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**Through the Wormhole**

by Dunuelos

**Summary**

Harry Potter was unhappy with his life in Post-Voldemort Great Britain. Tired of the threats and expectations, he agrees to go through the Veil to help the DOM learn more about it. And there he meets the Prophets. They send him back to DS9 with the Sisko. He has a lot to learn about where he ended up. Now finished with Year One of DS9.
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Harry Potter, former Boy-Who-Lived and Man-Who-Won, sat in his home at 12 Grimmauld Place brooding.

In 1998, he had been cautiously hopeful. Voldemort had been defeated, though there was much loss of life. He and his friends had done what was required and collected the various enchanted items which tied Tom to the mortal plane.

It had taken getting captured by Snatchers and confronted by Bellatrix Lestrange to learn that she had a horcrux in her vault. Dobby had almost died in rescuing them from Malfoy Manor — Bellatrix's knife was cursed. Because Bill was a cursebreaker, he happened to know the only counter for the curse on the knife. It has also allowed the scarring on Hermione's arm to be minimal.

It was a good thing that Dobby had survived. When Harry had been near making a deal with Griphook to break into the vault, Dobby had spoken from the bed close by. He had pointed out that Kreacher could retrieve the goblet because Bellatrix was still considered a Black by magic — the only reason he could have visited her when Sirius ordered him to "get out of here" unintentionally allowing him to leave the house rather than the room.

Harry had immediately called Kreacher and explained that another item like the locket was in Bellatrix's vault and that he wished Kreacher to retrieve it to be destroyed. It worked. Harry had been relieved that breaking in to Gringotts would not be necessary.

Though they had tried, it had been impossible to hide the destruction of the cup from the others in Shell Cottage. Bill had been horrified to learn that this is what they trio had been handling. When he heard the story of the locket, he had immediately started working to break any residual effects from them.

All of them had residue — and Harry's scar was the worst. It had taken Bill several hours to help get rid of the residue. Ginny had been called to Shell Cottage by Bill and the residue from her own possession had been found and handled.

Harry had been last because his "residue" was, in effect, an accidental horcrux on its own. His lack of occlumency because of poor training had caused there to be some bleedover from Harry to Voldemort.

This was both fortunate and unfortunate. It was fortunate because this caused Voldemort to rapidly
mentally review his horcruxes and the flash image of the diadem told Harry where it was – he remembered it from the Room of Hidden Things. It was unfortunate because it alerted Voldemort that something was going on.

And so it was that the group had to immediately set off to retrieve the Diadem before Voldemort retrieved it and hidden it elsewhere. And Harry was not at his best, though he was recovering much more quickly than he had in the past – the drain of magic had been plugged.

An infiltration had started and Snape and the Carrows had been run off. Neville, having become a master at manipulating the Room of Requirement, helped to quickly retrieve the item, allowing for Bill to help destroy it before the Death Eaters had even been alerted to their presence.

Fleur and the Weasley parents had immediately been set off to gather any who could fight. The Weasley twins had announced it on Potter Watch. The lack of need to madly scramble about to find the last horcrux save Nagini had given McGonagall and the other Order members time to organize.

Harry had gone to Dumbledore's portrait. The tense conversation vis-à-vis Harry's scar had astonished Dumbledore's avatar. He immediately explained how to retrieve the stone from the snitch and Dumbledore's actual shade was called. Snape's true position was explained.

Harry, at that moment, grudgingly accepted it – but that didn't mean he liked the man any better than before.

Though it grated on him, Harry was tasked with saving himself until Voldemort could be confronted. Minerva was in charge of the Order members, who would direct every adult volunteer. Neville was in charge of the students. Ron and Hermione would join the DA.

Tonks and Remus both insisted on fighting. Harry, as soon as he was away from the Order members, had called on Dobby and asked the utterly loyal elf to do one job: Ensure Tonks survived at all costs. Harry knew that any or all of those fighting could die and he wanted to ensure that his Godson would at least have a mother when it was all over. Harry had already made a will when he was at Shell Cottage to ensure that his godson would inherit the majority of his wealth if he died. Griphook had assisted in ensuring that it was properly done in payment for his life having been saved.

The fight had been brutal. The defenders were unexpectedly assisted by the house elves led by Kreacher and the attackers were unexpectedly assisted by the acromatulas from the Forbidden Forest.

During the battle Harry had used his invisibility cloak to attack when the defenders were sorely pressed. Newly freed from the sliver of Voldemort's soul, the Dark Lord had not sensed him. Fenrir Grayback and Bellatrix were both laid low with assistance from the hidden defender.

Many would assume that the lack of a visible Harry Potter would have caused morale to suffer. Neville's stout presence had made up for it. The students who fought were now used to following his lead and the presence of Ron and Hermione in assisting him had convinced those who fought that their missing saviour supported his lead. It in the midst of fighting formerly shy-quiet Neville, hardened by the year of dealing with Death Eaters, had somehow summoned the Sword of Gryffindor when confronted by Nagini. He had enraged the Dark Lord when he used the venom-impregnated sword to kill the beast.

It was the moment that Harry had been waiting for. He moved out from under the cloak and attacked from the flank, distracting Voldemort from trying to take revenge.
When the two icons for each side confronted each other, many of those around the battlefield paused to watch this confrontation. Harry's defense of a disarming charm against a killing curse shocked those watching. Before anyone could react, however, the two spells collided, the killing curse was reflected and Voldemort was defeated.

The toll had been painful for many. Remus had been lost, as had Percy Weasley, who had given his life to defend his brother Fred. Colin Creavey had snuck back in and had lost his life. Many DA members had been killed, as well as many of the adults who volunteered. Lavender Brown had been mauled by the Fenrir Grayback, though he wasn't in his full wolf form.

Severus Snape had been killed before the attack. Harry assumed it was because he had been found out as a traitor, but using the resurrection stone Harry found the truth: Voldemort had assumed that Snape was the master of the Elder Wand.

Severus Snape had also pointed out what Harry hadn't considered: He was now the holder of all three Hallows. Even Dumbledore's portrait and shade had not led Harry to that realization. Snape's ghost at least got the satisfaction of calling him a dunderhead once more time.

This one fact, however, was what had ultimately led Harry to where he sat now.

When everything had been sorted out, Harry naively thought that his struggles were mostly over.

In order to ensure that the guilty were punished and that there was no coverup, Harry had allowed it to become widespread knowledge that the Resurrection Stone from the Tale of the Three Brothers was found and could be used to help the DMLE to ensure that those guilty of murder, rape, and other crimes could be convicted. It also could be used to ensure that those who lost family members could talk one more time to their loved ones for closure. Harry had wisely ensured that the Stone was under the control of those who would not succumb to the urge to repeatedly call their loved ones back: The Goblins of Gringotts. There was one more instance for which the Stone could be used, and that would later have some importance as regards Harry's situation.

Any witch or wizard could call back a loved one a single time and a single time only. The contracts ensuring this limit were ironclad. The DMLE could also call a victim back a single time as well. Harry had even used the influence he had as the defeater of Voldemort to make this into law.

But as those who were at the battle told stories, it got out that he had the other Hallows. And even with assurances that the Elder Wand was destroyed (it wasn't but it was locked away) many came to challenge him.

He and Ginny, once both were clear of any residual influence from Voldemort, found that they didn't have that "deep connection" they used to feel. And so Ginny moved on with Harry's blessing. Ron and Hermione got together. Those who attempted to catch the Boy-Who-Lived were almost all opportunists or thrill seekers.

And so Harry was hounded into a very private and limited life.

In the end, he had very few places he could go in the Wizarding world. And though he had more success in the Muggle world (he found a love for music and movies) the number of times he was spotted were far too many.

Tonks had survived due to Dobby's intercession. When she awoke later in the infirmary, she was heartbroken to learn that Remus was dead and angry at Harry for interfering with her choices. This didn't last long as she did recognize that Harry had ensured that her son had a parent at least. Harry visited regularly and, using glamours and Teddy's abilities, they did spend time together having fun...
in a way that Sirius had never been able to with his own godson.

However, even Teddy had eventually realized that his godfather wasn't happy and couldn't live a life if he stayed in Great Britain.

And so Harry Potter, the Defeater of Voldemort, sat within his house brooding over his lack of options. This however, was about to change.

As Harry drank his butterbeer, he considered the direction of his life. Suddenly, Kreacher walked in. "Master Harry. Miss Hermione has arrived by floo and wishes to see you."

Harry gave a small smile. Hermione, at least, understood him somewhat. "Send her up, please."

"Yes, Master." Kreacher shuffled out of the room. Very soon his bushy-haired best friend was coming in.

"Hullo, Hermione," he said as he stepped forward.

Hermione stepped into him, giving him a hug reminiscent of the Hermi-Hugs of long ago. "Hello, Harry. How are you doing?"

Harry gave a rueful and pained smile. "Oh, you know. Just working in my studies."

Hermione sighed and looked at Harry's study and all the various books he had acquired over the years. While she was an academic at heart, she knew that this wasn't the life that Harry would enjoy leading. "I can't believe I of all people am saying this, but I wish you studied less and lived more." The two sat down in two chairs that were near each other.

Harry snorted. "You know why I spend most of my time here. Out there," he vaguely motioned toward an outside wall, "there are still too many people who either want to worship me or to take me out." He gave a low chuckle. "I like a good challenge as much as the next wizard, but there is a limit to my patience."

Hermione nodded and listened for a moment. "Where's Teddy?"

Harry laughed. "Over at Bill and Fleur's trying to be cool in front of Victoire."

Hermione grinned. "Teddy might be Remus' son, but he sure acts a lot like your own father acted toward your mother, if all the stories you've gathered are right."

Harry snorted. "A bit. At least he's not acting completely foolish – Remus was always more sensible."

Hermione nodded. She hesitated and asked. "And how is Tonks?"

Harry sighed in exasperation. "You work in the same building as she does – you could just stop by and see her."

Hermione replied, "Yes, but I am most often in the bowels of the DOM. When I get out all I want to do is go home and pick up Rose and Hugh."

Harry shrugged. "It's life. So, what brings you here?"

Hermione hesitated and then said, "I think that we both know that you aren't happy here. You spend all your time studying but it's not a full life."
Harry said wryly, "When I was in school, I could never have imagined Hermione Granger ever say that someone could study too much."

Hermione gave Harry a briefly annoyed look and then continued, "I might have a solution. I just don’t know if I want to give you the option."

Harry was interested. "What do you mean?"

Hermione considered and said, "Something I’m studying has yielded some surprising information and those higher up want to try something. The trouble is that in the end there is a very large chance that you either will be gone forever … or dead. There is only a small chance for someone to come back from it."

Harry was skeptical. "What kind of crazy scheme are they considering?"

"Do you remember when you used the stone to talk to Sirius?" she asked.

Harry nodded, thinking back. "Yeah." Have gave a gentle smile. "It felt good to clear things up. It helped me to get over my guilt."

Hermione nodded happily at that. Harry’s tendency to feel guilt over everything around him was one of his more unpleasant tendencies. "Do you remember the presences he talked about?"

Harry nodded again. "He said something about them trying to understand him and then sending him on to the afterlife."

"Yes. Well. The DOM experts have been studying the Veil since then. They realized that the Veil doesn’t automatically kill. The presences, according to Sirius are not evil but just very alien. But they are very powerful. We want to send someone to talk to them. But it might be a one way trip."

Harry snorted. "Yes. According to Sirius, they weren’t too concerned about his desire to return."

"Right. They called him adversarial. So what if someone came who just asked to learn and who asked to be sent back afterward?"

Harry considered that. "Wow. They want to try to understand what seems to be god-like creatures who are too alien to understand individual concerns." He looked back toward Hermione. "And what if they just kill me after I learn about them?"

Hermione answered, "That’s the biggest danger. That’s why I was so hesitant to tell you. If they agree to send you back it will tell them what they need to about the Veil and those beyond it. They could kill you which would mean that what you learn from them will be retrieved using the Resurrection Stone. But you would be dead. Or they might send you somewhere else. Or maybe even to another time in the future or past." Hermione sighed. "They need a volunteer who is willing to accept the consequences of whatever happens. Live or die, coming back now or in another time, being sent to another place. They don’t want someone suicidal because someone like that would likely just be sent on. They don’t think they could get someone who has a family or future plans to volunteer."

She looked at Harry. "So that leaves someone like you: Someone who has a great will to live but could accept dying. Someone adaptable to almost any circumstance who could live on if they were sent to another circumstance. Someone who is accepting of almost any type of being, even if they aren’t human. Someone who doesn’t have a sense of human or personal superiority. In summary: Only you could do it."
Harry considered that for a long time. Hermione let him think about it – she had outgrown the need to keep talking when there was something to be decided or done. Finally he asked, "How secret is this? I don't think I can decide unless I talk to a few people."

"Such as?" she asked curiously.

"Well the obvious are Teddy and Tonks." He looked at her. "To be truthful, I'm very tempted. Even if this place is better than when Sirius was stuck here, it still gets … closed in for me. I use glamours to go Muggle but I get tired of not being able to just be me. Even though I've tried to hide it, most people who know me know how unhappy I am with things. And while I'm not suicidal, I long ago lost my fear of death."

Hermione nodded and then Harry could see the tears in her eyes. "What's wrong?" he asked gently.

She looked at him. "I just feel like I'm losing my best friend. I hate this. It just isn't fair!"

Harry stood up and moved to guide Hermione up and hug her. She clung to him. "I understand."

They embraced for a long moment and then he stepped back. "It kind of reminds me of Frodo from those books. Just because you saved the world doesn't mean that you can enjoy it. Sometimes it takes moving on to another place. But like Frodo, it will make me happier that my friends and family can enjoy a happier, safer life."

In the end, he talked to everyone he was close to, including the Weasleys, Tonks, Teddy, and a few others. No one was happy with it – but they all understood.

One conversation was exasperating for Harry. When he had explained what he was thinking of to this particular being the response was emphatic. "Dobby understands. Master Harry is not happy here. Master must do this. Dobby will go with Master."

Harry was taken aback. "Dobby. This might be dangerous. While I might need to do this, there is no need to risk your life."

Dobby's face took on a determined look. "Master Harry Potter saved Dobby. Without Master Harry Potter, Dobby would not be happy. If the Great Harry Potter goes, Dobby follows. Dobby is free to choose. Master Harry always says this. Dobby chooses."

Nothing Harry said would dissuade the small being. Finally, he capitulated. Dobby showed a trace of smugness at that.

Harry spent an entire year getting ready.

Ron was the most confused. "Why are you doing all this? You're loading up on potions ingredients and a bit of gold. What's with all the rest? And all the muggle stuff too."

Harry took a drink of firewhisky and answered. "Truth is, I don't know if I can get back. If I'm dead – well, this stuff will be lost. But I'm not taking anything which is irreplaceable. But if I end up somewhere all alone, we're going to need food and we don't know if I'm going to have to grow food from seeds. That's why we've got all that in the trunk. I figure we can do without meat if I run out. Magic might not be able to create food, but we can duplicate, so I'm not too worried.

"If I end up in a world which is primitive, Gold may be beyond them. So besides a bit of gold and silver, I've got gems, crystals, Muggle-made jewelry, and a few other things I can sell. I've also got a bunch of wood."
"If I end up where people are wielding swords and all, then I have enough to use that as barter if Gold doesn't sell or if it's illegal to own or something. If I end up in a more modern world, it's unlikely that they have all the same music and books. I'm bringing enough actual books, including a set of Hogwarts texts, but a modern society will likely have computers and I've god a huge amount of stuff stored that way. I've spent enough to have a whole bunch of music and stories that they might not have access to. It cost a lot of money, but it actually means that I've created an archive which is actually useful for safety measures here as well as in a trunk." Harry snorted. "That's the most iffy – I can turn it on and access a bunch of stuff but if it breaks I don't know enough to fix it.

"I'm also taking a bunch of magic and muggle drinks as well – most societies drink alcohol and I can likely sell it for supplies. And since I've got Moody's old trunk, I can fit everything in that. And that goes in the moleskin pouch. Dobby will even travel in the trunk. I've spent a year figuring on every possible place I could end up."

He turned at Ron, who was still a bit leery. "Consider this: Worst case is that I live and lost everything I'm taking with me which kills Dobby. I've got nothing. Next worse is that it's so alien everything is useless. Everything else I can probably deal with."

Ron considered what Harry was saying for a long moment. "Would you want to come back if you can?"

Harry sighed. "Honestly? I don't know. If I have a choice – it could go either way."

Ron nodded and went back home. But of all of Harry's friends, he was the least accepting of Harry's choices. Harry understood – but he still decided he would go ahead with it.

The final step he took was to put into place a contract which would activate unless he specifically rescinded it. He turned over all the Black assets to Tonks for Teddy's benefit as he was nearly the last of that blood. The Potter assets he hadn't spent would go to the Weasleys save ten percent. There was a very small amount of gold remaining in the Potter vault which would be used as investment capital to build up the Potter resources. Until a Potter by blood could claim it magically, every hundred years the estate would be disbursed to certain families and institutions save ten percent. This would be repeated as long as it was feasible.

Harry considered if he ended up in the future, he might conceivably need to have a vault to come back to. Once all the preparations were made, Harry threw a party where he said a conditional goodbye to everyone.

Teddy had been both sad and happy: Sad to lose the closest thing to a father and happy that Harry would no longer suffer from loneliness and being under scrutiny or threat. Harry had given him the Marauder's Map and his invisibility cloak. Teddy promised to pass them on to his children.

And so, 14 years after he had watched his Godfather fall through it, Harry was standing in front of the Veil within the Department of Mysteries.

Hermione, looking on with tears in her eyes, said, "Okay, Harry. Good luck. And if you end up somewhere else, promise me that you'll live a full life." Most of the other DOM employees were also looking on.

Harry gave a cocky grin, actually starting to feel enthusiastic about this. He replied to Hermione's admonishment, "I'll do my damndest. Give my love to everyone."
Hermione nodded. And Harry casually walked through what had long been termed as "The Veil of Death" with a spring in his step.

Everyone watched for a long moment. Hermione was about to walk near the Veil to cast some diagnostic spells when suddenly a light emerged from the portal when nothing had ever before come from.

Hermione gasped when she recognized Harry's patronus. Harry's voice came from it.

"Okay, Hermione. You can stop feeling guilty. I actually am alive – but I'm not coming back there.

"The beings on this end are completely outside of our understanding. They have no concept of time or the limits of a physical existence. In exchange for permission to send this message, they are closing the portal I came through on this end. It will truly be a Veil of Death from here on out.

"During the whole episode where I was talking to them, different scenes from my life played out. They took the form of people from my past, good and bad, to talk to me. Kind of generous of them actually. They say they are of Bajor – whatever the hell that is.

"During the 'Eternal Now' that they exist in, another human showed up. I get the idea that this guy is important to them but I don't know how. These beings agreed to send me with him back to where and when he lives. Since he gave his name as 'Commander Benjamin Sisko of the United Federation of Planets' I assume that this is either the future or a completely alternate dimension.

"So, I wanted to make certain that you knew I survived. Tell everyone that I sent this message back and that I lived. I love you, Hermione. And I love all the rest to. Shed no tear for me. I have a new life. Goodbye."

Despite Harry's admonishment, many tears fell down Hermione Granger-Weasley's face as the glowing stag disappeared as though it had been a dream.
For the first time in a long time, he started confronting the here and now. Commander Benjamin Sisko, for the first time in a long time, started to break free of the incident which prevented him from moving forward. "It is something that I will have to work on – to strive for. To move forward."

The being which was speaking with him said, "You exist here. But you wish to exist here as well?" The view of the surroundings turned to the quarters on DS9.

Sisko replied, "Yes. You have said that I am linear – but because of my experiences I have not been living a linear life. I need to opportunity to learn to move forward."

"You wish to return to your existence. This will require us to open the pathway between your place and ours."

Sisko nodded. "I most humbly request that you do so and allow me to return to the vessel I came in. I will need to contact the others that traveled in this place."

"Why? We can return you as you asked of us. We do not need to allow the others to return as well."

Sisko sighed to himself. "I would ask that you return the passage to as it was before I arrived. Allow myself and the others to travel through it in the same way as I did when I first arrived."

"You are dangerous. You threaten our existence," an image of Locutus said.

"No," Sisko repeated. "For us, it is the learning of new things, the finding of new places, which allows us to grow. You need not be threatened. If you wish to not interact with corporeal beings, you can still watch and learn more of us."

"This has value to you? Will it help you to no longer exist in that place where you lost? This will allow you to continue your … game?"

Sisko nodded. "Yes. You could view life as a game. In order to reach the end successfully, one must continue playing. I am asking that I and others be allowed to include travel through this passage as a part of our game."

The various beings all looked at each other for a long moment. The one who looked like Jennifer turned and finally said. "Agreed. If corporeal beings attempt to harm us, we will close the way."

Suddenly, the images from his past winked out again. And he felt the aliens were not paying attention again. "Hello?" He listened for an answer. "Is something wrong again?"

One of the aliens spoke to him. "Another three have come. Two are sleeping. But the other is like you. Corporeal. Linear. But he is also not." The being looked confused.

Sisko was confused. "I thought you had terminated the connection to Bajor."

Suddenly, they were in a room which was not part of his memories. He glanced around and saw a room that looked like it was from a few hundred years ago. There were books and furniture and other things, but the light was created with a torch. He saw a man standing there wearing what looked like old Earth wear. On a couch nearby there were two small beings but they didn't look like children. Sisko immediately knew that this man was corporeal like him.
"Why have you come? You come from the other opening. Others have come from that way. Dangerous. Destructive." The being looked like a woman that was the man's age who was wearing a robe.

The man looked at the being. "I have come to learn of those who are on the other side of the Veil. We learned from my godfather that there were beings on this side. I have come to learn what they are."

Suddenly, the scene changed again. They were in a room with stone around and a larch archway stood. Around them, people were fighting but it was like no other fighting Sisko had ever seen. Those present seemed to be throwing lights around from sticks.

The alien took on the face of an older man, a man his age, who looked as though he had lived a hard life. "You look for this one." The alien pointed toward himself.

The man in the jeans and leather jacket chuckled. "No. I know that he died." The alien looked at Sisko and back. Somehow, this man guessed that the alien was still trying to understand this term. "He was terminated. He came to your home unintentionally. I have since spoken to him and learned that you sent him on to his reward."

The alien was confused. "The Sisko explained this dying. He said that those who have died are lost. Was he being deceitful?"

The man immediately protested. "No. Once someone dies, they are lost to us. However, in my world, there was a stone which allowed a person to talk to those who are lost for a short time. I did this and learned what happened."

A scene played out where this man, looking like a teenager, held a stone and called back an image of the man the alien had looked like. Sisko was astonished to learn that this man was a wizard and that they could speak to the dead. However, according to the memory, if this was done repeatedly the spirit of the dead person would feel discomfort and then pain. So it was not something that could be done repeatedly.

He also learned that this man had, as a teenager, defeated something called a Dark Lord. The story was fantastical from his own viewpoint.

The memory ended.

The alien looked at the two sleeping beings. "What are these?"

The man smiled. "These are house elves. They are friends, though they insist I am their master. They live their lives to serve wizards. That one is Dobby. He insisted on coming with me to find you. That one is Winky. She insisted on coming with Dobby. I knew that coming to you was dangerous and might result in dying … in termination … and tried to tell them no. But they insisted. So their bodies are asleep within the trunk which is in the bag around my neck."

The alien looked at the man. The man pulled a bag that looked like a small pouch from under his shirt. "It's magically able to hold quite a lot. The trunk has air and can keep him alive for as long as needed. They have food, water, air … everything."

The alien nodded. "This Veil. It will allow others to come and to disrupt us?"

The man sighed. "You might have previously had others sent through. I came to learn and to try to tell those I left behind what I learn."
The alien took on the shape of an old woman in greed robes with a severe expression. "We will not allow others to come through. We do not wish more to come from that way."

Harry nodded. "Well, you have choices. One is to close it permanently, either killing me or sending me back or sending me on with that one." He pointed toward Sisko himself. "Another is to leave it open with the same options for me."

The alien cocked his head and now looked like another man, a black man wearing decorative robes. "You wish to terminate your existence?"

The man chuckled. "No. I am willing for it to be terminated if it is required. I am also willing to go back. In a way, I would prefer that I allowed to send a message back and that you then choose either to close the way or to leave it open."

"Where would you go?" The bushy haired woman's image returned.

The man said with some wistfulness, "My life was not my own, which is why I agreed to try to come through the Veil. Due to circumstances, too many people tried to either harm me or worship me and I want nothing to do with either of those. I wish for a new place to learn to live my life. But in the end, it is your decision as you have the power to kill me, send be back, or send me on. Possibly with him." He pointed to Sisko. He then talked directly to him. "My name is Harry Potter. What is yours?"

Sisko spoke. "I am Commander Benjamin Sisko of the United Federation of Planets. You come from Earth?"

The man nodded. "On my Earth it is 2010. I don't know if I come from the same reality."

"It is 2369 where I am from. We are inside a wormhole." He turned to the aliens. "I am willing to bring him with me if you allow the way to be opened once more. This will make is so that you do not need to kill him. But the way to Bajor will have to be opened again."

The alien said, "We are of Bajor." He turned back to Harry Potter. "How will you send your message without returning? We will allow you to send a message but the way must be closed. You will then travel with the Sisko."

The man nodded and then paused. "I will send a Patronus Charm. This is a manifestation of my magic in the form of a protective spirit."

The alien looked almost curious. "Send your message."

The man took his stick and conjured a great stag made out of light. He then spoke to someone called Hermione, a name he recognized from Shakespeare. Sisko was kind of surprised that even in the midst of losing his home and moving on, Potter took the care to send a message of comfort and hope. The message was informative, but he could see the main purpose was to reduce the grief of those left behind.

Sisko concluded he was a good man. He was also curious as to the observation that he was somehow important to these wormhole aliens. He'd have to think about that.

Finally, the nebulous scene around them disappeared and they found themselves in the runabout.

Sisko looked over and saw Potter looking through the windows. "Wow. That's weird looking."

Sisko nodded. "Yes. I guess the first thing we should do is find whoever came in the wormhole
Potter shrugged. "I'm the stranger here. Do what you need to do."

Sisko nodded. "Turning about back to the Gamma Quadrant."

Within a few moments, they were exiting into a field of stars. Harry was astounded to be in outer space. "Wow," was his only comment. Sisko looked at him in amusement and then checked his instruments. Harry moved out of view of the screen by request of the commander. Sisko hit a button. "Cardassian Vessel. Do you require assistance?"

A small screen lit up and he saw an alien man in the screen. "Commander Sisko. Where are we and how did you arrive after when I know you entered the wormhole first?"

Commander Sisko plastered on his most diplomatic look. It reminded Harry of the times he had to be polite to Pureblood Supremacists. "As to where we are, this is the Gamma Quadrant. As to how I arrived after you, we must have passed each other."

The alien took on a combative tone. "Don't lie to me. You were negotiating a treaty with whatever lives in the wormhole."

Commander Sisko immediately replied, "No. I did meet them. But they are too alien to truly understand us. What I negotiated was permission for the wormhole to be used to come between here and Bajoran space." The alien looked leery but tentatively accepting. "Now, my sensors show that your ship is having some difficulty."

The alien, a Cardassian Harry guessed, said "We were drawn in unexpectedly and were not quite prepared for the various conditions in the wormhole. Rest assured that we will be prepared next time. In the meantime, our repairs should be completed in 13 standard hours."

Sisko gave a tight smile. "Perhaps, in the interest of expediency and good relations between the Federation and the Cardassian Empire, you will accept a tow back through the wormhole. The way has now calmed down."

The alien looked like he was hiding frustration. "You offer is appreciated. In the future you will have to let me know how I can repay your assistance."

"That's not necessary. Please prepare for the tractor beam."

