him what was what. He knew the man would have a harder time than Hermione did. Maybe.

He gave it up for now and went into his headspace. He pulled out the diadem and asked Data and Spock to check it out to see if it was safe for people to use it. Too much knowledge shoved in someone’s head couldn’t be good for them. They analyzed it and came to the conclusion that he was correct. It would overwhelm the human mind if they were to use it. Someone like Spock or Worf could utilize it without repercussions, but humans could not.

Data had already tried, but since he was an android, the crown didn’t work on him. As a matter of fact, it almost shorted him out. Harry made sure to snatch it off when sparks began to fly. He waved his wand and made sure Data was in top condition. Spock decided that it would be prudent that he not try at this moment. Worf just growled and stated that he had no need of such knowledge.

Harry wondered if he could lessen the flow of information, so that it only gave what you sought instead of everything. For example, if someone wanted to heal someone, they could put the headpiece on and only get that bit of information. Of course, if everyone could do magic the way he did the diadem would be just a pretty headpiece. He would have to think about it. Until then he would keep it in his pocket.

“How goes getting my memory back?” he asked Data.

“We found a small hole in the shield. It appears that the wall is weakening. The opening that we
found is just big enough for you to get those small bits of your past. We are setting up an away team now. There is only enough room for a small team of three. I will be going with them to analyze the layout of the white space,” the android answered.

“See if you can’t find the memory of what happened the night I ran. I have a plan, but it would work better if I had something to back it with. Now that the Bloody Baron is gone I don’t have a witness.”

“We will endeavor to do just that,” Data said, putting the request in the databank.

“Great, thanks. I’m going to hit the hay,” Harry stated with a nod to everyone on deck, and with a blink he was in his body and ready to sleep. He had used up a lot of magic today, and was very tired.

As he dreamed about girls, the Enterprise crew was going over plans for the first task and the voyage through the white space. Our hero was going to get the impostor and Snape if it was the last thing he did.
Guys, Meet Sirius

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all the reviews and support. If you find a plot hole or a mistake, by all means, let me know.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Harry’s POV

The next morning Harry came down the stairs, dressed in some new dark jeans and a jumper with a snitch being chased by an owl. He spotted Hermione reading in a chair, and looked over her shoulder to see what she was so absorbed in. It was the temporary Merlin’s book, although it was glamored to look like a textbook. He knew that it would disappear tonight, so he let her read. He sat in one of the comfy chairs and pulled out his own book. After an hour of them reading, Neville came down.

“Come on, guys, let’s go eat,” the now not shy boy said, poking Harry’s book, making it hit the other teen’s nose. Harry mock glared at him, and growled, “Wanker.” He was actually glad the boy had come out of his shell. This guy was easy to like, he was so laid back. He didn’t know what Neville had been like before, but judging from when they met, the other teen had come a long way.

“Teenager, so duh,” the sandy-haired boy laughed. It felt good to have someone to joke with. The other boys in his dorm were more removed from him than Harry was. They still remembered how he acted the last three years and were unsure about his new confidence. Well, Ron still thought of him as a traitor, but he didn’t count the redhead’s opinion for much. “Hermione, let’s go,” he said louder, turning to his female friend and nudging her book lightly.

“Oh,” Hermione startled and dropped her book onto her lap. “Sorry, Neville I just got caught up in one of the retellings.” The book was full of wonderful examples of when and why to do magic. She had been caught up in one of the times that Merlin had rescued King Arthur, and this time the magic had gone right. It was truly fascinating. And she wished that this was a real book that she could keep forever. She was of the opinion that it should be published, for everyone to read. She was going to make sure she had a good argument to get Harry to do so.

“Yeah, those were interesting, but it’s breakfast time,” he said as his stomach growled. He rubbed it and gave the other two a look that said to hurry up, because he was starving.

“Alright. Harry? How long will this last?” she asked, holding up the book, before putting it away. She stood and shouldered her bag, waiting for her dark-haired friend to get up and come with them. Now that she thought about it she was quite hungry as well. She wondered if it was because of all the magic they used last night.

“You should be able to read it once more tonight,” the teen replied as he stood and tucked his book in his TARDIS pocket. He then draped his arm around her shoulders and led her to the portrait. “I’d say you could read it today, but I have plans and I’d like you guys to come with.” He gave her a wink and didn’t elaborate.
“Are we all going?” Neville asked as he walked on Harry’s other side.

“That’s the plan. There’s someone I want you to meet. He’s an alright bloke, and I’m hoping you will help me with some things.” He made an ‘it’s a secret’ motion so his female friend wouldn’t question it.

Neville figured it might be this ‘Sirius’ bloke. He didn’t know if it was Black or someone posing as him. He’d have to wait and see. If the person was a threat to his friend, well, he’d be there to protect Harry.

With that the trio left the dorm, they met up with Luna and went to breakfast. Hermione was bouncing with suppressed excitement. She wanted to talk about everything, but she knew she couldn’t do it here. Luna was content; she had come further in this magic than she ever thought she could. Her discussion with Flitwick and stemmed the bullies for now, but she wanted to be able to protect herself, so she was giving it her all. The books Harry had lent her helped her fears immensely, though she was still held back by her mum’s death. Neville stood prouder and stronger. He dreamed all night that his parents were whole and at home. He even had a dream that his dad took his Uncle Algie to task and booted him out of the family. The twins had been up way earlier than the other four and were going over pranks and plans at the Gryffindor table. They had some parchment laid out and were scribbling away.

“You two should put that away for now. We’re going to go meet someone that I think you’ll like a lot. Do you want to come?” Harry asked as he escorted the girls to their seats and then around the table and sat across from them. He had no idea just how right he was. It was one of the twins’ greatest dreams to meet one of the Marauders, but the amnesiac didn’t know that.

“We’d love to,” they said as each picked up some of the papers and tucked them into their bags.

“Great,” Harry said as he served himself a very large breakfast with plenty of meat. He made sure to make up some bacon and cheese, and sausage and egg, sandwiches to put in his pocket for later. They ate in quiet discussion about Magical Theory, and soon enough were done. The boy hero stood and said, “Come on then, let’s get started. It’s going to be a long day.” He figured that they all needed to talk. He looked at Hermione and could see she was about to burst with questions.

“Aren’t you supposed to tell someone that you’re leaving the castle?” Hermione asked, lifting her bag to her shoulder. She really wished he wouldn’t fight with all the adults, not that he didn’t have reason, but it would make for an easier time.

“Meh, we’re not going to be off grounds for long.” He waved his hand and then had a thought. “Actually, why don’t you guys head for the Room, and I’ll be there in a few minutes,” he said, thinking it would be easier to bring one person in than hiding a half a dozen out. It would be a waste of time to drag them to the Shack and then bring them back. That and he’d have to add them to the wards, so, no, this would be simpler. “Practice your magic and stuff. Try and figure out what we’re going to do with all that shite,” he added as an incentive.

“I didn’t realize that it was up for debate,” Hermione stated as she tilted her head. “I mean, it belongs to the school.” In her mind it was clear from the start. They would fix it all up and then hand it over to the Board or something.

“And that is one of the things we’ll be pondering. Just go and leave some for the guy I’m bringing.” He really didn’t want to have this argument in the Hall. He had no problems doing it behind closed doors.

“Fine,” she huffed, and then turned and stomped off. While she was now behind Harry, she still had
her morals. To her, keeping any of the things they found on school grounds was stealing. She would make sure her views were known.

“We’ll talk about it, Harry. I’m sure that we can come up with a good solution to make everyone happy,” Luna predicted and then kissed his cheek. She then skipped out of the Hall and followed Hermione. She wanted to give anything that would further the school to the Board, but there were things that would only be useless to them. That and there were families out there that had lost great treasures. Who knew, there might be something that could bring the Weasleys prestige. She recalled many diaries as she sorted through the books and she knew that if she had found one that belonged to her mother, she’d want it back.

“Right,” Harry said to her backside as it wiggled with each skip, and then shook his head to clear it. “You guys go with them. I’ll be back in a few minutes,” he said as he turned to his remaining friends.

“Alright, Harry,” the three male teens said as they too got up and left the Great Hall.

Harry made it out of the building, and when no one was around he turned himself invisible. He called up his map, and then went to the Shack and woke Sirius with a bucket of water. “Why are you still asleep?” he asked the wet man.

“Damn, Harry, don’t do that!” Sirius shouted as he jumped out of the soaked bed. He reached over, grabbed his stolen wand and waved it to dry himself. He then stomped over to the set of drawers and got some clothes for today. He had had a great time shopping the last few days, and the stuff at Tylor’s Threads were really form fitting. They made his younger body look good.

“Just answer the question,” the teen snickered.

“I was up sending letter to Waters all night, trying to clear my name. Thanks for hooking me up with Winky, by the way. Anyway, it seems that Fudge want to get on your good side by making me free. That article you had Skeeter run was a Merlin sent. I want the story behind that by the way. Anyway, the Kiss on Sight order is gone, but they want to make sure the case is solid before they give me a trial.” It had been a long night. He hadn’t even made it to bed until around two in the morning, but they were making great headway.

Harry wandered around the room, while his godfather got dressed. “That’s good, I guess. I mean, I don’t really know this Fudge bloke, and if he is a bad as they say, well it’s going to take more than him doing his fucking job to get on my good side.” He was firm in his stance that adults should be doing what they were paid to do. He would make sure that the Minster knew that when, or if, they met.

“I guess I can see that. Still, with me a free man, we can live anywhere in relative peace,” the dogman said as he buttoned his last button.

“We’ll see what happens,” the teen said with a shrug, dismissing it for now. He still had plans on renting or owning a flat in non-magical London. “I came to sneak you into the school. We found this wicked room where you can practice your magic,” Harry said, turning around and all but bouncing in place. “Wait until you see it. It’s huge and has all this crap in it. Right now, we’re fixing everything and making it whole and new. You could do that and get your wandless magic working.”

“I thought the Marauders found all the secret rooms. I don’t remember a room like that,” the young-looking man stated, as he rubbed his chin. He still wished he had his goatee. Unfortunately, his facial hair didn’t seem to be growing with the glamor. Maybe he’d ask Harry to tweak it. It’d make him look older and he could pick up more birds.
“The Grey Lady directed me to it. There was a Dark object that Voldemort ruined. Her mum’s diadem. She wanted me to cleanse it. When I did, she moved on,” was the slightly mysterious reply.

“Yeah, I meant to ask what all that moaning, and wailing was. It was heard clear down in Hogsmeade.” He had sat up all night that night wonder just what was going on in the school. He even debated going and checking it out, but in the end figured that the staff would solve whatever it was. He then spent the day after listening to the villagers talk about it.

“Oh, that. Well, it was the Bloody Baron and the Grey Lady having their final confrontation. See what had happened was…” and Harry proceeded to tell him about the ghosts, their history, his part in it and final days. He did tell his godfather that it was Snape that helped his amnesia along, albeit not directly. That made Sirius growl and promise retribution. As he talked he led the man to the tunnel, and then stopped at the end to finish his tale. “…they’re both gone now,” he ended with a shrug. He was a bit miffed that the Bloody Baron had moved on. He really had had plans for that ghost. Now, he would have to remake all his ideas around the spirit’s departure.

“Wow, I never knew all of that,” Sirius said, thinking that there was far more to Hogwarts than what he had learned while there, and chastising himself for not talking to the ghosts when he was a student. It made sense, after all. They would be a wealth of information, that he and his buddies could have used to pull more pranks. He looked around the tunnel. He had been so caught up in the tale, that he blindly followed his godson. “How are you going to get me in the school? I mean, yeah I look young, but not that young.” He knew that if he were seen, one of the teachers would call him out. He wasn’t prepared to be caught yet. Not even his lawyer knew where he was.

Harry just smiled and waved his hand. Sirius became invisible and you could hear his shivering as the cold washed over him.

“That doesn’t feel like a disillusion charm,” the dogman said when the cold stopped.

“That’s because it isn’t,” the teen stated and then reached out and pushed the knot. The Willow stopped, and he led the way to the castle. They walked quietly until they reached the seventh floor. The door wasn’t there, so Harry paced and called it up. He heard a gasp when it appeared and led Sirius into the Room of Lost Things. “Hey, guys, come over here. There’s someone I want you to meet,” he called to his friends, who were spread out among the piles, as he made Sirius visible.

The other teens, who had been working diligently, came to see what who it was. None of them recognized the man who was standing by Harry.

“Guys, meet my godfather, Sirius Black,” the dark-haired wizard said, pointing to the disguised man.

“Harry,” Hermione said tentatively, taking a step back. “That’s not Sirius. Sirius is much older and has darker hair.” She then drew her wand and pointed it at the new person. “I don’t know who you are, but you’re not taking advantage of my friend’s condition,” she snarled.

The other four agreed and also pulled their wands. They too knew what the fugitive looked like, what with his wanted posters, and all the articles that were printed when he escaped. The man standing before them looked around twenty and had light brown hair.

“Whoa, guys, I put a glamor on him, so he could walk around,” Harry said, standing in front of his godfather and holding up his hands. He had no idea his friends would react this way. But now that he thought about it, it was kinda cool that they were so protective.

“How do you know it’s him? I mean, you don’t remember the man,” was Hermione’s rebuttal, not lowering her wand. She would be damned if some stranger thought he could use Harry for his own
So, Harry quickly told the story of how he ran into Sirius in Hogsmeade, and the few adventures they had had since. Sirius then turned into his dog form, which still a large Grim, albeit lighter in color. They gang lowered their wands, and the twins grinned at all the mischief the two had gotten up to. “Anyway, from what he told me, he should be a free man come this summer.” His face broke out in a huge grin.

“Wicked,” the twins said.

“So, what do you want to do first? More magic, or talk about shite?” Harry asked, relaxing now that his friends weren’t threatening his godfather.

“I think we should talk first. I can’t concentrate with all of this running through my mind,” was Hermione’s answer. She had so much to ask and she wanted to make sure that Harry wasn’t going to do anything that would get him arrested.

The other teens nodded, and it was settled. Harry waved his hand to make a clear space, and then he called some of the fixed chairs to form a circle.

“Does anyone have anything to eat? Harry kind of dragged me here without breakfast,” Sirius said, sitting in of the chairs and crossing his legs. He was just glad that no more wands were pointed at him.

“You can call Winky,” Harry stated blandly with a lifted eyebrow as he too settled in one of the like new seats. He was going to keep his sandwiches for later. He knew they would work through the day and everyone would use a lot of energy.

“Right. Winky,” the glamored man called to the air.

The little elf popped in. “What can Winky be doing for her master?” she asked.

“Can you bring me some breakfast, and this lot some tea?”

“Winky can be doing that,” she said and popped away.

“You own Winky?” the bushy-haired witch said through gritted teeth.

“I thought we talked about this,” Harry said, confused as to why she was reacting this way.

“Besides, Winky is well taken care of,” Sirius stated with a wave of his hand. Lily too had been against house elf slavery. She ranted for hours about it, until they dragged her to Hogwarts’ kitchen.

Hermione huffed and folded her arms. She would talk to Winky later, though she did admit the elf looked happy.

“So, what are your plans for the first task?” Neville asked, changing the subject. He had no clue what Hermione’s problem was, but her tone suggested that an argument was to follow.

“Well, I need the twins help, and you guys to be on guard. I’m positive that someone is using this tournament to try and kill me. So, you five be careful. They might use you to get to me,” our hero stated firmly. “That said, use the time in here, and right before you go to sleep, to put up some defensive spells, like shields and wards around your body and mind. I know all of you are proficient in Occlumency, so it should be easy. If you read the book thoroughly, then you will know all it takes is intent. I use that golden dome, and it works for me,” he said, and then explained his proximity...
ward and how it functioned.

Everyone was listening to him describe it. They were all making plans to do something similar, each having their own ideas.

Winky popped back in, gave Sirius his breakfast of eggs, bacon and toast, and then snapped her fingers and a small table appeared, which had a tea tray on it. Everyone thanked her and grabbed a cup.

They discussed the mechanics of wards for a while, and then Harry told them about Crouch Jr. That got them all talking excitedly and fearfully. They made plans to steer away from the man and talked about what they were going to do to help Harry. Ideas were thrown around until they had a solid plan.

Then dark-haired teen dropped another question, “So, what are we going to do with all this shite?” He waved his hand to encompass the entire room.

And the argument started.

Chapter End Notes

Another chapter that every time I edited it, it changed, so there may be some mistakes. Sorry.
The Compromise

Harry’s POV

Luna and Hermione argued for about twenty minutes, while the men sat back and let them. They just wanted to practice their magic. Well, a bit of payment for it wouldn’t be amiss, and they wanted to keep some of the things they found, but for now they listened to the girls debate each other. Every once and awhile they would open their mouths to put in their opinion, but they were bulldozed over.

Hermione was positive that everything they found should go to the school. Her stance was that it was on school property, so it belonged Hogwarts. While Luna believed it all should be returned to the owners. The males let the females fight until they started repeating themselves.

“Look, Luna, it is here, it belongs here,” Hermione said for the third time, aggravated that she was not being heard. “Think of all the things that Hogwarts needs. We should give it to the Board.”

“No, it should go to the families,” was the unbending rebuttal. “If I dropped money in Diagon Alley, I would hope someone returned it. This is the same thing.”

“No…” was as far as Hermione got, when Harry held up his hands and let out a piercing whistle, making the girls turn to him with disgruntled faces.

“Wait, stop,” he said, rubbing his forehead. “Look, both of you are right, and wrong. As to Luna’s example, when I lived on the street, all the money I found I kept, so there are different morals for that. That said, Hermione, this stuff isn’t really owned by anyone. This is basically a large landfill, so it’s free game. Now, some of this shite used to be the school’s; the furniture, the armor, the schoolbooks and stuff. But the other books and the clothes, the bits of jewelry, and all that crap can be returned to whoever lost it. So, let’s find a middle ground. Here’s what we’ll do, we’re going to attempt to use our magic to find out if it’s an heirloom. Watch,” Harry said as he got up and went to the nearest pile of fixed items.

“Watch,” the twins and Neville said as they watched him work his magic. After all this work they could do more than they ever thought they could do, but to see Harry preform magic was still a wonderous thing. He didn’t even break out into a sweat, he just did what he said to do, and it was done. It was like no effort was even made. The girls were impressed as well, but they were still debating morals in their head.

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“School stuff here,” the dark-haired teen said, pointing to another spot; and books, brooms, cauldrons, armor, couches, chairs, desks, and other school related items formed in rows before him. He shrunk all of them and put it in one of the trunks. “There you go. Now both of you get your wish,” he said with a smile as he looked between his two female friends.
“That was a good compromise,” Luna said as she skipped to her things and did the same, not quite as many as Harry, but enough that she was satisfied. “We both got exactly what we wanted, and the nargles didn’t interfere.”

“I guess,” Hermione conceded, still fretting on the school missing out on a great deal of funds with all the items returning to their family. Still, if it were her heirlooms, she would want them back as well.

“Well, I guess this stuff is mine to do with what I want,” he stated, waving to the small pile left, turning to his other friends.

“Wicked. How did you do that?” the twins said, glad that the argument was over for now. They wanted to get some payment for doing the repairs. Their dreams hinged on getting startup money. They knew a few people who would buy old things. And there were items in this room that would sell for a good price. Who knows, they might go down Knockturn Alley to see if some of the shadier shops would take some of it off their hands.

“It’s all about intent. Picture in your mind grandparents handing something to their child and then that child, now grown, handing it to theirs,” Harry explained as he made a TARDIS bag and put his bounty in it. “You don’t have to put a face on them, just envision hands passing things along. Then let magic take it to where it has been before. If has ever been at the bank, it will go there. If not, it will return home. If whoever it belonged to before is no longer around, it will stay. For the diaries, picture someone writing in it, and then if there is living family, it will go there.”

“Wicked,” they said again and started trying to replicate what their friend had done.

“What about the school, don’t they get anything?” Hermione asked in a huff.

“Sure, all this furniture and the armor is theirs, you just saw me pack it up,” our hero stated, waving to the trunk. “We’ll get Sirius to sell all the antiques and put it in a scholarship fund or something. However, the rest of this stuff was just junk until I fixed it. It didn’t go anywhere, so I’m claiming it as mine,” he answered with a shrug. He really didn’t care what happened to the school things. He was just glad that he thought of a good compromise. “Quit trying to start an argument. If you really find it morally reprehensible, then don’t do it.”

“No, you’re right, it’s just something I’ll have to come to terms with. I do understand… just… oh, never mind. I’ll just go to my pile sort the school stuff,” she said thoroughly chastised as she went to her work area. Sometimes she really couldn’t help herself, especially when she lost in a debate. Compromises didn’t always sit well with her, it meant she had to bend her ethics and she wasn’t comfortable with that. This new Harry was making her do it more and more, whereas the old Harry just caved. Rules were rules and you were supposed to obey them. On the other hand, they weren’t breaking any rules. Her internal dilemma was not anyone’s fault and it was something she was going to have to work out for herself.

“I know the school could use some new brooms,” Neville said as he made his way to his pile of repaired items. He waved his new wand and tried to do what Harry had done, but only few things came to him. He figured he was going to need a lot more practice. He tried picturing the scene clearer and more things came to him, making him break out with a huge smile. Oh, yeah, he was going to get his parents back.

“Well, we’ll just have to make sure they get some. Good job, Neville, that wand is working great for you,” Harry said to his friend. “Sirius can buy some, if we don’t find many in here,” he added turning to his godfather.
“I don’t know how I got volunteered to do this, but yeah, I’ll make sure they get some. If we take any and all spells off the furniture there is a huge market for them in non-magical London, and even some of the vintage clothing,” Sirius grumbled as he tried his hand a wandlessly fixing stuff. The pile he picked creaked and groaned as things repaired, and then Harry reminded him to cleanse it of Dark magic.

They worked for hours just fixing and then vanishing things. It was an enormous room so there was a good possibility they would not be done anytime soon. Harry figured they could do it until it became a chore, and then they could just leave the rest to the next person who found the room. He was positive they were not the first, nor would they be the last to stumble upon this trove.

**Gringotts POV**

The alarms flared, and the goblins quickly checked all the humans and then hustled them out of the bank. Not finding a thief, they were confused as to what set off the wards.

“What is causing it?” Snarlfist yelled over the noise. The wards were flashing off the walls, and it was getting on his nerves. The whole room would light up, dim, light up, dim, and he wasn’t the only one with a headache. That and, he was disappointed at not finding any thieves among the people they just booted out to the building. He wanted to take whoever was doing this and have them under his knife.

Gringotts was now tightly shut to the public. All doors were locked, and all carts were empty. It was the second time in this decade that it happened. The goblins weren’t happy.

“We don’t know,” an unnamed goblin shouted back. “We’re going to have to search every vault.”

“Can we at least turn off the blasted alarm?” he asked with his hands over his ears.

Just then the alarm stopped, and they all sighed with relief, until it sounded again. This confused the goblins more, since there was no one in the bank except them. A team was quickly put together and they descended the tunnels. They were at the forth vault, when items appeared.

“Someone is adding to the vaults,” one goblin said in awe. Everyone glared at him for his needless commentary.

“We can see that,” Snarlfist snapped as he watched the ward breakers try to figure out how to stop this magic from coming through. “I think I will have to talk to Black about this. If it is not his doing then he knows who it is,” the tiny being stated, pulling out his knife and cleaning his long black nails.

“There are no rules about something like this, so technically you can’t torture him for it. You can only ask,” Steelblade said to the disappointment of many.

“Oh, but what fun I’ll have… asking.”

During their search, they found that many vaults washed in the foreign magic. A separate alarm for all the vaults were set up, so the doors would flash if the magic washed over that vault. It made it much easier than going from vault to vault. They had to record it all for the letters that needed to be sent out. They never knew what was in the vaults to begin with, just that the magic was in there. All day was spent going from the flashing doors and noting it down for the letters. It was a grumpy bunch of goblins that ended their shift that day, making sure to tell the next shift what had been happening. The ones coming on would send out the missives.
Sirius’ POV

Sirius stood still as a shiver went down his spine. “Harry? How are you getting this stuff in the vaults?” he asked warily. He really didn’t want to talk to the goblins; he had no clue as to how they would react to this. Not that they would get anything from him, given his ‘vow’, but the last one he talked to wasn’t a nice fellow.

“Ummm, magic?” was the curious answer. He thought it was pretty obvious.

“What I meant was, are you passing them straight through the wards?” the dogman asked, not sure if he wanted to know.

Harry thought about it for a minute and then shrugged, “I guess that’s what’s happening. Why?”

“I just had a bad feeling, like someone walking over my grave. I think I’ll stay away from Gringotts for a while,” his godfather said with a full-body shudder, visions of rubber hoses flooded his mind.

The Weasley’s POV

When people came home that day, from whatever it was they did, there were small, or large, piles of lost things in their living rooms. While many rejoiced at finding these treasures, they all wanted to know how they got there. Something was causing the wards to flare, but the only thing that anyone could find was the lost items. There were small dances of joy as trinkets, letters, books, diaries, jewels, and many other things were looked at. It was like an early Yule. It was the diaries and the family magic books that were coveted the most.

The Weasley’s were one of the families that cried and danced. There on the sofa was a pile of lost artifacts. Some of them were so old that they would have no problems with money, if they decided to sell them. There was a golden statue of a dragon with ruby eyes, which had been in the family for over 800 years. It had been lost 400 years ago, when one of their ancestors took it to Hogwarts to show it off to his friends. They would never sell that, however there was a document of a sealed vault that was still active at Gringotts. It had been sealed when one of their ancestors had married a Dark wizard, who tried to take all their money, over 500 years ago. The document had been carried by a family friend, who had died from the DADA curse. The man was going to give to the Weasleys at the end of that school year, since the Dark wizard had passed away. All of his belongings disappeared when he was declared dead, since he had no family. Now, it was right where it belonged.

Molly and Arthur were besides their selves with joy. They would never have to send their children to school in secondhand clothes again.

Harry’s POV

“Oh, by the way, Harry, are you sure you’re not going to compete?” Sirius asked as he sat in one of the chairs. He was so tired. He had used up a lot of magic, but he was proud of what he accomplished. He looked around the room at the other teens, who were still fixing, examining and vanishing things. There was a hint of pride on his face. Harry had taught them this. His godson was a powerful wizard, and he was proud of him. Sure, the kid was a bit of an arse, but he was helping his friends, so he couldn’t be all that bad.

“Yeah, why?” Harry asked as he joined his godfather. He wasn’t tired, he just wanted his friends to practice, and he had a good stash of new books and things to scan and play with.

“Well, the other day I was taking a run as Padfoot, and came across some dragons in the forest,” the
dogman said mysteriously. Leaning forward and resting his elbows on his knees, letting his hands hang loosely in between his legs.

“And you didn’t think to tell me sooner?” the dark-haired wizard snapped, making his godfather glare.

“I’m in the middle of trying to clear my name,” Sirius snapped back, sitting back in his seat. “Winky has been busy ferrying letters back and forth between me and Waters. I felt getting a trial was a bit more important, since you said you weren’t going to compete.”

“Right, sorry. I wonder if the real contestants know,” Harry said, rubbing his forehead in thought. He had stayed away from them, not wanting anyone to think that he was trying to get in good with them. They might think that he was going to play their stupid games.

“I don’t know, probably. I don’t see their school Heads not telling them. I don’t trust Karkaroff as far as I can banish him. But I can tell you this, I’m sure that the Hogwarts’ campion doesn’t know, unless one of the others told him,” the young-looking man stated, looking at his godson, showing he was serious.

“You don’t think Dumbledore would tell him?” he asked, not believing that for a minute.

“No, there are many things you can say about the man, but he doesn’t cheat.”

“Don’t worry, Harry, we’ll tell Cedric,” Fred said as he too took a break.

“Yeah, we like him, even if he is the only Seeker to beat you,” said George as he sat next to his brother.

“Now, did we hear you call yourself Padfoot?” Fred asked, turning his head toward Sirius.

“Yeah, that’s the name of my Animagus form,” was the answer.

The twins all but bounced in their seats, “As in one of the Marauders?” they asked.

“Yeah,” came the cautious reply.

“We’ve spent our entire school career emulating you guys,” George said and told him the story about finding the map, and the things they had heard and tried to match.

“Hmmmm, well I’m glad we’ve met. We’ll have to keep in touch, but don’t tell your mum,” Sirius stated, looking at the two lookalikes. “I’ll tell you some stories, but there are some things that have been pointed out to me that were just plain bullying. I just got on Harry’s good side, so I’m not relaying those.”

“Good call,” Harry stated firmly.

So, the twins and Sirius spent some time talking about pranks and the difference between going too far and just plain having fun. Harry sat back and listened, making sure to keep an eye on his other friends. When they got tired, he called them over and handed out sandwiches. When it was time of curfew, he showed Sirius the invisibility charm and sent him home, telling him to come back tomorrow and they would do it all again.

The week went by with much the same happening. Luna found her dad’s diary, but sadly not her mum’s. She called for it, but nothing came. She wasn’t to put out; she would just have to keep looking. Hermione was finally okay with what they were doing. There were loads of valuable things
that would make a nice fund for the school. She wasn’t sure about Sirius being in charge of that, but since he was the only adult, it did make sense. She was the one assigned to putting the books in the library. Neville was just glad to practice his magic more. The more he used the new wand the better he felt about himself. He was determined to get as good as Harry. The twins had quite a nest egg, and they were just content that they could now afford their shop. They were also in charge of sneaking any repaired broom to Madam Hooch’s office. Sirius was just glad to be with his godson, if he never got proficient in wandless magic that was okay with him. Still it was fun to be here and doing things he never thought he could do.

Harry and the twins pranked ‘Moody’ by clouding his magical eye. Everywhere the man looked would be like looking through dirty glass. He became obsessed with washing the thing. They made his wooden leg sing children’s songs, and his foe glass would see things that weren’t there. The man would stomp around the castle, yelling ‘Constant Vigilance’. They really hoped to drive the imposter a into jumping at shadows.

Harry had Dobby go and make sure that the real Moody was fed and had water, and also bring him a note that he was going to try and rescue him during the first task. Which the man promptly ate right after reading. The house elf snuck in a few potions, but the man said to be careful or they would be caught. So, Moody played ailing captive, but in reality, he was getting better.

They pulled a few jokes on Snape, but the man wasn’t reacting anymore, so they stopped.

Harry, Sirius and the twins made sure to iron out the plans for the first task. Waters had written to say that he and Madam Bones would be there, and that she was quite upset that they wouldn’t tell her why. They spent hours hashing it out and now were firm in what they were going to do.

Harry couldn’t wait.
Harry’s POV

The night before the task, Harry dreamed of naked women dancing around a fire in the light of a full moon. It was one of his favorite dreams. He had just gotten to a good part, when he was hailed by Picard that there was something happening, and he was needed. He jerked out of dream and was on the main deck of the Enterprise. Communications were opened with the away team. “Data has come across something, and we were just about to hear his report,” the captain said, nodded to a helmsman, who typed something in and the overhead screen changed from black space to Data’s face.

“Thanks, Captain,” Harry said, turning to look at the view screen. “What have you got for me, Data?” he asked, to the stoic face of the android.

“We were scanning the white space trying to analyze what it was, so far everything indicates it is a void of nothingness. We were progressing towards the orange glow, when sensors indicated a small anomaly floating within. We changed course to intercept and scans showed that it is the night you ran. We believe that the shield surrounding it was part of a memory blocking spell. It took us time, but we dropped the shield without corrupting the integrity of the memory. I am uploading it now,” Data stated as he looked down and pushed some keys in front of him.

Harry watched the computer screen as the scene played out. While it wasn’t completely incriminating, it would help in taking down Snape. “Thanks, crew, let me know if you make it to my memories, but do me a favor and alert me first. I don’t want to be in the middle of something and have those all slam into me at once.” The last thing he needed was a mass influx of memories when he least expected it.

“Understood, Harry. My analysis shows that that would be for the best as well,” Data stated with a sharp nod.

“Thanks again, Harry out,” the sleeping teen said with a cordial nod. The viewer went blank and Harry turned way, thinking over the recovered memory. His face was grim. He knew that slimy bastard had something to do with all this, and he really hoped the twins pulled off their part. Now, with the plan that they had, this memory would go a long way in helping. That and the conversation he had had with the Bloody Baron. If he could somehow project those to Madam Bones, then the potions teacher was done for. He smiled in his sleep as he pictured all the ways the man would be taken down.

“Captain, have someone figure out a way to project my memories. I want to be able to show them as if viewing a movie screen,” he commanded, trying not to come off as an arse, but failing miserably. “Sorry, I have a lot on my mind and I need this done by tomorrow.” He rubbed his eyes and ran a hand down his face.

“We will get it done, Harry,” Picard stated as he started barking orders.

“I’m going back to sleep, and hopefully dream more relaxing dreams,” Harry stated as he slipped back in his dreams of lovely ladies.
The next morning was bright and clear, Harry shivered from the cold as he put on his normal jeans and jumper. He was very glad he still had his boots; they were a godsend in this freezing weather. As he laced them up he noted that there was a uniform hanging on the door. It was a red and gold Quidditch uniform, and he wondered if it was his. He shook his head and reckoned that Dumbledore had one of the house elves bring it to his room. It was just hanging there like he was supposed to wear it, but he ignored it. He didn’t understand why that man didn’t get a clue. He had no idea how many times he had to tell him he wasn’t going to play their games, but it was getting increasingly trying.

He went to the common room, but no one was there. Shrugging his shoulders, he went to the Great Hall. There was his group of friends all fretting about what could happen today, if the looks they shared was any indication. He had no idea why they were worried; the plan was simple and there was no risk involved. He sat by the twins and quietly asked, “Did you get it?” he asked, cutting a look to the Staff Table and seeing all the teachers and officials there. It was a great feat in restraint that he didn’t glare at Snape.

“Yeah,” they whispered back as Fred handed him an object, which he placed in his TARDIS pocket.

“It was easy, what with all the practice we’ve been doing,” George continued with a wink.

“Piece of cake,” Fred said, copying his brother. “I’m surprised that it was still there. You would think Snape was smart enough to get rid of it.” He shook his head at the man’s oversight.

“Nay, he thinks because he Obliviated me that he’s safe.” He didn’t tell them he got his memory back. This was not the place to discuss it.

“Probably,” the twins said.

“This is great, thanks guys,” our hero stated with a wide smile. This would go a long way in trapping Snape. If they got something implicating the man in making illegal potions, then all he had to do was give it to Madam Bones. Coupled with his memories, yeah, it was going to be a good day.

“Harry, are you sure you know what you’re doing?” Hermione whispered, leaning over the table to make sure that no one heard her. She wasn’t sure that everything was going to go as planned. She felt that Harry was getting too cocky in his movements with the staff. There was just so much that could go wrong.

“Don’t worry, I’ve got this,” he said smoothly, unknowingly proving her point. “I’m just going to sit in the stands with you guys and talk to Madam Bones. I’ll give her what I’ve got and then let her take care of the rest. I’m not going to play superhero, so calm down,” he stated calmly as he casually served up some hot cereal.

“Okay, well, the first task is starting soon, so you better eat up,” she said, going back to her breakfast. She was still worried, but she was hopeful that with Madam Bones there, and that it would go off okay.

The gang ate and chatted on unimportant things, while the adults agonized.

Dumbledore’s POV

“Look at him; he looks like he doesn’t have a care in the world. I thought you were going to speak to him,” Crouch Sr. stated, glaring at the old man. He just knew that boy was going to make him look bad. He was just eating completely unconcerned with what was happening today. Not like the other champions, who were pushing their food around their plates.
“Do not worry so, Bartemius, I will make sure that young Harry is at the first task,” Dumbledore stated, though he was bit concerned. He had tried to find Harry all week, but he and his friends kept disappearing on the seventh floor. He didn’t know where he or his friends went, or what they were doing. For all he knew the boy was up to something and from the looks of it he was right. However, he had a plan to get Harry to the task, and he was not going to fail.

“You’d better, or it is on your head,” the surly man snapped as he got up and stomped out of the room. He had last minute things to take care of.

Bagman got up and followed. He was sweating bullets, still worried about the goblins, who were very upset with wizards right now. What with all the things going through their wards. He really hoped the Headmaster had a plan.

“‘Ow are you going to convince ze young man to compete?” Madam Maxime asked as she watched her champion not eat her food. She was concerned about the young woman, while she was the strongest student in her school, she lacked confidence. It was something they worked on since the girl’s name came out of the goblet. Fleur was now firm in that she knew what she was going to do, but the fact that she had to face a dragon was making her upset.

“I am sure that it will only take a small bit of persuasion to bring him around,” the old man stated as he calmly ate his bagel.

Karkaroff scoffed, he knew that the old geezer was planning something and that the boy would not like it, but he held his tongue. He really didn’t want Harry Potter to participate, not that he thought Krum couldn’t beat him, but it took away from the Quidditch star’s fame. The Boy-Who-Lived was in good with the public at this time. They all pitied him, and many were demanding that he not be forced to contend. Fudge was adamant that the child hero do so, he felt it would bring up his rating if the boy won.

Snape was making plans to leave after the task, when everyone was focused on the winner. He had to appear or there would be questions and people would seek him out. He had everything ready and was prepared to run. He had a really bad feeling that if he didn’t soon, then he never would. It might have to do with his lab being broken into last night, and the potion disappearing. If he could have, he would escape now, but the old man showed up at his door this morning and was making him stick by his side. He grumbled about conniving old men and their stupid plans as he finished his eggs.

**Harry’s POV**

The group of six were done with breakfast and they watched as Dumbledore and his cohorts left the room. They figured that meant it was time to go and were now making their way out of the Hall, when the little blonde stopped suddenly, causing everyone to look at her.

“Is Sirius going to be there?” Luna asked with a vacant stare. “I have a feeling he is going to be needed.”

“Yeah, he’s going to be near Junior,” Harry answered, rubbing her arm as he guided her out of the Hall. He really hated it when she was vague but knew that was how it worked and pushing her would not make it different.

“You need to beware of the nargles, Harry. If I were you, I would not…,” she tried to warn, but trailed off and shook her head. It was gone. She just knew that everything wasn’t going to go as planned, but she didn’t know how it would be upset. All she saw was Harry in the arena surrounded by flames. “Please, don’t compete, no matter what,” she added, grabbing ahold of his arm.
“I have no intentions on stepping anywhere near the dragons. Don’t worry, I’ll be careful,” he said, patting her hand, and then groaned as his alert went off. He looked at his map and saw Dumbledore and Snape making their way towards him. He figured they were going to try and talk him into competing, so he waved his friends on and said, “You guys go ahead, I’ll be there in a minute.” He then turned to confront the adults. He wasn’t going to back down.

The other five opened their mouths like they were going to protest, but he gave them a wink and they reluctantly moved towards the stands.

“Mr. Potter, it is my understanding that you are still refraining from participating in the competition,” Dumbledore stated in a questioning tone as the three teachers stopped in front of him. Snape just sneered.

“That’s right. I didn’t enter, and I’m not playing your games,” the teen said with a nod of his head, folding his arms in a defiant manner. He sneered back and the Potions Masters, hoping he was keeping the twinkle out of his eyes. The last thing he wanted for the man to know that he knew.

“I am afraid I am going to have to insist,” the old man replied with a bit of steel in his voice.

“Insist all you want, I’m not going. I’m done talking to you,” Harry said, turning away from them as he had so many times before. He heard his red alert go off, and he made to turn around, but darkness overtook him.

Dumbledore nodded his thanks to the Potions Master, who had just hit our hero over the head with a blunt object spelled to render someone unconscious. Perhaps, he had hit the child too hard, but he really didn’t care. Maybe, it would make the boy’s amnesia worse and that would give Snape more time to run.

“Are you sure this was the right way to go about this, Albus? It could have some repercussions,” the dour man asked, banishing the staff he used.

“I cannot risk him losing his magic. It is imperative that he remain here,” the Headmaster tried to placate as he disillusioned and levitated the boy out of the school. “How will he fight Voldemort if he is so impaired?” he asked with a lifting of his eyebrow.

“Perhaps, you could have reasoned with the brat,” Snape said unconvincingly.

“Have I been able to reason with Harry since his return?” was the rhetorical comeback.

Snape conceded the point and they made their way to the champions’ tent, with the invisible boy floating behind them.

“Where is Potter?” Crouch demanded, when they appeared to come in alone. He needed the Boy-Who-Lived to compete. Fudge was breathing down his neck, and he was majorly concerned for his job. That and he still didn’t know where Junior was.

“Do not worry. Continue on, and Harry will be there when he is supposed to,” the Headmaster stated, keeping the teen invisible.

They did as he bid, each one hoping different things.

Hermione’s POV

“Where’s Harry? The task is going to start soon,” Hermione asked, very worried about her friend. She was looking around at everyone but didn’t see him.
“I don’t know,” Neville answered as he too scanned the crowd for the wayward teen.

“I find it lacking on his part that he required us to come and then didn’t show,” Madam Bones stated with a small glare at the children. She was a very busy woman, but the teen’s lawyer stated that it was important that she be here. Something about Death Eaters that would be unmasked today. There were also hints that dead men would appear, not that she gave much credit to that part. Dead men, indeed. Still, for the young man to not show didn’t lend him much credibility.

“He was kidnapped by Dumbledore,” was Luna’s reply as she glared at the Champion’s tent as she shook with suppressed rage and fear. She had known something was going to go wrong, but she couldn’t do anything to stop it. This was why being a seer was such a curse. That and people tended to blame seers for not doing enough, or if they did and someone died, then they tended to put it on the person who predicted the tragedy.

“How do you know that, young lady?” the elder woman asked with a lifting of her eyebrow.

“It is only logical, since that was the last person we saw him talking to. I believe Harry has become too compliant around the Headmaster,” the little blonde answered as she stared at the arena.

“Oh dear,” Hermione said, wringing her hands with worry. She just knew that Harry’s overconfidence would get him in trouble, but she really hoped that the Headmaster wouldn’t put someone in danger just to continue with his plans. She fretted and worried as she stared at the dragon that someone would have to fight. Really, dragons, what were they thinking?

“Can you five at least tell me why I’m here?” Bones asked, wanting to get whatever it was out of the way.

Just then the crowd cheered as Cedric entered the arena. The twins were very glad they had let the other teen know what to expect. As the first champion took on his dragon, Harry’s friends were telling Amelia why she was brought in. They laid out what they had planned and let her know the Harry had the evidence. With each word her anger grew, she made subtle gestures to the Aurors she brought with her and had them spread out throughout the stadium. She wanted to make sure that they were in key positions to capture the culprits.

Waters was writing notes in his legal pad. He was going to make sure that his client was covered. That and with this new development there could finally be a case against Dumbledore.

After relaying what they knew about Harry’s plan, they all settled down and watched the champions compete as they all fretted over Harry’s disappearance. What would happen if he were forced to compete? What if he was wrong and lost his magic if he didn’t? Hopefully he was right and the person who set him up would lose theirs.

Sirius wanted to go and asked about his missing godson, but he needed to stick with Crouch Jr. If things went wrong, he would be needed to make sure the man was taken down fast. He did notice the Aurors moving around him, still he was going to do Harry proud, and play his part.

Now came the time Harry would have been there, and when no one came from the tent the crowd started to murmur. Suddenly there he was, laying in the ring, looking like he was asleep. No one noticed the Headmaster wave his wand.

**Harry’s POV**

After a second, Harry started, and still laying on the ground he looked around. Seeing the dragon, his eyes widened, and he flared his golden shield up and stood. Boy was he pissed. He knew he
couldn’t trust that old man, but since the professor hadn’t done anything since the first day, he let his guard down. So yeah, he was mad at himself and the old bastard.

‘How the bloody hell did he get past the sensors?’ he barked into his head. The warning system should have prevented a kidnapping.

“You were hit on the head with a charmed staff. It did not show on the sensors until it was too late,” Spock answered as the red alert started its warning.

‘Find a way to tune them to pick up on any flare of malevolent magic,’ the frustrated teen commanded as flames circled his shield.

“Make it so,” Picard barked, and Harry could hear the crew scrabbling to follow the orders. Then he tuned them out and paid attention to what was happening around him.

The crowd screamed as the dragon blasted the dome with fire. When the flames disappeared, there was an unharmed Harry standing with his arms folded and glaring at the old man. He waved his hand to his throat and started talking. “You’re a fucking bastard, Dumbledore. I told you that I wasn’t going to fucking compete. And look, I’m bloody well not. I’m going to stand here and make sure that the whole audience knows what you, and your fucking pet Death Eater, has done to me,” he threatened as the dragon started gnawing on the golden dome.

Scrapping noises were heard as the beast tried to eat him. She was getting more and more frustrated as her teeth started to hurt from the shocks the dome was giving her. She blasted the dome again with fire, but it would not relent.

“I was going to do this in the background, but you’ve pushed my hand. First a few people need spankings,” Harry said with a smirk as he held up his hand and summoned the Polyjuice potion from the fake Moody. The flask flew to him and he lifted and smelled. “Polyjuice,” he said with a sneer as he dumped it on the ground, so it couldn’t be taken back.

Amelia cringed as evidence was wasted, she only hoped that there was residue in the flask. She would have to talk to Harry about not doing such things in the future.

Barty Jr. stood and lifted his wand and cursed the teen, but it splashed harmlessly on the golden shield. Sirius quickly lifted his wand and wrapped the man in chains, while the Aurors converged. He was ever so glad that he was in disguise. The last thing they needed was for the magical coppers to be distracted with ‘You-Know-Who’s-Righthand-Man’. He couldn’t wait until his name was cleared. When the Auror asked who he was, he told him that he was just a bystander trying to do his duty for the Ministry and gave them a fake name. The cop took him at his word and levitated the fake Moody to the back of the stands, where he couldn’t hurt anyone, and waited for the Bones to tell him who was next.

The prisoner was screaming that his master would win, and they would never hold him. Waters made sure to write that tidbit down.

“That person, you will find, is Bartemius Crouch Junior,” the boy in the ring stated, making many adults and one sandy-haired boy, gasp with shock or denial. Bones was looking at the captured man, with a critical eye. “I know he is supposed to be dead, but I have proof. I will only show Madam Bones and my lawyer. It does make one wonder how he got out to prison though. Doesn’t it, Mr. Crouch?” he sneered at the little man who was trying to hide under the Judges Table.

Sirius was happy to bind that man discretely. He hid his wand in his sleeve and did the spell wordlessly. He hated Crouch with every fiber of his being. If it were not for Senior, he wouldn’t
have spent a day in Azkaban. He rejoiced that now they could question the man and get him to confess that the unjustly accused man never stood trial. Then he could take Harry and hide in Muggle London, like the boy wanted.

Now the dragon was using its claws to try and break the shield. Huge swipe of her paws rebounded off the dome. Many cringed, because it sounded like fingernails on a chalkboard.

“You will find the really Moody in a trunk in the DADA office. Me and my friend Dobby have been making sure that he survived the ordeal. We’d’ve let you know sooner, but the man insisted that we somehow out the impostor first. He was part of the plan that we hatched here today. Now though, I have to wonder how his longtime friend, Albus Dumbledore, didn’t know he was not who he appeared to be,” the boy, whose dome was being chewed and clawed on, stated. He looked at the dragon and sighed, he made sure to ask Scotty if the ward was strong and got the reply that it was at 95%. So, the dragon wasn’t doing much damage.

The crowd turned as one and looked at the Headmaster, who just sat serenely as if nothing was happening. He was fingering his wand like the wanted nothing more than to shut the boy up, but past experience led him to believe that only the Unforgivables would penetrate that golden dome of his. His only recourse was to make sure that nothing implicated him. He knew that he had done nothing wrong. He had no idea that the impostor was in the castle. Sure, Alastor was acting a bit odd, but that was usual for the paranoid man. “Harry, my boy, you must stop telling these people things that only the DMLE should know,” he tried to reason with the child.

“That’s what you think, is it? You shouldn’t have fucking kidnapped me, arsehole. Besides, people have a right to know that they were in danger. They have the right to know that you are hiding things from them. Now, let’s see who else was hiding things,” Harry stated as he put a finger to his temple and broadcasted the memory of the night he ran, from the time Snape found him until he disappeared at the gate.

This time Amelia captured the Potions Master, who was trying to slink away. She put suppressor cuffs on him and frog-marched him back to her people.

The whole while the greasy man glared at the boy hero. He knew he should have run this morning. Blast Dumbledore and Potter. He missed his opportunity by mere hours. Now he could only hope that Albus could get him off again.

The Head of the DMLE then turned and waited for what else the boy had up his sleeve. So far everything the teen stated was something she could work with. She was really hoping that he had more. Though she just knew Dumbledore would talk his way out of trouble, she could finally put his pet Death Eater in Azkaban.

“This,” he pulled the vial from his pocket, “is an experimental potion, and judging from what the man said when I accidently took it I’m sure that it is, or should be, illegal.” He held it up and everyone could see it was green goo, just like in the memory. “This is what caused my memory loss. The Bloody Baron, before he moved on, told me it’s an Unforgivable in a bottle.” Then Harry let them see his talk with the ghost, making the crowd boo and jeer at the greasy git. Not that many liked him to begin with.

Finally, Harry showed them what the Headmaster had done to him since he returned. The mind-rape, the attempts to control him and finally the last encounter were all there for everyone to see. The other two schools weren’t sure what to make of it. Karkaroff didn’t see anything he, himself, wouldn’t do, but Madam Maxime was appalled at what the teen had been through. Once more the headmaster tried to intervene, but Harry ignored the old man. Yeah, he was still pissed that he was having to do this while a great big lizard was trying to eat him.
Because he kidnapped the boy to bring him here, Amelia also bound the old man. She didn’t think it would stick, but she could at least bring him in for questioning. She knew he could use the excuse that he was trying to prevent the boy from losing his magic, or worse dying.

All this time, the dragon was doing its very best to get passed the dome. Fire, teeth, and claws weren’t working. It was about to start digging up the ground in hopes to get under it.

“Will you stop?!” Harry hissed at the large lizard. “Can’t you see I’m not going to harm you or your eggs?” he said more gently, seeing that it had stopped at his command. “Go back to your nest. I’m leaving.” And with that, while the dome was still in place, he left the arena, without even looking at the prize.

That’s when the screaming started.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, I would like to point out that I do know the difference between “Me and so-and-so” and “So-and-so and I”. I do it for character. Past experience has told me that I need to state this.

This was another chapter that kept getting added onto when I edited, so there may be some mistakes.
Wow, That Happened

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Amelia’s POV

The screaming started in the back of the stadium, where people were quickly moving away from one of the bound men. There writhing on the ground, still bound with chains, was the changing form of Bartemius Crouch Junior. A vile sucking noise filled the air as the man’s magic was torn from his body. Like a large part of his body was being sucked out. It sounded wet and gross. The chains that held him rattled as he continued to convulse. Then the screams turned to something more frightening as the Polyjuice conflicted with the loss of magic. His skin bubbled, and sores formed and oozed as the potion tried to leave the magic free body. The fake eye popped out, but no new eye replaced it. The wooden leg simply fell off, leaving behind a healed stump. He twisted and turned and if his hands weren’t bound then he would have been clawing his face. The crowd could see he was in a great deal of pain, as his cries filled the air and many people shuddered at the noise. The audience was watching with morbid fascination, well those that weren’t looking away and hiding in the nearest person’s chest.

Meanwhile, Madam Pomfrey was attempting to keep the man alive. She waved her wand and dabbed his open boils with a sterile cloth, but there was little else she could do. The potions she would normally use would not help a squib, which is what the man now was. There was just enough magic in him to keep him alive, but little else. He would never cast a spell again.

Junior finally stopped screaming. His face and body were a mass of ulcers and there were tears of pain rolling down his face, which mixed with the green and yellow pus and made for a nasty look. He was now in his natural form and everyone could see that he was indeed the man they thought dead. He took one look at the crowd, sneered, and then his eyes rolled into the back of his head and he blacked out.

Pomfrey waved her wand and then sadly nodded to Amelia. “He’s in a coma, and I have no idea if he will ever recover,” she stated as she tried to heal what she could. She magicked bandages and cloths to clean him up as best she could. When she was done most of his face and body were covered.

“Well, I’m not sure how I feel about that. We can’t try him if he is not well,” Madam Bones said callously. She had no sympathy for the man. He had escaped from Azkaban and he would be Kissed if he ever recovered. However, she wanted to know how he managed to get the drop on her good friend. It was without a doubt that he was behind Mr. Potter’s name being put in the Cup. Though, without questioning him, they may never know why. She looked to where Fudge was standing, worrying his bowler hat. She was concerned that this too would disappear, much like anything that would harm the Minister. Though with all these witnesses that might not happen. There were many important people here today, and they would not forget this scene easily.

The man’s father looked on stoically. He knew that his time as a Ministry employee was finished. He had an inkling that this would happen one day. He felt it was inevitably since he broke his son out of prison. Not a day went by that he wished he had not given into his wife’s demands. He had broken many laws then and since. Now all he had to do was keep out of prison. With his son incapacitated that might be easier than he first thought. It was after all, only his words that would be heard. He truly hoped that his son never recovered.
**The Judge’s POV**

“What are we to do?” Madame Maxime asked as she turned from the downed man. Sure, it was a sad scene, but they needed to finish the tournament. “Dumbledore cannot be a judge if ‘e is to be arrested. We need someone to take ‘is place. Not to mention zat M. Crouch is also detained. We are down two judges, zough zat young redhead could stand in for M. Crouch. ‘e ‘as done so before,” she reasoned as she waved her jeweled hand and called Percy over to explain their dilemma to him.

The young redhead looked at her, pointed to his chest with a ‘who me’ look. When she waved to him again, he got up and pushed people out of his way to get to the table. Obviously, they finally saw his potential. Now he would show the world that he deserved to be higher up in the Ministry. There was no way he was going to wind up like his father. No, one day he would be Minister.

Karkaroff scoffed as he watched the young man shove his way to the table. “It does not matter who you get to judge, the boy deserves a zero. He did not compete. Therefore, he does not merit a score.”

“Now see here, there was a great deal of magic going on in that arena. I believe we should score on that,” Bagman protested, sweat pouring down his face. He knew this was not an argument he was going to win, but he had to try. There was a great debt hanging over his head, now that Harry Potter made it quite clear that he wanted nothing to do with these games.

“No, he did not complete the task, the egg still sits in the nest. There vill be no score,” Karkaroff stated firmly, folding his arms in a defiant manner.

The young Mr. Weasley made to the table and sat proudly. Though listening to them debate put him in a dilemma. Did he go with the Ministry employee, or do the right thing and agree with Karkaroff? He had no love for Harry Potter. It was his opinion that Skeeter was correct, and the boy was an attention-seeker. He paid no mind to her last article. She must have been blackmailed to tell such blatant lies. Still, he needed to decide which course to take. He finally decided to go with his brain and the argument began.

Madame Maxime called over McGonagall to take the place of the Headmaster. She would be the tie breaker, if she agreed to sit in judgement.

Minerva was not happy to be put in such a spot. She knew what Albus would have wanted, but she also was aware of what Harry wanted. This put her in a difficult position. Playing Devil’s Advocate, she waited to hear both sides.

**Dumbledore’s POV**

While the judges battled it out, Dumbledore was trying to figure out how to save Severus. He wasn’t worried about himself, he knew that they would not hold him for long, so he only made plans to help his protégé. He racked his brain to come up with a plausible reason the man had some very iffy potions in his possession. “I am sure there is a reasonable explanation as to what Severus was doing with questionable potions. He is a Potions Master; it is more than likely that he was simply following his calling and making useful concoctions for the good of the Wizarding World.” His eyes twinkled as he was sure that his word would be enough. He was quite proud that he came up with such a good theory.

Snape just shook his head at Albus. He knew that he should have left way before now, but he had let the old man talk him into staying. Now, he was prison bound and there was nothing Albus could do about it, short of lending him Fawkes. Oh, how he hated Potter.

“Right, a potion that can causes amnesia would be useful how? You’re not going to be able to talk
this one away, Albus,” Amelia stated as she led him and the rest of the prisoners, bar Junior, away. The man in the coma would be taken to St. Mungo’s and guarded until he recovered or died.

“I will speak with young Harry; I am sure that he can be reasoned with,” the Headmaster said as if it were a foregone conclusion. He was hopeful that the boy’s natural generosity would come through. He followed the group knowing that he could escape at any time. All he had to do was call Fawkes. The phoenix would come and retrieve him from anywhere. No, Albus Dumbledore was not worried about himself in the least.

“You do that,” she scoffed, and they settled in silence as they made their way to the gate. Her mind was going over how she could keep the old man around if he didn’t want to be. She knew that flaming bird would rescue him if he were to call. It was frustrating that he could do that and there was nothing she could do to stop him. Not that she thought any charges would stick, still being unable to hold him was nerve-racking.

**Harry’s POV**

The crowd had tried to stop our hero. Many were saying that they had believed in him the entire time. Since he didn’t know any of them, he just kept his mouth shut and pushed his way through. He had first stopped to hand the vial to Madam Bones, who thanked him and then continued on her way. He sneered at the old man and Snape and turned and made his way to his final destination. He relaxed once he was surrounded by people he knew. “Mr. Waters, thanks for coming. I’m sure that some of this can be useful,” Harry said as he joined his group of friends.

“Yes, there are many things that happened today that will put at least two men behind bars,” the lawyer stated as he put his legal pad into his briefcase. He shook the boy’s hand. “I must get back to my office and have the team go over my memories. I will let you know if anything develops,” he said and then took his leave.

“It was quite useful having him come and bringing in the DMLE,” Hermione stated as she watched the man go. She made sure to not look at the prisoners.

“Harry, did you know that you could talk to dragons?” Luna asked, hoping that bringing up the subject would get the screams out of her head. She was one of the ones that buried her face in the nearest chest, which happened to be Neville’s.

“Oh, well, no, I didn’t know I could do that. Wasn’t I talking in English?” he asked with a tilt of his head. He thought it was his magic that made the dragon understand him. Maybe it was a combination of both. He’d have to research on that. He had a niggling feeling that it was something he should remember, but once again that thought drifted to the back of his head. He only hoped the away team found his memories and that they were intact. Who knows what that potion did. He had no idea how it came about that he drank the stuff, but its effects were still worrying.

“No, you were hissing. The only reason we heard it was because you didn’t cancel the voice amplifying spell,” the bookworm explained as she looked him over to make sure he wasn’t hiding any injuries. “When you talk in parseltongue, hissing is all anyone hears. However, from what you told me before, all you hear is English.”

“Right, you did tell me that I could do that, but I didn’t know it would work on dragons,” he stated, thinking over what such a talent could be used for, and not finding much. How conversational were snakes and what could they bring to the table? According to Hermione, the basilisk didn’t listen to him when he was running from it. So really, how useful could talking to snakes be? Well, he might be able to get spies to listen to girls talk. They might warn him if one was going to slip him love potions or something. It was something to think about.
“It’s probably their snake tongues. I read…” Hermione started.

“It looks like the judges are about to address the crowd,” Neville butted in, pointing to the table where Madame Maxime was standing and waving her wand to her throat.

“We ‘ave decided zat zere will be no score for ‘arry Potter. ‘E ‘as made it quite clear zat ‘e will not participate in zis tournament. Zerefore, we will ‘onor ‘is request. With the ailment of za imposter we are convinced that M. Potter did not put ‘is name in za cup. We ask zat you acknowledge zis as well,” she stated as the crowd booed or clapped as they saw fit. She sat and waited for the noise to dissipate.

Ludo Bagman was crying in his hands, no one knew why, but they almost felt sorry for the man.

“Well, now that that is over, let’s go to the Shack and make plans for the rest of the year,” Harry stated as he stood and helped Luna and Hermione up.

“I thought the Headmaster got rid of the Shrieking Shack,” Hermione stated as they took the stairs down.

“No, I just hid it. I’ll have to add you the wards, but that should be easy,” the dark-haired teen stated. He nodded to Sirius, who was doing his best to blend in with the crowd. The teens left the stadium with sneers and cheers following them. Not that he cared, but it seemed to upset his friends. So, he turned and shouted, “For those of you jeering,” and flipped them off, turned again and moved toward the Shack.

“Really, Harry, that was not helpful,” the bushy-haired girl reprimanded, while the rest of the group chuckled and giggled.

“It made me feel better,” he answered with a shrug.

“So, what’s the plan,” Fred asked as he moved up to where Harry was walking.

“Don’t know. I mean, I know that someone is trying to kill me and I’m pretty sure it is that Dork Idiot. That Crouch guy is one of his minions after all. Now, we need to make sure we’re safe. I’ve been trying to make ward stones and I think I’ve got them working. I can’t test them on myself, since I have a ward tied to my core. So, maybe we can check those out. It would give me some relief to know that you guys are safer,” the dark-haired boy answered with a concerned look. This day was just too close for comfort. He was accosted by someone who was supposed to keep him alive.

Oh yeah, after today he really hated the Headbastard, and if he never saw the man again, it would be too soon. He had debated on leaving Hogwarts for good, but then he would be leaving his friends behind, and that was not something he was comfortable with. No, he would wait until the Dork Idiot was dealt with. He was positive that he was powerful enough to take on the… man. He would just have to be more vigilant.

“What about the rest of the school? Aren’t they at risk as well? I mean, there has been some twisted events happening in every year you’ve been here. Not that it’s your fault, but many students have been hurt or almost died with all that has gone on,” Hermione stated, remembering the many times she was one of the injured.

“Well, we could try and find the ward stone for the school and see if we can make them stronger. But, wouldn’t Dumbledore have done that?” the non-champion stated, looking around at all his friends.

“Not if he wanted them to be weaker so that things like your second year happened. Though, I
would like to think that he was just being careless and not malicious,” Luna said from Harry’s side. She believed the Headmaster was just overworked and neglectful. Although it did appear that he did like to keep Harry in the middle of all the turmoil. It was as if he was testing the boy.

“I hope you are right, and that the old man is simply senile,” the dark-haired boy stated as he threw his arm around the little blonde’s shoulders. As he walked he added his friends to the wards with a thought. They made their way to the Whomping Willow and Harry waved his hand and tree stopped swinging its branches.

“Why are we going this way?” Hermione asked as she ducked under a frozen branch. “Wouldn’t it be safer to go out the gate?”

“That’s where the crowd is. I thought we’d avoid them,” the boy hero explained as he led them to the tunnel, and then the inside of the house.

“Wow, this looks much different than the last time I was here,” the bushy-haired witch stated, looking around the room in awe. “It looks like a normal house on the inside.”

“That’s Winky’s doing,” Harry said, downplaying his part in repairing the shack.

“Master Harry is calling Winky?” the female elf asked as she popped in.

“No, but now that you are here, can we have some refreshments? Tea and biscuits would be great,” the young teen requested kindly.

“Winky can do,” she said and popped away. Minutes later there was a tea service on the coffee table.

“Well, I don’t know about you guys, but I’m hungry,” Harry stated as he sat on the couch and reached for a biscuit. Then he remembered that he made a sausage and egg sandwich that morning and pulled it out as well. He was really glad that the TARDIS pocket kept food fresh. He wolfed down the food and grabbed more off the tea tray. “Aren’t you guys going to join me?”

“We didn’t want our hands bit off for taking food from you,” George said with a cocky grin.

“I’m not your brother,” was the comeback.

“I wonder where Sirius is?” Neville asked as he grabbed a biscuit.

Chapter End Notes

Hmmm, this is a short chapter. I’m not sure how I feel about that.
Wards, Wards everywhere

Chapter Notes

Thanks again for all your support.

This chapter kept getting added to whenever I edited it. So, there may be some mistakes and for that I apologize.

All reviews and suggestions are appreciated.

Minerva’s POV

McGonagall sighed as she watched the Headmaster and the Potions Master be led away. She had little hope that Severus would be back, and she wasn’t sure how that made her feel. However, she was sure that Albus would not be gone long. For now, she was in charge. She turned from the scene and remembered that there was someone in need of rescue. So, she went to find Madam Pomfrey.

“We need to get Alastor. There is no telling how bad off the man is. I am very shocked that the Aurors seemed to have forgotten about him,” she stated to Poppy as she entered the tent where the nurse had been set up.

“Yes, I was just getting my bag together,” the nurse replied as she added a few more items to her bag, which also contained the eye and leg.

“Can you imagine being shoved in a trunk for months on end? Thank Merlin, Mr. Potter and his elf found the poor man. I do wonder how he was caught in the first place.” She worried her collar at the thought of the torture it must have been for the proud man. To be attacked and then trapped, Alastor will never forgive himself for letting his guard down. Had she not been so concerned about Mr. Potter, perhaps she might have spotted the imposter sooner. But, she had so many duties that she let the inconsistencies slide. Now, she regretted not paying closer attention.

“Constant Vigilance, indeed,” Poppy replied as she closed her bag and hurried to the castle, thankful that the bag was an extended one. Who knew what they would find when they got there. She knew he had to be alive, but that was all that was needed to make the Polyjuice. He could have undergone any torture.

They made their way to the DADA classroom and then to the living quarters. There in the middle of the room was the trunk. It took a few minutes to go through each compartment, but they eventually found the trapped man.

“It’s about time someone got here,” came the weak, but gruff voice of the ex-Auror. He looked pitiful. His most of hair was hacked off, and he was rail thin. He was dressing in long underwear and nothing else. He looked up at them with his one sunken eye and snarled, “Well, get me out of here.”

“Hold on, Alastor, we will have you out in a jiffy. First, Poppy is going to come down and make sure we can move you,” McGonagall called down. It hurt her to see her friend so indisposed. She knew the man’s pride had taken a beating. She only hoped that he recovered from this. She, herself, was never going to forgive her lack of attention. Perhaps, it was time to step down from one of her
duties.

Poppy made her way into the trunk and soon deemed him able to be moved. It took a bit of
teamwork, but the two women got the injured man to the Hospital Wing, and soon he was dosed
with a very strong sleeping potion. Other than some severe malnutrition and dehydration, he was in
reasonably good health, which made both women thankful that he had not been tortured. Madam
Pomfrey was just glad that she had retrieved his eye and leg from the impostor. While they would not
be impossible to replace, they would be expensive and ex-Aurors didn’t make a whole lot of money.