The alien nodded and the screen turned off. Harry observed, "He is not happy to be accepting your help."

Sisko gave him a cheerful look. "Starfleet Regulations demand we assist any ship needing assistance from any race we are not at war with. I'm just doing my job." Harry noted that they were moving to what looked like the front of the other ship.

"I'm sure that's all you're thinking about." Harry's had just a hint of sarcasm.

Sisko grinned briefly before hiding it again. "Engaging tractor beam."

There was a small shudder but Harry guessed it was successful. He didn't understand the controls or gauges enough to guess if he was right, but Sisko seemed satisfied. Sisko hit a button. "Rio Grande to Cardassian Vessel. Thirty seconds to the wormhole."
The Cardassian's voice came through. "Acknowledged." He still sounded slightly pissed but resigned to accepting help. Harry was amused. The Cardassian sounded just like Draco Malfoy after they had discussed him testifying as to Malfoy's innocence in the Hogwarts invasion during sixth year and that Draco had not identified them when they were caught. That had helped Draco and escape harsher penalties and much more loss in fines. Draco had not been happy to require Harry's help.

They completed the passage. Harry saw immediately three other ships like the one they were towing were facing an odd looking structure in space.

The Captain hit a button. "Rio Grande to DS9." The screen popped up. Harry saw a group of humans and near humans. "Sorry to be late, Major. Our friend Gol Dukat had some problems on the other side of the wormhole. I've seen you've had your own."

"A few, Commander."

There was a noise and Sisko hit a button. "Gol Dukat is signaling his ships to disarm." He turned back to the camera. "Clear me for docking, Mr. O'Brien."

"Aye, Sir. Cleared for Pad C."

Sisko then said, "Also, I have guests." Those on the other side looked very curious. "I'll explain when there is time. But a single set of quarters will have to be arranged for."

Harry spoke up. "It doesn't have to be furnished. Empty quarters will do."

The woman on the screen with the odd nose said, "Confirmed, Commander."

Sisko turned off the screen.

Harry asked, "Would it be better if I had my elves come out of the trunk? I wouldn't want to seem like I was sneaking anyone on."

Sisko considered that. "Actually, it might be better if no one sees them yet. They are unlike any other species on the station and would attract too much attention at the moment. I'll explain to Odo, who runs security."

Harry nodded. "Next question. Will there be something I can do? It seems like there's been some damage from those ships. I might want to hide my magic, but I can still carry things and help clean up."

Sisko looked at the wizard who had come back with him. "I will give you over to Mr. O'Brien who is Chief of Operations. He can tell you what can be done by those unfamiliar with current technology." Sisko seemed to be trying to see his reaction. Harry had no false sense of knowing more than he did and so was not offended. Harry nodded and watched out of the window to see what happened.

As they landed Sisko called out, "Activating docking procedures."

Harry noticed the sound of the air hissing outside of the craft they were one. Sisko secured the controls and led him out of the door on the side which was in the back.

The two traveled through a passage until they arrived at a much more open area. Harry was shocked to see damage and wounded all around.
Sisko went over to speak to someone wearing a uniform like his own but in a different color. He then greeted a boy which Harry assumed was his son.

Another man, though with odd features walked back over with Sisko and his son. "Mr. Potter. This is Odo. He is in charge of security on DS9. Mr. O'Brien, I am certain, will be busy getting things sorted out. Odo can tell you where you should go."

Harry nodded. "Thank you, Commander Sisko. I guess decisions can be made when things are calmed down. I thank you for bringing me with you." Sisko nodded and Harry turned to the Odo character. "I'm new here. Both in place and in time, apparently. Assume I know nothing." Harry looked around. "I assume that a willing set of hands can be put to use?" he asked the man.

Odo looked at him for a moment and then nodded. "Dr. Bashir, I assume, could use assistance moving the wounded to the infirmary."

"Fine by me."

Harry then helped the doctor, who looked his age and had a British accent, with clearing out the wounded. Harry was fascinated to watch him work as the tools he used seemed to perform magic, though Harry could tell it wasn't.

Once the wounded had been moved, Harry was sent to help clean up the promenade. Damage repair teams were retrieving debris which he could do quite easily.

Finally, a man with an Irish burr in his voice arrived. "Hello. You're Potter?" Harry nodded. "I'm Miles, Miles O'Brien. I'm Chief of Operations and I'm the one who has to get everything working. Commander Sisko said that you don't know our technology but can help out if given directions?"

Harry replied, "Yes. And call me Harry." He glanced around and saw that no one was close. "I do have the ability to do things that will seem … fantastical. Think of it like magic. I didn't want to do things like that out in the open but if there are some out of the way places I can help out a bit more."

Miles seemed skeptical but answered, "Commander Sisko said that you weren't a garden-variety man. Let's see what you've got. I need to inspect the docking areas but first we need to clear out anything blocking the way. I was going to just take a look, but maybe we can do more than that."

"Just tell me where to go and what to do."

Harry followed Miles to another passage. They immediately ran into panels lying around that had been knocked off. Miles was going to walk by, but Harry had an idea. "Miles? Is there anything right here which is sensitive?"

Miles looked around. "Not that I can see. Why do you ask?"

Harry said with some seriousness, "My magic tends to interfere with twentieth century-style technology unless it is hardened against EMP interference. I'd rather try to use magic where I can't accidentally damage something. Can I try to repair this passage?"

Miles considered that. "I don't see why not. It'd probably be better to know sooner rather than later. I'll scan what happens with a tricorder."

"Suits me." Harry pulled his wand and cast a reparo charm. Miles was astonished when the panels which had been knocked off the wall physically flewback to the wall. Not only that, all the slivers of metal and other material that had been knocked off also repaired itself. The panel looked as
though it hadn't been damaged at all.

He scanned the wall. "Well, I can see why old-Earth tech would be interfered with. When you do whatever you do, there's a magnetic pulse-like radiation which flashes out. It's not dangerous to living creatures but primitive tech wouldn't be able to handle it. We mostly use plasma to power things and there seems to be no problem with the pulse. Since everything we use was designed to work in space where there are often random radiation broadcasts of one type or another, I can't see anything that would be damage by your magic." O'Brien still sounded skeptical when he said magic. "You should be fine." He scanned the wall once more. "It is amazing, though. There aren't even any stress fractures to show where the damage was. Even if we repaired it, there are usually micro-fractures we have to account for,"

Harry nodded, relieved. "I was really worrying about that. Just tell me if we're in an area I have to be careful of. I can try to repair things and help get things back to normal faster." Miles nodded.

As they continued down the passageway, they encountered more damage and debris. Harry repaired things as they went. Miles noted what Harry seemed unable to repair and marked such items down for maintenance crews to come through and handle. A few things Miles could actually repair as they required more delicate work. Other items needed replacement anyway.

At times, they would run across others working and Harry would have to go back to not using magic. It worked out as it gave him time to recharge. Harry also discretely retrieved a pepper-up potion from his pouch.

While most things were in the trunk in the pouch, quite a few items which might be needed more immediately could be retrieved directly. Miles hadn't noticed as he was in the middle of a repair which was better done now rather than later.

Eventually, however, Harry was tuckered out. "I can't do much more today. Where do I go to get something to eat and a place to sleep?"

Miles said, "There are any number of quarters. But the replicators are still offline. We do have emergency rations."

Harry said, "That doesn't sound very appetizing. I have food if I can get a set of quarters for myself. I don't need much. Whatever your smallest quarters are would be fine."

Miles chuckled. "There are some small crew quarters. But won't you need a bed – or at least a mattress?"

Harry smirked. "Just put me in the empty quarters. I'll take care of it."

Miles shrugged and led him to the section where Starfleet personnel would be living. "I'd normally put you in visitor's quarters, but I'd like to have you working for me at least until we get the repairs done. So will it be a problem living here?"

Harry shrugged. "Sounds fine with me. Just tell whoever is in charge of such things so they don't think I'm squatting."

Miles tapped his comm badge. "O'Brien to Ops."

"Go ahead, Chief," a pleasant female voice came through.

"Tell the Commander that I'm putting Harry Potter in crew quarters …" he looked at the number
and gave it to the woman. "Log that he's going to be working for me over the next few days helping with repairs and it's more convenient than putting him in visitor's quarters."

"Understood. I'll put it in the records. Commander Sisko is here and heard the report."

Sisko's voice came through. "Get him a comm badge and teach him how to use it. When things settle down, we'll get his status sorted out."

"Understood, Commander. O'Brien out."

Miles turned back to Harry. "Why don't you set things up for yourself and I'll get that comm badge."

Harry walked in to the quarters and looked around. This would do nicely.

Jadzia Dax was doing what she could from her post in Ops to help get things repaired from the battle. Suddenly, her console beeped a warning. She checked the alarm. "Commander? There's something strange going on in crew quarters."

Sisko, who was directing things, looked over. "What do you mean?" he asked.

Jadzia checked her panel once more. "According to these readings, a subspace field has formed in cabin," she rattled off the numbers and looked up. "Those are the quarters Miles put Potter in."

Sisko called out, "Sisko to O'Brien."

"O'Brien here."

"I need you to get back to Mr. Potter's quarters. According to the sensors, a subspace field has formed around those quarters."

"A subspace field? How in blazes …. I'm on it!" The Chief's voice cut out.

Tensions were high as they waited for word. Suddenly, the comm sounded. "O'Brien to Commander Sisko."

"Go ahead."

"Well, sir. I know what happened. But it's hard to explain."

"What can you tell me?" the Commander asked with some asperity.

"I really think you should come down and take a look yourself." There was a pause. "I don't think you'd believe me otherwise."

"On my way. Sisko out." He looked at Dax. "Why don't you join me, old man?"

Jadzia's curiosity was piqued and she stood up to catch up to her old friend as he was almost to the turbolift already.

They quickly made their way to the quarters in question. When they got there, Miles and Harry were standing outside the door. Jadzia was scanning already. Sisko asked, "What happened?"

Harry chuckled ruefully. "Sorry. It's my fault. Well, actually it was my elves. But they didn't mean to worry anyone." He paused and said, "Well, take a look and I think you'll understand."
Harry hit the control, which read his bio-signature and opened. Sisko and the others followed him in. They stopped as soon as they came in the door.

Jadzia actually voiced it. "Wow! What happened here?"

Instead of the small and Spartan Cardassian-made quarters they were expecting, the area they came into was about five times larger than it should be. Tapestries covered the walls and there were shelves with books on them. The smell of cooking food came from an area that was walled off. There were what looked to be gas-powered lights providing most of the illumination. All in all, it looked like the home of a wealthy family from centuries earlier.

Harry was embarrassed as he said, "Well, I brought out my trunk and the supplies I had to furnish a home if I ended up elsewhere after my jaunt through the Veil back home. I woke my house elves and told them to make it comfortable." He looked around the room. "House elves tend not to understand the concept of degrees."

Sisko took a long look around the room and then said, "Can I meet these elves? I saw them when we were in the wormhole but they were asleep."

Harry nodded. "Dobby! Winky! Can you come here for a moment?" The Starfleet personnel jumped slightly when two small beings appeared in front of them. "Commander Benjamin Sisko, Chief Miles O'Brien, and …"

"Lieutenant Jadzia Dax," the woman said with interest.

Harry nodded. "Lt. Jadzia Dax? Meet Dobby and Winky. They are house elves that insisted on coming with me. They take care of me and make certain I am taken care of."

Sisko looked at the two creatures. "Hello, Dobby and Winky. I've never met house elves before."

The female seemed shy but the male being was talkative enough. "Dobby understands! The Great Harry Potter decided to leave from the world we was in. He needed his Dobby and his Winky to come and take care of him. The Great Harry Potter tried to leave Dobby and Winky there, but we understands. He was trying to keep up safe. But Dobby knew that the Great Harry Potter would be lost in a new world. So Dobby and Winky come."

The Commander was taken aback at the sheer enthusiasm the small being had in the idea of serving Harry Potter. "I am certain he is happy to have you with him."

Harry chuckled. "I am. I was going to do everything for myself," Sisko noted that the female, though shy, seemed scandalized at the idea of that, "but this will let me take more time to learn about this new reality." He turned. "Would anyone like some tea?"

The Starfleet officers looked at each other. Sisko said, "Certainly."

Harry turned to the female. "Winky? Can you bring tea for the guests?" He glanced at the Starfleet personnel and then said, "Dobby? Why don't you put together some food for our guests as well? I'm certain they haven't eaten anything other than rations."

"Dobby make!" The two elves popped out. In a very short time, the female popped back in and snapped her fingers. A tea service appeared in a sitting area with couches and comfortable chairs. The female then popped back out.

"Come have a seat." Harry heard Sisko inform Ops that they would be back in half an hour after eating something.
They did so and allowed Harry to serve them tea. They each took a sip. Miles hummed in enjoyment. "That reminds me back home. This is a good cup of tea."

Harry grinned. "Winky?" The female popped back in. "Chief O'Brien wanted to compliment you on your tea. He quite likes it."

The female elf replied in a pleased tone. "Winky is happy to know that Chiefy Brian likes the tea."

She turned to Harry. "Master is still dirty. Winky has laid out clean clothes and prepared the bath."

Harry spoke to the small one. "Thank you. Cleaning charms will have to do for the moment. Keep the bath fresh for before I go to bed."

The female replied, "Winky will do." She then popped out.

Sisko was curious. "Are they servents?" He paused and seemed to take on a neutral tone as he continued, "Slaves?"

Harry chuckled. "No. My friend Hermione, when she learned of them, thought that they were enslaved. But they serve willingly and don't feel complete unless they can clean and serve. They are more a symbiotic species, though some of the worst of my people do treat them horribly." He paused and looked at them. "Please. Whatever you do, don't go on about how they should be free, especially to her. I donot need a distraught house elf assuming that she is somehow doing a bad job. Everyone, especially her, will be better off if you just let them be what they are and not something else." Harry chuckled. "Though Dobby is quite different and will gladly accept payment if you wish to hire him to do something for you. He even allows me to pay him – though he will only accept the smallest units of currency from me."

Sisko nodded. "I think I can say we are all quite interested to learn more about them. Though it might be better if they don't self-transport like they just did in view of anyone who doesn't know about our abilities."

Harry nodded thoughtfully. "That's true. I'll explain it to them."

Jadzia asked, "What are they cooking anyway?"

Harry was about to answer and then said, "You know? I don't know. I just asked for dinner. Winky?" The small elf popped in. "What is Dobby cooking?"

"Dobby cooking Roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, potatoes and vegetables."

"Thank you. By the way, I need to ask that you and Dobby do not pop around where anyone who doesn't know about our abilities are. You will have to walk or pop where no one can see. Today was my fault as I called you – I know you are not normally seen. But you are also to not tell anyone you can pop and hide from view."

"Winky understands." With that, she popped back out.

Miles had a sudden thought. "They're cooking actual beef? Like from a real cow?" It should be said that though society frowned on such things in that time and place, the guests there were actually the most accepting due to their backgrounds.

Harry nodded. He then paused. "Actually? Technically no. I have real beef but what is being cooked is duplicated – it's a copy. My magic cannot create food but it can copy it. I'm actually getting around a few limitations by doing it that way."
Sisko was curious. "You can't create food. Is there anything else you can't create?"

"Technically, I can't create money. I also cannot create a true living thing from non-living material. I can change something to another form. But creating a living thing from non-living matter does not create actual life."

Jadzia was fascinated. "Can I see you create a living thing even if it's temporary?"

Harry shrugged and hit a nearby throw pillow with a spell. All of a sudden the pillow was gone and a kitten was there. Jadzia squealed and picked up the kitten.

Harry grinned. "Kittens and puppies are common spells to distract children. Funnily enough, it is easier to create a kitten from a pillow rather than a puppy."

Miles asked, "And why is that?"

Harry replied with perfect seriousness, "Because kitten and pillow both have six letters and puppy has five. And kitten and pillow both have repeating letters."

All three officers looked at Harry incredulously. "You can't be serious!" Jadzia exclaimed. "That makes no sense!"

Harry laughed. "You expect magic to make sense? I can break the fundamental laws of energy with my stick, my mind, and a few words. Where in that does rationality seem to fit?" All three considered that and nodded, conceding the point. "Want to see something really strange?"

Sisko was leery but said, "Go ahead."

Harry stood up and then moved to an empty area. He grinned at them and suddenly changed. In his place was a small creature. Sisko recognized it. "A ferret?"

The ferret changed back to Harry. "That's my animagus form. Quite ironic as my favorite insult for my worst class rival was ferret-face because one of my teachers changed him into a ferret to stop him from casting a spell at my back. He was seriously put out by it. Let me tell you, my animagus form being a ferret was a source of great amusement for my friends."

Sisko took a long look at Harry and said, "The more I learn the stranger it is."

Harry nodded, still grinning. "That's magic for you."

Harry fed them, sending Sisko and O'Brien off with extras for their families and Jadzia with extras for Sisko's second-in-command and their doctor. Jadzia was a bit pouty when he returned the kitten to a pillow.
The next morning, Harry put on clothes that were better for working – he kept wearing his denims but put on a sturdy shirt and boots.

Once he was ready, he used the badge he was given. "Potter to O'Brien."

"Go ahead."

"I'm up and prepared to work. Where should I go?" he asked.

There was a pause. "I'm on the Promenade at the moment where you originally met me but I plan on moving to Ops. Find the lift and tell it Ops and it will take you there."

Harry nodded. "Okay. Remember I'm new. How should I find the lift?" Miles gave him direction, All in all, Harry decided, it was less confusing than Hogwarts and so he would adapt. In a short time, he was entering Ops.

He was immediately greeted by Jadzia, who was at one of the stations. "Harry. Welcome to Ops. Major Kira? This is Harry Potter. He was the one who sent up the food."

The woman he had seen through the viewscreens in the ship the day before looked at him. "Thanks. We're living on rations at the moment, so the fresh meal was appreciated."

Harry nodded. "You're welcome. If I have some warning, Dobby can always serve up extras." He saw Miles looking up from what he was doing. "What's on the agenda, Chief?"

Miles smiled a little. "You're not Starfleet. You can call me Miles."

Harry shrugged. "But I'm working for you for at least a couple of days helping getting things up and running, so Chief is probably more appropriate, at least during working hours."

Miles nodded, conceding the truth of that. "Well, we have a blowout in a couple of cargo bays that were damaged during the ruckus with the Cardassians. We've got forcefields holding things together but you can probably get things closer to normal faster than my other crews could."

Harry replied, "That's fine. And I understand that the people running things need to know of my abilities, but I'd rather not let the information get out there widely until my status is sorted. So whoever I work with has to either be sworn to secrecy or be in the know."

Miles considered that. "We should talk to Commander Sisko about that."

Harry nodded and he followed Miles to the office where Sisko was working. He looked up. "Mr. O'Brien. Mr. Potter. How can I help you?"

Miles spoke. "Harry made a point that he wanted permission to get anyone working with him to agree to keep his abilities confidential. I wanted him to talk to you about that."

Sisko looked at Harry who said, "While I am certain news of my being a wizard may get out – and probably will eventually – until things are settled, I don't really want to broadcast it. Also, my elves have abilities like mine. Actually, in some ways, they are even stronger with magic than wizards. I won't go so far as demanding obliterating memories, but I assume Starfleet personnel understand the idea of security."
Sisko nodded. He asked, "What do you mean obliviating memories?"

Harry explained. "Where I come from, the magical world has hidden itself since the late 1600s. There's a law called the Statute of Secrecy. The Ministry for Magic has the right to ensure that any non-magical human who observes magic is memory charmed to remove the memory of the magic. The magical world is quite isolated. The witch hunts were bad enough, but when Muggles started using firearms, the threat became too much. Every country on Earth where there are wizards have agreements between the magical and non-magical governments to allow for memory modification as needed – as long as Wizards don't meddle in non-magical affairs."

Miles, who was listening, said, "That sounds almost barbaric. Why should regular people pay the price for Magicals making a mistake and letting themselves be seen?"

Harry could have been offended but he wasn't. He quite understood. "There are a lot of reasons actually. Small children, before they are trained, often have outbursts of magic under stressful situations. And non-magical people can have magical children if they have ancestors who were magical. The law says that these people can't be contacted until the children are old enough to go to school to learn it. Also, a non-magical person might see a dragon or a unicorn or a hippogriff – such things fall under the authority of the magical government. Any creature with magic does. Or a non-magical might run into old curses or magical defenses while excavating old ruins like in Egypt or in South America. The magical government is charged with ensuring that non-magicals aren't harmed or are taken care of – all in the interest of keeping the affairs of each group separate."

Sisko asked curiously, "How many wizards are there compared to non-magical people?"

"In Great Britain, there are less than 60,000 magicals in a country with 65 million people. There should be closer to 80,000 – but the magical world went through a few civil wars in the past century. These were fought on the basis of the purity of blood. The old purebloods detested 'Muggleborns' – who were more recently proven to be the descendants of squibs – non-magicals born to magical parents. Some purebloods thought that such children should be killed. Others believe that they have no right to stay in the magical world. And purebloods are terrified of the idea of 'Muggle' parents learning about magic – they consider Muggles to be barbaric and uncivilized."

Sisko and Miles both were a bit incredulous. Sisko said, "It sounds rather chaotic."

Harry chuckled. "It can be. There are forces which are forcing the magical world to confront the fact that non-magicals are progressing. My friend in school was a Muggleborn. She's working in some of the highest levels of government for the ideal of equal rights and basic protections for everyone, not just certain people."

Sisko nodded. "I will admit that it sounds far-fetched. If this society is so backwards, how could an outsider end up with so much influence?"

Harry chuckled. "You'd think. However, several factors were involved." Harry paused. "Explaining it will take longer than we have now. But I will say this: Hermione Granger is considered my many, even those who despise her, the most intelligent magical being in all of Britain. Throughout her teenage life, from the age of eleven actually, she was instrumental in keeping alive the teenage wizard who eventually defeated the Dark Idiot and ended the civil war, her best friend and the wizard who is, by many accounts, the now-most-powerful wizard in the UK."

Sisko, who had been listening, had to verify something. "And the teenager who defeated this Dark Lord? The most powerful wizard in the world by many accounts. Who was he?"
Harry looked into Sisko's eyes and said, "That would be me."

Sisko replied, "I see." He looked at Miles, who had been listening with some fascination, and then back to Harry. "The Enterprise is due back in six hours. It's Starfleet's flag ship. I would like to have him consult with us as far as your status. As far as I'm concerned, you're welcome to stay on DS9 for as long as you like, as long as you abide by Federation law."

Harry nodded. "I can agree with that – with one caveat. My given word is my bond and, for me, it is magically enforced to a degree. I must disclose that Dobby and Winky are under my protection. If someone attacks them or tries to kidnap them, I may go to extreme lengths to ensure their safety. I cannot do otherwise. This is both a cultural and magical imperative. Magical imperatives are in some cases are quite stringent. I hope that this will not create a problem."

Sisko asked, "What do you mean by extreme lengths?"

Harry said with perfect seriousness, "Up to and including killing those that threaten them if it seems that this is what is required to keep them safe. They are bonded to me by magic. And though many wizards consider house elves beneath them, when we bonded my only intent while doing so was to protect them. Intent is key with magic. In turn, my safety and well-being is of similar utmost importance to them."

Sisko considered the implications of that for a long moment. "If any of you are harmed, would revenge be a valid action on the part of those remaining?"

"For them?" Harry considered. "Not really. A broken bond due to the death of the wizard would be painful, but house elves are not necessarily vengeful by nature. For me? I would ensure that anyone who did so was brought to justice. That beings said, in my culture blood feud is a valid means of obtaining justice."

Sisko nodded. "I'll ensure that these limitations are on the record. In the meantime, until the Enterprise gets in-system, please assist Mr. O'Brien with repairs."

Harry nodded. "Of course, Commander Sisko. Thank you."

Miles and Harry went out, Miles telling Major Kira where he could be found if he was needed.

Harry was able to repair much of the damage in the cargo bay, though there were sections that were entirely lost. Miles had some of his people bring replacement parts and the two of them got them installed.

When they were done, Harry looked around. "This area is kind of grungy."

Miles looked around. "It is, a bit. We just took over the station from the Cardassians less than four days ago. They weren't that concerned with leaving things nice and clean for us. And with this being a point of commerce, you never know what kind of mess gets left behind. The environmental systems tend to clean up particulates, such as dander and dust, but they'll need to be optimized."

Harry nodded. "Would you mind if I have my elves help out when they are bored? House elves love to clean and feel out of sorts if there is no work to be done."

Miles considered that and then shrugged. "You want to call them? We can probably work out something for them to do."

Harry grinned and called out, "Dobby! Winky!" The two elves popped into the empty cargo bay.
"Hello. Thanks for coming. Do you have enough to do in our quarters?"

Dobby spoke for both of them. "Master Harry Potters's rooms be clean. We be waiting for orders."

Harry nodded. "Well, here is the situation. We are in space. Outside of the station, there is no air. You must remember that. If you find yourselves somewhere where there is no air or if it is dangerous, you are to immediately return to our quarters or to me. If you don't know what something is or it might be dangerous, leave it alone. For example, there are many pipes carrying very high energy plasma. There is also plasma coolant which keeps it from overheating. You must not interfere with these or work where such things are exposed. However, like this room, many areas are grungy. If you need something to do, you are allowed to clean any area that needs it. You can't use soap and water unless it is an area where water is used. But you can vanish dirt and debris. If there is debris that you don't know what it is, leave it in a pile so that one of the station workers can decide what needs to be saved and what needs to be thrown away. Do either of you have any questions?"

Dobby and Winky looked at each other and Dobby replied. "No, Master Harry Potter."

"Good," he smiled at them. "Why don't you clean this area while we are here and whatever you find put in a pile right there." He pointed to an area near a wall. "Miles can then tell us what types of things should be saved."

Dobby and Winky nodded and immediately got to work.

Miles watched in amazement as the ever-present grunge of daily wear seemed to disappear in the blink of an eye. As they stood there, the room – including the ceiling – gradually returned to an almost-new level of cleanliness. Within five minutes, it was cleaner than it probably had been in several years. The two elves stopped in front of the two. Dobby said, "We be done, Master Harry Potter."

Miles looked over and saw that there were few things left. He walked over and looked through it. He picked up a couple of tools that had been left behind. "Things like this should be saved." He motioned towards discarded sections of conduit and other things that had been lying about. "There's nothing there that seems to be able to be salvageable." He looked around and saw one particular panel. "You shouldn't just get rid of it though. If you find things like this, the parts go into the chutes behind the panels labeled like that." He pointed to the letters. "We use waste material such as this as mass for the replicators to use when we make repair parts."

Dobby and Winky nodded and the two watched as the detritus was magically put into the waste chutes.

Miles nodded. "You guys do great work. You can help out anytime."

Winky and Dobby nodded cheerfully. Harry said, "Okay. As long as stay away from areas that have exposed conduits or are exposed to space, you can clean as much as you like. Don't try to repair things as Miles needs to record where repairs are done. If you are uncertain – leave it alone."

Miles, who had been listening, said, "It might be better if they just came as called. If you come from a world where you don't have experience in space, I wouldn't want to see them hurt from working around things they don't know are dangerous. Same goes for you which is why I haven't left you to it."

Harry nodded in agreement. "Okay then." He turned to Dobby and Winky. "I guess you should either follow along invisibly or return to the room until I call again."
Dobby and Winky looked at each other. Dobby said, "One will follow. One will come when called."

Harry said, "That works."

It worked out pretty well. Because of the need to keep the magic usage hidden, Miles would work with Harry alone while directing his people to work on more critical systems. When Miles was needed elsewhere, Harry was left to supervise Dobby and Winky in cleaning.

Miles would later be surprised, amused, and nervous all at once to learn that because no one else knew how so many repairs were done so quickly, his people started looking at him with a bit of awe. When the Ops team passed on the rumors that were running around behind the two, Harry could only snicker.

Finally, word reached them that the Enterprise had arrived. Harry returned back to his rooms to clean up and prepare to be called over.

Harry was reviewing a spell book on some more commonly used charms. Harry would be the first to admit that his repertoire leaned heavily in the areas of offense and defense and more esoteric magic. Such things as manipulating tools to operate automatically and other things he had seen Mrs. Weasley and Tom at the Leaky Cauldron do were areas he was weak in.

Suddenly, the small badge chirped. "Sisko to Potter."

Harry tapped the badge. "This is Harry. Go ahead."

"Please get your elves and stand together. The Enterprise will beam you over. Let us know when you're ready."

"Understood." He hit the badge to turn it off. "Dobby? Winky? It's time to meet that Captain. Come stand by me." Dobby and Winky did as asked. "Now, apparently they use transporters to move us like apparating but it's supposed to be more comfortable. I was assured that it's perfectly safe. Are you ready?"

Dobby and Winky replied, "Yes, Master Harry Potter/Master Harry."

Harry tapped his badge. "Potter to Sisko. We're ready."

"Acknowledged."

Suddenly, the strangest sensation crawled over him. After a moment, he found himself on a raised platform across from a woman. Commander Sisko was waiting. He looked at the elves. "How are you? Everything all right?"

Dobby said, "Dobby thinks 'porter feels strange. Like tingling all over." Winky echoed that. "But Dobby be well."

"Winky be fine."

"Good." He turned back to Commander Sisko. "Okay. We're here."

Sisko asked, "You felt the transport?" He sounded surprised.

Harry was curious as he said, "Of course I did. Don't most people?"
Sisko replied, "I don't know of any race which has reported any sense of the actual process."

Harry considered that as he stepped down, the elves following. "Due to our physiology, we are much more resilient to outside energies interfering with us. We also tend to be more robust in terms of damage that we can shrug off." As they exited the room and began walking down the corridor, Harry smiled. "Actually, one of my classmates told me a story of when he was eight he was inadvertently dropped out of a window. He bounced."

Sisko was almost wide-eyed. "He bounced?"

Harry nodded. "Our magic tends to work to protect us. That same friend, when we were eleven and learning to fly brooms for the first time, was extremely nervous and had a malfunction due to an old broom. He fell off thirty feet to the ground. He sprained his wrist."

Sisko was amazed at the story.

Finally, they reached a lift and the Commander gave it a destination. Upon arrival, Harry and the two elves were led to a conference room.

A distinguished looking man was standing near the window, waiting.

Sisko stopped between the door and the table and said, "Captain Jean Luc Picard, I would like to introduce you to Mr. Harry Potter, a wizard, from either the past of our dimension or from another dimension. Also, his house elves, Dobby and Winky."

The man, Captain Picard, walked over and offered his hand. "Mr. Potter. It is a pleasure to meet you."

Harry shook his hand and replied, "Likewise."

Picard then turned and, being uncertain of protocol, tentatively offered his hand to the elves. "And it is nice to meet you two as well."

At that Winky got very nervous, and Dobby became effusive. "Picard-Cap'n offers his hand as though Dobby be equal! Dobby never been invited to shake hands before!" Dobby, however, made no motion to actually shake the hand.

Harry sighed. Picard looked at Harry. "As I told Commander Sisko: Many wizards treat house elves as beneath them. Dobby used to be owned by a particularly repulsive wizard before I tricked him into freeing him. Winky was let go by another wizard who, while not as repulsive, still treated house elves as beneath him. I treat them with as much respect as they will accept so as not to make them feel too uncomfortable."

Picard nodded. "I understand." He looked back at the elves. "Still. It is a pleasure to meet you."

"Dobby likes meeting Great Cap'n Picard." Winky nodded in agreement saying nothing.

Picard turned to the table and walked back over saying, "Why don't we all have a seat?"

To forestall the elves reacting oddly, Harry said, "You two can stand or sit as you like. Whatever you are more comfortable with."

Picard paused as before he sat down. "Yes, of course." In the end, the elves opted to stand close behind where Harry was sitting, mostly out of view.
When they were all seated Picard spoke. "So, according to Commander Sisko you arrived to the wormhole from a portal which was on Earth."

Harry nodded. "Yes. In the Ministry for Magic there was an area called the Department of Mysteries. One such mystery was known as the Veil of Death. Several years before I entered it, my Godfather fell through during a fight between several terrorists and the group I led, as well as the adults who came to save us as we had been tricked into coming. Later study found that it wasn't an automatic death but that there were powerful beings on the other side. Due to circumstances, I volunteered to make the jump to contact these beings though the risk was great. Thus my arrival there."

Picard considered that. "Though I will be interested in hearing the circumstances in more detail, first we must determine if your are from our past or from another universe entirely."

Harry answered, "Actually, I've been thinking about that. Do you have access to records of British Orders of Chivalry that were given between 1998 and 1999?"

Picard nodded. "Yes. Our records are quite extensive. Most Starfleet vessels have library computers which contain databases of history for a number of reasons."

"Okay then. Find out if there are any records of Harry Potter receiving the George Cross or being invested with Knighthood in the Order of the Thistle during those years." At the two looks of surprise Harry said with dry humour, "Her Majesty told me she wanted to give me the Victoria Cross but she would then have had to explain why a seventeen-year old civilian was being awarded the Commonwealth's highest honor for Her Armed Forces and that would have been too much trouble."

Captain Picard recovered himself and called out, "Computer. Search for a Harry Potter receiving the British George Cross in the years between 1997 and 2010."

After a long moment the answer came. "No record found."

Harry nodded. "I actually was expecting that. It seems we find ourselves in an entirely different timeline."
Learning the Differences

Captain Picard nodded at the statement. "I do have a question. Do you have some record of these awards being assigned to you?" Picard's question was not offensive – but Harry got the idea he was skeptical.

Harry nodded. "Certainly." He reached for his pouch and took it off his neck. He handed it to Dobby. "Please retrieve the records trunk." At Sisko's and Picard's interested look he said, "While I have the vast majority of things in a single trunk with seven compartments, the bag holds virtually an unlimited number of things. Records were not as important to safeguard for me as other things. Food, seeds, medical potions, the elves' living quarters – these things are in the main trunk. So I have a few other things in other trunks."

He motioned and saw that the two elves had a old-Earth-style steamer trunk on the floor and one of them had entered it. The two stood up and walked over. They were shocked to see a large room visible with a steps going down into it.

The diminutive being was already on his way up. Harry commented, "Normally he would have just popped in and back but he's working on not popping amongst strangers."

Dobby returned and handed over the documents. He handed these to Sisko, whom looked at them before Sisko handed them to Picard. Picard saw that the documents were as Harry purported them to be: A writ of Knighthood, a proclamation for the awarding of a George Cross, and a document proclaiming the awarding of something called an Order of Merlin, First Class.

Picard tapped his badge. "Picard to Data."

"Go ahead, Captain."

"Commander. Please bring a tricorder to the conference room. I wish you to scan a signature against historical records and I wish you to do a quantum resonance scan."

"Yes, Captain. I will be there momentarily."

Picard tapped his badge off and looked at Harry, who was guardedly curious. "It is not a matter of belief, Sir Harry, but evidence which can be backed up by science. If a scan is done and it shows these things are not from our dimension, I can then log these things as valid until proven otherwise. If you are recorded as coming from an alternate dimension, regardless of time-displacement, and are now a permanent resident in this time and place, then the Temporal Prime Directive and Prime Directive do not apply and you are not limited in what you can learn. If you might return to your home, then we would be legally enjoined from telling you anything in case we damage our own timeline or contaminate your own society."

Harry considered that. "That actually makes sense. It might be disruptive for someone to come into the future somehow, learn advanced technology or of possible events, and then return to take advantage of that knowledge."

Sisko, who had been watching all of this, said, "I knew it to be true from the time I picked him up. The aliens within the wormhole implied it during our encounter. It was why I allowed him to become involved in helping to repair the station from the battle damage. My report to Starfleet logged this fact already."

Picard, who was already somewhat on tenterhooks with Sisko due to the incident from Wolf 359,
immediately recognized that he was coming across as arrogant. "Commander, I assure you that my actions are in no way questioning your authority to determine the truth of things. Positive verification from an independent source will prevent anyone from questioning your decisions. This is my only purpose in doing as I have done."

Sisko nodded in acknowledgement. Just then, another person entered the room. Harry looked over and noted that this person looked quite odd.

Picard spoke. "Commander Data. I believe you have met Commander Sisko. This is Sir Harry Potter of Great Britain who, from all indications, comes from another timeline. These are his two bonded retainers, Dobby and Winky. Sir Harry is a Wizard and Dobby and Winky are House Elves, a symbiotic species." Picard handed the documents he was holding to the Commander. "These are patents and writs signed by Elizabeth Regina. Please check the quantum resonance and the signature against historical records."

Commander Data took the documents and placed them on the table. He ran a device over them. He then went to the panel which accessed the computer and started accessing the controls. Harry was curious. "If it is not offensive, may I ask what is Data's background?"

Picard answered, "Commander Data is an android, and is second officer on my ship." Picard looked at Harry, apparently waiting for a reaction.

Harry nodded. "I was curious. He seems exceedingly quick in his movements – far faster than a human could move." Picard noted that Sir Harry was not incredulous but was casually accepting which, in Picard's mind, was a good thing.

At that moment Commander Data had finished and looked at the screen and turned back. "Captain." Everyone's attention focused. "According to my scans, the documents in question do, in fact, have a different quantum resonance from items in this universe. Also, the signatures on these documents do match the signature of the Queen Elizabeth of Great Britain from the late twentieth century. There is one discrepancy."

Picard looked curious. "Go ahead."

"According to history, Elizabeth Windsor and the majority of her family members were killed in the early years of the Eugenics Wars by those who were attempting to usurp the legal government. These documents were signed in 1998. In our history, she was killed in 1992."

At that Harry interrupted. "Commander Data. Were those responsible for her death killed subsequently or are their descendants currently in power in the United Kingdom?"

Data looked at Harry for a moment and then replied, "According to records, those who engineered the assassination were, in fact, later killed in the war. Her grandson, Henry, was the only descendant saved. His family still holds the ceremonial throne of the United Kingdom, though actual governing is done by elected officials."

Harry sighed in relief. "That's good. If those who were guilty or their descendants were still in power, I would have had to act. My magic would demand it."

Picard looked alarmed. Sisko, however, understood. "Sir Harry, when we discussed his status, explained about magical obligations. As a Wizard, his oaths and agreements are binding. The magic within him would force him to act or to accept a penalty which might be extreme – or so I understand."
Harry nodded in agreement to that assessment. "There was a man who owed me a debt. He, however, was sworn to the Dark Lord Voldemort that I defeated. At a critical junction he hesitated to attack me and Voldemort's binding killed him. He was obligated both ways." He looked at the two officers. "We are very careful in what oaths we give – at least those wizards who wish to live a happy life are."

Picard looked like he was still less than sanguine about what Harry had said, but he accepted it. "Well, Sir Harry, we have at least verified that you are not of this timeline. Commander Sisko, from what I understand, has already agreed to let you live on Deep Space 9. It could actually be argued that though you are from at least AN Earth and that you would fall under the authority of the Federation, in this world you come here via Bajor and the Bajoran wormhole. Legally you come from an alien society – Wizarding society – and the Federation at least would recognize your laws and customs as far as your person, ownership of things, etc. You of course would be expected to follow the laws that obtain in the places you live."

Harry considered that. "That's fine. What do I do for money? Is gold accepted? Or silver or bronze?"

Picard sighed. "We don't have the need for money. Anyone within the Federation, at least, has the right to the basic necessities of life. Our primary drive is self-betterment. Because gold and silver can be replicated at need, it is considered only valuable as a material for practical or decorative use. In many societies, there is a material called Latitum which is used as money and this is normally pressed into gold because it is non-reactive and stable. Latinum itself cannot be replicated. However, where money is used, such as it is when dealing across cultures, there are usually ways to barter. The Federation does use a credit system where credits are valued against a certain amount of energy produced."

Harry sighed. "Well, I at least brought with me things which could be traded. While I have a few tonnes of refined gold and silver, I also have large amounts of wines and spirits, gems and crystals of various types, seeds, bladed weapons, and electronic storage of books, music, and videos from my Earth."

Sisko asked, "How are the books, music, and videos recorded?"

Harry replied, "In the early 21st century, where I am from, non-Magical society had started converting all media to an electronic format for consumer delivery. Projections were that all media could be bought that way within ten years. And so I used my family wealth to kickstart that. This caused the bank I dealt with to invest in this as well as a way to make further income."

"When you say family wealth, how much was it?"

Harry replied, "Well, Magicals used a system of currency called a Galleon, made of gold – or at least containing gold. Golden Galleons, Silver Sickles, Bronze Knuts. 29 Knuts to a Sickle, 17 Sickles to a Galleon. The exchange rate, which was arbitrarily set, was 5 British pounds to a Galleon – though the actual gold value was higher. My grandfather invented potions and made a fortune. That being added to the accumulation of wealth over several hundred years meant that I had resources equivalent to roughly 100 million British Pounds. Though I cheated as it should have been worth about 12 million – about 2.5 million Galleons. Galleons were valued by the bankers far more than pure gold as Galleons were made by the bankers and they included the value of that process in the value they gave the money. Gold itself was just a material to them. And with non-magical and magical society so isolated from each other, very few wizards would ever be able to take advantage like I did. I liquidated the Galleons I had for pure gold and then used the pure gold to finance the gathering of material in the non-magical world."
Picard asked with some asperity, "Did you break laws by doing so?"

Harry looked at him and said, "No. Though it might have been against the spirit of the law, the letter was not violated. And when I decided to do as was asked and go through the Veil, I used my status as a Knight of the Thistle to make contact with Her Majesty to obtain special permission to do as I did. As I would be disappearing from that society and the world most likely, it was understood that I was trying to be careful to not manipulate the economies of each society more than necessary.

"In the end, the loss of the Galleons to magical society was offset by the investment toward the commodity of media which could be sold – the Goblin bankers recognized that the individual items were intellectual property of their authors and they would only profit from the commission of selling it for them. Non-Magical society saw an increase in the gold reserve – which was offset by the Crown actually buying the metal and financing my part in that investment. The Crown actually made a small profit. And I brought nothing that was culturally significant such that its loss would have a negative effect. Everything I bought and brought could be replaced. Though a few tonnes of gold and silver might be worth an individual fortune, the actual loss to the society was a very insignificant percentage. As was explained to me, one does not willy-nilly remove value from an economy without ensuring that it is replaced or can be replaced."

Picard and Sisko both understood that Harry had acted as responsibly as possible in doing as he did.

Sisko offered, "Actually, the best place to put what you have into wealth that is recognized here would be to deal with the Ferengi, Quark." Harry saw Picard's momentary wince at that. "Though it would be best to be exceedingly careful; Ferengi are a greedy people and will take advantage of you if you are not."

Harry asked, "And where is the best possible source in learning to deal with them."

Sisko did a non-smile smile as he said, "Carefully study the Ferengi Rules of Acquisition – all 285 of them. I am certain that it shall be … enlightening."

Harry nodded. "That brings up the next point. I am, as far as this society goes, functionally an illiterate stone-age savage. I was not that knowledgeable of twentieth-century Human science due to my status as a Wizard, let along 24th century knowledge. How can I catch up?"

Commander Sisko replied, "I can get you a computer setup that would be the method that children, teenagers, and adults use for education. You can then take standardized tests as you go. There are a plethora of educational holographic models that can be used to practice technology that is commonly used. While you understand that we use plasma as a method of delivering energy, you need to understand how to manage it in the same way that any person in today's world would." He looked at the two elves that had been observing and listening. "Dobby and Winky should also learn these things. It will help them to understand what is safe and what is not."

Harry nodded. "Well, I am all for that." He looked over at Dobby and Winky. "You two have any problem learning modern technology?"

Dobby and Winky were wide-eyes. Dobby was the one who spoke, as was normal with the two. "Dobby and Winky learn the same as Master? We take tests like school?"

Harry smiled a little. "This is a new world, you two. I personally would feel much better if you two truly learned how things work so that you don't accidentally hurt yourselves or even those around you."
Dobby and Winky looked at each other. Dobby then said, "Dobby and Winky will learn!"

Harry nodded. He then turned back to Sisko. "Holographic models? What's that?"

Sisko answered, "We have the technology to simulate things out of light and force fields which can create environments which seem completely real to your senses. We use it to teach people how to deal with things like plasma and repairs and flying of both personal craft and starships. The only holosuites on DS9 are at Quarks, but I am certain that we can work out a suitable compensation for him. After all, our personnel will also need to use the holosuite for training at times. They are also used for entertainment of various types."

Harry considered that. "If it's in such widespread use, why don't you arrange to build holosuites specifically for education only and get him to manage them in exchange for credit against whatever rent he is charged? This will allow him to rent the holosuites he already has for whatever he normally rents them for without your operations interfering with his business and his business will not interfere with your operations."

Sisko and Picard looked at each other. "Something to consider," Sisko said.

Picard said, "We could possibly provide holo-emitters for such a use from our own stores. Federation technology is quite different from Cardassian, which is what I believe are used on the station's holosuites."

"Thank you, Captain. We will accept them and I will ensure they are used properly."

Picard turned to Harry. "How is the media that you brought stored?"

Harry shrugged. "It's on something called hard disk drives. I believe I was told that I had something like 20 terrabytes of data. I also have a computer which will access it in the form it is."

Picard and Sisko considered that. "That must be a very large computer storage device. Computers from the late twentieth century used mostly digital tape when storing mass amounts of data, from what I understand. Twenty terabytes must take up a very large room."

Harry was confused. "Not really. I don't really understand technology yet but it was described to me as hard disk drives. They would fit in a four-foot square box. As a matter of fact, I have an additional copy backed up on something called USB flash drives. Though the consumer version is only four Gigabytes per drive, the ones I have were specially made to hold 128 Gigabytes each. They were very expensive, but the entirety of the data is held on eighty of them. That's less than ten pounds."

Like Winky and Dobby, Data had been sitting quietly by listening. He volunteered, "Though our technology allows a hundred terraquads of data to be held in a hand-held device, late-twentieth century technology should not allow so much data to be held in such a small space."

Harry looked at Data and said, "True. Computers from when I was a child were quite bulky by comparison, advancement over the ten years prior to me making the jump made it possible." Harry was embarrassed for a moment. "Actually, I don't really understand all the details. Some of it was explained to me, enough to sound somewhat competent – but I truly don't understand it fully."

Data looked at Picard. "I would like to request the opportunity to assist Sir Harry with transferring the data he has into a form that would be useful with today's technology. While primitive compared to our own computers, what he has brought would provide a valuable comparison between what our history contained and how it would have progressed if the Eugenics Wars had not been..."
Captain Picard considered it. "Actually, I would be highly interested as well. Make it so."

Commander Sisko stood up. "While this will be very interesting, I am certain, I have a station to run. With science vessels coming from all over, we need to be ready." He turned to Harry. "I would like to send my Science Officer over to observe. Lieutenant Dax can then tell me of anything that I will need to know or that I might like to know."

Harry shrugged. "Fine by me. I get along well with Jadzia, as you observed. Can your doctor also come? While Data is dealing with transferring the data and learning about the computer, I think it would be good if he learned the differences between myself and other Humans as well as house elves in case we need treatment for something."

Sisko nodded and turned to Picard. "Would you mind allowing him to do the examination here? We don't have all the diagnostic tools set up yet and the Enterprise's medical bay is probably more advanced than anything that might be available on Bajor."

Picard nodded. "That's a very good idea." He turned to Harry. "While there is an expectation of Doctor/Patient confidentiality, I hope that you will not object to general information on your physiology and that of Dobby and Winky from being recorded and passed on."

Harry considered that. "Well, if there is anything that might be dangerous, I would ask that the medical personnel consult me before releasing it for wide knowledge. I do need to ensure that we are kept safe."

Picard replied, "Of course." He walked over and stuck out his hand. "Sir Potter. It was a pleasure to meet you."

Harry shook his hand. "It was a pleasure for me as well. I hope that at least some of what I brought will be useful. I'll have Commander Data leave a copy of at least the musical performances I have a record of in your own computer for the enjoyment of yourself and your crew. While I plan to profit on things like works of fiction and movies that I brought, music in my opinion should be publically available. According to the laws from where I come from, any music I brought would have moved into the public domain by this time and would no longer qualify for royalties to be paid. So I think I am on safe ground." He turned to Commander Sisko. "And when we come back over, I will ensure I bring a copy for the personnel on DS9 as well."

Sisko nodded. "Thank you."

Harry paused. "Actually, any movies or books from where our histories diverged should also technically be in the public domain. I might have books that existed here but were lost. I'll make certain they are also included."

Data, Harry, the Elves, and Commander Sisko went to the transporter room. Sisko transported over to the station. In a very short time, Jadzia and Dr. Bashir transported over.

"Hello, Jadzia. Hello, Julian. I'm glad you could make it," Harry said with some aplomb.

Jadzia and Julian were cheerfully interested. "Of course," Jadzia said. "I'm really interested in what we'll find."

Julian said, "And I am looking forward to giving you and your elves a physical examination."

Harry nodded.
It took a short time to retrieve the computer and storage devices for Data and Jadzia to puzzle out. They had brought it to a shielded room as Harry told them that he was told that external interference could be problematic.

As a matter of fact, the computer and storage devices were enclosed in a type of something Harry was told was a Faraday bag. When Jadzia, Data, and Julian saw it, Data asked, "What is this material?"

Jadzia asked, "So they aren't killed for it?"

Harry answered, "Sometimes – but that's considered poaching and is illegal. Dragons haven't been raised or hunted for slaughter in a couple hundred years. Dragons are protected by law made by the International Confederation of Wizards. Most dragons live on dragon preserves so that they aren't seen by non-magical folk."

Jadzia fingered the material. "I'd be curious as to how it held up to phaser fire."

Harry shrugged. "Well, as soon as the information from the computer is transferred, go ahead and test it. I have a few yards of it in storage in case I need to repair or replace my battle robes."

All three looked at him. "Battle robes?" Julian asked.

Harry sighed. "In the last ten years, I've had to learn to protect myself from random attack by people who wanted the notoriety of taking down the Defeater-of-Voldemort or who wanted certain things that I own. When I defeated Voldemort, I was fairly good at Defense Against the Dark Arts but not that great; survival was a matter of luck more than skill at that point." He looked at the three and said with some intensity. "I've gotten much better since."

Jadzia sensed that this was not a pleasant subject, but Harry didn't seem reluctant to speak so she asked, "What do you mean?"

Harry shrugged. "Well, I was pretty naïve as a teenager though I had been fighting since I was eleven. I wasn't truly that skilled or knowledgeable. I was an average student when I was in school, not taking my studies as seriously as I should, and then I had to miss the final year to ensure that I could win. When it became apparent that I couldn't really be seen in public due to circumstances, I spent a number of years learning to improve myself. I improved my knowledge of Defense to a Master's level and studied other subjects I had not studied in school." He smiled. "You saw my animagus form. I learned that after school."

Data was curious, "Animagus form?"

Julian looked curious, Data had a questioning look, and Jadzia looked almost giddily amused. "Show them."

Harry nodded. Suddenly, he turned into a ferret. Data just looked at him for a long moment but Julian was truly shocked. "You should talk to Odo. I'm certain he would be interested in seeing that."
Harry turned back. "When there is time. Well, we should leave in case our magic creates a problem when that is removed. Let's go to the infirmary, Dr. Bashir."

Julian, Harry, and the elves left the other two to sort out the computer system and data transfers.

Julian and Beverly Crusher worked together to examine the three magicals and to ensure that the differences between them and other races were noted down.

Beverly had the idea that Harry and the elves should receive the inoculations against modern diseases. She noted something. "Okay. Here's something I don't understand."

Julian looked at the readings she was getting. "Yes. That's strange."

Harry asked, "What is it?"

"Your elves are responding to the vaccines quite normally, or as normally as one might expect with a different species. Your body seems to kill any active diseases before antibodies can truly be formed. It's as though your immune system is enhanced. I would chalk it up to just being because of magic, but the elves have magic too."

Harry nodded. "I was bit by the most venomous creature known to magic when I was twelve: A basilisk. I was dying. However, a phoenix cried tears into the wound. Phoenix tears are a sovereign specific. It resulted in my immune system being strengthened to the point that most poisons and diseases have no effect on me."

Julian asked curiously, "Sovereign specific?"

Harry chuckled. "Sorry. In alchemy and in arcane studies, sovereign specific is the term used for a universal remedy. There are diseases that I can get and there are poisons that can affect or kill me. But there aren't that many. There isn't a venom that I know of that can harm me though."

Beverly and Julian looked at each other for a moment and then back to Harry. Beverly asked, "Can we get a vial of your blood to test? I can promise it will only be used for research purposes."

Harry was hesitant. "In magical society asking for blood, unless it's for identification purposes, is considered quite … provoking."

Crusher immediately said, "Our apologies." Bashir echoed that. "It's not considered strange here but we respect cultural taboos. Thank you anyway."

Harry chuckled. "It's okay. Really. It's just that blood can be used for a number of rituals that are considered Dark or evil. I don't think you are going to be performing any magical rituals using my blood. I will say this." He looked at the two with some intensity. "You may have one vial of my blood each. But you must ensure that it is locked up and inaccessible to anyone else when it is not being studied and when you are finished it must be destroyed. There are locks on my things, some of which are blood locks. I am trusting you two to an extreme degree to allow this, and I do so only because magic is not well known here. But you must follow the strictures I have just laid out."

Beverly and Julian both agreed wholeheartedly.

During the final phases of the exam, Harry commented, "Dr. Bashir. Please remember to borrow the books I have on Wizard physiology. There are certain things that you should be aware of. I have potions for most things but you, at least, should know what not to do in certain circumstances."
Captain Picard contacted Commander Sisko.

"Commander. We've finished up here for the moment. With his permission, we've transmitted what we have learned of Sir Harry to you under your security code. We have also entered what he has given for free access into your database. Just the copies of the various technical manuals and encyclopedias should make quite interesting readings – and possibly quite valuable. I'm glad to have met him."

"Of course, Captain. He certainly is an interesting character," Sisko replied.

Picard nodded. He then hesitated for a moment before speaking again. "Are you familiar with the various Orders from old British Empire before the Eugenics Wars?"

"Not really. Actually, I hadn't heard of the Order of the Thistle before Sir Harry mentioned it."

Picard nodded. "I thought so. There is something that I felt that I should point out."

"And that is?" Sisko asked.

"I find it quite informative that Mr. Potter was made a Knight of the Thistle rather than being entered into other possibly more prestigious or well known Orders. His statement that Her Majesty the Queen felt that he deserved the Commonwealth's most prestigious award was telling. So why was he entered into the Order of the Thistle, an Order instituted by the Scottish Crown before the England and Scotland were joined?"

Sisko considered that. "And your conclusion?"

Picard replied, "I believe it has to do with their motto: *Nemo me impune lacessit*."

Sisko asked, "And that means?"

Picard looked back at Sisko with some intensity. "No one provokes me with impunity."

Sisko looked at Picard for a moment before answering. "I see. Thank you. Understanding that might prove quite valuable in learning to deal with Sir Harry."

"Of course, Commander. Good luck."

"Safe Journey. DS9, Out."
Harry immediately began studying more modern technology. He also assisted Dobby and Winky with their study.

Within a couple of days, he noticed that just studying was quite monotonous. At a certain point, he got up and went looking for Miles O'Brien.

"What can I do for you, Sir Harry?" Miles asked with some amusement.

Harry rolled his eyes. "Sir Harry is for the formal, Harry is what you should call me. I never really mentioned to most people I had a knighthood when I was in my old world. It attracted too much attention."