**Sirius’ POV**

Meanwhile, Sirius was sneaking up on an old friend, who was standing on the outskirts of the
stadium. He came up to the man and tapped him on the shoulder. “Moony,” he whispered to the
greying man, making the werewolf jump.

“Do I know you?” the werewolf asked, looking at the younger man in front of him, and wondering
how he knew that nickname. The man looked like a younger Sirius only with light brown hair,
brown eyes and rounder cheeks. He squinted his eyes to see if it was a glamor, but the image stayed
strong. There was not telltale blurriness, just a solid face. He took a sniff and smiled.

“It’s me. Sirius. Harry did some magic and now I look like this. I’m not even sure if he can change
me back, but for now I’m taking advantage of it. It’s great to be able to move around, not to mention
pick up birds,” Sirius said with a waggle of his eyebrows.

“What do you mean Harry did this? He is just a kid,” Remus said in a questioning tone. Last time he
saw the teen, he was just an average student. Sure, he did the Patronus, but other than that great feat
of magic, his schoolwork was lacking. He remembered that the boy had had such a hard time getting
the Patronus down, and that it was only with high emotions that the spell worked. Which was par for
the course, since the spell needed a strong happy thought. He wasn’t sure if he believed the rumor
that Harry had driven off a hundred Dementors. He was good, but really.

“How can you say that? Didn’t you just witness what happened in the arena?” Black asked,
awestruck that the man would be so… belittling after what just happened.

“You know I’m not allowed in to Ministry events. I was at Hagrid’s hut until the crowd started
leaving,” Remus answered, very put out that he missed something spectacular. Damn that Dolores
Umbridge. “Are you saying that Harry pulled off something remarkable? But, how? I mean, he is
just a kid.”

“Look I can tell you, but you have to take a vow first,” Black stated firmly.

“Why?”

“I am under a vow and can’t release information until I have a similar vow,” Sirius said urgently. He
really wanted to tell Remus. He was sure the man would be impressed, and that the werewolf would
help him along with his magic. His friend had always been better at theory than him. If they got their
heads together, they could pull off just about anything, Sirius was sure of that.

“All right,” the other man said, and took the vow his best friend told him to.

“There’s so much to tell you,” the disguised wizard gushed as he took his friends arm and led him
away from the stands. “Harry changed after he lost his memory. He’s wickedly powerful now. He
doesn’t do magic like we do. It’s all wandless and wordless, unless he needs to concentrate. He got
me into some deep trouble with the goblins, let me tell you. He’s trying to teach me, but I’ve only got
a bit down. I can summon things, repaired things, and clean up my messes. He’s teaching his friends, and they are all pretty scary.” Sirius was very proud of his godson, so he had no problem raving about the boy’s accomplishments.

“You’re going to have to explain that better,” the older man said, folding his arms across his chest and lifting an eyebrow.

“It started like this,” Black stated and proceeded to tell his friend all about what he and Harry had been up to the last two weeks. He explained the intent magic and Merlin’s book, which he assured the man he could read. As they talked, they moved to the Whomping Willow. Sirius waved his hand and the tree’s branches stopped swinging. However, now only he could find the entrance, making him pause in his retelling. “Shite, I forgot he put wards up, so no one could find me.”

“I can try and take them down. How hard could they be? After all, Harry is just a teen,” Remus said, lifting his wand and running a diagnostic. His eyebrows lifted at the weird wards, but he was determined to not be stopped.

“Be my guest,” Sirius said smugly with a wave of his hand. He was delighted with Harry’s work, and if the werewolf wasn’t going to listen then maybe a practical lesson was needed.

**Harry’s POV**

“I am sure that Mr. Black will be along soon. He has a surprise for us, though I’m not sure what it is,” Luna predicted, not the least bit worried about the man. She was sure that Harry’s glamor would fool everyone. She was happy that the fugitive was happy and couldn’t wait to see what he was bringing home.

Harry gave her an inquiring look, but she just shrugged so he turned his attention to the rest of the group. “Now that we’ve eaten, let see if these ward stones work,” he said, putting his empty cup on the table. He reached into his pocket and pulled out five flat stones. Each one had odd shapes carved on them, and they were polished to a shine. He handed one to each person and had them stand up. “Okay, I’m going to throw some non-lethal spells at you guys. If these stones work correctly, then there should be a dome much like mine. However, like I said, I haven’t been able to test them. So, if you don’t see a shield, duck.”

“Oh, Harry, are you sure?” Hermione asked as she examined the stone. She recognized the runes etched there but was confused. Harry didn’t take Runes. “Not that I doubt you, but like you said, these are untested.”

“Which is why I’m only going to throw stunners,” the boy hero huffed.

“I’ll go first,” Neville stated as he moved to an empty part of the room. He stood firm and hardened his face. He was going to be brave. He knew that Harry’s magic was strong, but the boy didn’t study runes, and he still didn’t have his memory back. So, there was a bit of doubt lined with that bravery.

“All right, this is just like my magic. It should work on intent, which means I’m going to have to try to hurt you. Just think ‘shield’ and the stone should do the rest. But, pay attention and move out of the way if nothing happens,” Harry said, holding his hand up. He made sure to keep it simple and use words so that the other boy would know that the spell was being cast. “Stupefy,” he intoned loudly and clearly.

At first it looked like nothing happened then a silver dome erected right as the spell was about to hit Neville. “That was close,” the sandy-haired boy stated, wiping the sweat off his brow. He knew the spell wouldn’t hurt him, but he hadn’t wanted the stone to fail. The more magic Harry showed him,
the closer he got to healing his parents. First, he needed to help the boy hero get rid of You-Know-Who. He didn’t want his parents to be thrust into a war, not when they had been injured in the last one.

“Yeah, but you’re still standing, so I call it a win,” the dark-haired teen stated with a huge smile. He clapped his friend on the back and looked at the rest of the group. “Do you guys want to try yours out? I’m hoping that these will prevent kidnapping. I worry about all of you,” he stated with a serious look on his face. He didn’t remember having friends before, and he cherished the ones he had now. He was very concerned that they would be caught in the middle of whatever the Dork Idiot had planned. Though, he had no idea if the… man’s plans were ruined now, or how desperate the being would be to get his hands on him.

“We’ll go next,” the twins volunteered as they moved to where Neville had stood. One by one, each of the group had their stones tested.

“I’m getting worried about Sirius,” Hermione said, looking at the entrance of the tunnel. She hoped that the man didn’t get caught. She wasn’t sure that Luna’s prediction could be trusted. She still didn’t like Divinations. To her it was an iffy thing.

“Yeah, he should’ve been here by now. Winky,” Harry called, thinking maybe the house elf knew where her master was.

“What can Winky be doing for Master Harry?” the little elf asked as she popped in. She looked around the room and saw that they were done with tea. So, with a snap of her fingers, she cleared the table.

“Do you know where Sirius is?” the teen asked as he took a seat on the couch, his friends joining him.

“Master Sirius is being talking to his friend. He is being letting the wolfie try to bring down the wards,” the elf said, after her eyes glazed over in search of her master.

“Oh, why he didn’t use a Patronus? He knows that those wards are strong. I wonder what he’s playing at,” Harry said, rubbing the back of his head in confusion.

“I don’t know if he can cast one, not after Azkaban,” Luna reasoned thoughtfully. “I mean, there might not be any happy thoughts left.”

“I guess that makes sense,” Harry said with a nod. Though he thought after his day on the town that his godfather would have at least one good memory. He shrugged and blinked his eyes, and the wards were adjusted to let Remus in. He then sent Winky to let the fugitive know that they could enter now. Not that he was overly glad to let the other man in, but he’d try to listen to what he had to say before he threw him out. Besides, Sirius still thought of the werewolf as a friend.

It didn’t take long before the two old pranksters came into the shack. “We need to find a way to communicate,” was Sirius’ first words. “Everyone, I’m sure you remember Remus Lupin,” he added, waving to the worn man who had followed him.

“I don’t, but I do recall what people have told me,” Harry stated, a bit snidely. Okay, so patience wasn’t his strong suit. He had had enough adults letting him down over the last three weeks that he didn’t want to give leeway to another that he felt had shirked his duty as a family friend. Not to mention deserted his godfather. Sirius could have used a friend since his narrow escape from the Dementors.
“I thought you said he was okay with me being a werewolf,” Remus said, turning to Sirius with a great deal of confusion. Sirius and Albus had told him that Harry was suffering from amnesia, and he had made sure to ask his friend if the boy was okay with his infliction. The dog Animagus had assured him that Harry had no issues with his condition, so he was a bit shocked at the bitterness.

“I don’t have a problem with you turning furry once a month. I have a problem with a grown man not taking precautions to not put others, especially children, in danger. You almost ate me and my friends — twice, from what I’ve been told, and both times could have been avoided if you had just taken five seconds to drink your potion,” the irate boy snapped.

“Harry,” Sirius barked, “we talked about this, he made a mistake. You said you could deal with that, so why are you bringing it up now?” the dogman asked, very put out that his godson was being an arse.

“Where have you been?” Harry asked, ignoring his godfather.

“What do you mean? I have been staying away, just like Albus asked me to. He said that everything needed to blow over. I was not even supposed to come today, but when I heard you had to compete, I wanted to make sure that you were okay,” Lupin said in a very confused voice. He had no idea why this teen was angry at him. “I was unable to see your performance, but Sirius said you handled it well.” He was still doubtful that his friend wasn’t just bragging on his godson.

Harry waved the apology away. “I’ve been, well not ill, but without memory for about three weeks now. I’m sure the Headbastard told you that. He seems to like telling my business to others. So… where have you been? Why haven’t you written, or come by to see Sirius? We’re supposed to be important to you,” the teen all but snarled as he folded his arm and glared at the older man.

“But Albus said…” the werewolf started, only to look away from the betrayed look in Harry’s green eyes.

“Right, well that answers that. I’m not sure if we can have any type of relationship if you are going to let your life be dictated by that conniving old man.”

“Harry,” Hermione said softly, getting up and then sitting near her friend. She put a hand on his arm and made him look her way. “That’s not fair. Mr. Lupin owes the Headmaster a great debt. If it were not for Professor Dumbledore, then Mr. Lupin would not have been able to attend Hogwarts. I think you’re being a bit too hard on him.”

“No, he’s right. I could have at least written,” the greying-haired man said sadly. He felt that he had messed up this time. “All I can do is ask that you give me another chance. I really want to get to know you,” he said with pleading eyes. He didn’t want to lose his last connection to James.

Harry hemmed and hawed for a few minutes, taking in the looks on his godfather’s and friends’ faces. They were all asking that he be a bit more understanding. So, he slumped his shoulders and nodded his head. He’d try.

“Great,” Sirius said, clapping his hands together and rubbing them in a happy motion. “What were you guys doing before we showed up?”

“Oh, yeah, I have some ward stones that we were testing,” Harry said, reaching into his TARDIS pocket and grabbing two more. “These are for you guys. Not that I knew Mr. Lupin would be here, but I have extra. It never hurts to have backup in case I make more friends.” He handed each man a stone and then explained how they worked.
The two men decided to test them themselves and commenced in throwing spells at one another. The stones, of course, worked perfectly. The older pranksters were made to stop by Winky, who was distraught at the mess they were making.

“These are great, Harry. How did you come up with them? I know you didn’t study runes,” Sirius asked as he pocketed the stone.

“I asked the diadem,” he answered with a shrug.

“Wait, you got it to where you can ask it questions?” Luna asked excitedly, bouncing in her seat and looking like Harry had just offered her the world.

“Well, no, not quite. I can do it in my head, but not in the real world. I’m still working on that,” he confessed sheepishly. He had a red-shirt wear it and give him the answers. The man had volunteered, so he didn’t feel bad about putting him in danger. However, he was relieved when nothing happened, even if most red shirts died young.

“You will let me know when you have that worked out, right?” she said a bit firmly.

“Of course.”

“Lovely.”

Okay, can you two tell the rest of us what you are talking about?” Sirius demanded, not liking being left out to the loop.

“Oh, well, it was how we found the Room. The Grey Lady, or Helena Ravenclaw, told us were to find her mother’s lost diadem. The Dork Idiot did some type of Dark magic on it, so she asked me to cleanse it, so she could move on. I thought I told you that,” Harry said with a tilt of his head.

“No, you told me about the ghosts fighting and that you helped her move on, but not the details,” the disguised man huffed.

“Oh, sorry, well it wasn’t intentional. I mean, it’s not like it’s a secret. I’ll tell you the whole story later. I have a question for you two, since you know the castle so well. Do you know where the ward stone is?” Harry asked, looking between the two men, hoping they could answer the query.

“Yeah, it’s under the dungeon. We needed to find it to hook the map to it. Without it being connected to the wards, it wouldn’t work. It’d just be a map of Hogwarts, without the live action,” Sirius explained as he nodded to his friend, who was the one who found the ward stone.

“I can take you there if you’d like. Though, I don’t know if it would do you any good. The stone is very well protected, there is a shield that needs to be attuned to you in order to allow you access. It took me four weeks to get it to recognize me,” the werewolf said, rubbing his chin in thought.

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to be caught flat-footed if he didn’t get it through his head that things were different. Well, that and he wanted to take Remus out on the town, perhaps get him some clothes from Tylor’s Threads.

“We can go with you, Harry,” George said, ready to get into mischief.

“We can’t all go. A large group of people would make the staff wonder what we’re up to. Especially, a group of Gryffindors, in the Slytherin area. How bout, you guys go and see what people are saying. I want to know if I should practice my defenses. I just know your brother is going to break the restraining order, again,” Harry said, pointing to the twins.

“You never know, after what happened today it might just be the wakeup call he needs to quit being a prat,” Fred said as they made their way down the tunnel.

“Yeah, maybe,” the younger teen said, waving it off. He wasn’t giving the youngest Weasley male another chance. Not after the last two weeks of scorn and ridicule.

They all parted ways at the castle’s entrance. Harry and Remus made their way to the heart of the building. Down and down they went, until they finally got to a door deep under the dungeon.

“This is it,” the older man said, indicating the door. “You might want to shield your eyes; it can be quite bright in here.” They entered the room, but it wasn’t like Remus described. There was very little light shining from the ward stone, and the shield was nonexistent. The stone, itself, was like a dim night light. As if the magic was fading. “That’s not right,” the man said as he waved his wand over the stone. “I have no idea what happened, but if the wards are this weak then the whole school is vulnerable.”

Harry waved his hand and saw that the magic was being syphoned out of the stone, though he had no idea where. So, he looked for the connection, and with a slicing motion, cut it. The stone brightened and started to glow. Seeing that it needed more power, he laid his hands on it and pushed some of his magic into it. It then got so bright in the room that he had to close his eyes, until he thought some shades on his face.

“Harry, stop. Wizards aren’t meant to charge ward stones alone. It takes up to six people. Unless you’re as powerful as the Headmaster…” he trailed off as he watched the teen stand firm, having conjured his own sunglasses.

“I’m almost done,” the dark-haired wizard stated as he continued to feed the stone. After about five minutes, he stopped and removed his hands. “There, now the wards are at full strength. I’m upset at the Headbastard for draining them in the first place. I have no idea where he was putting the magic, but I’ll be damned if I let him do it again,” he snarled as he waved his hand and a golden dome was erected around the stone. Now only someone with the intent of charging the stone could get near it. There would be no more adjustments, unless it was for the betterment of the school. Not even the Marauders’ Map would work now.

He waved his hand again and got rid of all the ridiculous wards that only hindered the students, like the one that made electricity not work. He was sure that the person who added it was one that didn’t like Muggles. He then added a non-bullying ward, now there would be punishment for attacks on classmates. Not even the teachers would get away with mistreating students.

“Are you sure it was Albus? It could have been anyone who has access to this room. I found it as a teen, and I’m sure I’m not the last,” the werewolf stated, not wanting to believe the Headmaster would do such a thing.

“I concede that point, but whoever it was is a right bastard,” the teen said as he made his way out of
“Language,” Remus reprimanded, making Harry snarl at him.

“Do not correct me. I’m old enough that I can curb my tongue when I want. Right now, I don’t feel the need. You don’t hold any authority over me, so don’t think you can tell me how to speak,” the boy lashed out.

Remus sighed, this was going to take longer than he thought.

Chapter End Notes

Yes, I’m not being nice to Remus, and I am unsure as to where I’m going to take that relationship. But it all just flowed from my fingers, so my muse says that Remus will not be well liked, for now.
The Questioning

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all the support.

Amelia’s POV

Amelia Bones sat opposite from the prisoner, setting aside a legal pad and pen, waving her wand for them to start writing, and then folding her hands and resting them on the table. “The Questioning of Professor Severus Tobias Snape…” the Head of the DMLE started rattling off all the legal jargon that was needed for a formal statement. When she finished making the report proper, she turned back to the man and asked, “Tell me, Mr. Snape, why is it that you have a potion that can render a person without memory?”

They had only just gotten all those they arrested into separate rooms, and now it was time for questioning. So far it had been a long day. She just got off the Floo with St. Mungo’s and they were not hopeful that Crouch Jr. would recover. She had dug up everything she could on the three men in her care, but there was little to be of use. The only one with a dark past was the man sitting at the table. Which was frustrating, since it was up to her, or another higher member of the DMLE, to present the cases before the Wizengamot. She was personally going to take this case, and that of Crouch Sr. She still had doubts about holding Dumbledore. That man was just too manipulative.

The room was empty but for the metal table, four hard and bolted down chairs, and the hanging candle globe above their heads. There was a two-way mirror on the west wall, which they hardly ever used. The only time it was used, was when the Minister, or members of the Wizengamot, wanted to see the questioning. Right now, she had four guards posted there. She was positive that this man was dangerous. She didn’t give a good goddamn that Albus Bloody Dumbledore thought him safe. She never underestimated Death Eaters, be they ‘reformed’ or not. No, they were all to be treated with great caution.

“I will not answer that without the Headmaster present,” the now ex-professor stated, also putting his clasped hands on the table. Outside he looked the epitome of calm, but inside he was a mass of conflicting emotions. On one hand, he was angry at Potter for getting him into this mess. Couldn’t that blasted boy keep his mouth shut? How did he regain the memory of that night anyway? Were his other memories coming back? That would be troublesome.

On the other, he was relieved that perhaps all the spying and role-playing might be over. The line was getting thinner as to who would win, and he didn’t want to be caught in the middle. He knew the Dark Lord would come back, and this might actually work in his favor in getting on the… man’s good side. However, it might go against him with Dumbledore. Burning the candle at both ends was now getting him… well, burned.

Severus fretted that the Headmaster couldn’t get him out of this, or want to, and he would spend time in Azkaban, making him lose his reputation and any prestige that he had in the community as the youngest potions master of the century. No, if he were found guilty of Obliviating the Boy-Who-Lived, he would be ruined.

Right now, he was shoring up his mind’s defenses. He was sure that with his Occlumency he would
not be overwhelmed by the Dementors. If that was to be his fate. That and he was positive that his crime was not worth a lifelong sentence. After all, it was only an accident which, when all was said and done, was caused by the boy. There was no way they could pin this completely on him.

“The Headmaster holds no say in how I run my department. Therefore, you will answer me, or we will force Veritaserum down your throat. I have no qualms about dosing you, Snape. The Headmaster may have stood up for you before, but this time it will not happen, since you were caught with your hand in the biscuit jar, so to speak,” she stated, giving him an evil smile.

Severus glared at her and opened his mouth to snip back, when she interrupted him.

“You can call a lawyer, of course. Though, I don’t see what good it would do you. We have the memory of that night from Mr. Potter, and his conversation with the ghost. You could do yourself a favor and cooperate. Then perhaps we can get you a lighter sentence. But know this, Mr. Snape, you will be serving time,” the head of the DMLE stated, tapping her index finger on the table to make sure the man understood that he was in deep trouble.

“Memories can be faked; I can do such. All it takes is one proficient in Occlumency, and they can make all the memories they want,” the Potions Master said snidely.

“Oh, I didn’t know you thought so highly of Mr. Potter. I don’t know of any Muggle-raised teen that is proficient in shielding their mind. Perhaps we should question others, and yourself, about who would teach a child such a thing, and why they would feel the need to do so,” she stated with the lifting of an eyebrow. She had heard rumors that this man read the minds of children, but it was very hard to prove. Another question to ask if they got him under the serum.

“Potter is a weak wizard at best. I am sure that he is in cahoots with Black. That man would teach his godson how to fake a memory, if only to spite people. Perhaps, you should do your duty, and find and arrest the man who broke out of your prison,” he said with a sneer, looking down his long, hooked nose at her.

“Oh, didn’t you know?” Amelia asked sweetly, leaning forward as if to tell him a great secret. “Mr. Black is this close to being found innocent,” she said, indicating with her finger and thumb a very small space. She then sat back in her chair and watched the reaction. She wasn’t disappointed, though he did react much more volatile than she thought he would. She knew they were childhood rival’s, but really it was over seventeen years ago.

“What!? How could you possible let that killer go!? He tried to kill me as a teen! He came to me not long ago and threatened my life!” Snape shouted, standing from the chair, pacing as far as his side of the room would let him, and throwing his cuffed arms into the air in exasperation. His face took on a purple hue, which made him look ridiculous. However, he was fuming at what he thought was the DMLE letting the ball drop— again. He never seemed to catch a break when it came to Sirius Black.

“We’re not here to discuss Black,” Amelia barked as she too stood. “We’re here to find out what your crimes are. If after we are done, and you’ve cooperated, then we can talk about his past. Until then, you will sit down and answer my questions,” she stated, pointing her wand at the irate prisoner.

Severus glared at her in a condescending way, but nevertheless took his seat, letting Amelia follow suit, though her wand was now held in her hand. He would have folded his arms were he not cuffed.

“I refuse to answer anything without the Headmaster present as my councilor,” he demanded more firmly.

“Dumbledore will be undergoing his own interrogation, therefore cannot act in that capacity. Now, are you going to do as I asked or am I going to have to get the serum?” she asked one more time. If
he was still stubborn after this then he would be forced to comply.

Snape just snarled at her.

“Fine, Dawlish, bring the Veritaserum,” she said to the mirror.

“Wait, I’ll answer your questions,” Severus said quickly. He really didn’t think they would resort to the truth serum right away. He thought if he was stubborn enough, then they would bring Albus in. He really couldn’t afford to be questioned while dosed. There were too many secrets that he needed to hide. Damn Dumbledore and his plans. Albus was just so sure that they would call him in, were Snape ever captured.

“Too late. You had your chance. Now we do it my way,” the head of the DMLE stated with a sweet smile. She had been waiting to get this man in her grasp since she took over the Department. Oh, she wanted to get all the Death Eaters that walked free, and he was a good start. Perhaps after his trial she could ask him about his… activities while serving He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. However, this session of questioning must be on track.

Dawlish came in with a vile of clear liquid. He placed it in front of his boss, and then left the room.

Snape started to sweat as he kept his mouth closed.

Amelia waved her wand and force his head to tilt back and his tongue to stick out. It was a spell she used when Susan was younger and didn’t want to take her potions. She had only had to use it twice on her niece, but found it very helpful here at work. She stood, took the vile, placed three drops on the prisoner’s tongue and then recapped the tube, released the spell and sat. “Why do you have a potion that is the equivalent of the Imperius and Obliviation spells?” was the first question. The pen continued to write, and Bones knew she would have to keep the questions short and concise.

“I have many enemies, and they are blackmailing me. This potion was supposed to take the memories from them, and implant the suggestion that they leave me alone,” Snape said in a flat voice, indicating that the potion was working.

“How did Mr. Potter get ahold of it?”

“I do not know. It was in a warded cabinet that he should not have been able to open.”

‘Shite, that might hurt the case,’ she thought and then went on. “Why did you have such a volatile potion in the school?”

“Where else was I to brew? I am in the school most of the year. The Headmaster has me on a pretty tight leash. That and I did not think the dunderheads would be able to get past my wards.”

“Was your intention to ever use this potion to control someone?” she asked, and thought, ‘There, that might help, pending on his answer.’

“Yes, I wanted Black, and a few others, under my complete control.”

“What was your plan for Black?” she inquired, thinking that this man really had it out for Sirius Black.

“It was my intention to make him pay for all the tricks he foisted on me when we attended school together.”

“How?”
“He was going to be my slave.”

“And Mr. Potter? Did you intend to use it on him as well?”

Snape fought the serum, but it held him tight in its grip. He attempted to hold his tongue, but the truth potion forced him to reply. “Yes,” he bit out.

“In what manner?”

“I was going to wipe his memory of the way I treated him in class, and make him more compliant with my style of instruction. If the Board found out, then my career would be over.”

“Why didn’t you?”

“As it was, the public always saw him as the next Dark Lord, or an attention-seeking child, and I did not need to use it. However, were the tide to turn, then I would have dosed him without regret.”

“Do you read the minds of children?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

“Those little devils are always up to something. They call me names behind my back, and I need to know what the children of Death Eaters are thinking. I am in a very precarious position.”

Thanks to that answer, she could now ask this question, “Tell me, Mr. Snape, are you a Death Eater?”

“Yes.”

“Did you become one willingly?”

“Yes.”

“Are you a spy for Albus Dumbledore?”

“When it suits me.”

“Then you are also a spy for He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named?”

“Yes.”

With that statement the questioning came to a close, for it sealed his fate. There was no way he would be exonerated. She finished the report, making it official, picked up the serum, and pocketing it as she left. The truth serum would wear off on its own. She went down the hall and entered the room that held Crouch Sr.

“Hello, Barty,” she said as she took her seat.

“Amelia,” he answered with a nod.

“It’s a shame to see you here. Well, let’s get started. Hopefully you are more cooperative than my last prisoner,” she stated, setting up her pad and pen.

Her statement made Crouch flinch. He never thought he would be on the other side of these tables.
Oh, he knew he had broken the law, but to be caught never entered his mind. Damn his son for getting his free will back. At this moment in time, he hoped that bloody Death Eater died. “Yes, a shame,” he answered through gritted teeth.

“Now, tell me how your son got out of prison,” she said with a questioning tone.

“I’m sure I have no idea,” the man lied. He was going to stick to that answer, knowing they wouldn’t dare to question him with Veritaserum. Not without evidence, which was lacking.

“You see; I don’t believe you. You were the last person to see him, before he was ‘found dead’. Coincidently that was the same time your wife died. Now I, for one, don’t believe in coincidences, so you had better have a better story than that.” She narrowed her eyes at the man, and restlessly tapped her finger on the table. She had known and worked with this man for years, and she didn’t want to believe that he broke the law. However, she also knew that he would have done anything for his ailing wife. She would not put it past the then dying woman to request that her son be freed as her last wish. “How did your son escape?”

“I’m sure I have no idea,” he said again.

“Barty, please don’t make me dig up that grave. If I find your wife in there, then I will have no choice but to throw the book at you,” she all but pleaded.

“I’m sure I have no idea,” he once more stated, though now he was worried. ‘Would there be enough of a body left to be of evidence? No, there can’t be, too much time has passed. I don’t want them to defile my wife’s remains; however, I’m sure it will lead to nothing,’ he thought as he went over what little wizards knew about corpses. They relied on spells to see what was what. He was sure that by now the Polyjuice would have dissipated, and no spell that he knew of could tell what gender a skeleton was.

Little did he know that Amelia had other ways to tell. She had been studying some Muggle ways and now could tell the difference between a male skeleton and a female’s. It was simple for the trained eye, that and if there was any indication of Polyjuice, then the man before her was doomed.

“Okay, Barty. I’m going to dig up that grave, and if what I think is correct, then you will be put under Veritaserum and made to answer my questions.” The only reason she wasn’t dosing him to the gills, was because she didn’t have the leeway she had with Snape. This man was a respected government official, so she had to proceed more carefully. “One last time, how did your son escape?”

“I’m… I’m sure I have no idea.”

“Fine,” she all but snarled as she snatched up her things and left the room. “Get that grave dug up and bring a picture of the remains. Check them for Polyjuice. If you have to, bring the whole thing here,” she ordered, pointing at two Aurors that had been listening to the questioning.

The two men scrambled to comply.

She stomped down the hall and entered the room with Albus Dumbledore. “Headmaster,” she addressed him, taking the chair opposite of him, and setting up her pad and pen.

“How am I here, Amelia?” the grandfatherly man asked as he sat back, like he was the one in charge. “Everything I have done was within my capacity.”

“How can you even ask that?” she asked, gobsmacked that this man thought what he did was okay. “You kidnapped a minor and threw him in front of a dragon,” she answered as if it were obvious,
which it should have been. “That is attempted murder at best. What if the dragon had breathed fire on him, before he got his shield up? You left him laying on the ground, unconscious, and only revived him when he was in great danger.”

“I was making sure that young Harry competed. It was imperative that the boy not lose his magic. He is needed for the return of Voldemort. For only he can defeat him.” Albus stated as if it were fact and nothing anyone said would change his mind. Which, of course, was true, once he got an idea in his head, it rarely left, or altered.

“You have spouted this statement off for years; however, you have yet to give one shred of evidence that You-Know-Who will return. Now you are adding that Harry Potter is essential in his defeat, can you elaborate on that?” she asked with a lifting of an eyebrow, though she had a great deal of doubt that he would. No, Dumbledore kept his facts to himself, only giving tidbits of information at a time.

“You and the Ministry are not equipped to handle such information. You merely have to take my word that Voldemort will return, and only Harry can defeat him,” was the evasive answer, complete with twinkling eyes as he tried to read her reaction to that. Oh, he wasn’t as far gone as to enter her mind, no, but he wanted to gauge her response. His eyes just tended to twinkle when he was concentrating. It was his own fault, when he was young he spelled his eyes to do that when he was happy, but instead they would twinkle when he concentrated hard at anything.

“Albus, unless you can tell me more, these charges will bring you before the Wizengamot. I implore you to tell me what you know,” Amelia tried to reason with the stubborn man. She looked at a spot above his shoulder. Like Snape there were many rumors, including Potter’s recent accusation of mind-rape, that this man had no issue violating people’s privacy. However, unless she got him under the serum, then there was no way to prove it. She could take Potter’s case and run with it, but the old man had been within his rights.

“I have no doubt that they will take my word that I was doing the right thing. Now, tell me what is happening with Severus. He has my complete confidence,” Dumbledore questioned, dismissing his own charges as unimportant. He knew that he was just too important to the Wizarding World to worry about jail time.

“I can’t tell you. There is an ongoing investigation. You’re going to have to wait,” she said through clenched teeth. She really hated it when this man waved her away, like an annoying fly. His condescending attitude really got on her nerves. “Albus, tell me why you felt the need to put the Wizarding World’s boy hero in danger?” she asked, hoping to get back on track.

“He was never in danger. There were many precautions to prevent death,” the Headmaster once more waved the question away.

“What kind of precautions?”

“I cannot tell you that. I am sworn to secrecy on everything to do with the tournament,” was the kind answer, which was technically true, though only half so. He couldn’t reveal the tasks, but the protections were not under the oath. Mostly because there were so few. For example, the first task only had the dragon handlers, who were instructed to not interfere unless the beast got free, or the contestant was on fire, and only then if the fire lasted more than two minutes. However, the Ministry didn’t need to know that.

“Albus, I’m going to need more than that,” she snapped. This was not a good day, the questioning was not going as smoothly as she had hoped, and she really didn’t want to deal with this man’s cunning ways.
“Alas, Amelia, I am afraid I have nothing more to give,” Dumbledore replied in his most sincere voice.

“Then you will be facing charges. You are to remain here until such time as a trial can be arranged.”

“Very well,” the old man sighed as he waved his hand and cast a cushioning charm on the hard chair. It was the most he could really do wandlessly. He was glad that handing over the Elder Wand did not make it change masters.

The head of the DMLE left the room and started barking orders. She was going to make a case on these three men if it was the last thing she did.
Where the wards were being drain to, came from AnFan-n-More, whose suggestion was better than what I had planned.

Once again thanks for the support.

Harry’s POV

Remus, and Harry quietly walked up to the Entrance Hall, where the older man gave his soft good-bye, and left. The teen stared after him, and wondered what his problem was, it was as if the man was on autopilot. The werewolf seemed to blank out after they left the Ward Room and hadn't regained any real thought since. The boy hero wasn't sure what to think, so he brushed it off as unimportant, and turned to go eat. As he was making his way to the Great Hall, he was stopped by Draco Malfoy.

"Potter," the Slytherin sneered, looking down his nose at the non-champion, "are dragons too much for you? Are you so pathetic that you had to embarrass the school by being showed up by a Hufflepuff?" the boy taunted, making his 'friends' laugh.

"Papa's Little Bitch Boy, I thought I explained it quite clearly that I want you to leave me alone," Harry stated with a tilting of his head. He wondered what the new wards would do. It was all about intent. If they were just set on harassing someone then they would be subtle, like guide them away from the area. Stealing or meaning harm would make things interesting. He was going to have to warn McGonagall about them, since she was the only person in charge now. She could deal with the Headbastard, if he came back.

"I always knew you were a weak wizard, and now after your deplorable exhibition we know the truth. You couldn't handle the task, so you ran like the crybaby you are," the blond teen stated. Now that he had seen Potter acting like a coward, he had no qualms about picking on him. "You made Hogwarts look bad, so we're going to teach you a lesson in humility," Draco said, jerking his head to Crabbe and Goyle. The two bruisers moved, but before they even took two steps towards Harry, they were stopped.

There was a great flash of light, and when it dissipated, all three boys were standing in the Entrance Hall sans clothes. Each were dressed in a barrel that had words written across them. Crabbe's green barrel stated that he was a brainless monkey, while Goyle's yellow one said he was mindless fool. Draco's pink attire had the words 'Bully, and Wuss' written on it many, many times, in bright glowing, and flashing colors. It was like magic wanted to make sure that the blond Slytherin was well known as a tormenter, and that his two cohorts were just minions.

Harry sputtered, and then bent forward in full-blown laughter, bracing his hands on his knees to keep from falling to the ground. He had no idea how long it would last, but this was great. The noise he was making brought others from the Great Hall, and soon the three bullies were surrounded by students from all three schools. Great bouts of laughter, and finger pointing were going on. The three boys were turning red at the ridicule. They had tried to leave, but their bare feet were stuck fast. They floundered with their arms, trying not to land on their bums.
Greg looked down into the barrel, and realized that if he were to fall, he would be giving everyone a free show, so he stood still. His larger friend seemed to comprehend the same thing and followed suit. Draco, on the other hand, landed on his back, and everyone there got to see his willy. Girls were giving him catcalls and whistling at the embarrassed boy. There were many comments on size, making the blond teen blush all over his body. A seventh year Slytherin helped him up, glaring at the offenders.

"Well, Draco," our hero snorted, "it looks like the castle doesn't agree with you. Now everyone knows you are nothing but a bully, and a wuss. Not that they didn't know that before, but this confirms it for many. Talk about me embarrassing the school. Well, I hope you enjoy your time on display," he snickered as he walked away, giving them a jaunty backwards wave as he made his way through the crowd. He had to wonder about anti-bullying wards that bullied. Then he realized that the wards were set up in a time that it was common to put people in ‘stocks’. Maybe the Founders thought it was a good idea to embarrass those that antagonized.

As he pondered the consequences of reactivating the wards, his alarm went off, and he was instantly on alert. He wasn't going to get caught flatfooted again. His map showed a lot of people, adults included. So, he twirled around to see who was barreling towards him, his hand at the ready to retaliate.

"Mr. Potter, undo this right now," came the demanding voice of the temporary Headmistress as she bustled to the stuck boys. She waved her wand, and attempted to fix them, but nothing she did would release the three boys. She turned, and all but snarled at the teen who was looking at her with disdain, and anger.

Harry just glared at the woman he was growing to hate. She was almost as bad as the Headbastard. She had kidnapped him once, and was party to keeping him prisoner here. Oh, yeah it was his own good, so she claimed. Still, she was just as culpable as the old man. He wondered if he should get her arrested too. Right now, he had to deal with this. "You know, McGonagall, you keep accusing me of things that you have no proof I did. Have you always done this? Or does me being without memory give you just cause to make me look like a deviant?" the amnesiac questioned. He had wondered this since the first confrontation he had with the woman.

"You have always been one to flaunt the rules. Being out after curfew, going places where you should not go, and getting into trouble at every turn. So, yes, I have 'just cause'," she snapped, not liking that he questioned her integrity.

"Yeah, but you see, I don't remember those things, so you, as a professor, and someone in charge, should've helped me to be a better person, instead of berating me at every turn. With all your chastisements, and such, I now have very little respect for you," Harry countered. He never liked her holier than thou attitude. It grated on his nerves how she thought herself superior to almost everyone. Well, that is how he saw it since he was brought here, by her.

"I have never heard of these wards," she sniffed in disbelief.
"That's because you've had arseholes for headmasters," the teen called blithely over his shoulder.

"Fifty points from Gryffindor, for your disrespect," McGonagall yelled after him.

"One hundred points to me for having to put up with your bullshit and accusations," he shouted back, not even looking in her direction. He headed into the Hall and straight for his friends. He then sat and started serving himself dinner.

The jewels in the glass reflected both of their commands, making the professors very concerned that the boy wonder had such power. 'Would he abuse it?' they all thought.

Harry didn't notice, or care, what the hourglasses depicted. He had only said it to get up McGonagall's nose. In his mind he wasn't even a student of this school. Like he had told Snape, he considered himself a paying guest. Now, with the wards at full throttle, he was safer here than he had been in the past. This was as good a place as any to set up base. That and he had his friends here. They, besides Sirius, were the only people he knew.

"Harry, how did you give yourself points?" Hermione asked, turning from where she was staring at the counter.

The wizard in question finally looked up and saw what he had done. He shrugged his shoulder, and said, "Magic.", and with that, commenced to eating his roast beef.

"That isn't an answer," the bushy-haired witch snarled.

"It's the only one you're going to get," was the response.

Hermione harrumphed, and fell silent, knowing that he wouldn't say anymore. The group talked about non-essential things as they finished their meal. Mostly, because of what they were hearing in the gossip mill, which was running wild about the wards, Draco’s punishment, and the confrontation that Harry just had. They all silently agreed that they would hold off discussing this morning's events until they were somewhere private.

The rest of the students, and guests, were all conversing —read gossiping— about what had happened in the arena, and just now. The school was divided, they all believed that Harry didn't enter his name, but some thought he was a coward, while others were of the opinion that he did the right thing. Then there were the memories, the arrests, and the imposter who had lost his magic. There were many debates going on, and many didn't bother lowering their voices.

Remus’ POV

Remus came from the tunnel in deep thought. He was awed at what he just witnessed, and given everything else he had seen, and heard today, he was in a state of shock. He never would've guessed that little Harry would have ever been the powerhouse he just observed. He knew that charging wards was dangerous and draining. If not done right, one could die from magical exhaustion, but the boy shook it off like it was nothing. He wasn't even tired. 'How did he get so strong? Where did he learn it from? What happened while I was laying low?' were the thoughts running around his head.

"What's got you so unfocused?" Sirius asked from where he still sat. He waved his friend to sit opposite of him. While Remus had been in the castle, he had called Winky, and asked her to cook dinner for the two of them. It was on the coffee table ready to be eaten. The smell of Shepard's pie filled the air, and the dogman couldn't wait to dig his teeth in.

The greying-haired man shook himself, blinked, looked around, and noticed that he had made it back to Sirius' hiding place. "Oh, well, I know you said Harry was powerful, but I just saw him recharge
the wards of Hogwarts. Alone. Without a wand. And it didn't drain him," the werewolf explained as he mechanically served himself some dinner. "Not even Albus can do that."

"I told you," was all Sirius said as he too dished up some of the meal.

"I know, but I am having a very hard time connecting the Harry I taught last year to the one I just left," Remus said, shaking his head at the great difference. "Do you know what changed?"

"It's his amnesia," Black answered smugly.

"What do you mean?"

"Luna got ahold of him before any of the teachers. She told him that he could to anything he wanted. He believed her, and has been doing it since," he answered with a casual shrug.

"And you say you learned some of this?"

"Only bits and pieces. I can to a few things, and I'm trying more each day. However, I have years of training to overcome." He put his plate down and went to the bookcase on the wall, waved his stolen wand and took down the wards that were on one book. Taking it down, he returned to his chair. "Here's the book he lent me. Be very careful. It's old, and written by Merlin," Sirius warned, gently giving the tome to his friend. He knew that Remus would treat it well, bookworm that he was. That, and it wouldn't leave this house.

The other man took it reverently and read the cover. He noted that it was indeed old, and priceless. He had heard rumor that Lily had found some rare volumes before she died, but she had been very tightlipped about what she was doing in Gringotts. Now he had an inkling. She was hording books. He turned the page gently and started to read. His dinner forgotten on the table.

Sirius knew his friend was lost in the book, so he snatched the man's uneaten dinner, and finished it off. He then got another book and joined Remus in a quiet night of reading.

**Amelia’s POV**

Amelia had had a long day. She finished questioning the three men, and then was reminded by Shacklebolt that Mad-eye Moody had been left behind. That made her pissed at herself that she had forgotten such an important witness. She brushed it off as stress and made her way to Hogwarts. As she entered the gates, there was a tingling sensation down her spine. She felt like the wards were reading her. She hadn't felt that since she was in school, and even then, they hadn't been this strong. She wondered what happened but felt questioning Alastor was a bit more important. She went up the stairs, and soon entered the Hospital Wing. "Poppy," she called, going to the only occupied bed.

The nurse came out of her office and went to where Bones was standing. "I don't like what you're about to ask," she stated as fact.

"Nevertheless, I need to ask him a few things. I won't be long. So, if you could just revive him," the head of the DMLE requested as she conjured a chair next to the bed. She set up her pad, and pen, and waited for Poppy to wake the man.

Madam Pomfrey did as asked, and then went back her office in a huff.

"Alastor," Amelia said when the man on the bed came around. "I needed to ask you a few questions."

"It's about time you got here, Amelia," the injured man snarled as he looked at her with his one good
"I thought I trained you better than that."

"I know, I'm sorry. With Dumbledore being arrested, you got lost in the shuffle. However, now I'm here. So, let's get this over with so you can recuperate. Tell me how you got captured," she started, making sure the pen was writing it all down.

"It was late at night, I heard a noise, and when to investigate. There were two men, one was Crouch Jr., which you can imagine caught me off guard since he’s supposed to be dead. We fought for a bit, and the other man got me from behind. I didn’t see him until it was too late. He was an Animagus. A rat. They got me good," Alastor groaned at his defeat. He had never been caught so unaware before, and he was embarrassed. Oh well, he'd get over it, and make sure it didn't happen again. Constant Vigilance.

"Do you have any idea how Junior could impersonate you so well?" she asked. It had been bugging her that the imposter pulled the wool over everyone's eyes.

"He took my memories. I was given a potion that rendered me confused. All I remember was that for the first three days of my capture he asked questions. Like my favorite color, food and drink; who was my best friend; what my childhood was like and that kind of stuff. Then he pulled memory after memory and added them to his own head. The man was a lunatic. If he wasn't before, he would've been after he pulled that fool stunt," the retired Auror growled. Everyone knew you didn't place other people's memories into your own head. It would drive any sane person around the bend. The mind just couldn't deal with two sets of memories.

Bones gasped but conceded that Jr. was mad. That, and it did explain how no one knew. "Right, how long were you held hostage?"

"It was a week before I had to come here. But the rest is blurry. Like I said, I was given a potion to keep me compliant."

"Okay, Alastor, that's all I have. Go back to sleep," the woman said, getting up, and storing her pad in her briefcase. "Poppy, I'm done," she called to the office.

Madam Pomfrey came out with a sleeping potion in hand. "Now, Alastor, I don’t want any of your gruff. You’ll take your potion and be happy about it," she said rearing up for a fight. The man had been a very impatient patient. But she was made of firmer stuff.

"I can't believe you're leaving me here," the grumpy man stated as he glared at the nurse. He had hoped that his friend would spring him. He could heal up just fine at home.

"You need the care," was the breezy answer as Amelia left the room. She didn't want to listen to the argument that she knew was about to happen. When she got to the mostly empty Entrance Hall, she was stopped by Mr. Potter and his friends. "What can I do for you today?" she asked a bit warily. It was because of this boy that her day had been so long and frustrating. What could he possibly want now?

"I was wondering if you could ask Dumbledore about the wards. See I was just down there and noted that they were being drained. I don't know where, but I find it hard to believe that that man didn't know. So, could you ask him for me… please?" Harry said, trying to be polite.

"I will do that when I return to the office," she stated with a nod, thinking that if the Headmaster did know then that would be one more charge against him.

"Thanks," was the almost curt reply as the teens headed to their dorm.
She sent them a glare for the rudeness, until she heard the Granger girl reprimand him. She then made her way back to the Ministry.

**Harry’s POV**

"I wonder when Malfoy got free?" Neville asked, looking at Harry for the answer.

"Must've been while we were eating," he said with a shrug. He didn't care what happened to the blond, as long as the teen left him alone. He was just glad the wards worked.

They continued along, until they got to where Luna parted. Before she left she turned, and gave Harry a huge hug, and a gentle kiss on the lips. "Thanks for not dying," she said as she patted his cheek. She had been so worried when he didn't appear in the stands.

"You're welcome," he answered with a brilliant smile.

The little blonde then turned and skipped down the hall. When she was out of sight, the Gryffindors made their way to the tower, talking softly about the events of the day. They didn't go into detail, but they all expressed that they were glad that Harry wasn't hurt. When they got into the common room, the dark-haired wizard was confronted with an abashed looking redhead.

"I wanted to say that I'm sorry for not believing you. After that fake Moody started screaming, I knew I'd been wrong. So, friends?" Ron asked, holding his hand out as if to shake Harry's.

The other teen scoffed, "Friends? Not bloody likely. You have been on my arse since I came back. You took my stuff in the guise of 'holding it', but even your own brothers say you had every intent on keeping it if I never came back. You've ridiculed me and my friends, taunted me at every turn, and you set a Boggart on me. Why the fuck should I be 'friends' with you?" Harry sneered, looking at the hand as if it were radioactive.

"Oh yeah, well the shite you've done to me is just as bad," Ron snapped back, dropping his hand, and snarling at his former mate.

"Everything I did to you was in retaliation for something you did, or were doing, to me and my friends," the amnesiac growled, giving the redhead a shove.

"Woah, wait a minute," Fred said, holding his brother back.

"Yeah, words are one thing," George stated, pulling Harry away.

"But no touching," they both said as they held on to the two boys.

"Fine," Harry snarled as he jerked his arm out of the taller boy's grip. "Keep that fucker away from me, and I'll keep my hands to myself." And with that he stomped up the stairs, and the whole tower heard his door slam. It had been a terrible day for him, and the last thing he needed was to deal with one more idiot. He fell on the bed with every intent of going asleep when he received a call for him to come to the bridge. He groaned and went into his head.

**Amelia’s POV**

Amelia made her way to Albus' cell. She looked through the bars and wondered why the man hadn't called his phoenix. Shaking her head at the thought, she asked, "Dumbledore, it has been brought to my attention that you might have known the wards of Hogwarts were being drained. Is there any truth to that?"
The old man started at the question but felt that it was one he could answer. After all he didn't attach the leech. "Alas, the wards were quite weakened when I became Headmaster. I tried to strengthen them, however, I am but one man. They were further enfeebled via young Tom Riddle, who you know as Voldemort. When he came to me about the Defense Against the Dark Arts position, he cursed it. He connected that curse to the wards, so it maintained itself even after all these years. It was when he was possessing poor Quirinus that he drained them further. He wanted to make sure the curse would keep the position open for when he finally concurred the Wizarding World."

"And you knew about this?"

"Of course, my dear. There is nothing that goes on in Hogwarts that I do not know about," he answered serenely.

"Why didn't you stop the drain? You must have known that it would leave the school vulnerable," she all but bit out. Her niece went there, and it was always exulted as the safest place in Magical Britain.

"I needed Voldemort to be able to infiltrate the school, so that I could keep an eye on him," Albus stated, waving away the fact that he left the children unprotected. He, Albus Dumbledore, had been there, after all. There was little he could not handle.

"Argh!" Amelia shouted, turning, and stomping away from the delusional man. It had been too long of a day for her to deal with him anymore.
Can There Be Romance?

Chapter Notes

Thanks again for all of your support.

Harry’s POV

Harry found himself on the bridge of his internal spaceship. After taking a calming breath, he turned to Picard and asked, “What can you do for you, Captain? It’s been a long day, as I’m sure you know, and I want to go to sleep. So, pardon me if I’m a bit short, but this had better be good.” He flopped down in a chair that he conjured and lifted his eyebrow to the bald man in charge of his mind.

“I would not have called you if it was not important,” the captain stated as he stood, and adjusted his shirt. He walked to the young man and watched him carefully. He was unsure how the teen would take the news he was about to impart. “The away team has found another anomaly. I felt that we needed to examine it. We do not know what it is, or if it can be useful, or harmful. Closer examination will hopefully tell us what we need to know. I felt it imperative that you be here for that. Data is on standby with the necessary information.” He cued the away team to give their report on the viewing screen, and then turned to watch it.

Harry turned to the large window, that was now a screen, and asked Data what was up. He noted that the android didn’t look the least bit tired, but the crew did. At that moment, he felt a flash of jealousy, but then remembered that androids didn’t feel emotions, and figured that he would rather be human.

“We were almost to the end of the white space, when we were pulled in the opposite direction. As we came to a stop, we scanned our surroundings. There is an… irregularity in your forehead, located behind your scar. I do not know how to describe it, but it does not belong to you.”

“How do you know that it’s not mine?” Harry questioned.

“Readings indicate that the magic is wrong. The magic of this anomaly is much more violent than yours,” was the answer.

“Oh, okay. Go ahead, sorry I interrupted.”

“Acknowledged,” Data said with a nod of his head, and continued his report. “The first thing we did was put a shield around it, and then we examined it. That is when we found that it is foreign to your body makeup. It seems to be attached to your magical core. Observe this string like matter that is penetrating our shield, it goes in the direction of your core. Because of this, we did not want to destroy it. It may inadvertently cause you harm. However, we can stop the leeching, and render it weaker,” Data stated mechanically, bringing up a hologram of a large blob of malevolent magic that was just hanging in the front of his mind.

“Do that last part and leave a probe there so I can look next time I meditate. Captain, see if the science crew can find a way to remove that… parasite. Also, see if it has anything we can use. I would do it tonight, but I’m too tired and cranky to be of any use,” the exhausted teen stated, looking at the mass of blackness that was so close to his brain. Just the feelings coming off that thing made
him shiver. He wanted it gone, but right now, he’d just mess it up if he tried. The last thing he wanted is for that... thing to explode on his brain.

“On your orders,” Picard stated with a nod. He turned and started barking orders. The crew members hurried to comply.

Harry nodded, and then went back to the real world. He took a moment to wonder if having make-believe people in charge of his head made him crazy. Then he just shrugged and went to sleep. He’d worry about it another time.

The next morning our hero got up feeling much better. Dreams of laying in a woman’s arms was just the thing he needed. Sure, he had to clean the sheets, but what a way to wake up. This put him in a much better mood than yesterday.

He hated that he seemed to snap at everyone, but he felt that he had just cause. After all, in the last three weeks he had accidently had his name drawn into a stupid deadly tournament, overdosed on an experimental potion, lost his memory, lived on the street, was kidnapped—twice, was mind-raped, was virtually kept a prisoner here, was put in a death-defying situation, and all the adults continued to try and control him. Maybe not Sirius, but everyone else tried to tell him where to go, what to do, and what to say, what not to say, where to live, where to sleep, and he was bloody well tired of it.

Shaking off those thoughts, so he didn’t get angry, he got dressed, and made his way to the common room. He looked to where his friends usually gathered and saw them doing their own thing. Hermione was sitting reading, as usual. The twins had their heads together and were discussing something. Neville was watching the lookalikes with a wary eye. Harry was really glad that he had found such good mates. Even if they did argue with him, they were still there for him. In this time of... well, not crisis, but need. It was good to have people around him that cared.

“Good morning all,” he said cheerfully as he passed by the group, making his way to the entrance. “I wish us all a very normal day.” He turned and waited for them to join him. The jovial smile never left his face.

Various forms of good morning rang out as everyone got up, put their things away and joined him at the portrait. They talked merrily as the went to pick up Luna, who greeted Harry with a kiss and a hug. Not that he was complaining, but he was unsure as to what she wanted from him. He didn’t know if a relationship would work until he got his memories back. What if his personality changed? He might not like the quirky blonde. He hugged her back just as tightly, and then pulled back, kissed her forehead, and gave her a looked that was a bit sad as he tucked her hair behind her ear.

She caught on right away, smiled a small smile, and then nodded her understanding. It disappointed her that he might not return her feelings, but she understood that until his condition was over, or they found out that it was irreversible; romance was off the table.

The rest of his friends watched the silent communication with different emotions. Hermione was undecided if she was jealous of them or sad for them. The twins believed Harry should grab hold of any happiness while he could. After all, he was only fourteen. Neville wasn’t sure exactly what was happening, but he knew it was big, and possibly life-changing for Harry. It wasn’t that he was stupid, just socially awkward.

They all silently made their way to breakfast, each deep in thought about what could happen in the future. Would they lose their friend if he were ever cured? Or would he maintain the relationships he started while inflicted? Would his attitude change from the independent, though snappish, boy he was now, or go back to the pliant boy he had been before? They didn’t know. They really hoped that he was calmer, at any rate. It couldn’t be good for someone to be so angry all the time.
“Well, enough of this depressing shite,” the boy in question stated as they reached the Great Hall and settled at the Gryffindor table. “We need to figure out what we’re going to do today. We can go see Padfoot, and Remus. Or we could work more on the room. Or we could find something else to do. I, for one, am tired of working on the room. I don’t much like Moony, so perhaps we can do something fun,” Harry suggested as he served himself up some bacon, and eggs.

“I think we should do our own thing today. I think I’ll work on the room. The sooner we get it done, the sooner we can give the school what it deserves,” Hermione stated, taking a bite of her toast. While it had been decided what to do with all that stuff, she was determined to make sure that Hogwarts got what was due them. Right now, she was fixing all the old-fashioned furniture so that Sirius could sell it. That would give the school much needed funds.

“I’d like to catch up on my homework. I’ve been working so hard on the new magic that I’ve fallen behind,” was Neville’s input as he loaded up on fruit. He really needed to get busy. If he failed any of his classes, his gran would castrate him. So far, he was days behind in Charms and Transfiguration.

“I believe I want to spend time with you, Harry,” Luna said in a no-nonsense voice, meaning she wanted to talk about what happened in the hall. While, she was okay with maintaining a friendship, things needed to be said aloud.

“We’re going to see the two Marauders,” the twins stated, hoping to lighten the tension that surrounded the group.

“Yeah, we want to pick their brains,” Fred added, scooping up some oatmeal. His brother doing the same.

“They must know loads of pranks,” George finished, as he put strawberries on his hot cereal.

“Right, so we’ve all got plans. Lovely Luna, after our meal, would you care to join me on a walk around the lake? Even though it is a bit chilly?” Harry asked formally, hoping to put the girl at ease. He didn’t want to hurt her, but it just wasn’t the right time to start anything. Perhaps when the away team came back, they could go further—perhaps. Until then it was a nice thing to dream about.

“I would love to,” she said with a sweet smile, and then turned back to her breakfast, and dug into her hash browns.

The gang quickly ate as they kept their ears open to the gossip, which hadn’t changed since last night. When they were done, they split up.

Luna and Harry went to get their outer-cloaks and met at the doors. They silently made their way to the lake. Harry stopped them when they were far away from anyone. They stood close, facing each other. This was a talk that needed eye contact.

Harry reached down and took her hand in his, rubbing the back in a soothing motion. “I don’t want you to think that I don’t find you attractive, Luna. I think you are very cute, and your personality is the best. It’s very relaxing to be around you, and I find that you have a marvelous way of defusing tense situations. You are a wonderful girl. However, I don’t want to start something that might hurt you later,” he said, bringing her knuckles up, and bussing them. “We have no idea how I’ll act when I’m well. Well, not well, but more myself, I think. Oh, I’m not sure what I mean,” he got out with a great deal frustration.

“I do understand. It must be so hard for you not to know,” she said softly, putting her other hand to his cheek, gently brushing it with her thumb. “It is quite sad that you feel this way. I was hoping for
more, but I will take the friendship that you are offering,” she answered as she laid her head on his chest. She sighed when he put his arms around her, holding her tight. Her eyes brightened with unshed tears. “I do want you to know that I will fight to remain in your life, even if you revert back to the timid boy who didn’t know what girls were.”

“Luna, we are still so very young, and we have years ahead of us. Let’s not rush anything,” he said, kissing the top of her head.

“I suppose we can stay away from the Frickleprats, for now,” she answered dreamily.

Harry wondered what she was talking about. Her unseen creatures gave him things to think about. Like how to fight them, or research them, or other such thoughts. Still, it was one of the things he liked about her, it was her conviction that what she said was 100% real.

The two teens just stood in the cold air, both lost in their thoughts. Both hoping that Harry didn’t change, or at least not much. After a few moments, they swayed to music only Luna could hear, making their thoughts less morbid, and more pleasant as she hummed along. It was good to dream.

Amelia’s POV

Madam Amelia Bones, Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, was not having a good day. No, she was currently arguing with a very stubborn Cornelius Fudge. “Dammit, Cornelius, he put the children in danger, and has been doing so for decades!” she yelled, slamming her hand on the Minister’s desk. They had been at this for a half an hour, and the man was being stubborn. Why couldn’t he understand that Dumbledore was in the wrong.

“Amelia,” the political man said as smoothly as he could, gesturing with his hands that she needed to calm down, “you’re talking about putting a national icon on trial. To bring him before the Wizengamot, well It just can’t be done. He has too many supporters, plus the political fallout would be too great. He’s in charge of too many offices. If you can convict him before our guest leave, it will make Britain look bad. We’ll lose standing, it would be a disaster. No, you will dismiss these charges, and forget the whole thing. I will find another way to… dethrone the man.” The pudgy man stood as firm as he could.

Amelia Bones was a formidable woman, who needed to be handled with kid gloves. It made him irritated to have such a powerful woman running around the Ministry, who he couldn’t control. Sometimes he regretted that a female was Head of the DMLE. They were just too emotional and couldn’t see what needed to be done. Why couldn’t she be like Dolores? Pliant, while giving good advice. His Undersecretary was very good at giving… assistance.

“It’s a good thing for me that you are not in charge of my office,” she snarled, giving him a loathing look. Oh, how she hated when he tried to control her. He wasn’t going to get away with this. She was going to go over his head to the Wizengamot. There was no way she was going to let Dumbledore walk away unscathed.

“I will see you out of that office, if you pursue this,” Fudge threatened, leaning into her space, making sure she understood that he was being truthful. He was in charge of the Ministry, dammit, and he wasn’t going to let this woman dictate to him. He was sure Dolores had something on her, everyone had a skeleton in their broom closet. Didn’t they?

“I will do the right thing,” Amelia stated firmly, turned, and stormed out. She growled at anyone who got in her way. She went back to her office and slammed herself in her chair. She took a deep breath and considered what the Minister had said. It would be a political nightmare if she were to imprison Dumbledore, but no one was above the law. With that thought, she got to work.
Just as Harry was about to throw up a barrier, because the windy air getting too much, the couple were interrupted by his godfather, who was in his dog form. “Did you need something, Padfoot?” the dark-haired teen asked, keeping his arm around Luna, so that he could share his cloak. While the two decided to remain friends, it was comfortable to be in each other’s arms to ward off the cold. He wondered how the winters were here and if there would be more moments like this. He just hoped that they understood each other. Maybe it was that understanding that they drew comfort from.

The dog barked and circled around happily. He turned and started back to the Shack.

Harry and Luna sighed, but followed. They had been hoping to spend a bit more time together, but if Sirius was here it might be important. When they made it the Whomping Willow, the male teen froze the tree, and the two went through the tunnel after the dog, who turned into a man upon entry.

“So, what’s up?” Harry asked as he guided Luna to a chair.

“Remus wants you to teach him your magic. He spent all night reading the book, and thinks he can do it,” Sirius stated, after he regained his glamored form. The two pranksters had discussed it right after Sirius woke, and before Remus slept. The poor werewolf was so tired after a night of reading that he crashed on the sofa. Not even Winky could get him up without taking drastic measures. After a bit of a debate, the dogman and the house elf just left him there.

“Why don’t you teach him?” the amnesic asked, looking at the sleeping man on the couch, Merlin’s book resting on his chest. He still didn’t know what he thought of the man. Everything he said yesterday was the truth. He didn’t trust the werewolf. He felt that he had fallen short on his duty as a friend and sort of uncle.

“You’re better at it, besides I still don’t completely understand the concept,” was the answer as the older man made his way to his friend. He had been sleeping all morning, and now it was time to get up.

“Where are the twins?” Luna asked as she looked around the room. Yesterday showed her that there were no ghosts in residence. So, why did everyone think the place was haunted? Were there Chandiers around? They mimicked ghosts. But she didn’t see any signs of them. She looked at the sleeping werewolf and it came to her. He went to school here and would need a place to change. Now she understood.

“I told them about a book they could read. We, the Marauders, hid it in the library so that future pranksters could use it.” Sirius snuck up on his friend, and yelled in his ear, “Moony, wake up!”

The sleeping werewolf started so bad, he fell off the sofa. “Why did you do that?” he snarled, glaring up at his friend, and wondering what he’d look like bald.

“You slept through the Weasley twins’ visit, you lazy git. Now Harry’s here to teach you how he does what he does.” He waved to the couple in the chairs, who were watching the two grown men act like children.

“Why were the twins here?” the sleep-mussed man asked as he pulled himself back on to the couch. He nodded to Harry and Luna, turned back to his friend, and waited for the answer.

“They’re the current pranksters of Hogwarts,” Sirius answered, taking a seat next to the rumpled man.

“I knew that. I taught them last year, but why were they here?”
“They also worship the Marauders,” came the joyful answer. “I gave them the location of *The Book,*” he added, making both men get wicked grins on their faces.

“I’m not sure if that’s a good thing or not,” Remus said, still grinning, and wondering if the two lookalikes would make good use of *The Book.*

“Are you two finished? Luna and I wanted to spend a bit of time together,” Harry snapped, feeling like an outsider. He’d have to ask the twins what *The Book* was and see if it was useful to everyone. Though, he was sure if it was then the lookalikes would let them know.

“Don’t get huffy with me, Harry,” his godfather snarled back. While he felt bad that the boy had amnesia that didn’t give him cause to lash out at him. He was still an adult, and Harry a teen.

“Yes, Harry, do try and be respectful,” Luna said softly. She didn’t want the boy to alienate the only adult he liked.

“Fine,” the teen said mulishly, folding his arms and pouting.

“So, do you think you can teach the old man,” Sirius asked, looking hopeful. He was hoping that if the two of the most important people in his life spent time together, then they would hopefully start to get along. He hated that they were in conflict… well, Harry was. Remus was more on the edge on what to think about the teen. Still, if they worked together, then they would be better able to get along. With any luck.

“Oi! Who are you calling old. We’re the same age, Padfoot,” Remus protested, pointing his finger at his friend.

“Yeah, but you’ve got grey hair, and I look like a dashing young man,” was Sirius’ reply.

“Listen to me, you mangy cur…” the werewolf started.

“Mangy cur? Have you seen yourself on a full moon?”

“Why I…”

“Luna was the one who taught me,” Harry interrupted with a shrug, indicating the blonde. “You should ask her.” He didn’t want to spend time with the other man, no matter what his godfather wanted, and he could see the hope shining the man’s eyes.

“I can give it a try,” she agreed serenely. She like Mr. Lupin, he had been a great teacher, and it would be an honor to return the favor. That and she could tell that Harry wanted nothing to do with the werewolf. She agreed in most part, but she would talk to him about it, for Sirius’ sake.

“Great,” Black said, clapping his hands together, and rubbing them, “let’s get started.”

Amelia’s POV

“Okay, Mr. Snape, I told you that I would listen to you about Mr. Black. Tell me what I need to know,” the very worn out Amelia said as she sat. She had been in touch with Waters about the case. She was convinced that Sirius Black was innocent, but she was interested in what the greasy man had to say. This was another case that Cornelius would not control. Not if she had anything to say about it.

“It started in our fourth year…”
Some Time Skipping

Chapter Notes

I do what to thank you for reading this story.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Amelia’s POV

Amelia sat patiently waiting for the unpleasant man to finish his tale. When he was done, she folded her hands, and put them on the table. “Well, that was quite a story. However, I hate to tell you, but there isn’t anything I can do for you. All Black did was tell you where the entrance was. You took it upon yourself to go there, knowing that you could be putting your life in jeopardy. Don’t tell me a smart man like you had no idea that Mr. Lupin is inflicted with lycanthropy,” she stated firmly. Although it did show that the fugitive was more than willing to let the man die, he didn’t really do anything wrong.

“So as usual Black will just get a slap on the wrist and told not to do it again. You are just like Dumbledore. It’s because he’s a pureblood and a Gryffindor, and I’m not, isn’t it?” Snape snarled, leaning forward in an accusing manner. He seemed to forget that the man had spent over a decade in Azkaban, or he simply felt it wasn’t long enough. “I knew the government was corrupt, but I had hopes that you were at least loyal to the law, being Hufflepuff.”

“Yes, that is not bias at all,” she sniped back, and then looked over her notes. She came across the part of his story that showed that he was determined to get Lupin kicked out of the school. She read it back to him, and then slammed the pad on the table, and said, “No, it’s because you were so hell-bent on getting a fellow student in trouble, and possibly killed, that I have very little sympathy for you. You were a cruel, and bitter teen, Mr. Snape and you’ve grown to be a cruel and bitter man, no matter what Dumbledore says.”

“Black set me up,” was the rebuttal.

“No, you walked right into it. You just told me that you had been following Mr. Lupin around to prove that he was a werewolf. It was your own folly that you wound up in a situation that would see you turned or dead. Had James Potter not rescued you, both you and Mr. Lupin could have died. You by werewolf, him by euthanasia. Plus, you don’t seem to think you’ve done anything wrong. You were just as culpable as Black. You were both trying to kill a fellow student. The only reason you would have gotten away with it is the Lupin is a werewolf,” she stated firmly. Though she was more than a bit mad that this was one other thing that Dumbledore had to answer for. He put the whole school at risk to educate the werewolf, which was against their laws. Not that she had anything against it, but the law was the law.