Miles nodded in congenial agreement. "That's fine. What can I do for you, Harry?"

"Well, I have started studying the equivalent of primary school science. But it is quite monotonous. I need things to do."

Miles considered that. "I suppose I can find you something."

Harry nodded. "Good. Though as I plan on paying the same as anyone else living on the station might, I will need to be paid."

Miles actually pouted at that. "But things were going so well with you just helping out. I can get your quarters for free if you're working for me."

"Yes," Harry replied. "But I don't want to be beholden to Starfleet. Consider me an alien. How would such a relationship between an alien and the station work?"

Miles nodded. "I can see that. It won't be much. But it should be enough for room and board and some extras."

Harry agreed. "That's fine. I'm coming in as unskilled labor – I understand that. So where would you put me?"

Miles winced. "Well, the area that is the hardest to recruit for and which can used unskilled labor is waste extraction." Miles looked like he was preparing for a blow up.

Harry sighed ruefully. "It's fine. I assume I wouldn't actually have to work directly in muck and refuse."

"Oh, no! Nothing like that. As a matter of fact, the people who have to do that on an emergency basis have to have more training than you currently have. It's just a dull job monitoring the machines and controlling the flow."

Harry nodded. "I can deal with that. Can I listen to music as I work?"

Miles considered that. "As long as it's not pounding away. You do need to have it low enough to hear any alarms. And if anyone around you objects it could be a problem. But it should be okay."
"That's fine. I assume the computer can cut the music off if there's an alarm – which might make a quiet alarm more noticeable."

Miles nodded. He picked up a pad and made a few notations. "Okay. I've just logged the order. Go ahead down to level twenty seven and check in with Memta Ceedi, who is the Bajoran in charge of that section."

Harry nodded. "Will do." He turned to walk away.

Miles spoke up. "By the way." Harry turned. "Two things: Bajoran names are family name first then given name so Ceedi is Ms. Memta; and, Bajoran women are much more opinionated than most. She's in charge down there and she knows it. Just a word of advice."

Harry chuckled. "My school Headmistress, who was second in charge when I went there, was a Scotswoman. I am quite used to dealing with strong women in charge."

Miles nodded congenially and Harry went on his way.

Harry arrived at the proper level. He went up to the first person he saw. "Hello. I am looking for Supervisor Memta."

The man nodded. "Her office is there." He pointed toward an open door.

"Thank you."

Harry made his way over and then stood in the doorway. He knocked on the wall and the woman inside looked up. "Hello. What do you need?"

Harry replied, "My name is Harry Potter. Chief O'Brien sent me down. I am an unskilled laborer and was assigned to Waste Extraction – the monotonous parts. I was told to see you."

The woman gave him a long look. "Why should I accept an unskilled human when there are Bajorans who could use the income?"

Harry stifled his first response and gave a more measured answer. "I don't know. Those within the wormhole sent me here with Commander Sisko after I unexpectedly ended up with them. I'm currently studying modern technology as my knowledge base is quite out of date. I'm just here to keep from being too bored studying all the time. Besides, the Chief said it's the hardest job to get people to do and I'm available."

Memta gave him a long look. She then sighed. "Fine." She stood up. "Let me show you where you're going to be working." Harry nodded and followed her out and down the hall. "The job is ten hours a day, starting at 0800 station time. You have an hour lunch break at 1300. Your day is finished at 1900. You will work six days a week. If you are unable to arrive, I expect to be notified as soon as possible. If you are late more than four times a month or are absent more than two days a month without authorization from myself or Chief O'Brien you will be let go."

Harry nodded. "That's fine."

They arrived at a station which had a panel, controls, and was in front of a few pipes. "This is a waste management station. It works on automatic unless there is a problem. This station deals with biological waste. If this indicator lights up, the system is supposed to flush the pipe. A notification will sound. If the pipe remains blocked, read the panel and see if it gives a reason why."
She spent a good fifteen minutes going over the controls and the gauges and the proper procedures. Harry decided that it was as monotonous as Chief O'Brien had implied.

He was finally put to work.

He sat and watched the station for a bit. "Computer. Notify me when station time reaches 13:00."
"Confirmed."

For the first portion of the first day, Harry just sat there and did his job. He met a few of his co-workers, who were all fairly nice. At 13:00, there was a notification and he followed the workers to the area where they all seemed to get lunch.

He was not impressed – he would bring a bag lunch or call for his elves in the future. He was told that the replicators would be out for a while longer but that it would get better.

"Confirmed."

Harry noted that the Bajorans looked at him strangely. The rare human or other alien seemed to accept the concept of background music.

One of the Bajorans came up and asked, "What is this music?"

Harry glanced at a small part of the screen and said, "This is the Animals. The song is called When I Was Young."

The Bajoran shook his head. "No. I meant what kind of music is it?"

Harry grinned. "Music from Earth about 400 years ago from the area of my birth."

The Bajoran said, "It's very strange."

Harry shrugged. "Probably something that you're not familiar with. It sounds like home to me." He paused. "Though this is a more odd example." Just then the song ended and another began. Harry smiled. "This is more emblematic. It's the Rolling Stones. Satisfaction."

The Bajoran man listened for a minute and then shook his head. "It's still sounds strange to me."

He then walked off.

The music was interrupted a couple of times when the computer lit up with notifications. Harry handled them quickly and the music returned. Menta Ceedi had actually come by and watched – Harry wasn't paying attention. She observed how the music would interrupt for a notification and then return to normal when it was cleared.

She was both annoyed and intrigued all at once. She was a Prophets-respecting woman and the music seemed so … irreverent at times. But it was remarkably efficient as a means of notification when there was a problem.

At 19:00, he passed his station off to another worker, one who watched multiple stations in the evening.

He made his way up to his quarters. Dobby was studying and Winky was preparing his meal.
"How did it go today?" he asked.

Dobby looked up. "We are learning, Master Harry Potter Sir. We are working and studying."

"Good. Any problems understanding anything?"

"No. We are understanding."

Harry nodded. "Good. Winky? How long before dinner is ready?"

"Dinner be ready in ten minutes, Master Harry. A bath is ready for you before you eat."

"Good, good. By the way. Both of you are speaking more properly. Once correction: Dinner will be ready in ten minutes. Remember: Dinner was, dinner is, dinner will be. Past. Present. Future."

Winky, who was not offended at the correction, replied, "Rules for English … are … very strange."

Harry grinned. "I know. But I don't want people thinking you are less than you are. So keep on working on it. I will go clean up."

Winky nodded and went back to working on the meal.

After eating, Harry spent a couple of station hours studying. He would try a full time schedule for working for a while. He wasn't planning on letting it stay that way though. He needed to learn the technology so he wasn't keen on spending most of his time working. It was mostly because he was tired of spending most of his time studying.

Finally, it was 22:00 hours. Harry had taken most of his trunks out of his moleskin pouch, but kept them locked – and warded. He didn't know the station well enough yet.

One of the trunks contained the very large amount of wines and spirits. He retrieved a case that he had gotten earlier – he was certain that no one here used cardboard. He then retrieved a bottle of 1998 Bordeaux red and a 1997 Tuscan white. He then duplicated these bottles so that he had six of each. He carefully marked the original with a seal.

Harry then duplicated labels for them and carefully marked them – he was not trying to fleece the Ferengi he was going to do business with. The originals were labeled as "2357 Equivalent Bordeaux (Original)", "2356 Equivalent Tuscan (Original)", "2357 Equivalent Bordeaux (Replicated)", and "2356 Equivalent Tuscan (Replicated)".

Truthfully, a duplication charm made an almost perfect copy which was stable but he did not want to lie and say it was the original. He tried some of each bottle of the duplicated version and they both (to his untrained palette) seemed fine. He had paid for someone who knew wines to purchase the stocks he had. He had a very large amount in the trunk and it was generally in stasis – meaning that as long as it was in the trunk it wouldn't age.

He tapped his comm. badge. "Potter to Lt. Dax."

"This is Dax."

"I apologize if this should not be over the comms as I wasn't told they are limited to station business but if I may ask: Where are you presently?"

"I'm at Quarks."
"Oh, good. I need a favor if possible. Are you going to be at Quark's for a while?"

"That's the current plan. What do you need?"

"I need to speak to Quark and I need an independent agent – someone who can tell him I am not lying."

There was a pause and then Jadzia's voice came through. "Well, come on ahead. Quark is right here and so is now expecting you."

"Very good. Thanks. Potter out."

Harry turned off the badge and picked up the case and made his way out, telling his elves he would return in a while.

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Quark was standing next to the table, having served drinks when the call came in. "Who is that?"

Jadzia looked at him with a smile. "His name is Harry. He's … well he's not technically a Federation citizen though he is human. He mentioned that he has a few things he was planning on selling and Commander Sisko told him that you would be a good person to talk to."

Quark considered that. He noticed his lobes were starting to tingle. "What kind of things is he selling?" Quark asked casually.

Jadzia smirked. "I'll let him tell you."

Quark nodded. "What can you tell me about him?"

Jadzia considered that. "He is a very honest man though he has a number of secrets."

"How honest?" Quark asked.

Jadzia, still smirking, said, "Consider Rule of Acquisition Number 81."

That gave Quark pause. "I see. There's nothing more dangerous than an honest businessman."

Jadzia replied, "That's the one. Which means you should also remember Rule 118."

Quark sighed. "Never cheat an honest man offering a decent price." Quark, if he spoke honestly (which he tried never to do if he didn't have to) would admit that he preferred less honest people to do business with – it was much easier to earn a larger profit if you could cheat them. But an honest man giving a fair price was still valuable. "I'll speak to him."

Jadzia shrugged.

Very soon, the man in question arrived. He was carrying a case. The man walked up to Jadzia. Quark walked over. "Mr. Potter. You wish to see me?"

The man nodded. "Hello, Quark. It is nice to meet you. I would like to speak to you in private – something about not doing business where employees can see lest they ask for a greater cut?"

Quark laughed. "Very good. I have an office in back."

The man nodded and said, "Jadzia? Will you come back as well?"
She nodded and they went to the office. Quark closed the door. "You wish to sell something."

The man nodded. He turned to Jadzia. "From what you told me, you have lived – or at least your symbiont has lived – several lifetimes?"

"Yes," she said with curiosity.

"I assume that at least one of them knew wine?"

Jadzia smirked. "My last host, Curzon, was known to partake from time to time."

The man nodded and looked at Quark. "Do you have three wine glasses? I would like to have you sample it. Or at least Jadzia to sample the wine I brought. I wish to get an honest judgment."

Quark was now seriously curious. He went to a sideboard and pulled out three glasses and set them in front of the man.

The man pulled out a bottle and said, "I opened this earlier to test the wine to ensure it was still good – I will not sell something that I am uncertain of. You should also know that the opened wine is listed as replicated." He pointed to another wine. "This is an original – not replicated."

Quark watched the man carefully pour the wine, though his inexperience showed through. "You are not normally a wine drinker?" Quark asked.

The man sighed. "No. In preparation of leaving home, I paid an expert to buy things that were good – I paid quite well for an honest one. I did not assume my wealth would travel so I brought things that I believed could be sold. This includes some wines and spirits. I have more of this wine – but I don't plan on selling far and wide. I plan on selling just enough to have local currency. I don't want to put any of your current distributors out of business or to compete with them. The purpose of the wine is to make enough of a profit – I am not a businessman by nature. I would make a poor Ferengi."

Quark laughed at that. He accepted the wine and carefully inspected it. He smelled it, twirled it, and then finally put a very small amount in his mouth. It was a good wine. He looked at the bottle. "What does it mean 2357 equivalent?"

"It means that the wine is twelve years old – this wine gets better with age unlike other wines which should be drunk young or so I am told. If it's kept properly in a cool dry place and out of the light, it will only get better with time."

Jadzia had also had a drink of the wine. Quark asked, "What do you think?"

Jadzia nodded. "It's a very good wine. You could sell this to those who don't want synthehol."

Quark gave a price for the bottles that Harry had brought. "I said I wasn't a businessman by nature. I didn't say I was an idiot." He gave a counter-offer.

Quark grinned to himself as the two started haggling. In the end, Quark paid a bit more than he would have liked and Harry got a bit less than he wanted. Jadzia, who had watched, actually laughed as the deal was concluded.

The man, Harry, asked, "What's so funny?"

"I have never actually seen a human who knew how to haggle. At least not that well. I thought you were not a businessman!" Jadzia was very amused.
Harry smirked. "I said I wasn't a businessman. But the bankers who manage my people's money are a fiercely proud race. Think the business acumen of a Ferengi with the honor code of a Klingon, if my studies of different races are accurate. A Goblin would be incensed by anyone doing business with them who accepted the first price offered. They would never respect a person who did business so poorly." He turned to Quark. "They would also gut anyone who tried to cheat them – and would expect anyone whose money they watched over to hold the same standards."

That hit Quark like cold water thrown on him. "I see," he said in an attempted cheerful tone. "Why don't I take these and go get the money?"

The man, Harry, rolled his eyes. He looked at Quark and said, "I have read the Rules of Acquisition. We exchange money and product at the same time."

"Of course, of course," Quark replied. He actually felt better about this. It was like dealing with an honest Ferengi – if that wasn't a contradiction of terms.

They then went through the same haggling for the second wine and they haggled on the price of that.

Quark counted out the price and took delivery. The man stood up. "It was a pleasure doing business with you. If you are looking for something special, ask me. I might have it or be able to get it."

Quark nodded. It should be noted that Quark was not malicious – but he was a Ferengi. He planned on obtaining whatever stock was remaining for a much smaller price. He planned on passing along the information as to a resident of DS9 who kept a saleable commodity on hand.

His plans would change.

Quark put the case of wine in his storage and returned to his bar to continue serving drinks. Be brought one bottle of each type to place in the cabinet where he kept real alcohol.

He noted that the man, Harry, had sat down and ordered a synthehol. He watched as the man took a sip and then looked at the glass with a mild bit of distaste. He wondered what that was about.

Odo, who was watching the odd human that had taken up residence on DS9, noted the expression on his face. He could use this. He got up and walked over to the table the man sat at. "Hello."

The man looked up. "Hello, Constable Odo. We haven't had time to actually speak since I came on board."

Odo nodded and he stood up. "Yes. I would speak with you."

The man motioned him to sit down and he did so. "Would you like a drink?" he asked.

"I don't drink," Odo said with some asperity.

The man took a sip of his drink and gave a mild grimace again. "That's probably a good thing. This tastes … very strange."

Odo was curious, "What is it?"

The man looked at the glass. "I was told that it's one of the better synthehols. All of the taste of alcohol and none of the deleterious effects I was told. This does not taste like alcohol."

Odo was surprised. "Strange. Most Humans don't notice the difference, though I hear that some
"Well, I guess I am one of those that do." The man glanced around and then looked at his drink again. "So, you're the local constable." Odo nodded. "What is your view on pick-pockets?"

Odo replied with some severity, "Petty theft is a crime. I highly disapprove."

The man nodded and looked up casually. "Did you notice the man dressed in blue who is walking around committing petty theft by pick pocketing?"

Odo was mildly taken aback. "Yes. I'm surprised you did. I planned on taking him into custody when he attempted to walk out of the bar."

The man smirked and took another drink. "My childhood taught me to read small signals – though as a teenager I tried to not look so much so as to fit it. And when I did look, I had a bad tendency to jump to conclusions or to jump into action. It led me to be called impulsive."

Odo asked, "So you've gotten better at not acting before you need to."

Harry nodded slightly. "A few mistakes when I was being set up for attack taught me the value of biding my time when necessary."

Odo noticed the pickpocket had seemed to decide to leave and was walking quite casually toward the exit. He would need to act in 5 ... 4 ... 3 ... 2 ... Suddenly, Harry turned so as to get up and "accidentally" tripped the man who had been surreptitiously paying attention to him rather than Harry.

"Oops! I'm sorry!" Harry reached down and grabbed the man and lifted him up. Odo noted that Harry seemed particularly strong for his small size. When the man was standing, Harry did not let go. "Constable Odo. I believe you were waiting for our friend here?"

Odo had stood up while Harry had been lifting the man. "Yes. Thank you. Sir. If you would empty your pockets on this table?"

The man protested. "What are you talking about?" Harry kept a good hold of him so that he could not escape.

Odo noted that Quark started coming over. He also noted that attention was drawn to the confrontation. He sighed. "Sir. I saw you picking the pockets of several patrons. It will do you no good to prevaricate. If you would empty your pockets we can sort this out quickly."

Quark, hearing what was being said, had stopped before protesting at Odo disturbing his customers.

The man took a long look at Odo's implacable face and sighed. He slowly started pulling out various items from her person and placing them on the table. Also included were several slips of latinum. "Is that all?"

The man immediately protested. Harry, behind him and still holding him, said with an amused tone, "Don't forget the small bag in your inner pocket. I believe that gentleman over there is missing it."

Odo was amused himself to see the thief's expression become even more dejected. He reached in and took the small bag out and placed it on the table as well.
Odo reached out and grabbed the man and looked at Quark. "I believe that some of your customers might want to retrieve their things."

Before Quark could react, Harry started pointing to various people and saying, "You. You. You. You. You. Come over here." The people in question hesitantly moved forward. Harry started reaching down and picking up the various items. He picked up the piece of jewelry and said, "I believe this is yours?" to one of them.

That woman looked and then took a sharp breath. She nodded. "Yes."

The others then came forward and each accepted the other items. Harry even gave different slips of latinum to each person who had lost them and they all seemed accepting of Harry's adjudication on whom had lost what. Harry said, "I believe Constable Odo would like to take your statements so that the authorities can ensure our friend here is properly dealt with."

Odo withheld the chuckle he was feeling. "Yes. If you would be so kind."

They walked out to the promenade. One of Odo's subordinates came over and Odo handed the thief to him. "Petty theft. These five will have to give their statements. I'll record mine when I return to my office."

The Bajoran nodded and led the group away.

Odo turned to Harry. "Your assistance was appreciated."

Harry shrugged. "I've been told that I have a saving people thing. Some of them didn't mind the losses but that lady would have been devastated with the loss of her jewelry. I thought it better if someone acted. I'll record a statement when I get back to my quarters and send it to your office."

Odo gave him a long look and then nodded. "Of course, Mr. Potter. I look forward to receiving it."

The man smiled and said, "Harry. Just call me Harry. It was a pleasure to meet you, Odo."

Odo made it back to Security to find the victims were in the midst of giving statements. The thief had already been put in one of the cells.

Odo supervised as the statements were finished. The woman that Harry had pointed out stopped on her way out. "Thank you. I would have been devastated at losing my mother's bracelet. I had just gotten it back today and went to celebrate with a glass of synthehol."

Odo nodded. "It would be better, perhaps, if you ensured that it was secured when it is not being worn."

"Of course. Thank you again." The woman walked out.

Odo returned to his office and filed his report. He then sat back and thought for a long moment.

He was just getting up when his comm badge lit up. "Potter to Constable Odo."

He tapped his badge. "Odo here."

"Could you come to my quarters, 060317? I have someone here who has need of your services. I guess I'll have to give a statement on this as well."
Odo considered that. "On my way." Odo navigated his way to level 6, corridor 3, unit 17. As he turned the corner, he paused as he was struck by a very strange sight. Harry Potter was standing next to his door, leaning against the wall arms crossed. Laid out on the deck in front of him was an unconscious man on the floor. Odo recognized him as a petty thief that had had a few run-ins with Security.

The man was also covered in ropes. A weapon designed for striking victims lay on the floor nearby.

Odo walked up and said, "I assume there is a reason he is in that position?"

Harry chuckled darkly. "Yes. He attempted to subdue me so that he could help himself to my possessions. I objected."

Odo nodded. "I see. And he is unconscious because …?"

Harry looked at him. "What do you know of my abilities?"

Odo was careful in answering. "I have heard that you have some unusual abilities. It was suggested by Dr. Bashir that I might be interested in learning about you."

Harry nodded and stood up. "Well, I am what is called a Wizard. My people call what I can do Magic – regardless of what scientific explanation anyone tries to give it. I knocked him out and tied him up using magic. I can wake him up if you like. I would prefer that my abilities are kept … as out of view as possible."

"You may want to remove the ropes then and then wake him up," Odo said. Odo picked up the weapon and put it in a pocket that he created in his simulated uniform.

Harry nodded. He pulled a small wooden stick out of … somewhere and pointed it at the man. The ropes disappeared. Harry then said "Ennervate." Odo noted that the stick was put away, disappearing from view.

The man on the ground groaned. Harry spoke to him. "I don't know who you are, but you decided to try to mug the wrong person. Constable Odo will have a few questions for you." Odo noted immediately that Harry Potter showed absolutely no fear in the face of having been attacked.

The mugger looked up and saw Odo looking down on him. He sighed. Odo called another security guard in to take him away and to take the weapon back as evidence.

"Can we go into your quarters so that I can take your statement?" Odo asked.

Harry nodded. "Certainly." Harry opened the door and led Odo in. Odo noted immediately that these quarters seemed to be much larger than they should be.

Two small beings had been studying at two computers. One stood up. "Master Harry has returned! Does … do you want tea?" the small female being asked.

"I will take tea. This is Constable Odo – he is like an Auror." He turned to Odo. "This is Winky. That is Dobby. They ensure my comfort. Would you like tea?" he asked.

Odo repeated himself from earlier. "I don't drink."

"Ah," Harry replied. "I assumed you meant you didn't drink alcohol – that's what I don't drink
usually means. You could say, "I do not imbibe liquids' instead. It means the same thing – but is less colloquial." Odo nodded his head in acknowledgement. "Please have a seat."

When Winky had served tea, Odo began. "Computer. Begin recording." There was a chime. "This is Constable Odo taking a statement from Harry Potter, the victim of a mugging. The incident in question occurred," Odo began giving as much information as he knew. He then turned to Harry. "First of all, state you full name and any titles."

Harry seemed reticent. "Can just my name do?"

Odo considered that. "Very well." Harry looked relieved.

"My full name is Harry James Potter, currently of Deep Space 9. My residence is Deep Space Nine Cabin 060317."

"Are you currently employed?"

"Currently I work for Deep Space 9 operations in Waste Extraction. My supervisor is Memta CeeCi. I was hired as of this date by Miles O'Brien, Chief of Operations."

"What was your previous employment and where was it?"

Harry chuckled. "I have actually never been employed. I come from a family of wealth and have lived entirely on my inheritance and on rewards and awards I have received."

Odo was very curious. "May I ask what you were rewarded for?"

Harry paused and seemed to order his words. "I was instrumental in defeating a terrorist insurgentse in my homeland. I defeated the leader of those terrorists. As that group had been threatening the very fabric of that society, the Ministry there and the Royal family were very appreciative."

"I see," Odo said. "Very well. How old are you?"

"30 Earth years old."

Odo asked one more question to satify his own curiosity. "How old were you when you defeated the terrorist leader?"

"17."

Odo paused. That sounded very intriguing but it was outside the scope of the incident. "Please describe in detail the attack against your person and your response."

Odo listened as Harry spoke. He gave a pretty detailed account – save the details on his magic. "Computer. Pause recording." There was a beep. "Is there a reason you are not explaining how you subdued the attacker?"

Harry nodded. "Yes. As I said, I don't need to advertise my abilities. This is an official record. And though you as head of Station Security might need to know, I don't know who will be listening to this."

Odo considered that for a moment. "You will have to explain him becoming unconscious."

Harry muttered, "I should have obliviated him."

Odo was about to ask but Harry put up his hand. "Computer. Resume recording." There was a
beep. "How did you subdue the suspect?"

"My people have the ability to stun using a biologically created energy field. I used this."


The beginning went much like the earlier one except there were no probing questions on his background. "What were you doing at Quarks?"

"I was selling a commodity, specifically wine, which I had brought with me from my home which was intended to be used as a source of income or barter."

"What did you sell him?" Odo asked. He was always interested in getting more details on Quark's business.

"I sold him a case of wine which included two original bottles and ten that were replicated, which he was aware of."

Odo was tempted to ask for more details but decided against it. "Please describe what you saw."

The report was pretty straightforward. Odo completed taking the statement and then stood up. "It's getting late. I hope that at some point we can have a more informal discussion."

"Certainly. Thank you for taking the time to take the statements."

Odo nodded and went back to his office before retiring.

The next morning, Odo sat with the senior officers of Deep Space 9. As these meetings had been mostly about getting the station back in shape, Odo had not been attending.

He listened to the various reports being given from the different departments. Finally, Commander Sisko looked to him. "Are there any issues with Security?"

Odo spoke severely, as was his normal way. "With the increase in residents and visitors, there has been an increase in petty theft. We are handling it quite efficiently. But two of the incidents from last night are of note in that they both involved one person."

Commander Sisko asked, "And who is that?"

"Mr. Harry Potter."

The people there were surprised except Jadzia. "I know that he was at Quarks and helped to apprehend that pickpocket. There was another incident?"

Odo nodded. "Someone attempted to mug him outside of his quarters."

Sisko had at first thought that Sir Harry was being accused but was relieved to be wrong. "Was the person caught?"

"Yes. I was called directly by Mr. Potter after he left Quark's. He subdued the mugger using his personal skill set. When I arrived the man was unconscious and tied up in ropes lying on the deck."

Bashir asked curiously, "Tied up?"
"Yes. Apparently one skill that Mr. Potter has is to create ropes around someone he is attempting to subdue. It would have been effective even if the person hadn't been rendered unconscious."

Sisko leaned back a moment. "I see. So Sir Harry was not the instigator."

Odo asked. "Sir Harry?"

Miles spoke up. "Apparently he doesn't like attracting attention. When I hired him yesterday he said that Sir Harry was okay in formal settings but he preferred to be addressed as just Harry."

Sisko asked, "What was he hired to do?"

Miles actually seemed embarrassed as he said, "Er. He works in Waste Extraction – in one of the less technical jobs. He classified himself as an unskilled laborer because he is still learning modern science."

Sisko considered that. "Waste extraction. That seems to be a poor use of what skills he has. And it might even be considered insulting to have a Knight of the Thistle, a knighthood given as a reward for valor against the enemy, to be placed in Waste Extraction."

Odo asked, "A Knight of the Thistle?"

Bashir explained as he was British. "It was an order of chivalry from an area on Earth called Scotland. There were traditionally sixteen members of the Order though extras could be named. In most orders Sir was a styling that was applied to those who achieved the higher order of Knighthoods." Bashir looked at Sisko. "It was considered one of the three most prestigious Orders and was the sole one which required no input from His Majesty's government to name members. He must either come from Noble stock or he must have demonstrated great bravery in battle, a battle that would have had to have occurred within Scotland."

Sisko replied, "It was for bravery in battle. Captain Picard mentioned that the Order's Motto seemed apt to Mr. Potter's character."

Bashir nodded. "Nemo me impune lacessit. No one provokes me with impunity."

Odo took that information to put it as part of the mental dossier he was creating. "Well, then. Waste extraction would be a poor use of his skills. I found him to be remarkably calm in the face of conflict and remarkably observant." He looked at Major Kira and then back to Commander Sisko. "I could use someone with those qualities within station Security."

Sisko thought about that. "He isn't Starfleet. Actually, he isn't technically a Federation citizen, despite coming from Earth. As Security is a joint venture between the Bajoran government and Starfleet, he would have to be hired under the auspices of the Bajoran government."

Major Kira spoke up. "I don't know him. The fact that he is Human and not Bajoran would be a mark against him. The fact that he came to us from the wormhole and actually spoke to those within would be a positive."

Sisko looked at his second-in-command. "Personally, I am all for it. But it is entirely up to you and Constable Odo, Major. Let me know what you decide."

Major Kira replied, "Of course, Commander." She thought for a moment. She would need to speak to the man before she could make a decision.
Yes. Harry starts out in a pretty crappy job – remember that he's fairly unschooled on 24th century technology. It gets better. Trust me. This would be between DS9 S1E01 and S1E02.

As an answer to various comments: Yes. Harry is being agreeable - too agreeable. Remember that he is new and doesn't really know anything. His basic character will begin to shine through as he gets more comfortable. Also, for those who think he should be all googly-eyes at space, remember that he was amazed at magic but wasn't overly enthusiastic outwardly, unlike Colin Creevy or even Hermione Granger. He was pretty calm in the face of things. Even the esoteric magic he was confronted with never really seemed to make him a fan boy or too awed to operate.
Harry was, once again, working the Waste Extraction monitoring station on level 27.

Today he was listening to music from the 1970s. Bands like Pink Floyd, Queen, Genesis, Elton John, and the Who were all present on the list.

At various times his coworkers would stop and listen. Queen's Bohemian Rhapsody had actually fascinated the Bajoran workers who walked by.

He was monitoring the various controls and gauges and listening to another Queen song when he heard a distinct clearing of the throat from behind him. He said, "Computer. Pause Playback." He then turned his seat and saw his supervisor looking severe. He fought to maintain a professional expression. "Supervisor Memta. How can I help you?"

The severe looking woman looked like she was fighting internally between curiosity and outrage. "Mr. Potter. You've been requested up in Ops."

Harry was a bit surprised. "Really? Who has requested my presence?"

"Major Kira, the Second-in-Command – and the highest ranked Bajoran on the station."

Harry nodded. "And my station here?"

"I will have the monitoring taken care of by another worker until you return."

Harry stood up. "Very well. Thank you for informing me. I will return as soon as possible."

Memta watched the odd Human walk off to the lift. She looked at the title of the song that he had been listening to. She glanced around to ensure that no one was around. She then glanced down at herself. She smirked and looked once again for anyone else and then said, "Computer. Play last song from the beginning."

Memta Ceeci listened to the entire performance of Queen's Fat Bottomed Girls. Knowing her own buttocks were considered generous by those whom she had shared intimacy with, she found that she quite agreed with the sentiment.

Harry was curious as the lift traveled to the top of the station. If this had been about the two incidents, he would assume that he would be seeing Odo. But instead he was being called by Major Kira, whom he had only met in passing.

It took a bit of time, but finally he was lifted into Ops. He looked around and saw Major Kira, as well as Jadzia and others, looking to see who was coming in. Major Kira stood from leaning over a station. "Mr. Potter. Thank you for coming."

Harry nodded. "Major Kira. You wanted to see me?"

"Yes. Please come with me." Harry nodded and followed her into a room that branched off from ops. It seemed to be a conference room. She motioned for him to sit as she sat down. He did so.

"I've asked you to come here because I wish to understand you better. I had a request to transfer you to another position and I find that before I can authorize it, I need to understand some of your
background," Kira explained.

Harry was taken aback. "Another position. Can I ask what that is?"

Kira smiled lightly and said, "We'll get to that in a bit of time. What can you tell me of yourself?"

Harry considered that question. He asked another in answer, "What aspect? I could explain my childhood, my abilities, my former society, my interests – there are many things that go into making a person. This could be a short conversation or a long one, depending on what you wish to know."

The Major nodded thoughtfully. "From what I understand, you were instrumental in defeating a terrorist group in your homeland at the age of seventeen. How did it become your responsibility to do so rather than the older, more experienced people?"

Harry took a breath and let it out. "You ask for the most complicated explanation. I warn you – this will take quite a while. To explain that, I will have to explain almost my entire society's history from several years before my birth up through the battle in question. It could be hours. I can give you one single sentence which sums it up – without really explaining anything."

Kira was both skeptical and amused. "And what is the single sentence?"

Harry nodded. "It was my job because of a prophecy given before my birth."

Harry immediately saw that Major Kira had a shocked and incredulous look upon her face. Being fairly new to this time and not knowing the Bajorans well, he did something which he rarely did in his interactions with others anymore: He completely misunderstood her reaction and assumed incorrectly. He had assumed that those who worshipped the Prophets were considered provincial among Bajorans and that such things were considered harmless but unimportant. He had viewed the concept of the Prophets through his own Human experience.

Harry sighed. "I understand that the idea of prophecy might seem arcane and superstitious to you. Even among my people divination, while it has a long history – several thousand years as a matter of fact – it is considered a wooly subject. But I can assure you that in magical society, prophecy is a real thing. In our Ministry for Magic, the Department of Mysteries has been recording and storing prophecies for hundreds of years – and may even have inherited prophecies from previous governments going back thousands of years.

"In one particular incident I was tricked into coming to the Hall of Prophecy, where there are thousands upon thousands of glowing balls containing memories of all prophecies given. A prophecy can only be retrieved by someone who is named within it and my enemy, whom had been resurrected a year earlier, was trying to get me to retrieve the prophecy tying us together as he did not want the general public to be aware that he was, in fact, returned." Harry paused. "I'm going to have to start at the beginning for you to understand."

Major Kira nodded. Harry noted that she was more amenable than he would have expected. Usually people who weren't magical heard the word "prophecy" and immediately classified what was being said as a fairy tale. Major Kira spoke. "Do you mind if I record this?"

Harry considered that a moment and then said, "Only if you seal it under security sufficient to ensure that it doesn't get bandied about without my permission. While the Ops team members might have a need to know, it isn't for general consumption."

Major Kira said with full sincerity, "I would never discuss such things without your permission."
Harry replied, "Thank you. I guess you should sit back and relax. This will take a long while."

Major Kira sent a message to Ops that she would be engaged for some time and that she should only be disturbed if it was an emergency or if station operations would suffer. She also asked Jadzia to inform Commander Sisko that she would be unavailable. She then did as Harry suggested and sat back to listen.

"This story begins about 56 years before my birth, with a poor and plain woman named Merope Gaunt. Merope was the daughter of …." 

Harry explained in brief the history behind the birth of Tom Marvolo Riddle and his introduction by Albus Dumbledore. He explained the organization of Hogwarts and the importance of Tom's ancestor Salazar Slytherin as well as how he was viewed. He explained Tom's character and what he knew of the man's education. He explained the Chamber of Secrets and Tom's role in that. He also explained Tom's murder of his family and the reasons behind it. He then explained how Tom had disappeared from society for twenty-five years until he came back on the scene as Voldemort.

Major Kira was engrossed in the tale. At a certain point, Commander Sisko joined them and listened as well to Harry talking about the society he came from and the players that Harry knew about, the Mauraders, his mother, and Severus Snape.

"The war was going badly. Dumbledore, while considered the most powerful wizard in Britain, defeater of the Dark wizard Grindelwald, and head of the premiere educational facility, Hogwarts, was unable to lead Britain to victory. Due to his history he was reluctant to actually kill the enemy, believing in the idea of redemption beyond all else. His sister's death had affected him deeply. Anyway, Dumbledore was interviewing an applicant for the Divination position at Hogwarts which had just become free. He was leery of allowing the subject to continue as the teaching of Divination had become little more than teaching parlor tricks. Still, it was a subject offered and he agreed to interview a woman named Sybill Trelawney. She was the great-granddaughter of a rather famous and celebrated witch and seer named Cassandra Trelawney. She had been famous for possessing the Inner Eye which allowed her to see into the future though not at will. Visions would come to her but they always proved to be accurate when the prophecy was understood after it had occurred. Sybill's gift was more erratic. She claimed to inherit the same gift but her methods were closer to the parlor tricks and chicanery which Divination had become.

"However, in the midst of the interview something happened. Suddenly she sat up and spoke in a harsh voice quite unlike her own. And these were the words that she spoke.

"The one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord approaches... Born to those who have thrice defied him, born as the seventh month dies... and the Dark Lord will mark him as his equal, but he will have power the Dark Lord knows not... and either must die at the hand of the other for neither can live while the other survives... the one with the power to vanquish the Dark Lord will be born as the seventh month dies..."

"It should be said that among my people true seers do not remember the prophecies they give. And such was the case here. The only person who heard the prophecy in full was Albus Dumbledore. However, a spy for the Dark Lord heard a portion of it – the first two sentences – before he was noticed and was subdued. And that made all the difference."

Harry paused to look at Major Kira and Commander Sisko. Both were wholly engrossed by the tale. However, Harry was hungry. "I will explain the consequence of that bit of doggerel … after lunch."

The two officers were startled out of their listening reverie. Major Kira spoke. "Computer. Pause
recording. Place the recording under my security code," and she spouted off the code. The computer beeped in acknowledgement.

Major Kira looked at Harry and said, "Where do you want to go for lunch?" Sisko looked interested as well.

Harry grinned. "Well, we could always go to my quarters. My elves have a couple years worth of food under stasis and they can always make more. Or I can even call them up here." He looked around and saw that the room would fit several people. "As a matter of fact, I could have lunch delivered here for everyone in Ops."

Sisko and Kira looked at each other and Sisko said, "That would be fine. I believe that there are ten people." He paused and then asked, "Can your elves handle that?"

Harry chuckled. "For just ten? It's really not a problem." He called out, "Dobby!"

In an instant, Dobby appeared in the conference room. "The Great Harry Potter calls for me?"

Harry sighed. "Dobby. You can just ask, 'You called?' – it's much shorter and to the point."

Dobby said, "I understand, Master Harry." However, Harry and the others could see that Dobby was allowing this go in one ear and out the other. Harry sighed.

"Anyway, if it would not be too much trouble, can you and Winky put together a meal for about twelve people here including myself? Use conjured plates and utensils such that they will disappear within two hours after they are brought. Ensure the serving platters are replicated, however, in case anyone wants to take the leftovers. I'll let you know when you can come and clean up after. If you could, make it Shepherd's pie, pumpkin juice, bread, and a simple salad with a balsamic vinegar dressing."

Dobby nodded. "Of course, Master Harry. Do … we will bring it very soon."

"Thank you." Dobby popped out.

Sisko looked at Harry and said, "Shepherd's pie. I haven't had that in a long while – not since I was living with my father. I tend more toward Cajun recipes when I cook."

Harry smiled. "You and the elves should compare recipes. They might want to watch you cook to learn how to make your recipes."

Sisko gave a tight smile. "I'll show them how to make jambalaya. We'll see how good they really are."

Harry laughed. "They will take that as a challenge."

Sisko laughed along with him and then had a sudden thought. "How good are your supplies in terms of quality? When we ate in you quarters you said that what we were eating were duplicates. How close to the original are they?"

Harry replied, "I don't want to disturb them while cooking, but when they bring the food, I'll ask them to bring one of my original bananas as an example."

Suddenly, a banana popped into being on the table in front of him. Harry sighed. "Thanks, Dobby." He looked at Sisko. "They listen in case I ask for something, especially when they are working. Not so much when studying but that's fine." He picked up the banana and handed it to Sisko. "Feel
this but don't peel it."

Sisko took the banana and examined it. It was, as far as he could tell, a completely fresh banana. Major Kira also examined it. She handed it back to Harry. Harry put it on the table and performed the Gemino charm twice – creating two more bananas.

Harry conjured a knife and cut each banana into three parts and handed two identical pieces to the other two. "Taste each one and see if you can tell which is the duplicate."

Sisko picked up the pieces and inspected them, peeling each one and then eating them. Kira, watching him peel and eat, mimicked him. Sisko said, "For the life of me, I cannot taste any difference whatsoever."

Harry nodded and conjured a plastic tub. He placed the last three pieces in the tub. "The tub will last probably a few days – I didn't do a permanent conjuration. Have Julian or a botanist do a full analysis on the pieces. To be perfectly honest, I am curious what your science makes of a magically duplicated item." Harry then vanished the peels from the other pieces. Sisko accepted the tub and put it aside.

Sisko explained, "I ask because I much prefer cooking with real food over replicated. It makes a real difference. I am willing to compensate you for anything I get from you." Harry nodded in agreement.

Very soon Dobby and Winky had popped in the meal that was requested. At that point, when no one else would see any magic, Sisko went and invited the Ops people to take turns coming in and feeding themselves. Harry let Sisko explain what the dishes were and what they were made of, only saying they were replicated.

While the Bajorans did not like the Earth vinegar the Humans did. The pumpkin juice was considered exotic. The Shepherd's pie was enjoyed by most, though a couple of people were vegetarians and did not eat it.

Sisko did snag a couple of servings and delivered them to his son and Dr Bashir. He took the tub with the original and conjured bananas. He had Dr. Bashir put the pieces in his own storage and then took the tub for Miles to analyze before it disappeared. He told Harry he was going to have him do so.

Harry allowed it as he was curious as well as to how the items registered under a scan.

Finally, the meal was finished and, once the senior officers had ensured that there was nothing requiring their attention which could not be put off, they returned to listen to the rest of Harry's story.

Major Kira continued the recording from where it left off and Harry continued telling his story.

He details the effect of the prophecy and explained who the spy was that had passed it on – and how that led Snape to defecting to Dumbledore's side.

Harry explained how he and Neville had been born at the end of July and how Voldemort had created his own enemy when he had picked Harry rather than Neville as the bigger threat. The two officers were sympathetic when Harry explained his parents' demise.

He then explained how he had been placed at his relatives' house and gave a brief synopsis of his childhood.
While he did not explain everything that happened every year, he did explain enough so that Sisko and Kira understood his motivations and why he had acted as he had.

Many of the details caused them to be shocked but Harry confirmed that every detail was accurate as far as his memory went.

In all, the story took about six station hours before it was fully completed. Both Kira and Sisko felt that they now had a fairly accurate grasp of Harry Potter, his history, and his character.

Major Kira locked the details under her security access code and Harry named the very few people that he would allow to hear the full story. Sisko then went through the story and they agreed upon what could be shared with Starfleet – Harry wanted them to get enough so that any curiosity would be sated but not so much that they would try to study him under a microscope.

Major Kira finally spoke. "I would like permission to share some details with the Bajoran government."

Harry was leery. "How much?"

Major Kira became very focused as she explained, "You need to understand something." Harry focused his own attention on what she was saying. "Our gods are those beings that you spoke with within the Wormhole. We call them the Prophets. For ten thousand years they have given visions to different Bajorans about the future that is coming. These prophecies are studied in depth and used to help guide us into the future. That you defeated an evil Wizard in accordance with a prophecy given before your birth will make our proposal much more palatable to those in the government who I answer to."

Harry asked, "And what proposal is that?"

Major Kira glanced at Sisko and then said, "We want to offer you a job in station Security. According to Odo, you are remarkably calm in the face of threat and are also very observant. Both are valuable abilities in dealing with security. Putting a man with your history in Waste Extraction is almost a crime."

Harry sighed. "I have no real need to work except to keep myself from being bored as I study. I am still learning 24th century technology, which is why I am where I am. Won't my lack of technical know-how prove a hindrance?"

Kira nodded. "Yes. It is a liability. But not every alien who comes through here is technically savvy. And there are many Bajorans who only know the very basics and learn as they go. You are not a Federation citizen and so your employment would fall under the auspices of the Bajoran government, which shares management of this station with the Federation. But I will be damned if I let someone with your background go to waste when I could use your services to keep my people safe."

Harry sat back and considered that. Finally, he sighed. "Okay. Put together an explanation from what I've told you that you think you could sell and I'll look it over." Harry chuckled. "I never seem to be able to get away from my saving people thing, as my friend Hermione always called it."

Major Kira smiled. "Good. Give me a couple of days and I will have something ready."

Harry nodded and stood up. "Okay. Well, I am going back to Waste Extraction. Until it is approved, that is the job I agreed to and I'll do it."

The two officers stood up as well. Sisko spoke. "Okay then, Mr. Potter. Thank you for the time
you took to explain your history. It gives me a much greater understanding of you than I had previously."

Harry nodded and said goodbye. He returned to level 27 to finish out his day, explaining to Memta that he had had to give a detailed account of his history to Ops personnel. Memta accepted it grudgingly and let him go back to work. She did accept the peace offering he had of a full serving of the shepherd's pie, salad, and pumpkin juice for her to eat at dinner.
Harry had, after a couple of days, been reassigned to station security. As a part of this, he took two
days to review Bajoran and Federation law, as well as the rules peculiar to Deep Space 9. He also
ensured that he studied the various races and groups he might run in to.

He also took the time to learn more specifically of Bajor, its recent history, as well as the
relationship it had with the Federation and its former oppressor, the Cardassian Empire, or as it
called itself, the Cardassian Union.

The Bajorans were like … Harry contemplated that … Italians! Yes. A deeply religious people but
there seemed to be an acceptance that there were those that were less than honest. Even the
criminals were religious. The Kai, like the Pope, would be listened to by anyone who was Bajoran
whether they purported to be religious or not. They were colorful, friendly, and religious but could
definitely hold grudges.

Harry was startled to learn that the whole Cardassian government was effectively a military junta.
There was also a secret intelligence/police force called the Obsidian Order (pretentious much?).
And then there was the ineffective civilian government called the Detapa Council. In theory, the
Detapa Council were the rulers. They just had almost no control over the military or the secret
police.

All in all, it reminded him of Nazi Germany in its organization, or at least that was the closest
approximation. Many would have assumed that the Soviet Union would be a closer parallel but
they would be wrong. In the Soviet Union, the military were the followers of the party leaders. In
Germany, the military was effectively in control, only paying lip service to the authority of
civilians or the rights of the individual.

The Obsidian Order could, however, realistically be compared to either the Gestapo or the KGB.
Harry chalked that up to the fact that any secret police organization pretty much was the same.

That the Detapa council convinced the Cardassian Cental Command to leave Bajor was a miracle
as far as he could see.

If he were running the Federation, or even Bajor, he would be doing everything in his power to
deal generously with the Detapa Council despite the Central Command or the Obsidian Order. The
Bajorans, however, were seriously anti-Cardassian and their blind bigotry (no matter how justified)
would prevent either government from enacting such a policy.

The other major powers, according to his research, were the Klingons and Romulans. The
Klingons were like prickly Goblin warriors and the Romulans seemed to like just screwing with the
people around them: They seemed to be more like the Soviet Union. They strictly maintained their
borders and seemed to spend time seeing how much they could get away with in between long
periods of keeping to themselves until the other governments became complacent again.

The Romulans and Klingons, however, seemed to detest each other.

The Humans seemed to be the America of the galaxy. They went around making friends, not
ostensibly trying to take things over by arms but building up favors and "good press" and then
trying to get everyone to join their United Federation of Planets, an obvious mirror of the old
United Nations.
Harry noted immediately that Federation Humans seemed to be morally and socially arrogant. While on the surface they preached toleration and pluralism, they almost invariably judged others against their own social mores and found them wanting. And so they would then spend as many resources as was required to "educate those poor provincials" into how to be just like them.

While he had seen a few Starfleet personnel of other races, Humans seemed to dominate the organization.

The Vulcans were like the Canadians of the galaxy: Friendly, helpful, openly generous, and seemingly non-reactive to anyone and anything they met – outside a healthy bit of curiosity. They went along with their allies (Humans) but, in the end, they let others make the majority of policies while quietly trying to lend common sense to things. Just because they seemed the most non-offensive species, that didn't mean that they weren't superior in their own minds. Just like Canadians, they were visibly much more open to others and their foibles but were much more stringent in how they maintained their own basic social mores.

The Andorians were like the Japanese. While theoretically they were an intelligent and advanced society, for the most part they rarely went elsewhere to pursue their interests, seemingly satisfied with living their life and watching with fascination at what everyone else did, leaving their own society somewhat stratified and stultified.

The Orions … that was an odd group. These were like the Barbary States. While claiming to be a strictly peaceful and lawful society, they tended to look the other way when their people committed creative piracy.

The Tellarites were just weird. Prickly as a general rule, they could also be generous and friendly – if you could deal with the snarkiness. He couldn't really peg a correlating Human society as an analogy for them.

The Ferengi were like the classic pirates of the West Indies: Flamboyantly or otherwise getting away with everything they could, willing to do business with anyone, but let the buyer beware. They'd cheerfully smile at you and stick a knife if your back if it meant a decent profit. Both sneaky and convivial at the same time, they liked to have their fun and that could be friendly or malicious depending on circumstances. If you were willing to show both carrot and stick they could be convinced to treat fairly with you even if they visibly lamented the missed opportunity of cheating their way into a profit.

Nausicaans were like Somalis: Militantly indifferent to the laws of those around them, they tended to look out for number one – themselves. But they were perfectly willing to hire themselves out as thugs or whatever else they could do for money. Cheat them and they'd kill you. Call them on their own cheating of you and they'd kill you. Upset them and they'd kill you. Have a mild disagreement and they'd kill you – if they could get away with it. Prison time was considered a valid price of doing business if you were Nausicaan.

When Harry had finished studying the various major species, he felt himself ready to start following Odo around to learn the ins and outs of station security while in his off time familiarizing himself with the other minor species he might run into. Harry could admit to himself that the sheer number of species, mores, and basic character of everyone out there was quite fascinating.

Harry and Odo were sitting at Quarks, alternating between talking and watching the crowd. Odo also deigned to talk to Quark. "Business is looking good. You're almost making an honest living." Harry smirked as he drank his Tarkalean tea, a drink that was better than most that wasn't served
by his own elves.

Pausing in his pouring of a new mug, Quark looked out at his establishment. "A lot of new faces."

Odo nodded. "The wormhole does bring them our way, doesn't it?"

Quark replied, "Everyone wants a piece of the new frontier."

Odo said with some snark, "And I'm sure you've already tried to sell it to them."

Suddenly Harry, Odo and Quark heard a conversation in the background get louder. They looked up and saw Miles and his wife, Keiko, in a disagreement.

Quark said, "Word on the grapevine is that Chief O'Brien and the missus are … having problems."

Odo observed to the two while watching, "I'll never understand the humanoid need to … couple."

Quark asked incredulously, "You've never coupled?"

Odo said with superiority, "Too many compromises. You want to watch the Karo-net tournament, she wants to listen to music. So you compromise. You listen to music." Harry snickered in the background. "You like Earth Jazz, she likes Klingon Opera. So you compromise." The disdain was quite obvious and Harry was having a hard time keeping from laughing even louder. "So you listen to Klingon Opera. So here you were planning on having a nice evening watching the Karo-net match and instead you have an agonizing evening listening to Klingon Opera."

Suddenly they saw Miles and Keiko stand up, Keiko making to storm out but Miles trying to settle her. "What are they going on about?"

Quark said, his tone of gossip obvious, "She doesn't like it here."

Odo asked, "Who does?"

Harry protested, "I do. I am quite enjoying myself." Suddenly he saw Quark's expression change and both he and Odo looked to see Jadzia and the Captain coming down the stairs. Quark made an odd sound.

Harry rolled his eyes as Odo said, "Don't even think about it."

Quark, openly lascivious and still watching them, said, "I absolutely will think about it."

Odo scoffed. "Things change." Harry then saw Odo suddenly tense up while looking at one particular Bajoran who was there. "How long has he been on the station?" Quark noticed where Odo was looking.
Quark glanced over and then back to watching Jadzia. He said dismissively, "He came in on the transport last night." While Quark was riveted to watching Jadzia, Odo was staring lasers at the man he had observed. Harry ignored the Captain and Jadzia to keep an eye on Odo.

Harry felt his stomach drop as he saw the expression on his immediate boss's face and saw the moment that Odo decided to act. Odo stood up to walk over to the man he had observed. Giving Odo the benefit of the doubt, he cautiously stood up and followed but didn't interfere.

Odo stopped very near the man and said, "I don't want you on this station."

The man was snide as he said, "Well that's too bad because I have every right to be here."

Odo took offense. "I decide who has rights on this promenade!"

The man starting talking and said, "You better ask your Federation superiors about that one." In that moment, Harry decided to act.

Even as Odo started reaching for the man saying, "I don't have to check with anyone," Harry put himself directly in front of Odo preventing him from grabbing onto the man.

The man made the poor choice to try to get in a hit and Harry almost instinctively pushed Odo back, blocked the clumsy punch with one arm and then elbowed the man in the stomach with his other arm. The man fell heavily backward. Harry glanced over his shoulder to ensure the man wasn't hurt and wasn't attacking. In his periphery he saw Sisko hurrying up to the confrontation. Sisko put his body in front of the man even as Harry was holding Odo back.

Odo stopped moving forward. "You have 26 hours to get off of this station," he said with venom. Odo then turned and stalked out. Harry glanced at Sisko, nodding thanks for the help, and then followed his boss out. No one noticed him wandlessly tag the man with a tracking charm.

Odo walked back to the Security Office. Harry followed him. "Um, Boss? What the hell was that all about?"

Odo, still supremely angry, said, "I don't want to talk about it."

Harry chided, "If you are going to try to get rid of him using your authority as Security Chief, you best recognize that your security officers need to know what the hell is going on."

Odo looked at Harry's implacable face and then sighed. Moving from anger to a sullen brooding he said, "His name is Ibudon. He used to run black market goods through here to the surface during the occupation – gouging his fellow man when they needed medical supplies and so forth. Some of the bajorans considered him a hero. But I saw him for what he was."

"What do you mean?" Harry asked.

"I saw him watch a child die when the parents couldn't afford the drug which would have saved her life." Harry was now personally outraged against the man himself. Odo saw this and nodded. "A few years ago he killed a Cardassian officer who wanted a bigger payoff to look the other way. He went to prison for murder – I was the one who sent him."

Harry considered that. "I can imagine that if he was held on Bajor, they would release Bajorans who were only convicted of killing Cardassians."

Odo considered that for a moment. He then said, "Computer. Find records on Ibudon Vanto. Access Bajoran Central Archives as necessary."
Both of them waited for the computer to return the results. Finally there was a beep and Odo looked on the screen. "You're right. Sentence commuted by the Provisional Government and released. No restrictions – returned to fill citizen status. Record of the crime expunged." Odo's disgust was palpable.

Harry sat down in the chair across from Odo and sighed. "Well, unfortunately, unless he's wanted there's not much you can do about his presence."

Odo said harshly, "Watch me."

Harry gave him the gimlet eye. "You think Sisko will accept that? These Federation people are quite stuck on the idea of 'non-interference with local laws and customs'. If the man hasn't violated Federation law – they don't care. Even if Sisko would probably agree that the man is scum. The Bajoran government probably said 'Don't do it again' publicly and winked their eye at him for killing one of the oppressors. Check to see what travel plans he's logged into the station."

Odo started accessing the records. Harry, still learning, had walked over so that he could watch. "Interesting. Look here." Harry looked. "What do you see?"

Harry said, "According to this, his quarters are booked for just last night and tonight. Are there any manifests showing him booking passage off the station?"

Odo called up those records and there was a note that he was scheduled to depart – but payment hadn't been made yet.

Harry moved to sit back down. "He books passage up here, gets a room, plays a few games at Quarks, and then plans on returning to the surface? Why the hell did he come here?"

Quark looked at Harry. "That's a very good question." Harry closed his eyes and concentrated. Odo asked curiously, "What are you doing?"

With the eyes still closed Harry said, "I am mentally reviewing the memory of what I observed, looking for details that I missed."

Odo was taken aback but waited for Harry to open his eyes. When he did so Odo asked, "If you didn't notice it, how can you remember it?"

Harry smiled briefly. "There is a technique called Occlumency among my people which allows us to categorize our memories, organize them, allowing us almost perfect recall at need. I attempted to learn it when I was a teenager but did poorly at it. When I had time later and was less distracted, it was one of the things that I concentrated on learning with much more proficiency. I'm passable at it but not a full expert. It's a work in progress."

Odo asked, "What can it do for you?"

"It is massively useful as a learning method and it helps me to control my emotions much more stably. One of my teachers was an expert but went too far – he became almost militantly controlled in his emotions save when he was actively showering me and others with antagonism, something he seemed to enjoy greatly."

Odo said, "I see. Did your recall method bring anything to your attention?"