“Werewolves are animals that deserve to die. I am not, and I demand satisfaction. It was attempted murder at best,” Snape snarled, he was determined that he would see that man behind bars—again.

“Look,” she said more calmly, “even if I brought this to trial, Mr. Black won’t serve any more time. The Wizengamot will say that he had been punished enough for that. Not to mention that it was over a decade ago, and the Statute of Limitations is up. I’m sorry, it is out of my hands,” she said with finality. She waved her hand at the mirror, and seconds later a young female Auror walked in. “Take
Mr. Snape back to his cell, and bring Mr. Dumbledore in.” She rubbed her brow, trying to fend off
the headache she was sure was on its way.

The uniformed woman nodded and frog-marched the Potions Master away. Ten minutes later the
Headmaster was led in and guided to a chair.

“What can I do for you today, Amelia?” the old man asked as if he hadn’t just spent the night in jail.

“You can tell me why you keep putting the children in danger, when it was your duty to keep them
safe,” the head of the DMLE demanded, making sure that a new sheet of paper was taking down the
session.

“I have never done such a thing,” Albus said aghast. As long as he was at Hogwarts, it was safe. He
did fear for it now. The school would be vulnerable without him there to protect it, but first he had a
few things that needed tending to. However, since both Severus, and Karkaroff felt that something
was happening with their Dark Mark, he was sure that it was time for the prophecy to come to pass.
Now, all he had to do was get Harry to understand his part in it.

“Having a werewolf on campus is against the law,” she stated, tapping her finger on the table. “Not
fortifying the wards puts everyone in that castle in peril. Then there are the rumors of all the things
that have been happening over the years. Ones I never believed, not even when Susan said they were
ture, but now I think I will consider what’s been going on at that school. After everything I’ve heard,
how can you sit there, and tell me you’ve done nothing wrong?” the irate woman asked, ready to
reach over, and pluck the man’s twinkling eyes out, and play marbles with them.

“Are you saying young Remus should not have received an education? How very bias of you,
Amelia,” he said in his most disappointed voice, not answering the question, and ignoring the
accusations. What’s done was done, and there was little she would find. Not that he cared, no, in his
mind he was untouchable.

“My opinion doesn’t matter; it is the law. One you broke. When I’m done digging up all the rumors
finding out what is fact, and what it not, I will have no choice but to put you on trial.”

“Dear sweet Amelia, you will never win against me. I have power you could not even imagine. The
political power I wield is something you will never match. However, I do not plan on staying here a
moment longer. There are things I must do, and I cannot do them from inside a cell. I must get to
Harry and explain important things to him before it is too late. Fawkes,” he called to the air, making
her jump from her seat, and brandish her wand.

She fired curses at the flaming bird, but it was quick, and those that hit him had no effect. She
watched helplessly as it landed on the old man’s shoulder and flamed them out.

“Argh!!!!” she yelled, slamming both fists on the table. Then she took several deep breaths and tried
to calm down. This would be one more nail in that old bastard’s coffin. “Find him. Make it your top
priority,” she ordered the Aurors that had flooded the room.

They knew it would be futile but went to follow that order.

Madam Bones sighed, she’d call an emergency meeting with the Wizengamot. At that time, she
would put Crouch, and Snape on trial, get Black exonerated or at least a trial date set, and put an
order to capture Dumbledore. With that plan in her head, she went back to her office, and wrote to
Waters. He would need to know what was going on.

Harry’s POV
“Wait,” Harry said holding up his hands to stop Luna from saying anything. He just remembered something. “Before you guys do anything, Padfoot, explain to me how you were able to tell Mr. Lupin about my magic. You promised that you wouldn’t, and took a vow with the goblins, so what gives?” the teen asked bitterly. He didn’t want to think that the one adult that he liked would betray him.

“Harry, I thought he’d seen the whole task, and that I wouldn’t be breaking my word if I talked about it. It wasn’t until I bragged about you a little that he told me he wasn’t there. So, I made him take the vow,” Sirius said solemnly. He was hurt that his godson didn’t trust him. He had done his utmost best to make sure that he did nothing to give the teen reason not to believe in him. He enjoyed his time with the boy and hoped that nothing got in the way of that. “I’d never betray you, Harry. I hope one day you’ll know that. I may have screwed up in the past, but I’d like to think we’re better now,” he said firmly, with a hurt and chastising look.

“Oh,” came the contrite answer complete with sagging shoulders. “I’m sorry, Sirius, I just… it’s just…” He didn’t know how to explain it without making it worse, so he let it trail off. He really needed to stop thinking bad about people. These last few weeks have been trying on him, and he wondered if maybe his old self had it right. To just be compliant, and let others lead. He mulled that over for a minute, and then decided that that wasn’t for him. He liked what he had become, and now he had great friends, who put up with his bullshit. A wonderful godfather, who did his best to make him happy. No, he was content. He gave Sirius his best remorseful expression, to convey what he couldn’t find the words to.

“No, I kinda get it, but you’re going to have to trust someone sometime. You can’t keep directing all your anger at the wrong people,” his godfather answered with a serious nod. Then he broke out with a wicked grin, clapped the teen on the back, and said, “What say you and I go to Hogsmeade, while these two try and get Moony up to the rest of us? I think it’ll get your mind off the last few days.”

Harry looked at Luna, who nodded as she picked up the book, and started talking to Mr. Lupin. “Alright, I’ve got nothing to do right now,” he said as he got up, and drifted to the opening of tunnel. “I’ll see you later, Luna. Enjoy your lessons, Mr. Lupin,” he stated as he put on his outer-cloak and waited for Padfoot.

The two waved at him distractedly, already deep in a debate on how the magic worked. Harry didn’t take offence though; he was just glad that she had a distraction from the bittersweet day the two of them had had. He really hoped they could maintain a friendship. Knowing her, she’d put on a mask, and blame the Humperdinks or something, it was just Luna’s way.

Sirius came back from the other room pulling a jacket on. “Come on, Harry, let’s go and see what mischief we can find,” he said as he donned his gloves.

The two went to the village and spent the day just messing around, while spending loads of money. It relaxed Harry enough that when he picked up Luna, he felt like he could just drift off to sleep and dream teenage dreams. So, after escorting her to her dorm, giving her a peck on the forehead, he went to bed, and crashed.

Luna’s POV

While the two men were gallivanting around Hogsmeade, Luna was getting frustrated, not a good emotion for her. Normally she was serene, and calm, not even the bullying Ravenclaws could penetrated her Zen. But right now, she was convinced that the man in front of her was infested with Wrackspurts, and she was determined to not let them win. She asked him if he wanted to borrow her earrings, but he did what everyone else did when asked; he gave her a queer look, shook his head, and then ignored the question.
It was the only reason she could think of as to why Mr. Lupin kept arguing over what she was trying to teach him. He was steadfast in his conviction that he was right, and she was wrong. When she would show him that she was correct, he would justify it in his mind as something else, or that he was seeing something different. It was making her irritated, but being the docile person, she was, she held it in and kept trying.

It was one of the pitfalls of teaching an older bookworm, not to mention an ex-professor. They were harder to convince that everything they knew had to be… adjusted. She was just glad they got to Hermione before all that knowledge set in.

Heaving a heavy sigh, she picked up Merlin’s book, and tried again.

**Harry’s POV**

Nothing had happened for days; the rumors had drifted, and everything had settled. Harry was sitting with his friends at the Gryffindor table, eating lunch. It was a school day, but the fourth year Gryffs had the afternoon off since their professor was in jail. A large brown owl swooped in with a rather large letter. The boy-wonder took it, fed the bird some ham, and opened the envelope. He quickly read the missive, and an evil smile broke out on his face, until he got to the last part. His face took on a red hue as the anger built up about what he read.

“Harry?” Luna asked, putting a hand on his arm.

“It’s from Waters,” he said, handing the letter to her. She’d finish it and gave it to Hermione after a nod from him. It wasn’t secret knowledge, so he had no problems sharing. “Crouch Jr. is dead, and it seems that the trials for Crouch Sr. and Snape went off without a hitch. Crouch received ten years for breaking his son out of prison. Snape was put away for thirty, for multiple counts of mind-rape and the potion. He would have received longer, but he never used it. So, since there’s no law against that *particular potion*, only creating mind-altering potions without Ministry approval, they could only do so much. They’re going to give it to the Unspeakables, when they prove it’s akin to the Unforgivables, then it will be outlawed. Good news is that Sirius is free, since he didn’t receive a trial. The law states that they could only hold him for two weeks, and that was supposed to be a holding cell, but since he didn’t get tried before that time was up, then they should have released him.”

“Oh, do you think he’ll go back to being him?” Hermione asked in a low tone, wondering if the now free man would want to look like he had before. She really hoped he didn’t, mostly because he wasn’t found innocent, but let go on a technicality. People would think he was still guilty, and that could be bad for him. Perhaps they could use the new magic to make a new identity for him.

“I don’t know, I hope not,” Harry said, thinking much on the same lines as his friend. He’d have to talk to Waters to see if there was something they could do to get Sirius’ life back. But first, he’d talk to his godfather, and see what he wanted.

“So why the frown, everything you’ve said is good news?” Neville asked, hoping it wasn’t too terrible.

“Well, the problem is that the old man escaped, and they think he’s after me. Well, not *after*, but he really wants to talk to me,” he snarled, wondering what Albus wanted to tell him so bad that he fled the Ministry.

“How did he escape?” the sandy-haired boy asked.

“His phoenix,” Harry answered as he regained the letter and read that part again. “I thought
phoenixes were Light creatures? Why would he aid Dumbledore in getting away?”

“Phoenixes are actually neutral. They’re indifferent to what goes on around them. However, they are drawn to Light wizards, mostly because of the pure magic. As long as Professor Dumbledore doesn’t darken his soul, Fawkes will stay with him,” Hermione stated, biting her lower lip.

“Dumbledore feels that everything he is doing is for the right reasons. Too him he is still good and Light. Like Hermione said, as long as his doesn’t darken his soul…” Luna explained with a shrug as she batted her earrings with her fingers. She was still trying to think of a way to combat Wrackspurts.

“Well, there goes another myth,” the dark-haired boy said with a smile. “How does one ‘darken their soul’?” he asked with a tilt of his head.

“Mostly by doing some very Dark, or just plain evil, magic;” Neville said with a shudder.

Harry nodded in understanding. He was sure that no matter how annoying the old man was, he didn’t dabble. The teen then shrugged it off as not his problem, and said aloud, “I wonder what the old man wants.”

“I’m sure it is not malicious,” reasoned Hermione. She didn’t want Harry to think that the Headmaster was out to kill him. You could say a lot of things about the man, but he was historically a pacifist. He didn’t even kill Grindlewald. “However,” she added quickly, not wanting Harry to think she wasn’t on his side, “I wouldn’t put it past him to kidnap you, so perhaps you should be on guard.”

“Yeah,” he said softly, glad that he amped the school wards. He was hopeful that they held off the old man. He would be extra cautious when he left the castle. Maybe take Sirius or the twins along. If nothing else, they could sound the alarm if he were kidnapped. With that thought he finished off his ham sandwich, and he, and his friends spent the afternoon doing more things in the Room.

Harry’s crews POV

Nothing happened for a long time. The group went to classes, while Harry hung out with his godfather, or practiced his magic more. With two wizards after him, he didn’t want to be caught unawares. So, he had sparring matches with Worf, and debates on protective strategy with Spock. They were good times, and he felt that if he couldn’t beat them, he could at the very least get away.

While this was going on, the away team finally found the end of the white space, but there was a stronger barrier holding them back. They were working on finding a hole in it, and then relaying a… tube to syphon the memories slowly into Harry’s sleeping mind. That way the teen could adapt to them better and wouldn’t undergo a complete personality change. Right now, they had to penetrate that shield. On their journey here, they found wisps of memories in the white space, and were hopeful to find a leak that they could expand on. It would make their mission much easier.

The science team made their way to the scar. They had slowly severed the parasite’s connection from our hero’s magic and were now poking and prodding the leech. They had come to the conclusion that it was a small part of a soul. Voldemort’s. They took samples to see if there was anything they could learn, but so far it was just a mass of magic that expressed emotions, mostly hate and anger. Seeing that the last thing they wanted was to combine this tainted magic with Harry’s. So, they were coming up with a way that they could remove it from the forehead and place it in a containment field. Then Harry could put it in another container and give it to someone else to deal with.

Harry’s POV
Now, Harry and his gang were resting at Padfoot’s, who was ecstatic about being a free man, but agreed with the kids and maintained his glamor. Waters said that the best he could do was get his side of the story in the newspapers. That was a gamble though. As it was Rita was printing the Ministry’s side, and it didn’t look good for Sirius. The hard part was that she was being completely honest. He didn’t know if that was Harry’s curse, or she learned her lesson. Either way, he couldn’t dispute her articles.

Perhaps, he’d pick up his life when the heat died down. Hopefully the work he was doing with the kids in getting funds for Hogwarts would go a long way getting recognized in the public. He had already sold off many of the antiques and made a ton of money. They had set up a vault, and wasn’t that a fun visit, that would be given to the school when they were done with the Room. Harry’s fund for the homeless was also growing strong. Only Sirius knew about it, since he was selling stuff for the kid.

Sirius was hopeful that one day he could walk down Diagon Alley as himself. After all, if Malfoy could get away with being a murderer, he was sure that he could get his life back, eventually, maybe. Well, he’d see. If worse came to worse, he’d stay under the glamor, open new vaults, transfer the old ones, and call the Black Family Line dead. He had little love for the family’s history, maybe it was time to start a new line.

The kids had just finished tea, and were all talking about how Snape was gone, and the new professor was loads better. The way his friends were talking almost made Harry want to sit in on the class. He didn’t remember how the greasy git taught but had been told enough that he was glad the bastard was gone.

“He is ever so instructive. When he taught his first class, he was shocked that we didn’t know anything about safety. It took two sessions to teach us what we should have learned in first year,” Hermione gushed, bouncing in her seat, making the boys look down. She was thinking about how much she admired the new teacher and didn’t note where those wandering eyes were. Besides, it didn’t hurt that the new teacher was youngish, and not bad on the eyes.

“He is really smart,” agreed Luna with a dreamy smile. “It’s too bad he will get that job offer next year,” she predicted with a vacant look.

“Luna, you can’t know that,” the bushy-haired witch said with a great deal of exasperation.

“And you can’t prove she’s wrong,” Neville stated, not wanting to see the two argue again.

“Fine, but when he’s here next year, then I reserve the right to say, ‘I told you so,’” she huffed.

“Let’s not fight,” Harry said from the chair to the right of Neville. “How are things going with Lupin?” he asked Luna.

“He’s getting better. He finally grasped that you can do almost anything if you put your mind to it. Mr. Lupin is a very smart man, albeit stubborn, and I am glad that he has progressed as well as he has,” she answered with a serene smile. It had taken a bit of work, but she did get the tenacious man to do wandless magic. “He’s also been working with the twins, they seem to be able to get things through his head in ways of pranks,” she added.

“I’m not sure how I feel about those for getting together all the time,” Harry said with a smirk. He just knew that they would cause chaos.

“Where are the troublemakers?” Hermione asked, looking around the room for the four missing men. She remembered the twins coming in but had been so caught up in her description of the new
“Out making trouble,” the dark-haired wizard said with a smile to show he was joking. “Seriously, they’re upstairs planning something. I know Sirius and Lupin are talking about selling more furniture, or at least they were. Then the twins showed, and they sequestered themselves in the upstairs bedroom.”

“Oh, dear, that could be bad,” she fretted.

“Let’s go to Hogsmeade. I need some warmer shirts, and a heavier jacket,” the boy hero suggested as he got up, and headed to the tunnel.

The girls squealed at the thought of dressing Harry again, while Neville just shook his head. The group made their way to Tylor’s Threads, and commenced with the shopping. It only took an hour to get him outfitted for Scotland winters, and they started their way to the Shack. They needed to sneak back onto the grounds since it wasn’t a Hogsmeade weekend. When they left the violent tree’s reach, they made their way to the Great Hall for dinner chatting and laughing.

McGonagall’s POV

McGonagall was giving them dirty looks, like she knew they had been up to something, but couldn’t pin anything on them. She kept a very close eye on the amnesiac, hoping that his memories would come back, and perhaps his manners with them. She missed the polite Harry.

There had been many more incidences where children were put in embarrassing situations. Mr. Potter was there for quite a few, yet his wand was clear of any wrong doing. He said it was the wards, which was ridiculous. Albus would have told her if there were such wards. She really wished the headmaster would have shown up by now, but with him on the run there was no telling when he would be back. And he still had control of the wards, or at least she thought so since she couldn’t. Still, she couldn’t pin anything on the child, but with the way he continued to act, she had attempted to get him kicked out. However, the Board and the Ministry were adamant that he stayed where they could find him. They lost the boy hero once and didn’t want it to happen again. McGonagall was hopeful that Potter would up and leave, like he had threatened to many times, then it would be out of her hands.

Just when she was about to make the evening announcements, the wards sounded a warning that someone was trying to breech them. The current Headmistress sounded some large bangs with her wand to calm the panicking students. “Stay here,” she told them. “The professors and I will go and see if there is anything to worry about. Prefects, do a head count, and make sure everyone stays in the Hall.” And with that she nodded to Flitwick, Sprout, and the new Head of Slytherin, Professor Hawthorn. “The rest of you stay, and keep the children calm,” she said briskly to the remaining staff.

The four teachers then hustled out of the Hall, and outside to where the wards were going off, which was the front gate.

There standing in all his colorful glory was Dumbledore, looking a bit ruffled and worn. “Ah, Minerva, it appears that I cannot enter the school. Would you be so kind as to let me in? I must talk to Harry,” he said in his best grandfather voice. He had tried to get Fawkes to help him go to the child, but the wards prevented that. That and the phoenix was giving him the cold shoulder. He was worried that he had offended his feathered friend. Nevertheless, his mission had to be complete, so he came to see what could be done about getting the boy alone.

“Albus, where have you been? The Aurors have been here many times looking for you,” she said as she went to open the gate. However, it held fast. While she never liked his methods, she would never
believe that this great man would jeopardize the school, no matter what Bones said. She yanked on the gate, but it wouldn’t budge.

“Minerva, why do you not simply ask the wards to open them?” the baffled man inquired, stroking his beard as he wondered who charged them to full strength. No one he knew had that kind of power, barring Voldemort, who he had on good authority was still weak.

“I do not have control of them. I would not even be Headmistress, but the Board could not fill the position for the rest of year. It was our understanding that you still had control, since we have tried everything to get them to recognize me. Did you not put a shield around the stone?”

“No, the wards have been the same for many of years,” the old man confessed. Well, he wasn’t going to tell them that he weakened them himself, first for Remus, then for Severus, and yet again for Harry’s first year. That would only get him in more trouble. He had gone back the boy’s second year to see if he could boost them back up, but the drain was far more powerful than it had been the year before.

McGonagall harrumphed, “If I did not know better I would say that Mr. Potter was to blame.” She had been hurt when the castle did not acknowledge her. After all her years of loyal service, she felt that the post was hers, so she continued to try to get Hogwarts to hand over control of the wards.

“That is most destressing,” the old man stated. His eyes twinkled as he examined the barrier that was keeping him from his school. If Harry was the reason for them, then it might be harder to convince him to do what he must.

“Yes, it is,” she agreed. “You had better leave, Albus. I do not want you to be caught. There is no telling where the alarm sounded. For all we know the Ministry has been alerted,” she stressed, looking at her friend, and hoping that he had a place to hide.

“Very well. I will endeavor to find another way to speak to young Harry. Would you tell him that it is imperative that I speak with him?” he asked as he adjusted his robes and got ready to leave. “I can meet him in the village, if he desires. I will find a way to contact you.”

“I will do what I can, but you know how he has been since he lost his memory. I cannot even reprimand him without argument,” she huffed, hating that he still treated the adults of the castle with little respect.

“Nevertheless, please pass my message along.” And with that Dumbledore Disapparated.

“This isn’t going to end well,” the temporary Headmistress said, wringing her hands together as she made her way back to the children to let them know everything was okay.

Chapter End Notes

I want to state that Dumbledore will get his due, so don’t worry.

Sorry McGonagall fans, I like the woman, but I feel that she would not believe that Albus would hurt children. She was too devoted to the man, which is probably why most stories have her under the influence of spells or something. In this tale, it is merely good old-fashioned loyalty and hero worship.
As to why Crouch didn’t get life, well they didn’t ask the right questions when they had him under. One of the downfalls of truth serum, if you don’t know what questions to ask then secrets can be maintained. All they knew was that the man broke his son out of Azkaban, not how he held him. For all they know he simply chained him in the cellar.

The whole Lupin/Luna scene reminded me about a few times I tried to teach my uncle something. He is a professor at a college, and if you tell him he is wrong, you’d better bring snacks, because it will take a day, or more, to beat it into his head that maybe he needed to twerk his knowledge. I see Lupin that way.
Speculations

Chapter Notes

Once more I want to thank all of you who made this my second best received story.
You guys rock.

Amelia’s POV

As the Headmistress was talking to Albus, unknown alarms were going off at the Ministry. It had been so long since they had sounded that no one knew what they meant. People were running around casting spells to see what place was in trouble. They were having little luck. They were pushing and shoving as each one thought they were doing the right thing — when they were all wrong. The whole room was in chaos, and looked like some sort of Muggle comedy, with people knocking each other over, and getting tangled in a mass of limbs.

When the alarm didn’t stop, Amelia stormed in the room. Upon seeing people, she thought were mature adults, having fits over something so simple it made her rub her forehead. The headache she already had was now worse by tenfold. Lifting her wand, knowing it was going to make the pain worse, she fired off some bangs. Everyone stopped at the noise and looked her way as her voice rose over the blaring of the alarm.

“What is wrong with you people?” she demanded, stomping over to a bookshelf, and taking down the directory. “Have you used magic for so long that you’ve forgotten what a book is?” she questioned as she thumbed through it. When she got to the right page she slammed it on a table and pointed to the correct entry. “It’s right bloody here. The alarm we’re hearing is for Hogwarts. Get up there, and see why it’s going off,” she snapped, pointing to three Aurors, who ran from their irate boss. “Stop the blasted thing,” she stated loudly, pointing to a few office workers.

They moved to do just that, and soon there was quiet.

“Don’t blame them, Amelia,” said an older woman, who had just come into the room. “That book is only used by the Head of the Department, which is me.” She made her way to her desk, gradually sat, and rested her weary bones. She had heard the alarm but was slow in responding. Perhaps, it was time to retire.

“Sheila, where have you been?” Bones asked, trying not to snarl at the woman. She knew the older woman had held this office for over eighty years, and was pushing 125, so she respected her. Why Ministry employees stayed on for so long was lost on Amelia. She had only been in office a short time, and she was already looking forward to retiring.

“I am allowed to take dinner,” Sheila stated softly, yet firmly. She didn’t want to say that age had caught up with her.

“You need to tell others about this book. If I hadn’t happened along then who knows how long it would have taken to respond to the alarm,” the head of the DMLE said much more calmly. The only reason she knew about it was that earlier in her career she studied under Sheila for a week. One day, she had gotten curious and read it. She had no idea that it was such a secret, and to this day couldn’t figure out why. The stupid Department wouldn’t tell her. They kept claiming it was for national
“Yes, perhaps you are right,” the old woman sighed, waving the next in line for her position to come to the desk. The man beamed and hurried over. He had been waiting for years to learn from her.

“The rest of you leave,” she ordered, knowing that the knowledge would be Obliviated from them in short order. It was procedure. She would keep quiet about Amelia, like she had so many years ago. It was always good to have a backup.

“I apologize for snapping, everyone,” Bones said with a heavy sigh as they all left the room at the Head’s command. They grumbled as they walked past her, causing her to shake her head and leave the room. She made it back to her desk, removed her monocle, and rubbed the bridge of her nose. This blasted headache was going to be the death of her.

It had been a rough two weeks; with the trials, the fallout, and the Minister trying to get her fired. She was bloody exhausted. That and, there had been nothing on Dumbledore’s case. Oh, she had lots of rumor, but little fact. The man had done too well in covering his tracks. All his past misdeeds were as if they never happened, and with the main witness to his newest crime having amnesia, well it wasn’t going well.

She knew that the DADA professor from Susan’s first year disappeared, but they could find no trace of the man. Lockhart had been Obliviated and was useless. Lupin’s word would not hold up in court, since he was a werewolf. And nothing Dumbledore had done this year was out of his preview. The wards were the result in Voldemort’s tampering, and it would take some creative wording to get the Wizengamot to see that Albus didn’t try hard enough to get them back.

The ex-Headmaster’s disappearance did put him in a bad light, and all his titles were suspended, pending his trial. They wouldn’t pull him complete away from his offices, not on her word. No, she had to get more evidence to prove the man was criminally neglectful.

She got up, made some strong tea. Taking her cup, she sat and looked over all the evidence — again. She about making a trip to Azkaban and picking Snape’s mind. The man had been in on most of the old man’s plots, perhaps he could shed some light on this.

Soon enough the men came back, stating that Dumbledore had tried to get in the castle, but was denied by the wards. They said that he got away again.

Amelia just rubbed her forehead and sighed. She wondered why he hadn’t used his phoenix, maybe Fawkes was realizing that Dumbledore wasn’t as Light as he portrayed. Although she hoped that it wasn’t so. The last thing she needed was another Dark Lord, and one as formidable as Dumbledore would be bad. It was a no-win situation.

She was damned if Fawkes stayed, because Albus would always be able to escape, and they’d all be damned if he left. Well, she’d just have to find a way to keep the phoenix out of the Ministry, and Azkaban. A problem for later, right now, she needed to get a far more solid case than she had.

After getting nowhere for hours, she got up, donned her outer-cloak, and headed home. It could all wait until tomorrow.

**Harry’s POV**

Just after the Aurors left, and after getting the students to calm down, McGonagall went to the Gryffindor table to relay the message. “Mr. Potter,” she started, making the boy turn in her direction, “the Headm… I mean Professor Dumbledore has asked me to ask you, if you would meet with him. I believe he has something very important to tell you. It would be in your best interest if you
comply.” She looked down her nose and pursed her lips, knowing that the teen wasn’t going to just take her word for it. However, she had promised Albus.

“I wouldn’t willingly go within a hundred feet of that man,” came the snarky answer, complete with a look of derision. He couldn’t believe that she would ask that, knowing how he felt. “Don’t you know that just by talking to him you broke the law. You should’ve tried to capture him and turn him over to the bobbies. But you didn’t, did you? No, I’ll bet you played the perfect minion, and tried to let him in the castle. Tut, tut, McGonagall. What kind of example are you setting for impressionable minds?” he asked, shaking a finger in her direction. “After all, the wards must have kept him out for a reason.”

The current Headmistress all but snarled at the teen but couldn’t deny the accusation. “You would do well in listening to those older and wiser than you,” she tried to reason through gritted teeth. In her mind, there had to be valid reasons for everything her friend had done.

“That man mind-raped me, kidnapped me, and threw me in front of a giant fire-breathing lizard. Why the bloody hell should I even give him the time of day?” Harry said with a tight voice, standing, and getting in the woman’s face. He had little love for this person, and had no problem letting her know. That, and this was over the top. That she would even suggest that Dumbledore had his best interest at heart made him angry. He was holding on to his temper with both hands.

“You will not speak about the Headmaster so. Everything he did, he did to protect you, you stupid child,” she said, glaring at the angry green eyes in front of her. She wasn’t going to let this boy win; she was made of sterner stuff. Oh, how she wanted him gone. His disruptive behavior had other children looking at her as if she was wrong in her treatment of the boy hero. To her reasoning, the boy needed a good caning, but those times had passed, and she was left with verbal reprimands. Which didn’t seem to faze him one bit.

Taking a deep breath, and looking her straight in the eye, Harry decided to drop it, for now. In his opinion she had no control over him. He knew she tried to boot him out, but right now everyone wanted him in sight. Sure, they used stupid and lame excuses, but they kept spouting off things to make sure he was a… well, not prisoner, but hostage?... no, that wasn’t right either. Well, whatever they labeled him, they wanted him at Hogwarts where they could keep their eyes on him. He could leave whenever he wanted, but he was safer here behind the wards, now that he controlled them. That and, his friends and godfather were here, so he stuck around.

“Right, you keep your delusions about the old man, and I’ll stick with the facts. If you hear from him, you tell him that it will be a cold day in hell that I meet up with him on purpose. I will do my level best to never set eyes on his crooked face again,” he stated, and then turned to dismiss her.

She snarled at his back, and then looked around at all the students who were watching the latest confrontation with jaded eyes. She patted her bun, and then calmly made her way back to her seat. She wasn’t going to show the students that Harry Potter once more defeated her in verbal combat.

“Can you believe her?” the dark-haired wizard asked his friends as he picked up his fork and ate some potatoes.

“I can’t believe that Dumbledore came here,” Hermione stated, pushing her noodles around her plate, “or that McGonagall didn’t detain him. All my thoughts on her doing the right thing have shattered,” she said with a heavy sigh. It had taken a lot, but after the first task, she had little respect for the teachers at Hogwarts. The higher up ones, anyway. With what just happened, the last wisp of reverence disappeared.

“I know, right? How could she ask me to meet with a man who has done me so much wrong?”
Harry asked, looking at all his friends, and seeing understanding in all their eyes. He was thankful that he didn’t have to fight them on this topic anymore.

“Don’t worry, Harry, we won’t let you go anywhere outside the castle unescorted. I, for one, think you should stick close Hogwarts, or the Shack. That way you’re not an open target,” Neville said, pouring himself some more pumpkin juice.

“You should also avoid pictures of knights,” Luna foretold, looking over his shoulder, and seeing nothing.

“That might be harder that is seems,” Harry stated, remembering all the portraits of knights he had seen in his wanderings. Nevertheless, he’d do his best to steer clear of them. Luna hadn’t been wrong yet, though some predictions were different than she saw, they did all come true in the end. Even her musings about the new Potions Professor leaving for a new job had come to pass, much to Hermione’s, and many of other girls’, frustration.

At that bit of foreboding news, the group fell quiet and finished their dinner. They followed their nightly routine and walked Luna to her stopping point. Everyone said goodnight to the quirky girl, in their own way and then continued to the Gryffindor tower.

These days the common room was a nice place to be. The youngest male Weasley had left Harry and his friends alone. He had taken up playing chess with whoever fell victim to his whining, leaving the group to ignore him. As long as they stayed apart, peace was had.

“I wonder why the old man is so desperate to talk to me,” Harry said in a questioning voice. While he didn’t want to talk to the old guy, he couldn’t get rid of the feeling that he may need to know what the man had to say. What if it was truly important?

“Well, let’s go over the facts as we know them,” Hermione suggested as she took a chair across from the couch that sat the two fourth year boys. The twins were off doing something with a book that Padfoot had directed them too. They were very secretive about it but promised to share when they were ready.

“That’s the problem, we don’t know any facts only rumors, and speculations,” the teen whined. Yeah, he was upset that his memory was still out of reach. He trusted his crew to get it back, but it seemed to be taking forever.

“Oh honestly, Harry, we know your history,” the bushy-haired girl stated, exasperated at his tone.

“Right, so what can you tell me?” he said, sitting straighter, ready to hear more about his past.

“Well, first we know that your parents went into hiding during the last war with Tom. So, we know something must have spooked them,” she ticked off.

“My parents did the same, around the same time. So, I wonder if they got the same news,” Neville said thoughtfully. His gran never knew why they went into hiding. They just up and moved out one day, saying that they needed to hide.

“Oh, I didn’t know that,” Hermione said, looking sadly at both boys. They had both lost so much in the first war, and now to have to brought up just to figure out what one old man was playing. That had to be hard.

“It’s alright, I don’t talk about it much.”

“So, both couples, with toddlers around the same age, suddenly gave up the good fight, and hid.
What could make them do that?" Harry asked, wracking his brain for the answer. His crew scrambling around to look at data. Unfortunately, they had little to use.

“Well,” Hermione said, tapping her chin, “someone must have told them all the same thing. But, what?”

“Gran told me that after the Potters fell, sorry Harry, the Death Eaters said that my parents would know where their leader was. They mentioned something about me being the wrong kid, but since they didn’t know where Harry was, they’d get the information out of my parents,” he stated, a little morosely, but very proud that his parents didn’t fold. At least that’s what Gran told him.

“The wrong child,” Harry hummed, after patting his mate on the shoulder to show that he was sympathetic to the other boy’s memory.

“How would they know? What did it mean? And what does Dumbledore know?” were Hermione’s questions as she too tried to work it out.

“It could be the prophecy,” was Neville’s conclusion. It would make sense, after what Harry had told him. He just wondered who told the parents. “Harry told me there was one that could have been either of us. Remember, Harry? So, it makes sense that they probably went into hiding to protect us.”

“Oh, don’t be silly,” dismissed Hermione, waving it away.

“You don’t seem to understand something,” the sandy-haired boy snapped, tired of her just dismissing important things, “in the Wizarding World, prophecies are taken very seriously. How can they not be, when so many come true? You can’t just go around telling wizards that their beliefs are foolish. You will never be respected here if you continue doing that,” he warned.

She opened her mouth to rebut, but Harry stopped her. “He’s right, you know. If you step on other’s values, and beliefs, then you will be the one cast out. I’m not saying that Divination is always true, but having hung out with Luna this past month, I don’t know how you can say that it is all wrong,” he said with a curious tilt of his head.

That got her to keep quiet, even she could not deny that Luna’s predictions never came true. The evidence was there for her to see. Yeah, they didn’t all work out like the dreamy girl saw, but they did all come to pass in one way or another. “Fine,” she said, deflated. “We’ll consider that it could be the prophecy that Harry told you about.”

“Can we think of anything else?” Harry asked, veering the topic on track.

“Well, Snape was supposed to be a spy. It’s possible that he brought news about pending attacks on our parents,” was Neville’s next theory.

“Or he said something to Voldemort that led him to us,” Harry turned it around. He never trusted that man, and after the whole trial, he never would.

“That’s possible too,” the other boy conceded.

They fell silent, each thinking of what could’ve happened. However, Harry was correct, they had few facts. After a few minutes, they split up, and went to bed.

Inside Harry’s mind Harry was called to the Enterprise. He appeared and looked around. “What do you have for me, Captain?” he asked, and sat in the chair he left on the bridge just for him.

“The science team has finished their studies. There is nothing of use in the soul piece. We feel that it
would be best to remove it and put it in a containment pod. Then you can give it to someone who would know what to do with it,” Picard said, going over the report.

“Why not just destroy it?” the teen asked, taking the handheld computer, and reading over the information.

“They feel that it might try to merge with your own soul, and with the darkness coming off it, that would lead to a catastrophe,” the captain explained. Not wanting to make his… creator a Dark person. And with the overwhelming negative emotions that soul piece gave out, it could happen. That would be bad.

“Right, I’m already a bit of an arse, don’t want to add to that. Okay, put the piece in a pod, but make it a magical one, so I can give it to… Padfoot? Remus? Waters? Well someone,” he said, debating who would be best at taking care of the… object.

Picard tapped his chest and relayed the order. “It will be done by tomorrow,” he said, when he was done talking to the team.

“Well, I’m off to dreamland,” the teen said with a smirk, and in a wink he was back into his bed. All in all, it was good news. So, with a lighter heart, he drifted to sleep.
Revelations

Harry’s POV

The first thing Harry did the next morning was get Dobby to pop a letter to Amelia Bones. He made sure to tell her his suspicion of Snape’s part of the downfall of his and Neville’s parents. So that she would know what to question him about. He was positive the man knew more about what happened than he ever let on. It might be one of the reasons he was such a bastard to them, so he had been told. It was probably misdirected guilt. He wouldn’t put it past the greasy git to blame them for what happened, or didn’t happen, as the case may be.

When he was done sending that off, he went downstairs and joined his friends. The twins were there looking elated and smug. “What are you two up to?” he asked merrily, knowing that whatever it was, it should be fun.

“We’ll tell you guys after classes. We need to work a few more… ideas? Thoughts? Well there are a few wrinkles that need to be straightened out, but don’t worry you’re gonna like it,” Fred said, clapping the shorter teen on the back. They had spent all their free time doing this, and were very hopeful that Harry, at least, could pull it off. It might save the boy’s life, who knew.

“Yes, we’re sure it’s something you’ll beat yourself up over not having tried it sooner,” George stated with a wicked grin as he too gave Harry a clap on the back.

And with that the lookalikes started whistling and moved ahead of the three fourth-year Gryffindors. The ones left back looked at each other and shrugged, and then they went to pick up Luna, who was more than happy to see them. She greeted them all with a hug, maybe a bit longer for Harry, but still they all got one.

A good part of her happiness was because she wasn’t picked on anymore, thanks to the anti-bullying wards, which reacted in kind to whatever the perpetrator did. If they stole her clothes, then theirs would disappear. If they cornered her, the armor would reciprocate.

One time, a bold girl attempted to hex her. She was left standing in the hallway much like Malfoy and his cronies were. Everyone who had classes along that corridor saw her. The fallout was massive, for the her, in that the girl was the topic of conversation for a week. Her boyfriend broke up with her, after he was told that it was the wards that did that to her. She was shunned by many of her pacifist housemates. Even Flitwick took her aside and scolded her. Now the snotty girls of Ravenclaw left Luna in peace.

“Well, we have plans for after classes it seems,” Neville said, and then informed her about what the twins said.

“Oh goody, I’ve been waiting for this,” she said, clapping her hands and bouncing down the hall. The boys watched her perky arse, until Hermione harrumphed.

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“Luna,” Harry called her back, making her stop until they caught up. “Aren’t you going to tell us?” he asked with a charming smile. She just grinned and shook her head, and then commenced to skipping again. “Well, if it makes her that happy, then it can’t be that bad, right?” he asked, sharing a look with the other two. Not that he didn’t trust the twins and Luna, but with her happy acceptance, well he was unsure as to what to expect.

“I don’t know; she’s pulled pranks with the twins before. All in the guise of teaching them the new
magic,” Neville answered with some trepidation.

It was how they found out how far the wards would be pushed. If there was no intent to harm, most pranks went off without a hitch. However, if they were meant to do more than get some laughs, then the prankster was the one who got pranked. George wanted to get revenge on someone on the Slytherin quidditch team for cheating, but since it was payback, it was the redhead who spent the day with a tail and horns until Poppy could remove them. They weren’t set to fade and had to be taken off by a professional. The potion he had put in the other boy’s juice wound up in his. Needless to say, the two jokesters were very careful about their pranks after that.

Luna was a good guide for the lookalikes. She made sure they stayed on track yet had fun.

“Still, she doesn’t appear to have that look in her eyes, so I’m going to call it a win,” Harry said as they finally made it to the Great Hall. They went to their table and joined the little blonde. The amnesiac would spend the day with his godfather, while the others attended classes. He’d ask him about the soul piece and what to do with it. Then meet the others this afternoon, and then hopefully they’d find out what the twins were up to.

Amelia’s POV

Amelia was just finishing her morning tea, when the house elf popped in and gave her a letter. She read it and decided that she would question Snape today. She finished off some paperwork, secured her office, grabbed two Aurors, and made her way to Azkaban.

The dark foreboding island was not a place she liked to go. There was no warden, there was no spell casting, the was no hope for the prisoners to escape, or so they thought until Black and Crouch Jr. left. It was only outside the building that the guards could use magic. There were no lower security cellblocks, everyone suffered the same no matter what the crime. Since the Wizarding World deemed prisoners as too dangerous to be taken out of their cells, there was no interrogation room. The only way to keep the Dementors off was a charmed necklace that was obtained from the gate guards.

Getting said necklaces, she and her Aurors made their way to Snape’s cell. She had no choice but to question him here, making her heave a great sigh that this could condemn the man even more. Not that he’d ever leave, most prisoners died before they got out. Only those sentenced to serve minimal time were lucky enough to get reprieved with their minds intact. She still had no idea how Black did it, though Crouch Jr was quite mad.

When the greasy man saw the woman who put him here, he sneered, looking down his long-hooked nose at her. He was dirty, greasier than ever, and angry. Oh, so very angry. It was his self-righteous indignation that was keeping him from going stark raving mad, unlike the Death Eaters near him, who were all insane. He was sure that everything he did was justifiable; therefore, he was not meant to be locked up, not while Black and Dumbledore were free. Sure, the Headmaster escaped, but the old man could’ve rescued him as well. After everything he had done for the man, Albus just left him to hang. He should have known that Potter would come first. He always does. While those thoughts and feelings didn’t keep the Dementors away, it did make their aura… less. His Occlumency helped as well.

“Mr. Snape, I have a few questions to ask you,” Bones said, holding up a familiar vial of clear liquid. “We can do this the easy way, or…” she jiggled the small bottle to finish that sentence.

“What do you want to know?” the greasy man asked, leaning against the wall casually.

“First, what can you tell me about Albus Dumbledore? Where would he hide? What is so important that he would flee? Why does he want to talk to Mr. Potter?” she fired off, setting up her pen and
“I cannot tell you where he is. He lived at the castle year-round, so I am not privy to any of his houses. There is a prophecy that predicts that Potter is the one who will vanquish the Dark Lord. Albus is certain he will return and that only the brat will defeat him,” he sneered at the thought, not bothering to keep his voice down. He could care less what these people thought, they were never going to leave. Well, unless the Dark Lord got his body back, but Snape was condemned anyway. That statement caused the Death Eaters in that cellblock to start screaming that Snape was a traitor. The man just scoffed at them. “I only know the first part, but it does say that a child born as the seventh month dies will be the one to do it.”

“How do you know this?” she asked, angry that the old man kept this secret. This was vital information. If she had known she would’ve done more to keep her department from being depleted to a skeletal crew. Now, she was going to have to get the boy to the Ministry to hear it. She needed to be prepared.

“I was there when Trelawney spouted it,” he answered with a shrug. “I was a loyal Death Eater then and went straight to the Dark Lord to let him know.” He heard his prison mates once again take up the call. He knew when the Dark Lord came back, his life was forfeit. Right now, he could care less.

“When did you turn spy?” she asked. That had always bothered her, spies could not be trusted unless they truly reformed. She doubted this man had. From what she heard about his treatment of the student, no, he was still an… enemy, maybe that was too harsh, but he was not a good man.

“When I found out that the Potters were a target. Lily was my best friend as a child, and I didn’t want to see her dead,” he snarled out, not wanting to think about the worst moment of his life. It would drive the Dementors into a feeding frenzy. He would always hold her dearest in his heart, and he blamed both of his masters for her death. “I begged both Dumbledore and the Dark Lord to protect her. They both failed. It was at that time that I relied only on myself. I played at being a good boy to Dumbledore, while keeping the Death Eaters thinking I was still loyal. Both sides bought it. Idiots, all of them,” he laughed at the fools in his life.

“Let me get this straight, it was your word that put the Potters, and the Longbottoms, in jeopardy?” she asked in a snarl. They had thought it was Black all this time. Now, even though the man was free, she was going to have to tell the Wizengamot. More years might be added to this man’s sentence, not that he seemed to care. “And Dumbledore knew you knew?” She was getting very tired of the Headmaster’s games.

“Of course, he knew, there is little that gets past that man. His brother was the one to throw me out. You might want to ask him where Albus is. Besides, what did I care about some child? At that time, I was very faithful. You can blame Dumbledore for that as well,” Severus said, just wanting this woman to go away, so he could wallow in his feelings.

These questions were reminding him of all he lost, and the years of misery that he endured at Hogwarts. He was never meant to be there. No, he was supposed to open his own potion’s shop, hire a clerk, and experiment for the rest of his life. Damn those old men and their bloody games. His entire life was ruined because they both played favorites, of which he was not one. Well, Dumbledore would say he was, but truly the Gryffindors always came before Snape.

“Is there anything else I should know about Dumbledore?” she inquired with a lifting of her eyebrow. She wasn’t surprised this prisoner put the blame on someone else. It was how the vile man was, nothing was his fault.

“He is keeping a secret. One that would bring the defeat of the Dark Lord. He did not tell me what it
was, only that he had everything under control. He made a few references that Potter was to live a very short life. He does not expect the brat to survive the war. I can only guess, but I feel it has something to do with his scar,” the ex-professor informed her smugly, a victorious smirk played across his lips. He was glad that boy would die. He should have died in Lily’s place.

Amelia snarled and put away her writing instruments. She noted the look of triumph on the man’s face. “You are a hateful man, Severus Snape, taking out your woes on a child. Azkaban is too good for you,” she snapped and walked away. Her two Aurors following behind.

“Oh, you are very welcome,” he sneered back, and then went to the far side of the cell when the Dementors reappeared. His emotions were too raw. He would try to meditate and get his shields stronger. Blast that woman for dredging up the past.

**Harry’s POV**

Harry spent the first part of the day listening to Padfoot’s latest conquest. While he was happy the man was getting his leg over, he didn’t want the penetrating details. After about a few minutes of hearing about creamy thighs and young perky breasts, the teen gave up and pretended to listen. All the while thinking of what the twins might want to tell the gang. Smart man that he was, Moony left when the first words came out of the free man’s mouth.

“Padfoot,” the teen snapped, just when it was getting to far, “enough already. I’m still too young to hear about… where you’re about to go. I don’t need the details. Look, I’ve got some news and a problem. I need your help,” Harry said, veering the topic away from the play by play of a game of slap and tickle. If it had been someone his own age, that’d be different, but this was an adult. Besides, wasn’t Sirius supposed to tell him not to until he got married or something. Stupid adults never do what they are supposed to. ‘How long did it take to get laid, anyway? We’ve been at this for a half an hour,’ he thought, glaring at his godfather, when he saw mirth in his eyes. ‘Bastard.’

“Right, sorry about that,” the dogman said with a grin that said he was anything but. He was making most of it up, because he wanted to see how far he could take it before the boy stopped him. This way he could gage just how far the teen had gone with a girl. He still wasn’t convinced that the girls were just friends, but now, he was sure they were still at the handholding stage, well, maybe snogging. He was impressed that the boy had lasted this long. It was his version of The Talk. It was better than what he had received, when his dad took him to a brothel. Ah, memories. “What do you need my help with?” he asked, accepting the subject change.

“First, I think I’m starting to remember some things. They are all vague, but I’m hopeful that my memory is coming back,” he fabricated, not wanting his godfather to think he was crazy for relying on the spaceship in his head. As far as Padfoot, or anyone for that matter, knew it was just an Occlumency shield. He didn’t know about how much Harry used them to help solve his problems.

“That’s great,” Sirius said sincerely, getting excited for his godson. It would be wonderful if he were to get his memories back. Then maybe he’d treat Moony better. “Like what?”

“Faces and names mostly,” he answered truthfully. “I remember a few people and how I felt about them before the… accident, I guess. Like I know I’ve always hated Malfoy, but I used to like Weasley. And doesn’t that cause some confusion, because I sure don’t like him now.” Some of those things were coming through. He would see a face and know the name of the person, and if he liked them or not before, though not the reasons why.

“Again, good news. I don’t know Ron, but yeah, you used to write about him being your best mate. Sorry that you aren’t close anymore. Still, it is good news that you’re getting better,” the older man said with nod. “So, what’s the problem?” he asked with a tilt of his head.
Harry took a deep breath, looked at his godfather, and plowed straight into it. “While I was meditating, I found a piece of Voldemort’s soul attached to my scar,” the teen stated, mostly true. He felt his time with the Enterprise crew as a form of meditation. “I think I have a way to remove it, but I don’t want anything to do with it after that,” he finished in a firm tone. He was hopeful that Sirius would know what to do, because he didn’t want to deal with it. He had enough on his plate without having to see if there were more.

“You think I’d know what to do with a horcrux?” the glamored man asked confused. He had to dig deep in his memories just to know what they were. He had no clue how to destroy one, only make them.

“Or, you might know someone who does,” offered Harry, thinking the older man would’ve made some shady friends. “Look, I can take care of it, but I think there may be more. The diadem I cleansed may have been one. From what Hermione told me the diary I… killed might be one as well. That’s three, so it might be the end, but what if there’s more? I wouldn’t put it past this bastard to make as many as he can. Do you know what to do with them or how to find out if there are more?”

“You may be right. But, no, I don’t have a clue as to how to trace them, but Moony might. He runs with other werewolves, sometimes. If he doesn’t, they might. Leave it to us, and we’ll figure it out. You just get that thing out of you,” he said with a full body shudder. He hated the thought that the boy was… tainted. He hoped Harry knew what he was doing.

“I’ll do that. Thanks, Sirius, you’ve been a lot of help. I’ll get it to you when I get it out. You guys just make sure that there are no more,” the teen all but begged. He was just glad that Sirius would do something with it. He wanted to be shot of the Dork Idiot, and maybe this would help. For all he knew the… man could see in his head. That made him shudder. Harry glanced at his watch and saw that classes were about to end. “I’ve got to go; the twins are finally going to tell us what you four have been keeping secret.”

“Great, you’re going to like it,” Padfoot promised, giving his godson a wink. His mind was going over who he could contact, and how to tell Remus that there may be horcruxes. It was not magic that he wanted to mess with. He just hoped that his best mate would know.

“See ya,” Harry called as he ran to the tunnel. He made his way to the Entrance Hall and waited for the gang. All the while, going over what he had talked about with Sirius, maybe he was putting too much on the man, after all he just got out of prison. Still, Sirius needed something to do, and he had a library full of Dark books.

While he was thinking, his friends appeared. The twins, with wicked grins on their faces, jerked their heads for the rest to follow. They all went to the Room and sat in the middle of the large clear space. Everyone looked at the twins wondering what was so important.

“So, what’s up, guys?” Harry asked, after he got comfortable.

The twins had remained standing and were looking at their friends with matching smirks.

“Okay,” started Fred, “we’ve figured it out. You guys are going to love this. You’ll hate yourself for not thinking of it sooner. I mean, it’s not like you don’t know two people who can do what we’re about to show you.”

“I completely agree, brother of mine. Now, if you watch closely, Harry, you should be able to do this without all the steps. Not sure about the rest of you, but you’ll get it soon enough. It took us awhile, but now it’s easy,” George continued, and then shared a look with his brother, who nodded.
And in a blink of an eye, they were a pair of red foxes. Both looked alike, but George had a spot on his left cheek, while Fred had one on his right. Then just as quickly, they changed back. Their beaming faces were laughing at the gobsmacked looks on the rest of the gang's faces.

“So, Harry, do you think you could use your new way of doing magic to do this without the steps, or the potion?” Fred asked with a smirk. He could see the other teen was berating himself for not trying sooner, but for now they should practice. He and George would tease them later.

“Yeah, we can do it slower, that’s what took us so long,” George said, laughing on the inside. He looked at his brother and saw they were of like mind.

“Do it slower, I want to scan you,” Harry requested, keeping his eyes on Fred. He knew they were going to rib him later, but for now, he was more concerned about getting this done. It might be important later.

“Not a problem,” the twin on the right said. And they complied, while the others watched, and the younger boy nodded his head.

He could do this, though he wasn’t sure about the rest of the gang. “I’m going to give it a shot,” he stated as he got up. He touched his core and quick as a snitch turned into a goshawk. Then after a minute, he morphed into a griffin, making everyone move back to give him room. Another moment passed, then there was a swallow. Soon after, he turned back human. “That’s all I got. I tried for more, but magic wouldn’t let me.” He shrugged and then looked at the astonished faces. “What?”

“Harry, most people only have one form. It is said that only very powerful people will have multiple animals,” explained Luna in her airy way. She patted him on the arm and then tried to transform. Only her arms did. They were covered with brown hair, giving no indication as to what she would be.

“Right, that’s one of those rules you told me to ignore,” he said with a smile.

“Why yes, yes, it is. Very good, Harry,” she said as she willed the hair off her arms.

“You guys give it a go,” the dark-haired wizard said, waving to Neville and Hermione.

The three tried for hours until dinner but got no further than partial transformations. They gave it up for the night but were excited to have something to work on besides the Room. The twins gave them all a hard time as they went down to dinner, Hermione made sure to thump them for that. The gang entered the Great Hall laughing and chatting. They sat in their normal spots and ate in complete compatibility, happy to be in each other’s company. It was good to have close friends.

Harry wondered why he never was this close to this many people before he lost his memory. Knowing that he was all but a recluse made him worry that he might not like what he remembered. Then he looked around at the smiling faces that surrounded him and knew it didn’t matter. They would help if he needed it.

**McGonagall’s POV**

McGonagall was glaring at the group. Once more she was sure they were up to something. She had no idea what, since they snuck off to where she couldn’t find them. The portraits would only tell her that they went to the seventh floor, but then they would lose sight of the miscreants. Now that two of the House Ghosts were gone, she just didn’t have enough spies to watch everyone. Oh, how she hated that Hogwarts didn’t recognize her as the Headmistress. Her head jerked around when she was addressed.
“I don’t know why you stare at zem so,” Madame Maxime stated, not liking the look in the new Hogwarts Headmistress’s eyes. “Zey ‘ave done nozzing wrong. Et has been proven za boy did not enter ze tournament. Why do you not trust ‘im after zat?” Now that she was convinced that the boy was the victim in all of this, she felt pity for the child. The people in charge of his school had done him a great wrong, and she was going to stand up for the boy. It was the least she could do.

“That child is rude and confrontational,” was Minerva’s reply, as if that explained everything. After all, Maxime was the Head of her school. She should know that there were always problem children.

“Do you not zink ‘e ‘as a right to be?” the astonished half-giant woman declared, looking at the other woman as if she had lost her mind. “After everyzing zat ‘as ‘appened to ‘im, done by your staff by ze way, I zink ‘e ‘as good cause to be angry.”

“Everything we did was within the rules. We were only trying to help the boy, not that he appreciates it. Now he is being confrontational and rude. Severus was correct he is arrogant, and I will not pamper him, nor will I condone his bad behavior. He needs to start following the rules, or I will find a way to get him out of the castle,” McGonagall stated firmly, and then turned back to watch the teens.

“I would be careful, were I you. You might just make and enemy of a very strong wizard,” the French woman said, looking at the teen in question, remembering what had happened at the first task.

“I think I know Mr. Potter better than you,” McGonagall sniffed, not believing for a minute that child had improved over the course of a few weeks. His attitude was enough to show he was just as lazy as he had been before his amnesia. The fact that he scorned a great man like Dumbledore showed that he needed to be taken in hand.

If she could, she’d force Harry Potter to talk to Dumbledore. If he was going to fight for Wizarding Britain, then he needed the information Albus had. Maybe she would talk to her friend and he could tell her what the child needed to know. One way or another the boy needed to know his part.
Harry’s POV

Unaware of McGonagall’s less than nice thoughts, the gang happily chatted and laughed as they finished their meal. When they were full and reenergized, they decided to call it a night. All of them, bar Harry and the twins, would meditate on what kind of animal they were. Since they were now all proficient in Occlumency it should be easy, right?

When they separated, and went to bed, Harry dropped into his mindscape and talked to Picard. “So, I talk to Sirius and he said to give the… horcrux to him and he’d deal with it. Or he’d find someone who could. I’m just glad it is one less thing on my plate,” he said casually as he sat in his chair. “I mean I could destroy it, but then we’d never know if there were more. So, I’m going to let those that know about this stuff deal with it.” He shrugged it off as not a big thing. He had faith in his godfather, which is more than he could say for the rest of the adults in his life.

“That sound like a reasonable solution. You are probably correct in thinking that the Dark Lord made more. From the analysis that we have run on the stories of your years at this school, we are sure that the diary in your second year was one as well,” the Captain stated, looking at something on his handheld.

“Yeah, I figured. I told Sirius that as well. I wonder how many times one can split their soul. No wonder the bastard is batshit crazy,” the teen said with a look of disgust on his face.

“Nevertheless, it is now dealt with. We have a few more important things to worry about. I have the report from the science team about your own… horcrux. They have examined it and now know how to remove it. They are ready to begin whenever you are. We were simply waiting for you to relax, so that we can proceed,” Picard said, handing over the handheld. He was ready to get that soul piece out of his… creator.

“Why do you need me to relax? Is it going to hurt?” the wary teen asked. He had no idea how well he dealt with pain. From what he had been told, he handled it quite well, but since he’d been back he hadn’t tested that.

“We do not know. This is uncharted territory for us. If you recall we only know as much as you do, though we can expand on your knowledge, it is only as much as you allow. We are your mind, after all. At any rate, the crew do not believe you will feel anything. However, it may need your support, hence the need for your complete relaxation,” the bald man stated as he pushed a few buttons on the arm of his chair. “It might be best if you go to sickbay where Dr. McCoy can monitor you,” Picard suggested pointedly.

“Right, okay, sounds like a plan,” Harry said as he stood and made his way to the lift. He nervously
played with the hem of his shirt as he waited to get to the sickbay. This was a completely new
experience for him, and as much as he was confident that he could handle it, he was still concerned
about the pain. The music playing did nothing to calm his nerves as the lift drew nearer. Soon
enough he was at his destination.

“Change in to these,” Bones said, handing him some hospital scrubs. “They’ll be far more
comfortable than your jeans. When, you’re done, hop up on the biobed and we’ll get started. Make
sure you keep all your magical items on the other side of the screen.”

“Right,” the dark-haired teen said and went behind the screen and changed. Minutes later, he was
laying on the bed. His hands were in fists as he looked at the doctor. “I’m ready.”

“Just relax, Harry, we’re just going to keep a close watch on you,” the older man said, pushing a few
buttons on the bed, which then had a glass like dome slide over the surface, incasing Harry inside. “I
don’t want anything to interfere with the monitors, so you need to clear your mind as much as
possible.” He took out his medical tricorder and passed it over the teen a few times to get a baseline.
“This will be done in no time, and then you can get back to dreaming about naked girls dancing in
the moonlight,” the man teased to lighten the mood.

“Right,” the dark-haired wizard said, thinking that maybe he’d think of those girls now. It would
help him relax. While he fantasized, soothing music started to play, and a fine lavender smelling mist
filled the air in the dome, making Harry relax further. He smiled at the scenes playing in his mind and
drifted off into a heavy meditation. The girls disappeared, and his core came into view. That sight
always made him relax. To know that he had this much magic at his disposal was a calming thought.
He knew that no matter what, he had this to back him up.

When Harry was completely in the zone, the science crew got busy. They worked for hours doing
the delicate work of removing the soul piece from the scar. They contained as they went, shoving the
tentacles in the construct they formed. Just as ordered it was a magical container that happened to
look like a rubber ball. Its walls were fortified with scientific and magical force-fields, mostly
magical. There was no way this horcrux was getting out. If it tried, it would bounce around the inside
of the ball for hours? Days? Months? Years? or perhaps until it died. They were unsure if it could
stop itself. However, they were hopeful that it would be too damaged be of any good to the Dork
Idiot.

Dr. McCoy kept an eye on his patient, who seemed to be helping the crew along. He was concerned
about Harry’s state of mind. What did it take for someone to come up with such a realistic mind-
palace? Just how awful were those memories? And when he got them back, would they cause such
stress that he and the Enterprise disappear? These were very real concerns held by all the crew,
which was the reason why the away team was taking their time in returning the memories. They
wanted to get it right, and not traumatize the teen.

As Bones watched, recorded and fretted, Harry’s eyes moved as if he were watching something, and
every now and then his fingers would twitch like he was reaching for an object. His heart rate would
increase and then decrease, if the removal was close to the brain. Then he would stabilize, and the
team would move on to the next strand.

The horcrux continued to fight, but it was weak now that it wasn’t attached to Harry’s magic. The
emotions that were rolling off it were fear and anger. Over and over again it would attempt to
reconnect to the boy’s magic, soul, or brain. Anything to prevent it from dying. Electric shocks, from
a large stick like weapon, kept it at bay. The crew was very careful not to touch any of Harry’s
anatomy.

It was early morning when they were done. It seemed a good thing they removed the leech, the boy
was much healthier than when they started. After running his reports, Bones woke Harry. “You’re fit as a fiddle. Get dressed, then you should go to the bridge. The Captain is waiting for you,” the tired man said as he helped his patient up.

“Great,” Harry said as he jumped off the bed, and changed his clothes. He grabbed all his stuff and put them in their proper places. He felt better knowing that his things were back on his body, even if he was in his own mind. His mind was clear, and he was feeling better than he had in a long time. He had no idea the parasite was draining his energy so badly, but now that it was gone he felt he could take on the world. He went to the turbo lifts and made his way to the bridge.

“Any news?” he asked Picard, looking at the darkness that was his brain. He wondered if he should make stars again, since the first ones were his memories, which were now in the databank. He shrugged, waved his hand, and the outside lit up with a multitude of bright twinkling lights.

“The science team should return in a few hours. They did not want to transport the… pod since they were unsure as to what effect it would have on the magical containment,” the bald man said from his chair. He punched a few buttons and looked at Harry. “They will be back soon enough, until then perhaps I can interest you in a game of Raumschach.”

“Sure, but you’ll have to teach me. I’m pants at chess, so I don’t expect to be much better at this,” Harry stated looking at the three-dimensional board. It was weird that part of his mind knew something he didn’t, or maybe he did, and he was simply remembering it. Still, weird. As they played, the teen broke out with a huge yawn. Sure, he felt great physically, but mentally he was exhausted.

While the teen was being beaten soundly at the game, the science team arrived.

“Here you go, sir,” the red shirted person said, handing Harry the ball.

“Thanks, you guys were great. Well, I’m off to dreamland. Ladies, here I come,” the teen said and put his words to action, visions of naked ladies dancing in the moonlight filled his vision, and he was content. Now that he didn’t have that vile thing in his head, his dreams were much smoother. He danced and played the rest of the morning, waking in a very good mood.

After getting dressed, Harry bound down the stairs with a smile radiating on his face. Even though he got to sleep late, he woke early and he felt great. Not to mention the wonderful feeling he had from his dreams. He only hoped that mood lasted.

In his TARDIS pocket was a pink rubber ball, which he was sure was screaming in fear and anger. Just to be vindictive, he threw it at the walls a few times as he made his way across the common room. He chuckled at the thought that the soul piece was being bounced around in there. Served it right for making him sick all these years. He’d give it to Padfoot today while the others were in class.

He didn’t wait for the gang; he was just too hungry, and energetic. So, he made his way to the Great Hall and joined his little blonde friend at the Gryffindor table. He sat next to her and looked at her plate. He quirked an eyebrow at her latest creation, which seemed to be a park of some sort. With trees, bushes, benches and pathways. There was even a lake off to the side. He shook his head in amusement and poured himself some tea, adding a heaping spoonful of sugar, and then taking a deep sip. He gave a deep sigh, that was just what he needed.

“You look better,” Luna commented as she made another tree. Then she added a lake of whipped cream. There were ducks made of strawberries and people made of bananas.

“I feel better,” he said, giving the weird girl one more curious glance, and then scooped up some
scrambled eggs and cheese. No matter what her quirks, he still liked Luna just as she was. She certainly made life interesting.

“I think this is the first time I’ve seen you without Wrackspurts,” she acknowledged with clear eyes. She cut her pancakes into many bite size pieces, ruining her work of art. She hummed in delight as she ate her creation.

“That’s one way to put it,” Harry said with a nod. He settled into his breakfast, and soon enough the rest of the gang joined him and Luna. He looked up and greeted them with a smile. “Hey, guys. How was your night?”

“Great, Harry,” Neville said, sitting next to him, while the twins and Hermione sat across.

They all looked at the boy hero with different expressions. The twins were just happy to see him in a good mood, even better than when they parted last night. Neville was glad that his mate didn’t seem as bitter or angry with the world. Hermione looked carefully at his face to see what was different, and then she gasped.

“Harry, where is your scar?” the bushy-haired witch asked, keeping her voice low, nevertheless making all of his friends look at his forehead. They all had a wondering expression on their faces.

“I’ll tell you later, yeah?” the dark-haired teen answered, giving her a ‘drop it for now’ look. There was no way he wanted anyone to know what had been in his head. If the staff found out they’d make him leave for sure, or throw him in the dungeon, and then he’d have no way to protect his friends. Which was the only reason he was staying in this godforsaken castle to begin with.

“Okay,” she said slowly as she served herself up some porridge. She had gotten used to Harry keeping secrets and was more than happy that he shared some with her. It was a long way from when they first started after he lost his memory.

“So, did you guys find your form?” Harry asked as he changed the subject. He put back on his smile and gave them each an encouraging look. While they bounced ready to tell him about what they discovered, he ate his eggs.

“I’m a brown bear. It’s very bizarre to have such a large form,” Luna chirped with a slightly vacant look, which her friends knew meant she was thinking out a puzzle. “Though, thinking about it, the personalities match, for the most part. I’d like to think I am just a gentle, yet fierce a bear.” She hummed under her breath as she thought about the likeness of a bear, and how it compared to her.

“I think I’m a badger,” Neville stated a bit disappointed that he wasn’t a lion, but happy enough with an animal that was depicted as loyal by one of the founders. “I’m going to have to look it up to make sure, seeing as to how I’ve never seen one. Well, other than the Hufflepuff banner, but I don’t think that is an accurate description.”

Harry turned his head to Hermione. She blushed and mumbled, “I’m a great spotted woodpecker.”

“I’m trying very hard not to make a comment on that,” her best friend stated as he held back his mirth. He knew he would hurt his friend if he laughed, so his cheeks were turning red with his attempts. She could tell by the redness on the other boys’ faces they were holding laughter in as well.

“Oh, go ahead and laugh, before you burst a blood vessel or something,” Hermione huffed as she pushed her bowl away. She knew they would give her flak over this. Stupid boys. Always thinking with their penises.

The four boys fell to laughter, and it took a few minutes to get under control. Words like, ‘wood’
and ‘pecker’ filled the air, until Hermione had enough and sprayed them with water from her wand. Harry, still chuckling, waved his hand and dried them off. “Sorry, sorry. It had to be done.” He gave her a smile that said he meant no harm.

“Pervert,” Luna accused with a smile, when they were down to just wheezing.