Harry said with some thought, "I didn't truly notice at the time but when Ibudon saw you approaching and heard your antagonism there was a brief flash of … satisfaction." Harry paused and looked directly at Odo. "I think he plans on doing something. Probably payback for you
sending him to prison.

Odo considered that and said, "The one thing that he could attack is my reputation. Everybody knows that I am impartial to all conflicts. My only loyalty is to justice." Harry snorted. "Why did you make that sound?"

"Your allegiance is to justice – but you are as vindictive as any Bajoran who's been slighted. You saw Ibudon and your dislike for him dominated your actions. You were actually quite stupid in this case." Offended, Odo asked, "Stupid?"

Harry nodded. "If you were acting rationally intelligent, you would have noted his presence, checked to see why he was out of prison, and then subtly put a tail on him."

Odo asked, "A tail? What do tails have to do with security?"

Harry chuckled. "A tail is Human parlance for an observer who follows behind but out of sight. Police use this technique to watch those they are suspicious of, hopefully catching the person in the act of a crime."

Odo smirked and said, "Yes. A tail. As a changeling I can watch very discreetly."

Harry asked, "Two problems with that."

Odo looked at Harry curiously. "First of all, you will be seen as biased – or he will claim that you are biased. Anything that you see will be filtered through whatever accusations he can make in that direction. Second of all, can you watch him 26 hours a day?"

Odo paused and then shook his head. "No. I must return to my natural form after 18 hours and remain that way for several hours a day to recharge my morphogenic matrix."

Harry nodded. "Well, we can work with that. Here's what I suggest, Boss."

Odo looked interested. "Explain."

Harry smirked. "You need to observe Ibudon – but you need to do it obviously. He should feel that you are watching at all times. While most people consider this harassment, if he's trying to trick you to somehow damage your standing, he will think you are playing into his hand. I will look visibly upset with your obsession and stalk off. At a certain point, you will go back to your quarters as expected. However, at that point, I will take over watching but I will not be seen."

Odo asked, "And how good are you at 'not being seen'?"

Harry smirked. "Well, if it's a matter of being unobtrusive I can do this." Harry then changed to his ferret form and looked up at Odo. Odo looked at him in astonishment. Harry changed back.

Odo asked with excitement, "Can you change into anything else?"

Harry had to disappoint. "No. My people, if they attain an animagus form, have only one form. Mine is a ferret. But that's not the only way to hide."

Disappointed that Harry was not just like him nonetheless Odo continued on. "How else can you hide?"

Harry pulled his wand out (Odo had received the explanation for it) and tapped himself on his
As Odo watched in astonishment, Harry's form disappeared into the background. Watching carefully, Odo noticed the slightly watery look at the edge of Harry's form if he moved but otherwise he was invisible. Harry spoke, "But I can still change to a ferret while disillusioned." Odo saw the form change and now, looking carefully, he saw the watery edged of a moving ferret. No one, not looking for this, would ever see it. Harry changed back and cancelled the charm.

"How long can you hold these things?"

Harry shrugged. "Well, the I can hold my animagus form indefinitely. The disillusionment charm depends on how strongly I cast the charm – but I am an uncommonly strong wizard. I'm not worried."

Odo sat back, thinking about what Harry was proposing. Finally he gave a tight smile. "I believe that this will work out nicely."

Harry nodded. "Okay then. Fist thing, call Commander Sisko and explain that you overreacted because of a past incident but that it won't happen again if you can help it. But tell him that Ibudon does seem to be doing something clandestinely and you are only keeping an eye on him but won't interfere unless you see evidence of a current crime."

Odo nodded and did as Harry suggested. Sisko actually showed up at the Security office to hear the explanation. He accepted Odo's word that he would act with more professionalism and left.

Harry said, "I'm going to need another comm badge. If I'm following him, I don't want someone calling me and alerting him."

Odo nodded. "Good idea." Odo went to a replicator and had a new badge created. It was designated as the badge for Watcher 1 in the computer. Anyone using it could only be contacted if someone asked specifically for Watcher 1. When not in use, Odo would keep it in storage.

Harry and Odo performed their little drama for anyone to see. Odo acted obsessed and Harry asked to be excused as though be could barely contain his disgust. Odo noticed immediately that Ibudon was not upset about this at all.

Harry returned to his quarters, ate, explained to his elves why he wouldn't be back overnight and took a nap. When it was time, he contacted Odo to tell him that Watcher 1 was active.

Odo let him know where Ibudon could be found.

Harry smirked as he stopped out of Ibudon's sight and alerted Odo that he was present. Harry then checked the tracking charm (it still pointed to Ibudon), cast a notice-me-not spell on himself, a disillusionment charm, and a silencing charm.

For all intents and purposes he was now invisible to all.

Harry noticed the malicious look Ibudon had as he assured himself that Odo was gone for the night. Harry followed him into the lift. His notice-me-not charm was still active. Ibudon went to his quarters and Harry set himself up to watch. He checked every fifteen minutes or so that the charm still showed the man inside. Harry could have followed him in but had decided that the man wouldn't enact whatever he was doing in his own quarters.

Harry's attention focused when Ibudon walked out with a strange looking female of a species that he wasn't familiar with. The female looked alluring – if you were into that look. Harry thought she looked too slutty. Harry checked the tracking charm again and suddenly was much more focused:
The charm was not pointing at Ibudon but at the female.

Harry followed the two all the way back to Quarks. The female carefully moved to the holosuite area while "Ibudon" arranged for a particular program. Listening carefully, he heard Quark give the suite number.

Harry then moved up the stairs, finding the holosuite in question. He changed into his ferret form and, still under the charms, waited next to the door. "Ibudon" and the female came into view together and Harry watched as the male put a device into the wall next to the door and say, "Activate program". The door opened and Harry quickly moved inside.

Harry was amazed. He hadn't seen a holosuite before. Not knowing exactly how they worked, he didn't move too far away from the obvious centerpoint of the massage table.

Harry couldn't roll his eyes as a ferret but he really had the urge to do so. He hoped that the man wasn't going to be doing intimate things with himself – that would be just weird.

Ibudon took off his top and pants, still dressed in underwear and got onto the table.

Harry moved back and watched as the female started massaging the male on the table, using the various oils and towels present in the program.

Suddenly, Harry saw the female continue massaging the man with one hand while reaching into her (his) pocket with the other. In the hand that wasn't massaging the male there was a knife. Harry immediately changed back to his regular form and unsilenced himself. Just as the female started plunging the dagger in he called out, "Expelliarmus!"

The knife flew toward Harry (he dodged) even as the "female" was knocked viciously back. "Ibudon" gasped and looked around. Even as that happened, Harry sent a wordless stunner.

Harry cancelled his security charms and said, "Station security. Don't move. Can you tell me why the person massaging you was trying to stab you in the back?"

"Ibudon" was horrified. "No!" The man paused and said, "Actually … um … I'm a clone. I was just awoken and this lovely lady offered to show me what it meant to be alive."

Harry sighed. "Well, we will get this sorted out." He tapped his comm badge. "Watcher 1 to Station Security."

There was a pause and a voice came back, "Watcher 1? I don't recognize that designation."

"This is Officer Potter. I was on surveillance and am using a designated badge so that no one could accidentally call me and ruin the mission. Anyway, I need assistance in Holosuite 7 at Quark's. There's been an attempted murder."

"On our way!"

Harry looked at the male and said, "Maybe it would be a good idea if you put on your pants."

The man jumped up and quickly dressed in clothes that had been discarded. Harry moved to open the door to the holosuite – he didn't know if anyone could enter while it was running. He really needed to learn how these things worked.

Very soon two Bajorins in the same uniform he wore rushed in. Harry discretely cast a wordless renervate at the prone form of the female.
The two security officers looked at him. "The victim is this man. He is actually a clone of Ibudon Vanto. That," he pointed to the "female" who was now groaning, "is actually Ibudon Vanto in some type of disguise. Chief Constable Odo arranged for me to follow him as his arrival and travel plans were suspicious. We suspect that he was trying to get revenge against Odo for putting him in prison. I watched him attempt to stab his clone. I disarmed him, accidentally knocking her ... or him ... out. And then I called you, the Night Watch commander."

The Night Watch commander saw the knife on the ground and recovered it while the other Bajorin officer went to try to secure the female. When she realized what was happening, she got a sudden murderous look on her face. "You've ruined everything!"

Harry rolled his eyes. "It's my job to prevent crime if I can – and to arrest the perpetrators of crimes I see. Attempted murder is a crime. Even if it is a clone." He paused. "I think?" He turned to the Night Watch commander. "Is trying to murder a clone a crime?"

The Night Watch commander chuckled himself and said, "Yes. Very much so."

"Oh, good." He turned back to the suspect. "There you go. Attempted murder is a crime."

The "female" had a remarkably realistic petulant look as "she"was dragged away. The victim went easily with the Night Watch commander. Harry would stay in the holosuite until a crime scene specialist arrived to gather any remaining evidence.

Once the technician arrived, Harry went back to the Security Office, wrote up his report, sent it to Odo to receive when he arrived, and went to bed.

Odo was out of sorts when he arrived to his office. He sat down. "Computer. Retrieve all security reports from the time I went off duty."

The computer chimed and Odo looked. He immediately saw the Night Watch commander's report and Harry's listed. He quickly opened them and started reading. His previously poor emotional state transformed into a feeling of deep satisfaction.

Yes. Harry Potter was a very valuable member of his Security force.

Commander Sisko looked at his people as they attended the daily status meeting. "Okay people. Reports." He looked at a much improved Odo. "Why don't we start with Security today?"

Odo chuckled. "Everything is fine. No problems to report. We prevented an attempted murder last night."

Everyone looked at Odo in surprise. Sisko asked, "What happened?"

Odo smirked. "Ibudon Vanto." Sisko had a questioning look. "Ibudon Vanto attempted to murder a clone of himself last night. We believe it was an attempt to frame me and destroy my position out of revenge. He is currently in a holding cell wearing the costume of the female masseuse he was using and the clone is currently in the room Ibudon was booked in. We returned him there after the evidence within the room was collected. His status will need to be determined."

Sisko asked, "When you say we, to whom are you referring?"

"Myself and Officer Potter. He took over surveillance of Ibudon after I went back to my quarters for the night."
Sisko said, "Please send copies of the reports to me when you get the chance."

Odo nodded happily. "They make very interesting reading."

The others present were also insanely curious of the details and would be checking out the reports themselves.
Though he had been lucky with the formerly convicted murderer, Harry was the first to admit that they just plain got lucky. Lucky that Odo had listened to him, lucky that he had proposed following the man, lucky that he had witnessed the attempted murder.

His experience dealing with Death Eaters and Slytherins had paid dividends. They had been quite good at framing others as revenge. After having been nearly burned a couple of times after the war, it was the type of thing he always watched out for.

Still, Odo had responded quite favorably to the extemporaneously planned operation.

Harry had been put on security patrols along the promenade, usually in the company of a Bajoran or Odo himself. There was one factor which Harry both understood and was annoyed by.

Commander Sisko, a couple of days after the incident, had made it a point to visit him.
it is synthehol – true alcohol.”

Sisko considered those options. "What do you suggest?"

Harry asked, "Would alcohol be a problem?"

Sisko replied with a tight grin, "In moderation it's perfectly fine."

Harry called out, "Winky? Madam Rosemerta's mead, please."

The voice came from the food preparation area, "Right away, Master."

Soon Winky was bringing a tray with a bottle and two glasses. Winky set them down, poured the drinks and placed them in front of the two men. Harry nodded, "Thank you, Winky. I'll let you know when to clean up."

"Of course, Master Harry." Winky padded back out of the room.

Sisko picked up the glass and took a tentative sip. The drink was quite pleasant. "That is excellent."

Harry nodded. "It was served in an inn near to my school. On certain weekends, we were allowed to visit the local village and Madam Rosemerta, who ran the Three Broomsticks, was famous for her mead. Though school age children couldn't get it, my Headmaster considered it a rare treat." He took a sip of his own glass.

Sisko sipped again and said, "Well, it is very good."

Harry nodded. "I'm glad. And now: You wish to speak to me outside of the formal settings of your office or mine?"

Sisko set his glass down. "Mr. Potter …"

"Harry, please."

Sisko let out a breath. "Harry. First of all, I wanted to find out how you were doing in the new time and place you find yourself in."

Harry considered that. "All in all, I'm doing pretty well. While it will take months or even years to learn everything I should know, I've learned enough to get by sufficiently to not seem like a total bumpkin."

Sisko gave a brief chuckle in response to Harry's amused tone. "Always a good thing. And how are you getting along with the other Security officers?"

Harry replied, "Well, for the most part. A couple of Bajorans were curious with a hint of disapproval that I was wearing their uniform rather than a Starfleet one but I ensured that it made it through the grapevine that I'm not a Federation citizen. That made the Bajorans surprisingly relieved." He paused. "I would have to say that the Federation does not have as good a reputation with the typical Bajoran as they would like to enjoy. Starfleet has a slightly higher reputation – but not much better."

Sisko asked neutrally, "And why do you think that is?"

"Which?" Harry asked. "The Federation or Starfleet?"
"Either. Both."

"Well, the Federation certainly didn't do itself any favors when it refused to come to Bajor's aid when the Cardassians began to take control of it. And while many Starfleet ships did what they could, they had to limit themselves to looking the other way because the general policy was 'the problems of others are not our concern'."

Sisko immediately took offense at that, though he tried to hide it. "We did the best we could."

Harry sighed. "Starfleet did the best they could – limited by the decisions made by the Federation. You, sir, are in the very unfortunate position of representing a government which is considered indifferent at best and opportunist at worst. Even when the Federation was 'at war with the Cardassians', the Federation Council did their damndest to keep it quiet and to doggedly treat it as a minor inconvenience instead of a real war."

Sisko was very tempted to get mortally offended and stomp out. Instead he calmed himself. "What do you think the Federation should have done?"

Harry sighed. "Look. I understand that as far as most people are concerned the government is there to keep things quiet so that they can go about their business and not intrude on their efforts to have a decent life. But every war that has ever been won has started with those who are in charge saying, 'Your freedoms are at stake. If you wish to live a live of freedom and prosperity, we have this enemy to defeat. It will take sacrifice. It will take our blood. It will take everyone doing their part.' The Federation is a wonderful concept – but it inspires no true loyalty beyond 'what can you do for me?' Or at least it seems that way to me."

Sisko had listened to Harry's whole statement and, to his credit, he had not interrupted – even with looks of disapproval or offense. And so Harry was perfectly patient to listen to the reply. "Our society has changed since the time you lived in it. We have matured. We got rid of poverty and hunger. We got rid of the politics of the mighty dollar. The entire Federation is built upon the principles of peaceful coexistence, cooperation, and personal and societal advancement. We don't even use money anymore. When we tell new worlds and new species that we are inviting them to join, we are promising that their interactions with their fellow Federation members will be predicated upon those basic principles. We also promise that we will not interfere in their internal affairs or the affairs of others. We do not tell people how to live their lives. We do not interfere with the normal development of a society – regardless of much we might wish to. Which also means that we cannot … cannot … then change the rules on those members who do not want to get involved."

Harry nodded. "I am certain that this is true. In my opinion, however, membership should not be free – or a club for only the rich to join. As far as Bajor goes, while it was not a member, it obviously was not a pre-warp civilization. Or at least it was not by the time that the Cardassians had started to more forcibly infiltrate. I understand I didn't live it and so have no standing to effectively criticize. But if it were me, the moment that Cardassia had initiated war with the Federation, I would have gotten every ship I could together and invaded the place." He sighed. "I understand that I am considered a primitive from an unenlightened era, but your government structure seems to me to be slightly insane."

Sisko looked at Harry for a long moment and then said, "From your perspective, it might be. But it's the best way we know how to do it."

Harry nodded. "Do you want to know what I think the flaw is?"

Sisko sat back, grabbing a glass and taking a sip. "What do you consider 'the flaw'?"
Harry replied, "You've attempted to model a government based on an old Earth institution called the United Nations. While the purpose, goals and activities of the United Nations were quite laudable, and suffered from less direct corruption than other organizational structures, it was also never designed to manage populations. Such was left to its member states. And those members could, if sufficiently provoked, act in what they considered to be their best interests - or for humanitarian reasons. The Federation, attempting to prevent interstellar war, immediately takes over any military its members have specifically to prevent any member from attacking any other member – or embroiling the entire collective in a conflict that most do not desire. Which this is great in principle, it prevents the members from individually acting on their conscience."

Sisko considered the argument. "At the time, it was considered the best option. The Federation was created after a war with the Romulans. The Prime Directive was put into place due to the recognized errors that were made in dealing with the Klingons. Those in charge could have attempted to rule – create a benevolent monarchy in effect. But that would have meant that any new members would have had to initially at least give up their sovereignty. Who would have joined under those circumstances? A man from your own country, a bit before your time, Winston Churchill once said in the House of Commons, 'No one pretends that democracy is perfect or all-wise. Indeed it has been said that democracy is the worst form of Government except for all those other forms that have been tried from time to time.' The Federation is not perfect – no one could honestly claim that it is. But given the other options? I'll like it any day of the week and twice on Sundays."

Harry sighed. "Hindsight it 20/20. I came late to this cricket match. I apologize if I came across as morally arrogant. It's an easy trap to fall into."

Sisko graciously in acceptance of the apology. "Good people have the ability to disagree. There's no shame in it. We're all doing the best we can." Harry raised his glass in salute to that and then took a drink. Sisko mirrored him. "However, your observation do lead to something I wanted to discuss."

"Oh?" Harry asked.

"Yes. Have you considered the ramifications of being a human employed by the Bajorans?"

"What do you mean?"

Sisko sat forward a little bit. "Your observation of the undercurrent of tension between the Bajorans and the Federation is quite accurate. There are many Bajorans who resent the presence of the Federation and the Provisional Government's request for our presence. Even my Executive Officer is amongst these, regardless of the professionalism with which she operates. While those who know your story are all supportive of your position within the Bajoran security forces, those who are only casual observers might take offense. And so I need to make a request of you."

Harry nodded expectantly.

"I need to ensure that you visibly defer to those Bajorans with whom you work. Especially Major Kira. You are a very confident man – with good reason. And while that is important in dealing with the average resident or traveler, I need to ensure that you do not come off as abrasive to those you work with. My observation, I would point out, is strictly political." Sisko paused. "Sometimes I think that managing the relationship between the Federation and Bajor is harder than herding cats."

Harry listened to Sisko's entire request. He would be the first to admit that he had a tendency to take charge and that this might offend his Bajoran comrades. "I can only say that I'll try." He suddenly grinned. "I just need to work with a Bajoran woman like Memta CeeCi, someone who is
visibly 'in charge'. From my observation, Bajoran women of a certain type don't take crap from anyone."

Sisko gave a laugh. "That, Mr. Potter, is a very astute observation."

Harry was working the arrivals area of the station with a fellow security officer. Ketya Ardey was a no-nonsense woman a few years older than himself who had previously been in the Bajoran Resistance. Odo had listened to Harry's reasons for being assigned such a partner and had acquiesced. After the woman had spoken to Major Kira, she was mostly accepting of her Human partner.

Security had been upped by Odo after the arrival of a Bajoran running from the Cardassians. Harry had met the man and had immediately disliked him: Tahna Los.

Tahna had an oily quality in his opinion though Major Kira seemed to think that he was a valuable man. Harry, privately, thought her bigotry against Cardassians blinded her. Harry had immediately noted the hidden contempt that Tahna had for him, a human wearing a Bajoran uniform.

Harry was standing back when he observed two alien women who were dressed in leather and armor. Both were carrying weapons. He recognized them from his studies: Klingons.

A fellow officer stopped them. Their next action caused every security officer in the area to react: The taller one physically punched the security officer, knocking him down. Officer Ketya and himself immediately surged forward, as did the officer who was paired with the downed man. He immediately pulled his sidearm and pointed it at the two visitors. Harry saw how nervous he truly was.

Ketya spoke. "What is the meaning of this?"

The two Klingon women looked at the female security officer with some contempt – though they also noticed that the others deferred to her. This, surprisingly, modified their tone slightly. "That man demanded that we surrender our weapons."

Ketya replied, "Of course he did! A free port this might be, but there are rules. All visitors will surrender their weapons to the on-duty Security agent during their stay on the station. All weapons taken into custody shall be returned to said visitor upon their departure. Only authorized Security Officers shall be allowed to carry sidearms while on the station."

In the background, Harry had tapped his comm badge to alert dispatch that there was an ongoing incident. He then stood behind and to the side of Ketya to back her up.

"The fool was disrespectful to even ask." Before she could continue, Odo hurried up – he hadn't been far away.

"What?" Odo asked.

The downed man's partner spoke. "Sir. We've had a little problem. These two women are just arriving. They objected to giving up their weapons."

The taller woman said derisively to the man, "Klingons do not surrender their weapons."

"Who are you?" Odo asked tightly.

"We are Lursa and B'etor, of the House of Duras." She said it proudly.
Odo replied, "And we have specific regulations. You can leave the weapons or leave the station. Your choice. Please make it now." There was no fear in his posture.

"Who are you?" the shorter one, B'etor Harry assumed, asked.

Odo replied somewhat pugnaciously, "I'm the one giving you the choice."

Staring at Odo for a long moment, looked at each other and back at him. Both reached down and took out their holstered weapons. They handed them to Ketya without looking away from Odo.

Once that was done, Odo said, "Welcome to DS9," bowing very slightly in welcome.

The shorter one snorted contemptuously and then they both stalked off.

Harry quickly went to check on the downed man. He had regained consciousness and accepted his assistance to stand. Harry picked up the man's weapon and returned it to him. He nodded in thanks.

Harry looked to where the women had stalked off to. They would be trouble.

Odo called him later. "Harry. Come in." Harry came in the door and stood before his desk. "You saw the two Klingons?"

"Yes. I was there when they came on station. A couple of troublemakers if I ever saw any."

Odo nodded. "I want you to observe them. They're sitting at Quarks doing nothing. Waiting, if my guess is correct. I need you to become a part of the background. I'll be more visible but also hang back."

Harry nodded. He pulled his wand and changed his clothes to something more common for civilian visitors. He also cast a glamour charm on himself to make him look like a random human visitor.

Odo looked at him and said, "Very good. Give me your badge." Harry took it off and put it on the desk. Odo took out the Watcher 1 badge. "Put this one on but keep it discreet."

Harry grinned and put it on his chest. He then cast a spell on it. It faded into obscurity. "How's that?"

Odo asked curiously, "Does it still work?"

Harry tapped it and said, "Watcher 1 to Security Dispatch."

"This is Dispatch. Go ahead."

"Just doing an equipment check on the badge."

"Very well. Dispatch out."

Odo pulled out a few strips of Latinum. "Well, Mr. Potter, you should go and have an enjoyable time eating and drinking at Quarks. Alert me if there are any significant movements while there."

Harry nodded. He sent a message to the elves, who had their own badges now. They wouldn't be expecting him unless he returned unexpectedly.

Harry made his way to Quarks and sat at a table out of the way. The server served him drinks and a
bit of food (he was getting used to replicated stuff but it was still slightly off to him). While he wasn't facing the two Klingons, they were in his field of vision. Harry had a pad which he visibly studied, as though reading a book.

In fact, he was reading a book – one of those that he had brought with him. It was entitled the Reluctant Swordsman. Being about a 20th-Century Human thrown into a more primitive world and society, it was quite amusing at times. But he didn't get so engrossed so as not to be able to see if the two Klingon women did anything.

All in all, it was a boring few hours. As the traffic within Quarks began to increase, he saw Odo arrive and sit down at the bar, keeping to himself. Harry was amazed at how he seemed to fade into the background.

Things changed when a particular person arrived: Tahna Los. The two Klingon sisters immediately got up and made their way out. Odo saw them and followed. Harry hung back but followed Odo.

Harry cast a supersensory charm directed toward the Bajoran. He heard the man saying that he couldn't get the gold because of the Cardassians. The two Klingon sisters had no sympathy and basically threatened him.

Harry cast a notice-me-not spell on himself. It was just in time to prevent the sisters from noticing him as they retreated.

Harry saw them go to quarters that had been arranged for them during their visit. Harry then made his way back to report to Odo what he had seen.

He took his own comm badge back. Like the Watcher 1 badge, it was one of those that had the Bajoran's sigil on it rather than Starfleet's. Curiously, it was worn on the right side of the chest rather than the left. Harry knew why Humans wore such things on the left but not the reason for the Bajoran choice.

He had just made it back to his quarters when he was called to Ops.

The Ops group and Odo were looking at him expectantly when he arrived. He stepped off the lift and forward. "You wanted to see me?"

Sisko was the one who spoke. "Constable Odo tells me that you are able to cloak your movements so that none can see your presence."

Harry nodded. "It's funny that you should use the term 'cloak'. From my understanding that word is used based on the mythical idea of an invisibility cloak. Until I left my home world, I owned such a cloak which had been handed down in my family for several centuries. I do not need a cloak however." He cast several spells on himself.

Sisko, who had been watching, asked Miles, "Scan and see if you can locate Mr. Potter while he is cloaking himself."

Miles took out a tricorder and attempted to locate him. The tricorder read nothing. Miles' voice came out with his typical brogue. "As far as our instruments read – there's nothing there."

Harry then canceled the disillusionment spell on himself with a tap of his wand on his head and finited the rest of the spells. "That is a sufficient demonstration?"

Sisko nodded. "Yes. We have an assignment for you." Harry focused his interest. "Our intelligence
has determined that Tahna is attempting to purchase the components of a powerful explosive device. He is expecting Major Kira to allow him to use a Runabout. We need you to be on that runabout – and the subdue him after the Klingons deliver the other component he needs."

Harry nodded. "When will this handover take place."

"Major Kira is expected to bring Tahna to the runabout in one hour station time. The handover will be at 25:00 hours. Mr. O'Brien and myself will be in another runabout nearby in case there is any trouble. We also have to contend with a Cardassian vessel which will be coming to capture Mr. Tahna – B'etor and Lursa have used the opportunity of knowing where he will be to make an extra amount of gold-pressed latinum beyond the sale price of the bilitrium."

"Very well then. Which runabout?"

"The Yangtze-Kiang – Pad B."

Harry nodded. "I will be there – but you won't see me until I am needed. Please block my comm badge in the computer so no one can accidentally call me."

Jadzia did something and then nodded to him. "Done."

Sisko said, "Do not act until we know exactly what his plan is. Under no circumstances is he allowed to get away or to actually detonate the device."

Harry replied, "Yes, Commander. You won't hear from me until it's time." With that, Harry disapparated to the runabout in question he had previously familiarized himself with their locations for the very reason of being able to apparate to them when they were docked.

Harry cast all the necessary spells and then changed into his animagus form.

He watched the drama play out. As soon as the Klingon sisters beamed out and started to move away, he changed back from his animagus form. They didn't know what Tahna was planning but he forced Kira to go to warp.

"You call this a non-violent solution? There are hundreds of Bajoran civilians on the station."

"No one's going to be hurt, Kira. Adjust your heading to take a vectored approach past the mouth of the wormhole."

Kira was horrified. "You don't think you can destroy the wormhole with that device, do you?"

"Not destroy it. Just collapse the entrance. No more wormhole, no more . . . ."

Just at that moment, Harry had decided to act. They knew the target – there was no need to get any closer to a more dramatic scene to foil the plot. He cast a wordless stupefy. Kira watched Tahna fall to the floor.

Harry cancelled his spells. "I suggest coming to a full stop and informing the Commander that he has been knocked out." While Kira did that, Harry ensured that the weapon was secured. "And please turn that off – I don't know how to disarm bombs."

Kira moved to turn the activation sequence off.

Harry hit his comm badge – they were close enough to the station. "Potter to Sisko. The device has been turned off and Tahna Los has been rendered unconscious. We'll be returning to the station."
"Understood, Mr. Potter. We'll see you and Major Kira back on the station. Odo will meet you to bring him into custody."

"Okay. Please have someone get this bomb too – just the fact it exists is making me nervous."

"Of course. Sisko out."

As Major Kira started flying the shuttle so that it could dock, Harry moved the man out of the way and sat down in one of the chairs.

"Major Kira. Can I ask a question?"

She turned to him. "Sure. Go ahead."

"Why do Bajorans wear their comm badges on the right side of their uniforms?"

Kira looked at him incredulously – she hadn't been expecting that question. It was out of no where.

"I know why Humans wear things on the left – nearer the heart. Why on the right?"

Kira chuckled in relief – she suddenly felt much less in shock as she was forced to talk about something that had nothing to do with the situation at hand. "Bajoran Hearts are more to the right. That's the only reason."

Harry nodded. "But what does that mean culturally? I know that Humans culturally consider the heart the source of emotions – or at least that was the view until we learned better. We still call giving someone our love 'giving them our heart' – even if it isn't quite accurate. Heart is also what we call determination or compassion. What do the Bajorans associate the heart with?"

Major Kira considered that. "With us, pledging our heart is pledging our loyalty. It can be in the area of romantic feelings but the underlying meaning is that the source of our blood is pledged to whatever we give our heart to."

Harry nodded, considering that. "Well, we call it the same thing – but giving something our heart – our loyalty – would imply some form of affection or love for that thing. We can give our loyalty to something while withholding our heart."

Major Kira nodded as she activated the docking controls. "We would say that we could give our love to something without giving our heart or that we can give something our heart without our love."

Harry said, "It's a very subtle difference, isn't it?"

Major Kira nodded, smiling, as she monitored the controls. She was happy to allow herself to be distracted from the utter regret she felt at having to betray an old friend.

Chapter End Notes

I finally found that the order of episodes in Netflix do not match the order that they aired. In the original airing, A Man Alone aired after Past Prologue. On Netflix, it is reversed. Seeing as I am following the Netflix order, I hope explaining that that prevents any misunderstanding. Oh, dialogue taken from the show is owned by
Viacom.
Harry was meticulous about being out of uniform when he wasn't on duty. He noticed that most people on the station wore, with little exception, their uniform and not really many other things. They had other clothes, or could get them made, but didn't truly make any effort. It was mind-boggling to him. He himself didn't want to look "on duty" all the time.

Besides, the Bajoran uniforms tended to itch.

The one problem that Harry would admit to was that his casual clothes were hundreds of years out of style. He wore things like denim, which was not a fabric that was in use anymore. He wore leather shoes, which was also something that wasn't in general use (real leather, that is, rather than the common faux leather of this time). Even the synthetics that he was used to weren't in use – plastics were made from crude oil which was not a material commonly used in production anymore.

He would admit if pressed that it was slightly disconcerting.

He had it easier than a non-Magical from his world would have. Magical society didn't really use denim or petroleum-based plastics, though leather was very common. He was more used to natural fabrics of various types.

And so, having earned a bit of gold-pressed latinum as well as some Federation credits (he had been paid for his assistance when he had first arrived) Harry went to the tailor's shop on the Promenade.

He walked in to see the one Cardassian he had seen around the station. The man stood up. "Constable Potter! Welcome to my humble shop. What can I do for you today?" Harry almost snorted to himself. The Cardassian tailor was as obsequious as any proprietor he had ever met. In fact, Harry thought he sounded like one of the higher-end shop owners when dealing with rich customers.

"Before I answer that question, can I ask one of my own?" Harry asked.

Garek looked very interested. "Certainly! Be my guest."

"From my observation, you insist on calling people by their rank, title, or – barring either of those – Mister, Missus, Miss or Madam. Is this a Cardassian cultural imperative?"

Garek was taken aback – and then positively beamed. "Do you know that you are the first Human that has ever asked me that question? In most of my dealings, they either accept the form of address I use or offer to allow me to address them with their given name – which I never do. Given names are, for Cardassians, only used by family and loved ones. Its usage implies a certain … intimacy. Also, it is respectful to use a person's title or rank as it is a mark of status. Otherwise, the general name is what is used. I insist upon Garek because I am not close enough to anyone on the station and I do not expect to become close enough for the use of my given name to be appropriate. I do, of course, attempt to fit into the social mores for the society I currently live in – but there is a limit to how much informality I can accept from those around me."

Harry nodded. "Your normal conversational addresses are, to be honest, more fitting to Human
culture from about 500 years ago. It wasn't until the early 1900s, on the human calendar, where such customs fell out of common usage. It just so happens that I lived in a society where the more conservative members still insisted upon such propriety. Even my enemies called me Potter or Mr. Potter, unless they were being exceedingly insulting so as to assume a familiarity which they did not deserve. I am the only Human to notice because I am the only Human you have met which is not centuries removed from such usages."

Garek's face was a study in interest. "Yes. I heard that you were from from Earth's past. Perhaps even from a universe not our own. I was curious as to the accuracy of the rumor."

Harry smiled. "Well, Master Garek, I can confirm that such is the case. I am, in the parlance of my own society, Mister Harry James Potter, born into a different universe on 31 July 1980, on Earth. It is a pleasure to make your acquaintance." Harry gave a respectful bow of his head. Harry paused. "Though I could also be called Master Potter as well."

Garek nodded cordially in acknowledgement. He then asked, "The reason for that?"

Harry chuckled. "Mister came to replace Master after the former started holding some negative associations in Earth culture. In addition, around the same time, a different dialect of English also gained prominence on Earth. In American English, Mister is more common – and also came to be used for any male that you were not in a close friendship of some type. Federation usage seems to follow the American dialect. But I am British – and we spoke the language first. Master tended to be used for boys from certain social classes. Also, Master can be used for people who achieved certain levels of recognition within an area of study - that is why I could technically be called Master. I am certain that you insist upon being called by simply Garek the Clothier because, from speculation that I have overheard, you were – perhaps unfairly – stripped of the positions you held in your own society up until only a month ago and can no longer claim former honorifics. Whether true or not, it is undeniably true that you are a Master of your current craft – just as I hold a Mastery in certain skills taught within my own society. And so you shall be, to me, Master Garek."

Garek nodded in acknowledgement. "Well, Master Potter, this has been a most enlightening conversation. But still, you came to me – I assume – to take advantage of my normal services. And so: How can I help you today?" The obsequious tone had disappeared to leave more true respect.

Harry nodded. "I find that my casual clothing is several hundred years out of fashion. I believe it would be best if I had clothing which stood out less when I am not on duty. You are a clothier, Master Garek, and from my own observations a rather good one. What would you suggest?"

Harry's next hour was spent in activities very reminiscent of Madam Malkins, or the Muggle tailors he had visited before his audience with the Queen for his Knighthood ceremony.

Most common costumes could be replicated by anyone on the station. Visiting Garek, however, gave that bit of personalization in one's clothing which showed the difference between tailored and off-the-rack. All in all, Harry was quite satisfied.

There was one thing that Harry noticed. As Garek was making some notes on some of the adjustments he would be making before the order was ready, Harry noticed a certain … stiffness to the man. Though had had experience as an Occlumens, he was not so proficient as to have perfect memory at a glance. And so he was puzzling out what Garek's posture reminded him of.

"Potions!" he exclaimed all of a sudden.

Garek looked up from his note taking. "Excuse me?"
"Sorry. I was thinking of something, trying to remember, and it suddenly came to me. I apologize for the distraction."

Garek waved that off. "Think nothing of it." He finished his notes and stood up fully. "Alright, then. I believe that I have sufficient details so as to perform my duties. Now. Let us discuss ... pice."

Harry nodded, "What would be a normal price for such items, Master Garek?"

Garek paused and took a long look at his customer. "I will readily admit that, under normal circumstances, I would be quoting a price on the high end of normal, expecting there to be some room for negotiation. As you are new to this time and society and because you are a pleasant customer to work with, I will quote a respectable price – not too generous and not too reasonable, somewhere in the middle. I do this in hopes of fostering a relationship built on reasonable respect.”

Garek quoted him a price in gold-pressed latinum.

"Okay. While I do have latinum sufficient to pay that, what would you say if I offered a payment based on a mixture of credits and latinum? I am certain that the credits could be used as payment towards the supplies that you buy from Federation sources or for the rents you might be paying, while latinum seems to be the currency of choice outside of the Federation."

Garek looked interested. "That would be acceptable. Let us say half in latinum and half in Federation credits?"

Harry replied, "That sounds agreeable. How many credits would suffice to cover half of the latinum you quoted?" Garek gave a number. "That is acceptable." He tapped his badge. "Computer. This is Harry Potter. Please verify my voice print."

"Voice print verified."

"Please transfer," Harry quoted the number of Federation credits, "to Garek the Clothier, Deep Space 9 Promenade." He then gave his security code.

"Transaction completed and recorded."

Harry nodded. "I will bring the latinum when I pick up my order. Is that acceptable?"

Garek nodded in that odd manner he had. (Garek tended to tilt his head and nod at an angle while widening his eyes so as to not lose sight of you while he did so – very strange. Harry assumed it was a cultural thing to not take your eyes off of those you dealt with.) "Yes. Will tomorrow at 16:00 station time be sufficient?"

Harry nodded. "More than sufficient. Until then, Master Garek."

"Of course, Master Potter; until then." Harry was bowed out of the shop.

Harry made his way back to his quarters. Upon arrival, and accepting a cup of tea from Winky, he retrieved the notes that Hermione had insisted on giving him before his jump through the Veil.

Hermione had known that Harry, while magically prodigious, was not an expert in Runes. He studied them and, given sufficient time, could create runic enchantments. But he did not have the instinctive sense of them which would allow him to do so without reference to notes. As a result, she had put together a packet which contained common rune strings for certain effects, as well as directions for modifying them. He needed certain ones.
Upon finding the strings and noting the modification method for one of the strings, he called out. "Computer. What temperature do Cardassians consider normal for their living or working spaces?"

The computer replied, "Between 30 and 40 degrees."

Harry asked, "What is that on the Fahrenheit scale?"

"86 to 104 degrees"

Harry commented to himself, "Wow. That's warm." He spent a few minutes with a pad and pencil and carefully made notes and calculated the changes from the base string Hermione had given him. When he was satisfied, he took a clean sheet and wrote out the runic arrays. He put his notes away.

"Winky," he called out.

Winky padded in from where she had been studying. Winky and Dobby, if he were honest, probably were more qualified than he was when it came to modern 24th-Century life. For some reason, they seemed to really catch on to modern technology while Harry was still having trouble at times. Perhaps it was the fact that they viewed it as necessary to understand it so they could work around it. He didn't know. "Master Harry?"

Harry smiled at the small being. "Do you remember the extra clothes that we have packed away in some trunk or another?"

"Yes. I know exactly where it is."

"Good. I need …." He explained exactly what he needed her to retrieve. Winky nodded and retrieved the items and laid them on the table. "Ok, good. Do you see these runic strings?"

Winky looked at the paper. "Yes, Master Harry."

"Could you sew, using continuous unbleached cotton thread, these runes onto each one of these items? You'll need to have soaked the thread in the potion we have for that purpose. On these, sew them here," he pointed to an area near the lower hem of the tops, "and on these sew them here," he motioned toward the upper hem of the bottoms.

Winky took a long look at the runes and then at the fabrics. "Certainly, Master Harry. When will they need to be finished?"

"Tomorrow by 13:00 station time. I will need to charge the runes. That will take a bit. And then I will deliver them a bit later to the person they are for."

"Of course, Master Harry. I will have them ready." Winky gathered the pieces and the sheet with the runes and padded off to her work area.

Harry checked in at his normal time the next day, messaging Commander Sisko that he wanted to see him when there was opportunity.

Harry patrolled the Promenade until lunchtime, pairing with Ketya Ardey and following her lead. He noticed that he was under far less scrutiny when he worked with her rather than alone. It was a source of amusement and annoyance: Amusement that such a small thing had any effect and annoyance at the general bigotry that it showed was just beneath the surface.

Harry was, perhaps, in a much better position to judge these things than those who lived in the
society he found himself in. The Federation members were a bit naïve. They assumed that if they treated the Bajorans fairly that the undercurrent of tension would eventually go away. Harry could see that there would be at least one eruption. It was weeks, months, or years away – but it was inevitable.

Most visitors tended to ignore it. They were too caught up in their own lives and activities to pay attention. Even Odo, while he noticed things, could not instinctively see this because he himself was subtly arrogant, feeling that Humanoids and their petty reactions were beneath him in some way. That wasn't to say he was consciously bigoted – but Odo still reacted as though he was alien. He wasn't invested in the people around him in the same way. He tended to view things on the basis of "order vs. disorder", with a healthy dislike of disorder. Which was why he disliked Quark so intensely – Ferengi business was opportunistic rather than planned and executed with a strict adherence to rules.

Quark, Harry found, had as much of a true understanding as Sisko seemed to. His motivations were far less altruistic. Quark used his ability to see the true nature of things to manipulate things toward his own ends.

It was near lunch time (for him) when he was contacted. "Sisko to Potter."

"Go ahead."

"You wished to see me? I have time now."

"Alright. Let me inform dispatch that I will be unavailable and I will meet you in your office."

"Very well. I will see you shortly."

Harry contacted the Security office and then made his way to Ops. Jadzia looked up from her console. "Hello, Harry," she said with a smile. "Do you need something?" Major Kira paused to listen.

Harry nodded in greeting to them both. "I've come to see the Commander. He commed me that he was available."

Jadzia nodded cheerfully in acknowledgement and Major Kira returned to her own activities. Harry moved to the door and activated the chime.

"Enter," he heard the Commander say. The door opened and he went inside. "Ah. Mr. Potter. You asked to see me."

"Yes," Harry replied as he came before the man's desk. "Thank you for your time. I need to discuss a request – and possibly ask for assistance."

"Go ahead," Sisko replied, sitting back.

"I have been in this time for about a month. And while I am settling in and learning what I need of modern society and technology, I do believe that I need to do one thing before something comes up that makes it impossible. And that is to visit Earth."

Sisko took a long look at Harry, stood up, and then motioned him over to the sitting area. The two sat down in the more comfortable seating there. "What do you mean, 'before something comes that makes it impossible'?"

Harry chuckled. "Once you have lives around me for a decent amount of time, you will come to
learn why I have been known as 'Fate's Bitch'. I am still in the early stages of settling in, not quite comfortable. Fate tends to wait until I am comfortable before acting. And so I wish to visit Earth and return before she can set her hooks in. It will be safer, I think, in the long run."

Sisko considered that and somewhat whimsically asked, "And what does being Fate's Bitch entail?"

Harry snorted. "The extreme bad luck of myself and those around me falling into some horrendously dangerous circumstance which usually results in the more timid running around yelling, 'We're all gonna die!'. And then there's the extreme good luck of seeming chance showing how to get out of it, normally under arduous and life-threatening circumstances. Remember the description of my life?"

Sisko nodded.

"Consider this: A Dark Lord, by chance, learns of a prophecy which means that I, as a baby, am the greatest threat to his existence. He comes after me and my family, killing everyone around me. Somehow, through some mystical and completely unheard of means, my mother uses the sacrifice of her life to allow me to survive a killing curse that no one has ever survived before. Extreme bad luck. Extreme good luck. Then I had to be sent to my relatives to maintain that protection – Extreme Bad Luck. My extreme good luck of getting away from them to go to a magic school then ended in the extreme bad luck of having to face the psycho once more. Somehow, the protection burns him and allows me to survive – another never-before-seen magical phenomenon. And that is the story of my life. Extreme bad and good luck alternating, the good luck coming from something that no one had ever seen before. I jump into the Veil of Death – a certain death sentence for anyone else. Instead, it just so happens that there is a fairly ethical and accepting visitor to these ultra-powerful beings that no one had ever actually seen before; one who is able to take me somewhere where, unexpectedly, there are resources to experience just about every culture there is without actually putting myself at the mercy of all the various aliens who might want to exploit me. Now I'm just waiting for the extreme bad luck to hit again. I don't know where it will come from – I just know that it's coming."

Sisko, listening to Harry's rant, suddenly laughed, though it had a slightly rueful note to it. Harry was confused until Sisko said, "Your extreme types of luck sounds like the extremes that Starfleet Captains often run into. I suddenly envisioned 'Captain Potter of the USS Enterprise' – almost every one of them had the same type of hot and cold running luck. It might be quite fun to read about – but not so fun to experience."

Harry grimaced. "Then whatever you do, try to avoid allowing me on any ship named Enterprise. I would not want my luck to interface badly with their luck. I can just imagine running into twice the bad luck that I am used to during these cycles."

Sisko nodded. "Well, there is nothing that is really stopping you from visiting Earth. In the absence of any large scale conflict, there are usually no security restrictions. Technically, you fall into a gray area – an Earth citizen who is not a member of the Federation. You were born before the Federation came into being and you never signed up for it." Sisko suddenly smirked. "Your record of currently working for the Bajoran government seems to be one of those happily-by-chance things which gives sufficient status so as to be unremarked."

Harry grinned. "I do love my luck when it runs good." He paused. "How about my elves? They will want to come with me."

Sisko nodded. "They actually fall under the same grey area: Technically citizens of Earth but not the Federation. They are registered as your retainers."
Harry asked, "How would I arrange passage? Are there civilian transports which are available?"
Captain Sisko winced momentarily. Harry noticed. "What is it?"

Sisko sighed. "While there are no real security concerns as far as you visiting Earth goes, you are a subject of interest. The abilities that you have, and the fact that they are genetic rather than unique, makes you a possible target. While no one can legally force you, I happen to know that Federation Security would prefer you travel on Starfleet vessels when in Federation space especially when you are near the edge of it." Sisko paused and said, "Congratulations. You are officially a Very Important Person."

Harry sighed. "Being a VIP gets rather old. At least I will be fairly unremarkable while on Earth itself."

Sisko replied, "Possibly." Harry gave him a somewhat dirty look.

Sisko told Harry that he would coordinate with Starfleet to make arrangements for him to travel.

Harry returned to duty until it was time to return to his quarters.

"Winky. Are those items ready?"

"Of course, Master Harry. They are there." She motioned to the table in the sitting area.

Harry sat down and carefully inspected her work. He compared the written note he had made.
"Excellent, Winky. Very good job." She blushed happily from her seat.

Harry then pulled his wand and concentrated. It took a little bit of time, but he activated the enchantments that were written out in Ancient Runes on the garments before him. It wasn't hard – but it took decent concentration to put enough magic into it to activate the runes but not so much as to damage the cotton.

With that done, he stood up. Dobby was the one now working while Winky studied. "Dobby? Can you ensure that these items are put into a box? I will be taking them with me when I get the clothes I bought."

"Of course, Master Harry Potter." Dobby went to replicate a box even as Harry withdrew to change and to refresh himself.

Garek was working on another order when his most recent newest customer entered his ship. He stood up. "Master Potter. You are right on time. Would you like to see the merchandise?"

Harry nodded, setting the box he was carrying down. Garek pulled the suitcase (replicated) containing the items he had made and opened it. He began pulled out the various items.

Harry moved to stand next to him. "Very nice," he said as Garek quickly showed each item. "I should probably at least try one outfit on to verify the fit, though I am confident in your skills."

"Of course! Of course!" Garek picked up a set of trousers and a shirt and handed these to Harry. "The changing room is right over there." He pointed to a door off to the side of the room.

Harry moved to the changing room and changed over to the new items. He looked in the mirror and saw that he was right: Garek had been spot on in his alterations. He exited the room to show the fitting.
"Goooood. Goooood." Garek moved to Harry and started checking the hems and fit, ensuring that there were no defects. Finally he stood back. "You are satisfied then, Master Potter?"


Garek smiled happily and said, "Very well then. You can change back to what you were wearing or walk out with it on."

Harry looked down at himself – he did look good. "I believe I shall wear it out of the store." He retreated to the room and retrieved the clothes he had been wearing and the money pouch. He came back out and put this in Garek's hand. "The latinum portion, as promised. Please count it to ensure it is all there."

Garek picked up the small bag and weighed it in his hand, glancing only momentarily inside of it. "I believe that I can sufficiently gauge that it is correct by weight." Garek withdrew to put it away and then returned to the main area. "Alright. Let's get the case packaged back up – we'll put your former outfit with the others."

Garek moved to quickly put everything back together. When it was done, he set it in front of Harry. "I believe this concludes our transaction, Master Potter."

Harry smiled. "Yes. But before I go, I have something for you. It might seem quite odd – but indulge me if you will."

Garek looked curiously at the box Harry had brought. "I believe my interest is piqued."

Harry smiled, picked up the box, and set it on the table. Garek moved the box slightly to position it and then took off the lid. Garek's face showed some confusion as he took out the items. "This looks like," he looked at Harry, "undergarments?"

Harry laughed at his expression. "Yes. I know it seems very strange. But, once again, I am asking for your indulgence. These are boxers and t-shirts and they typically go below one's clothing. These are among the items I actually brought with me and are not replicated. They are made of naturally grown cotton – which was necessary to achieve what I attempted to achieve. Please take a moment and put on a t-shirt and a pair of boxers and then put your regular costume back on over them."

While he looked dubious, Garek retreated to the same changing room which Harry had just used to do as requested. Harry waited patiently for him to finish. In only three minutes, Garek was returning. There was no visual evidence that he was wearing the items. Garek was now much more interested, "I noticed that the items actually changed their shape after I put them on. Is this a technology from your world? I have never heard of such a thing."

Harry replied, "No. I'll tell you a secret." He looked around obviously to ensure they were alone and then said in a stage-whisper, "It's magic."

Garek looked dubious for a moment once more and then said with amusement, "Interesting. So you are some type of sorcerer?"

Harry nodded. "I am certain that the rumour has been spread – or at least there are rumours of strange things happening around me."

Garek nodded. "I will admit that there have been rumours – but such things are beyond belief and I dismissed them."
Harry said with a smirk, "Sorry, Master Garek. My truth is stranger than your fiction."

Garek looked at Harry for a moment – and then suddenly froze. He then gasped and put his hands onto his chest as though to verify that what he was feeling was accurate. He looked at Harry in some little awe.

"Warming charm. When I visited yesterday, your movements reminded me of a class I took when I was in school. During the winter months that particular classroom was always on the too cold side of comfortable. The teacher disdained expending his attention on something so plebian as student comfort. I then looked up what I could of Cardassians and found that, as a people, you much prefer a warmer environment. And so I took a chance and used my skills and my people's knowledge to make these for you."

"Why?" Harry noted that Garek was actually overwhelmed but was attempting to maintain a proper Cardassian mask.

"Well, as I mentioned, the speculation is that you now live in exile among the Bajorans. I would guess that, for your people, exile might be considered worse than death. That you were left to live with Bajorans probably indicates that you did something to help Bajorans or refused to do something which would harm Bajorans, probably due to you having a conscious, in contravention to the demands of the State. That is my guess – no one actually said that. And now, because of the history between your peoples, you probably experience disdain that is hidden and not so hidden. The Bajorans are an opinionated people – they like Humans only a little more than Cardassians. Perhaps this can be put in the ledger to balance against that unpleasant reality in some amount." He grinned. "Besides, making these for you allowed me to practice techniques that I had always thought I should try but had never actually gotten around to trying."

During Harry's explanation Garek had both calmed down and become more nonplussed all at once. Finally, he responded. "I will accept the gift as a token of solidarity against the subtle prejudices we might both be subjected to at times. At some point, Master Potter, I shall try to return the favor."

Harry nodded. "As a part of that – keep it to yourself. My techniques do not lend themselves to mass production. While I am certain I could make a profit, it would be too much effort and too much time. And it would open me to too much scrutiny. Please do not mention this to anyone. This is a personal thing between me and you. I believe you are a man who can keep secrets, should you so choose."

Garek nodded in acknowledgement. "I will keep your secret, Master Potter. And if I decide it is necessary to break the secret, I will try to obtain your permission first. I will only do so in life or death circumstances affecting those around you."

Harry nodded in acknowledgement. "Very good, Master Garek. I hope this begins a long and pleasant acquaintance."

Chapter End Notes

One reviewer mentioned that it's kind of odd in that Harry is not really in charge of anything. During the books, he was the leading character, the one that everyone watched, fought, or followed. All I can say is: Remember that he's still new. He's only been in this universe for a month.
Harry made his way to Odo’s office and went inside. "Deputy Constable Potter," Odo said upon seeing his visitor.

"Constable Odo. I will need to make arrangements to take anywhere from two weeks to a month off," Harry said.

"And the reason for this?" Odo asked.

"I will be visiting Earth. Regardless of the fact it isn't my Earth, there are things I need to check out and I will at least need to check in with His Majesty Charles VIII, King of Great Britain and the United Kingdom. Due to my Knighthood, propriety requires it."

Odo nodded. "Can you not more precisely define the period of your absence?"

Harry shrugged. "Due to circumstances, I need to travel on Starfleet military vessels rather than civilian. It all depends on what ships are where and what their planned routes are. It could take three days to over a week to get between Earth and here. Add the time for the return trip and the necessity of probably a week there – who knows how long it will take?"

Odo nodded. "Do you know when this will take place?"

"Commander Sisko will inform me of my itinerary. As soon as he tells me, I'll tell you. I just wanted you to know it's coming."

"Very well. Thank you, Deputy Potter. I will be expecting it when it comes."

Harry nodded and withdrew.

For the next few days, not much happened that was out of the ordinary. Harry went on duty, often patrolling for trouble-makers and petty thieves. On occasion, he ran into Jake Sisko and Nog out together.

For the most part they were fairly out of the way, mostly watching for ships to arrive and depart. Sometimes, they got it in their head to pull jokes on passers-by. While they tended to annoy Odo to no end, Harry was half amused. His only lament was that their jokes tended to be extremely juvenile. In his opinion, the Marauders or the Weasley twins would have been able to pull much more clever pranks.

That didn't mean he didn't come down on them like a ton of bricks when he caught them.

Finally, Sisko called him to his office.

Upon his arrival, Sisko said, "Mr. Potter. I have good news. I have an itinerary for your trip to Earth."

Harry nodded in interest. "Oh, good. When will I leave and how will I get there?"
Sisko handed him a pad. "The USS ShirKhar is making a supply run here and will be arriving in two days. It will then proceed toward the Federation core. It will meet up with the USS Sutherland, which will then be returning to Earth. It will take about five days total. I've taken the liberty to request that the Captain of the Sutherland assign a crewman who can teach you how to get around on modern-day Earth as I am certain it is far different than what you are used to. As to your return, the contact at Starfleet Headquarters that will assist in that planning will meet you upon your arrival. If nothing else, there is a scheduled departure nine days after your arrival which can get you to a science vessel that is scheduled to be deployed to the Gamma quadrant. The details are on the pad."

Harry quickly reviewed the pad, and it was as Sisko had laid out. "Thank you, Commander Sisko. I will make arrangements with Constable Odo, and confer with the Steward's Office. While I will be bringing almost all of my things with me as there is no real effort in doing so, I will return to the same quarters I've been using. I'll warn Lt. Dax before I drop the subspace field before I leave and erect it again on my return."

Sisko nodded. "That will be fine, I'm certain." He paused. "While on Earth, would you mind stopping off at my father's restaurant? It's in Baton Rouge. You can have a good meal and drop off some things and possibly pick up anything he might want to send."

Harry shrugged. "No problem. With my abilities, there is no practical limit as to what I can transport. Check around with all of your people and have anything you want to take with me to Earth ready before I leave. Let them know that if there is anything they want me to bring back, that arrangements can be made."

Sisko looked at Harry and said with some amusement, "Maybe I'll put an order of a thousand photon torpedoes in to Headquarters. You can bring them back with you."

Harry laughed and then became serious. "Honestly? Arrange for me to do some testing to ensure that there will be no accidents and I'd be perfectly happy to do so, as long as it's safe."