“Guilty,” Harry agreed, looking at Neville’s bright face, making him break down in laughter again.
The twins were hugging Hermione in a form of apology and telling her they would help her along. She seemed uncomfortable with the attention.

“I’m going to class,” the embarrassed Hermione huffed as she scooped up her books and bounced away.

“We’d better go too,” Neville said, picking up his bag and following the bushy-haired girl.

“I hope the new DADA teacher is worth all the fuss,” Luna said as she finished her breakfast.

“Well, he can’t be worse than a Death Eater,” Harry pointed out, not that he knew anything about how the fraud had taught, but the man had been an enemy. How good could he have been?

“We’ll see. Besides, Crouch Jr. actually taught us some really good spells, and how to protect ourselves. I think it was part of his cover, but we did learn,” she said as she finished off her pancakes. She wiped her mouth, and then took up her supplies. Getting up from the table, she kissed her ‘friend’ on the top of the head and skipped out of the Hall.

After they left Harry looked at the Staff Table and noted everyone’s expression, most weren’t even paying attention to him, but the Heads of the Schools were. Maxime had a sympathetic look, while Karkaroff had a worried face, McGonagall was glaring at him.

He shrugged and ate his meal. When he was finished he made his way outside. Getting past the violent tree and going to the Shack was child’s play now. He still did it stealthy, making sure that the new Headmistress didn’t see him. Even though Sirius was no longer wanted, she would drive the poor man away. Right now, he needed his godfather to be near. He was still concerned about how he was going to handle his memories returning and would need the support of family and friends.

“Sirius, Mr. Lupin, you guys here?” he called as he entered the house.

“In the kitchen,” Sirius yelled back.

Harry followed the voice and when he found them they were sitting at the table, eating Scotch eggs and sipping tea. They looked up, gave a greeting, and then resumed their meal. The teen joined them, and Winky set a cup in front of him, which he thanked her for, making her blush and pop away.

Pouring himself some tea. “So, what are you guys doing today?” he asked as he sipped.

“I’ve got nothing planned, but Moony’s going to the Room to work on his magic,” Sirius stated, looking at his old friend with a smile. He was just glad the werewolf finally got it. “Luna said he’s finally far enough along that he could probably do what we do, if he doesn’t get pigheaded again. Well she said infested, but I knew what she meant.” He smirked at his best mate.

“So, Harry, did you discover what animals you are?” the greying-haired man asked, turning the conversation away from him. He hated it when Sirius teased him about how slow he learned this new magic. “I know the twins were going to tell you guys yesterday. They wouldn’t stop talking about it.”
“Yeah, it’s great. I’m disappointed that I didn’t think of it first. However, it’s okay, because we all found our animal,” the multi-Animagus stated, and then proceeded to tell them who was what. He laughed at the shocked look on their faces when he got to his forms.

“You have three forms,” Sirius said in awe. He knew the kid was powerful, but damn.

“It’s really not that big of a deal,” Harry said with a shrug, playing it off as if it were nothing, not wanting the attention. Well, not from these guys anyway. When he was ready, he’d tell whoever he wanted, but for now it might just give him a tactical advantage. “Don’t brag about it either, remember you’re both under a vow,” he said pointedly. “Nothing I do can be told to anyone.”

“Alright, Harry, but you do know that it will get out one day,” Remus warned with a firm look, and then finished off his eggs.

Winky popped in and with a snap of her fingers, the dishes were gone, leaving only the cups behind. The three then went to sit in the living room, bringing their unfinished tea with them.

“I never would’ve figured Luna for something that large,” the dogman said, complying with Harry’s wish and dropping his forms as he stroked his goatee, which he finally could get on his own. All it took was a bit of concentration. He was now able to change his looks to whatever he wanted.

“She didn’t either, to hear her say,” Harry agreed with a nod.

“I hope you didn’t tease Hermione too badly. I’m sure she was hoping for something a bit more noble,” Remus fretted a bit, knowing from past experience that kids could be cruel. He liked the bookworm and if the boys did tease her, he hoped she got them back.

“Not really, we may have laughed a bit, but we left it mostly alone,” the teen said, waving it away. “Anyway, Padfoot, if you’re not busy, I’ve got something for you.” He then pulled out the rubber ball. “Behold, the Great and Wonderful Voldemort,” he exclaimed grandly, holding it for all to see.

The two men had no idea how to react to that. They had been trained from a young age to fear the evil man, this small part of him in a rubber ball, well that wasn’t scary… much. They went through a series of emotions, and finally settled on cautiously curious. Remus leaned forward to see if he could detect the vileness of the supposedly dead wizard in the child’s toy. Nothing. There was nothing Dark coming off the object, which made him glance at Sirius. He gave a subtle shake of his head, indicating that he didn’t detect any evil.

“Are you sure, Harry?” Sirius asked, then backpedaled when his godson glared at him. “What I mean is, we can’t feel anything ‘evil’ coming off that.” He waved at the toy and squinted his eyes as if that would make the ‘evil’ appear.

“Well, of course not. It’s contained and made to be unescapable, we wouldn’t want it to cause problems. That and I don’t want it to influence anyone with its negative emotions,” the boy explained, bouncing the horcrux against the wall, making the men flinch. “I don’t know much about horcruxes, but I know that it had a bad effect on me. So, I figured I’d put it in something that would prevent that.”

“That sounds like a good plan. Now that you have it trapped, what do we do with it?” his godfather asked, watching the vicious look on his godson’s face as he played catch with the toy.

“Don’t know, don’t care. I leave it in your hands now. You said you’d check if there were more. I’m going to leave it to you to get rid of any you find. I know that the wanker can’t be killed until they are gone. So, I hope you don’t find any,” Harry replied as he caught the ball and handed it over to
Sirius. “Oh, by the way, don’t melt it, unless you have it contained. If you do, then it will just escape and who knows what will happen. Just know that fire, unless it’s really hot, won’t kill it,” he warned not wanting them to get caught flatfooted.

“Right,” the older man said sheepishly as he held the ball gingerly. “Do you think the soul piece is aware? If I bounce it around, will it feel it?” he asked with a mischievous grin.

“I’m not sure. It seems to have emotions, but I’m not sure on if it has thoughts or physical feelings. When I examined it, it didn’t seem to contain any memories, and it didn’t communicate. So, either it’s being very stubborn or it’s just a blank piece of soul. I wouldn’t take it out of that container to find out though,” he warned again, wondering if he was making the right decision leaving it with the immature man.

“I’ll take that,” Moony growled, grabbing the ball from Padfoot’s hand, making the glamored man pout. “You can’t be trusted with something like this. I’ll take it to Amelia, maybe she can do something with it.” He figured that if they worked together they could put an end to You-Know-Who once and for all.

“Moony,” Sirius whined, even though he knew what his friend said was true.

“No,” the other man said firmly, putting the ball in his pocket and charming it six ways to Sunday.

“Fine,” Black pouted, folding his arms like a petulant child. Then his mood shifted again, and he looked at his godson. “What say you and me go to London and check out the birds”"

Harry shook his head and gave Sirius an indulging look. Sometimes he wondered who the adult was. Sure, Padfoot had loads of knowledge, but he was just so childlike that it was all Harry could do to keep him out of trouble. “Sure, Padfoot, I’ve got until classes end. I have to be back by then to help the others transform. But, we’ve got a few hours to kill,” he agreed, getting up and donning his outer-cloak.

“Great,” the dogman said and went to get his outwear. The two spent the day as truant teens chasing skirts. They even ran from the Bobbies once, which was great fun.

Remus’ POV

Remus made his way to Amelia’s office. He was careful not to tell why he was here, making sure to stay vague, yet firm in his need to speak to the head of the DMLE. He knew corruption ran deep in these halls, and he didn’t want this to get out. He kept the ball in his charmed pocket, and finally reached his destination.

“Greetings, Madam Bones,” he said, after he was directed in. He sat in a chair and looked at the harried woman. He was loath to add more to her burden, but it couldn’t be helped. “How secure is your office?” he asked politely.

“Very, however it wouldn’t hurt to check. Constant vigilance, and all of that,” she replied with an arched eyebrow. They communicate silently for a few seconds, then she drew her wand and secured her office. The poor overworked woman fumed when she found a few listening charms and one scrying tool. With a violent wave of her wand, they were banished. She mumbled under her breath for a few moments, threatening people that weren’t there. She then took some deep breaths and turned to her guest. “What can I do for you today, Mr. Lupin?” she asked warily, knowing full well he was about to add to her workload.

“How versed are you on the archaic?” the werewolf questioned softly, not wanting to offend, but he
needed to know how much he was going to have to teach her.

“While the Bones’ are Light affiliated, I had to learn the Dark for this position,” Amelia answered, wondering just how much trouble he was bringing to her doorstep.

Remus reluctantly brought out the ball and placed it on her desk. “This is a horcrux. Voldemort’s. Harry came across it, and he doesn’t know how many more there are. Going by the gossip of Hogwarts, there were at least two more that have been destroyed. Now, if the… man went with magical numbers, that may be all there is; however, he might have felt seven or eleven were better,” he explained with an empty-handed gesture and a shrug.

Amelia got a vexed look on her face, this was the last thing she needed. She just didn’t have the manpower to go horcrux hunting. She was greatly tempted to march to the Department of Mysteries and make them deal with it. However, she didn’t trust them to not do ‘tests’ on it and let He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named return unhindered. She was going to have to be very careful who she picked to help her, and they’d have to do it on their off-time.

“Is it contained?” was the first question she asked, after she concluded that this would be her responsibility.

“Harry says it is.”

“And you trust the word of a child?” she inquired, looking doubtful.

“I trust Harry,” came the firm reply.

She still doubted that a teen could contain a horcrux, so she waved her wand over the object and was relieved when it did come back as unbreakable. In addition to that, were a few more security measures she never would have thought of. There also seem to be some sort of electrical field around it, which she had no idea what it did, but, was wary about removing.

“Okay, I’m satisfied that it is held for now,” she said, putting her wand away. She took the ball in her hand and rolled it around, thinking about what to do with it.

“Harry said not to melt it, unless fire it as hot as Fiendfyre, or it can’t escape the room you’re in,” the greying-haired man warned, and then shrunk back at the look he got.

“We are not novices,” she snapped, and then taking a deep sigh she held up her empty hand in apology. “I’m sorry. You must understand, I’ve had a long couple of weeks. And now to learn that You-Know-Who is not gone, well let’s just say, I’m on my last bit of patience.”

“I understand. If you need any help, Sirius and I will be more than willing to lend a wand,” Remus said with a patient smile. “He has the Black library, and I have a few friends who would not want you to know their names.” He was very good a protecting people who counted on him. That and they were werewolves, so if she needed the help it would be under the cloak of darkness.

“I might just take you up on that,” she said, wondering who else outside the Ministry could be of help. As she made plans in her head, she idly bounced the ball on her desk. Names and books circled through her head. She knew she might have to work harder at capturing Dumbledore. She was positive that man knew about this, and he might have more information.

“I’ll just be going then,” he said, watching her carelessly play with Voldemort’s soul piece, glad that the ball was unbreakable. However, he was wondering if he left it in good hands. Then he shook his head, he knew Bones was a good woman, and a good Auror. No, he did the right thing bring that here.
Amelia seem to realize what she was doing, stopped and huffed. “Thank you, Mr. Lupin, for bringing this to my attention. I’ll do my best to make sure that it is taken care of,” she said as she waved the man out of her office. When he was gone, she picked up the ball, opened a painting of a baby badger, and put it in a Muggle safe. It was one of the safest places in her office, since the other staff had no idea how to work it, or what it was. They all thought it was a sentimental painting.

Attempting to clear her head, she took a few deep breaths, a Calming Draught, and meditated on who could help. Names ran through her head, but she had to discard many due to who they were affiliated with. The only name that repeated itself was Dumbledore. This was going to be tougher than she thought.
The Prophecy

Chapter Notes

Just to let you know, I had a bit of startling news from the doctor, and I might not be posting every day. I might though, pending on what's going on with my health. But if I don’t... anyway, just thought I'd let you know. That and I'm coming to the end of my prewritten chapters. I will do my best to get it done, but my health is more important.

Amelia’s POV

After Mr. Lupin left, Amelia started making a mental list of who to recruit. She didn’t want anything written down, and she had to be careful who she asked. She knew many of her men, and women, were in the pockets of important people. She had no idea what would happen if Fudge or You-Know-Who found out what she was doing. She was still sure that Dumbledore was needed, but the blasted man was in the wind. She might have to go outside of Britain to get the help she needed.

First, she had to get Potter to hear the prophecy, which she only found out about during the questioning of Snape. There might be something in there that would help this investigation, and he was the only one, besides the Dark Lord, who could get it. The You-Know-Who was the last person she wanted to hear the prophecy. Perhaps, she could get Potter to destroy it. So, she wrote him a quick letter, and then started on the huge pile of paperwork on her desk. The sooner she got her desk cleared, the sooner she could start on this latest task. Daunting though it is.

She was almost done when one of her men that had been assigned to Hogwarts came in. She couldn’t tell if it was good new or not due to his poker face. He was one of her most trusted men, and she felt that maybe he could be one of the ones she could pull to help with this hunt. Asking him would have to wait until she had a full team together, in her head.

“Shacklebolt, what do you have to report?” she asked, putting her quill down and rubbing her aching hand.

“There’s no sign of the Headmaster,” the tall man stated, standing at attention. “We tried to infiltrate the castle, but only a few of us could get in. It’s like the wards read our intention and then either let us in or left us standing outside. At least three of the officers couldn’t get through the gates. This doesn’t say anything good about them.” He gave her a very concerned look. He always felt that some of his coworkers were on the wrong side of the law, but to have it pointed out so blatantly was shocking. He now knew who he couldn’t trust, and who he could. He was very glad the those he had made friends with were on his side, so to speak.

Madam Bones sighed, removed her monocle, rubbed her the bridge of her nose and nodded. “I know, I know. Just... for now don’t let those men near the school. Assign them to patrol Diagon Alley. Give me a list of who it was. We really don’t know what the wards look for, so I can’t just fire them. I’m hoping to... cleanse the department soon.” If there was going to be a war soon, she really needed to get the sympathizers out of her department. The last thing she needed was infighting. However, she was hopeful that with the soul piece in her safe, they could stop it before it began. There had to be a way, and with the right knowledge and people it could work. Leaving those that were questionable on staff was risky, but with the Ministry cutting her budget, she had little recourse.
“Yes, ma’am,” Kingsley said with a nod.

“Shacklebolt, do you support Dumbledore?” she asked shrewdly. She always liked this Auror. He was strong fast in his belief in the law. She wondered if she could recruit him in the horcrux hunting. He might also be an in to the Headmaster, depending on if he was agreeable.

He had to think about that for a moment. Right now, he was unaffiliated. While, he admired Dumbledore, the man had broken the law and fled, which made Kingsley’s view of him less. “I cannot say for sure, ma’am. I am of the opinion that his is wrong to run. However, I was raised that he is a great man, who did great things. I cannot just shuck off that belief,” he answered truthfully.

“Very well, I might have an assignment for you. However, it is high security. I need to know that I can rely on the people I give it to. Let’s leave that off for the moment. Did anything else of interest happen?” she asked, really hoping not. She just got to the end of her paperwork and was not looking for more.

“The Shrieking Shack seems to have disappeared,” he answered carefully, not sure if that was the kind of information she was looking for. However, it was a well-known landmark and he felt it should be noted. While he waited for her response to that, he was thinking about the secret assignment. Could he put his thoughts of Dumbledore aside? It was something he was going to have to ponder.

That bit of information gave her a moment’s pause, then her quick mind figured out that it might be where Black was hiding, so he could be close to Potter. That only made sense, seeing as to how he man was still vilified in the public. There were still cries of foul play, paying off officials, and injustice. However, since he was a free man, she waved it away.

“Just keep an eye on the area and make sure that nothing nefarious is going on,” she ordered, not telling him her thoughts. Sometimes it was better to let them figure it out for themselves. It made better Aurors.

“Yes, ma’am,” he said with a curt nod.

“Thank you, Shacklebolt. That will be all,” she stated, dismissing him with a wave.

He gave one more curt nod and then left to go and think over what she said. He wanted to get that assignment, so he was going to have to think hard on where his loyalties laid.

Amelia then went back to her paperwork, determined to finish what little she had left, before she tackled the problem of the horcrux(es). She had just completed the last page when a snowy owl delivered Potter’s response. She nodded at his agreement to come and listen to the prophecy, jotted down the time, and resumed work. She signed the last page with a flourish. Absolutely ecstatic that she was done, then she frowned at what was next. She looked to her safe, turned back to her desk, and played with her quill. All the while, making a list of people she thought would help.

Earlier, Harry’s POV

After Sirius and Harry returned from romping around London, they came back to the Shack. Remus told them what happened at the Ministry, which made Harry thoughtful. They talked for a bit and then the teen went to find his friends.

He found them doing their studying in the Great Hall. So, he took out a book on magical theory and joined them. Other than giving him inquiring looks, they didn’t ask, instead they worked on their own papers. He rered the passages in Gryffindor’s book that were more like a telling of a story than
classwork.

The rest of the gang were finishing their homework. Like Neville, they had fallen behind due to all the excitement of learning new and wonderful magic. They now understood why Harry didn’t go to class. However, they didn’t have the amnesia as an excuse to stop, which was why they were scribbling away on parchment. Well, not Hermione, she was caught up, but felt that she needed to revise.

A few hours later of silent studying, and the gang completed all they were going to. It was now near dinner, so they just put their books in their bags and waited for the meal. Harry grinned at the part he just read, and when the sound of shutting books filled his ears, he looked up. Seeing his friends putting away their stuff, he followed suit.

“So, Harry, what did you do today?” Hermione asked, but not in a bossy way. Now that she wasn’t quite as demanding, she found that she actually learned more from her friends. They talked more around her, without fear of being reprimanded. It was a more comfortable atmosphere. She had to say, she liked it.

“Me and Sirius went to London. He wanted to flirt with women. It was great, we even played hide-and-seek with the bobbies. They were trying to get us back to school. That would’ve been fun to explain,” the dark-haired teen answered with a huge smile. He bounced a bit at the retelling, because it had been fun running from the coppers. They had swerved through alleys, jumped fences, and dodged cars. Harry had to say that the police were very out of shape. He wondered how they caught criminals when a couple of teens could out run them. Oh well, it wasn’t his problem.

His bushy-haired friend bit her lip so she didn’t scold him. Even though she had gotten over her worship of authority, playing with the constabularies was dangerous. They could have been locked up, or somehow exposed the Wizarding World trying to escape. It was just too risky. Still, she held her piece.

“Did you find anything interesting?” Luna asked, seeing her only female friend fighting with herself. She too was worried that the two pranksters were playing a dangerous game. She didn’t know much about Muggle Aurors, but it couldn’t be healthy to tease them.

“Not really. We didn’t get to do much shopping,” Harry said with a wave of his hand. “Sirius was more interested in watching the girls. I swear that man is trying to make up for years of going without, in just the few weeks he’s been free. I keep telling him to pace himself, but he doesn’t listen.” He shook his head and then smiled as dinner appeared on the table.

Everyone grabbed what they liked best, while continuing their conversation.

“I know if I were locked up for that long, I would do the same,” Fred stated firmly, sharing a look with his twin. The mere thought of not being around women for that long made them shiver.

“Too right, brother of mine. I’d have to try and bag at least five women a day just to catch up,” George said with a very serious nod.

“Can we please talk about something else?” Hermione all but demanded. She really didn’t like the way they were discussing women. She knew it was the hormones talking, but really. “Something that doesn’t have to do with treating women like sex objects,” she huffed, giving them each the evil eye.

“Right,” Neville said, searching his mind for something that wasn’t as volatile. He wasn’t comfortable with the current topic either, and it wasn’t polite in mixed company. He may not know
much about girls, but his gran did teach him manners.

“Sorry,” came from the other three teen males.

“Harry, did you find a way for the diadem to be used?” the little blonde asked quietly as she leaned against her ‘friend’. While Harry thought they were too young to be anything more than friends, she was at the budding stages of puberty and wanted him to notice her. She wasn’t worried about him regaining his memories, she was of the firm belief that he wasn’t going to change much.

The dark-haired teen did notice her, but his reasons were still the same. He gave her a soft smile, kissed her on the top of the head, and then gently sat her up. He wanted to keep his arm over her shoulders like he used to, but that might lead her on, and he didn’t want to do that.

“I did, but it needs to be adjusted more. Right now, it’ll answer what you ask, but it still tries to give way too much information on the question. That and most of the information is outdated, or irrelevant. So, while it is a great tool, it really can’t help much. I’m attempting to add a bit more knowledge and filters to its… well, brain isn’t right, database maybe. Like the computers in Star Trek,” he said remembering that she had watched the show. He chuckled at the confused looks of the males of their group. “I’ll explain later,” he told them.

“Okay, Harry. Let me know when it’s done, alright? I want to be with you when you give it back to the school,” the disappointed girl stated with an overly cheerful smile. Yeah, she understood his reasons for being standoffish, but it still hurt that they weren’t as close as they had been.

“I will. I was thinking…” Harry said, only to be interrupted by a large owl landing in front of him. He gave the official looking bird an evil eye and carefully took the letter. After reading the missive, he got contemplative. Noticing the questioning looks on his friends’ faces, he just shook his head.

“Anyway, I was thinking about giving the school the key to the vault that Sirius set up at the same time. This would help his reputation a lot, and hopefully he can resume his true identity,” he finished as he tucked the letter in his TARDIS pocket.

“That sounds like a wonderful idea,” Hermione stated, clapping her hands and bouncing in excitement. She was so very happy that the school would be getting funds that she was sure they needed. She had had doubts about Mr. Black handling the funds, but he did a great job. From what he had told them, the vault was up to over twenty thousand galleons. That was more than enough to fund a scholarship for a few years, and if they invested then it would never run out.

Everyone agreed that that was a great idea, and with that they settled in to talking about schoolwork and other unimportant things. A few glances were thrown around; Harry was making sure they knew to go to the Room when dinner was done. So, that’s where they went and after settling in chairs, the gang looked at Harry, making him sigh and take out the letter, which he held in his hands. He twirled it around thinking on how he was going to say what he needed to say. He wanted to disclose more information to them, because if they needed to protect themselves then they needed all the information he had.

“Before I tell you what this says, I need to tell you what happened last night,” he started, then gave a short description on the removal of the horcrux. He left out the crews’ help, and made it sound like it was all meticulous mind work, which it was, just more detailed.

The gang cringed at the thought that he had had a soul piece of the vile Dark Lord in his head, exchanged looks over Harry turning the ball over to an adult, and then sighed when he finished his rendition.

“This,” he started, “is a letter from Bones. She wants me to go to the Ministry and hear the
“prophecy,” he stated, holding up the letter.

“Don’t you already know the prophecy?” Neville asked, tilting his head.

“No, I just know there is one, but only vaguely what it says. So, I’ll go and hear the whole thing and hopefully it will give me clues on how to defeat Voldemort,” Harry sighed, hating that there was something that said he was destined to fight a Dark Lord. Why couldn’t the fates just leave him the hell alone. Let someone else deal with wars and such.

“Well, remember you have friends and family to help you. You don’t have to do anything alone,” Hermione stated, putting her hand on his arm. She had stood by him all this time, she’d be damned if she left him now. No, no matter that they did fight on occasion, he was still her best friend.

“Thanks, Hermione, that means a lot,” the green-eyed teen said with a grateful smile. He looked at all the nodding heads and his heart swelled. “Let’s get you guys changed into your Animagus forms,” he said, clapping his hands together and standing. “Who knows, it might be helpful come later.” A shiver ran down his back at those words.

They all agreed and worked until curfew, all but Hermione were able to change. She, however, did get wings and a beak, which made the boys snicker. Until she showed them how painful that beak could be, by pecking the floor at their feet. Other than that, they had a great time, but soon wandered to bed.

Before Harry drifted off, he wrote to Madam Bones and agreed to come the next day to hear the prophecy. Hedwig was there as if she just knew she was needed. After she winged her way out his window, Harry fell in to a heavy sleep, dreaming of what kind of life he would live when his memories were returned. Little did he know they already were.

Data and the crew were slowly feeding all the good memories they could find, which weren’t many. Flashes of his time at Hogwarts were showing on the view screen. Happy scenes of Christmas, snowball fights, Quidditch, and just fooling around were there for his subconscious mind to see. He was subliminally learning about his friends, how great they were, and the good things they had been through together. He would relate to them better; he just wouldn’t know why. So far it didn’t seem to affect his mindscape, which made the crew very happy.

It was a very content teen that woke up the next morning. For some reason, he felt like he was closer to the people he cared about. He didn’t even have the deep animosity that he had for the Weasley kid. Though, he still didn’t want to be friends with him. Harry got dressed and went down to the common room. He waved at his old teammates and wondered if it were time to get back on the broom. He joined his friends and greeted them all with a smile.

“You’re chipper today,” Neville commented as they went to pick up Luna.

“I just had a good night’s sleep. I think I dreamed about my past, but I don’t remember. It’s just a feeling,” the dark-haired teen said with a shrug. He hugged Luna, put his arm around her shoulder, snagged Hermione and did the same. The girls shared a look but went along with it.

Harry, with his euphoric feels, had a wonderful breakfast. He and the gang were chatting, laughing, and eating in harmony. The boy hero felt that he could connect to them better, like putting on an old warm coat and feeling safe. He marveled at the fact that when he looked at Hermione, he knew that she would stand by his side, no matter how much they fought. When he looked at the twins, he understood that they were family. He didn’t really feel any different with Luna and Neville. However, when he looked down the table at Ron, he was washed with many emotions; lost friendship, rage, betrayal, and disappointment. Still there was a lighthearted feeling about him as
well. Like looking at a brother that was distant.

Shaking those thoughts aside, he continued talking and joking with his friends, tightening the bonds even further. While he ate his breakfast and bonded with them, he did get a nagging feeling that something would happen soon. He was briefly overwhelmed with the thought that he now had two enemies, if you could count Dumbledore as one, which for some reason panged his hear. He didn’t know where that feeling came from, since before he could care less, but now he was more cautious. What he didn’t know was that his old paranoia was coming back with his memories.

“We have to get to class,” Hermione stated, looking at her watch. She then stood and gathered her things. “Try to behave at the Ministry. Stay safe and take and adult,” she suggested calm, in a voice that was trying very hard not to be nagging.

“Yes, we do have to get to class,” Luna said, also getting ready. “Please do as Hermione asks and take an adult,” she said, leaning over and kissing him on the cheek.

The gang groaned as they looked at their watches. They had been having fun, like today was different, more nurturing somehow. They all got up and went to the entrance, where they stopped to say goodbye to Harry.

“Don’t worry guys, hopefully I’ll be back before lunch. I only have to listen to some stupid prophecy. Really, how long would that take?” the dark-haired wizard asked with a huge smile, clapping the boys on the back, and kissing the girls on the forehead.

And with a hail of goodbye’s and ‘be safes’, he turned and made his way out of the castle. He then made himself invisible and went to Sirius and Remus. He needed one of them to tell him how to get to the Ministry. Remus volunteered to take him, since Sirius didn’t want to go near the place, even if he was still glamored. Now, Harry could show the werewolf his form of transportation, which the man marveled over the whole way to the Ministry. The two made it to Amelia’s office, and were soon escorted in.

“Madam Bones,” Remus said, making Harry rein in a snort, which escaped anyway.

He found it funny that this woman as his mind-doctor had the same name. He knew that before, but he hadn’t met the doctor until the night before. Now that he had, he couldn’t help but compare the two.

When the two adults looked at him, he just waved it away with an apologetic look. “Sorry, inside joke,” he said with a sincere look. He really wasn’t trying to piss the lady off. No, he wanted to stay on her good side, if she was going to help fight the Dork Idiot.

Amelia harrumphed, and then waved it off as something a teen would do. “Mr. Potter, Mr. Lupin, let’s go down to the Department of Mysteries and see about this prophecy,” she suggested, getting up from her desk and making her way to the door.

“Ah, someone who doesn’t beat around the bush, refreshing,” Harry commented, making the others look at him for his turn of phrase. Only one other female adult gave it to him straight, and he didn’t like her. Mostly because she was in Dumbledore’s pocket. He really hoped that this woman didn’t turn out to be a disappointment like McGonagall.

The Head of the DMLE led them deeper into the building, through the room of spinning doors and to a large room with many, many globes. Some were shining bright, others were dim, still more were black. It took a while of diligent searching, but they found the globe that had Harry’s name on it.
“You have to remove it,” Amelia said, waving to the teen.

“Right,” the boy in question nodded, and then reached up and grabbed the dusty glass ball. “Now what?” he turned to the woman.

“Break it, don’t worry it will reform and return to the shelf when we’re done hearing it,” she answered with a shrug. She had thought it over, and it wouldn’t be pertinent for him to take it. If You-Know-Who came back, this might be a good trap for him. She was already in discussion with the Unspeakables.

So, Harry threw the ball on the floor, and then listened to the airy words. When they were done he scoffed, then laughed. He leaned down with his hands on his knees and tried to regain his breathe. The adults were looking at him like he was crazy. Nothing they just heard warranted laughter. The teen was just plain barmy.

“Harry, this is serious,” Remus said, taking the boy’s shoulder and standing him up.

“No, that’s my godfather,” he wheezed out, making him laugh harder.

“Harry, pay attention, you may need this in the future,” the werewolf tried again.

“You really believe this bullshit?” the laughing teen gasped, looking at the older man, flabbergasted. He thought Remus was a smart man, well that’s what Luna said. He tilted his head and really looked at him. Then he remembered what Neville had said about Wizards putting a lot of faith in prophecies, so he sobered up and gave the two adults his attention. Though, he was still going to try and dissuade them.

“It is in the Hall of Prophecies for a reason,” Bones pointed out, not sure what the young man was implying.

“Yeah, but either it has nothing to do with me, hence the question mark by my name, or its already be fulfilled. Hell, it doesn’t even say who the Dark Lord is. I mean, there must have been more than one. Or it could be a future one. There are no names, nothing pointing who it’s talking about, who his vanquisher will be, or who will win,” he stated, looking at the two adults. Even if it was about him, he knew the ‘power the Dark Lord knew not’ so he wasn’t overly worried. “Look, one of my best friends is a seer, so I do get that there are people that can see the future, but this,” he pointed at the reformed globe, “doesn’t prove anything.”

“The globe is still glowing, meaning the prophecy is still in play,” Amelia pointed out. Potter was right, there was nothing saying this had anything to do with the current problem. Judging from what she had observed of this boy in her few meetings with him, she was having a few doubts that he was the Wizarding World’s savior.

She decided to concentrate on the horcrux(es). She had to find a way to get rid it the one she had and see if there were anymore. She would let the boy hero sort out if this prophecy pertained to him or not.

“Meh,” was all Harry could say to that. He knew it was because everyone believed it was him. It was the way of magic. “Look around you, there are thousands of glowing balls. Are they all true, and do they pertain to now?”

The two adults looked around at the glowing ball and had to concede that he had a point.

“Harry, do you really want to take the chance that this is true?” Remus asked, worried that his best friend’s son was going to get himself killed. Sure, the kid was powerful, but was he trained enough
to fight? No. He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named had decades of experience. He was very concerned that the boy’s ego would be his downfall. Since he lost his memory the teen’s confidence bordered on arrogant. He reminded Remus so much of James, that they could be twins. He really missed his friend, but the man had his faults, which Harry seemed to be emulating now.

“I’m not going to let a bunch of vague words rule my life. I’ll do what I can to protect myself and my friends, but this, well it’s just some rambling that might, or might not, relate to me.” He shrugged and walked away. He’d keep this prophecy in mind, but like he said, he wasn’t going to let it rule him.

They made their way through the Ministry, each thinking about the words they had just heard. As they walked through the hall, Harry’s red alert went off as one of the portraits moved aside. It was a picture of a knight riding a horse.
Abducted

Chapter Notes

Warning: Break out the brain bleach, Dolores is in this chapter. Lol, I got a review on the whole Dolores and Cornelius interactions, as well I figured I warn you guys this time.

Harry’s POV

Harry whirled around to see who was causing the alarm. His golden shield flared, protecting him, and those with him, from everything that could come their way. He was sure that it would stop the Unforgivables. Though he wasn’t going to test it. Right now, all he could see was a shadowy figure still partially hidden by the portrait. He could make out vague shadows of a fat man, who seemed to like the color green. Bright green, if what he could see was anything to go by.

“Who are you, and what do you want?” he demanded with his hands at the ready defend himself. He noted that Bones, and Remus held their wands in a defensive position as well. Not that it would do much good with the dome around them, but he’d rather be safe than sorry.

He was glad that he hadn’t dropped the alert system when he came here. He had thought about it, with all the adults running around, but decided to keep it on low. The alarms hadn’t gone off while he was here, so whoever this was must have spooked his crew. He didn’t know if it was because they were sneaking up on him, or because they were dangerous.

“Ah, Harry Potter. What a delight it is to see you,” came the jovial reply from a pudgy man, who stepped into the light. “I heard you have amnesia, such a terrible tragedy for such a young man. Let me reintroduce myself, my name is Cornelius Fudge, Minister of Magic. We’ve met a couple of times before, and I’d like to think we were friends.” He held out his hand but seeing that it couldn’t get past the shield he dropped it, and from the look on the boy’s face that wasn’t going to happen right away. This pissed him off, who did the teen think he was, not taking his better’s hand. His thoughts were not nice; however, that slippery smile that got him into off never left his face.

“Minister Fudge, why are you lurking in the shadows? You almost got your face blown off,” Amelia barked, lowered her wand, rubbed her forehead, and gave a relieved sigh. It was only Cornelius, nothing to worry about.

Fudge turned his attention to the Head of the DMLE, pasted on a politician’s smile, and came further in the hall. “Ah, Amelia, I was just having a little fun. No harm done. I heard Harry Potter was in the building and wanted to chat with the child. Surly, there is no crime in that,” he said, turning his attention back to Potter. “Could you, by chance, lower this marvelous shield. You must tell me how it is done. In my line of work, I need all the protection I can get.”

Harry looked at Madam Bones’ face and saw only frustration. She nodded that it was okay, so he canceled the shield, and looked at the portly man. The Minister was looking at him like he was a prize, though Harry didn’t know if it was for political purposes, or some other reason. The dark-haired teen glared at the man, he didn’t want anyone to think he was a token — for any reason. Especially, not for some trumped up story on how he survived the impossible. He had read the stories, and Harry wasn’t impressed with their logic. Now, this man was looking at him like he was
the last piece of candy in the store. He probably wanted the Boy-Who-Lived as a poster boy. Well, the dark-haired amnesiac wasn’t sure how he felt about that.

These thoughts were going on in his head, while he weighed his options. Yeah, the guy looked like and oily salesman, but from what he heard of this man was relatively harmless. Rumor was that he bought his way to Minister on Malfoy’s dime. Or Sickle, as the case may be.

While Potter was trying to figure out what to do, Bones was glaring at her boss. She didn’t know there was a hidden passage behind that picture, and it upset her greatly that the man didn’t tell it was there. Heck, she didn’t know there were any hidden tunnels. She was going to have to have one of her officers to check it out. That, and she was going to have to sit Cornelius down, and pick his brain on how he knew about this one. As far as she knew he didn’t know anything about the building. He mostly stayed in his office and made deals. Oh yeah, she knew all about his shady dealings; however, Fudge was smart enough to not leave a trail. She was just waiting for the day she could bring him down. And his toad of a secretary too.

Letting her daydreams go for now, she narrowed her eyes at her boss. “Where does that tunnel lead?” she asked Fudge with a wave of her hand.

“Isn’t it simply marvelous, it leads right to the Main Hall. Comes out right at the portrait of Malus the Rich. I must have scared ten years of Madam Marchbanks. Not that she can afford it,” Cornelius stated with a chuckle as he moved his beady eyes to her face. He didn’t give any indication that she was intimidating him. He needed to appear that he was in charge, so he could get the Potter boy to follow him.

“How did you find out about them?” she asked shrewdly, leaving off his prank for the moment. Though, she did feel sorry for the ancient woman. However, she needed to focus on the important things, like if others knew about this one. And it there were, then they would know if there were more. This was vital information she needed to know. The entire safety of the building was at hand. More tunnels could be disastrous. If He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named was still running around, this would make the Ministry vulnerably. On the other hand, defenses could be set, and escape routes could be outlined. Yes, she was going to have to investigate this.

“Oh, I stumbled across this one a few days ago,” he said, waving it away as if it were no big deal. “I don’t think it’s been used in centuries. The dust and grim that I had to Scourgify, was horrendous.”

That airy statement made her groan, she had been hoping for more information than that. However, from what she could tell, the man was telling the truth. She turned her thoughts to the more serious problem. She glanced at Mr. Lupin and wondered if she could get a moment of his time.

“Now, Harry, we have many things to discuss,” the minister continued, looking at who he thought was the weaker of the group. “Why don’t you come to my office, so we can deliberate your godfather? I am very hopeful that we can get his story heard in front of the Wizengamot. Mr. Waters and I have come up with a few ideas and I would like to pass them by you. Then you in turn, can tell them to your godfather. We want his story heard, so then the public will know that he is innocent and didn’t buy his way out of prison. You want that for him, don’t you?” Cornelius offered, with a slight wringing of his hands.

“You’d really do that?” Harry asked, conflicted. He really wanted to be able to give Sirius his life back, but he didn’t know this adult. However, if Mr. Waters trusted him with Sirius’ life, perhaps he could be helpful. His subconscious told him he didn’t like the man, but it didn’t tell him why. The girls warning sounded through his head, but if he could give his godfather the life he deserved perhaps he should take the man up on his offer.
He looked the Minister up and down, to try and figure out what his game was. What he saw was a
nervous, out of shape, fat man in hideous clothes. He looked to the two other adults to weigh what
they were thinking. They both seemed to think that Fudge was not a threat. He did a quick scan of
the man’s magic, and it showed him to be a low-level wizard at best. So, Harry felt he would have
no problem defending himself.

“If things go as planned then the Wizengamot can give him a full pardon. However, I wanted to talk
over the details with you. You know, the things we’ll say to the press, how we can spin the story in
his favor, and all of that. You are, after all, family to the man,” the portly man said with a brilliant
smile. His eyes never leaving Harry’s face, like he was just willing the boy to trust him. Small beads
of sweat dotted his brow, and his hands never stopped moving.

Harry didn’t know what was making the man nervous, or if it was his normal state of being. He
looked to the exasperated Bones, and the unconcerned Remus. Seeing they weren’t going to be any
help, he weighed his options.

“Remus?” he asked, looking at Moony.

“I think it may help. If you want I can come with you,” the older man offered. He wasn’t worried, as
long as Harry kept his wits about him, Fudge was no match for the teen.

“Mr. Lupin, while I am sure you want to accompany Mr. Potter, I have something we need to
discuss. Perhaps while these two talk about Mr. Black, we can go my office. It’s about that matter we
discussed the other day. Will you please join me?” Amelia asked, making everyone stop, and wait
for the answer. She needed to get those horcruxes out of the way. She wanted to go over the people
she was thinking about for the hunt. He would know most of them, and where their loyalties lay.

“Very well,” the always tired man stated, and then looked at Harry. “Is that alright with you, Harry?
This is about that toy you gave me. Amelia is thinking about giving to some people, and I’m sure she
just wants my opinion. However, I don’t want you to think that I’m abandoning you,” the werewolf
asked, making sure that the boy was comfortable going alone. He didn’t get the feeling that Harry
was in any danger from Fudge, after all, the Minister want the kid’s support.

“It’s not my toy any longer, I gave it to you guys,” Harry stated. He wanted nothing to do with any
of that. It would be up to the adults to figure it out. “Fine, yeah, go with Madam Bones. I’m sure I’ll
be okay. I’ll meet you in, say, an hour,” he said, looking at his watch.

“Are you sure?” Remus asked one more time.

Meanwhile, Harry’s entire crew was going over the pros and cons of talking with Fudge, and he
wasn’t coming up with no reason to say no. So, he looked at the waiting man, and said, “Yeah,
okay, sure, let’s see if we can’t get Sirius back his life. I’ll see you later, Remus.”

“Wonderful,” Fudge said, clapping his hand on the boy’s shoulder, and leading the way. “We’ll
write up a press release for when Black receives a full pardon. Why, I’ll even throw in some gold for
compensation. Think of the headlines.” The jovial man continued as he led the boy down the hall.

Harry was getting excited at the picture the man was painting. Visions of Sirius living his life filled
the teen’s head. He was glad his godfather would be able to walk free, as himself.

“Harry, met me by the fountain in an hour,” Remus call after them as he joined Bones on her journey
to her office.

Harry stopped, and hollered back, “Alright, Remus, don’t be late.”
“Yes, well then, come, Harry, let’s go to my office,” Fudge said lightheartedly. Once more taking Harry’s shoulder and leading him away. He was still spouting how he was going to help Black when they came to the office in question. Cornelius waved the teen to sit and took the chair opposite. “Tea, Harry?” he asked casually, picking up the waiting pot.

“Sure, thanks,” Harry said, taking a seat, and looking around the tacky office. He wondered how the man got any work done with all the gaudy statues, and noisy painting. A teacup came to view. It tipped precariously, making him grab it. He nodded his head in thanks at the Minister and took a sip. He wrinkled his nose at the bitter taste, and then his eyes rolled back. The crew in his mind-space called out a warning, but it was too late—he blacked out.

The Minister quickly waddled to the wall and opened another secret passageway. He then went back to the fallen boy. He rubbed the top of his head and wondered if it was worth the money.

It was all arranged; the robed man, who had dropped Lucius’ name, had laid it all out. They were to take the boy to the entrance of this tunnel, which opened in the alley behind the building. Then they were to hand him over and get paid. Then the robed man was to take the child to evaluate him. If he was deemed a threat, then Potter’s magic would be bound, and he would no longer pose any danger to society. They really didn’t need a glory hound, that could turn Dark, running around. It was bad enough that Dumbledore kept spouting that the Dark Lord would be back. Rubbish, the man was dead. And if Fudge had anything to do about it, there would be no Dark Lords while he was in office.

However, his thoughts were conflicting. Would he be caught? That would be bad, if he were implicated in the harming of the Boy-Who-Lived. Though, the money was really good. That and, the hooded man had promised that the boy would survive, with his memory modified. On the other hand, if he did get implicated, he’d go to prison. Then again, if this went off without a hitch, then he’d be rich, and no one would be the wiser. Over, and over his thoughts see-sawed. He was still debating it, when his door opened.

“I knew rumors were false. There is no way this child is all powerful. Look how easily he was taken down. Though, I never doubted you for a minute, Cornelius,” came the simpering voice of Dolores Umbridge, who had been waiting outside the office. Her job had been keeping everyone away. She had had to chase off quite a few people who wanted to meet the boy hero. But with her book of blackmail, it was easy to dissuade them. She only entered once she heard the body fall.

She was a vile looking woman who was a cross between a bullfrog and puking pink pony. Her beady eyes took in the teen on the floor, and she giggled, and gave Cornelius a proud look. She entered the room completely, and then locked the door behind her. She waddled up to the Potter boy, and almost gave into desire to kick him in the head. She was not a nice woman. The only thing that held her back was her crush standing by her side. Dear Cornelius was such a kind man, in her eyes.

“Ah, Dolores, just in time. Help me get him in the tunnel. We must make haste,” the Minister said, taking Harry’s legs, and nodding to his shoulders. He finally decided that the money was just too good to pass up. So, he was going to do this without leaving a magical signature. Which meant they were going to have to go this the hard way. At least until they got in the tunnels.

The squat woman did as bid, and the two overweight, unfit adults huffed and puffed as they attempted to pick up the skinny teen. After a few minutes of futile effort, Dolores snarled, took out her wand, did a levitation charm, and guided the boy into the tunnels. Making sure to bump him into the wall a few times, while her sweetie wasn’t looking.

“That could be dangerous,” warned Fudge as he followed her with his back turned. He was waving his own wand in an attempt to erase his undersecretary’s signature. “If Bones comes in she’ll know it
was us,” he whined pitifully. Not that Amelia scared him, but if this got out he’d be ruined. So, the last thing he wanted was the Head of the DMLE on his case.

“Don’t worry, Cornelius, she is not as smart as you,” the fat toad simpered, playing on the man’s ego. She always knew that if she followed this simple man, he’d lead her to riches. It was too easy to pander to him. A few kind words, and he preened like a peacock. Too bad he was married, still she was working on that as well.

“Too right,” the stout man agreed, pushing a part of the panel inside the tunnel and closing the wall behind him. He marveled about these secret passageways that he didn’t even know about until a week ago. The hooded man had come to him, offered him more gold than Malfoy, and showed him all these wonderful tunnels. All he had to do was set up some supplies, wait until the Boy-Who-Lived came to the Ministry and then snag him.

“Now, where were we supposed to meet our contact?” he asked, forgetting for the moment due to overwhelming stress he had just put himself under. He never could handle pressure, thank Merlin he had Dolores. He was glad he had sent the owl the minute Potter stepped foot in the building, convinced that he would get the boy. Now, all he had to do was follow the plan, if he could remember it.

“At the end of this tunnel. We have to keep him unconscious until then,” Dolores said, still guiding the boy hero down the passage.

“Oh, no worries about that. That potion will keep him asleep for hours, even with just a sip. I got the recipe from that Snape fellow,” he shuddered a bit remembering the trip to Azkaban. “He was more than willing to help capture the ‘Potter brat,’” the Minister stated proudly. When he had told the man the plan, the ex-teacher was more than willing to give up the formula. Fudge didn’t even have to offer to cut his time, not that it would have helped. Snape couldn’t brew the potion, so Cornelius had one of his contacts do it. Seeing how well it worked, he was glad he took the trip to Azkaban, nerve-wracking though it was. That hooded character had been correct, Snape was very helpful. He was going to have to remember that, and perhaps get the man out of prison. He could hire him on as a personal brewer.

Umbridge ‘accidently’ knocked Harry’s head into a wall, and simpered inconvincibly, “Oops.”

Fudge just chuckled, “Now, now, Dolores, he is supposed to be unharmed. We don’t want to lose our gold, do we?”

“No, of course not. It was an accident,” she smirked, and continued down the dark, dirty tunnel. There were lights on the walls, but they only showed how filthy these passages were.

Fudge followed her to the end of the tunnel, and there waited their contact. “Here’s Potter, now where’s our gold?” the Minister demanded importantly, trying unsuccessfully to be the leader in the conversation. His posturing made him look foolish as they stood in the end of the dark tunnel.

Dolores, non-to-gently put the boy on the ground near the hooded man. She didn’t even think for a moment they would be backstabbed. This was the Minster after all. No one could afford to thwart him.

“Oh, I’ve got it right here,” was the reply as a wand flashed out. Two hurried shots of green light, and the two officials were dead on the floor. It would be some time before they were found.

“I’m sorry, Harry,” the still hooded man said as he leaned over and took the boy’s arm, and then he Disapparated, leaving the clean crime scene behind in the dark tunnel.
Luna’s POV

Luna Lovegood was sitting in her History class, reading the book along with the professor, humming a little tune, when suddenly she saw. It wasn’t much, only flashes of an unconscious Harry being tied to a large object. It had the feel of something that hadn’t happened yet. She shook her head, gathered her books, and then quickly left the class. She didn’t know where the rest of her friends were, so she ran out of the castle to the Whomping Willow. With a wave of her hand the tree stopped, letting the little blonde go through the tunnel.

“Sirius! Remus! Is anyone here!?” she yelled urgently, when she got to the end. She slammed the door open and looked frantically around the room. She was glad when she saw Harry’s godfather, he was the only adult her friend trusted completely. She needed to let him know what she saw. She only hoped the man understood.

“Luna?” the glamored man asked, confusion showing clearly on his disguised face. “What’s wrong?”

“Where’s Harry?” she asked, grabbing the man’s shoulders in a tight grip, and shaking them.

“He’s with Remus. They’re at the Ministry listening to the prophecy. You should know that. Didn’t Harry tell you?” Sirius asked, getting a gentle hold on her hands, and pulling them in front of him. He held them tight since they were shaking. He just knew she saw something. “Tell me what’s wrong,” he said softly.

“The Nargles have Harry, or they will soon. Do you have a way to contact Mr. Lupin?” she asked with tears in her eyes. She hated her sight sometimes. She just knew they wouldn’t be on time. The tears tracked uncontrollably down her face. She didn’t even bother to stop them. Nothing they did now would help. She knew that this next part Harry would have to do alone. Still, she had to try. It’s what friends did.

Sirius, well used to Luna’s way, puzzled out that Harry had been kidnapped or was going to be. He ran to his room and grabbed the communication mirror. “Moony!” he yelled, holding the mirror so hard that is almost cracked.

Luna followed him, hoping to hear good news. Praying that just this once her vision was wrong.

“Padfoot, what is it? I’m in the middle of a meeting,” the werewolf asked, when his face showed in the mirror.

“Where’s Harry?” the other man demanded.

“He went with the Minister. Why?” was the confused response.

“Let’s just say our favorite blonde saw something. You need to find him,” Sirius ordered urgently. His eyes frantic with worry. He was upset that Remus would let Harry out of his sight for even a moment. He sat and berated himself for not going. Now his godson was in trouble, and there was nothing he could do.

“Don’t be ridiculous Sirius, he’s with Fudge. What could happen?” the greying-haired man asked as he got up to go investigate, Amelia right behind him. If Luna saw something then it was worth checking out, but he still didn’t see the Minister as a threat. However, that didn’t mean that someone else could have nabbed the boy. There were many unsavory characters running around the building. And with that thought, he cursed himself for his thoughtlessness.

“A man who almost had me Kissed, so he didn’t look bad. A man who is in Malfoy’s pocket. A man
who has no morals. Remus, how could you leave Harry alone with him?” the dogman all but yelled. He couldn’t believe Moony would leave Harry with that… politician. Didn’t all the bias laws the man had tried to pass teach the werewolf anything?”

“Harry knows how to take care of himself. Besides, we’re in the Ministry, where there are wards against all forms of travel. How would anyone be able to kidnap Harry?” Remus asked, even as he started worrying. He was attempting to keep his voice calm, and not say what he was thinking. He could see a bit of blonde hair in the background and knew Luna was there.

He and Bones had been running since Sirius said Luna saw something. They were pushing people out of the way, and taking the stairs two at a time, to go faster. They got to the Minister’s office and threw open the door. It was empty.

Madam Bones stomped out to ask the secretary if she knew where the man was.

“Shite, he’s not here,” the werewolf swore, looking around, and finding the spilt teacup. He leaned over the cup and took a big whiff. “Potions,” he growled as he smelled the fumes that only a canine could scent. He didn’t pick it up, leaving it there for Amelia. He started to sniff around the room, but there was only the smell of some hideous perfume filling the air.

“I’ll kill that man if anything happens to Harry,” Sirius declared, a fierce snarl on his face.

“Not if I get to him first,” Moony growled, still trying to pick up Harry’s scent. Though he wasn’t completely sure it had been Fudge, all the evidence was pointing to him. The man had a lot to answer for.

After he circled the entire office, he slumped his shoulders in defeat. All he could smell was the perfume, making him belief whoever wore it was a frequent visitor. He’d have to tell Amelia. Right now, he was blaming himself for the loss of his cub. He picked up the still activated mirror and looked at Sirius and could see the man was thinking the same.

“Don’t think you’re off the hook either. I will never forgive you if anything happens to him,” Padfoot stated firmly. His face morphed into a growl, that would have been more at home on his dog form.

“I’ll never forgive myself,” was Moony’s sad reply. “I’m going look around here and be home as soon as I can. I’ll find him, I swear,” he said, he looked at his friend all but begging for understanding.

“Make sure to check around outside,” Sirius suggested, holding on to his temper with the tip of his fingernails. “There might be a trail there. I’m going to sniff around the Alley. I’ll see you later. Out,” he said, causing the mirror to go black. “Don’t worry, Luna, we’ll find him,” he said to the crying girl.

“No, you won’t,” she said woodenly, and then left the Shack to go, and have a good cry.

“Dammit.”
Luna’s POV

Luna sat in the Room of Requirement bawling her eyes out. She came here because she felt closer to Harry in this room. It was where she spent most her time watching him. When he was working, he gave very little attention to any observers. No, he concentrated on teaching those he was sparring with. He was hardly ever caught unawares, making her wonder how he got caught in the first place. She knew that he had some kind of alarm system in his head that let him know who was around him. He had showed her and Neville the first time they came into this room.

Another reason he relaxed here, was that and he was surrounded by friends. There no manipulative men running around this room, no Dark Lord lurking in the showdown, or vindictive Potions Masters sneering at them. The amnesiac was quite at home here. She looked around and saw places where he let go and just be a teenage boy. Laughing and teasing his friends, and generally pulling those that knew about this room into his very ridged circle. It was very hard to get close to Harry, but once you got there the companionship of the teen was a wonderful feeling.

Right now, she drew that feeling of closeness around her like a comforting cloak. She wanted to embrace the fact that he was strong, and powerful. She was hoping that by thinking those thoughts they would waylay her fears. However, she hated the fact that there was nothing she could do to save Harry from whatever he was facing. Not that she knew exactly what it was, only that he had to go it alone.

She had no idea if it was going to be tragic, complicated, or simple. All she knew was that she wasn’t going to be standing by his side, which was devastating her. She hadn’t felt this way since her mum died in front of her. It was distressing then, and it was overwhelming now. Not matter how safe she felt, she could stop the tears.

She damned her sight for not giving her more to work with. She had told Sirius all that she had seen. It did little good, because Harry was gone before she could get help. She couldn’t even tell who had kidnapped him. All she saw was him tied to a large stone object. His head was lolled like he was drugged or knocked out by a blow. She truly hoped it was the first, since a head injury might aggravate his amnesia. Of course, if what they thought about Snape was true, a potion might as well.

Luna had been crying for about a half an hour, when Hermione, Neville and the twins joined her in the Room. They had made their way here when they couldn’t find neither her, or Harry. They started when the group noticed the couple was missing at lunch. Worried, they looked for them, first they searched for the missing male in the dorms. Then they looked in the Shrieking Shack for the couple, when no one was there, they came here.

The jovial group didn’t expect to see one of their friends crying. They thought they would catch the two snogging. The twins had even planned a joke to break them apart. It would have been great. They had put their money on those two getting together. No matter what Harry says, there was a
great deal of tension between the two youngest members of their group. The others really hoped that it wasn’t something Harry had done to the girl that was making her cry. Because they, like Luna, treasured the tightness of the friendship they all shared.

Upon seeing her friend in tears, Hermione marched straight to her, sat next to the blonde and hugged her close. “What’s wrong? Did Harry do something?” she asked but got a shake of the head for an answer, which made everyone sigh in relief. “Oh? Did those bullies start up again? Do we need to have a talk with them?” she asked as she stroked the blonde’s hair.

Those damn girls started up again when they noted they weren’t getting hurt by Luna’s pranks. It had then taken all of them to get the girls in Ravenclaw to back off. Not even the twins’ pranks helped, since they had to keep them non-harmful. It wouldn’t do if they got expelled. Unlike Harry, everyone else was expendable to the Ministry and the Board. It wasn’t until Harry threatened to do damage to their looks that they finally did. The Ravenclaw bullies knew that he meant business when one of the girls in Luna’s dorms came down with a cast of bright orange skin and green hair, which Harry admitted Sirius had been the inspiration for. It had taken her giving back his friend’s schoolbooks for him to turn her back.

“Yeah,” said the twins. “We’ll talk to them,” they offered as they cracked their knuckles. They were tired of being held back by the rules. And no one messed with people they cared about. Besides if they were smart about it, it would never be pinned on them. The new magic that Harry had taught them, would make it impossible to get caught.

“No one messes with our friend,” added Neville, echoing the lookalikes’ thoughts as he sat on the girl’s other side. He didn’t hug her, but he did run his hand up and down her arm in a comforting gesture.

“No, it’s not them,” the distraught girl said softly with another shake of her head. She sat up a bit and dried her eyes, looking at the people who were dear to her. Taking a deep breath, she explained, “While I was sitting in History class, reading along with Professor Binns, I had a vision that Harry was going to be kidnapped. I didn’t know if it had already happened, so I left class straightway and went to Sirius. He got ahold of Mr. Lupin, and we discovered that what I saw was true. Harry has disappeared,” she stated as fact. The tears started again and fell faster, but she was feeling a bit better to be surrounded by friends. She laid her head on Hermione’s shoulder and closed her eyes, letting the older girl comfort her.

“Are you sure?” her only female friend asked delicately as she firmed her grip. She was both worried and disbelieving. Even with all the things the girl had predicted, Hermione still had a hard time believing that anyone could see the future. The fact that it was random, vague, and sporadic proved to the older girl that it wasn’t real. “It’s not that I don’t want to believe you, it’s just…” there was no way to word that without being condescending, and she didn’t want to appear that way. Especially if Luna was right and Harry was in trouble again.

“I understand, I really do. You’ve been taught all your life that divination isn’t real, and unlike magic you don’t have the sight. However, Sirius has a mirror that he can communicate with. He called Mr. Lupin and confirmed it. Harry’s gone,” the smaller girl stated, snuggling further into the embrace. It was very rare that she felt such love as she did with these people. Even when Hermione didn’t believe her, she still took the time to listen.

Okay, is there anything we can do?” the bushy-haired girl asked, rubbing the other girl’s arm. She looked at the boys to see how they were taking it. They seemed to believe the seer. Maybe it was something she should consider harder.

“No, Harry has to face whatever, or whoever, it is alone,” was the watery answer as the girl in her
arms started crying to the point she was near hysterics. The bushy-haired girl turned a bit and encased her friend in a full hug. Willing her to calm down, not that she felt much better knowing her best mate was in trouble, again.

“Shite,” the three males said as they all looked at each other with worried faces. One thought ran through all their heads. ‘Who? Dumbledore or Voldemort?’

“Yeah,” agreed Hermione, thinking the same thing.

Remus’s POV

The first thing that Remus did, when he got off the mirror, was run outside and start searching. He went around the entire circumference of the building. He started at the main doors sniffing and observing. He toppled over trash bins, pushed abandoned boxes and furniture out of the way, and put his nose to the walls and close to the ground. It was times like this he wished his wolf form was his Animagus form. Then he could really get down and dirty with the ground. But it wasn’t, so he had to contend with leaning over.

When he had scented the whole area, his shoulders slumped, because he found no trace of Harry. Back and forth he paced along every wall, twice. Picking up trash to try and find the trail, but there was not even a hint. The only clue he had was the vague trace of the vile perfume at one of the back walls. He got up close and personal with said wall, but it was thick, and the smell was faint. Still, he made a mental note about it and continued with his search.

After he circled the building for the third time, still coming up empty-handed, he made his way inside. Starting on the ground floor and working his way up, he nosed around the entire building. He pushed into offices, searched in corners, and generally looked everywhere. The only time he smelled Harry was when he scented himself, except for the trail to the Minster's office. When he found nothing more, he gave it up as a bad job. Mostly his senses were overwhelmed by manmade fragrances. Perfume and aftershave were the prevailing odors.

Defeated he went to join Madam Bones, who was back at the crime scene. She had spent of her time questioning everyone and generally doing what Aurors did when confronted with a kidnapping. What she had found was that Umbridge had stood guard at the door and threatened anyone who came near. Amelia concluded that whatever happened, the toad like woman was involved. Right now, she was looking around trying to pick up any clue as to where the boy hero went, the only thing she had was the teacup. There was definitely a potion on the inside of it. Bagged and tagged, she gave it to an Auror she trusted to hold on to until she could examine it closer. She had no idea who brewed it, but judging from the note on the calendar, Fudge had talked to Snape in Azkaban. Heaving a weary sigh, she knew she’d have to question the man, again. It seemed that whenever it came to Potter being in trouble that vile man was near. Even now, when he was in the securest place in England.

Those were the only clues she could find. It was obvious that Fudge kidnapped Potter, but she didn’t know why, or how they got out of the damn office. No one saw them leave, and as far as she knew the Minister didn’t have an invisibility cloak, or any other means to make himself, or another, unseen. Umbridge was no better.

Making it logical that there had to be an escape route in this office. She had been tapping on the walls to see if they were hollow, so far they all came back as solid. She had thrown spells around, but they all came back as negative. She didn’t believe it for a moment. There had to be a trick and she was just going to have to search harder. That was for later though. Right now, Lupin needed to be questioned on his search.
“Tell me you found a trail,” she demanded of the werewolf as soon as he entered, even though she knew from the sad look on his face he hadn’t.

“Nothing,” the tired man confirmed. He stood in the doorway, so that he wouldn’t contaminate the crime scene any more than it already was. “There is no scent of him in the surrounding area. The only trail I could find was from earlier. It’s like he disappeared from this office,” was his exhausted reply. “I did however catch the smell of the perfume which is heaving in the air here. It’s at the back wall, just under that window,” he added, vaguely waving his hand at the window on the far wall. He was still slouching in shame that he let this happen.

“Well, damn,” was her rejoinder. “I know they didn’t Disapparate, or use a Port-key, the wards are still up.” That was the first thing she checked. There was no magical residue of either mode of transportation. The only spells she could detect were a mouth freshening spell and a Levitation Charm, which was faint, like it someone tried to cover it, but wasn’t strong enough. “Thank you for trying. I’ll see what we can find on that wall. However, I believe it is time for you to go home,” she all but ordered the tired man.

“I’m not sure I want to do that,” he confessed, very concerned as to how Sirius was going to react. His friend had a very volatile temper, and Moony hated being on the receiving end of it.

“You can’t run from your mistakes,” Amelia said kindly, putting a hand on his shoulder and giving it a squeeze. She then dropped it and started looking through the papers on the desk, again. She was thinking there just had to be something there to show who the mastermind was. All she had to do was follow the money, Fudge was well known to take bribes. Maybe she needed to get the Wizengamot to get her a court order to seize his vault. Something had to be done.

Seeing that she was now busy doing her job, the werewolf rose and made his way to the door. “You’re right,” he conceded as he walked. He stopped in the doorway and turned. “I’ll get back to you if I hear anything. I know Sirius is searching the Alley. So, maybe he’ll find something. Goodbye, Madam Bones.”

“Farewell, Mr. Lupin,” the head of the DMLE didn’t even look up as the man left.

**Sirius’s POV**

Sirius Black couldn’t help but remember Luna’s words that searching would be futile. She was so positive that Harry would not be found until he completed… whatever it was he was to complete. However, he was having terrible visions that his godson might be being tortured. Years of painful memories, and the fact that he never forgave himself for the death of the boy’s parents, made him envision terrible things happening to Harry. Over and over again, he kept seeing some of the Wizarding World’s most painful curses being cast on his godson. Which is what drove him here, sniffing around the trash bins, and looking in the larger ones, praying he didn’t find a body.

It wasn’t that he didn’t believe the young blonde girl when she said it was futile, but he just couldn’t sit at home, thinking of those scenes, doing nothing. He was going to do his best to make sure he did everything humanly possible to get Harry back. Perhaps, it was a bit of penance that he did so. Whatever drove him here, he was going to finish his task. So, he nosed around the alleys in the Alley some more. Sneezing at some of the more pungent odors.

The only thing that kept his spirits from plummeting into despair, was that she didn’t see what was happening now. She only saw that he was kidnapped and tied to a stone. Not what happened after. So, Sirius, despite the terrible things he was imagining, had great hope that the boy’s new magic would get him out of any serious situation. Letting him return to his family and friends unscathed. Though he was still quite vexed at Remus and Bones for this happening in the first place.
His anger was being held back by a fingernail. The books he had been reading were helping a lot in maintaining his cool demeanor, but inside he was a curse ready to go off. The only thing that would calm that volcanic temper was Harry right in front of him.

It took the better part of an hour, but Padfoot had looked all over Diagon Alley, but like the werewolf found nothing. When he had sniffed every corner twice, he went back to the Shack. He expected to be alone to wallow in his grief and anger, but he was met by all of Harry’s friends, who had decided here was the best place to wait for news. Not that that upset him in the least. He was glad they were here. It might keep him from killing Remus.

“Did you find him?” asked Hermione urgently. She was sitting next to Luna with an arm around her shoulders. She looked at him with such hope that Sirius was saddened that he only had bad news.

“No,” he said with a shake of his head as he made his way across the room, “but I’m pretty sure that he’ll be fine,” he added, not wanting to show his doubts to the kids. “Think of all the great things he can do with just a thought. How could he not be okay?” the older man asked as he took a seat. He was glad to see his words had the effect that the wanted. The teens’ faces turned thoughtful, and glimmers of hope appeared in their eyes.

They were just so used to Harry being in over his head, and coming out of dangerous situations hurt, sometimes near death, that they didn’t even think about it. Now that they put their minds to it, yeah, it was quite possible that he’d be okay.

Winky popped in and handed her master a cup of tea, with a dash of Firewhiskey. The grateful man took a sip and let the alcohol relax him. A small bit of steam came from his ears, showing the others that he was drinking something besides tea. Only the twins wished they could join him, but Padfoot had made it very clear that he would not supply alcohol to minors.

“I’m sure you’re right. I just feel so helpless, sitting here doing nothing,” the bushy-haired girl stated with a great deal of frustration. She wasn’t used to being left behind. The only time she was not a part of a Harry Adventure in the past, was when she had been petrified. It was not a good feeling, useless.

“Who do you think has him? Dumbledore? Or You-Know-Who?” Neville asked as he worried the hem of his shirt. While he was sure that Harry would be back, he had been raised that both these men were the most powerful men alive. It was hard to get his brain around the fact that a teenager could wipe the floor with them.

“I don’t know, for all we know it could be some woman who paid Fudge to kidnap him. Maybe she wants to snare him into a betrothal contract. I am sure that as manipulative as our Minister is, he is not the headman in charge of the kidnapping,” the dogman replied, taking another sip of his tea.

“Whoever it is, is going to pay. Fudge too, if we can get near him. I believe you’re right, Padfoot, he’s not the type to think something like this up,” Fred declared angrily. His face was twisted in a something dangerous. It was the same look that he wore when Ginny disappeared in her first years. He and his brothers were ready to tear the castle apart. Only their mum held them back.

“That’s right. We may be pranksters, but don’t think for a minute that we can’t be deadly,” George confirmed with a curt nod of his head. He too had quite the angry look. Many of their joke items could be twisted to get that type of job done. One only needed imagination, and the twins had that in abundance.

“Okay, guys, let’s not go there just yet,” Neville said, trying not to let anyone die needlessly. “However, if he’s hurt, happy cursing,” he added with a smirk.
The twins put their heads together and started thinking of ways to get their revenge. If it was needed.

“You make a good point, Sirius. That also means it could be Malfoy’s dad,” Hermione said thoughtfully, bringing everyone’s attention to her, bar the twins.

“Why on earth would it be him?” Sirius asked, finishing off his tea. He was thankful when Winky gave him another.

“Well, Harry and Draco don’t really get along. And Draco is always saying his father will make Harry pay for the things he has said and done,” the girl stated thinking it was quite possible, especially now that Harry was a bit more brutal with his paybacks.

“That’s an understatement,” scoffed the sandy-haired wizard. “Besides, even if it is Malfoy Sr. we couldn’t get past his wards, so we’ll just have to wait.”

“Still, I feel so hopeless just sitting here,” the other girl stated, twisting her hair in her fingers of her free hand.

“Don’t fret, Hermione. I get the feeling that we will be seeing our wayward friend very soon,” the suddenly perky blonde said as she sat up, wiped her eyes on a handkerchief that Neville had given to her, and straightened her skirt. The smile on her face gave her words credence.

Everyone who believed she was a seer, relaxed.

Hermione huffed, but didn’t say anything.

“Well, now that we know he’s going to be home soon, let’s practice our Animagus forms,” Neville suggested, grateful that that weight was off his shoulders. He had a lot of faith in Luna’s predictions.

“We’ll help,” chorused the twins.

“I don’t know if I can. I don’t think I can concentrate enough,” Hermione stated, still agonizing over Harry.

“You can watch,” Luna suggested as she got up to join the boys. “Perhaps, you’ll pick up what you’re missing.”

Hermione huffed again, but reluctantly followed the others. She did need to figure out why she was the only one would hadn’t completely changed form yet.

While they weren’t having a great time, and wouldn’t until Harry returned, the exercise did get their minds off the kidnapping.

**Harry’s POV**

An hour later, according to his mind crew—who had been frantically trying to wake him—Harry woke. He was tied to something large, hard and cold. He peered over his shoulder and saw it was a big stone angel. He did wonder for a moment why someone would affix him to an angel, but decided it wasn’t as important as finding out what was happening. He wanted to know who kidnapped him and why. That way he could make sure he paid back the correct people. Wouldn’t want to kill an innocent.

He looked around and saw that he was in a graveyard. More tombstones were scattered around, many with the faded name of Riddle. He could tell it was later in the day, since the trees were dark
and foreboding. They cast creepy shadows on the scene in front of him, making it look like something out of a black and white horror movie. He was just waiting for the evil villain with the handlebar mustache. What he got was a short-hooded man. He was a bit disappointed.

Harry glanced over the scene more, taking in the fact that the October wind was blowing, causing the shadows to crawl on the ground to where the main action was taking place. In the middle of the graves — and wasn’t it weird that they formed a circle — sitting on a fire, was a large black cauldron. Inside the big pot was a bubbling, dark green potion. Steam was rising from the lip and billowing over and down. Making the ground look like it was covered in an eerie fog. All the scene needed was a couple of hags, stirring the brew and cackling. Again, our hero was disappointed that all he got was an unknown male wizard. Not that he wanted hags, but some hot babes would have been nice.

“Hey! You! Hooded guy! Who the fuck are you? And why the bloody hell did you bring me here? I’m not into this kinky shite. I mean really, bondage? Aren’t I a little young for that? How about you untie me, and I’ll be on my way,” Harry called, watching the man warily as he looked over the scene trying to figure out what to do. Should he stay or go. Both had their benefits.

He tried to poof to the other side of the graveyard, so he could watch and see what was up, but the ropes seemed to be inhibiting that ability. He had a fleeting thought of taking the statue with him but decided that that would give away his hiding spot. He looked at the ground and tried to lift a rock with just a thought. Upon seeing that worked, he was relieved. It meant that he could still move shite with his mind. That’ll come in handy. He knew he could leave at any time, just think the ropes away and turn into a bird. However, where was the fun in that?

While Harry watched, the short, hooded man raised a knife and cut off his hand. He then let it drop into the cauldron. The teen cringed at that, he was sure that the whole hand wasn’t needed. If it was then this must be a slightly Dark ritual. Only those required such a sacrifice, the Darker the rituals got the more you had to give, until it was your life. Which made doing such magic redundant, unless it was to get revenge. Even then you weren’t around to see it.

The amnesiac had done some research in the Restricted Section when they told him the Dork Lord could come back. He wanted to make sure that he knew the ways how, so he could prevent it. And while he didn’t recognize this particular ceremony, he could tell that it was not something he wanted the other man to finish. He crew was frantically going over ways to stop this from being completed. It was Spock’s simple logic that saw the solution.

“Flesh of the servant willingly given; you will raise your master,” the creepy sounding man stated, jolting Harry from his thoughts. The now one-handed man turned and started coming towards the bound boy. A golden shield flared, keeping the man with the knife far away from the tied-up youth.

Those words proved that Harry was correct; the man was trying to resurrect someone, and the teen wizard was having none of it. So, with his mind he started levitating things into the potion. Grass, rocks, pieces of tombstones, and dirt flew from everywhere and landed in the cauldron. There were loud hissing noises when he added the consecrated dirt from the graves, proving that this was indeed a Dark ritual.

The potion started sputtering and the cauldron was shaking on its tiny legs. The toxic concoction was now bubbling over with black smoke and green sparks. Harry continued to gleefully add things, making whatever had been brewing, utterly ruined.

The fire under it flared, lighting up the entire graveyard. A large explosion came from the liquid inside. It sprayed the weapon wielding man in the back, causing him even more pain, and making him turn.
“No! This is not possible! Master!?” the still unknown man cried as he rushed to save the potion, dropping the knife as he went. He put his good hand in front of his face to ward off the sparks and the flying liquid. Not that it did any good, his robes now sported holes where the fluid landed. And his face was covered with red marks.

A high-pitched scream came from the bubbling mixture, and then it stopped. Harry hoped that whatever had been in there died.

When all the hissing died down, the now scarred man peeked over the lip of the pot. “Master, tell me what to do,” he begged, vainly trying to see in the black murk that used to be a well-made green potion. He was sure nothing could save it now.

A small head broke the surface and gasped for air. “Fool, tip over the cauldron,” came the gargled voice from that black doll-sized head.

So, the injured man, used his good hand, put his back into it, and tilted it over. He then hurriedly stepped back, not wanting to get the acid like goo on him.

Black muck poured out, making the ground billow with steam as the dirt form into boiling mud. It came to the ritual blade and melted the metal, leaving nothing for Harry to gather. Which was a shame, he was sure Bones would want it, if only to find out who this man was.

After the potion was finally spilled, out came the most disgusting thing Harry had ever seen. It was small, naked, and its pink skin was now covered in puss-draining sores. There were also large red spots that looked like it had, well, taken a bath in acid. The skin pulled back tight, like it had been shrunken, and now was taunt against the bones and muscles of the toddler like body. It was a very ugly thing to look at. You could tell it was in pain, by the grimace on its unpleasant face, but it seemed to be holding it in. Probably so it wouldn’t look weak.

The hooded man quickly ran forward and snatched the baby-sized thing out of the steaming sludge. He scurried back and peered down on his master. Seeing it still covered in goo, he cast an Aguamenti from his wand and washed the thing off. Slowly the sludge cleared, and the creature now looked like a scabbed, deformed human toddler with a gruesomely distorted face.

Harry kinda liked it better when it was covered in muck.

“Cover me, you fool,” the tiny being demanded in a tinny voice as it tried and failed to glare at its servant.

“Yes, Master,” came the weak reply. Still carrying the creepy thing, the hooded man wandered to where a cloak laid folded on the ground. Awkwardly he wrapped the… creature up. When he was sure it was covered, he turned to face Harry.

“Harry Potter,” said the raspy voice of the baby-like thing. “Look at what you have done. Mark my word, boy, you will pay for this. I will come back, and nothing you do will stop me, foolish child. You may have won this round, but I will win in the end. I am immortal, you are not. Thus, making me far more patient than you ever will be.”

“Right...” drawled Harry, still tied to the headstone, yet completely relaxed, as if he weren’t facing one of the most feared wizards of the age. “Who are you then?” he asked, quirking his head to the side.

“Ah yes, I had heard rumor that you have amnesia. Very well then, I am Lord Voldemort,” the thing said as importantly as something that was being carried could, which to tell the truth wasn’t very.
The tinny voice, the small body, and the fact that it was covered in boils and huge red spots, made it appear like an ill child playing dress up.

“Right,” came another drawl. “Are you sure? You’re much smaller than I thought you’d be,” Harry asked, kindly, squinting his eyes to see if he could see the all-powerful Voldemort. When he couldn’t, he just shook his head, and smirked. “Sorry, I just don’t see it,” he added cheerfully.

“Stop your cheek, boy. I will make sure you suffer for that. No matter how much time passes, I will win,” it said, and then turned its head and looked at the still hooded man. “Wormtail,” it stated, making Harry’s head snap to the other man as he recognized the name, “stand still while I get Nagini. Once she is secure we are leaving.” Then it started making hissing noises, which Harry knew was parseltongue, but for some reason he couldn’t understand it. That was something he was definitely going to have to research.

“Yes, Master,” came the weak reply. What little skin that was peeking out of the robes of the short man was bone-pale. He was swaying in place, like a drunk, barely holding on to his master.

Harry could tell by the blood on the sleeve of his robes that the man was bleeding, though as not much as the teen thought he should be. He must have used a hot knife to cut his hand off. Still there was blood, making the boy tied to the headstone think that this Wormtail was losing too much of it.

‘Good, let the bastard die,’ the tied-up teen thought. ‘I hope he slowly bleeds to death, while his ‘Master’ can do nothing. That would just the right punishment for him. If he does miraculously recover, well then I’ll think of something else.’

The dark-haired young man felt a small smirk play across his face at that thought. He knew, from what he heard, that his old self would have felt bad knowing that this man could bleed to death, but this new him just wanted to watch the man slowly fade away. From what he had been told it was this man, and that thing he was carrying, who made him an orphan. No, he had not pity for either one.

“Hey, you guys aren’t leaving, are ya?” Harry asked, like the two were simply going home from a party. “I mean, you’re not going to leave me tied up in a graveyard, are ya?”

“I am sure someone will be looking for you shortly. Though, the thought of you starving to death gives me great pleasure. I do hate to cut our visit short, but as you can see I have matters to attend. Next time we meet, Harry Potter, I will have my vengeance,” the small homunculus stated as fact. Then once more called his snake.

“Right, like I’m going to just stand by and wait for you to kill me. Tell you what, next time we meet, let’s do tea. I’m sure there are many things you can tell me. Of course, you’d have to hide your face. There’s no way I could stomach looking at you and eating,” the teen said casually. “And hey, if he survives you can bring your minion as well. I would love to talk to him.”

While he teased the greatest Dark Lord of the times, he was thinking about just ending this now, but with the horcruxes out there it would be a waste of energy. Not to mention it would show his hand. He had been very lucky that neither… man had seen him do any magic. One was in the cauldron, while the other had been facing him. Harry looked at the minion and saw that that man wasn’t going to be a problem soon, so there was no sense in him giving up the game yet.

Suddenly a bush rustled, and a large snake came from the woods. It slithered around Harry’s dome and quickly went to the two standing in the middle of the graveyard. It was as if it knew there was something deadlier than it, and it wanted to leave now. It rapidly wrapped itself around the dying man. When it got up to his chest, Wormtail said, “Sanctuary,” and they were gone.
Harry huffed. Now, Wormtail might die where he couldn’t watch. Bummer. Still it was a pleasant thought, his demise.

Looking at the ropes, he used his mind to unravel the knots, and in a few short seconds they fell to the ground. He jumped off the headstone, and poofed back to the Shrieking Shack, making a very worried group of people startle.

They all drew their wands but made happy noises when they saw who it was. He was hit with two females who were both talking a mile a minute. The men were clapping him of the back. He gave everyone a reassuring smile and just basked in the love.

Harry never saw the shadow that watched from the trees that surrounded the graveyard.

That was okay though, he was home.

Chapter End Notes

This is another chapter that every time I read it, it grew. So, there may be mistakes, sorry.

Okay, so it was pointed out to me that the Ministry building was underground, ummm… well… MAGIC. That’s all I have to say on that.
Welcome Back, Harry

Chapter Notes

Okay, this is the last of my pre-written chapters, so updates will definitely be coming slower. There aren’t many left in my outline, but since I never follow the damn things anyway, who knows.

Thoughts and suggestions are welcome.

Thanks again for your support.

Harry’s POV

“Oh, Harry, I am so glad you’re okay,” his bushy-haired friend said from where she was hanging on to his side. “We’ve been ever so worried about you. I just kept imagining all sorts of torture you could be going through. We had no idea who kidnapped you, or why. Who was it?” she asked, and then plowed on before he could answer. “You don’t even want to know what I’ve been thinking. I felt so helpless. You’ve never had to go off without help. Well, once, or maybe twice, still it was horrible to know that you were alone. Tell us what happen,” she demanded, but continued before he even opened his mouth. “We were so worried. I was still very scared. You made Luna cry, don’t ever do that to me again,” Hermione rambled, hugging her chest against his side, which the boy greatly appreciated. She then leaned back and thumped him when her demands for answers went unreturned.

“Harry, stop thinking perverted thoughts, and tell us what happened. I saw you tied to something big, and until a few minutes ago, I thought you were in danger. Well, I knew you’d survive, but not in what condition you would return in. I know I shouldn’t have fretted, but you are very dear to me. And I know that you’re far more powerful than anyone living, so how did you get kidnapped in the first place?” Luna asked as she dragged the dark-haired teen to the couch, so they could cuddle with him and feel that he was alive and well. She shoved the unresisting boy down and took up the space on his left, while Hermione sat at his right. They both snuggled deep into his embrace and held on to what they could find as if he were going to disappear again.

“If this is the welcome I can expect, then I’m going to go off again,” he said with a grin, earning two more hits to his pecks. “If you two will take a deep breath, I’ll answer your questions. By the way, Hermione, you can hug me anytime you want. Why, you don’t even need to wait until I’m in danger,” Harry stated out of the blue, holding said girl to his side. “You too, Lovely Luna. I do like it when you hold me close,” he added tightening his other arm and kissing both girls on the head. “Really though, I’m sorry I worried you. I can say that I did let my guard down. I mean it was Fudge, and from what you lot have been tell me. I didn’t even think about testing the tea.”

“Wait, before you explain anything else. Are you hurt, Harry?” Sirius asked as he looked his godson over. Well, what he could see that wasn’t covered by young female bodies. For a fleeting second, he was jealous of his godson, but then remembered how demanding teenage girls could be, and mentally wished him luck. Getting back to his purpose in stopping Harry, he glanced over the now returned ten. Nothing was out of place, even his clothes appeared to be fine. That didn’t fool him though, there are a great many spells that show no signs of damage. Upon thinking that, Padfoot
waved his wand and gave a great sigh of relief when nothing showed on his diagnostic spell.

“Yeah, I’m uninjured. Well, at least I think I am. I mean, I was knocked out for most of it, but they never laid a hand on me while I was awake. I have a small headache, but I don’t know if I hit my head, or it was the potion that did it,” the now very comfortable teen stated as he took in the warmth of the two young women at his side. He could certainty tell they were girls, and he wasn’t about to move from his cozy spot.

“That’s good to hear. My spell shows that they didn’t do anything while you were out. However, there’s something you need to do before you get too comfortable,” his godfather said, pulling his communication mirror out of his breast pocket, and handing it to the confused teen.

“What, see if I’m still pretty?” Harry asked, looking at the vanity mirror with a raised eyebrow. “I already know I’m quite handsome, thank you very much,” he boosted, not taking the object in question.

“Don’t be daft, it’s a communication mirror. Kinda like those cellphones, you showed me, only with video,” came the scoffed reply. “Your dad and I used to use them when we were in separate detentions. They made passing those times go faster.”

“It’s cellphones and video,” was Hermione’s automatic correction.

“Anyway, you need to call Remus. Just say his nickname and he’ll appear. See if he’s still at the Ministry. For all I know they’re still searching for you. It’s not every day that a celebrity gets kidnapped, you know,” Sirius stated as he continued to hold out the mirror, only now he was being persistent.

“I’m not a fucking celebrity,” Harry growled. He hated his fame, no matter what his personality. He didn’t earn it and he had lost his parents to get it. He still felt their loss, even if he couldn’t remember everything about that night, just hideous laugh and a flash of green light. He could recall what they looked like from the album in his stuff, and he vaguely remembered his mother’s voice begging for mercy for him. Not for her, but for him, and it made him feel the pain all the more.

“Yeah, you are. Sorry,” was Neville’s reply as he moved behind Harry to see how the mirror worked. “I’ve heard about you all my life. There was a time that I was quite jealous of you. Now that I’ve see the stuff you go through; I know I wouldn’t want your life.” He gave a full-body shiver. No, he really didn’t want Harry’s life. His was bad enough.

“Yeah, Harry, it’s all those stories that’s got little Gin-gin wanting to be the future Mrs. Potter,” Fred said with a smirk as he too looked at the mirror. His brother joined him and Neville behind the couch, leaning over to see how it worked.

“Though we’re going to have to tell her she’s got competition,” was George’s input.

“I just say ‘Moony’ and Mr. Lupin will appear in the mirror?” Harry asked, ignoring the twins and changing the subject. He still cringed whenever he saw that moonstruck face. Ginny was a nice enough girl, but the hero worshipping… that he could do without.

“Yeah, you need to tell him that you’re okay. That and, Madam Bones will want to know what happened. You’d best make an appointment to get back there. Only this time I’m going with you. Or you could have her come to the castle, which would make me feel better,” his godfather suggested, rubbing his goatee in thought. He had no problem with Bones coming here, but the fewer people that knew where he was the better. Public opinion on the whole Sirius Black case being dismissed was bleak. He heard what people said about him when he went into public. Gossips would say he was
just like Malfoy and bought his way out of Azkaban. He cringed to think of being compared to that
overstuffed peacock. He was very grateful that Harry was a prodigy in magic. His glamor never
faded, not once and it had been weeks. Still it was risky going out to London proper. Who knows
what would happen to him if anyone caught wind of who he was.

That wasn’t going to stop him from going with Harry, risk or not. There was no way he was letting
the boy out of his sight again, not until the two men after him were taken care of. Even if he were
found out and had to put up with all the sheep in the Wizarding World calling him a murderer and a
cheat, well for his godson, he’d do it. Hopefully with his disguise, they’d think he was either a young
Auror or a seventh year. Either way Harry wasn’t going alone.

Not that he had been alone this time, and yeah Padfoot was going to have words with Moony.

Just as he was about to press the issue and show them how the mirror worked, the back door opened
to let in a very mussed up werewolf. He had taken his time coming here. He nosed around the Alley
and Hogsmeade to see if he could find anything, but it was a bust. Still he dallied as much as he
could put it off. He was very glad to see the boy. Now, Sirius would curb his temper. Maybe.

“Harry! Thank Merlin, you’re here,” the man exclaimed, joining everyone in the living room.

“Yeah,” Harry said, pocketing the mirror for now. He wanted to look at it. He was sure that he could
make more, and that would be handy in case something like today happened again.

Sirius growled at his best mate, making the teens in the room to look back and forth between the
adults. “I’m very mad at you, Moony. I still can’t believe you let Harry go off by himself. There are
two very powerful wizards looking for him. One to kill him, and the other to ‘talk’. You should’ve
known better. What the fuck was going through your brain?” he all but yelled as he stood to get in
the other man’s face.

“Look, I’m sorry about that,” Remus said sincerely as he threw himself in a chair and ran a hand
through his greying hair. He never wanted anything to happen to Harry, and he was more than
thankful that the boy was alright.

Sirius seeing his target was out of range sat back down too. “Sorry, doesn’t cut it,” the glamored man
snapped, giving his friend a hard look.

“He’s almost an adult.”

“He’s still a minor,” was the snarled comeback.

“Look, Padfoot, you can’t wrap Harry in wool and protect him from the world. I don’t think he’d let
you for one,” the werewolf tried to reason. It had been a long day, and he and Bones had gotten
nowhere on the damn horcruxes. They had just settled down to go over candidates when Sirius had
called.

“I can damn well try,” the other man said, earning a glare and scoff from the teen in question.

“And it wouldn’t work for another. I mean, Dumbledore and You-Know-Who would still come for
him. They are far more powerful than you or I. Any protection we put up would be futile. Harry has
his own magic that is better than ours. Look, Sirius, you need to back off. It was a mistake, and I
won’t repeat it. He’s here now, so drop it.”

“I’ll drop it when you explain why you let this happen.”

“Fudge is weak, magically. Everyone knows that. I didn’t think that he’d be any match for Harry.
You, yourself, said that no one is as powerful as he is. There shouldn’t have been a way for that man to get the drop on your godson,” Moony said, looking at the boy in question. “Want to tell us what happened?”

So, Harry told about his day from the moment he left Remus’s side. Everyone was hanging on to his every word. The males of his little group all got mischievous looks in their eyes, like they were going to rib him for being taken down by a simple potion. They listened to what happened in the graveyard. Each speculating, in their thoughts, as to who the two were, and ‘ahhing’ in understanding when Harry reveal the hooded offender. The teens were expecting great feats of magic, or a huge showdown, where Harry would kill the Dark Lord, and the traitor. The boys were slightly disappointed when he simply ruined the potion. Though, Hermione nodded her head at the basic logic. When Harry got to the last part, telling them who the baby-like thing was, his godfather exploded.

“You let my godson get kidnapped and taken to You-Know-Who,” growled Sirius, once again getting up from his chair.

“And he got away with just a thought,” Moony said as evenly as he could with his heart beating fast at the realization that Harry had been in the hands of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named. However, he needed Sirius to be calm and not do anything rash. The man just got free, and the last thing he wanted was for his best friend to go back to Azkaban.

“That’s beside the point. Harry was near the person who everyone fears.”

“No, that is the point, he got away unharmed. What I want to know is why he let Wormtail go?” he inquired, desperately grasping on to the first thing he could think of. Not that it was much better, but it took the attention off him.

“Well, this may sound morbid, but I’m pretty sure he’s dying, and I wanted him to slowly bleed to death. I mean, it’s not like a dead man can go to the hospital. No, he’s going to die; very alone, and very scared,” was vindictive reply from the content teen. “And when the body is found, I can truly say I had nothing to do with it,” he bragged.

“Remus, can you send a Patronus to Bones telling…, or better yet, Harry write up what happened, and we’ll have Winky take it,” a calmer Sirius suggested as he pointed to the writing supplies. He was relishing that the man who had sent him to prison was more than likely bleeding to death in some shabby hideaway. Nothing would make him happier than to hear that that rat bastard traitor had died. “While you guys do that, I need to talk to Moony. You should get back to the castle. I’m sure the staff is wondering where you all are,” he added taking up his friend’s arm and dragging him from the room.

“Right,” Harry said, not want to be in the house with yelling adults, no matter how entertaining it might be. So, the teen wrote up his experience, and handed the completed missive to the house elf. Then he and the gang chatted about what happened before he was kidnapped as they made their way to the school. They certainly didn’t want to hang around two feuding friends. They were just in time for dinner, so they took their normal seats as if the day didn’t happen, though the girls were a bit clingy.

The staff was none the wiser about Harry’s latest adventure.

**Amelia’s POV**

Amelia was finishing going over all the clues from her investigation. She was just about to assign some Aurors to look in the Alley again, when a house elf popped in.
“This better not be bad news,” she grumbled as she took the note from the elf with thanks. Winky popped away, leaving Bones to open the letter. It was short and curt, and the content depicted the boy hero’s day as he remembered it. This made her sigh in relief, though she still had to figure out how he was taken out of the Ministry. However, she was glad that part was over.

She penned a quick reply, sent it off with an owl, and then headed to Azkaban. She really needed to talk to Snape to put this to bed. All her ducks needed to be in a row, if she was going to accuse the Minister of foul play. Right now, she had some of her top people out looking for him and his undersecretary. They both seemed to have disappeared as well. She had no idea if they were dead or merely hiding.

Thinking of all the things she needed to accomplish, she distractedly put on the warding necklace. Without much thought, she made her way to Snape’s cell. It wasn’t until she saw his face that she snapped back to reality.

The man looked positively gleeful to see her, like she was going to bring him good news. He even bounced on his toes a bit.

“Good evening, Mr. Snape. You look to be in a fine mood, considering your surroundings. I came here because I need you to tell me what the Minister wanted. I know he came to see you the other day. It is imperative that I know what that visit was about,” she stated formally, pulling out a pen and small notebook. She gave him an inquiring look, and still wondered why he looked so happy.

“Is the brat dead?” was his elated question. “If you tell me that that is true, I will sing like a bird.” not even the Dementors would take that thought away from him. He’d hide in the deep recesses of his mind and take it out when they were gone and cherish it for the rest of his days.

“Are you speaking of Mr. Potter? If so, then I am delighted to tell you that he is alive and well. Why do you ask? Is that what Minister Fudge wanted, for you to give him something that would kill the boy?” she asked curtly, pulling the vial of truth potion out of her pocket. She wiggled it in front of his face, making sure he knew that she had no qualms about using it.

“No,” Snape drawled, and you could see that he was very disappointed that his most hated student still lived. “That incompetent told me there was a plot to kidnap the… boy, and that he needed a strong sleeping potion. It was only when he told me what plans were in action that I gave him a recipe to a brew that is almost as strong as the Draught of the Living Dead. He informed me that there were those that thought the boy was too powerful, and that he needed to be… curbed.” He smirked at the thought that someone would torture Potter. The egotistical brat deserved nothing less. It was that spoilt child’s fault that he was here in the first place. If Potter’s spawn had died all those years ago, then Snape would have left Great Britain and never looked back.

“Did he tell you who was behind the plot?” Amelia asked, tearing Severus away from his petty thoughts.

“No, only that it was a hooded man that had laid it all out for him. He was absolutely giddy at the prospect of bringing a powerful wizard under his control. I could have told him that Potter was mediocre at best. If the Minister was stupid enough to believe the words of an unknown, that is not my concern. I merely gave him a recipe,” the imprisoned man waved the plight of Fudge away. He had been hoping to be questioned about the demise of Potter, but even that was denied to him. He knew that Cornelius was an impatient man, and only a small miscalculation would have killed the brat. That blasted boy had the luck of leprechauns.

“Very well,” Amelia stated, tucking the truth potion away and taking up her notebook. While she didn’t get everything, she needed, she parted in better spirits than she had come with.
She asked some questions on the brew he had given Fudge and a few more that the man might think would be helpful. In return, she said she’d speak up for him when he was eligible for parole, not that many of the prisoners lasted that long.

He didn't believe her, not now that he had all but confessed that he helped with the kidnapping of the Boy-Who-Lived, but potions were his passion. He hoped to get some of his brews into the world, before he forgot them. So, he told her some of his favorites. The Potions Master was in his groove and gave up a lot of formulas that would help her department.

She had a few brewers that had not be brought down by that man's 'teaching'. They were some of the best that had come out of Hogwarts in decades. Not as good as Snape, but almost. Now all she had to do is find someone to find those bloody tunnels.

**Harry’s POV**

Harry and his friends had just finished their dinner when Bones’ reply came.

“She wants to meet me at her office tomorrow. Something about viewing my memory,” our hero said with a grimace. “I’m not sure I want anyone in my head, but at least she’s asking,” he said as he reskimm [sic] the missive.

“Don’t be silly, Harry, she’ll use a pensieve,” Luna said as she nibbled on her chicken leg. She was sitting very close to the boy wonder, determined to not let him out of her sight until curfew. Both she and Hermione had been clinging to him like Flusterwallows to Marshshallow plants. Though, being the pervert, he is, he didn’t seem to mind. It made her feel better to keep within reaching distance. It was going to be hard to separate this night.

“What’s a pensieve?” he asked, fiddling with his fork, pushing his potatoes around his plate. He wasn’t very hungry, what with the day he had had, and the thought of someone in his head made him less so.

“It’s a runic bowl that is used to watch memories,” the little blonde answered with a reassuring smile. She seemed to feel his discomfort, so she patted his arm reassuringly.

“Still, she’ll be looking at my memories, and the few I have are very precious to me. How would I get that memory into this ‘bowl’? I mean, it sounds like it will be removed from my head. I don’t want to lose any that I have,” he said very much concerned. His crew was going over ways that no one would be able to take anything from his mind. It is what they are there for.

“Don’t fret, Harry, they only take copies. Your memories will still be safe in your head,” the Ravenclaw said, firming her grasp on his arm.

“Oh, well I guess that’s okay,” he said with a slow nod of his head, like he was still thinking it over.

“You’ll be fine,” Luna confirmed, and then looked at her other friends to back her up.

“She’s right, Harry, you’ll be okay, and all your memories will be intact,” Neville said, giving the other boy a reassuring smile.

“Okay, yeah, okay…. I think I’m ready to hit the hay. It’s been a very long day,” the boy hero stated, getting up from the table. “I just want to sleep the next week off.”

“Yeah, I guess I would too, if I had been kidnapped, tied-up and forced to face my worst enemy,” Hermione stated thoughtfully.
“What do you mean— kidnapped?” came the question from behind them.
Chapter Notes

I'm back sooner than I thought I'd be. I wanted to ask that if I forget something, or do something incorrectly, like have someone alive that I killed off earlier, please point it out to me. I have a horrible memory and a few of my physical ailments cause short term memory issues. I would very much appreciate it. Thanks again for sticking with me.

Word of Warning: This is not for McGonagall fans.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Harry’s POV

Harry and his friends cringed at being caught talking in public. They were so flustered about the day’s events that they didn’t even think about eavesdroppers. They were so used to keeping important information themselves, that one little slip every now and then usually went unnoticed. That didn’t stop them from regretting their mistake. They all should have learned from what had happened to Harry earlier today.

The Boy-Who-Lived was being worst on himself for his lack of judgement. So what, if he was behind the best wards in the United Kingdom? He should have been paying attention. Still his alarm hadn’t gone off, so it wasn’t an adult. He turned and looked and gave a small sigh of relief. This was no one to be worried about. Only a fanboy.

“What’s up, Colin?” he asked, trying to ignore the question. It didn’t work.

“Hey, you remember me? I thought you had amnesia?” the younger boy shouted, happy to be acknowledged by the living legend.

“Shhhh,” Hermione hissed. “Not so loud. You know how Harry doesn’t like people looking at him,” she said, pointedly looking at all the teens surrounding them glancing their way.

“But, he remembers me,” Colin stated much quieter, blushing a bit. “Do you really remember me, Harry?” he asked, gushing over that fact. He was tickled pink that he was the first person his hero remembered.

“Huh,” Harry said, thinking it over. “I guess I do. Looks like, I’m starting to remember. Go figure. So, what did you need?” he once again tried to get back to why the boy was here and not what he had heard. He was happy that his memories were returning, but really Colin Creevey? All he truly remembered was the boy was worse than paparazzi. His camera was even hanging off his neck right now.

“Did you really get kidnapped?” the younger boy asked. Once again, a bit too loud for everyone’s taste.

“Shhh,” Hermione chastised again, this time putting a finger to her lips. “We don’t want everyone to find out. You wouldn’t want someone like Malfoy to hear, would you?” she asked, playing on the boy’s hatred of that particular Slytherin.
“Don’t worry, Colin, it was no big deal,” Harry said as dessert appeared on the table. “Just Fudge. He only wanted to talk,” he stated, which was technically true. To a point. “You know how politicians are. They always want celebrities to endorse them. I told him I’d think about it, and he left me alone,” now straight out lying. He grabbed some pumpkin pie and started to eat hoping the other boy would drop it.

“Oh, okay, Harry. You know how we all worry about you, so I’m glad to hear you’re okay. Gryffindor is like family after all,” the cheery teen stated, clapping his ‘brother’ on the back.

“Yeah, dysfunctional family,” our hero muttered, but nodded to Colin and then pointedly turned back to his meal.

“Harry don’t say that,” Hermione chastised. “Every family has its ups and downs.”

“So, Colin what did you need?” Harry asked for the third time.

“I wanted to ask who you’re taking to the Yule Ball? I don’t know if you heard about it. The teachers mentioned it earlier, but I know you don’t attend classes,” the hyper boy stated, hoping to get some good gossip. The Harry Potter Fan Club was always looking for news on their hero. A romance would be great food for the rumor mill.

“I’ve already asked two lovely ladies, and they’ve said yes,” the dark-haired wizard smirked at his two friends, who blush with pride.

“You have two dates!?” the younger boy yelled, making half the Hall turn their way.

A great many groans and sighs were heard as everyone realized who was getting lucky enough to have two girls already lined up for the festivities.

“Yup,” Harry gloated, winking at Colin in the ‘I’m the man’ type way.

“You are so lucky, Harry. I wish I could be as lucky as you,” he mused, starry-eyed, which made Harry very uncomfortable.

Suddenly his alarm blared as McGonagall approached with a determined look on her face. “Mr. Potter, what is this I hear that you have two dates for the Ball?”

“That’s right,” he said, giving her and ‘what you going to do about it’ look.

“That is completely unacceptable. You will bring one date, or not attend at all. You have constantly stated you are not a student at this school, therefore, I do not see why you should be allowed to come at all,” she stated a bit snidely. She refrained from outright sneering, but it was close. Her attitude on this particular child had diminished to bordering detestation. The way he was so rude to everyone, and his flat-out hatred for Dumbledore had seen any pity for him and his predicament fly away weeks ago. She had little left but scorn for the brat. Never in all her years had she had someone so disrespectful. And after everything they had done for him. For him to throw it all in their faces with that hated look of disdain. No, there would be no sympathy for Harry Potter, not until he became the polite young man he used to be, though Albus said that wasn’t going to happen.

“Really? Okay,” he stated decisively. “Well, girls, sorry to say but you’re going to have to find someone else to be your escort. Neville’s a good candidate, and I suggest you both go with him and have a great time. I’m out of here,” he drawled, his eyes never leaving McGonagall’s face. “I’ll just have to inform the press that they’re booting me out, even though I’m not fully healed, and that this school was responsible for my condition in the first place. Oh, wait, I said that last part at the first task, well I’ll just give them the current news then. Now, if you’ll excuse me, I’ll just be leaving,” he
finished as he got up from the table and made his way to the doors.

McGonagall tightened her lips, she wasn’t like Albus, she would call his bluff. The child had nowhere to go. Sirius had not been heard from since he was freed, so he couldn’t go there. Remus was likewise unavailable, not that Harry should remember him. The same went for the Dursleys, so the brat wouldn’t even know to go there. In conclusion, he was lying, and just calling attention to himself once again.

Harry left the Great Hall and made it to his room unmolested. He gathered what little he had left out of his necklace trunk and packed it up. He’d stay with Sirius, he could see his friends anytime they wanted. They could finish the Room of Requirements, and they could sneak off grounds to visit. Or he and Sirius could sneak into the castle and meet them there. Remus too, if he wanted; however, that man was more rule abiding, so perhaps not. The wards stopped at the tunnel, but since he hid the Shack he was safe there as well. Though, he was seriously considering telling Sirius to sod the school and keep money they were going to give it. But, he could hear Hermione’s voice in his head already. That, and he’d made a promise, so he’d keep it. Still, it was a nice visual, telling them the millions they had made only to thumb his nose at them.

Gathering his thoughts and putting on his warm jacket, he left the room and made it down to the common room.

“Harry, are you really leaving?” Luna asked, looking really out of place in the sea of Gryffindors. “Your nargles are coming back,” she said, handing him her necklace. Her large eyes watered with unshed tears. She knew that he’d be okay, but she really didn’t want to see him leave.

“Yeah, but I’m not going far. You know where I’ll be so don’t fret,” he said, putting on the corked necklace and tucking her hair behind her ear.

“Okay, Harry, just don’t go off without an adult, okay. Promise me, please,” she pleaded as she hugged him tight.

“I won’t,” he promised as he gently released her.

“How are we going to continue our lessons?” Neville asked, worried for his friend and hoping he’d stay, if only for that.

“Do what you’ve been doing, change things up a bit and try new things. You have great place to practice. You don’t need me anymore,” he said, clapping the other boy on the shoulder. “Besides, I’ll be around, don’t worry. You watch the girls, okay?” he asked, and Neville nodded firmly and stepped aside.

“You’ll keep up your lessons, right?” Hermione asked, tears running down her face.

“Oh course,” he said, hugging her and reveling in the feel of her as much as he had Luna, only with different feelings in the mix. With Luna is was like holding on to hope, love and sunshine. With Hermione it was holding onto steadfast friendship, bossy sister, and the comfort of home. “You take care. You know where to find me if you need me, right?” he asked, wiping a tear from her face.

Hermione nodded her head, using the back of her hand to swipe another tear.

The twins and everyone else, barring a few, said their good-byes and best wishes as he made his way to the portrait hole. He turned at the hole and said, “Later, everyone. Don’t miss me too much.” And with that he stepped out.

Three teachers were outside the dorm, looking at him with mixed feelings. Flitwick, who he really
didn’t know well, seem to have a bit of pride in his eyes. Though, why Harry couldn’t tell you. Sprout, who Harry didn’t know at all, seem to be very concerned. McGonagall was standing there with pursed lips, and a look that said she just didn’t believe he would leave. So, he gave and thumbs up to the tiny charms professor, and sympathetic nod to the herbology professor, and flipped of the transfigurations professor. He then held his head high and left. The teachers followed him to the doors.

“Where do you think you are going, young man?” McGonagall asked, just as he was about to step outside. “You know you are not allowed to leave.”

“You,” Harry said, pointing his finger at her, “just go through telling me that I had no reason to be here. I agreed. So, don’t get your nose out of joint when we’re in agreement.”

“You know that the Ministry wants you here,” was her rebuttal.

“Fuck the Ministry,” he stated firmly. “I could give a rat’s ass what they want. They’ve done nothing for me or mine that they didn’t have to be bribed into doing. If I never see or hear from them again, well it will be too soon,” he said, though he knew it was a bit unfair. Bones had always been straight with him, it’s why he respected her more than others. He had no idea what happened to Fudge, and he really didn’t care.

“Watch your language, Mr. Potter.”

“Fuck you,” he snarled. “I have zero respect for you.” And with a nod to the other two professors, he turned and walked away. As he walked he started to become invisible. Like he was fading into a nonexistent fog. Less then twenty feet away, he was completely gone from their sight.

**Sprout’s POV**

“I hope you don’t regret this, Minerva,” Flitwick stated, looking at her with a bit of pity. He never knew why she put all her loyalty to the Headmaster. He always knew that Albus was just a man, who made many mistakes. A good deal of them towards the young man who just left.

“I am sure I will not,” she sniffed and returned to the castle.

“I wouldn’t be to sure about that,” Sprout stated, still looking to where the boy had disappeared. She was worried that this would come back and bite them in the arse. She knew how much pull the boy had, and it wouldn’t take much for the parents to start pulling their children. It could be the end of Hogwarts. That and she was concerned that the child might wind up dead, if he left the wards. As much as she didn’t know the current Harry Potter, she didn’t want to see him hurt. Sure, he was rude and condescending, but he was just a hurt boy through no fault of his own. Now, he was leaving the safest place in the United Kingdom, bar Gringotts.

“You could be right, Pomona,” Filius agreed as he to went back into the school. “You could be right.” There was no telling the backlash that would come when this reached the public. And given the vast majority of students that witness the event, that would happen sooner rather than later.

“Oh, Albus, what have you done to that child?” the herbology professor asked the air sadly as she joined her two colleagues.

**Harry's POV**

Harry walked unseen to the Whooping Willow and made it through the tunnel. He had even passed Hagrid getting ready for tomorrow’s classes, his fleeting thought on to how he would’ve liked to
have known the big guy better. But, Hagrid was Dumbledore’s man through and through. Still, he was like a child with a huge case of hero worship. He shook his thoughts away and opened the tunnel door. “Sirius, I hope you’re up for company!” he yelled as he entered the house. He banished his coat and gloves to the hooks by the front door.

Said man walked out of the kitchen, biscuit and tea cup in hand, “What do you mean? Are you moving in?” he asked in a joking manner.

“Yup, that bitch McGonagall pretty much threw me out. Pity, I was looking forward to the ball,” he huffed as he slumped onto the couch. He had been too. The girls were going to be so disappointed, but there was no way he was going back into the castle for such a public event. It would just cause chaos and he didn’t want to have to put up with McGonagall if he didn’t have to, hence his leaving.

“You’re kidding, right? I thought they wanted you there?” the dogman queried in wonder.

“Oh, she tried to stop me in the end, but I’ve had enough of her bullshit,” was the reply.

“Well, bugger. Of course, I don’t mind having you here. I thought you should have left for a while now, but I figured that you wanted to stay with your friends,” Sirius confessed, sitting in the armchair opposite the couch, putting his cup and saucer on the table in the middle.

“Yeah, but they’ve come a long way and they don’t need me to protect them anymore,” Harry said with a bit of pride, reaching over and stealing Sirius’ cookie. “I’m just going to write a quick note to Waters and to make sure no slander is written about this,” he said, getting up with biscuit in hand, and going to the desk. As the teen ate and wrote, Sirius thought a bit about what they could do now that they had the time and by the time Harry finished, he had an idea.

“I was thinking, and now that you’re going to stay here it’s doable, we should go and clear out my mum’s old house. It would give us loads of practice. There’s a ton of dark objects there that could be cleaned and sold,” his godfather offered, hoping it would give Harry something to do so he wouldn’t get bored.

“Okay, but for tonight, let’s go to Hogsmeade and have a butterbeer. I really could use the time to wind down,” Harry suggested, calling Dobby and handing him the note. “This goes to Waters. Please, make sure he gets it right away,” he stated, giving the note to his little friend.

“Yes, sir, Harry Potter, sir,” Dobby said excitedly, taking the note and popping away.

“Shall we,” the dark-haired boy said as he got up and retrieved his outerwear. He threw a quick glamor on, only changing his hair and eye color. He figured no one would be looking for a blond boy with blue eyes.

“Let’s,” the other glamored man agreed, always up for getting out into public.

Dumbledore’s POV

Things had not been going well for Albus Dumbledore. He was on the run from the Ministry, which wasn’t a big deal to him, but it did limit his movability. None of his colleagues, would talk to him as long as he was a fugitive. Though, those in the freshly recalled Order of the Phoenix still did as he bid, bar Sirius Black, who he had not been in contact with, and Remus Lupin, who stated he no longer wished to be a part of the Order. Alastor also declined for reasons of his own, but Albus could hardly blame the man. The rest were all keeping an eye out for Harry. They were to send a Patronus as soon as they spotted him so that he could speak to the lad. He made sure everyone in the Order knew how, it was just too vital not to. Just as he was pondering what to do next, Minerva’s Patronus
came to tell him that the boy had left Hogwarts. This was not good. The child would be in grave danger if he were out and about. She said that he had only left a few moments ago, so he Disapparated to Hogsmeade to see if he could spot the poor boy. He was glamored to look like a much younger man, with no beard and sandy hair.

He was wandering the town when he spotted a much younger and lighter looking Black. He picked him out from the goatee the young-looking man sported and the air of self-importance the man exuded, just like he had when he attended Hogwarts. He quickly made his way over. “Sirius, my boy, I must speak to you,” he said, eyeing the young man with him. This could be Harry under his own magical disguise.

“Shite,” the younger of the two said, giving himself away. His alarms were blaring red alert and he knew from his map the youngish looking man was Dumbledore. He debated on whether or not to just poof out or listen to what the old man had to say. He knew he could leave the second a wand was raised, so he kept close to Sirius and stayed at the ready.

“Ah, Harry, just the lad I wanted to talk to,” Albus stated, his eyes twinkling like mad. “Please, just listen, I promise not to do anything but talk,” he said sincerely.

“You have five minutes,” Harry said, looking at his wind-up watch.

“I wanted to tell you that Voldemort had made it so that he could return. It is imperative that you know that he is not gone,” the old man said, looking over his spectacles.

“I already know all this. I got rid of a part of him that was in my head,” the boy answered with a look of condescension.

“Did you now? Well that does change things up a bit, but you should know that there is more than one,” Albus said with a bit of awe. He wondered how the child did such a thing, but knew he would not be told, since the boy loathed him. That and he was on a time limit. He’d get the information when he once again got the boy to see that he, Albus Dumbledore, was a righteous man.

“It changes nothing for me, other than the fact that I can live my life without that thing in my head,” Harry disagreed.

“What else would I do with… it?” Dumbledore questioned, hoping that he had killed the vile aberration.

“What else would I do with it, but give it to the police? It’s their job to handle things like this,” a confused young man asked.

“Oh, Harry, I am not sure you realize what you have done. You see, there is a prophecy…” the old man started only to stop when both Sirius and Harry started laughing at him.

“I know the prophecy. I just got back from the Ministry, where I listened to it with Bones,” Harry confessed. “All I have to say is, what a load of bunk.”

“If you know the prophecy then you know…” he once again was interrupted, but this time by Sirius.

“That it is in the hands of the DMLE, and nothing to do with Harry,” the dogman stated firmly. He wasn’t going to let Dumbledore try and guilt trip Harry into doing anything that he didn’t need to do.

“Look, your five minutes are up,” Harry said as he touched his godfather and they both disappeared in a cloud of smoke.
“What just happened?” asked a bewildered Albus to himself.

Chapter End Notes

I have no idea where this chapter came from. It seemed to write itself. I was looking forward to writing the Ball, but this happened. Silly muse. Oh well, I like where it’s going, so it stays. I could always write it from Luna’s or Neville’s POV, so there is that.
An Old Man’s Folly

Chapter Notes

Okay, so I have an outline, but I keep remembering things that need to be tied up, so it keeps getting longer. Oops, I just remembered one more, *goes to add it to the outline*. Anyway, this should be about five or six more chapters, pending on my muse, which after writing this chapter could mean a couple more.

Thanks for all your support.

Dumbledore’s POV

Dumbledore sat fuming, looking at the spot Harry and Sirius had just disappeared from. He had never been so dismissed before, not even since Harry had lost his memory. Ever since that child was brought back to the castle it was one rebut after another, but this was the worst, and he wasn’t sure how he should handle it. Perhaps, if he got the one horcrux that he knew of, and showed to the boy, maybe then Harry would cooperate. With that thought in mind, he quickly Disapparated to Little Hangleton. Making his way down the dark path to the Gaunt Shack, which looked like a strong wind could blow it down at any second. He stood and studied the wards. They were formidable, but nothing he couldn’t handle with a bit of cunning, or failing that, brute strength.

He drew the Elder Wand and started dismantling the wards. One after the other, they fell to his casting. The closer he got to the house, the more cautious he became. Inch by inch, foot by foot, he gained ground, until he was at the front door, which had a parseltongue password. He grimaced at the snake nailed to the door. The Gaunts were a nasty family, that should have all been put in Azkaban before the daughter had created one Tom Marvolo Riddle. From the memories he had viewed, none of them were redeemable. Not even Merope, sad though her story was. The things she did to her abusive family were not something that Dumbledore thought anyone should do, especially family. Then she potioned that poor man into falling in love with her. No, not even she could have been saved.

Gathering up his Gryffindor courage, he blasted the wall next to the door, negating the password. The inside was just as dismal as the out. The dust and dirt covered everything, the air was dry and stale, and the furniture was rotting with a dry musky smell, much like that of a disused classroom in the castle. There were slithering tracks on the floor, letting the old man know that there was, or had been, a snake in the house. He created a ball of light and pushed it magically into the room, casting the shadows away. He looked around and didn’t see a serpent, so he carefully took a step into the house. One step at a time, never letting his guard down, he made his way to where he could feel the evil coming from. It was so thick he could almost taste it.

Casting a detection charms and following his finding to the middle of the room, he found the spot where there seemed to be fresh snake tracks. They were in a circle, like the snake had slithered there, numerous times. Perhaps, it was guarding that spot. He tapped his spectacles to see if there was anything alive in the shack. Instead of body heat, they could find heart beats. There in the corner was a coiled up, disillusioned snake. It looked to be ready to strike at any moment. A quick trapping charm, which would fade in a few hours, and the snake was in a cage. No need to kill the poor thing.
He was now free to see what lay under the floor. Carefully he lifted the loose boards up and peered into the dark hole. A Lumos, and he could now see a box. It was a small red velvet ring box, laying there so innocently. Not one to be fooled by looks, Dumbledore lifted the box magically and placed it on the floor. Casting a few more charms to see what dangers it held, he noted that there were a few deadly curses on the container itself. Conjuring a bag, he levitated the box into the opening and pocketed the whole thing. He’d look at it later. Right now, he wanted to leave, since he was sure Tom was nearby. With a ‘crack’ he was gone.

Harry’s POV

Harry took him and his godfather to The Three Broomsticks. They arrived in a puff of smoke in the alley next to the building. With a casual air, they stepped out and went into the inn. “Well, at least now I know what he wanted. I still can’t believe that he thought by telling me these things that I would suddenly cooperate,” Harry said as they grabbed seats at the bar. He put of a ward for eavesdroppers and settled down.

“That’s Dumbledore for you. He has always had an air of self-importance. He is too used to everyone doing what he asks that it confuses him when they don’t,” Sirius said, flagging down Madam Rosmerta. He mouthed their order, and she gave them a nod and continued to serve the person in front of her.

“Still, him and McGonagall need to realize that they have not earned a bit of respect from me. Both of them have violated me in one form or another. The old man, my mind, and the old woman, my freedom,” the teen groused, putting his head on his folded arms. He was so tired. He thought coming to Hogsmeade would wind him down, but the bastard had to ruin that. He gave a great sigh and sat back up. He was going to have a good time, and not let that arsehole destroy his night.

“So, do you really think Peter is going to die?” Sirius asked with glee. Nothing would give him greater pleasure than knowing his traitor ex-friend would be laying dead on the ground. He hoped that Peter’s last thought were on how wrong he was to choose the side that he did. And that he deeply regretted turning his back on his friends. Padfoot hoped that Prongs and Lily were waiting for that backstabbing bastard. They’d give him hell, if he didn’t head there first.

“Yeah, he was bleeding pretty badly. I don’t know if… Tom can stop it in the form he’s in,” a smiling Harry answered. He figured he’d use the man’s real name, so people wouldn’t freak out. He wanted to enjoy his time here and not cause a riot, or whatever rot that name would induce.

“Well, here’s to hoping,” the dogman replied as he lifted the firewhiskey that Rosmerta had just set in front of him and clicking it to Harry’s butterbeer. He took a drink and gave her a nod. She smiled and went to wait on someone else. It was a busy night here.

“I’ll tell Bones tomorrow when I see her. Maybe, they can find the body and prove once and for all that you’re innocent,” the teen said with a hopeful look. While he liked hanging out with the younger looking Sirius, he was sure the man wanted his life back. He knew that he wanted to remember and then go on with life— whole. The burst of memories he had been getting made him ever hopeful.

“Don’t worry about it, I think I’ll just open another vault and call the Black line dead. Though, that means I have to magically take a new name. Any suggestions?” Sirius asked, taking another sip of his drink. He had thought long and hard about it. And the Black name was too dark to try and turn. If he died, then Malfoy and his ilk would get everything. If he killed the name, then they would get nothing. He would, of course, put aside some money for Andromeda and her family, the rest could suffer for all he cared.

“How about McCarthy? It sounds nothing like Black,” Harry suggested, pulling a name out of
“Like the non-magical singer. No thanks, I need a wizarding sounding name,” was the reply.

“Ummm, okay, wizarding. How about Jenkins?”

“Hmmm, that sounds close, like hijinks. Could be. Anything else?”

Harry giggled as a name popped into his head. “Holegend Dumblewhite?” he asked, watching to see the other man’s reaction.

Sirius spit his drink across the bar. “You’re joking, right? That’s not even a proper name,” he all but snapped. “Get serious, would you?”

“I can’t you, that’s you. All joking aside, are you going to change your first name? It’s kinda recognizable.”

“I don’t know, I really like my first name. But, you’re right it’s a pretty rare name. Maybe keep it as my middle name?” Sirius said deep in thought. He hadn’t really thought about his first name. He liked it too much to just get rid of it.

“You know, I think we’re thinking too hard on this. Go simple, like Sirius Reggie Grey,” was the final suggestion.

“Why did you pick Reggie?” the glamored man asked.

“Don’t know, it just sounds right,” the teen shrugged.

“Yeah, I could do that, or Reggie Sirius Grey. That’ll work too,” Sirius said, thinking about his younger brother. The time spent in Azkaban had laid to rest the hate he had for the dead man. He understood the peer pressure that Regulus had faced. The poor man had been faced with it from all sides. His mum, his dad, his extend family, his friends in school, and finally the Dark Lord. Regulus didn’t stand a chance. Still, he’d have to think on it whether or not to take that name.

“Anyway, let’s drop this for now, and see if we can’t just relax and have a good night,” Harry said, seeing how melancholy his godfather was getting. He had no idea why that name put that look on Sirius’ face, but was sure he would tell him when he wanted. Until then, they could just chill and talk about girls or something.

So that’s what they did for the rest of the night, Sirius talking about his latest conquest and Harry going over his feeling for his two female friends.

Amelia’s POV

The next morning Madam Bones arrived at her office bright and early. She needed to find out what happened to Cornelius and Dolores. They had both been missing since the Potter boy’s kidnapping. She was sure it was them, all evidence pointed that way. She wasn’t sure how, but they were guilty, and they needed to pay for it. Taking all the witnesses reports and going over them one more time did nothing to find out where they were. She would have to search the office again, even if she had to rap on every wall in the room to see if there were more secret passages. But, she didn’t have the time at the moment. She had too much to do today, and she didn’t trust this to anyone else that wasn’t going to busy for the next couple of days. She really wished Mad-eye were healthy, even though he was friends with Dumbledore, he’s first priority had always been the safety of the public. Alas, he was still recovering, albeit mentally from his kidnapping. The poor man was more paranoid then ever and hadn’t left his house since he went home. He wouldn’t even take firecalls without a
She put it to the folder to the side and called the team she had organized to hunt the horcruxes. Pushing a rune on her desk, “Debra, call Andger, Wallatter, and Sullivanspell to my office, please.” It had taken the better part of the day and night to come up with people that had no relation to Dumbledore, Fudge, or Malfoy. The whole department seemed riddled with those that had their loyalty to someone other than Wizarding Britain.

Two men and one woman entered the door. She waved the woman to close it. Putting her finger to her lip, she cast the spell to make sure there were no listening charms on her office. Something she was doing everyday now. Seeing none there and throwing up some wards, she waved them to the chairs in front of her desk. “I have called you here for a very important assignment,” she started.

“Why us?” the female, Sullivanspell, asked. “We’re just rookies.”

“Yes, but none of you have outside affiliations,” Bones stated. “What I have to tell you is top secret. No one, and I mean no one, is to know about it. I need your sworn oath that anything discussed in here, remains in here.” She looked all of them dead in the eye to show just how serious she was.

“Is it a suicide assignment? Because I have a wife and two kids,” Wallatter said with a bit of trepidation. He was a patriot, but he was not ready to die for anyone just yet.

“While it is dangerous, no, it is not one you will not come back from. If you keep your head,” she reassured them. They all nodded, relaxed and gave their oaths. Bones got up, opened her safe, pulled out the rubber ball and placed it on the desk. “This is a horcrux, which means there’s a piece of You-Know-Who’s soul in there. As long as this remains, he will not die. I would destroy it, but we may need it to make sure there are no more. Your assignment is to find all of these vile things and report back to me. Once we’ve found them all, we will hire a curse breaker to rid us of them, or hand them to the DoM. To my knowledge, which I admit is limited, there were seven, one had been destroyed. There’s this one, making five to find.”

“How will we find them? There is very little known about He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named,” Andger asked, ready to get started. Being a muggleborn, he was all for eliminating the world of that man.

“Ah, I have recently been told that his birthname is Tom Marvolo Riddle. He’s a half-blood born to a muggle father, so that’s where you will start,” Bones said with a smirk. Lupin had told her right before Potter had been kidnapped. He had learned it from Potter, who in turned was reminded of that fact by the Granger girl.

“You-Know-Who is a half-blood!?” came the disbelieving voices of the three Aurors.

“Yes, so see if you can find out where his father came from, that might give you clues on his life,” was the firm response. Lupin had only told her the muggle’s name, she had no clue as to who the mother was, only that she was a witch. She gave them their assignments and then sent them to get started. Potter would be here any minute and she needed to get her files in order.

A short time later the boy in question was shown into her office with another young man. “Mr. Potter, please, take a seat and introduce me to your friend,” she all but demanded, not liking that the kid had brought someone else in.

“Sure thing,” Harry said, taking a chair. “This is my godfather, Sirius Black.” He waved to the man taking the chair next to him.

“Mr. Potter, this is no time for your games. I know what Black looks like and this is not him,” she
said, waving her wand to dispel the glamour and then to check for Polyjuice when that didn’t work.

“I assure you, Madam, I am Sirius Black. This is something Harry did to me, so I can walk the streets,” Sirius stated with a smirk.

“Impressive,” she complimented, she had never seen such a fine piece of magic. Not even her strongest spell dispersed the charm.

“Yeah, he’s one of a kind,” Black said proudly, clapping the unembarrassed boy on the shoulder.

“I do what I can,” Potter said smugly.

“Back to the matter at hand, I got your note, but I need to make sure it covered everything. So, can you let me view your memory of the incident?” she asked, hoping to get something that would nail the missing Minister.

“Tell me how it’s done first,” the dark-haired teen stated firmly.

“Just think of the time it happened, and I’ll copy the memory by putting my wand to your head and pulling it out,” she explained as succinctly as she could.

“So, you’re not taking my memory, just copying it?” He knew his friends had reassured him last night, but it never hurts to get confirmation.

“Yes.”

Harry shrugged, looked at his godfather, who also shrugged. “Okay,” he said, sending a mental warning to prepare the memories he wanted to give her. He had Data tie the two together, so they would come out in one go. “There’s two that you should see, one with Fudge, and the other with Voldemort. I’ve put them together, so you can take them at one go,” he informed her.

“Very well,” she said, wondering how he did that. “Think of what you want me to know,” she instructed as she put her wand to his temple. “Got it?” she asked. He nodded. “I’m going to pull them out now.” And then did just that. She then put them into the waiting pensieve, and dove right in.

The two men just arched their brows and waited, passing the time wondering what the rest of the group was doing.

**Neville’s POV**

Neville had had a hard night. He was just too worried about his friend, even though he knew he was with his godfather, there were just too many things that could happen. Last night they didn’t even talk about it. They just silently went to bed to mull over what it meant to not have Harry in the castle. Deciding there was little he could do about it right now, he got out of bed and readied for the day. As he reached the bottom of the stairs, he saw Hermione and the twins in a huddle. It looked like they were planning something mischievous. Neville was surprised to see Hermione scheming, she was usually more rule abiding. “Hey, guys, what are you talking about?” he asked as he sat near them.

“Well, we were discussing the Ball. I figured it might be a great prank on Professor McGonagall if the twins took either me or Luna. That way one of us is taking two dates,” she said with a cat like grin.

“Yeah, to get around the rule, which I don’t believe is a rule, one of us will go stag,” Fred said, looking at his brother, who nodded.
“But, we’ll all dance at the same time. Switching off who dances mid-step. So, if I start then during the twirl I’d hand her off to Fred,” George said, nodding to Hermione.

“We were just deciding on who they would take. I’d like to go with them, but we should ask Luna first.”

“That’s a great idea, I’ll take the one not asked,” Neville said, grinning broadly.

Just then a depressed looking Colin came down the stairs. He looked like he had been crying.

“Oh, Colin, what’s the matter?” Hermione asked, going to the young boy and putting an arm on his shoulders. She guided him to the group and sat him down in a chair. She then returned to the couch.

“They’re going to kick me out of the Club for making it so Harry had to leave,” the boy sniffed, wiping his nose on his robe sleeve.

“Um, what club?” she asked with a bit of nervousness.

“The Harry Potter Fan Club,” he answered despondently. “I’m the president, but they can still vote me out. And after last night they have a reason too,” he all but wailed.

“Umm, Colin, who’s part of this club?” Fred asked, fearful that his sister would have joined.

“Well, there’s actually quite a few people from all Houses, but I can’t tell you their names. We were sworn to secrecy,” he answered, drying his eyes. “Why, did you want to join? Because, that would be awesome,” he gushed, thinking if he could get Harry’s friends to be part of the club then might not boot him.

“That would be a no. While, I like Harry, I’m not a ‘fan’,” Fred answered, and all Harry’s friends nodded in agreement.

“Oh,” was all Colin said as he slumped his shoulders, got off the chair and wandered off, trying to think of a way he could retain his precious position.

“He’s a bit creepy,” Neville stated as he watched the depressed boy go.

“Yeah,” came the voices of the others.

“Anyway, let’s go find Luna and tell her the plan,” he suggested, heading towards the door.

They met up with her and were unsurprised that she already knew the plan and stated that she would be going with Neville. The group laughed and cheered up at the thought of pissing off the teachers, especially McGonagall.

Harry’s POV

Bones came out of the pensieve, pensive. She had viewed the memories and hoped that they would lead her to those she sought. But, there was little she could do with them. Sure, they showed that Voldemort was indeed still among the… well, not living, but he was still around. “I’m sorry that you had such a thing happen to you,” she said to the boy waiting.

Harry shrugged, “From what I’ve been told, this is normal for me,” he said.

“Still, if we ever find Fudge then you can press charges. As of right now, he has disappeared,” she stated with a grimace. It was a thorn in her side to not know where the stupid man had gotten off to.
“I already have my lawyer working on it,” the boy confessed.

“I would really like to know where those secret passages are,” she mused, thinking that it would be a boon to have that knowledge.

“Hey, Sirius, do you remember how to make the map?” Harry asked turning to his godfather.

“Sure, it really wasn’t that hard once we got the logistics down,” the man answered with a shrug.

“We should make one up for here,” Harry suggested, waving his hand over his head to indicate the building.

“The problem with that is, you have to know where your going, or have at least been there once,” came the disappointing answer.

“How about you make the map, and I’ll fill in the details?” was the rejoinder.

“Can’t hurt to try.” And with that the glamored man took a sheet of parchment from Bones’ desk and started waving his wand over it.

“What is this map you two are speaking of?” she asked, watching the older man create… something.

“It’ll show you everyone in the building and all the rooms and hidden passages. Don’t worry I’ll make sure that only the head of this department can use it. To everyone else it will be a written report on cauldron bottoms,” Harry said as he too watched Sirius. When the man was done, he took the map and concentrated. He poured his magic into the parchment with the intent that it covered the whole building. Line after line started to form as names popped up over tiny footprints. Then he thought the hidden places to be colored blue, so she’d know where to look. He made sure to add the security measure, and when it was completed, he handed it to Bones. “There you go, that should help,” he said with a smirk.

She goggled at the map in her hand, it even showed the Department of Mysteries. There were even passwords over locked doorways. “This is incredible,” she gushed, since this would make her job much easier.

“No, problem,” both men stated.

“Well, if you two don’t have anything to tell me then I must get back to work,” she said, still staring at the map.

“I’m good,” Harry said, getting out of his seat.

“Me too,” stated Sirius as he too got up. “Let me know when you find anything out, would you?” he added, noting her distracted air.

“Of course,” she said, waving them away.

With that the two men left the office and made their way to the atrium. “So, now what?” Harry asked, knowing that his friends were in class.

“Let’s go to my parent old house, Grimmuald Place,” Sirius suggested, gaining a nod from his godson.

“Sure, what could it hurt?”
Chapter Notes

Okay, I had to go back the last few chapters and put in some things, so I don’t create plot holes. Like Moody not joining the Order, a security measure on the map, and a few little things. So, if you get a bit confused, I am truly sorry.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Harry’s POV

“My head, that’s what it could hurt!” Harry yelled as he batted away more of the little creatures that were trying to shoot tiny arrows at him. Those that weren’t shooting, were pulling his hair and trying to take out his eyes. If they didn’t have those long nails, which were scratching his face, it wouldn’t be too bad. It was a good thing he still used glasses for his map, or it could be a lot worst. Poor Sirius was holding his arm over his eyes, trying to see under it. “What the fuck are these things?” the dark-haired teen yelled again, running out of the room they had just entered.

His head crew was laughing at him. They knew that the doxies posed little danger for our hero, so didn’t erect the shield. Well, Data and Worf were giving him instructions, while Spock was telling him all the things they were doing wrong. So, no, the crew was not helping. He wondered what that meant to have his own mind laugh at him.

“They’re doxies,” Sirius said as he too came out of the room, slamming the door behind him and leaning against it. He could hear the small thunks of the doxies as they failed to stop in time. “I’ve never seen them act like that before,” he added, brushing the tiny arrows out of his hair.

“What? Like an army?” the teen said sarcastically. They had too, it was very bizarre to watch. One little guy took charge, with its little arm raised and yelling directions as loud as it could. Platoons of these pest would swarm, retreat, and then swarm again. They were very organized.

“Yeah, they usually just hang around in drapery, until their removed. Sure, they bite and scratch but never have I heard of them using weapons. I mean, how did they do that?” the dogman said, leaning against the wall wondering what they were going to do about the pesky doxies. “I didn’t think they had any sentience as all. They are also venomous, we should get the antidote from the potions lab. It’s on the ground floor,” he added feeling a bit woozy.

“Nay, I got this, just hold still,” ordered Harry as he finally got the splinters of wood out of his hair. He then waved his hand and all the scratches, bites and venom disappeared off his face and hands, and out of his blood stream. He then did the same for Sirius. “It’s probably all the dark magic in the air. It gave them a sense of being,” he said when he’d finished.

“Thanks, Harry,” the older man said, feeling much better. “You’re probably right, this old house is seeping in it. Who knows what we’ll find.” He gave a full body shudder. It was bad when he lived here, he could just imagine what it was like now. Not good.

They had gotten to Grimmuald Place directly after leaving the Ministry, and Harry was no impressed. The whole building wreaked of dark magic, and it seem to be overrun with critters. The first thing they did was get rid of Kreature. Sirius had told the elf to go to the Malfoy’s and to take
nothing with him. It would server Lucius right to have that nasty piece of work in his house. Though, Malfoy might like the elf and his mumblings about half-bloods and blood traitors. He also informed the diminutive being that he was no longer a Black elf and could no longer answer to a Black’s call. Even in disguise, the house elf had known who the man was. Not able to disobey the order he popped away, wailing something about not being able to fulfil Master Regulus last order. Sirius wanted to know what the elf was talking about, but it was too late, he was gone.

Since then, the two men had been attempting to gain control of the house. They decided to start on the first floor, since it held all the personal studies and libraries. This was the second room they had gained access to. The first was taken over by a boggart. It was easily taken care of, and Sirius did the cleaning of all the dark objects there. Harry was content to let his godfather get his practice in. He knew he could clean the house in a matter of minutes, but what fun was that.

“So, what are we going to do with this army?” the teen asked, looking at the door with a bit of distaste.

“There’s a spray that will immobilize them. Then they are easy pickings. I don’t think we have any here. I guess, I could call Winky, but then she’d want to take over the cleaning,” was the thoughtful reply.

“We could have her clean the rooms we finish, and the ground floor. That way she’d have something to do while we work,” Harry suggested. Thinking maybe Dobby could join in as well.

“That’s not a bad idea. We also need to find the queen. Who, I’m sure, is in that room. Judging from the size of that swarm.”

“Okay, you call Winky and get the spray. I’m going to call Dobby to do some reconnaissance on the other rooms. That way we aren’t going in blind,” Harry said, looking at the ceiling, wondering what was in store for them.

The two men did just that. Winky came into the house and physically cringed as how depressing and dirty it was. “Does Master Sirius wish for Winky to clean this house?” she asked with trepidation in her voice. She wasn’t against cleaning it, but she didn’t like dark magic, not after taking care of the Imperiused Master Barty.

Dobby bounced on his toes, eager to be doing something for his master. Working at Hogwarts was not exciting at all.

“No, we’re going to use it to practice some magic. What I need from you is some doxy spray and then you can clean the kitchen and ground floor. If you want you can clean up the rooms we’ve finished,” Sirius stated in a polite tone. He liked this elf, she was a godsend the first few weeks he had been in the Shrieking Shack. If not for her he would have never been in touch with Waters, and his name would not have been cleared.

“Winky can be doing this,” she said with a firm nod and popped away.

“And what can Dobby be doing for Master Harry Potter, sir?” Dobby asked, still bouncing, ready to get started.

“Dobby, I have a very important mission for you. Behind this door is an army of doxies. We were caught off guard and don’t want to be again. So, what we need from you is to go to from room to room and find out if anything has taken over,” Harry said to his little friend in a voice of importance.

“Does Dobby needs to be getting rid of what he finds?” the little guy asked with wide eyes.
“No, no, just let us know. If we need something like doxy spray, get it and leave it outside the room for us. Can you do that?” Harry asked, putting his hand on the elf’s shoulder.

“Dobby can be doing anything the Great Harry Potter bes asking,” Dobby said with his usual exuberance.

“Great! Thanks for your help, Dobby.”

And with a nod of eagerness Dobby popped away.

“I will never understand how you get so many people to worship you. Not that you’re not a great guy, it’s just that you’re just a kid,” Sirius said with a shake of his head. As long as he had known Harry, people just seem to have two extremes around him. Hate or Worship. Well, not his friends, but even they were awed by the boy. Sure, the magic he could do was unheard of, but so few people knew of it, that that couldn’t be a factor. He never heard all the tales of Harry Potter while in Azkaban, so he didn’t know that people had built up a living legend on the boy’s shoulders.

“Don’t look at me, I don’t have a clue either. Amnesiac, remember?” Harry stated as Winky popped back into hall with the spray they needed.

“Right, sorry. Thanks, Winky,” Sirius said taking the spray. “So, do you think you can magic up that nifty shield?”

“For some reason my magic doesn’t think we’re in danger. So, no, I can’t,” Harry grumbled, still miffed at his crews laughing. “I mean, I could, but if we’re not in danger, then it’s best to just brave the army without it. Besides, weren’t you a Gryffindor? Where’s that courage, man?”

“Fine,” the dogman pouted.

Together they faced the door, squaring their shoulders and taking deep breaths they went to battle.

Amelia’s POV

While she was still staring at the map, Amelia was going over plans on who to get to investigate the tunnels. She decided to try once more to get Moody to take her call. She put the map in her a drawer in her desk and went to the Floo. “Alastor, can you hear me? It’s Amelia. Look, I know your mad at me for leaving you in Poppy’s care, but I really need your help,” she called to the flames, waiting for the paranoid man to respond. She hoped that by bring up Poppy he’d know it was her. Just when she was about to give up, Mad-eye’s face appeared in the fire.

“What?” was the curt question.

“First off, how are you?” she asked kindly.

“Fine. What do you want?”

“I have something I think you’ll like. Can you come over?” she asked, with a gleam in her eye.

Alastor thought long and hard about it. He was berating himself for hiding away. He needed to get back out there and do something. Albus had asked him to rejoin the Order, but when he found out that they were only going to look for Potter, he declined. He wanted to be doing something against Voldemort, not babysitting a kid who didn’t need it. “Fine, I’ll be over in a moment,” he said gruffly. He wanted to make sure he had his backup wand, and the backup to the backup. You can never be too careful.
“I’ll be waiting,” she said, moving back to her desk. Potter said that only the head of the DMLE could use the map, but did that mean that someone couldn’t see it if she wanted them too? Well, she’d test it out on Mad-eye.

Suddenly the Floo flared and Alastor stepped out. Thumping his way to her desk, he threw himself into a chair. “What do you want, Amelia?” he asked for the third time.

“I was just given something that could do wonders in protecting the Ministry. However, it must remain a secret between you and me,” she said slyly, hoping to tweak his interest.

“This room is secure?”

“Judge for yourself,” she offered, knowing that that would be the only way to appease the man.

Moody waved his wand around and did his own deep scanning. Finding nothing, he nodded his head for her to continue.

“I was just in a meeting with a young man, and he offered to help beef up security. This,” she held up the parchment she took out of her desk, “is a map of the entire building. Including the tunnels no one knew about. I do wonder how your eye missed it,” she said as the thought just occurred to her.

“What tunnels?” he demanded, a bit angry that the building he had worked in for many years had passages that he never knew about. Granted by the time he learned to control his eye, the war was over, and he never had reason to look for such a thing. He was more interested in what was in people’s pocket, or under glamors, than what was in the walls.

“Fudge came out of one the other day, right before he kidnapped Harry Potter…”

“What!? The Potter boy was kidnapped!? How the hell could this have happened? And by Fudge of all people?” he asked, leaning forward in a demanding way.

So, she told him about what had happened the day before, and how the Minster had done it, with the help of his Undersecretary, so she suspected. Then she got back to the point. “We’re looking into it. Meanwhile, this needs to be explored. I thought maybe you could take a look. No one is going to think twice about you wandering around the building with a piece of parchment. If it works for you,” she said enticingly.

“Let’s give it a try,” he said, holding out his hand. She handed him the map and waited to see if it worked. “Amelia, this is a report on cauldron bottoms,” he sniffed.

“Try looking at it with your eye,” she proposed.

Looking at the parchment with his enchanted eye, he saw that there was more to it, but he couldn’t quite make it out. He took out his wand and tried to dispel the charm keeping him from seeing, but nothing. “No good,” he said, handing it back. “Maybe you have to give it permission or something.”

She tapped the map with her wand and said, “I, Amelia Bones, as head of the DMLE, give Alastor ‘Mad-eye’ Moody permission to use this map for the good of the Ministry.” Then she handed it back.

“That worked. I’ll just get started on this in the Minster’s office. There might be one there and that would be how he got Potter out of the building.” He stood and made his way to the door.

“Let me know if you find anything,” she said as she watched him go.

“Right,” was all the answer she got.
With him on the job, she went back to the problem with the horcruxes. Her team was already searching, but she just had an idea. Grabbing the ball out of her safe, she told Debra that she was going to be out of the office for an undetermined amount of time and Flooed to the Leaky Cauldron. Making her way to Diagon Alley she proceeded to Gringotts. Waiting for the first available teller, she fidgeted. She didn’t like the fact that she was carrying a horcrux among the goblins. She had no idea how they would react.

Dumbledore’s POV

Albus was looking at the ring box in a house that he had hidden away for times such as this. He always knew there would be a time he needed to be safe. Heroes always fall hard and fast, it was a historical fact. The box was sitting on the table in front of him, and he very much wanted to open it. However, without a Mediwitch or Severus to undo anything that might befall him, he was cautious. He waved the Elder Wand and dispelled a few of the curse. As the last one fell he felt and overwhelming need to open the box. That was not good. He backed away until the feeling disappeared, which was almost out of the room. Perhaps, he would need some help after all, but he didn’t know who he could turn to at the moment. Slughorn came to mind. He was a good Potions Master. Not as good as Severus, but a worthy man in his own right.

He went to the living room to ponder on his dilemma. Harry needed to see what was in that box, of that he had no doubt. But the boy was not going to be so easily found. And Albus was sure he was far away from Hogwarts. Tapping his finger against his chin, he continued to deliberate. With the Order looking for the boy, perhaps it would not be that long. He would need to get someone to watch muggle London. Harry survived there on his own for a whole week without help. Maybe he should check Sirius’ old home. They might be holed up in there. There was a slim chance the boy returned to the Dursleys, but that was very slim.

Coming to a decision he returned to the kitchen, waved his wand to place a ward on the box, and pocketed it. He’d go to Grimmuald Place. Now, if he could just remember where it was.

Neville’s POV

After classes the group met up in the RoR. They decided that Hermione and the twins needed to practice their dancing. If they were going to make it look natural, then it would take a bit of work. Luna had found an old Wizarding Wireless radio and set it up in the clear space.

“Do you two know how to dance?” Hermione asked skeptically.

“Well, we’ve never had lessons, if that’s what you’re asking. But, Mum’s taught us a thing or two,” Fred said, taking her hand in his and starting a simple waltz.

George shadowed the couple on Hermione’s side. Mostly mimicking his brother. When a twirl came Fred seamlessly spun her around until she was in George’s arms. They continued like that for a good ten minutes, until Hermione could follow their lead.

“That looked like so much fun,” Luna said, clapping her hand. “I want to try,” she demanded, nudging her friend out of the way.

Fred just smiled and started a different dance, that had no set steps. They twirled and twisted, passing her back and forth, just having a great time, laughing all the way.

“Wow,” Neville said when they were done, “I’m not sure I can beat that. A few things, huh?”

“Mum really likes to dance. And you now us, we do pretty much everything together,” Fred said,
sitting in one of the chairs.

“Not that, Luna, get your mind out of the gutter,” George said, seeing her smirk. He took the seat next to his brother.

“Our resident pervert has left, someone has to take his place,” she said snootily, playfully putting her nose in the air and flouncing to the next empty chair.

“Yeah, but that’s downright disgusting, that is,” Fred said with a grimace.

“Sirius said it was fun. He was telling me all about the twins he picked up…”

“Stop,” George all but shouted. “We don’t need to”

“hear about that man’s,” Fred picked up.

“conquest,” they said together.

“Especially, not from you,” Neville added with a shudder.

“Boys,” Hermione sniffed. “They can dish it out, but they can’t take it.”

“What?” all four purebloods asked confused.

“It’s a non-magical saying. Never mind,” she waved dismissively. “Do you think Harry is at Sirius’?”

“No,” Luna answered thoughtfully, tilting her head. “The nargles say they are fighting doxies right now.”

“Daxies? Why would they need to fight doxies? I mean, you just spray them,” George asked, knowing all about ridding houses of pest. The Burrow, being a magical house, attracted many of them and it was the kids’ job to dispose of them.

“I don’t know, but they are having fun, so I’m not worried,” the little blonde stated, listening to something only she can hear. “Too bad someone is going to crash the party,” she pouted, folding her arms. She would never deny Harry having any fun, and the gatecrasher was going to spoil his night. He’d get some nice presents though.

Chapter End Notes

A short chapter, but there it is. A couple of cliffhangers, I know. I have a really bad habit of writing those, blame my muse. She’s always saying, ‘Stop right there, leave them guessing.’ I’ve tried to reason with her, but she won’t budge. Anyway, until next time.
Chapter 48 Child’s Play

Chapter Notes

A few people loved the idea of a doxy army. I don’t know what I’ll do with them in this story, but I do have a wonderful idea for a one-shot. I’ll mull it over for a few days and see where my muse takes it. If I write one, I’ll let you know.

Thanks for all your support.

Amelia’s POV

Amelia finally made it to a teller, she came up to the goblin and said, “I need to speak to someone who handles ‘dark’ objects.” She made sure to keep her voice low.

“How ‘dark’?” the teller asked just as quietly, already putting his finger on the alarm for the bank.

“How I mentioned.” she leaned over and whispered to him as to not cause a commotion. She got one anyway.

The goblin quickly pushed the alarm and for the second time that month Gringotts closed. Everyone was hurriedly shuffled out, barring Bones. She stood there a bit baffled that they would go to such means at the mere mention of the words. She knew they wouldn’t like it, but really. Four goblins suddenly appeared around her with spikes at the ready. She made sure to keep her hands in sight, not wanting an incident.

“You, will follow me,” Snarlfist demanded as he appeared at her side.

“May I ask why you closed the bank?” she asked politely, letting the goblin lead her further into the bank. “I merely wanted to speak to someone.”

“We do not take chances with soul magic. It is too risky, and the rituals involved are dark and always deadly. There are too many things that can go wrong. At your mention of it, it is standard procedure that you undergo an examine to make sure that you are not possessed. We have already been robbed once by and possessed person, this will not happen again,” Snarlfist explained to her as he led her to a room with a healer, who was wearing a strange headdress. He was still angry over the fact that a human had started using intent magic to get through the wards of the bank, and he was sure that that human was involved in this as well.

Amelia held up her hand and stated, “I am not possessed; however, I carry with me an object that is a horcrux.” She didn’t want to leave anything to chance. “I came to ask for your help in locating and destroying them.”

The still unnamed healer pointed her to the center of the room, where a ritual circle was carved into the floor. All cursebreakers were required to make use of it when returning to the country.

“Due to the treaties we have with your people, we are limited to the bank. If there is one here, we can confiscate it and eliminate it,” was the snarled reply.
“That’s more than I had hoped for really, though I was hoping you could find them,” she sighed as she moved to the circle. She put her hand in her pocket and handed the ball to Snarlfist.

“There is no magic to use one to find another, it is inherent in the ritual used to create them,” the grumpy goblin explained. They had run into many of these in their explorations of digs around the world. Egypt was full of them. Gringotts had done extensive research on them. They wanted to know how long the soul would last when the wizard who made them was... killed. If said wizard was a wraith, how long would it take until the soul piece died. Their reading on Herpo the Foul, led them nowhere. That vile man only discovered how to make them, but since he wasn’t around anymore there must be a time limit. He took the toy and waved his hand over it and snarled, “This is a child’s toy.”

“That’s what I thought as well. However, I am told that it is hidden very well. I would never waste your time or money on a prank.”

Snarlfist growled again. More intent magic, he knew that the stupid wizard, who’s name they still didn’t know, was involved. He had thought adding his signature to the wards would prevent anything he had his hands in from coming into the bank. It was not a nice surprise to see he was wrong. They would have to do something to stop this wizard, their security demanded it.

“Whose soul is it supposed to be?” the goblin in the headdress asked as she too waved her hand over the ball, very impressed at the shields on it.

“Voldemort’s,” Amelia answered, with a small shiver, not wanting to waste their time.

The two goblins hissed and Snarlfist dropped the ball. It started bouncing in front of him. He had a vague thought that the soul piece was getting slammed around and that brightened his attitude a bit. “I will take this up the chain of command. We will see about searching the vaults. Normally, we don’t care what you keep in them, but these are abominations that need to be eliminated,” he said, catching the ball on the fourth bounce.

“That’s all I ask,” she agreed.

“Is this all you can tell us?” Snarlfist asked, hoping that she could name the blasted wizard that was making child’s play of their wards.

“Yes, I am under oath to say no more,” she answered sadly. She’d loved to be of more help, but her oath to office and her promise to Lupin tied her hands.

“Fine,” the surly goblin said as he stormed out of the room. Once more disappointed that he couldn’t ‘question’ anyone... again.

The goblin in the headdress preformed a quick ritual to see if Amelia had been possessed or influenced by the soul magic in any way. She hadn’t, so she was sent on her way. The bank remained closed for the rest of the day, while the goblins did their search. They did find the cup, and were incensed, and vowed that Voldemort and his followers would not get the drop on the goblin nation. No, they would not be caught unaware. It was with great glee they threw them in the furnace used for smelting. It was equivalent to Fiendfyre, so it did the job. The screams were music to their souls.

A small note was sent to Amelia that both objects had been destroyed, because she was the one who brought this to their attention.

**Harry’s POV**
“To your left!” Harry yelled as a new swarm of doxies attacked Sirius. They had been using the spray and the Knockback Jinx for a while now. The queen had not been in the first room. The army was much bigger than they had thought. It seemed to encompass the entire floor. According to Dobby that’s all there was, except a boggart or two. The second and third floor were relatively clean, no creatures, just dark objects that could kill you. They didn’t kill the little guys, just knocked them out and put them in TARDIS box, that Harry had magicked up. He made sure that it was able to sustain life. He could see his godfather lagging, they had been battling the whole afternoon. Harry was having a great time. He had no idea what they were going to do with an army of doxies, but there were a few humorous things that came to mind.

Sirius quick threw the Jinx and more doxies fell. The whole time they had been having this fight, he had been learning to create his own shield. It wasn’t golden like Harry’s, but it kept the pest from biting him.

“Harry Potter, Harry Potter, yous needs to be looking above you!!” Dobby shouted from the doorway, jumping up and down like an excited cheerleader. He had already finished his scouting and was told not to physically help them, so he just followed along and encouraged them in their battles.

Harry looked up and moved. He didn’t want to spray above him, it might get in his eyes. The bombing doxies flew off, after dropping what looked like some kind of bomb of shite, yelling belligerently at him for making them miss. Harry waved his hand and more fell to the floor. He waved his hand again and they joined the others in the TARDIS box.

The room was finally clear, and Harry brought up his map. There were dozens of dark objects in this office. They showed like small beacons of dark light. He had Data make a note of where they all were, and he and Sirius went to the hall. They were going to do the cleansing after they got all the doxies, and the queen.

“Well, this is a good workout if nothing else. Great shield, by the way,” he said to his godfather as they made their way to the next room. It was the last room on the floor, and then they would stop for dinner. Winky was already cooking up some fish and chips and they were more than eager to get to it.

“I’m glad you thinks so, because I am dog tired,” the dogman complained. “Can’t you just do your thing and clear it out?” he whined with mournful eyes. He was a pureblood after all and not used to such physical demands on his body.

“The queen might be in there, but you’re right, you need food. Come on, let’s go eat,” Harry said, turning the opposite direction, instead of making fun of his godfather’s lack of stamina, like he had the last three rooms. “We’ll search for the queen after.”

They made it to the kitchen and sat at the now clean table. The whole room looked like it had been redone. It sparkled so bright they had to squint when they came in. The appliances looked new and the gaslights shone like beacons, reflecting off the shiny surfaces.

“Winky is being making plentys of food, yous sits and eats,” the female elf demanded, seeing how tired her master was.

“Thanks, Winky. This looks great,” Sirius said as he slumped in his chair and grabbed a plate and started serving himself. He couldn’t remember being this hungry, outside of Azkaban. Even on the run, he had always found food. Padfoot was great at tracking things to eat.

It was then that the wards pinged. There was someone at the door. “Dobby, can you go see who that
is? Just tell them we’re eating,” Harry said, not worried who it was. There were only a few people who knew this house. And according to Sirius they were all friendly. It was under a modified Fidelius Charm, so only those Sirius told knew about it. What he didn’t know was that Dumbledore had been one of those people. Right after Harry’s third year, the dogman had offered the house for the Order of the Phoenix. They hadn’t used it because until Sirius was in residence, they didn’t know where it was. That was part of the modification.

The two men started their dinner and were chowing down. Sirius had used quite a bit of magic, and Harry, well, he was a teenage boy. They were part way through dinner when a frustrated Dobby returned with a smiling Dumbledore.

“Dobby did try to tells Dumblydore that yous is eating, but he is being hardheaded,” the little elf pouted.

Harry groaned. “What the fuck, old man? Are you stalking me?” he asked, his alarms blaring, and his shield raised to protect him and Sirius, who continued to eat like a starved man.

“No at all, dear boy. I simply have something to show you,” Albus said, moving his hand towards his pocket.

Harry wasn’t taking any chances, and commanded magic to strip the old man of anything magical. Dumbledore’s glasses, two wands, a box, three trinkets, and a few candies flew from the brightly colored pockets. They all landed on the table next to his plate. Harry could feel the dark magic coming from the box and cleaned it with a wave of his hand. He didn’t want to take any chances with something so vile.

The scream that tore the air, even made Sirius stop eating. They all realize that another horcrux was destroyed.

“Do you see, Harry, you must find these and destroy them. It is your destiny,” Dumbledore stated firmly. He always knew that it was the boy’s job to see the end of Tom. The prophecy had foretold such.

Harry was looking at the ring box. There was still powerful magic coming from it, like the diadem, which he finally got to simply answer questions. He wanted to open it, but was he was going to be careful about it, because if it was like the diadem, then while not evil it could be harmful. He instead put it in his TARDIS pocket and looked at the man who he felt was responsible for all the bad things that had happened in his life. Especially, since he lost his memory. Sure, Snape was the one who potioned him, but Dumbledore hired the vile man in the first place.

“I’m fucking done with you,” he stated, getting up from the table. “You have been hounding my steps from day one. I’m tired of having to look over my shoulder every time I fucking go somewhere. This is the last time we’ll bloody well meet,” he warned. He took out his tricorder, because he need precision. Turning it on Dumbledore, he sent a wave of magic towards the old man.

He hadn’t wanted to do this, it was to close to mind rape for comfort, but the guy wouldn’t leave him alone. The spell he just cast would make the old man think of something else, whenever he thought of Harry. If someone mentioned our hero in a sentence, then Dumbledore would change the subject. Sure, people would get suspicious, but Albus would tell them he had it all under control and then talk about something else. He then added the memory of Albus coming to talk to Sirius and blocking the memory of what just happened.

Harry then thought the old man’s glasses back on his face, the two wands into his pockets, and the candies and trinkets as well. Or so he thought.
A blank look came over the old man’s face, he looked at Sirius and smiled. “I came to tell you that we will not be needing your house, thank you for the offer. The Order of the Phoenix will be disbanded, as I feel that Tom is not a threat at the moment. Again, thank you, my boy, for your generous offer.” With that he turned and left the room. Harry made sure to lock the door behind him.

“Harry, who’s wand are you holding?” Sirius asked, peering at the crooked wand in the boy’s hand. There was something strange about that wand, it niggled in the back of his mind, but he couldn’t put his finger on it.

“What? Well, shite, it must be Dumbledore’s,” Harry said as he too examined the wand. “Weird, I thought I gave that back.”

“That wand looks familiar, and I mean more than the old man’s wand. Like it’s very important,” the glamour man stated, squinting at it, trying to remember where else he’d seen it before. This was the first time he had seen it up close.

“Sirius, it’s just a wand,” Harry said, putting it in his pocket and sitting down to finish his dinner.

“Fine, I’ll drop it for now, if you tell me what you did to Albus,” the older man grumbled. He just knew this wand changed things. He just didn’t know how.

“I just made it so he wouldn’t think about me anymore. He’ll remember who I am, but now I’m unimportant,” the teen said with a shrug.

“That’s actually pretty brilliant,” his godfather praise.

“Yup,” the boy said, finishing off the last of his dinner. “Let’s go find the queen. I want to see if she’s as smart as her kids.”

Sirius groaned and followed his godson out of the room. He didn’t want to know what Harry was going to do with the doxy army.

Dumbledore’s POV

Albus made it back to his hiding place and tried to remember why the Potter boy was so important. He knew there was a prophecy, but every time he thought about it, he would think about dinner. He searched his pockets to find his wand, so he could prepare said dinner, but the Elder Wand was gone. His backup wand was there, so were his portkeys. He frantically looked for the box, but it was nowhere to be found. Two things missing, and he had no idea why. He went over his steps for the evening and could remember everything that happened. Nothing he could remember was telling him where the missing items were. This was not good.

Amelia’s POV

Bones was sitting in her office getting ready to go home. She was just putting the last of her paperwork in her safe, when Alastor came storming it.

“Well, I found Fudge and his toad,” he said as he slumped into a chair.

“Really? In the tunnels? How did they survive in there?” she asked intrigued.

“They didn’t, they’re dead. Looks like someone got the drop on them when they handed off the Potter boy,” Moody grumped, folding his arms over his chest. They were two more people who would never see justice.
“Do you know what killed them?” Amelia asked, pulling out some parchment and ink.

“Killing Curse,” was the succinct answer.

“Did you find anything that could point the finger at them?” she questioned.

“There was a vile of something in Fudge’s pocket. The toad’s wand showed a levitation spell. But other than that, nothing.”

“Damn, I was hoping for more,” she huffed. Like Moody she had been hoping that Potter would sue Fudge or at least press charges. Perhaps his lawyer could make a case against the dead man’s house. The Minister had been a very rich man, thanks to his nefarious dealings. He had been married, but with no children. If the Potter kid played it right, he could get everything. She never liked his wife.

“What did you do with the bodies?”

“Handed them over to some rookie Aurors. I figured they could use the work,” he smirked. He knew the department was stretched to its limits, but there were always slackers. It them he handed the case. They’d have to report to Bones, but how she handled it was up to her.

“Did you find anything else?” she asked, hoping for good news.

“This place is riddled with tunnels. There’s one going to every departments. Even the DoM,” he reported, handing her the map. “I wouldn’t tell them though. I heard some fishy things lurking in the walls. There’s Death Eaters in the Ministry,” he finish ominously. He then pulled out a notebook with penciled in conversations that he had heard.

She lifted a brow at his use of muggle items, but he ignored it. She skimmed a few of them and her face contorted to anger. According to this there was a Death Eater in almost every department, at least the important ones. If they found out about the tunnels the Ministry would fall— fast. She just didn’t have the manpower to have them patrolled. Maybe there was a way to seal them with a password only she and select few knew. They could be used for escape. It was something she was going to have to think on.

“I want to come back tomorrow and see what else I can find,” Alastor stated, getting up from the chair.

“I would like that. You are an invaluable ally, Alastor. Anything you can to do help, would be Merlin sent,” she said, putting the map and notes in her safe, and following him to the Floo.

“I’ll be here a seven sharp,” he said, taking the Floo powder and using it to go home.

“I’ll be here,” she sighed, wishing for an easier day tomorrow.

Chapter End Notes

Another short chapter, oh well. Perhaps, my muse will be more awake tomorrow. Or I’ll let her rest a day or two.
**Couldn’t Happen to a Nicer Bitch**

Chapter Notes

Okay, here’s the next chapter. I had to let my muse rest for a bit. I think I’m going to do that from now on. Instead of pushing her to write a chapter a day, I’ll only write at a speed I’m comfortable at. I do tend to do that; push until I get frustrated. It makes for sloppy writing, and glaring plot holes. Now, that I can think, I’ve added even more to my outline, so I have a feeling there’ll be more.

I have noticed a drop in reviews, and have to wonder if that means fewer people are reading this. Oh well, at least those that are reviewing like what they are reading, mostly.

Thanks for all your comments and reviews, to those that are. They are what makes it all worth it. That and they feed my muse, so a special thanks to those who do that.

Hope you enjoy.

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**Harry’s POV**

It had been a hard battle; the army was larger in this room. After an hour of fighting, making sure not to kill the little buggers, they finally got the queen. Harry looked at the royal doxy he held captive in his hand. She was bigger than her minions, longer too. Where the soldiers were palm size, she was the length of his whole hand. Her coloring was darker as well. She stood in his grasp and glared at him, folding her four arms over her flat chest. He glared back and the two got into a staring contest, until Sirius cleared his throat, which made them turn their angry gaze to the dogman.

“Funny as it is to see you try and dominate a pest, don’t you think you should… I don’t know, find out if she can understand you?” Sirius asked with a chuckle. The way they had been battling the doxies meant that they were, at the very least, as intelligent as house elves. They didn’t seem to have any magic though, just higher thinking.

“Fine,” the teen huffed, and turned back to the queen. “Can you understand me?” he asked, leaning in a bit, causing her head to move back.

“Of course, I can, you pitiful human,” came the tiniest voice Harry had ever heard.

He leaned in further to hear it better, and she bit his ear. “Ow!” he yelped, pulling back. “Here now, none of that. I wanted to make a deal with you,” he said, clearing the venom with a wave of his free hand.

“What could you possibly offer me? We were doing well here, until you came along. There was plenty to eat and no humans to bother us,” she snarled, making Harry chuckle at her.

“Well, first off, I’d like to know how you can understand us. Particularly, if there were no humans around,” Sirius inquired. Like he had said before he had never seen doxies act like this and wondered what caused the change.
“I’m not sure,” she confessed unwillingly. If it hadn’t been for the tight hand that held her and the fact they had her children in that prison box, she wouldn’t have said anything. “One day we were mindlessly eating, when I suddenly had a coherent thought. If I have one, then my swarm has one. It started out small and then progress to the intelligence you see now. We learned most of our language from the portraits. They are a talkative bunch. Not a nice crowd though, you filthy blood-traitor. Your mother really doesn’t like you.” she smirked at Sirius, making him growl a bit.

“That’s okay, I don’t like her much either,” he perked up with a grin. He smiled at the memory of the tirade that portrait had had, until Harry simply vanished her mid-rant. Nothing warmed his heart more than to see that crone completely gone from this earth. Couldn’t happen to a nicer bitch. He had said as much to Harry, making the teen laugh.

“Were you in this room when it happened?” Harry asked, looking around with his map scanning the room. There were defiantly dark objects here. There was a necklace that radiated evil. He squinted his eyes at it and thought about destroying it. Before he could, his attention was captured by the doxy’s answer.

“Yes, I never leave this room. It is where my nest is,” she said, not giving any indication where said nest was.

“What do you see, Harry?” Sirius asked, looking around to see if he could feel what Harry seemed to be feeling.

“There’s a necklace over there,” the teen answered, nodding his head to the cabinet. “Feels like a horcrux.”

“Are you going to destroy it?” the dogman asked, backing away from the cabinet.

“I want to, but something is telling me that others have to know besides Bones. I mean, I can’t find them all, so I wonder who else could,” Harry replied, listening to Spock give him some advice.

“Maybe you should give it to Waters. He might know people,” was the thoughtful suggestion. That man seemed to know how to get things done, so he should know the right sort of people.

“Sure, I’ll send it to him tomorrow,” Harry said, it was good suggestion and Waters hadn’t steered him wrong yet. The lawyer was one of the few adults Harry respected. “Okay, now, back to you. What should we do with you and yours?” he asked as he looked back to the queen.

“You’re not going to kill us?” she questioned with narrow eyes. She wasn’t sure if she could trust this human, but she could feel her hive in the back of her mind, hurt but alive.

“Nope,” our hero replied, making her sag with relief. “I thought we could put you to good use. I mean, you won’t be effective to a large number of people, but you could take down a few at a time.” A few plans were already going through his head. An army of any kind would be useful. Even if they only took a few out of the battle ground. Not that he planned on fighting anyone, but it never hurts to make allies. After all, he had two crazy old men after him for one reason or another. Who knows what the future would bring? Well, Luna, but she only got flashes, and they were usually in the immediate future.

“Then can you find us a place that’s not so evil?” she asked hesitantly. She was worried for her offspring. Whatever caused their sentience was making a few of them rebellious. She knew that if they broke off from the hive, they would die. They needed to be part of the swarm to live, but there was dissention in the ranks. Some were even questioning on whether or not they should overthrow the throne. It would be suicide at a mass proportion. She had yet to produce another queen, she
hoped it would be soon. The hive was getting very large, and it would need to split soon. That could only happen if there was another queen. Perhaps in the new batch of eggs.

“What? You just got through saying you liked it here,” the confused teen said, wondering what caused that quick turnaround.

“Not really. Now that we can think, it’s very depressing here,” she hedged, looking around at the gloomy room and shivering. “We just never left because it was convenient,” she shrugged and held out all four hands in a ‘what can you do’ manner.

“Let me think about it,” Harry said, scratching his head. “Until then, let’s get you with your family.”

“Wait!” she yelled. “I need my eggs… please,” she tried not to beg, but it was a close thing.

“Sure,” Harry said, not really caring if she took them or not. “Where are they?”

She pointed to her nest and with a wave of his hand, he relocated the post of the bed into the TARDIS box, causing said bed to crash to the floor. No big loss, it was trash anyway. He then bid the queen goodbye and added her there as well.

“Well, that’s done. And I’m ready for bed. Do you want to go back to the Shack or stay here?” Sirius asked with huge yawn.

“Let’s go back. I don’t want the girls to worry.”

“Right, poof away,” the older man said with a grin. He did much prefer Harry form of travel. He was almost to the point where he could do it as well. Harry had given him the comic book he had gotten the idea from, but Sirius was more into the story then to learn new magic from it. Wolverine as a hoot. What he could do to Death Eaters with claws like that.

Harry grabbed the TARDIS prison, then his godfather and the two disappeared in a cloud of smoke.

Neville’s POV

The next morning the group went to breakfast as usual. They were chowing down and talking about the Ball in vague terms. Luna was still eating at the Gryffindor table and was creating a castle with her scrambled eggs, using the cheese as glue. It was when they were halfway through that the Daily Prophet appeared. On the front page were two glaring headlines.

Boy-Who-Lived Tossed Out of Hogwarts, and Fudge Dead, Foul Play Suspected

The first article was a very accurate description of what had happened between Harry and McGonagall. It detailed the amnesia and how it happened. Then went on to say that the McGonagall was being cruel and unreasonable. Her treatment of the Boy-Who-Lived was uncalled for, or anyone one who suffered like that. It was the school’s responsibility to see that the boy was taken care of, since they cause his ailment. It asked the question on why she would kick an orphan to the streets when she had been the one to bring him back to Hogwarts in the first place, for ‘his safety’. There were a few lines on Dumbledore and the first task, but it mostly focused on the Deputy Headmistress, currently Provisional Headmistress.

The second article was not a comprehensive, it just said that Minister Fudge’s body was found, hidden in the ministry with his Undersecretary, and that they were killed with the Killing Curse. It asked that anyone who had information to come forward and report it. There was a short biography of the two dead people’s life, but not in great detail. Neville never knew that Umbridge was a half-blood. His gran never stopped ranting about that woman, especially after a Wizengamot session.
Couldn’t happen to a nicer bitch.

The Great Hall exploded with whispers, accusations, and some shouts of protest. Not everyone liked the disparaging things the first article stated about McGonagall, but they were few. Her strict teaching methods, and her unbending personality didn’t win her a lot of fans. Specifically, with her neglected House. There was no love lost with their inattentive Head.

Neville could see Harry’s hand in this, because no one knew that last fact except the people sitting at this table, and part of the staff. Well, Dumbledore, but he didn’t see the old man saying anything that would put the school in a bad light.

“Oh, the fallout from this is going to be bad for her,” Luna warned ominously, eating the top of her castle.

“Serves her right,” Hermione huffed. She was very disappointed that she and Luna would not be attending the Ball with Harry. It would have been fun, and she could learn more about her friend. Especially, since he was regaining his memories. She had wanted to see if he changed back into the former boy, or if he maintained his new attitude. She was hoping for the latter, since the new Harry treated her as an equal.

“Don’t worry, Hermione, they’re back at the Shack,” the little blonde said with a bright smile as if she had read Hermione’s mind.

“How did you…. oh, never mind,” the bushy-haired girl huffed again.

“When do you think the howlers wills start?” Fred asked, looking to the ceiling as if they would suddenly appear.

“Don’t know, but it should be fun,” his brother answered with a smirk.

“I guess, we’ll have to wait until after classes,” Neville said, taking one last bite of his toast and getting up.

“Yeah,” the others said, disappointed.

They all got up and headed to class. It was going to be hard to wait.

**Harry’s POV**

“Shite,” Harry said as they were sitting down for breakfast.

“What?” Remus asked as he joined them.

“We forgot the necklace,” the teen answered, serving up some bacon.

“What necklace?”

“Don’t worry about it, we’ve got it covered,” Sirius said, sipping some tea. “You could give Dobby a container, with a note, and have him pop it over to Waters,” he suggested, turning to his godson.

“Good idea,” Harry said, waving his hand and creating a small rubber box, shielded much like the rubber ball had been. “Dobby,” he called. And when the little guy appeared, he handed him the box and pointed to the only opening. “I need you to go and get the bad feeling necklace in that last room we cleared. Levitate it in this opening, don’t touch it. It’ll swallow it and close by itself. Then take this, and the note I’m about to write, to Waters,” he gentle ordered. Taking out a small paper and
pencil and jotting down what the lawyer needed to know.

“Yes, sir, Harry Potter, sir,” Dobby said, taking the box and waiting for him to finish.

Harry handed him the completed note and smiled. “Thanks, Dobby.”

“Wait, I need to write to Waters too,” Sirius said as he scrambled to get what he needed to say on paper. He then sealed it and handed it to Dobby.

With a beaming grin, the little guy popped away.

“That’s a load off my mind. So, what are we going to do with an army of doxies?” Harry asked the two men sitting with him.

Remus spit his tea across the table. “An army of what!?” he shouted, really wishing he had been with them yesterday.

“Yeah, my house was infested with them. They took over the first floor. We think it was the horcrux that did it,” Sirius said with a grin, picking up his cup to finish the last of his tea.

“They formed an army? As it tactical movements and everything?” the confused werewolf sputtered. He was well verse in the creatures of the Wizarding World, and he had never, ever heard of such a thing. “Wait, what horcrux!?” he yelled, getting beyond frustrated with how they were throwing things around so casually and not going into detail.

“Yup. Found another one, it’s what we just sent to Waters. As to the doxies…” Harry said mischievously, waving his hand and calling the TARDIS box to him. When it landed on the table. He opened it, carefully shielding the top so only the queen could come out. He saw a few of the doxies slam into the shield and said in a playful voice, “Oh, Queenie, come out, come out, where ever you are.”

The queen flew to the top and cautiously left the box. Seeing as her army was stuck inside, she sat on the edge and glared at the humans. “What?” she demanded in her tiny voice.

“I had an idea last night on how you could be useful, but we just need to do a bit of training. So, I was wondering if you wanted to hear it? It could be fun, and you get to bite people,” he said enticingly.

The queen thought about it for a moment, tapping the finger of her second left hand on her chin. “Will it be dangerous?” she asked, looking around to see if said danger was already here.

“Nay, with the training I’m going to give you, you and your army should be okay. Well, no more dangerous than your life usually is,” Harry allayed her concern.

“And we get to bite people?” she inquired, perking up at that thought.

“Yup, but only a select few, I’ll have your word on that. We’ll draw up a treaty or something. It’ll state that you and yours, including your descendants, will only attack certain people and me and mine will not hunt you down,” came the tempting offer. He wondered how Waters’ firm was going to feel drawing up said treaty.

“Give me a few days to think upon it. I must to what’s best for my swarm,” she said thoughtfully.

“Sure, take your time. I have all the time in the world,” the teen said with a bright smile. He really hoped she took him up on it. It would be a great help and give her and her offspring a better life.
The queen nodded her head and went back into the box. Harry carefully sealed the lid and put the container aside.

“Sirius, what did you need to tell Waters?” Harry asked, smacking Remus about the head to get him out of his shock. The man was sitting with a fork full of scrambled eggs halfway to his mouth, staring at the box on the floor. The smack cause his eggs to fall, but he was still wrapping his head around what he just witnessed.

“Oh, I am having him present the money we raised to the Board. I’m letting them know they can have it, but because of McGonagall’s actions, we almost donated it to someone else,” Sirius said slyly. “I made sure to tell him to have an ironclad agreement that it would be used for the school and would never wind up in someone’s pocket. Maybe he could set up a committee to oversee the disbursement of the funds. I told him to make sure that they knew it was from you and Reggie Sirius Grey. This way I can start my new identity.” He shrugged, knowing that it was a good start. He had thought long and hard about it and decided what they had talked about earlier was the way to go. He had gotten used to not being looked at with mistrust or outright scorn. No one but his friends had ever trusted him, and even Remus turned on him because of his former name. No, he was killing off the Blacks. He’d go to Gringotts later today to do just that.

He and Remus would set up and antique shop and hire someone to sell the stuff. Profits would go to the fund. Now, that Remus had established himself as an honest seller, it should be good money. He could come in as a co-owner in his new name. They found out went they started, anything with the Black name was treated with suspect, because of Sirius being wanted in the non-magical world as well. So, when Remus came aboard, they switched it to him. Sirius had made a killing with a few less savory people, and he still might sell under the Black name from time to time.

Harry laughed as he finished up his breakfast. Winky popped in about that time with the Prophet. They all took in the two headlines, and Harry laughed harder.

When Remus read the fate of the woman who had made his life hell with all her anti-werewolf laws he said, “Couldn’t happen to a nicer bitch.” Causing Harry to fall to the floor he was laughing so hard.

Chapter End Notes

I was going to make it longer, but my muse said ‘no, this is good enough’.

Still, I hope you enjoy.
Amelia’s POV

It was only lunch and Amelia was already ready to go home. The day started off bad when she read the headlines. She was fuming by the time she got to her office. She had reamed the two rookies, who were in charge of Fudge’s case, for letting that bit of news out so soon. Alastor had told her that the rookies were only following procedure, and that she shouldn’t be too hard on them. Still, she had been hoping to keep it quiet for a bit longer. She had been inundated with owls since. She just had too much on her plate at the moment to have to deal with a panicking public. They made too many unreasonable demands, and they wanted answers to questions she didn’t have answers for. That, and now the Wizengamot was breathing down her neck, making it impossible to get any work done. If one more old geezer came to her office ordering her around, she was going to hex them. There was even a letter in there from Dumbledore, as if he wasn’t on the run, telling her how to handle the investigation. The nerve.

She left the rookies on the case, everyone had to start somewhere. She did assign a senior Auror to supervise, so the uppity-ups would get off her back.

Finishing her eggs salad sandwich and banishing the remains of her lunch, she started going over what her Riddle team had found. So far, they learned, from the muggle’s hometown, that the squib had potioned the father, and how he had come running back when she stopped. It was all hearsay and gossip, but if you read between the lines, you got the gist.

They found out that Tom was orphaned and raised in an orphanage. They tracked his career through Hogwarts, and the few jobs he held after. There were some suspicions on what happened to his father and grandparents, but since his uncle was dead it, was a dead end. Actually, everyone in Tom’s family was dead under shadowy circumstances, but all was neatly tided up for someone else to take the fall. The caretaker of the old Riddle mansion had even died, mysteriously.

That place looked like it had been lived in recently and they found an unidentified dead man there, who was missing a hand. It looked like he had bled out. They traced that back to a scene in a graveyard not far from the mansion. Amelia had to assign two more Aurors to go over that, thinking it was the place Potter had told her about. That meant it was the aborted attempt to resurrect You-Know-Who. She was tempted to send an Unspeakable, but then she’d never hear anything back, so she was holding that off for the moment.

The Riddle team had lost track of him after he quit Borgen and Burkes, but they were still looking. The main problem was that he might have left the country, and they didn’t have the budget to go
abroad. They could send a few owls, Floo other departments and ask a few questions, but not go
themselves. Sometimes she really wished they had phones, like the muggles.

She was hoping they would pick up the trail after he came back to the UK. There had been rumors
of him being in Hogwarts a few years ago, which she had dismissed at the time, so she was having
them restart there.

“Madam Bones,” the voice of her secretary interrupted her thoughts. “There are two young men to
see you. They said to mention the map and you’d know who they are. The older one was here a few
days ago.”

“Send them in Debra, and make sure we’re not disturb for the next twenty minutes,” Amelia said,
pushing the rune to answer.

Sirius and Harry entered the room, a box floating at their side, though Harry was glamored to look
like a much different person. He had sandy hair and a bulbous nose. His eyes were a lighter green
and his mouth was fuller. If she hadn’t been warned, she would have never recognized him.

“Madam Bones, I hope you’re not too busy,” Harry said, taking the chair on the right. He smirked at
his godfather as the man sat next to him. Both men couldn’t wait to see her face when they showed
her what they brought.

“I am busy,” she answered, shuffling some parchment to the side. “This mess with the Minister’s
death has caused a lot of chaos. People are demanding results, and they are not taking ‘we’re
working on it’ for an answer,” she sighed, looking at the two men in front of her. “I wish you had
remembered more, but it can’t be helped. What can I do for you two today?”

“I have something that might take some of the worry off your shoulders,” the younger boy enticed,
waving to the box floating beside him. He moved it to the side of her desk and watched as she
eyeballed it like it was about to explode or something.

“Oh,” she asked, turning back to him and raising her eyebrow. “Something that’s not going to bite
me, I hope.” The last thing she needed was these two hooligans to play a prank on her. She was very
much familiar with Black and his friends’ shenanigans in Hogwarts. They had carried on after and all
had a small file of misdemeanors. Nothing more serious than a pureblood complaining, but since
both Black and Potter were also purebloods, nothing ever came of them.

“Well,” the teen said sheepishly, not making her feel the least bit better. “We’re working on that.
There’s a treaty in the works, but I thought someone who knew more about the Wizarding World’s
politics would be better at that than I,” he finished with a shrug.

“A… treaty?” Bones inquired, wondering just what was in that box.

“Yeah, you see, we found an army of Doxies in Sirius’ old house and I was thinking they could be
used to patrol the tunnel here. If you could train them up a bit, work out a deal and make sure they
have plenty of food, then you have your own private army in the walls. However, the queen tells me
that they are going to split soon. She found another queen in her current nest, so I was thinking the
new army could go to Hogwarts, and do the same there,” Harry said, with a broad grin. He and the
queen had talked more after breakfast, and she was content with the idea of living in hidden
passageways, biting only those that either entered without the password, or overpowering those that
smelled of evil, like the dark objects from Grimmauld Place. If the Ministry was attacked, or Merlin
forbid, taken over, they would help defend their new home. The same for Hogwarts, only there
would have to be an addendum about biting students. It would give her brood something to do, and
then perhaps they wouldn’t rebel.
“Did you say an army of… doxies? As in the eight limbed creatures that live in draperies?” she asked in a great deal of shock. “What do they even eat?”

“You know, I’m not sure. Queenie should let you know in the negotiations,” he said with a thoughtful look.

Amelia rubbed her forehead, trying to ward off a headache. She knew that he was only trying to help, but this was not something she needed right now. Perhaps Alastor and his paranoia would come in handy for this. He couldn’t sign any treaty, but he could train them up. That and he was the only one who knew of the tunnels. “Fine, leave the box here and I’ll get someone on it,” she finally said with heavy sigh.

“Okay, to open it, tap your wand and say ‘doxy army’ then remove the lid, then call for Queenie and only she can come out. The top of the box will be shielded like that until a treaty is signed. Waters, you remember my lawyer, said he’d be tickled for his firm to write up anything you guys come up with. Since this will be a secret army I didn’t know who else to ask,” Harry said, levitating the box to a corner in her office. “Remember, the next swarm goes to Hogwarts. Let me know, so I can take them there and show them where they’ll live, and I’ll be happy.” Though now that he thought about it, perhaps Remus would be better at that, since they would need to come to an agreement with the current Head. Still, it should be fun.

“Fine, fine, I’ll handle it from here,” she said, waving her hand in dismissal.

“Great, well we’re headed to Gringotts,” Sirius spoke for the first time, grinning at the byplay these two had. Harry trusted very few adults, and for some reason this woman was one of them. She was taking the news much better than Remus had. The poor man was still mulling the whole thing over. He shrugged at Harry and the two men left the poor woman to face the rest of her day.

Amelia got curious, she rose from her desk, went to the corner and tapped her wand on the top of the box. “Doxy army,” she stated hesitantly. The lid opened, and a dozen of doxies slammed into an invisible barrier. Then a larger doxy flew up and glared at her.

“What?” squeaked the obvious queen, all four hands on her hips.

“I…I… I was just looking,” sputtered the head of the DMLE. “You can go back now, I’m still working on getting your… treaty.” The blasted boy didn’t warn her they could talk. She thought they could just understand. She did wonder if they could read as well. That might be useful.

“Fine, but don’t bother me until you’re ready. I have eggs to tend,” sniff the queen, then she turned and flew back to her nest.

“Well, really,” Amelia huffed and lowered the lid. A small smile played at her lips as she reseated herself. Casting a Patronus she said, “Alastor, come to my office, please.” She continued to smile as she waited. ‘He might just enjoy this,’ she thought, her smile turning into a smirk.

At that moment, an old woman in plum robes opened her door unannounced. She took one look at Amelia, who had raised her wand, and skedaddled.

**Harry’s POV**

The two men made it to Gringotts without trouble. However, when they entered, alarms started blaring. Guards surrounded them quickly, with spikes poised to strike at any false moves. Snarlfist came hurrying over and stood in front of them. “At last we’ve got you,” he growled at the disguised boy, pulling his knife and looking menacing. He had waited for this moment for weeks.
Customers were looking at them with undisguised curiosity. They hoped the bank didn’t close again. They still didn’t know the reason for the last time it was closed. The first time they at least had received a letter. Something about items showing up on vaults.

“What did I do?” Harry asked, narrowing his eyes at the goblin he had met only once before. He wondered if the MOB method had made this particular goblin surlier.

“I’ve been looking for you for a long time,” Snarlfist said with a great deal of glee. Finally, someone he could ‘question’. “Get them to an interrogation room,” he told the guards.

“Hey, now, no pushing,” Harry yelped as one of the spikes poked him in the back. He turned around and glared at the goblin who did it, who simply glared back, only he had a long spike on his side. Harry huffed, turned back around and followed the lead guard.

“Damn, I forgot they wanted to talk to you,” Sirius said, with a heavy sigh.

“Now you tell me?” his godson snapped.

“Well, there’s been a lot going on,” the dogman defended himself.

“I’ll get you for this, Sirius,” Harry snarled when he got poked again. He wasn’t overly worried, he could leave at any time. However, his stuff was here, and he didn’t want to piss these guys off more than they already were, yet. This was just another reason he was thinking on clearing his vaults and keeping them in a TARDIS box or something. They were treating him like a criminal and he hadn’t even done anything. If they didn’t back off, they would learn just how bad of and idea that was.

McGonagall's POV

It had been a long day, and it was only halfway through. She had been getting angry glares from most of the student body. She huffed at that thought, who did these children think they were, judging her. After all the hardship they put Potter through, they had no cause to throw stones. She had watched as they vilified the Boy-Who-Lived to the point where he hid from them. And now they thought that she was wrong. The nerve.

She was sitting at the Staff Table, with her coworkers, eating her lunch when the first howler came. She quickly banished it, and the one the followed, and the one that followed that. However, they were starting to come faster then she could swish her wand, and the other teachers were trying to keep up with the deluge of letters. Soon enough it was clear that they would not be able to clear them all, so she transfigured a box from a napkin and directed them into it. There was no way she was going to sit and be ridiculed by people who had no idea what she had had to put up with from that boy.

As the letters flew into the box, it began to swell and smoke. As each letter opened and started shouting, the box grew until it burst at the seams. The noise that followed was deafening. Everyone in the Great Hall screamed, running from the room with their hands over their ears. The foreign students and staff vacated the school altogether, going to their lodgings. The Hogwarts teachers put muffling spells over their heads and moved away from the table, waving their wands to try and stop the noise.

It took ten minutes and finally it all stopped. The quiet was just as deafening as the noise had been.

“I told you that you would regret making the Potter boy leave,” Sprout said, breaking the silence. “I warned you that you needed to do something to bring him back.”

“What would you have me do?” Minerva asked, sniffing indignantly and cringing at the smoky
“I have no idea where he has gotten off to. I thought he was bluffing and would come back on his own. He needed to learn that he was to respect the staff of this school. After everything we have done for him, he had no right to disparage us so.”

“And pray tell, just what have we done for the poor lad?” Pomona asked, glaring at her fellow teacher. “I don’t recall anything out of the way. As a matter of fact, I don’t recall lifting one finger to help the lad,” she added sadly, remembering all the times they were told to turn away from the tormenting and ridicule the boy suffered. Albus had told them that Harry Potter needed to learn to stand up for himself, or to come to them directly. That the boy was not to get a ‘big head’. That they were not to feed his ego by giving him special treatment. She regretted doing that to this very day. It went against her sense of fair play. Still Dumbledore was her boss and she did as he requested.

“We brought him back from the street, where he was eating from the garbage bins. We treated his wounds, and sheltered him,” McGonagall pointed out.

“Severus was the one to cause his problems in the first place, it was our duty to do those things,” was the rebuttal.

“And he scorned every bit of help we tried to give him,” she snapped.

“I don’t know why I’m trying to make you understand, Minerva. You are just as pigheaded as Albus,” Sprout huffed and walked away.

Flitwick looked at the transfiguration professor and said, “She’s right you know? No matter what we say, you just won’t change. I’m not even going to bother. I just hope it doesn’t hurt the school.” He shook his head and he too walked away.

“That boy need to learn to respect his elders,” she called to the diminutive professor’s back.

“Respect is earned, and from what I’ve seen neither you or Albus had done that,” he said over his shoulder as he left the room. The other teachers silently followed, looking at the Deputy Headmistress with sad eyes.

McGonagall stood in a circle of shredded paper and smoke as she thought on what they had said. Shaking her head that they just didn’t understand, she started to clear the mess.

Neville’s POV

“Well, that was fun,” Neville said, with a small chuckle as the group walked down the passageways, wands cast on Lumos, so they could see down the dark tunnels. They decided not to take the main hallways, they didn’t want to hear all the gossip and misinformation that was surely spreading down the Hogwarts grapevine.

“Yeah, and we didn’t even have to wait until the end of the day,” Fred agreed, with a big smile, leading the way, holding on to his brother’s sleeve.

“I don’t know if I’ll ever be able to hear right again,” whined George, who had been closer to the box when it exploded. “That’s worse than ten of Mum’s howlers.” He shook his head to see if it would stop the ringing, it didn’t. He was just thankful they were in a tight space, so the others didn’t have yell for him to hear them.

“You’ll be fine,” Luna said airily, placing a hand on his back to steady him. “I wish Harry were around he would have loved that,” she added with a wistful smile.

“He would have probably been blamed,” sniffed Hermione, bringing up the rear. The others nodded
in agreement as left the tunnels on the seventh floor. They made their way to the Room of Requirements, called up the Room of Lost Things and sat in the circle of chairs Harry had left. It was now the place they talked the most. It was familiar and comfy, and best of all no one could hear them.

“Besides the Ball, what else have we got planned?” Neville asked looking at the twins, who always had something in the works.

“We’re not sure, really. We were working so hard on our Animagus transformations, that we haven’t planned anything,” Fred confessed, looking at his brother. “Maybe we should ask the Marauders,” he suggested, getting nods from the others.

“Yeah, let’s get together, at the Shack, after classes and think of something. This needs to be done. The school spirit is shot,” George stated firmly, again getting nods from everyone, including Hermione. His hearing was better now, the ringing was more muffled than before, for which he was thankful.

“Let’s,” was the resounding rejoinder.

**Harry’s POV**

Harry and Sirius were sitting in the room with all the creature heads. Sirius was still creeped out by the werewolf head. They had gone under the Thief’s Downfall, but like last time it didn’t turn them back to their normal selves. Harry was looking at all the different creatures, he wondered if he had ever known what the all were. The heads mounted on the walls looked nothing like non-magical animals, except the lion. It, however, had two rows of teeth, which made it very intimidating.

Snarlfist slammed his dagger on the table, very upset these two wizards weren’t paying any attention to him. He was the one who could ruin their lives after all. “Wizards,” he barked. “You would do well to put your attention where the danger is,” he snarled, leaning over the table as far as his short stature would allow.

“What? You?” Harry asked with great disbelief, turning his attention to the goblin, and taking a seat next to Sirius, who seemed worried for some reason.

“Harry,” warned Sirius with a bit of a whine.

“What?” he asked again, turning his head towards his godfather. “Why are we in danger from him? We’ve broken no laws that I know of. He has no right to question us as if we had,” he stated, looking back to the surly goblin. “I’m a paying customer here, you don’t have a right to hold me,” he snapped, slamming his hands down on the table and standing threateningly over the smaller goblin.

“You came into this bank under disguise, you have breached our wards, and you defeated the Thief’s Downfall. You could be a threat to the nation,” Snarlfist argued back, poking his long finger into the boy’s chest, not backing down an inch.

“I have no weapons on me,” Harry protested the accusation, slapping the goblin’s hand away.

“You have a wand,” was the rebuttal.

“If you haven’t warded your bank to nullify them, then that’s your bad. Every fucking person who comes in here, over the age of eleven, has a wand. You can’t hold me for that. I want my lawyer here,” the teen demanded, standing back up and folding his arms over his chest.

“Harry,” Sirius said again, this time tugging the boy’s arm.
“You are not under wizard laws at the moment. You are under goblin laws,” the goblin stated proudly.

“So, your laws state that you can hold anyone you don’t like?” was the shocked question as he pulled his arm from Sirius’ grasp. The more Harry learned about the Wizarding World the more he thought of leaving. It was shite like this that made that closer to a reality. “And we trust you with our stuff, when you can just snag someone you think might be a threat? If that’s so, then I think I’m just going to pull my accounts. All of them. And, I’ll make Sirius pull the Black accounts too. He doesn’t need your bullshit either,” he threatened, unknowingly causing a silent alarm to blare.

Snarlfist didn’t back down, instead he picked up his knife and held up threateningly. “I want to know where you learned the magic that you have,” he demanded instead. He was going to get his answers if he had to fight to do it. To him, this wizard was a huge threat and he wasn’t going to let him go until he knew how to stop him.

Harry stared at the goblin and then laughed. “Sure, I’ll tell you, when you tell me your secrets,” he said mirthfully. He played with the thought on just leaving, but then he’d never get his things from this ‘bank’, and his mother’s library was well worth the hassle. Still, he would fight if necessary.

“That is not an option,” the goblin growled, getting ready to gut the upstart.

“Neither is you learning mine,” Harry stated back, getting ready to rumble.

Sirius seeing where this was going, stood at his godson’s side, ready to die if it came to that. Unlike Harry, he knew just how much danger they were in. Harry on the other hand didn’t remember the history taught at Hogwarts. He didn’t know of all the wars, and lives lost. The kid just thought it was this one goblin being mean.

Just then the door opened, and a majestic looking goblin came in with a team of guards, who all looked like they had been running. Well, not the regal looking one, he looked… regal. “What in the name of Gringotts is going on here,” he demanded, looking the three occupants of the room.

Harry spoke first. “He’s threatening me, and I don’t think I should put up with it. I am a fucking paying customer, who has done nothing to warrant this kind of treatment. If I don’t get some fucking customer service around here, I’m taking my business elsewhere,” he all but shouted.

“Your Majesty, this is the wizard who had been getting through our wards,” Snarlfist defended his actions.

“Shite,” Sirius swore, thinking they were in more trouble then they had been.

“Majesty?” Harry asked, looking the regal goblin up and down. “Do you let all your subjects treat customers this way?” he inquired with a bit of a snarl in his voice.

“Peace, young wizard. I am King Ragnuk the 10th. I am sure Snarlfist just wants to know if you are a threat. You are the first to ever get through our wards and defeat the Thief’s Downfall. You would not have us leave such an opening in our protections, would you?” the king asked, taking a seat at the head of the table.

“Maybe not, but all he bloody well had to do was ask. He had a fucking knife drawn,” Harry pointed out, indicating said knife in the grumpy goblin’s hand with a wave of his hand.

“Put it away,” snapped Ragnuk, in such a manner that there would be no defiance.

Snarlfist quickly did as he was told and then went to stand with the guards, who were now stationed
“Harry,” Sirius said for the third time, frantically pulling the boy’s sleeve. This goblin was a greater threat, he could declare war on the Wizarding World, if not handled correctly. “Sit down,” he all but begged.

“Fine,” Harry huffed, sitting in the chair behind him. He could see that Sirius was quite worried, and he hoped to just get their business done and get the fuck out of this joint. He had been in a good mood until he came here, and he wanted that mood to return.

“When I learned that you intended to pull your accounts and take the Black accounts with you, I took it upon myself to find out why,” Ragnuk started. “Imagine my surprise when I came in here to find one of my goblins ready to gut you. Just what has been happening to cause this?” he asked, turning to Harry for the answer, after cutting a withering glare to Snarlfist.

“Look, we came here to open another account. Sirius wants to call the Black name dead. In order to do that he needs to transfer, or rename, his current accounts. It’s not my bloody fault, your alarms blared the moment we came in. Then your fucking guard dog over there took us here and demanded I tell him my secrets. If you don’t want me here, I’ll be happy to oblige,” Harry stated, starting off calm and ending angry.

“Peace,” the king said with upheld hands. “We can discuss this to everyone satisfaction,” he bargained. It would cause significant damage to the banks reputation if the Boy-Who-Lived withdrew his and his godfathers accounts. He had to come up with a way to appease the child, where they were all satisfied. He couldn’t leave the hole in the bank’s protection, but he couldn’t declare war without a very good reason. They had no proof it was this boy who was causing all the problems.

“Fine, fucking talk,” Harry said, not sure they could come up with anything that would change his mind.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, I’ve painted myself into a corner. I want to pull a schoolwide prank, but I suck at planning them out, that any of the Weasley Wizarding Wheezes is out, because it’s too early in the timeline. Though, they could be experimental. Anyway, any suggestions are more than welcome.
Harry’s POV

Ragnuk looked at the man-child, wondering how to approach this diplomatically. There were many things that could go wrong. The Boy-Who-Lived had great pull in the Wizarding World. Especially, after the first task of the games they had going on at Hogwarts. Everyone had seen his great feats of magic. He had taken down three people, two very important ones, and exposed a Death Eater, who he heard had died from his… injuries, the backlash, well the man was dead. The boy in front of him had done all that with a few waves of his hands. Plus, if Snarlfist was correct, he had also found a way into the vaults. Which was bad, even if nothing was stolen. It was his duty to make sure this hole in the defenses were plugged.

There was also the fact that the teen was suffering from memory loss. It could explain his lack of fear of goblins. The History of Magic classes taught at the school made sure that everyone leaving there had a healthy respect of the viciousness of the goblin nation. The many wars fought between goblins and wizards were bloody and costly. This boy didn’t know that though, and judging from the short conversation they just had, he was also very hotheaded. Being the ruler of the nation, it was Ragnuk’s responsibility to make sure that his people didn’t suffer unless completely necessary, this was not one of those situations. Though, it could become one very fast, if not handled correctly. So, for now diplomacy will have to do, even if it meant being nice to a wizard. However, if the child’s attitude didn’t change then he was more then ready to gut the boy. A dead threat isn’t a threat after all.

Keeping his face calm, the king said, “I apologize for the treatment you have suffered so far. It was not our intention to have you threatened. The bank merely wishes to protect its customers. If you would just promise that you will never rob Gringotts, that will be more than enough to satisfy this institute.” He looked at the teen and hoped that would be enough to start. He then quickly added. “We will be more than happy to wave the fee for Mr. Black’s change his identity. It is nothing more then a small ritual and a few papers signed.”

Sirius looked to Harry, keeping his hand on the boy’s robe. “That’s not too much to ask,” he said, hoping the boy wouldn’t make a big issue of it.

“I’m not sure, I mean that bastard over there pointed a knife at me. That is not okay, at all,” Harry stated, waving his hand at Snarlfist, who merely growled in return. “What’s to say that the next time the king can’t stop him. He might corner me in a dark alley or something for making him look bad.” He didn’t think that would happen, but he was mad at the goblin. “Besides, this is the second time I’ve come here and been treated like shite. That’s not good business.”

“Harry, you’re just looking to fight,” Sirius said, leaning over and whispering in his godson’s ear and cutting a glance at the king, who was just watching calmly. “Be reasonable,” he all but pleaded. “These guys can start a war. Do you really want that? Think of how many people could die. It’s not something we can afford right now, not with You-Know-Who still lurking about.”

Harry took a minute to debate that with his crew. Worf was all for battling their way out of the bank, but Data and Spock were trying to be logical. Picard wanted a peaceful solution, for future relations. They all talked for a quick second, then Harry started think about what was said among them. He knew he could get out of here, he knew that he could hold his own, but could the rest of the magical community. Did he care? Something from his past-self leaked through. That stupid ‘saving people thing’ Hermione had told him about. He snarled internally, pushing the overwhelming desire to just
bend over and let these guys walk all over him. He glared at the king and said, “What else you got? I
don’t want to come back here and be treated this way again.”

“I can offer you employment. That would give you enough prestige to not be unfairly treated. You
would be then considered a valuable member for Gringotts,” the king said, rubbing his chin in
thought. It was actually a good idea. If this boy could do even the smallest bit of what was rumored,
he would be a great asset to the bank. The wards would be stronger than they had ever been, and he
would surpass everyone in curse-breaking. The profits would be enormous.

“Doing what?” the amnesiac asked, settling down at that thought. He didn’t need for money, but an
income would make his fortune swell. The memory of his first week on the streets will always propel
him into keeping money in his pocket. He would never forget digging through trash bins for food,
and something from his wisp of memories was telling him that that wasn’t the first time he had been
hungry. He can remember being in a dark place and a man yelling that he wouldn’t get food for a
week. He remember the gnawing feeling of his stomach trying to eat itself. They were vague and
hard to grasp, and he wasn’t sure if he wanted to remember that. Whatever it was, it drove him to
want to earn a steady income.

“I could pay you a king’s ransom to shore up the wards, and there’s curse-breaking to consider. The
money you would earn will put the Potter name on the top ten richest wizards in magical Britain,”
Ragnuk enticed, seeing the interest in the boy’s eyes. Not quite greed, but the need to never be poor.
He knew the difference, too many wizards were just plain greedy and would try to swindle their way
to riches. Then there were those, like the Weasleys, who would work to survive. He knew the oldest
son did what he could to send money to the family. It was only because that that he had used the man
in some private dealings. Not many, but a few. Bill Weasley was a talented employee, and a great
asset to the bank. Perhaps, he would consider taking this teen under his wing. If Potter could teach
Weasley what he knew, and visa-versa, then Gringotts would be much richer for it.

“What about his education?” Sirius asked, not wanting Harry to be left without his OWLs and
NEWTs if something happened and he couldn’t work for the bank anymore. Gringotts was not a
safe environment, what with the dragons and curse object. Any number of debilitating injuries could
happen. The poor kid could wind up looking like Mad-eye Moody.

“We can provide that. Tutors are plentiful if you know where to look,” Ragnuk stated, waving the
concern away. The bounty of muggleborns that couldn’t find work was one that Gringotts kept track
of and used when they could. The muggleborns would work for the minimum of wages, and not
push to be paid more.

“I wouldn’t have to live here, right? I could do some work at home, maybe?” Harry asked, suddenly
in a much better mood. He didn’t want to return to Hogwarts, there were very few good memories of
that place. His friends would understand. Wouldn’t they?

“I am sure something to be arranged. The charging of the wards would be a once a year event. And
cursed items could be done anywhere warded. So, no, I don’t see an issue with that,” the king goblin
said thoughtfully, going over the logistics in his mind.

“I still don’t like the way that idiot over there treats customers,” Harry stated, pointing to Snarlfist,
who stepped forward growling.

“You must understand a bit about goblins, before you take too much offence. We are a warrior
nation, stuffed into a situation that does not appease our basic fighting instinct. We have adapted as
best we could, but there is still that need to fight. After the bank was open, it was understood that the
wizards would not challenge us, and we would not make war. It didn’t always happen, wars were
fought, treaties were signed, still tensions run very high. We don’t trust wizards, and they don’t trust
us,” Ragnuk explained, holding his hand to stop the advancing goblin.

“That’s a stupid way to coexist,” the dark-haired wizard stated, blowing out a huff of air.

“It has been this way for centuries. It is in a goblins nature to fight those he perceives as a threat,” Ragnuk stated, with a ‘what can you do’ gesture.

“So, if I fight the arsehole and win, then he’ll leave me alone?” Harry asked, thinking it would show his strength, not all of it, he wasn’t that stupid, and he’d get some prestige.

“If that is what you wish,” the king goblin said, wondering how the man-child knew that that strategy would work. “I am sure something could be arranged.” He face broke out in a wicked grin.

Snarlfist sneered at the boy. There was no way this slip of a child could win in a fight.

“Sure, I think I’d like that,” Harry sneered back, looking the small being up and down and measuring the threat.

“Harry,” Sirius whined, not liking where this was going at all.

“Deal,” Ragnuk said, getting up for the table and holding out his hand to the teen.

“Deal,” Harry confirmed, shaking the hand.

“In two days’ time you will meet here at Gringotts and settle this tension between you two. When that is done, win or lose, we can come up with a contract for your employment,” the king said, shaking the hand one more time. “Until then, I suggest you practice. Goblins are not to be taken lightly, and you will not be allowed your wand,” he added.

“Not a problem,” Harry assured him.

With that they all broke up, and Sirius and Harry searched for Shockhorn’s office, so the name change could take place.

Amelia’s POV

It took Alastor ten minutes to get to her office. When he did, he stomped in, threw himself in a chair and said, “This better be important, Amelia. I was listening to a very interesting conversation.” He was actually feeling better about himself, doing something productive. The dirt he was getting on those he wanted to have arrested, or taken down, was invaluable. So, he was frustrated that she called him away from that.

“You can get back to your spying soon,” she assured him, then pointed to the box in the corner. “Potter and Black were just here and left us a present,” she said with a sly grin.

Moody looked at the box with his enhanced eye. “It's full of doxies,” he stated grimly, thinking she was playing a prank on him.

“Ah, but these doxies are different,” she said with a smile. “They’re sentient. I’ve already spoken with the queen, she is quite coherent.”

“What does that have to do with us?” the grumpy man asked, eyeballing the box again.

“According to Potter, they’ve formed an army. He said the queen is willing to sign a treaty and patrol our tunnels. Can you image having dozens of little spies in the Ministry? I’m not sure if they can read, but they can listen and talk,” she said seriously. Now that she was thinking about it, it would be
a great boon to have an unseen spy network. If the wording of the treaty were good, they would be loyal only to the head of the DMLE. Finding criminals in the building would become much easier.

“What are you think, Amelia? I know you have something planned, or you wouldn’t have called me,” Alastor grumped, not liking were this was going. Spying was one thing, but training was a completely different type of spell.

Bones smiled. “Now, Alastor, I know you don’t like retirement, so I’m going to offer you a job. I can pay as a consultant, it isn’t much, but it’ll give you a nice addition to your pension. That and this will protect the Ministry against the Death Eaters you’ve found. Think about how you can train them and get them to take out the enemy with no one being the wiser,” she enticed, hoping to win the man over.

“Are you telling me you’re giving me permission to ‘take care of’ the scum in this building?” Moody asked, perking up a bit. He never liked the namby-pamby way everyone handled the enemy. Leaving someone who is out to kill you at your back was just plan stupid. Look at what that got him. A wooden leg, and missing eye, and chunks of flesh gone. A dead enemy wasn’t a threat.

“I can’t do that, and you know that, Alastor. However, I can’t control pest like doxies. If they were to accidently kill someone… well, pest control is not my department,” she said with a smile. “I’m trusting you with this, Alastor. I don’t want to have to arrest you for killing off the fools that run the Ministry. I can overlook some things, but not others. I’m sure you know which is which,” she added harshly. She knew his views on fighting, so borders had to be set from the start.

Moody harrumphed, his eye going to the box once again. He could see now that they weren’t just mindlessly flying around. There were conversations going on, drills being performed, and there were even games being played. It looked like this ‘army’ was bored. He delved further and could see the queen tending her eggs. There were helpers accompanying her, which was not unusual, but they seemed to be communicating with one another, which was. They were organized, he could work with that. “Alright,” he said, turning to Bones, “I’ll give it a go, but I want that treaty in place first. I don’t want any ‘accidents’ happening to me. There’s going to have to be some sort of binding to control them. They can’t make a vow, like the goblins. Nothing too restrictive, but something.”

“Wonderful. Potter said his lawyer’s firm will draw up the paperwork, so I’ll owl him and set it up. Why don’t you come back tomorrow, and we’ll see where it goes?” she said, almost clapping her hands like a schoolgirl.

“I’m going to finish looking around today,” he countered, “I’ll bring the map back a 5:30 sharp.” He got up and stomped away, plans running through his head as he went to figure out good strategic points in the tunnels. He was also going over what wording the treat should have, and trying to figure out what the blasted doxies ate.

**Neville’s POV**

After classes the group got together and went to the Shack. They were hoping Harry and the two Marauders were there, so they could go over the schoolwide prank they wanted to pull. Hopefully, they had a few ideas since the group was conflicted on what they wanted to do. Everyone of them had different ideas on what was funny. The twins had to regulate their usual gusto, because of the anti-bullying wards. Things that would cause mental trauma were a no-no, as well. So, some of their stuff they couldn’t do. They all entered the tunnel and chatted about their day. When they got to the door, they were surprised to hear a loud thump on it. They raised their wands, and quickly opened the door.

“Come on, Harry, you’re not even trying,” Sirius said from the other side of the room, where Remus
stood next to him grinning like a fool.

“I don’t have fucking werewolf strength either,” the teen grumbled as he picked himself off the floor.

“You’re the one who picked a fight with the goblins,” the glamored man said with a shake of his head. “Now, get up and take it like a man.”

“Fuck you,” Harry said good-naturedly, not really mad at the man.

“Come on, Harry, I’ll be gentle with you,” Remus stated, flexing his arms a bit.

“Fuck you, too,” the teen said, still smiling. “I think we’re done for now. Look, company,” he said, gesturing to his friends.

“I’ll leave you too. I’ve got something I need to take care of,” Remus said as he exited the room.

“Bye, Remus,” all the teens chorused.

“What does he have to do?” Harry asked thoughtfully. They had already set up for the full moon.

“Something in the non-magical world,” Sirius answered vaguely.

“And what brought about this madness?” Neville asked as the group made their way into the room. The furniture had all been moved to the walls and there was only carpets on the floor. As he walked he noticed the floor was spongy. He lifted his eyebrow to his dark-haired friend.

“I have to fight a goblin in two days, and these idiots are trying to teach me to fall,” Harry answered with a shit-eating grin. He waved his hand and the furniture returned to its rightful spot. A tap of his foot had the floor hard again.

“And why do you have to fight a goblin?” Hermione asked, taking a seat on the couch.

“I didn’t like his attitude,” was the nonchalant answer. “I did get to meet the king, though. That was okay. Oh, and I got a job,” he added still grinning like he had won a sweepstakes.

“What?” all the teens asked, except Luna, who was snuggling into Harry’s side. She knew everything would be okay.

“Yeah, after my fight, win or lose, me and the bank are going to work out an employment agreement,” Harry said, settling further into the couch.

“The bank and I,” corrected Hermione, who only earned two finger salute for her effort.

“Do you know how hard it is to get employment with Gringotts?” Fred asked with awe, snagging one of the biscuits Winky had just put out.

“Yeah, it took Bill… what?... two years to get hired. He had to take a bunch of classes, since they said Hogwarts didn’t teach him right,” George added, also picking up a cookie.

“I didn’t ask for a job, they offered it to me, so I wouldn’t pull my account,” Harry said a bit defensively.

“Your account isn’t big enough to warrant that,” Neville said, pick up the tea in front of him and taking a sip. “I mean the Potters are well-to-do, but not that well-to-do.”

“Well,” the amnesiac drawled, “I might have said I’d talk Sirius, who is now legally Reggie Sirius
Grey, in to pulling his as well.”

“That’ll do it. One thing goblins hate is for someone as rich as the Blacks to take their money from the bank,” the sandy-haired boy said with a nodding of his head.

Luna turned to Sirius and said, “Reggie is a good name to remember him by.”

“I thought so too,” he said in agreement.

“Remember who by?” Hermione asked as she sipped her tea.

“My brother. He was a Death Eater, and we,” he indicated him and Harry, “think he defected. There was something of You-Know-Who’s in my old house. From what the house elf we sent away said, it was to be destroyed. We don’t know for sure, but that’s our theory.”

“Why don’t you ask the house elf?” Neville asked as if it were obvious.

“I ordered him to never answer the call of a Black, before I sent him away,” Sirius shrugged.

“I meant to ask you about that, isn’t Mrs. Malfoy and Draco of Black blood? Doesn’t that mean he won’t answer them?” Harry asked, putting his empty cup on the table, only to watch as it filled up again.

“That’s the beauty of it. That rotten elf can only do what Lucius tells him. So, they have an elf that is restricted,” Sirius laughed at a well pulled prank, making the teens laugh with him.

“Won’t they kill him,” the dark-haired teen asked, sobering up at that thought.

“No,” Neville answered. “Even the Malfoys won’t kill a house elf. They might make him punish himself, but he’s too valuable to kill.”

“That’s awful. Can’t they negate the order?” the ever-inquisitive Hermione asked. She still knew so little about house elves, and she was always up to learning more. To learn that one was in the hands of Lucius Malfoy was distressful.

“Nope, once an order is given it must be fulfilled, which means that whatever Regulus told Kreacher to do, it will drive the elf batty. I think that’s what happened to him anyway. He was crazy when I was a kid, but nothing like what we found,” the dogman said thoughtfully. He could care less if Kreacher was told to punish himself, he hated that elf with every fiber of his being. Kreacher was a vile elf, who used to torture him when he was a kid. With or without orders. So, he didn’t have the excuse that he was forced to. No, Kreacher was a bad seed, it’s one of the reasons his mum had picked him in the first place.

“That I’m not happy to see you guys, but what brings you here today?” Harry asked, changing the subject before a debate broke out and looking around at his friends.

“We want to pull a prank, but we can’t decide which one to do,” Fred huffed, folding his arms over his chest. He had great plans in his mind.

“Why don’t each of you do one, then get together before you pull them off, and coordinate. You have the magic to do a lot. So, make it seem like one big prank. I mean, you have Neville for plants, Luna for the bizarre, Hermione for the educational, and you guys for chaos. It’ll be perfect,” he advised, seeing the thoughtful looks on their faces as they glanced at one another.

“Yeah, perfect,” the twins chimed.
I’m having a few issues that are keeping me from writing every day, so there may be long pauses between chapters. Hopefully, not a year like last time. I am trying to put an hour a day, at the very least, so I will get this done with in the year. With any luck. If you want to know some of my issues, hop on over and read my profile. I try to keep it up to date.
The big prank will be soon. I am hoping to make is spectacular. And with all the suggestions I got, I might just pull it off. The fight will be within the next few chapters, IF I don’t spend too long on this one day. I have a bad habit of doing that with this story.

Reviews and suggestions are always welcome.

Anyway, on with the story.

Harry’s POV

“I did want to say sorry to you girls for not being able to escort you to the Ball,” Harry said, looking at the girls at his side, and giving them his puppy-dog eyes. “I was looking forward to it. Who wouldn’t want two beautiful women on his arms.” He leaned over and kissed Hermione on the cheek, then turned the other way and kissed Luna on the head.

“It’s alright, Harry, we understand that it’s not your fault. Besides, the party we’re going to throw this summer will more than make up for it,” Luna said dreamily, snuggling further into his shoulder. She could see that Harry would do his best to make sure they got their dance with him.

“Will we, now? Well that takes a load off my mind. Then let me be a gentleman about this. Would you girls please let me escort you to a party I have not planned yet?” he asked with a wiggle of his eyebrows.

“Oh, Harry,” Hermione said, smacking him on the chest, but smiling all the while. “If you do plan such a party I will be more than happy to attend.”

“I already know I’m going to be there, so yes,” Luna added, burrowing in further.

“Hey, what about us?” Fred said loudly, pointing to the boys in the room.

“Yeah, we want an invite,” George stated just as loudly, nodding his head.

“I wouldn’t mind coming too,” Neville added his two Knuts worth.

“I’ll be chaperone,” Sirius offered, only to be a bland look from all the teens, making him huff.

“Of course, you can all come, we just have to get the house first. Any ideas on to when that’s going to be, Dogman?” Harry said first to the male teens and then to his godfather.

“Well, I’m wait to hear from Waters, but we can start hunting in a few days,” Sirius answered,
looking very happy with the idea.

“Great, we’ll have fun. It’s coming up soon, the Ball I mean? Christmas is right around the corner, isn’t it?” Harry asked, looking at all his friends, who are relaxed and happy.

“Yes, in about a week,” Neville confirmed. He was content to be here amongst his friends. It was great to be included in things. It was something he had never experienced before; his childhood was not a happy one. Now, he was quite miffed at McGonagall for sending Harry away. It was the dark-haired teen who drew him out of his shell and helped him become someone his gran would be proud of. He was still determined to bring his parents back, and was well on his way to accomplishing that.

“Don’t worry, Harry,” George said with a Cheshire Cat grin.

“we’ve got the girls covered,” Fred finished, with an identical grin. They too were happier than they ever had been in school. Sure, they were popular, Quidditch stars and had many friends, but most of them were always wary around them, bar Lee. There was always that fear that people close to them would be the victims of their next pranks. Silly people didn’t know that those they liked rarely got pranked. The twins were ready and willing to teach their best friend, Lee, as soon as Harry gave the go ahead. The poor boy had been put out with them for the lack of friend time, but when he heard that he could be using new magic in the future, he understood.

“Really, what do you guys have planned?” our hero asked, hoping it was something that would piss that old battleaxe off. So, the other teens told him the night they had in mind, and he almost fell off the couch laughing. “Yeah, that’ll work,” he said, chuckling along with his godfather.

“Let’s talk more on what you have for your prank so far,” Sirius said, getting them back on track. “Between all of us, we should be able to think of something good. The whole school will know that there are Junior Marauders about. If we plan it right, you can do it on Christmas morning, just in time for the Ball.” He rubbed his hands together and heard what they had so far. There was a lot of small easy pranks, with a few overdone ones, thrown back and forth.

“You guys are thinking too small. Remember, you have great magic at your fingertips. When we say the whole school, we mean the whole school. I want the teachers to spend weeks trying to undo what you do,” Harry said after a few minutes of listening.

“I think I understand,” Neville said thoughtfully, rubbing his chin in thought. There were ideas on what he could do with plants, be they real or not. “How about we do those things, and this…”

Harry and his friends sat around and hashed out the epic prank the students were going to play. The boy hero was a bit miffed that he’d miss it, but they said they’d get Colin to take pictures. The younger boy was still visibly upset that Harry was gone. They don’t know if he was booted out of the Harry Potter Fan Club, and they were afraid to ask. That didn’t stop them from teasing the hell out of the amnesiac for having a club in the first place. That was until Luna told the twins that their sister was Vice-President, which caused the rest of the group to laugh. Soon enough, it was time for everyone to leave. Giving the girls a kiss on the cheek and the boys a hardy grip on the shoulder, Harry bid them all goodnight.

That night, when Harry went to bed, he was called to the deck of the Enterprise. “What’s up, Captain?” he asked as he sat in the chair he had left on the deck just for him.

“Ah, Mr. Potter, I felt it might be beneficial that you spar with Worf for the next two nights. It would help you in facing a warrior. Worf is our finest security officer. If anyone can teach you how to defend yourself, it would be he,” Picard stated, sitting in his captain’s chair, pressing a few buttons.
“Are you crazy, look at the size of him. He’ll cream me,” the teen shouted, pointing at the large Klingon, who merely smiled back at him. This did nothing to appease Harry. “Just how much do you think he can teach me in a few days?” he quickly asked, hoping that he could get out of this, and then wondering why he was arguing with his own mind.

“The Holodeck can warp time so that a week will pass for every night in there,” Picard stated factually, taking a data pad from one of the red-shirts.

“It can?” the teen asked, sitting up straighter.

“It is your mind, you can do what you want,” was the answer.

“So, why not years then?”

“We have debated this and feel that if you were to go more than a week it would damage your psyche. You would come out feeling disoriented, and you would have a hard time adjusting to normal time. That and with your memories now rerouting themselves back to where they belong, which they can’t do when you’re in the holodeck, you need some time to sort them,” Jean-Luc stated, standing and tugging his shirt. He turned sharply and headed to the turbolift. “This time frame will do nothing to harm you, and while you may not learn a great deal, you should be able to hold your own. Number One, you have the bridge.”

“Yes, Captain,” Spock said, moving to the Captain’s Chair.

“Wait, Worf is like three times my size, the goblin is twice as small as me, how is this going to help?” Harry asked, getting up reluctantly and following the captain, the Klingon right behind him towering over his smaller frame.

“Worf is going to be using practice dummies the same size as your opponent,” was the logical answer. “In addition, like your godfather and his friend, he is going to teach you to fall.”

“Fucking wonderful. Fine,” the petulant teen said, dragging his feet as he continued to follow the man, who was supposed to receive orders not give them. However, he really couldn’t argue with the plan.

Amelia’s POV

The next morning Amelia came to her office in a better mood than the day before. There was no glaring headlines in the morning paper, no Wizengamot breathing down her neck and no mysterious murder popping up overnight, no surprises from Potter and his godfather. All in all, it was a good morning.

She settled into her chair and was going through some paperwork. Her Riddle team confirmed that You-Know-Who had been at Hogwarts for the Potter boy’s first two years. Why Dumbledore never said anything was a mystery, and when she got her hands on the old coot, she would make sure to ask him. Both times he was in a ghost-like state, and with Potter’s assessment from the botched revival attempt, that was still true. She did wonder what You-Know-Who would do now. The man they had found was identified as Peter Pettigrew, which they knew had been alive from Potter’s and Black’s testimonies. Pettigrew did have the Dark Mark, and Potter did state he had been helping his master. So, was there going to be another attempt soon? Could there be with his minion dead? Would the vile man go to his other supporters? They’d have to keep an eye out.

She was just settling in with a cup of morning tea, when Alastor came stomping in.

“Did you get things set up?” he asked without preamble, after throwing himself into a chair, his
magical eye going straight to the box of doxies in the corner.

“Yes, I received an owl this morning, and Mr. Waters’ associate will be here tomorrow. Her name is Ms. Rachel Middleton. She’s another solicitor of the firm. Mr. Waters stated he had too much to do at the moment handling Potter’s many cases,” Bones stated, looking over the missive she was referring to.

“Good. What time?” the grumpy man inquired.

“Around one pm. So, be here after lunch, and we’ll get things settled,” she answered, putting the letter aside and looking at her ex-boss. He was looking better than he had when he first came to her office to help. It seemed that giving him something to work for did wonders for him. His hair wasn’t as lanky, and his skin tone was healthier looking. Pomfrey did a good job at patching the old war veteran up, but could do little for his mental state, which had never been that stable in the first place.

“Fine. Give me the map, I have a lot to do today,” he demanded, holding out his hand. There were people he need dirt on. They were loose in lips when they thought no one was around. He’d make sure to get what he could on them. He had been thinking all night about have those doxies spy for him and the Head of the DMLE. They would actually be a great benefit. And if he took what Bones said to heart, they’d make great assassins. No one would ever be the wiser, if they played it correctly.

“Sure, remember don’t keep any records where they can be found. I don’t need anyone knowing what you’re up to,” she said, getting and opening her safe. She grabbed the map and went back to her desk, handing it over to Moody.

“Do you think I’m a rookie? I was doing stuff like this when you were still wet behind the ears,” Alastor stated with a small growl. He snatched the map up, put it in his pocket and heaved himself out of the chair.

“No, sorry, I’m just worried that something will get out and we’ll lose our advantage,” she soothed. She knew there were leaks in her department. There was always someone willing to take a bribe to spill secrets. Sometimes it was greed, other times it was need. With the cuts that Fudge had put on the department, pay was not good. There were those that needed to support their families. She didn’t think it was a good enough excuse, but there was little she could do. Perhaps, now that Fudge was gone there would be changes.

“And right you should. Nothing remains a secret for long,” Moody said gruffly as he headed towards the door.

“Let’s hope this does,” she grumbled to herself and returned to her paperwork.

Minerva’s POV

McGonagall was sitting at the Albus’ desk, she refused to believe that it was hers, going over letters from parents, many of whom were threatening to pull their children. She had drafted a form letter for those, which stated that Potter had been unruly and posed a threat to the sanctity of the school. He was disruptive and downright destructive. She pointed out that the boy had been implicated in many malicious pranks, and though he had been cleared, she felt that he had had a hand in them. She stated that she felt she did what was best for the students of the school, and that peace had returned since he had left. She signed each letter and sent them off with a house elf to be posted with the school owls.

She came across one from Albus and wondered why he didn’t send it with Fawkes. As she was reading it, she wondered if he had truly gone around the twist. Then she shook her head and decided it must be a spell on her friend. So, she tried to read between the lines to find out how she could help.
My Dearest Minerva,

I hope this missive finds you well. I am sure you are handling things well in my stead, and I am confident that I will return shortly.

I have come across a few things I feel I must tell you about. I was at the attempt of Voldemort’s return and witnessed… the sky is very bright tonight and the stars are marvelous. I do wonder what the centaurs will say about it. They do continue to state that Mars is bright, which to my understand means that war in on the horizon.

Harry Potter has shown that he… I had a wonderful dinner this evening at a lovely bistro in France. I recommend that you take the time to come here when school is out. Their Bouillabaisse is something everyone should enjoy. I have never had the like.

He has a grasp on… I left all my warm socks there at the castle and would be grateful if you would send them to me. It is getting chilly and these old bones require something warm to help fend off the cold. I have never found anything that can replace a good woolen sock.

It would do us well to keep an eye… Sirius Black has disappeared again, and I cannot seem to locate him. He is needed in the Order to keep an eye on…

This letter is getting too difficult to write. Could you, perhaps, meet me at the Three Broomsticks in three days’ time? During lunch would be the best time. I will be in disguise; however, you will recognize me by the lovely shade of purple I will be wearing. Remember the robes I wore to the first task? Those are the only ones I have that fit my taste. The rest have been bought at the new store in Hogsmeade, Tylor’s Threads. While he does cater to the younger crowd, he has very little for one such as me. Since I am on limited funds, needs must. However, I am reluctant to wear them in public. Perhaps, you could bring some of mine from the castle when you come? I would be most grateful.

I await our meeting.

Yours Truly,

Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore, Order of Merlin (first class)

She was saddened that all his titles were no longer relevant. The man had earned all of them and for them to be snatched away on the word of an ill boy, well that didn’t sit right with her. She decided to set aside some time to go and see her mentor. She picked up the next letter and saw it was from the Board. They were requiring her presence at noon today. This made her feel giddy with hope that that meant they were going to call Albus back. Until she remembered that he was on the run from the Ministry, not Hogwarts. This then made her wonder what they could possibly want from her. Surely, they were not upset that she set a student, who didn’t even attend class, out of the castle. They were not a hotel after all, the Board must know that. She looked at the clock and realized that she needed to get going if she was to be there on time. Gathering up her outerwear, she left the office and made her way out of the castle.

Unknown POV

Deep in the bowels of the Ministry there was a catacomb of tunnels and rooms. This was called the Department of Mysteries. They did things here that no witch or wizard would do, to unleash the greatness of Magic. They studied the brain, the heart, time and even death. They did many things that
left a few of them unable to sleep at night. So, when the Head of the Department received a package that radiated evil, no one was surprised. The note attached stated it was a horcrux, and that is was one of Voldemort’s. This raised a few alarms, but they did know how to handle it. The note asked if they could use it to find if there were more, and it pleaded to their patriotic duty to cleanse the world of the monster. Not that the members of the DoM had any patriotic feelings. Still, they didn’t want a war, so they took the object and placed it in a room to study it.

**Harry’s POV**

Harry woke up sore. He had no idea how that happened since the beating he took was in his head, so it shouldn’t have transferred over to his waking self, but there it was. He felt like he had gone head to head with a Klingon, which he had. Worf was a slave driver, he had Harry fall over and over and over again. Then made him do drills with hands, weapons and magic against a very realistic goblin the holodeck produced. He now knew how to handle a knife, though he was no pro by a long shot, and take a fall. It was a good thing they were in his mind, since he had been hurt quite a few times, and Dr. McCoy, who was in the holodeck with them, had to patch him up. It had been an exhausting week, even if it was only a night. He groaned and got out of bed, doing his morning rituals, he made it to the dining room.

“Ahrug,” was the incoherent noise he made when he sat and slumped his head to the table.

“What on earth happened to you? First you sleep till noon, then you come down here groaning like you’ve already had your fight,” Sirius asked with a chuckle. He pushed a cup of coffee to his godson, hoping to wake him up more.

“Let’s just say I was practicing in my head, but it feels real,” Harry said, sitting up and taking the cup. He was glad it wasn’t tea this morning. He really wanted the bitter bite of coffee.

Winky popped in and place a full English breakfast in front of him, he thanked her quietly and dug in like a man starved. Sirius watched bemused at the teen’s appetite.

“Well, Dobby popped in earlier, and you’ve got a letter from Waters,” the dogman said after observing his godson demolish his breakfast, then handing said letter over.

“Thanks,” the bleary teen said, taking the letter and opening it. His eyes moved as he read, and what he saw had a wicked smile forming on his face.

“What’s it say?” the anxious man asked, hoping that finally the boy would have some good news, and judging from the smile it might just be.

“He’s sent the horcrux to the Department of Mysteries, making sure to tell them what it is. He said that there’s a court case later today over the whole Fudge thing, and that he is confident that we’ll win. There’s also a suit on that Umbridge person, but he’s not sure about that one. There’s a bit here about Dumbledore, but it’s mostly what we already know. He’ll send an associate to do the treaty for the doxies sometime tomorrow. I have to say Waters has been busy. We might have to up his pay. Oh, he heard about my fight, and subsequent employment, and wants to be there to protect my interest,” the boy added, wondering how the man knew.

“Did he mention the funds?” Sirius asked on the edge of his seat. This would be the start of his new life, and he wanted it to go well. There were so many things that could go wrong.

“Yeah, the Board of Governors is meeting right now, actually,” the teen said, spelling up his digital clock. He was happy for Sirius; the man had been through hell and came up wounded for it. He could see there had been so much more to the man before he had been sent to that hellhole. It
showed in his eyes and his words. That and Remus would look at Sirius as if he would say or do something at certain times, but the dogman didn’t react the way the werewolf thought he would. He concluded that the man he knew was not the man that Remus knew. It kinda made him sad, but still, there was hope now that Sirius was leaving that life behind and starting fresh.

“I hope it goes as planned,” the glamored wizard said, a bit leery.

“For your sake, so do I,” his godson said.

**Minerva’s POV**

McGonagall made to the building they used for the Board meetings. She quickly went to the room assigned and upon entering she took a chair in the back. There was plenty of parents there and as each one spoke her fears that Dumbledore not coming back were correct. There were plenty of complaints against her, but she didn’t worry too much about those, since she has tenure and had done nothing to warrant dismissal. Everything she had done was for the smooth running of the school. She was not going allow herself to be chastised for removing the distraction called Harry Potter.

After about a half an hour of listening to complaints, the Head of the Board, Abigail Sterns, tapped her gavel, and spoke, “Minerva McGonagall, we the Board would like to know just what is going on in that school? It has been brought to our attention that this is not the first year that one of your students, Harry Potter, had been put in a dangerous situation. All of which he has fought for his life and the safety of the school. Which is not his job, but the job of those in charge, such as yourself and Albus. This year alone the child had to overcome great difficulties brought on by a professor, no less. Then to be kidnapped and thrown in front of a dragon, while stunned. The DMLE has been asking about He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named, and they suggest that the child has faced him at least twice in the last four years. Now that Dumbledore is not around to squash things, we will have our answers,” she stated firmly, glaring at her through horn-rimmed glasses. “We have received a donation from the child and a man named Reggie Sirius Grey. With this donation came the conditional addendum that it only be spent on the school, and a warning that the professor straighten up. There was word that they almost donated it to St. Mungo’s because of the actions of the Headmaster and yourself. Care to explain?”

For the first time in years, Minerva McGonagall worried. Nothing spoke to the Board like money.
Some Revenge

Chapter Notes

Sorry for the wait, I’ve been busy with other things. I have been writing on this everyday just not long enough to put out a chapter. Thanks for waiting.

Oh, and I added a name in the last chapter for the Chairperson, Abigail Sterns.

Anyway, I couldn’t boot McGonagall out of the school, because then she wouldn’t lose it over the prank, so I compromised.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

McGonagall’s POV

Minerva straightened her shoulders and cleared her throat, which had gone dry at the last words the Head Chairperson had spoken. “We have not broken any rules,” she said defensively. “What we did for that child was protect him from his own foolishness. When he disappeared, we searched for days to find him…”

“Which, to my understanding, you stopped classes to do so,” the Chairperson interrupted sharply, reading the papers in front of her, which had all the rumors, complaints and downright accusations on them. “Where in the charter does it say that the education of the many must be stopped to retrieve one student?” she asked with the lifting of an eyebrow. “Harry Potter should not have been so special that the other children’s education was disrupted. The Aurors should have been called immediately, and then you should have waited for the investigation to be complete. Furthermore, there was no reason we should have been paying you for the week you did not do your job. I find it reprehensible that this was not handled as it should have been.”

“We were concerned that the boy had hurt himself, yet again. I cannot tell you how many times that child has done something that should have been left to the adults,” McGonagall almost snapped, making her voice sharp and crisp, as if speaking to a student. “He is a disobedient and unruly child. We had no choice but to look for him. If it had gotten out that the school was responsible for his ailment, then we would have been having this conversation much sooner, and it would have been much different. Albus felt it was for the best,” she ended with a clipped tone, thinking that would stop the inquisition.

“You would do well not to speak to me in such a manner,” Sterns said frostily. “I am not one of your students.” She then calmed down and shuffled a few more papers, looking more important than she actually was. “You seem to be under the misconception that Albus Dumbledore is the final say in that school. You are incorrect. It is the Board that has that say. He took it upon himself to play god once again, and disregarded rules and laws as he saw fit. As for you, we informed you once the boy finished the first task that he was to remain in Hogwarts. There was a very good reason for this, yet you disregarded it. What do you have to say to that?” She wasn’t about to voice that the reason was that they simply wanted to keep him in the school so that others wouldn’t pull their children, as they were threatening to do now. Like it or not, Potter was an icon, and the public felt that Hogwarts had done him wrong. It was making them look bad, and the money they would lose would be astronomical. Why, they might even have to take a pay cut, which was something they were loath to do.
“You do not understand the trials that we have had to put up with because of that boy,” the transfiguration teacher sniffed, standing tall and proud. Her head was held high and her stance was stiff and formal. She still did not understand why they were still talking about this. It had been explained already. “Why even in his first and second years, he spent days in the Hospital Wing, after going somewhere that was strictly forbidden to students,” she stated, once again to see if they would just listen to her.

“Ah yes, the Philosopher’s Stone and the Chamber of Secrets,” was the smug response, pulling a parchment from the middle of the pile and glance at it. It was a letter from one of the students that had been raving about what a hero Harry Potter was, and all that had happened during his years at Hogwarts. The girl who wrote it, one Ginevra Weasley, was angry that McGonagall had kicked him out and she wanted the Board to know all the good Harry had done. The Weasley child only knew of the Stone, only because the children, including her brother, weren’t as discrete as they thought they were. She did not, however, explain how she knew about the Chamber, or what happened there. The Board had heard rumors on both, but Dumbledore covered them up very well. Sterns had been waiting for the Stone to be brought up. To her is was one more nail in Albus’ coffin. “There is nothing we can do about the Chamber, thought is wasn’t handled correctly either. However, whose idea was it to hide such a dangerous item, such as the Stone, in the school?” she inquired, looking over her glasses with a lifted eyebrow. Again, she wasn’t going to mention that they were a bit at fault for the Chamber, letting Malfoy bribe and threaten them as he did.

“Well, Albus’, of course. There is not place safer than Hogwarts,” Minerva stated confused as to why this was an issue. Albus had assured her that the Board had known all along that they were housing the Stone that year.

“And why was it not brought up to the Board?” was the question that threw her off.

“You will have to ask the Headmaster. He assured us that you knew,” the professor stated, miffed that her friend had lied to her.

“He is no longer the Headmaster, I assure you,” Sterns said loftily, shuffling the papers and pulling one from the bottom. “The Aurors tell us that You-Know-Who was discovered to be teaching there that year, while possessing a professor. In addition, one of your professors, the one rumored to have housed You-Know-Who, disappeared under mysterious circumstances. None of this has been explained to our satisfaction. We were under the impression that Mr. Quirrell had left on his own accord, much like all of the Defense Professors.”

“I have no idea what you are speaking about. You-Know-Who teaching, indeed. In addition, you cannot hold us responsible for the curse on the Defense Against the Dark Arts class. We have appealed to you for years to bring in a curse-breaker. It is you who have left us under that curse,” McGonagall chastised them with a glare. “Every year Albus has to find someone to take the class. The applications are getting fewer and fewer. Why, these last two years he has had to call upon acquaintances to come and teach. Were it not for that, the students would have been uneducated in that field. The rest of us cannot cover both classes.” She was getting a bit concerned that her long-time friend was hiding things from her and the staff.

“Perhaps,” the Chairperson conceded. “However, that does not explain why one of the most feared Dark Lords has been rumored to be in the school at least twice. And why the Potter child has had to drive him away each time. He is but a boy and should not have been anywhere near those situations.”

“He is a foolhardy miscreant. It is not always possible to keep an eye on him. Why I caught him myself, in his very first year, sneaking out after curfew. He gave some cock-and-bull story about a
dragon. He even got one of the Slytherins, in trouble with that lie. I tell you, that child was handful from day one,” Minerva said frustrated that she was not being heard. They only seemed to care that the boy was gone, and not about the disruption he was to that school. When he first had disappeared, she had worried and was very relieved when he was found. But, since he had been back, she had had to reevaluate everything she knew about him. She decided that he wasn’t the polite boy she had remember. She had been thinking of his parents when she looked on that face that reminded her so much of James, and those eyes so like Lily’s. No, he was not his parents, and had always had little respect for authority.

“Are you telling us that you are letting a child get the better of you? Perhaps, it is time you retire as well, if you cannot handle one boy,” the Chairperson stated, with a vicious grin. With Albus gone, and with what was happening here, there was a chance that they could get someone they liked in the school. With the money and the contract, it would have to be someone who followed the rules, but they could work around that. Or so she thought. The addendum to the contract they signed was a magical oath on the Chairperson’s position, no matter who they hired, that person would do what was best for Hogwarts. There would be no bribing, ordering or finagling. The Board didn’t know it, but they had signed their death warrant in their greed. The more they tried to control Hogwarts, the less power they would have. They really should have read it first.

“I am tenured, I will retire when it is my time,” she sniffed, knowing that nothing she had done would get her fired.

“Yes, as a transfiguration professor. However, that does not include Deputy Headmistress, or Provisional Headmistress. We the board find you at fault for both these titles, and you will step down. Replacements will come to Hogwarts starting the new quarter, since winter break starts tomorrow. Until then, I will step in. Perhaps we can save the school from the damage you and Dumbledore have done to it. This meeting is dismissed,” she stated firmly tapping her gavel.

McGonagall sniffed and left the room in a huff. She had worked years under Albus’ tutelage to get where she was, and once again it was the word of Potter that had ruined it. She rued the day she found that blasted boy. If only she knew what was in store for her soon.

**Harry’s POV**

Harry and Sirius snuck into the Ministry under glamors. They wanted to hear what the outcome of the Fudge case would be and told Waters they’d be here when it was over. Both sported large figures and red hair. They wanted to look nothing like they normally did. The clothes they wore were posh and expensive. Well, they were transfigured to look like that, but only they knew that. When they exited the Floo, they blended in perfectly. The security guard asked for their wands, and neither of them had any problem handing him ones they found in the Room of Requirements. Not that either needed one.

They decide that instead of waiting around, they’d set up some minor pranks. With the new magic they could wield, it was easy. Sneaking around invisible and waving their hands here and there, they set some chaos among the good people working here. It’s okay, they were mostly stuffed shirts anyway. It would be fun to see them try to dispel the jokes. Giggling like school children the two started at the top and worked their way down. Since the atrium was towards the bottom, they had to sneak into the elevators and get to the first level. It was a bit of a hassle not to get stepped on, but the Ministry seemed to be quiet today, or at least there wasn’t a lot of traffic at that time.

- On level one, they charmed the doorways to change the colors of everyone’s robe to rainbow and to make secretaries gossip. Many secrets would be spilled on the uppity-ups. Nothing more damaging then who was sleeping with who, but still…
• On the second floor, they caused everyone’s hair to fluff out and turn green, bright green. They didn’t do anything else for respect of Bones.

• The third floor made everyone sing bawdy songs for a few minutes if that person stepped on the floor in front of the elevator. And, they had all the alarms go off for two minutes at the start of every six hours, causing the Obliviators to run around crazy trying to figure out where to go and who needed their memories changed. They didn’t want the Statue of Secrets broken, which is why it was paced so far apart. If there was an emergency, then the prank would not trip.

• The fourth floor, they switched peoples clothing with the person next to them and had all the pictures depict goblins, centaurs and house elves fornicating with their own species, much to the chagrin of the purebloods working there. It was amusing to see the sneers, and sometimes thoughtful, looks on their faces.

• On the fifth floor everyone spoke in a different language for an hour when they went through a certain doorway. Quite a few of them took the time to brush up on their foreign language skills.

• On the sixth floor, they made non-magical car alarms sound for a few minutes, whenever someone said the word Floo, and had all the robes charmed so brooms flew around on them.

• On the seventh floor, snitches flew everywhere, colliding with the paper airplanes that were sharing their space. Many of the retired athletes tried to catch them, but most were too out of shape.

• In the atrium, they made the Fountain of Magical Brethren don quite colorful colorings and had the ‘lesser’ creatures take up arms with menacing faces. The wizard and witch on that statue looked scared and held each other in fear. It was a ridiculous scene, with all the bright clothes, but it made the two miscreants laugh.

• They left the Department of Mysteries alone.

• In the courtroom level, ten, they put a permanent charm on, so everyone had to speak the truth. Which turned the tide for the cases being held there and would for some time.
When all was said and done, the two men got bored, and just hung around the atrium watching the chaos. Many people were running around trying to dispel the charms and curses, more so in the courtroom level. The Aurors were scurrying about, looking for who had done it and how security was breeched so badly.

Harry and Sirius were sitting on the redecorated fountain when Mad-eye Moody came to them. “I don’t know who you are, but you sure caused everyone to go berserk. I can see you’re under a glamor, but I can’t see through it. Tell me who you are, or I’m going to turn you in,” the grouchy old man stated, standing with wand pointed at the jokesters. He wasn’t really upset by the jokes, just that they had done it without being caught. He had been in the tunnels and watched the two men laugh at everyone. So, he figured they were the cause.

“Moody, don’t you recognize me?” Sirius said from his pudgy face with a huge smile. He really like ole Mad-eye. They had gotten on well during the war with Voldemort. They worked well as a team and Moody had saved his life a few times, and vice-versa. It had been hard times for everyone, but no one suffered physically like Alastor did. You only had to look at him to know that.

“Black,” Alastor said, lowering his wand. He knew that voice from the old Order. “What have you done to yourself, and who’s with you?” He was very impressed with the glamors and would have to see how they were done. It would make spying much easier. Perhaps, it could be taught to the DMLE. If he could get the secret out of Black.

“It’s Grey now, and this is my godson. Whose name we shall not mention in public,” the glamored man said, still grinning like a fool. “As to the glamors, well let’s just say it’s a secret for now, but perhaps in a few months we can tell you.” He had no problem sharing it with Moody, but Harry might, and he didn’t want to ask here.

“Really, well that explains a bit. what made you two mischief-makers decide to do all this?” Moody said as he sat next to… Grey. His tired old bones creaked with protest as he settled on the hard rim of the fountain.

“We were bored,” Harry answered, like it was obvious.

The one-eyed man barked with laughter, it had been a while since he had been around the Marauders, and they were always pulling pranks when they were bored. The Order was not exempt. He could remember many times the meetings had to be called when some smoke bomb, or firework went off. Albus was quite understanding and would just chuckle and shake his head, stating that boys will be boys. It looks like Bl… Grey was teaching his godson a trick or two. “How long will it last?” he asked Sirius.

“A few days. Well, the courtroom one will never go away.”

“What did you do to the courtroom?”

“Honesty,” was the succinct answer.

“Oh, that’ll set the Kneazle among the pigeons. Well, I’ll leave you two to your fun, try not to make more work for Bones. I’ll let her know what happened, and she can get back to important work,” Moody said as he got up, his knees popping with the movement. He nodded to the two and stomped away, his wooden leg thumping with each step.

“He’s the guy who was kidnapped, right?” Harry asked, vaguely remembering him for a quick visit to the Hospital Wing after the first task.
“Yeah, poor guy. He’s done more for us then anyone I know, including Dumbledore, but most people dismiss him because he’s a bit paranoid and sees things in the shadows,” Sirius answered seriously.

“That’s one of the reasons I never want to be a hero. People soon forget the real ones,” the younger boy said sadly.

“Yeah,” was the sad reply.

Just then an old man with a long beard, which was bright green to match his frizzy hair, ran by with bright rainbow pink robes that had brooms being ridden by house elves on them, being chased by three snitches, five paper airplanes, and for some reason a swallow.

The two looked at each other and burst out laughing.

“That guy must have hit at least four floors,” Harry said between chuckles. “You would’ve thought, he’d’ve stop at two.”

“That’s wizards for you,” Sirius replied, holding his stomach from laughing so hard.

The elevator dinged, and Waters came out. Harry and Sirius got up and went to him, they smiled and waved, letting the man know it was them.

“How’d it go?” the amnesiac asked.

“Well, to tell the truth it wasn’t going to well, then suddenly no one could lie, and we won by a landslide,” the lawyer stated, putting he ever-present briefcase down.

“How did telling the truth help that?” Harry wanted to know. He thought it was a done deal, so was confused as to how it helped.

“It seems that there was a lot of bribing going on. Mrs. Fudge was busy spreading her late husband’s money around, so she could keep it. So, when the Wizengamot voted they had to vote for the law, and not their pocketbooks. Seems they couldn’t even lie to themselves,” Waters explained, looking at the two smirking at each other. He decided not to ask, plausible deniability and all that.

“How much are we talking about here?” our hero wanted to know.

“Let’s just say that Fudge was not an honest man, and you will not have to work if you don’t want to,” his lawyer answered with a small smile.

Amelia’s POV

Bones was ready to pull her hair out. If one more person came in here with a petty complaint and demanded that she see to it personally, well a few pranks would be the least of their worries. When the door opened, she was ready to start blasting away when she saw Moody stomp in. She sighed with relief and gestured to a chair. “Did you find out who cause all it mess?” she asked hopefully. If anyone could figure it out it would be Mad-eye.

“Yeah, it was Black and Potter. If it’s any consolation to you, I don’t think they did it to be mean or petty. They were bored, they said,” Alastor stated as he sat on the chair offered.

“How did they get past security?” she asked, grabbing a quill and parchment.

“They’re under a glamor. They checked in at the front desk, though I think they gave up wands that
aren’t theirs,” Moody replied, his eye going to the box of doxies. He couldn’t wait until he had them up and trained. He was too old to be stomping around the Ministry. It’s why he retired in the first place. Maybe he could get Amelia to get him an office, where he’d take in all the information that the doxies picked up.

“Are they still here?” Bones inquired, hoping to speak to them before they left.

“I’m not sure, but I think they were waiting on the Fudge case to finish, which it has. They may have left already,” he answered distractedly, going over training techniques and how he would modify them to fit doxies. He could see miniature obstacle courses in his head.

“Well, it was too much to hope for. At least I know that it wasn’t anyone trying to get Ministry secrets. The Department of Mysteries seems to be untouched, though they are still checking. Expect to see a few of them around, they were quite intrigued about how the pranks were placed. It seems there was not magical signature,” she added thoughtfully.

“Bloody Spooks,” the retired Auror grumbled, remembering all the times they need that departments help and got none.

“Thanks for informing me, Alastor, but I need to get back to some important business,” she said politely.

“Yeah, I have some things to do as well,” he stated gruffly, getting out of the too soft chair.

“Don’t forget to be here tomorrow around noon,” Amelia called to him as he opened the door.

“Right,” he said, grumbling under his breath about not being that old.

Bones sighed and got back to work. Her Riddle team had found out that You-Know-Who was still a wraith, and he was in Britain. They didn’t know where, but they were trying to interview all past ‘Imperious’ victims. They felt that now that his minion was gone, he’d go to one of them. The problem was that most of them were rich pureblood and they had nothing on them to bring them in for questioning. There were a few that frequented the Ministry and had a high standing with the powerful people here. Malfoy came to mind.

Her search for the Horcruxes was not progressing in the least. She had no idea where they might be, or even what they might be. She knew that the diary, the cup and the ball Lupin had brought were gone but could find little else. Though the werewolf did mention that another had been destroyed at Hogwarts, but she didn’t know what it had been. It was frustrating her to no end. Just then her door opened to a man who was wearing rainbow robes, sporting bright green frizzy hair, singing a lewd song marched in. She simply raised her wand and that man beat a hasty retreat.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, I was only able to go over this a few times, and every time I did, I added more, so there may be some mistakes. I apologize if there are many.
Okay, this took a minute to write. I had to go back and edit it quite a few times. I am not a violent person so writing fight scenes isn’t my forte. Just to let you know. I let it sit so I could come back with a fresh mind and added to it in places. But it was still over quicker than I had imagined it to. Anyway, enjoy.

Harry’s POV

After they made their way out of the Ministry, Harry and Sirius went back to the Shack. They made sure to get some pictures of the all the fun they had there. They just had to figure out how to get them developed, maybe that Creevey kid could do it. Sitting on one of the couches, they began to go over the fight the next day with Remus.

“Harry, do you think you’re ready for you fight tomorrow?” the werewolf asked skeptically. He wasn’t as confident, and the teen seemed to be. from when he taught Harry, he knew the boy was mediocre at best. Sure, he was able to conjure a Patronus, and his skills in DADA were good, but he wouldn’t be allowed a wand, and he had no memory of any of the spell he had been taught. Lupin only hoped that Harry was as proficient in magic as he appeared.

“No, but I should be by then,” Harry answered, taking a sip of the hot cocoa Winky had left on the table.

“How are you going to do that?” Sirius asked, swiping the biscuit from Remus’ hand.

“I’m going to meditate,” the teen said, with a wicked grin. Which was true, when they were done with their talk he was going to go into his dreamscape and see if the Enterprises’ log had any of his memories from his fights with the basilisk and that Voldy guy. They might let him know the muscle memory of his body, since he had no clue. Since he had been back, he had relied on his magic to fight his battles. He didn’t want to do that with the goblin, he wanted to have some fun. A bit of sport to get his body moving.

“Meditate?” Sirius asked with a disbelieving voice. “How is meditation going to help you? That can’t teach you to fight.” He was getting worried that Harry’s amnesia was making him more reckless that he had been previously. Remus had told him how headstrong the boy was last year in learning the Patronus, and how he had snuck into the village when there was supposed to be a mass murderer around. But the teen had been cautious then, now he just ran headfirst into confrontations that could be deadly. Sirius wasn’t sure how to handle this. Little did the poor man know how wrong he was. Harry had always run into situations that could kill him.

“Yeah, I’ve been doing some reading on spells and it’s given me ideas on what to do. There are loads of things that I would have never thought to use my magic for,” Harry said without a care in the world.

“Harry,” Remus said, sitting forward a bit and putting on his teacher face, “I think you need to take this a bit more serious. There are lots of ways that goblins can kill you without magic. And there are
many ways you could be hurt without dying. That goblin, from what you tell me, wants your blood, and he will do everything he can to get it.”

“Haven’t you two been around lately, my magic will protect me from great harm. I can call the fight if he’s too strong for me to take care of. Relax, guys, I got this.”

“Let’s practice dodging a bit, that might make me feel better,” Sirius said, standing and pulling his chair to the edge of the room.

“Alright, worrywart, if it’ll make you feel better, we can do that,” Harry conceded with a sigh as he put down his empty cup, stood and waved his hand to move the rest of the furniture.

They spent a good two hours throwing wandless stunners at one another, to which the adults fell more than Harry. This did make them feel better. It was only after the gang showed up that they stopped. Then they spent a relaxing couple of hours laughing at the plight of the Ministry. They threw a few more ideas for the grand prank around and soon enough parted and went to bed. Where Harry spent a week with Worf, getting his arse kicked.

**Amelia’s POV**

It was just before noon the next day and things had calmed down at the Ministry. More and more people figured out what set off the pranks and were now avoiding the areas that they could, though there still a few bawdy songs, and the gossip was rapid. Still, it had lessened some. It would take many, many years to dispel the one on the courtroom, and by then another would be placed by a ‘concerned’ citizen, and if they happened to be related to Harry, well that was a coincidence of course. Not that Amelia minded all the chaos, it was relaxing and sometime downright funny to see the ‘good’ people of the Ministry run around trying to undo it all. At least now that she had put the fear of Merlin in them that she wasn’t personally going to do anything about it.

The Head of the DMLE had quite few memos on her desk, which started showing up yesterday, on changing a few laws and adding more tolerant ones. Alastor had told her that there was an honesty spell on that level and she was glad to see that it effected a great many of the highbrows. Now, they were doing what they were paid for instead of just hanging around doing nothing and getting paid for it. She had heard that quite a few had spoken of retiring and letting younger people take their place. She’d have to see what happened from there.

Since the slots for Chief Warlock, Minster, and one Department Head were all vacant, the Wizengamot was taking its time filling those positions. With talk of war on the horizon, they wanted to make sure that they were filled correctly. With the curse on the courtrooms they were doing it the right way, and actually listening to nominees, so they could vote for what was the good of the people. Until then a few of the members were holding the positions open but could do little without the agreement of the governing body. With the tournament in town they were cautious on filling Bartemius’ office. The Weasley kid might have taken it, had he not insulted the Headmistress of Beauxbatons. It wasn’t intentional, but it did show he was not ready for any sort of Head position.

Shaking herself out of those thoughts, she cast a tempus. It was almost time for the ‘big’ meeting to take place. So, she went to the box, gave the password, and waited for the queen.

“What?” the tiny being asked, quite put out that they had been trapped in a box for days. Her children had had nothing to do, and more and more discontent was being heard. sometimes she hated this new life. It was so much easier when they were mindless bugs. All her children did what they were born to do, and there was not talks of a Coup d’état. A word she learned from many of the Black portraits as they reminisced on the times they had talked of overthrowing the government. She was putting a great deal of hope in this treaty.
“It’s almost time for the meeting. Are you ready?” Amelia asked kindly. She too was hoping that this went well, and she could get these new spies in place. She knew Alastor was as well. His magic eye rarely left the box when he was in the office.

“Why wouldn’t I be? It’s not like there’s anything to do in here,” the queen stated blandly, not showing how nervous she really was. She was going to make sure that they were not subservient to the wizards. They were not house elves and would not be treated as such. There was going to be a part in there that stated that they could leave at any time. She would make it a private ruling that the wizards were not the boss of them, but allies.

“Well, hopefully we will get you to your new home soon. Any idea when the new queen will be mature enough to start her own colony? We can add it to the treaty if we know,” the Head of the DMLE asked, wanting to get everything straighten out in one go.

“It will take a few weeks,” the queen said, sitting on the edge of the box, crossing her two legs and folding all four arms, wings hanging at her sides and down her back. “We grow fast and only live for a few years. By that time, there should be a new queen for this colony, and the other one will have started to lay queen eggs as well.” She paused and got a contemplative look on her face. “However, we do seem to be living longer now that we can think beyond eating and biting. So, there is a chance that we can live to ten to twenty years. I am fifteen years old, and the queen I’ve laid is not my successor. It is something I am going to have to study,” she said, tapping the finger of her upper right hand on her chin, while the fingers of her lower left hand drummed her left knee.

“Does that mean the spot is hereditary?” Bones asked, wanting to know. She did make note of the longer life span. It might be something to address in the treaty.

“I lay all the eggs for the colony. When the colony gets too big, I lay a queen egg, or when it is close to time for me to die. Only the queens can lay eggs, so everyone it technically related,” she explained.

“Oh, I didn’t know that. So, your like bees?” Amelia wondered aloud.

“I have not heard of bees,” the confused queen said. “We were trapped in that house for years, but if they follow that pattern, then more than likely.”

“Can you read?” was the question she had asked herself many times.

“No,” was the quick answer. “Since we are short lived, there is really no time or reason to learn. At least there wasn’t. Now though, perhaps we do have the life span to learn,” she said thoughtfully. That would be a great boon. It would give her children something to do when not busy with whatever they hashed out today.

“How will you know what the treaty says? Or that we are telling the truth?”

“I can smell a lie,” she answered, glaring at the much larger person. As if challenging her to test that theory.

“Good, that will make you invaluable. There’s a question I’ve been meaning to ask, what do you eat?” They had to know, since it was part of the agreement. She really hoped it was something she could buy in a pet shop.

“Cloth mostly, though there are times we feast on worms. Nothing fills your tummy like a large delicious worm. Silkworms, preferably,” she said dreamily, rubbing all four hands on said tummy. Then she pulled herself together and looked stoic again. Silkworms were something they only ate
once every few months or so, but when they did, it was delightful.

It was about that time that Amelia’s secretary buzzed that Alastor Moody and Rachel Middleton were here. She told her to let them enter and motioned the queen to join her at the desk. The tiny being flew over and perched on an inkwell and waited with an air of superior anxiety. Which is to say, she was excited, but not showing it much. Her wings quivered, and her hands were in fist, but she sat still as a stone and her face was like granite. She was going to do what was best for her children, and if they wizards didn’t play fair, they would figure out a way to get out of that box and show them the error of their ways.

Middleton and Moody entered the room and took the seats in front of the desk. The female lawyer took out a sheath of paper and a dicta-quill. “Well, first of all let me introduce myself. I am Rachel Middleton, I work with Waters, Stone and Breeze LLC. We are here today to see if we can reach an agreement with the Department of Magical Law Enforcement and the doxy colony. I understand this will be between only these two parties and not the Ministry as whole?” she stated, setting up her quill to take notes.

“That is correct. The treaty will be for the reigning queens, and the Head of the DMLE,” Bones concurred.

“Lovely. Let’s get started, shall we?” Middleton said with a charming smile.

“Yes,” Moody grumbled. He hated cheerful people as a whole. They threw his game off, most of the time. It was hard to know what they were thinking, since they smiled at everything.

**Harry’s POV**

Harry, Sirius and Albert Waters walked into the bank, it was time for the grand fight. Harry was relaxed and excited at the same time. His last couple of nights/weeks, being thrown around by the Klingon in his head had helped him get a handle on hand to hand combat. He knew that that might not let him win, but it was good to know he wouldn’t break a bone if he was thrown around. Not that he was going to let the bugger get close to him if he could help it, but there it was.

Once again alarms went off the second they stepped foot in the bank, since Sirius was still glamored. And once again they were surrounded by goblins. Only this time they were all sneering at him. He wondered how much money they put on this fight. Sirius had told him they gambled quite a lot and that they were good at it. He smiled maliciously at them, they didn’t know him well enough to make the correct odds.

“Hey, Sirius, are you going to place a bet?” he asked his godfather as they were being escorted through the bank. This time he went willingly.

“Yeah, I think I will,” the glamored man said, “You don’t mind if I bet on the other guy, right?” Sirius asked playfully, earning a smack on the head for his trouble.

“Arsehole,” was the grumpy comeback.

“All kidding aside, Harry, you need to keep your wits about you in there. Goblins have a magic like yours and they’ve been using it longer. Just make sure you don’t do anything stupid okay?” his godfather said with a great deal of concern. He couldn’t get it through the boy’s head that he was only fourteen years old and not some battle harden warrior. Sure, the kid had fought before, but he didn’t remember it all. He had only been told he was brave and won all his fights, so now Harry thought is was invincible.
“Alright, I’ll pay attention,” Harry answered, rolling his eyes since this was the millionth time he had been told that. He wasn’t worried if he won or lost. It wasn’t as if this fight defined the rest of his life. He just wanted that blasted goblin to realize that he wasn’t some kid to be pushed around. Besides, he was starting to remember all the things he had done since he started the magic school. He was pretty badass, if he did say so himself.

They got to the room that the fight was going to take place and went through the door. The whole place was set up like an arena, with a circle of seats, which were filled to capacity, and an empty space in the middle. He could feel the wards that protected the audience as he made his way to the center. Once there, he ambled over to the king and Snarlflist, who were waiting for him in the middle.

Sirius sat on the sidelines with Waters. They would watch from there, and hope all went well. When it was done, they would negotiate the contract for Harry’s employment. Waters was a bit excited to be there, it was new to him and he hadn’t had this much fun since he went head to head that that Umbridge person over a muggleborn’s right to have a wand. Merlin, he was glad that toad was dead.

“Glad to see you didn’t chicken out, wizard. I’ll show you to respect goblins,” Snarlflist growled as the young wizard approached.

“Fuck off, moron,” was Harry’s answer.

“Save it for the fight,” Ragnuk said, standing between the two. “This is not a fight to the death, nor is it a fight to first blood. This will last until one of you cannot fight anymore, or the time is called. You will be able to use wandless magic, fists, and conjured weapons only. Since we have a business to run, the time limit for this fight is a half an hour. Whoever is standing within that time, or whoever has the most hits, will be the winner,” he stated the rules to each of them. “Once this fight is over, that is the end of your issue. There will be no retaliation, be it you, your family, or your friends. There will be no rematch, unless it is a tie. This is to decide who will garner more respect between you. A battle of alphas, if you will. When the drums starts, you will begin.” With that the three parted and Harry went back to Sirius and Waters.

“That’s easy enough,” the teen said as he stretched a bit.

“Harry, please be careful out there. That guy hates you for some reason,” the worried man pleaded. “This isn’t a game…” he started.

“Actually, it sorta is,” Harry interrupted. “There is no real wager on this. Only one guys wounded pride. I am not going to take it seriously,” he finished, pulling up his leg behind his back giving it a good pull.

“Fine, but I get to say, ‘I told you so’ when they cart you out of here,” his godfather grumbled, sitting next to Waters, who was waiting patiently.

The drums started, and Harry went to the fight area. Snarlflist met him there and the two circled each other. They did this five times, weighing each other with their eyes. Each found the other lacking. Suddenly the goblin darted forward and conjured a knife, which he used to slash at the human’s shoulder. A golden dome flared, and the knife was reflected, making them both jump back.

The audience booed and were calling the teen various names of a coward.

Sirius perked up, he had forgotten Harry’s defensive system. Maybe his godson wouldn’t get hurt after all.

“What is the meaning of this, coward? How can you fight fairly if no one can touch you, weakling?”
he growled, snarling at the young human, spitting mad. He would have his taste of blood from this boy, one way or another.

“Wait, sorry, hold on. I’ll disable that,” Harry said sheepishly and quickly thought to Picard, ‘Captain, you need to drop the defense system to 10%, so I can fight this guy. Only use the shields if I’m in deadly danger.’

‘Understood,’ came the voice in his head.

“Right,” Harry said to the goblin with a nod, “Sorry about that. Let’s try again, shall we?” He took the fighting stance once more and they circled each other again.

This time Harry took the first step, moving his hand in a grabbing motion, he caught the goblin in the stomach, and tossed him over his shoulder.

The goblin landed on his feet and jabbed the boy’s kidney with quick fists.

“Ow, dammit that hurt, you little bugger,” the teen protested, whirling around and conjuring a good-sized rock, which he then threw at his opponent, who effortlessly dodged it.

Snarlfist circled his right hand in the air and many blunt projectiles appeared, like oversized squashed up bullets. Smirking viciously, he swished his hand forward and directed the weapons to the human. They rained down on Harry with quite a force. Not enough to kill, but he would feel it in the morning.

“Shite,” Harry said, darting back and forth so he wouldn’t be hit. He conjured a round shield to deflect what he could. His arm bouncing with the impacts. A few glanced off him, and he knew he would have bruises later. One had hit the side of his head, making him shake it clear the fuzzies. There was a trickle of blood slowly running down the side of his face.

The goblins in the audience cheered and money was exchanged. First blood had been drawn.

Sirius was openly worried, his hands wrung, and his face was tense.

Waters wasn’t quite as concerned, he knew the goblin would only wound his client. It was the kid’s fault for pick a fight. Besides, he’d sue the hell out of the bank should Potter die.

“Fuck this shite,” our hero said to himself, standing and turning towards his opponent, dispersing his shield. He then conjured a bat’leth, which is a double-sided scimitar type weapon with a curved blade, four points, two at the end and two further in, and three leather wrapped handholds on the back. Worf had drilled him on the basics, so he was fairly certain he could hold his own. He grabbed the two outer handholds, lowered himself a bit to be at level with the smaller being, like the Klingon had taught him, and said, “Let’s dance.”

Snarlfist grinned at the turn of events and conjured his own weapons, one long hooked blade, and a short sword. “Let’s,” he said.

And the two met in the middle clashing blades, both trying to find an opening. They danced around each other, both drawing blood with shallow cuts on arms and legs. Jumping a twirling, they fought. Worf giving Harry instructions in his head, correcting him on stance and movement. Then the goblin made a quick parry and got under Harry’s defense, getting him in the side.

The noise in the arena rose as the onlookers cheered and more money changed hands.

“Harry!” he heard Sirius yell.
Harry leaped back and held the bat’leth in front of him as a shield, twirling it with his magic so
nothing could get past it. He glanced down, pulled his shirt open at the slice and saw it was a nasty
wound, but nonfatal. The cut was deep, but the blood flowed sluggishly. He grabbed the bat’leth
once more and snarled. “Arsehole, that was fucked up. I’m done playing now.” He then moved
forward and swung the weapon with all his might, catching the gloating goblin in the shoulder,
rendering his left arm useless, and causing him to drop the hooked blade.

The audience booed at this turn of events, while Sirius and Albert cheered.

“You’ll pay for that, human,” Snarlfist said, lifting his sword in his right hand, adjusting his stance to
compensate and darting towards Harry.

They danced a while more, both landing blows and drawing blood. A quick strike here, a long draw
there, drawing more and more blood. Soon both fighters started getting tired. Their aims became
sluggish and missed more times than not.

Snarlfist, for all he was of warrior race, had spent years behind a desk and was not as up to shape as
he should have been. Banking was not doing the goblins any good, when it came to fighting. They
still had the instinct, but not the stamina. Something that was going to be rectified after this fight. It
showed them that they had become lax.

Both the contenders met in the middle, metal met metal as they each tried to force the other down.
Harry’s height gave him and advantage, but Snarlfist’s strength was just as potent. Back and forth
they went in a final volley to end the fight. Neither giving up.

Just as they were about to go for the ‘kill’, they heard a voice call, “Halt.”

The audience booed, except for Sirius who had spent the last thirty minutes on the edge of his seat,
ready to jump in if he had to. No, his godfather sighed with relief that it was over.

“What the fuck? This was just getting interesting,” Harry said, moving away from Snarlfist, who did
the same. Both were in terrible condition, each sported some nasty wounds. The goblin’s left arm
still hung at his side, and he had a bad cut on his chest and right arm. While Harry was still nursing
his side and had a large cut on his right leg, making it hard to stand. Both were covered in blood, but
none of it seems fatal. At least nothing a healer couldn’t handle, if treated soon.

“Time is up,” Ragnuk stated, getting between them.

“That fucking sucks,” the teen said, swaying a bit on his feet, seeing the goblin do the same. They
had both suffered blood loss, and it looked like it was catching up to them.

“Nevertheless, this fight is over,” was the terse reply.

“Oh, okay. Who won?” Harry asked and then promptly passed out.

Chapter End Notes

Yeah, it was a non-descriptive fight, and it’s kinda hard to figure out who won. I have
pros and cons for both, so I’m going to mull it over and maybe make a list or something.
What’s your opinion? Validate it if you would, please.
Luna’s POV

The five Hogwarts students were sitting worried about their friend. It was about this time that the fight should have been over, and they hadn’t heard anything yet. They tried to call either Harry or Sirius on the mirrors that Harry had given them just the day before, but neither answered. Remus did answer and told them he was just as concerned, and that he would let them know the second he heard anything. They tried to focus on their homework, but soon settled to talking about the Ball in a privacy ward that Hermione invented. It was much like a *Muffliato*, but instead of buzzing it sounded like whispers that were just out of hearing range.

When talks of the Ball faltered, they turned to the prank they were going to pull. It had gone from a few small things, like what Harry and Sirius had done at the Ministry, to something that would affect the whole school. There were drawings and layouts passed between them and each person kept adding more and more. It was going to take a few nights just to set everything up. Good thing they could all turn invisible. The plan was to have it all go off at the same time, on Christmas Eve morning, it would last the whole of the year, perhaps longer. When they noticed that others were trying to listen in, they packed it up, dropped the ward and settled for chatting about mundane things.

Right before dinner, there was a commotion near the doors of the Great Hall as a woman they had never seen before was making a fuse over Malfoy. He looked terrible, his hair was in complete disarray and his clothes were once again replaced with a barrel with the flashing word ‘bully’ writing all over it. Only this time chimes went off with each flash, causing everyone to giggle and point.

The woman tried to dispel whatever caused it but could not. The more she tried the angrier she got, until she grabbed the barrel as if to pull it over his head. Of course, Malfoy loudly protested, calling her stupid woman, and that his father would hear about it. This started a tug-of-war between the two, making everyone laugh harder.

They would have thought that Draco would have learned by now not to pick on others, but it looked like it was going to take a few more times to get it through his thick head that he was not king of Hogwarts. Since it was just a barrel, he did learn to only use words. The last time he tried to curse someone, he was left in the Hospital Wing for a day and a half.

Even Ron, who still had the emotional range of a teaspoon, had learned to curb his words. However, it did take an entire week for him to stop bluntly saying everything that came to mind. The poor boy still couldn’t look at the girls on the Quidditch team. They never found out what he had said, but he had spent a day with the words ‘Potty Mouth’ written in bright red on any shirt he put on.

The anti-bullying ward had done wonders for the moral of the school. Fred and George didn’t need to pull as many pranks, well that was until McGonagall had kicked Harry out. Without Dumbledore and Harry here, everyone was feeling anxious. They had not idol to turn to and it was making them feel vulnerable. Hence, the need for the big prank.

The woman was marching Draco to the front of the room. Dragging him by the arm, since he was fighting her every step of the way. His face, and what parts if his body they could see, were redder than a Weasleys hair. She looked over the school of giggling children and teen and sniffed. “I want to know who did this to this fine upstanding young man,” she demanded, like they hadn’t had Snape for a professor. This woman looked like a wet cat, and not very harmful at all, well you might get a few scratches, but you’d survive. Whereas Snape always made you feel like you would not survive any confrontation with him.
Flitwick tried to interrupt before she made more of a fool of herself. “Madam Sterns, it is the wards of Hogwarts. It will wear off on its own in a few minutes. Mr. Malfoy must have been bullying again. That is the only time the wards go off. We’ve checked,” he squeaked, yet his voice had a tone of knowledge that demanded to be heard.

“Fiddlesticks, there is no such ward, or we, the Board, would have heard of them,” she stated, looking down on the Charms professor. She never like goblins, and had not wanted this… man hired, but Dumbledore went over her head, since she wasn’t the Chairperson at that time. Nor was Malfoy, or none of these half breeds and muggleborns would have been there. With that thought her hair turned a bright purple and frizzed out to the side, like a demented clown, making the students laugh harder. The fact that she didn’t seem to notice, made a few fall to the floor. “Enough of this,” she yelled to be heard, producing a bang from her wand. “I want to know who is doing this to Mr. Malfoy, or I will have the whole school in detention.”

“Madam Sterns, we have guest,” McGonagall stated, looking smug and pointing to the two foreign Heads, who were giving the purpled-haired woman a look of disdain. They knew it was the wards, many of their students had commented on them when they had been about to be bullied, and for her to dismiss one of the professors so rudely didn’t speak highly of her. Both were thinking of putting them on their schools.

Sterns sniffed again and then gently pushed Malfoy to his table as his clothes returned to him. She then turned back to the student body and all but sneered, which looked frightfully stupid on her face that was surrounded with bright purple hair. “I am Abigail Sterns, Provisional Headmistress of this school. From what I’ve seen in the few minutes I have been here, I think you all need discipline. What happened to Mr. Malfoy is unexpectable. I will not tolerate such actions against purebloods…”

Suddenly she stopped talking and felt an overwhelming need to leave the school. She fought it with what little will she had, and slowly started taking steps towards the doors to the Great Hall. She started to run when she made fifteen steps and fear started to lace through her. She never felt so unsafe in all her life. The quicker she got out of the school the better. Someone else would have to take over. She was going to get to the bottom of this, after she left.

“Well, looks like the wards work on adults too. That means we’ll never have another Snape. I hope they last a long, long time,” Neville said as dinner filled the table.

“They will,” Luna predicted. She was going to have to talk to Harry about keeping some things a secret. Perhaps, they wouldn’t be able to teach the magic to everyone. It might prove better for the Wizarding World if they didn’t. If someone like the Senior Malfoy knew, then no one would be safe. She shuddered at the thought of men like You-Know-Who knowing. No, this might have to start being classified as family magic. Meaning he would have to keep the books in the family vault. This thought brought her back to Harry’s fight, she wondered who won. All she could see was that Harry was alive, beaten up a bit, but alive.

Moody’s POV

The talks had gone well, and the treaty was hashed out. Middleton left to draw it up all legal like, and she would return in the morning for it to be signed. Moody took the queen to show her were they would be living. He wanted her to talk to her ‘generals’ and let them know where their troops would be patrolling and what they would be doing. He went over the training they would receive and even showed her the mini obstacle course he set up. It had bobbing hoops and buzzing projectiles for them to dodge. There were even some on the ground for them to exercise their legs, in case they ever lost use of their wings. With four arms a target range was also there. He’d train them to survive, and get the job done.
The part for the tunnels set aside for the nest was in a junction on the second level. While Alastor had been stalking the tunnels, he cleaned them. Knowing they were going to be used for spying, he didn’t want anything to interfere with that. A sneeze could distract you, and then you’d miss something important. The place he picked out was near the atrium, that way the doxies would be able do see who came and went. It was far enough that the noise wasn’t that bad, and there could be draperies hung on the walls to lessen it still. That and it was what they ate anyway. It would be up to the Head of the DMLE to make sure they were refreshed when needed.

Bones had made sure the part of the DMLE was made in magical oaths. Like the muggle Prime Minister, it was something that came with the office. If someone decided they would use the doxies as something other than spies, the reigning queen could take her people and leave.

**Harry’s POV**

Inside Harry’s head, he was on the bed in the medical bay. McCoy was running his medical tricorder over the wounds healing what he could. Cuts closed, and bruises lessened. His sore muscles relaxed some, but he would feel like shite when he woke in the real world.

“Well, there’s was only one broken bone, so that’s a plus. You might want to take it easy for a day or two. Your ribs are going to hurt,” the doctor said, putting his equipment down. “You’re still going to feel like you tried to bench press a hundred pounds,” he added with a smirk. Okay, so his bedside manner never was the best.

“That’s alright, it’s probably better that I do. I grossly underestimated him. Who would have thought such a small being could pack such a punch,” Harry said as he gingerly sat up. “Who do you think won?” he asked Worf who was standing next to his bed.

“It is hard to tell,” the Klingon said thoughtfully. “You both fought valiantly, and there were a great many good moves throughout the fight. You had the superior magic, as shown by your shield. Had you not dropped it, there would have been no fight. Snarlfist, however, was a better warrior. He kept you on the defense most of the battle. If the goblins are honorable, they will weigh both and declare it a draw.”

“Ah, man, really?” the boy whinged. “I thought I did pretty good.”

“Your aim was sloppy, and your strategy weak. You rushed in and missed more times then you hit. You maintained a good defense and used his height against him, like I taught you. But, he was the better fighter,” Worf stated as fact.

“Well, bugger. Oh well, it’s okay, at least now that particular goblin won’t see me as a kid anymore,” the now mostly-healed teen conceded. He really didn’t care if he won, he only wanted to get his point across. It was something he tried to tell Sirius since this started, but the man was too worried to listen.

Worf suddenly looked very uncomfortable. “Harry,” he said reluctantly, a grimace on his face, like what he was about to say was unpleasant, “for an unskilled warrior, you did well.” He really didn’t care if he won, he only wanted to get his point across. It was something he tried to tell Sirius since this started, but the man was too worried to listen.

“Thanks,” Harry said with a beaming smile. “I own it all to you.”

“Yes, well… I have duties to preform,” the large man said, turning sharply around and marching out the door.
“Well, I never thought I’d see the day when Worf gave a compliment,” Bones said with a chuckle.

“It did seem to hurt him to do so,” the teen said still smiling. “So, when can I get out of here?”

“You’re all set,” the doctor stated. “You can wake up at any time.”

Harry blinked his eyes at the bright lights in the room. Just like the medbay, this room was also very clean and bright, though the bed was shorter. He blinked a couple of times and when he could see he looked around. There didn’t appear to be anyone in the room, but he could hear people talking just beyond his door.

“What do you mean it’s a tie?” Sirius exclaimed loudly. “Harry bloody well won that fight. Didn’t you see his shield? He won, I tell you.” Now that the fight was over he was determined that Harry got his due. He never did place a bet, he had been too worried. However, he would have lost anyway seeing as he would have bet his entire fortune on Harry, even if he didn’t think the boy would win. He was raised that goblins could wipe the floor with one wizard. They may have lost most of the wars, due to the sheer number of wizards, but one-on-one it was supposed to be a no-brainer. He did learn from all of this, never to underestimate his godson again.

“We have to take everything into consideration,” the king answered. “There were many variables, but all things considered, Snarlfist got in the most blows.”

“Sirius,” Harry called to the door to stop the argument. “It’s alright. I did what I wanted.”

His godfather rushed into the room and made his way to his side. “Harry!” he shouted. “You did great.” His face was grinning with pride.

“Yeah, I held my own,” the teen stated proudly. “What happened to Snarlfist?”

“He passed out a few minutes after you did. But for some reason your wounds healed up on their own. Like that Wolverine guy in that comic book you leant me,” the excited man said, all but jumping in place. He really like Wolverine. He just hoped Harry didn’t get the claws. There would be no way to explain that.

“Yeah, it’s new to me too,” Harry said sheepishly, rubbing the back of his head. He wasn’t about to tell them about the doctor in his head. “Anyway, so they’re calling it a tie?” he asked diverting the man’s attention.

“Yes, something about you being better in magic, and him being better in fighting. I don’t agree, I thought you did really good out there.”

“They’re right though, Snarlfist was better,” Harry said, not wanting to fight about it.

“If you say to Harry.”

“So, contract?”

“Waters is outside, I’ll go get him. Unless you’re up to getting out of bed.”

“I’m fine,” Harry said, standing gingerly and taking a tentative step forward. He found he was sore, but not wobbly. “Let’s get this done, so we can go home.”

“Sure, Harry. I could use a firewhiskey right about now.”

The contract was hashed out and Harry was quite satisfied. He would be continuing his education,
via tutors paid by the goblins. He would sit for his OWLs when the time came, and as more and more of his memories returned, he would learn faster.

He made sure to let his friends know that he was fine, and the fight was a draw. They all yelled at him for not answering his mirror, then understood that he had blacked out. He didn’t tell them it was due to blood lose. Padfoot had left his at home.

Snarlfist, when he woke, even grumbled a compliment, stating that no rematch was necessary. The goblin did say he still wanted Harry’s magic explained for the wards, and the teen said that he’d tweak the wards to prevent any magic from being used in the lobby and the vaults, and only goblin magic would be used in the offices. This made Ragnuk happy.

Harry would be set for a long time with his employment with Gringotts. He got to meet Bill and they got along well.

Harry spent the night in his head going over what he could have done better, if he ever had to do that again. And made plans for the future. He and Sirius, along with Remus, would finish cleaning Grimmuald Place and sell it, since the line was declared dead. Sirius said that if it wasn’t a townhouse he’d burn the place down, as it was they had to cast a charm for all the street residents, old and new, to remember number twelve. With the cleansing of the building of magic, it should sell quickly.

Thinking of the future, his thoughts drifted to certain blonde seer. He wondered if it was time to start a bit of romance. His memories were returning, and he didn’t feel any different. Well, maybe he wasn’t as much of an arse, but he still felt like him.

**McGonagall’s POV**

Noon the following day, Minerva quickly made her way to Hogsmeade. She looked around for robe that matched Albus’ description. When she found him, he was sitting at a table in the Three Broomsticks, sipping tea and eating lunch, as if he wasn’t on the run. He looked much younger, with no beard and shorter dark hair. His brother might recognize him, but no one else would.

“Albus,” she whispered, a bit frantic, as she took a seat next to him, “you would not believe how relieved I am to see you. The whole school is falling apart without you. When will you clear your name and come back?” she asked with a tone of desperation. The last two people the Board had sent ran from Hogwarts like Sterns had. She was starting to believe that the school had fallen under some sort of spell. She was sure it was Potter’s fault. Oh, how right she was.

“Alas, my dear, I do not believe I will return to Hogwarts. Perhaps it is better, I have been having trouble with my memory lately. I cannot seem to find my wand and can only conclude that it was taken from me. If my theory is correct then young Mr. Pot… do try the stew, my dear. It is most hearty and filling. I can say I have not had the likes in many weeks. Oh, how I miss the elves cooking,” he said gentility, taking a spoonful of the bowl in front of him.

It was then that Madam Rosmerta show and asked if McGonagall wanted anything to which Dumbledore answered she’d have some stew and tea.

“Albus,” Minerva hissed when the barmaid disappeared. “I didn’t come here to speak of stew and tea. What is wrong with you? Did Potter do something? I knew that boy was trouble.” She discreetly case a *finite* on him, but there was no glow indicating the end of a spell. Perhaps he was just getting old.

“Worry not, Minerva, I have everything completely under control. Young Harry is not an issue at
“Quite blathering about your wardrobe, Albus. What is this about Mr. Potter having your wand?” McGonagall snapped. It was worrying that Mr. Potter might have the Headmaster’s wand. What she knew about it, was that it was powerful and had been owned by a few Dark Lords. Grindelwald being the last.

“Never you mind,” he answered, waving a dismissing hand. “Tell me what has been happening in my school, though I cannot call it mine anymore,” he said sadly as he continued to eat his stew. It really was delicious and filling. He missed a good British stew. He had had to eat out of the country or in the muggle world, will both have lovely food, yet Madam Rosmerta did something to hers that made it just right.

“I tell you there’s a curse on the school. A few teachers feel uncomfortable there, and some of the students are being humiliated,” she answered with a bite in her voice. She was starting to get nervous when in front of her class. Whenever she started to snap at an unruly child, she had to curb her words to something kinder. It was causing havoc with her nerves. The few professors that weren’t affected in the least, were Flitwick and Hagrid. Though, Hagrid had had an impulse to change his entire curriculum. There would be no more Blast-ended Skrewts. It had made him sad initially, but he soon enjoyed teaching about the gentler beings.

“That is most disconcerting,” Dumbledore said, going to stroke the beard that wasn’t there. “Have you checked the wards?”

“That’s another thing, the ward room is shielded. We tried to change them, since the anti-bullying ward is causing so much trouble, but we cannot get into the room. I was hoping that you could tell me how.” While it was satisfying that the Board was thwarted as well, it was beyond frustrating for the staff of Hogwarts.

“Alas, no, the last time I visited the ward room was when I first took the position of Headmaster. They were fine then, so I saw little reason to adjust them. I do wonder though…” he drifted off, thinking about what Tom or Harry could have done in the guise of revenge. Then thought about how he was going to get his wardrobe back. He turned to Minerva and asked, “Did you bring my robes?”

She just sighed in defeat and handed the bundle over. This was going to be a long tea.
**Unknown POV**

A man in a shadowed cloak walked through the Ministry atrium as if he owned the place. He had been ordered not to draw attention to himself, but he knew no other way to walk. There were no people about, since it was the middle of the night. He marched to the sleeping guard, at the visitor’s desk, and killed him. No warning, no threat, just fired off an AK and walked by. He went to the elevator and hit the floor for the Department of Mysteries. His Master told him to find the prophecy, or he’d be punished. He knew where to go, he had been there many times. It was just getting the right door that mattered.

He left the lift and stood in the middle of the circle of doors. It would take awhile to find the correct door, but he had all night, so he wasn’t concerned.

In his head he heard his master telling him to hurry. They needed to get this done now, so the Dark Lord could rise again. The prophecy would tell them if his master needed to be concerned over the impudent child that had thwarted his last attempt. The still unidentified man wondered how the boy did that, but his master wasn’t inclined to share at the moment.

One by one, he opened the doors until he found the correct one. He was so busy that he didn’t see the doxy in up in the rafters. Not that he cared about an insignificant bug.

**Amelia’s POV**

Amelia was fast asleep, it had been a long few weeks, and she was closer every day to finding the last few horcruxes. Her team had dug up so much on You-Know-Who that she could write a book and it would be a best seller. And she was seriously contemplating on doing just that. Her family would be set for life. She share the dividends with the rookies, since they did the leg work. Even put their names as cowriters. She’d have to talk to them about that. She only wondered why the department hadn’t done this during the first war. The information was there if only one looked hard enough. Lazy bunch of bureaucrats.

Her dreams of being a famous writer were interrupted by a house elf telling her there was someone on the Floo. She hurried to put on a robe, because anyone calling this time of night didn’t have good news. Down the stairs she flew to see who needed her now. When she got there, there was a shrouded man’s head in her fireplace. She recognized the red uniform of one of the Unspeakables.

“What on earth do you need this time of night, sir,” she asked, pulling her robe closed against the chill.

“We caught a visitor, and we need to contact Harry Potter. We know you know how to do that. Come to the Ministry and help us close the case of Voldemort,” the man said, bluntly.

“Vo… Voldemort?” she questioned, very concerned that the famed Dark Lord was being held at the Ministry. “You have You-Know-Who at there? How are you even holding him?”

“I will not discuss this over the Floo. Come at once,” the man said and disappeared.

“Blasted Unspeakables,” she muttered as she went to get dressed. “Worse than Moody, they are.”
When she arrived at the Ministry, a doxy beckoned her. She went to the wall where he was and heard what he had to say about a shadowy man lurking in the Halls. How he went to the Hall of Prophecies, and how he got caught by the Unspeakables. How the Unspeakables had questioned him and that they told the Dark Lord that they had one of his soul containers, and they were threatening him with its destruction if he didn’t corporate. They were trying to get the man to tell them if there were more, and she wondered how the destruction of one, would do that. Then again, she never delved into the mind of an Unspeakable. Therein lay chaos and headaches. However, they always seemed to get the job done, if they put their minds to it. Which wasn’t often.

To say she was pissed that Potter had given one of the horcruxes to them, was putting it mildly. She’d have words with that boy when this was done.

She noted what the doxy said, and said she’d pay him in a fine silk handkerchief later that day. She then hurried to the DoM and got their report, which was vastly different than the doxy’s. Oh, how thankful she was for her new spies. These men never once mentioned the horcrux, and they didn’t give the identity of the man they caught. Only saying that he was possessed and not in his right mind. Well, she knew different, and if they didn’t stop treating her like some rooky, she was going to start showing them why that was a bad idea.

They didn’t, and she did, getting whole story in a matter of an hour.

Neville’s POV

The same night, a few days before Christmas Eve, the gang was getting set up for the big prank. Harry had snuck in and was giving them a hand, since he had the most power. They needed it. Silently they crept through the castle, starting at the top and working their way down. The whole of Hogwarts would have a new look in a few days. They just hoped that the new Headmaster would be happy with it. He should be, he seemed like a reasonable guy.

The Board of Governors couldn’t get anyone they wanted in the position, so they had to outsource. Because of the contract they signed for the money Harry and ‘Reggie’ gave them they had to do it right. The man they hired was an Irish man, Ossian Murphy. He was a portly man, that didn’t come off as fat, just healthy. He had a head of grey hair, that was cropped short, and a short beard to match. His blue eyes were always watchful and the smile he bore rarely left his face. He had been the Headmaster of a smaller school in Ireland, one that the students that couldn’t attend Hogwarts, for some reason or another, tended. He laughed with the students on harmless pranks, but he took the bullying ward very seriously.

Malfoy, along with being embarrassed, had to spend a lot of time being lectured by Binns on the school charter. Then he was tested. He had to repeat the detention for every time he failed. It had been three days, and he was still trying. Ron started tomorrow, and they were betting on how long it took him, since he tended to fall asleep the moment Binns started talking.

Since the hiring of Murphy there were many changes at Hogwarts. New people hired and some on the verge of being fired. Binns was reassigned to overseeing detention, and Trelawney was on the edge of a nervous breakdown. Filch and Finch were on tenterhooks, both were under severe observation, one more remark to the children that the castle didn’t like, and they would be booted.

McGonagall was bitter, because after her tea with Albus she knew that he was cursed. The problem was that she didn’t know how, but she was sure she knew who. Harry Potter. With his permission she cast every spell she knew on Albus to find out what had happened. They all came back negative. There was nothing wrong with the man, except he could not talk about Harry Potter. She tried for over an hour to find out what the blasted boy had done but could only get that he somehow had Albus’ wand. It was starting to distract her in class and she had been chided by the new headmaster
for a minor mishap of Ron Weasley’s hand turning into a pincushion while she was not paying attention. She, who had been teaching for over 35 years, had been reprimanded like a child. Maybe she would look into retirement, after all. With Dumbledore gone, the castle was not the same anyway. She had saved up a good amount of money, plus there was a good pension with the end of her tenure.

The rest of the staff was doing well. After the first meeting during the beginning of the Winter Holiday, they understood where they stood.

Murphy also hired a curse-breaker for the DADA class, and hired an alumnus for the job, Willie Gillies. Gillies was a Ravenclaw in 1966, and had nine OWLs, a masters in Defense, and had been applying for the job for years. He was a fair, but strict teacher, and everyone felt hopeful for the future, should war break out. Fifth and seventh years had been worried about the tests, now were not.

Shaking himself out of his thoughts the sandy-haired boy got back to work. Neville’s job was to charm the halls. It was a huge task, since he had to go floor to floor and cast his part on every wall. There was a trigger that would be set off Christmas Eve morning. He was very tired by the end of the night and was more than willing to sleep till noon. Happy to know that they were doing something epic.

Harry’s POV

Right when he was done charming the castle for the night, Harry got a mirror call from Sirius. They were needed at the Ministry as soon as they could get there. So, they met at the Shack and Harry poofed them to the atrium. Madam Bones was waiting for them, with a man they really couldn’t see.

“Thank Merlin, you’re here,” Amelia said, grabbing Harry’s robe and hurrying him to the elevators.

“What’s up?” the teen replied, not fighting her in the least.

“The Unspeakables were alerted to someone sneaking into the Department of Mysteries. They captured him and found Lucius Malfoy being possessed by You-Know-Who. Since the prophecy says he must die at your hand, we want you to be the one to push him through the Death Veil.” She dragged him out of the elevator, and to the Death Room. “We’re going to have a talk about trust issues when this is done,” she snapped at him as she thrust him in the room.

“What did I do?” the confused teen asked. He trusted her, she was one of the few that he did trust.

“Later, for now do what you’re told. We want to get this done before the workers start showing up,” she insisted, pointing to the people in the room.

Harry looked where she was pointing and had to laugh. There were five men in red, holding wands to Malfoy Senior in front of an arch with a billowing cloth. The man was chained so bad he couldn’t even talk. That didn’t stop the face on the back of his head from screaming that he was going to win, and that he had done things that no one had ever done to gain immortality.

“Voldy, nice to see you again, arsehole. I thought you would have died with that pitiful man you had try to bring you back, pity,” Harry said cheerfully, waving at the face. He looked to the Veil and got a niggling at the back of his head.

“Fool, you will never win against me,” Voldemort snarled around the chains blocking his face.

“I don’t plan to kill you,” the teen wizard said brightly, coming up with an idea out of nowhere. His crew started scrambling to see if it was viable. Scenario after scenario were run to see if they could
pull it off. Using everything they knew about blackholes as a template. The Veil should be the same, right? “I’ll even let you live forever,” he confessed, making the room around him gasp. A few wands even pointed in his direction. He threw a wink to Bones and continued. “Well, maybe not live, per se, but you will exist.” He had no idea where this idea was coming from, but he liked it.

“Potter, you don’t have the power to grant such a boon. If you do then you should join me, and we’ll take over and rule these weak wizards,” the face tried to cajole. He could use someone who could grant him immortality on his side. Thoughts were racing through his head on how he could manipulate the boy to doing what he wanted. “I could give you your parents,” he offered. “No one has studied death more than me. Not even these pitiful wizards here in the DoM.”

“Do you take me for an idiot? Never mind, don’t answer that,” he said as he dug Dumbledore’s wand out of his TARDIS bag, which he had had with him at Hogwarts to help with the prank. For some reason it just felt like this was the wand to use for this event. “Anyway, hold on just a second and I’ll grant your desire.” He conferred with his crew and came up with the magic he would need to get this done. He hit himself in the head for not thinking of it sooner, but then again, he hadn’t really cared before. It was up to the adults in this world to take down the bad guy, not his.

Still, here he was with ole Voldy right in front of him and now he could end it all. So, he stood next to the Veil and pointed his wand to the prisoner. “Soul join,” he incanted simply and waited. A few moments later, two wisps of smoke came floating through the walls and slammed into Malfoy, making him jerk with impact. Voldemort screamed as his soul pieces fused with his wraith. He tried to leave, but the chains were magic nulling. He cursed his follower for not being more careful and threatened dire things to the man’s family. Lucius paled at the thought that his son and wife would suffer for his arrogance. Everyone could hear him begging for forgiveness even though his voice was mumbled.

“Eject,” the dark-haired teen smirked and painfully pulled the spirit out of Malfoy through the chains that bound him. Once more causing Voldemort to think this boy would be useful. “There you go,” our hero said to the specter, “all joined together. Feels funny, doesn’t it? Missing more than half your soul. Well, you should be used to it by now, but here’s the deal. I’m going to give you an overwhelming desire to search for the rest of your soul for all of eternity. You’ll never find it, of course. It’s gone, but you’ll still look.”

Without his knowledge, the Cloak of Invisibility and the Resurrection Ring appeared on his body and hand. His voice took on an unnerving tone, echoing throughout the room, causing everyone there to shiver. The Cloak blackened his face and his form thinned, painfully so. He grew several feet, towering over everyone in the room. The Ring shone like a reflective ruby, only the light didn’t touch it. “Tom Marvolo Riddle, you will forever be damned to wander my domain in the void. Forever searching for what you will never find,” the scraping voice said, pointing the Elder Wand at the frightened Dark Lord. And with a flick the wraith flew before the Veil. “You sought to flee from me, now you will forever fear that you will never die. You will forever ache to end what you will now incur. Tom Marvolo Riddle, welcome to Hell.”

The being laughed a frightening laugh, the kind that woke you up in the middle of the night drenched in sweat and fearing that the world had ended. The wraith screamed and begged, fighting with every bit of will it had. But no one ran from death, and soon enough it was gone. To forever float in the void beyond the Veil.

“Um, Harry?” Sirius asked tentatively. Hoping this wasn’t a permanent thing.

“Harry James Potter is fine. He will return momentarily. First, I must finish here,” the being that was once Harry said, looking around the room. He was a deity of immense power, and he knew that
if he left these fools to realize what the boy held they would never let him be. That could not happen, he might need the child later. So, he raised his wand and empty hand to the roof and a cloud of mist drifted down from the ceiling. It covered the whole room and the desire to run and hide was enormous. Outside it shrouded the entire earth. People would wake up in the morning not remembering the Hallows. The tale of the Three Brothers would not be taken seriously. Research would stop, and an old man would feel like he had wasted his entire life searching for fool’s gold.

One by one the people in the room drifted away dazed and confused. They didn’t know what they were doing in the Death Room. They would go home and sleep, never remembering what just happened. They would wonder in the morning what happened to the horcrux but would soon forget that as well.

Soon enough, only Malfoy, Bones and Black were there. Amelia was shaking her head the night fuzzy, but there. Lucius was standing asleep, he would remember coming to get the prophecy for his master, but he would not remember after the Unspeakables captured him. He was still wrapped in chains, and he would be arrested for criminal trespass when Bones was done here.

“Now what?” Sirius asked as politely as he could. He remembered everything. He wouldn’t find out until later that he was the only one.

“Now I will return to my domain and you will live the rest of your life,” Death answered succintly. Harry’s body started shrinking and filling out.

“And Harry? Will he remember?”

“No, and you would do well not to mention this to him. He will only remember that he was the one to throw Tom Marvolo Riddle into the Veil. That is all you will tell him.”

“Yup, yup, sure, no problem,” the dogman answered quickly.

Without further ado the deity was gone, and so were the Cloak, Ring and Wand. They would be used again, when needed, but only Harry could call them, and he wouldn’t even know he was. The poor boy was now a puppet to Death here on earth. Not that the deity would abuse it, but if needed the champion would be called. When he passed, the Hallows would appear again and another quest would be mounted to find them. Ah the wonders of myths, causing the adventurous to forever seek what as mostly unattainable.

Harry slumped a moment, shook his head and smiled that carefree smile of his. “Well, that’s done. I’m knackered. Ready to go home?” he asked his dazed godfather. The crew in his head were celebrating a job well done. All but Data, he knew but was unsure if he should say anything. He’d have to watch and see if there were any side effects.

“Yeah, sure, I could use a drink,” the man answered.

“Oh, I think a whole bottle is in order,” Bones said shakenly. She took hold of Lucius, woke him up and dragged him away. The other two followed.

“Quite a show, huh?” the teen asked, bouncing along after Sirius. He was stoked, he had vanquished Voldy from the world, and they wouldn’t even know. There would be no hero worshipping and he could live his life knowing the man was gone. He had no doubt that the Unspeakables would keep this silent, and Bones had no need to search anymore, so she’d be happy. Or so he thought. He did wonder why the two adults were so shaken. It’s not like he was Death or anything.

“Oh, Harry, you have no idea how right you are,” the man answered, thinking this was one night
that would keep him awake for years. And he couldn’t even tell anyone about it.

Chapter End Notes

Well, that’s the end of Voldy. If all goes according to plan, this should wrap up in a few more chapters. Let me know if something is missing so I can be sure to add it.
Harry’s POV

After a much-deserved sleep, Harry went downstairs to see Remus fussing over a very drunk Sirius. “Good God, what happened to him,” the boy asked, seeing the man he thought was recovering from his stay in Azkaban slumped over crying. Sirius was holding a pillow and saying over and over again that his godson was doomed.

“I don’t know,” Lupin stated. “I came down and he was like this.” His was rubbing his friend’s back, trying to show him that Harry was safe and now no one controlled him.

“Well, shite. I hate to do this, but we’ll never find out what’s up if he’s like this,” the somber teen stated, lifting his finger and casting a sobering charm on the man.

Sirius was no longer drunk, but the melancholy was still there. He looked around and saw the two most important people in his life standing there with worried looks on their faces. “Shite,” he mumbled, running a hand down his face. “Sorry, I had a nightmare that Harry was being controlled, and after what happened last night, it was just too much,” he confessed, keeping it as honest as possible. Death had haunted his dreams all night. He pictured Harry chained to the man and doing deeds that he knew the teen would not want to do.

“After what you told me when you got home, I can understand that. It’s not every day one takes down a Dark Lord. It must have been hard to watch,” Remus said, knowing that Sirius thought of Harry as a son. “Are you better now? You can see that Harry is here and no one is controlling him.” He cursed Dumbledore for manipulating Harry’s life up until the boy had lost his memory. If that hadn’t happened, then Sirius would not have thought that the whole thing last night was just one big set up. It was the only reason that the werewolf felt that his best mate would feel this way.

“Yeah, I think I am. So, what are we doing today?” the dogman inquired, changing the subject as quickly as he could but still looking around the room like Death would pop out at any moment. Harry and Remus shared a look at those fearful glances, each thinking that the man was looking for Dementors.

“I’ve got to get the store set up,” the werewolf answered, trying ease Sirius worries, so he knew there was nothing to fear. He’d have to get Padfoot alone later to see if there was anything he could do to chase away those memories, without booze. Until then they’d just have to move on. “We should be opening after the holidays. I wanted to open before then, but paperwork held me up.”

“Oh, hey, can we talk about something after you get it set up? There’s some things I want to do with some of the profits,” Harry asked, his mind plotting with an idea he had had for quite a while. He was hoping to get it done soon, with winter here it would be needed. Perhaps he could pull it off in a smaller version until Remus got the store up and going.

“I thought the profits were going to the school?” was the confused answer. They had the vault set up to take any income from the furniture and jewels that they had found in the room. There were even some weapons and armor, which he was told would fetch quite a price. That’s what kept the store from opening in time. He needed to have a special license to see the ancient swords. Something about not selling to minors, keeping them in locked cases, and such things.

“I’ll donate a few things and used the profits from those,” the teen said. He had some stuff he could part with. “There’s just a few things I’d like to get done, and I need the receipts from the sales.”
“Okay,” Remus drawled, wondering what Harry was up to now. He hoped it wasn’t illegal. There was no telling with that boy these days. “Get with me after we’ve been open for a week or so. I should have my schedule cleared by then.”

“Will do. Hey, Sirius, I think we need to go to see Bones. I want to see if there’s any fallout from last night.”

“Sure, why not,” the depressed man said. He wondered when he was going to snap out of this mood. He had spent too much time in Azkaban feeling this way and he didn’t like it. Maybe he needed to see a specialist. He never fully recovered from prison anyway and all the self-help books only took you so far. It was something he had been contemplating for a while now. He’d have to go muggle, they would never tell anyone.

The glamored men went to the Ministry. Harry was happy so see that the news of Voldy’s demise had not leaked, and the only thing people were talking about is how Malfoy snapped and killed the guard. They made it to Bones’ office and were shown in by the secretary. They opened the door just in time to see Amelia throw a cup of tea at the wall.

“Don’t have to ask how you’re doing. What happened?” Harry asked, taking his usual chair.

“Malfoy might walk,” she snarled, picking up a paperweight and throwing it at the same wall, causing it to dent. She had been trying for years to arrest that man, and with Fudge gone she thought it was in the bag. Now, blasted truth charm made her job more difficult.

“What!? How is that possible, he killed a guy!?” the teen shouted, making Bones turn her anger on to him.

“Because of the truth spell you put on the courtrooms, he confessed that he was possessed. That makes him non-culpable. It is just like he said after the war, only then he lied and said he was under the Imperius. This time he doesn’t even have to bribe anyone,” she snapped, picking up another paperweight and chucking it at the door.

“Hey, don’t blame me. I didn’t possess the guy. Why don’t you just ask him if it was willing, and if he had been ordered to kill that man. I mean, come on Malfoy is evil, from what I’ve been told. It should be easy,” Harry said, waving his hand and fixing the room. The cup flew back together, and the paperweights floated to the desk. The dents in the walls straightened out, and the tea disappeared.

Amelia sighed and sat down again. He had a point, all they needed to do is word the questions correctly and the man would spend the rest of his life in prison. Still it was unnerving the way Malfoy slithered out of things. She wrote a few things down and then looked at Harry. “Why did you give the horcrux to the DoM?” she asked deceptively soft.

“I thought it would help you out if more people were on the watch out for them,” he answered honestly, not sure what the problem was.

“The Department of Mysteries doesn’t work well with the rest of the Ministry. They like to keep their secrets, it was only because they captured You… Voldemort that they even let me know that they had one. Next time, and Merlin forbid there ever be a next time, next time tell me what you’re doing. I can’t do my job if I don’t know all the facts,” she stated firmly.

“Sure, sorry, I really was only trying to help,” the teen said quietly.

“Amelia, what do you remember from last night?” Sirius asked, wondering if he truly was the only one who knew.
“After you got here, not much. I remember meeting you, Harry badmouthing the Dark Lord, Voldemort going through the Veil, and me arresting Malfoy. That’s about it,” she confessed, not telling them that no one in the DoM remembered anything. The whole department was running around in a frenzy trying to find how what happened. It was making her case harder. If it weren’t for the fact Malfoy was caught red-handed, plus the monitoring charms around atrium and DoM, she would have nothing to stand on. The Death Room’s monitor was completely blank, so they had no clue as to what happened after everyone entered.

“Well, I guess it all worked out well then,” Harry said happily.

_Luna’s POV_

It was Christmas Eve morning and Luna was excited, when the first student, no matter what house, stepped out of a dorm the whole school would be reformed. Starting from the Astronomy tower to the Entrance Hall, it was going to be marvelous. They had worked for three days to get it all set up and couldn’t wait to see it.

Luna flung back her covers and raced to get dress. Less than five minutes later she was downstairs ready for the day. Since she had no friends in Ravenclaw, she didn’t need to wait. She left the dorm and looked around in awe. Her clothes when she stepped out changed to a summer dress from the early 1820’s. Her particular dress was light pink silk that cinched right under her breast and then fell straight to the floor. She could feel the petticoats under it and the ruffles on the bottom made a noise when she walked. The silk sleeves fell mid upper-arm, and there was a bonnet on her head. She had a ruffled parasol in her hand and her shoes were a fine cloth. She could see other dressed in fashions from that era, and a few beyond. She took a moment to look around. Neville had really outdone himself.

The walls of the hall depicted a huge forest. The trees could be seen for miles no matter where you looked, and they reached up as high as the eye could see. The underbrush rustled as animals darted back and forth. Flowers were blooming far and wide, most based at the bottom of trees, but some were crowding the forest floor. The hallway leading from the tower was a packed dirt, and a few ambitious Ravenclaws were trying to dig a hole to see where the floor was. Flowers and shrubbery of all kinds lined the walkway, and there were hanging lamps descending from tree branches along the ceiling, which weren’t lit at this time. Since Ravenclaw tower was on the fifth floor, it was summer. So, the light of the morning sun was filtering through the trees, making the halls take on a nice soft glow. The forest looked like you could walk through it forever, but there was a barrier where the wall was.

The portraits were gone, well, not gone, but no longer in their frames, which were attached to trees. The people who had been in the portraits were wandering around looking at the amazing forest. They were talking to themselves and some were skipping about, relishing the freedom they had from their frames. They could not go from floor to floor unless they went back to their frames, but they could wander in the forest as long as they wanted. Some were following the students to try and see who had done this marvelous piece of magic. Of course, the Ravenclaws didn’t know, but they were going to find out.

Bird song was everywhere, the trees were filled with them. Animals could be seen darting through the trees, and an occasional vine would creep out and tickle girls’ feet as they walked by, making them jump and screech. The boys, who were also donning 1820 style clothes would get their hats knocked off. Once in a while, something would jump out from behind a tree. Be it unicorn, centaur, or giant spider, they’d jump out and frighten the students walking past.

If you stepped on a certain spot, a purple bloom of smoke would emit, and it would turn your clothes
in to nightclothes from the same era as the other clothes would be. This sent many students scurrying back to the common room. Only for their clothes to change into what they put on when they got out of bed. When they stepped back into the hall, they would once again change back into the dresses, or pants for boys, from the 1820s. It was funny to see boys running down the hall in old-fashioned dressing gowns.

As Luna walked the hall, with a spring in her step and a twirl of her parasol, to the staircases, a man, who she assumed had been a portrait, came up and yelled for her to have a Happy Christmas. She jumped a little and then curtsied and wish him a happy one as well. She gazed at the animals and was delighted to see a crumpled-horned snorkack. It’s armored body and bizarre armadillo and unicorn head, make her squeal in delight. She was glad she added some of her own animals to this scene. She had been worried, since this was not it’s native land, but then realized it was magic, so it could survive anywhere.

**Neville’s POV**

Neville was also excited, he rushed through his morning rituals and waited for the twins and Hermione to leave the tower. They all gathered and whispered excitedly to each other as they made their way to the portrait hole. Just like Luna their clothes were transformed into those from the 1820s. The boys had high waisted formfitting pants, waist coats, and ruffled shirts with ascots tied around their necks. They now sported tall hats, and the twins had walking canes. Hermione had a high waist pale blue dress with a bonnet and a matching parasol.

Since they were on the seventh floor, it was spring. Flowers were everywhere. The whole hall was an explosion of color and smell, good thing there was no pollen. The walls were now a huge meadow, with wildlife of all kinds. Baby unicorns, deer and rabbits could be seen jumping through the heather and grasses. In the distance they could make out tall looming trees for the start of the forest that made up the lower halls. The people from the portraits were having picnics and some were dancing silly dances. Their frames were on post that dotted the walkway. There were arches along the stone path that had creeping vines holding lanterns. The ceiling was much like the Great Hall in it depicted the morning sky. The sun was at the morning crest making the halls pink with color. A light breeze ruffled skirts, parasols and capes. Grassroots and vines would sneak out and tickle or poke the students at random times. It became a tradition to try and catch these mischievous plants. The same random clothes changing smoke was in various spots on the gravel walkway.

The gang turned back and noticed a large tree in the middle of the meadow. On it was the Fat Lady’s portrait frame. She was frolicking in the flowers, laughing like she had not since she was alive. She never wandered far and would entertain guests on the wrought iron, umbrellaed table that sat near her frame. They wandered the halls looking at everything. They were amazed at how it turned out. They happily made their way down the stairs and when they hit the fifth floor their clothes transformed once again to lighter material and cooler hats.

As they ventured down the stairs, which had turned to wood, flowers and vine, the temperature got warmer. The scenes turned to the forest in summer. They met up with Luna and continued to see what wonders they had formed the castle into. The doors to classrooms were etched in trees with the name of the class listed on top. Like it had been burnt into the wood. By the time they hit the third floor the weather got colder as autumn set in. The tree grew colorful, in autumn browns, oranges, and reds. The leaves littered the forest floor, but not the halls. The first and ground floor were colder still, but not bitingly so. Their clothes continued to change with each floor they went down. The Great Hall was a winter wonderland, the decorated trees that had been brought in by the staff looked very much in place with the evergreens that lined the wall. Snowy scenes were everywhere, and the ceiling sky was a flurry of snowflakes.
“We did good,” Neville said quietly, a huge smile on his face as he puffed up his ruffled shirt.

“Well, we did well,” Hermione corrected absently, as she sat at the long Gryffindor table, which was looked like it was encased in ice, but was not cold to the touch.

“Shush, Hermione and enjoy the fun,” Luna chastised, putting her folded parasol next to her.

“I can’t wait to see,” George started, as he ran his hand along the table. It was slick like ice and his face was a vintage of happiness for what was to come.

“What the professors think,” Fred finished, also waiting for the food to arrive.

“Well, it looks like you won’t have long to wait. Look at McGonagall,” Neville whispered, glancing at the Head Table, trying to hold his mirth.

**McGonagall's POV**

McGonagall was dressed in a bodice-laced traveling coat, an overly large bonnet and huge white muff, which seemed to be stuck to her hands. She was attempting to free them, when one came loose it went flying, smacking Flitwick’s hat off. The room exploded with laughter, when the poor man squeaked and fell backwards.

“Really, Minerva, that was quite uncalled for,” he said, sitting upright and straightening his top hat.

“Sorry, Filius, this blasted muff has my hands stuck,” she said sincerely, attempting once more to free her other hand.

“Allow me,” the tiny man said, waving his wand and unsticking her hand.

“Thank you,” she breathed. “When I get my hands on that Potter boy,” she started.

“Really, Minerva, Mr. Potter no longer resides in the castle, why ever would you think he had anything to do with all of this,” Pomona asked, smiling at the wonderful transformation the Great Hall, and really all of Hogwarts, was under. “You are starting to sound like Severus,” she added. She really didn’t miss that man. Her Hufflepuff didn’t cry when they left Potions anymore. Smellers was the one of the three teachers that Headmaster Murphy had hired. And she was doing wonderfully.

At that time Headmaster Murphy came in smiling in delight. “I did not know you decorated the castle in such a manner,” he said jovially. “I’ve been from the top to the bottom and the scenes are amazing.”

“We do not,” McGonagall sniffed, finally banishing the muff. “It is a prank,” she said, glaring at the Gryffindor table.

“Well, by Merlin, it is an excellent prank,” he said, waiting for more children to arrive so he could call the meal. Unlike before meals started when most of the student body was attending and ended at a set time. It made for a better setting and gave the children a better grasp of responsibility.

“Headmaster, how can you say that? I passed no more than three students in nightclothes on my way here,” Minerva stated, watching the foreign guests arrive. They too seems to think what was done to the castle was brilliant. Madam Maxime sat near Murphy, and Karkaroff sat next to her.

“Zis is bon magnifique,” she praised the current Headmaster. “‘owever did you preform such transformations?” she asked, waving her jeweled hand.
“I didn’t,” he said proudly. “It was some of the students, though I’m not sure who,” he admitted, still smiling. “As you know I’ve just arrived, so I know little about them.”

“It is wonderfully done. If you find out ‘o, zen please let me know so I can get ze spells and charms zey used. I would like to see a wall or two in Beauxbatons. Not ze ‘ole school, you mind, but a wall or two,” she stated in awe. She knew nothing that could do this and would love to know how it was done.

Karkaroff sniffed, “It is good enough for Hogwarts, but Durmstrang would not appreciate such frivolity,” he sniffed at the snowy sky. Though he did admit to himself is was wonderful spell work.

“I plan on putting my professors to work on trying to see how it was done. If we can, we’ll share with everyone,” Murphy stated as he stood. “Good morning, students” he said to the Hall in a loud voice. The whispering stopped at once. “I see we have some pranksters among us. I want to say that whoever did this deserves high praise, but until we find out who it was, enjoy your meal.” And with that he clapped his hands a food appeared on all the tables.

**Neville’s POV**

The gang sat and watched as the first person tried to grab some food, only for the plate to slide away. It didn’t fall off the table, but it did quickly move to the edge, causing the girls sitting there to squeak. The more they tried to dish up their food, the more the plates slid. Until someone got the idea to grab the platter. Cautiously and carefully, everyone started to serve themselves, but for the few who liked to see the dishes careening down the table. One plate of rolls flew past the twins, who each reached out and grabbed one.

Lee came up and plopped himself down by his friends. “So, what else is planned?”

George who was closest, leaned over and said, “Well, there may be a few fireworks tonight. Here in the Great Hall.”

Fred, leaning over his brother, said, “There could be a few snow birds loose in the castle.”

“Did you guys to the classrooms. I noticed the dorms are untouched.”

“Nay, we didn’t want to interfere with studies,” George said.

“That and Hermione would have a fit if we did,” Fred stated, winking as said girl, who huffed.

“What else? I know you guys, and this is pretty tame, brilliant, but tame,” Lee said, looking at all the gang. He really couldn’t wait until they taught him to do this stuff.

“We might,” whispered Luna, “have put a few more harmless traps around. Some color changing, gender changing, or even species changing things. They’ll last five or so minutes.”

“What happens when winter is over,” Lee asked as he grabbed a plate of bacon that was sliding by.

“That’s the beauty of it. This floor’s scene will move to the next floor, the top levels will be here, and the rest will move up. It will always be the correct season in the Great Hall,” Hermione stated in a low smug voice.

“How long will the clothing last?” the darker teen asked, eating some eggs that landed on his plate.

“Until the end of winter break,” Neville answered. “They will change to a different era every few days.”
“Good show, my friends, good show.”
Okay, I was going to do a few more chapters, but over the last few days, I wrote and deleted quite a few. So, instead of taking a yearlong break to see if somehow something comes to mind, here is the final chapter for this story. I hope you enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Harry’s POV

Later that day, when everyone was busy getting ready for the Ball, Harry snuck in the castle and went to the Room of Requirements. He had an idea that he wanted to pull off tonight, so it would be a good Christmas surprise.

He called the Room up and went through the door. He looked at the headway they had all made. A good eighteenth of the room was cleared out, but there was so much left to do. He wasn’t here for that though. He wanted clothes and shoes. He made his way to the center of the room, lifted both his hands and said in a demanding voice, “Clothes and shoes here.” He then made a grabbing motion and pulled his hands to the floor, to indicate where he wanted them to land.

Cloth and leather flew to the area. Piles all around him crashed and trunks overturned as their contents escaped their confinement. Cloaks, coats, hats, bonnets, scarves, gloves, dresses, skirts, petticoats, shirts, trousers, even a few underclothes all gathered in a pile. Leather shoes, ankle boots, regular boots and even riding boots soon joined them in a separate pile. Some were in good shape, some were torn and worn. Most of them were moth bitten.

Harry then took out his wand for precision, and pointed at the clothes pile and said, “Mend and repair. Clean, sort and fold.”

Holes mended, cloth thickened, and tears came together. Buttons and clasps tightened, and laces strengthened. They all flew around as dirt and insect eggs came off and stains disappeared, and then they folded themselves into stacks. Soon enough he had huge stacks of pristine clothes sitting in front of him. He then did the same for the shoes and had a good pile of shiny brand-new footwear to go with them. About 75% of all the clothes were pure wool, and 95% of the footwear was real leather.

Most of this stuff would cost a fortune nowadays. Especially the women’s formal dresses and cloaks. He made sure that all jewels and pearls were removed, they wouldn’t be needed, and could cause troubled for anyone trying to sell them. He might need them in the future.

He had a thought that some of them might be charmed, so he did a quick cleansing, making sure they were all now just plain clothes and shoes. Last thing he needed was for some poor shmuck to be uncontrollably dancing in the streets.

He wondered if he should make them more modern, but then chuckled at the thought that so many people in the Greater London area would be decked in such old-fashioned articles. So, he left them, but made sure to spell them with a few anti-greed and anti-theft charms. It wouldn’t do to have them go to the recipient, only for them to be stolen. Besides, even the summer stuff from years-gone-by were warm enough to survive the winter, if they layered. He did wonder if he should leave a chart, so people would know how to put some of this shite on, but then chuckled again at the vision of
seeing them try. He could see it now, a huge poster board of step-by-step instructions on how to tie an ascot.

Shaking his head at the thought, Harry created a TARDIS bag and stuffed it all in there. He shrunk some empty trunks and added them to the bag. It didn’t matter if they were repaired, he was going to transfigure them anyway. As quietly as he came, he left. He had a lot to do this night and couldn’t waste time. He would have snuck a peek at Luna, but decided that it would be a bit stalkerish, so he left.

He went to the Shack and grabbed Sirius and Remus. They already knew the plan and were more than willing to help. Like thieves in the night the three traveled around London and set up the Christmas surprise for the homeless. Each bin had a small compulsion charm on them, so only the needy would find them.

Even with all his memories slowly returning, he never forgot his week on the streets. How cold he had been, the hunger he suffered. He remembered all the thoughtless, and sometimes cruel people that didn’t look twice at the misfortunate. He was going to do what he could to help. He’d keep half of the clothes and shoes, and all the jewel and pearls, and would give the sturdier half away. The half he was going to keep would go into Remus’ shop and hopefully fund the bins for coming years.

Next year he was going to do something about food, this year all he could do was make sure the waste tip of the Leaky Cauldron could be found. And add a few mild stasis charms to restaurant bins. The charms would only keep the food fresher for a day or two, but in the long run it would help.

He remembered his deal with Tylor and was happy that that income would help as well.

All-in-all it would be a good Christmas.

Luna’s POV

While Harry and his cohorts were doing that, Luna stood waiting for Neville to pick her up. She looked lovely in her light blue gauzy gown, with real fairies to give it sparkle. The other girls in her room had been jealous that she could talk them into it and had tried to demand she do the same for them. That’s when the bullying ward set off and Murphy banned them from the Ball. Luna didn’t really care, she was looking forward to a night of dancing and eating. The nargles had long since left her alone, and she was sure it had something to do with the necklace Harry had given back to her. Ever since he had, she felt a calming peace on her. Only in dire situations did she react overly emotional. Like when he was kidnapped. Still, tonight wasn’t the night to think on this. She was going to enjoy herself, and then let Harry know how the night went tomorrow.

She knew that they would come together soon, and if she had it her way, they would stay together.

She left the dorm; her clothes didn’t change as many people feared they would. They had spelled it so that the clothes would remain on this night. It would be too cruel to have the students, who probably spent a good deal of money on their formalwear, clothes not be the dream dresses, or suits, they wanted. Tomorrow, however, was a different story. She giggled at the false sense of security most would have, only to find themselves decked in 1800’s styled clothing in the morning.

Neville met her and held out his elbow. “My lady, will you allow me to escort you to the ball?” he asked with a wide grin. He was wearing the plain black robes, he and Harry had bought, though the trim was silver, and his suit was a dark grey. The shirt he wore was a light blue, and his tie was a thin striped silver and black. He looked very refined.

“Of course, good sir,” she stated taking his arm.
“You look like a vision tonight. Harry is one lucky guy,” the sandy-haired wizard said as they walked the summer scene. Everyone looked marvelous against the natural backgrounds. He knew the twins and Hermione had danced their way down the hall from the Gryffindor dorm. It was brilliant and made a lot of people smile to see their antics.

“Why, yes, yes he is. He has friends such as you,” she came back with, a smirk on her face.

“Well, I guess that makes him double lucky,” he stated, sniffing the air like the pureblood he was.

They laughed together and continued to the Great Hall, where they proceeded to a table that already had the other three seated.

“Hey, guys, doesn’t everything look great?” Neville asked, looking at the decorations the staff had added to the already wintery wonderland. Everything was done in white and powered blue. The tables were scattered throughout the hall and shimmering like they were covered in fairy dust.

“Yes, they did a great job matching it with the scenery. I wonder how long Professor Flitwick spent trying to see what we did to the walls,” Hermione stated thoughtfully.

“I hear it was the better part of the day, then Murphy had him help the rest get ready for now. I don’t think he’s gotten close yet,” Fred said smugly. He was quite proud at what they had accomplished.

“Yeah, I saw him try, unsuccessfully mind you, to undo an unused corridor,” George stated, just as smugly as his brother.

“I almost feel sorry for him,” Luna added. “He will work for a very long time trying to find charms that are not there. However, I feel that he will crack it eventually, once he remembers his heritage.”

“Oh yeah, Harry did mention that the goblins did the same type of magic. I wonder if they ever did anything like this,” Hermione added, thinking hard on all she knew of goblin culture. Which, giving her lessons from Binns, wasn’t much.

‘Nah, too frivolous. Can you imagine what Snape’s reaction would have been,” George asked with huge grin.

“One million points from Gryffindor for making everyone happy,” Fred mimicked, making them all laugh.

“Let’s not worry about stuffy old teachers, and just enjoy the evening,” Luna said dreamily.

And that’s what they did, until McGonagall came.

Harry’s POV

After a stealthy night of charity, Harry sat and meditated, he was talking with his crew over what had happened a few nights ago. The end of Voldy had made him feel content. It was one less thing to worry about. Dumbledore couldn’t bother him, Voldy was gone, now all he had to do was remember his childhood. He now remembered his Hogwarts years, all his friends, all his enemies. It tickled him that he hated Malfoy as much then as now. Ron was a big disappointment, now that he could remember the friendship shared. He wasn’t going back to that, not after the confrontations they had had. No, Ron was a memory now.

The crew had been putting that off giving him his younger childhood years for some time, but he felt he was ready.
He appeared on the deck of the Enterprise and sat in his chair. “Data,” he said, turning to the android, “hit me with the rest of my memories.”

“I am unsure if that is wise,” Data said, looking at his ‘creator’. “I have seen these memories, and knowing what I do about human physiology, I feel they may be detrimental to your health. It is part of my makeup to prevent that.”

“Are they really that bad? I mean, was a horribly abused?” the teen asked, he had a feeling that was true, but had hoped that it wasn’t.

“While I would not call it horrible, the abuse you suffered was sever emotional trauma. If you remember now, your personality might change. Perhaps instead of remembering you might like to view a few scenes on the viewscreen? That would make it from a third person point of view and not be a traumatic,” the android suggested.

“I feel this would be the logical solution. I too think that you should not ‘remember’ these years of your life,” Spook added his two cents in.

“Okay, let me see a few and I’ll judge from there,” Harry said, turning to the viewscreen. Scene after scene played out and all Harry could think was ‘that poor kid’ only to remember that was him. He agreed with the crew not to fully remember these things. And he concluded that he would never set eyes on the Dursleys again.

**Hermione’s POV**

The gang was laughing and having a good time. The dinner had been superb, with each picking what they wanted to eat. They had danced with each other and some of the others from all schools. The twins had taken Hermione and put their practice to the test. The whole school had stopped to watch them tango. It was a sight that many would remember for coming years. A platter of dessert was served, for each table, between the changing of the bands. They were sitting to eat when a voice made them all groan.

“Miss Granger, I believe I made it quite clear that two dates were not allowed at this function,” McGonagall said stiffly. She peered at the group with a disdain.

“I read the rules, few that they are, and nowhere in there does it say that I cannot have two escorts,” Hermione replied, glaring at her once loved teacher. She had no idea why McGonagall’s attitude changed, she was sure that it had something to do with Harry, but she could not quite put her finger on what. However, it was this woman’s treatment of her friend that shattered her image of authority. She now knew that respect was earn, whereas before she gave it blindly.

“I made the ruling as the Deputy Headmistress,” was the scathing comeback.

“Yes, but I went over your head and asked the Headmaster,” Hermione returned, nodding to the man who was headed their way. “He said as long as we behaved, he had no problem with us coming together. He thought it was funny for the twins to have one date. After all, they do everything together.”

Murphy joined them at that moment. “What is going on here, Minerva?” he said softly. “We have guests and I don’t think you are making a good example.”

“I was merely telling the children that they violated, one of my decrees. I did not know they had talked to you,” the older woman said defensively. She hated the fact that this man seemed to stop her reinforcing control over the students. He had told her she was too strict with them and that it was
damaging to the young minds to have someone constantly demanding obedience. Why, in her day, no student would have sassed her as Miss Granger had just done.

“Yes, well, now you know that I gave my blessing, so move along and do try and enjoy your evening,” the Headmaster stated firmly.

McGonagall sniffed and left the Hall. She was going to go and see Albus this evening in hopes that he had somehow cleared his name, perhaps she might not return. It would serve them right to not have a Transfiguration Teacher in the coming quarter. She would offer her friend shelter, and hopefully get him back to the former glory he once had. Little did she know, that Dumbledore had fallen into a deep depression. He felt he had spent his entire life on a fool’s quest. She would never get him out of it, and they would live miserably for quite some time.

“Oh dear, the nargles have gotten her. Goodbye, Professor McGonagall,” Luna stated dreamily, giving a small wave to the retreating woman.

“What do you mean?” Murphy asked, at a lose as to why this flighty student would say such a thing.

“You might want to look for a new teacher,” was all she would reply.

“I’ll put out some feelers,” the man said, the smiled at the gang. “Enjoy the rest of your evening.” He then turned and went to his seat.

“Do you really think she going to leave? I mean, she’s been here for decades,” Hermione asked, part of her hoping it was true, the other part groaning at the lose of a wonderful instructor. One thing that could always be said about Minerva McGonagall, she was an excellent teacher.

“Yes,” was the succinct answer.

“Oh bother, now we can only hope that someone just a brilliant will take her place,” the bushy-haired girl sighed.

“Oh, I think you’ll like him,” Luna predicted.

“Let’s stop talking school and eat our afters,” Fred stated, not really caring who taught what.

“Yeah, then more dancing. We look good, if I do say so myself,” George said, buffing his nails against his shirt.

“Yeah, that sounds like a good idea,” Neville joined in, actually happy to see McGonagall leave. She never impressed him, not catching on that his wand didn’t work for him, and she always made him fell like a squib for not getting spells done. No, he was glad to see her go.

They ate their pudding and then tore up the floor when The Weird Sisters started to play.

**Neville’s POV**

It was three in the morning when a shadow escaped the castle. He poofed himself to a deserted street in London. He knew this street quite well, he spent every Christmas here. Quietly he snuck into the building and went up the stairs. There were few people about, it being so early in the morning, but he was invisible, so it didn’t matter. He went in to a very familiar room and looked at the two people on the beds.

Memory after memory of all the Christmases he had spent talking to these two people. Never once
did they answer. This time he was determined that they would. He pushed the beds together and placed his hands, one on each head, and said in a clear voice, “Heal.” He pushed his magic into his parents and envisioned them whole again.

It took several minutes, but eyelids started to flutter, and mouths twitched. The two people started to move, slowly at first then a bit faster, until they both sat up at the same time.

“Neville,” they shouted, looking frantically around the room for their baby.

“I’m here,” he said, tears running down his face, “I’m here, Mum, Dad.”

Amelia’s POV

It was early Christmas morning and Amelia was missing her niece. Susan decided to stay at Hogwarts this year, so Amelia was at a loss as to what to do. She was going through some files, when she ran across the one on Voldemort, or Tom Riddle. She played with the idea for a few minutes then, went to a cabinet and pulled out an ancient typewriter. She was going to tell the world about him. So, perhaps in the future another Dark Lord would not be as feared. The humble starts of this man, to the twisted mind he had become, would warn people not to let fear control them, as they had in the past. Well, that’s what she was hoping for anyway.

Sirius’ POV

That same day, Sirius was finishing a letter that would be sealed in his vault. It was spelled only to be opened by Harry, or his descendants, and only after his death. In it he told the whole night Death came, as he remembered it. He begged whoever got the Hallows next destroy them. They would forever be controlled by the deity, and he didn’t want that for his family. He spent a few minutes crying over his godson’s fate, then buckled up and vowed he’d make Harry’s life full of happiness and love.

Flitwick’s POV

Coming to his study Christmas day, the diminutive professor spotted a box on his desk. Cautiously he approached it, wand waving to make sure it was harmless. It was. He opened it box and inside was a diadem. It was Rowena’s lost diadem. He lifted it up and noted a letter accompanying it. In it the history of the crown, how it was formed, how it was used in ancient times, how it was stolen, twice, and how it as recovered. It warned that it had been modified so that an information dump did not happen. It would only answer simple questions and give only pertinent information. This letter would go side-by-side with the diadem, when it was showcased in the Headmaster’s office.

Hermione’s POV

Hermione was in heaven. She and the twins had decided to date. The evening of the ball went so well they came to the conclusion that it might be a good sign that they went well together. It was something she had never dreamed of, and she had Harry to thank for that. If he hadn’t opened her eyes to world around her, she would have missed this perfect opportunity. When she met him later, he was going to get a big hug, and a kiss on the cheek for being such a wonderful friend.

She knew Neville’s eye was on one of the Hufflepuffs, and she wished him well.

Harry’s POV

Harry was one happy teen. He now had most of his memories. He had a great girlfriend and good friends. He had a job, and an education. He was set for life. He couldn’t help wondering what would
have happened if he had never lost his memory and seen through all the false images people showed. Would it have been just as good, or would he have remained the wishy-washy boy he had been.

He shrugged his shoulder, held Luna tighter, laughed a one of the twins jokes and just lived in the moment for now.

**Q's POV**

In the void, where time and space didn’t exist there stood a being of great power. He casually watched the Earth and waited. He was always waiting. Nothing much happened in the void, but today there would be. One second, he stood alone, the next there was a man beside him.

“Whatcha doing?” the man said, tugged the shirt of his Starfleet uniform.

“Waiting,” Death said, looking over at the man and realizing that he was no man. “Q,” he said, nodding his head.

“Death,” the now named Q said with a smile. “What are you waiting for?”

“People to die,” the being stated, returning to his vigil.

“I thought they were always dying, humans and such,” Q said with a curious tone.

“And yet I must wait for the next one… always.”

“Oh, that sounds dreadfully boring. I was wondering what you are going to do with the Potter boy,” the man asked, his face mildly perplexed.

“Nothing at the moment, but he may come in useful in time. He has my Hallows, there will be a reason he was chosen,” Death explained, turning once more to the nearly-omnipotent man.

“I can see that, humans are very malleable. I have played with them myself from time to time. Still there are a few things I’ve learned over time, and one of those things is that they liked to be ‘asked’ to do thing,” he said as if he was imparting great wisdom.

“You think I should… ask the Potter boy to do my deeds?” the deity wondered as if this thought never occurred to him.

“Yes, you see, he has my crew in his head. He doesn’t realize that they are my crew, but they will make him fight against you if they feel that he is being controlled. You caught them by surprise this time, but it won’t happen again. The android remembers, he always remembers. He will tell eventually,” Q stated as he looked to the Earth. It was so small compared to the vastness of space, still humans started here, they will finish here. No matter how far they traveled, Earth will always be their home.

“Why do you think these minuscule humans would be able to overcome a god such as I?” Death asked, extremely affronted.

“Oh, they won’t win, they hardly ever do, but it is a headache to get one to do what you want without a fight. However, that could be half the fun,” Q smirked, remembering all the times Picard and Janeway fought him.

“Does the Continuum know you are here?” the deity inquired, changing the subject.

“No. They stopped telling me what to do some time ago. They did not want me to try and take over
again,’’ the man answered with a laugh.

“I will think upon your words. Until then, I must wait,’’ Death said, and then waved a hand to
dismiss the man.

“Until later then,’’ Q said, and disappeared.

Chapter End Notes

And here ends the tale. It was a long road getting here, and I hope you enjoyed it.
Remember this was a challenge, so feel free to take it up and do your own. I’d love to
read it. Even you guys on AO3. Who knows, could be fun.
I want to thank all those to encouraged me to continue. It helped a lot, your kind words
and suggestions. Thank you, from the bottom of my heart.

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