Sisko was taken aback. His statement had been made in jest. But if Harry was able to provide .... "What is the effective cubic storage space you can travel with?"

Harry shrugged. "Big enough. I don't know if there is a practical limit. It's often called an expanding bag and no one has ever found a limit for that expansion." He smirked. "Consider that I worked with a woman who meticulously planned and I spent tens of millions British pounds and two years to pack everything that might be needed for any circumstance I might find myself in: I have a lot of supplies. And I nowhere near have filled my bag yet."

Sisko gave Harry a long look. "Let me get back to you on what might need to be transported."

Harry nodded and, saying goodbye, left.

Harry spent the next two days getting everything ready for travel. He had planned on removing everything from his quarters and dropping the space-expansion charms and the minor wards, but ultimately he decided that if he was returning there was no reason to do so. He did, however, bring his books.

Besides, he had a whole bunch more furniture if he needed it.

"Computer. Time, station and standard."

"Station time is 08:17. Federation Standard is 12:14."
Harry nodded to himself. There were still a few hours before he was scheduled to board the USS ShirKhar. The supply ship would be docked for 12 hours and he likely could board at almost any time after they docked and before they left.

Harry tapped his comm badge. "Potter to Sisko."

"Go ahead."

"Commander. I'm pretty much prepared for departure. Where should I go to pick up the things I am taking with me to Earth?"

"Meet me in Cargo Bay 7 in 20 minutes."

"Okay, then. 20 Minutes." He tapped his comm badge.

He looked around and there was nothing left to pack. He carefully tied the bag around his neck and looked at the elves. "Okay, guys. Let's go."

"Yes, Master Harry/Master Harry Potter."

The two elves followed along behind their Master/Employer as he made his way toward the cargo bay via the Promenade. Harry nodded toward the other Deputies that he had recognized as they traversed the way. Many looked curiously toward the elves as few had actually seen them or even heard of them. Harry ignored the stares while the elves were torn between their ingrained response to hide away and the new paradigm of being considered as important as any other sentient being. It was only their trust in Harry which allowed them to walk with apparent boldness right behind him. (They refused to walk next to him as they still had certain ideas about propriety.)

Harry arrived to the cargo bay ahead of Sisko and the three waited patiently for him to arrive. Only a few minutes had elapsed when Sisko showed up with Miles in tow. "Mr. Potter. Good. Are you ready to pack a few things?"

Harry asked in reply, "What needs to be packed up?"

Sisko went to a locked door and disengaged the lock. All in all, there was less than three cubic yards with of things that he was to take with him. "Pfft. That's nothing." He pulled the bag from his neck and handed it to Dobby. "A single room trunk should be enough, Dobby."

"Yes, Master Harry Potter." Dobby reached in and the throat of the bag expanded to accommodate his arm. He felt around until his face lit up and he pulled his arm out. Sisko and Miles were confused when he only had a small box. Dobby handed this to Winky.

Winky took it and put it on the floor. Once it was there, she snapped her fingers.

Sisko's and O'Brien's eyes widened in shock as it expanded until it looking like nothing more than a vintage steamer trunk. Winky opened the lid and looked at Dobby, who was already levitating the first items over to her. She would take over the levitation and control it until it was inside.

The Starfleet officers were in silent awe as the two elves completed the operation – it took only two minutes to get everything packed. Winky looked at Harry, "Is that all, Master Harry?"

Harry looked to Sisko, who looked to Miles. Miles shrugged and said, "If it's that easy, there are a few pieces that were deemed too large or too trivial to transport which the engineers at Utopia Planetia would have preferred to actually see before they tried to fabricate replacement parts. It's
not critical as I sent the scans, but they do have much more precise scanners there which would allow for less fussing during installation."

Harry nodded. "Well, get them here. I still have a couple of hours before I get on the ship." Harry paused and said, "And think of the parts that you wished you could get from Earth which are considered too much effort to actually transport. I know that you intensely dislike the Cardassian replicators. Maybe a can bring a passel of Federation ones back with me."

Miles' eyes lit up. "I would love to not have to deal with those monstrosities."

Sisko considered what was being said. "Mr. O'Brien. Get some of your people to bring the items you want taken to Utopia Planitia. I'm going to put in a subspace call to Starfleet Headquarters and see what I can get approved based on the ease of transporting things in this case." He turned to Harry. "Would you mind waiting here for the items that Mr. O'Brien will be sending?"

Harry grinned and pulled his wand. In the style of his late Headmaster, he conjured a garish chair for himself and two comfortable stools for the elves (they preferred stools to chairs). He then sat down and looked at Sisko. "I'll be here."

Sisko took a long look at Harry and, nodding, almost stalked out of the Cargo Bay shaking his head. Miles, who had been trying to stop himself from reacting in front of the Commander, finally let it go and snickered. "I will say this, Harry. You do have style."

Harry laughed in response and watched the man retreat out of the cargo bay, making calls on his badge as he did.

An hour later, a much larger pile of items had been brought to the cargo bay. Some were things that had malfunctioned and some were extras. Finally, only Ops level people were present – Miles and Sisko had been joined by Dax. Harry looked at the items. "You know, the strictly mechanical items I probably could have repaired if you'd asked. But maybe it's better to get them scanned or repaired back on Mars so that they can work out the best way to do so without relying on my abilities. You never know if I might end up needing to go elsewhere."

Miles agreed. "I would have come to you if it was critical, but I agree."

The three Starfleet members watched as Harry shrunk the items that were too large to easily move. He then had the elves retrieve a different trunk so that the items for the shipyards could be isolated and the trunk was packed and soon put away.

When they had finished, Harry looked at the three officers and grinned at their looks of incredulity. "Well then. I believe I have everything."

Sisko nodded. "Yes. The Sutherland will make a stop at Mars for two hours to allow time for you to unpack. You'll then go to Earth Orbital Control. You can make arrangements to go where you need to from there."

Harry nodded. "Alright then. Where do I go to get to the ShirKhar?"

Commander Sisko said, "They're docked at Lower Pylon 3. He tapped his badge. "Commander Sisko to USS ShirKhar OOD."

"This is the ShirKhar OOD."
"Your VIP passengers prefer to enter through the docking connection rather than use the transporters when possible. Where and when should I send them?"

"Stand by, please." Those in the cargo bay waited for a minute. "ShirKhar OOD to DS9 Commander Sisko."

"Go ahead."

"I've alerted the Second Officer, who currently is overseeing the loading and unloading. Send them to the airlock entrance. I will have Crewman Richardson outside the docking ring and he will bring them onboard. As soon as Lt. Commander Melanski meets them, Richardson will take them to their assigned quarters."

"Thank you. Sisko Out." He tapped his badge. He said to Harry, "I believe you heard all of that?"

Harry nodded and said his goodbyes before leading his elves to go meet the likely member of the ShirKhar's security squad. Harry knew that on Starfleet Vessels members of Security often directed any civilian passengers. He wasn't a representative of a foreign or Starfleet government and so he didn't rate a greeting from the Captain. He wasn't part of the commercial or scientific elite and so didn't rate a greeting from the First Officer. As a matter of fact, the fact that the Second Officer was greeting him was a surprise – he would have thought the man too busy to deal with the minor matter of a civilian needing transport.

Still, the crewman was waiting for them and, after being led onto the ship and being introduced to the Second Officer, he and the elves were safely ensconced within the VIP Quarters on the ship. Crewman Peterson showed him around.

The Miranda-class ship he was on was fairly decent. He was shown the area where most crew ate, though his quarters had a replicator.

Because the ship was configured as a supply ship, which included personnel, there was a bar area reminiscent of 10-Forward on the Enterprise (or so he had been told), two holodecks used for recreation (one larger, one smaller), and large storage bays surrounding the shuttle bays where visitors' gear could be stored, in addition to anything that the ship might be transporting for delivery.

Harry had limited access to the computer as he was not a member of the crew, but it was sufficient to allow the elves and himself to spend time studying.

Harry was actually feeling a little bit of anticipation mixed with nostalgia as the Miranda-class USS ShirKhar got underway.

Soon after the departure of the USS ShirKhar, Miles O'Brien was in Ops, looking at the Replicator which he had just repaired properly so that it would create the required foods and drinks properly. He gave a smile and walked away.

Neither he nor anyone else was in the position to see the small, hidden booby trap placed years earlier activate and begin to infect everything around it.

Over the next two days, not much happened with the trio of travelers as far as interacting with anyone else. Dobby and Winky looked after Harry while studying in shifts and Harry split his time between studying and using the computer skill he had been learning to begin programming rudimentary parameters for live-performance holo-programs.
Having a database of music, including many music videos, Harry had been wondering how they could be useful. He had checked the history records of his new world and had been surprised that quite a number of advancements from the 1990s and 2000s had not taken place here because of the Eugenics Wars.

The Augments and the entities behind their creation were responsible for much of that. In order to control the scientific advancements so that no one could compete their own creation so as to avoid challenges against them, the biggest suppression had actually been methods of data storage and data transmission.

There had been no World-Wide-Web – or not one that Harry would recognize. The primary means that Muggles had on his own world of communicating and passing along information had been, in this universe, highly controlled and limited by governments.

In his own world, any scientist could, theoretically, pass on to any other scientist – or any other person for that matter – details on areas of research, advancement, and methods of recreation of results by simply putting it in a database which could be accessed from around the world.

The Chinese, in this world, had been isolated, first because of their Communist government which the rest of the world seemed to view with suspicion and then by being conquered by Kahn Noonien Singh. Kahn was, culturally, more Indian than anything else, though the Augments had not been raised to follow cultural norms.

When Kahn had conquered Asia, he had suppressed China ruthlessly. He had used the scientific base of that region to advance the cause of space travel rather than commerce with the world. Harry knew that in his own world, there had been no DY class ships created to send people off into the deep of space. There had been no successful creation of artificial gravity. The science of cryogenics was left to enthusiasts and crackpots rather than being backed by governments and corporations like it had been in this world.

Digital tape had been the main means of storage in this universe until much later. This had resulted in computer development being much different as well. On his Earth, data storage was still done in binary because computers understood on and off. In this Earth, data storage had largely transitioned to a quad storage method because computers here were built on a trinary data structure – computers understood on in three different states as well as off. There were still systems based on in the binary on and off as well as others based on positive, negative, and off. Magnetism was used to control plasma and anti-matter here rather than used as a method of data storage.

Federation computers were, on the whole, far more complex than the ones he had been exposed to on Earth.

That being said, there was much development of his own Earth's "Basic Computer Technology" which did a more efficient job in some cases compared to the local computers.

Still, because scientific advancement had been left to advance the interests of governments and corporations rather than entertainment, recordings from the 1970s (when Augments had first started working behind the scenes) and later were quite limited. They didn't even have Star Wars in this universe! The science fiction television shows of Battlestar Galactica and Babylon 5 were also missing from the cultural databases. The Terminator movies were not to be found. There had been no Twilight Zone.

According to the history records, Rod Sterling had been employed by the government in some fashion rather than creating a television show which had often served as a means of teaching morality in science and had given warnings against too much government control of society.
The Twilight Zone had been the first television show which dealt with the concepts of aliens more realistically. Though aliens had been often cast in a bad light, it had humanized the concept of the alien, allowing the average person to consider that alien life might be quite like their own, with all the virtues and failings that their own society might have. It also taught that the morals of aliens might also be far different than their own.

There were also more mentions of magic being used for good and evil in the Twilight Zone episodes that he had watched. Harry guessed that there might have been Muggleborns working on the show because there seemed to be a bias against the concept of supremacy based on ancestry, in addition to the bias against giving too much power to governments.

The entire sixth season of the Twilight Zone actually seemed to teach principles which would be useful for people to understand if they suddenly ran into magical creatures or beings. The episode which demonstrated the stupidity of cheating magical bankers was especially entertaining to anyone who had ever dealt with Gringotts.

All in all, this universe seemed to be culturally more barren in many respects while being scientifically less cautious of counting costs. Harry truly didn't know if it was a good or bad thing. Humans had started moving to the stars here, while his own world had not seen a similar rise of despots (outside of the magical world).

And so, Harry spent his free time converting the musical recordings and, using the likenesses of bands from music videos, and recorded performances to create concert and store settings for holographic playback.

Harry had already created a holographic concert of Pink Floyd and another for Genesis. Once he had worked out the best system of recreating these, he allowed the computer to start taking all of his music recordings and began creating performances for every band he had on record. Harry was really looking forward to Queen's Wembley Stadium concert as well as seeing the Beatles perform – though he was considering editing out the screaming hordes of teenage girls which were common at Beatles concerts.

Finally, 6 hours out from the scheduled rendezvous with the Sutherland, the computer alerted him that the first batch of holographic concerts were ready. He immediately called up the list of available concerts and grinned. He then checked the availability of the holodeck, and his smile became wider. He booked it. Harry then turned. "Dobby. Winky. I'm going to run a holographic program. It's going to be messy and very loud and full of muggles – and not the type of mess that you can clean up. Do you want to see it or would you rather prepare for our transfer?"

Dobby and Winky conferred in the way they had and then Dobby said, "Master Harry Potter should go and enjoy himself. We will study and then prepare for leaving."

Harry stood up and said, "Okay, then. Just have the computer contact me if you need me. I'll be back in a couple of hours. I'm off to watch the Beatles."

"Of course, Master Harry Potter." Harry, grinning, left.

Dobby looked at Winky and asked, "Is it strange that Master Harry Potter is going to look at beetles?"

Winky shrugged. "Master Harry is likely studying about bugs. It is called entomology. I just don't understand why looking at beetles would be loud."
Considering that the Beatles were a well known band which had been on this Earth as well, Harry got permission to alert any other passengers and off duty crew that the concert was being played on the holodeck.

Harry was happy to greet about twelve people who wanted to see it with him, which surprisingly included a couple of non-humans. The Bolian was not that much of a surprise but the Vulcan was. The Vulcan was a member of the Medical department.

Harry spoke to him a little nervously. "While you're free to join us, I should warn you that this is … quite chaotic and human emotions will be on rampant display."

The Vulcan nodded. "I understand that. While it will might seem illogical for a Vulcan to be interested in such an event, I believe it will be a valid tool to understand the cultural history of Humans. It will go along with my studies of the behavioral sciences."

Harry shrugged and replied, "Very well then. Feel free to enjoy yourself." He grinned. "I recommend a seat in the back so that you can watch the performance and the audience."

Harry turned to the door and activated the program. "Computer. Activate Holodeck Program Beatles Concert 1. 13 users. Please include seats ranging from the middle to the back of the venue." The computer beeped.

As the doors closed, the visitors were surprised to find a door with a pile of tickets. He turned. "To get the full experience, we're going to come out onto the street outside the theatre in a fairly advantageous place in line." He picked up the tickets and handed them out, ensuring that the Vulcan got a seat in the back. He actually took a seat near the back as well because he was interested in seeing the entire program running.

They then walked through the door to find themselves in a line near the door to the theatre. There were about ten people in front of them and several hundred behind them. This included a lot of older teenage girls from 1960s Earth in poodle skirts and other period costume. Some of the conversations around them were quite immature. The "parent" holograms present were indulgent but were careful to keep their teenage children from violating social norms.

There were quite a number of adults as well, which meant the visitors were not out of place.

They were allowed in and ushers directed them to their seats. Harry was interested to see a few more Starfleet uniforms show up during the seating process.

The only deviation from an actual concert was that, regardless of where you sat, you heard the music clearly. Other than that, it was a fairly accurate representation of a mid-1960-s Rock concert.

When the concert finished, directions from the stage were given to stand up and get ready to exit. When everyone walked out of the theater, they found themselves exiting from the holodeck.

Harry waited for everyone to exit. "Okay. What did everyone think?"

Most of the crew were appreciative. A few expressed disconnect on having to deal with teenage girls around them but liked it overall. Harry answered that criticism.

"I will be creating different versions including a setting with a more mature audience. This is the
The Vulcan commented, "In the future, should a fellow Vulcan claim that Federation Humans are too illogical and emotional to work with, I will have them experience the program to give them a comparison between modern Human society and what it was centuries earlier. I believe they will then understand that Humans now are far better than they could have been."

Quite a number of humans actually laughed at that though the Vulcan remained fairly stoic. He hadn't actually been attempting a joke.

Harry stifled his own grin. "Yes. I am certain it would be most instructive. I'll leave a copy of the program in the database for your use, though I am not ready to publish fully yet. This will be one of several programs that will be available as a package."

The Vulcan nodded and withdrew.

Several of those who had come took the time to thank him before going off. Harry then made his way back to the cabin he had been in.

Harry took the time to transfer the work he had been doing to movable storage. He sent the copy of the program as-is to the Vulcan crew member.

When Harry was alerted, the three made their way to the transporter room. Harry was surprised that the Captain actually sent him off.

"Captain Sissaac. Thank you for seeing me and my retainers off. I am a bit surprised because I was certain that our presence and departure was quite too trivial for your personal attendance."

The Vulcan Captain looked at him and replied, "While I do not normally personally handle matters dealing with those whom we transport, your status as a VIP passenger is of sufficient import for me to at least handle this final detail myself. Also, I was asked to convey the greetings of Captain Forester and to inform you that you shall be received with full pomp and circumstance as befitting your station."

Harry was confused. "Pomp and circumstance? I don't know if that is required."

"When I confessed my own lack of comprehension as to the necessity, he explained that his ancestors included several members of the Black Watch and that he would not shame his ancestors."

As soon as the Captain said, "The Black Watch," Harry immediately understood. His was a Knight of the Thistle and his father's family had ancestors who were Scottish in addition to those who were Welch and English.

Harry commented, "Understood. Please give me a moment."

Sissaac nodded and watched with curiosity. Harry turned to his elves and said, "Full dress." The two elves nodded and snapped their fingers. They were now dressed in the manner more proper for retainers of a Knight.

Harry pulled his wand and transfigured his own casual dress to a duplicate of the clothes he had worn when he had attended his own Knighting – the actual costume was packed away. Harry did reach into his bag and retrieve the small case which he had placed for easy access when he would present himself to the King.
Dobby took the case and held it open while Harry withdrew the awards and medals and put them on. Winky, meanwhile, carefully inspected him to ensure that there was no imperfection. She then accepted the pouch that Harry normally carried and the two elves ensured that it was packed away. Winky put the pouch around her own neck, ensuring that it was out of sight.

Dobby looked up. "We are ready, Sir Harry."

Harry nodded and he turned to the ShirKhar's Captain. "We are now ready to depart."

The Vulcan looked at him for a moment and said, "Fascinating." He then motioned for them to move to the transporter pad. Once they were arrayed, he gave the customary Vulcan gesture of farewell. "Live Long and Prosper."

Harry raised his own hand in a mirror motion and replied, "Dif tor heh smusma."

The Vulcan Captain raised his eyebrow in some small measure of surprise and then said without looking away from Harry, "Energize."

As soon as the transport was complete (Harry still disliked the sensation but it wasn't debilitating) he immediately noticed that the room he was in was different than the one he had come from.

Before him stood the Captain of the Sutherland, Captain Forester, along with several officers. All of them had their dress uniform on.

A crewman off to the side sounded a bosun's whistle. Forester stepped forward and gave a credible British salute. "Welcome, Sir Harry, to the USS Sutherland. I am Captain Christian S. Forester, Commanding." The man's Scottish accent was mild but present.

Harry returned the salute and replied, "Thank your for receiving me. I am Sir Harry James Potter, Knight of the Thistle, Holder of the George Cross, recipient of the Order of Merlin 1st Class. Permission for I and my retainers to come aboard?"

"Permission granted."

Harry then started moving forward. To himself, Harry hoped that Captain Forester would soon lighten up – formality could get quite tiresome after a while.

OMAKE on Harry's answer to "How much space do you have?" I decided it was too long winded and painted Harry as still giving out too much information, but it gives you an idea of some of what I conceived of Harry bringing with him.

"I don't know. But just between me and you, consider this: Within my small bag I have enough supplies of enough types to live a life of decent comfort on any world that has breathable air and free space to set up a house or farm. I even have the pre-planned pieces for a large greenhouse in case I need to grow magical plants or food plants separate from the local environment. I have tanks of compressed Earth air, save for the carbon dioxide portion. And I even have a few trunks of dry ice to provide that. I have the dirt that might be needed for such an endeavour, and I have the fertilizer. I have seeds in sufficient quantity and variety to cover a few square kilometers or more if necessary and enough bees in stasis to pollinate said plants. I have seeds for trees of various types in case I need to grow a windbreak around such a farm. I do have the ability to gather or create water using my own skills – so I didn't bring more than a thousand gallons of that. I worked with a woman who was a meticulous planner and I spent millions of pounds to outfit myself for anyeventuality. I even have a large quantity of items that I brought specifically to barter as needed to obtain supplies I didn't bring. I have food sufficient to feed myself and my elves for a couple of
years. I had to plan for a century of life wherever I ended up – and it had to self sustaining should I somehow end up with children who came after me. And with all of that, I haven't taken up a tenth of the room I have available."

Chapter End Notes

Fahrenheit vs. Celsius – which would you imagine the Wizarding World would use? Both scales are actually hundreds of years old but the Fahrenheit scale is older by a few years. I can imagine wizards using the more odd scale. They Fahrenheit scale is based on the temperature of briny water with a set ratio of salt to water (0 degrees) and the estimated temperature of a healthy human body (originally put at 96 degrees). The Celsius scale didn't become the world standard until metrification became official in the 1950s and 1960s. I know that only America and a few other minor places use the old system – but Wizards are not known for common sense.

Also, as to the mentions of the Twilight Zone and other works of fiction, I would point out that there might be differences between the shows as we know them and the shows that might have existed on Harry's Earth because there exists a world of magic in the background.
Harry's Bajoran comm badge, which he had been assigned as part of the DS9 Constabulary, had been registered so that it worked on Earth. Harry had actually been fascinated at the process. Because of the sheer number of comm badges in use it was not as straightforward as it had been on DS9.

While the vast majority of people didn't have one, Starfleet Headquarters was on Earth and so there were badges in the thousands. It didn't help that Starfleet personnel could live literally anywhere and commute to work no matter where it was via transport. This meant that any badge could reach any other badge.

In order to simplify it, most badges were on subnetworks. Members of a single ships crew were on the network for their ship, allowing simplified hailing. People who worked in Federation Headquarters were on the subnetwork for that. Starfleet Academy had a network as did other discreet entities.

It was all managed by a interlinked series of satellites that were in low Earth orbit in order to prevent them from interfering with space traffic.

When Crewman Davis, a pretty young ensign assigned to teach him how to get around on Earth, had been explaining it, Harry had suddenly twigged. "You mean a GPS system!"

"GPS System?" she asked curiously.

Harry was surprised. GPS was well known in his time – it was something he had to learn about when he had started living mostly Muggle. "GPS. On Earth, in my time, it was a way for almost any receiver on Earth to tell you where you were. There were ground stations and satellites over the entire planet. Global Position System … Global Positioning System – one of those. Anyway, with our wireless phone system, you could also send your position to anything it was programmed for." He grinned. "It my time, you could use it to find the closest pizza place no matter where you were."

Maria considered that and then shrugged. "I guess it's like that. Wasn't that limited to Military use? From my studies of history, the early location satellites were all military."

Harry nodded thoughtfully. "I know that Military level access was much more precise – you could locate latitude, longitude, and elevation down to an incredibly precise level, but the consumer devices were made more general or even slightly off on purpose – no one wanted to have criminals or terrorists or Jihadists using consumer GPS devices as targeting systems for bombs. But it was precise enough for most uses."

Maria asked curiously, "What's a Jihadist?"

Harry was surprised – it had become a common theme in Muggle media in his time. "Religious extremists – Muslim. They were the worst – or perhaps the most literal and passionate – of the religious extremists. People who felt it was their duty to defend their beliefs by killing off those that disagreed with them. There were even extremist Christians who were pretty casual about killing non-believers. I think that the only religion which didn't have those who used that excuse were the Jews. Usually Jews who were extremists were just more open about the fact that any killing they did was less about religion and more about politics."
Maria was horrified. "That sounds awful! And the governments just let this happen?"

Harry considered it. "Some. Most governments tried to prevent it, but there were governments run by theists that were all for it, even if they tried to hide behind a civilized façade. Or there were reason which prevented the moderates from stopping it. Iran was like that. The average Iranian was actually a pretty decent person, and even much of their government was actually pretty reasonable. But there were religious leaders who had political power who advocated for strict adherence to 11th Century interpretation of Islamic beliefs. The word assassin actually comes from that sect which broke away. The whole concept of killing your enemies by programming young men into assassins is, in my opinion, a corruption of the basic religious texts. Islamic beliefs, just like Christian beliefs, were actually based on peace with oneself through submission to God's will. But politicians have never been averse to using any belief as a basis of conquest."

Maria paused thoughtfully and said, "It's strange that your Earth is so different from ours. I wonder why that is."

Harry shrugged. "Likely it was because the overwhelming source of conflict was between political entities. In my world, communism falling in Russia left a vacuum for reasons to fight. In your world, Communism fell because the Augments started taking over. The Augments were indoctrinated using political beliefs instead of religious ones. Khan, for example, was from a Sikh background. Sikhism is probably the most non-violent religion there is at its heart. 900 years ago, from this time, it taught that all were equal. That the concept of superiority of self was a fallacy in the view of the Supreme force which created us. And yet Khan took over Asia and the Middle East because, from his viewpoint, he and his fellow Augments were born to rule. Not a very Sikh view of the world."

Maria commented, "He was actually the least oppressive of the Augments, though he was a tyrant all the same."

Harry replied, "That may be true. But his takeover of the east led to World War III. I'm going to meet a King of the United Kingdom which doesn't exist as it did in my time; a King whose forebears had to live in exile for better than a hundred years because London, which used to be very much like my London, was blown up." Harry sighed and looked off in contemplation. "It will be painful to visit England and know that the nation I loved, the one I fought and died for, is a shallow mockery of what it used to be."

Maria looked at their passenger, and saw that he was truly filled with grief over what had happened centuries earlier (from her perspective). Than something he said twigged. "What do you mean fought and died for? You seem alive to me."

Harry was pulled out of his introspection and looked back at her. "Oh. Yeah. Well – I got better."

Harry was on the observation deck as they traveled in from the outer edges of the Sol system. While they no longer under warp power, they were still moving at a very high rate of speed.

Harry asked Maria, who was with him on the Observation Deck, "Why are we passing so close to Saturn? While it's beautiful, isn't it out of the way?"

She smiled. " Tradition. Also, there are scanners on the moons throughout Sol which help Starfleet to correlate system traffic. If we were coming from the other direction, we would have passed Neptune instead."
Harry nodded. "Does anyone ever come in from the above or below the plane of rotation for the system?"

Maria considered that. "You know? I have never heard of anyone doing it that way. Because any other orbital path might intersect with something else, there are no real satellites or installations up or down, and so all traffic is pretty much on the plane."

Harry nodded, contemplating that. Suddenly, there was a beep. "Bridge to Davis."

Maria tapped her badge. "Davis here."

"Inform our guest that we will be at Mars in an hour. He will be transported down to Utopia Planetia and then be returned to the Sutherland before we then travel to Spacedock at Earth."

Maria answered. "Understood." She tapped her badge and looked at Harry. "Are you ready?"

Harry nodded. "Let's go get my elves. I'll need their help when we get there."

Harry and the two elves were greeted by a Lt. Commander Wilkinson. "Welcome, Sir Harry, Dobby and Winky, to Utopia Planetia."

"Thank you, Commander," Harry answered for all of them. "You have a cargo bay or other location for me to unload?"

He nodded. "Commander Sisko and Chief O'Brien gave me instruction on what was needed. Right this way."

Harry and the elves followed the man until they reached a set of doors. The man pushed a few buttons and they then entered a large bay. Harry looked around. "This will work." He said to the officer, "Give us some room?"

The man nodded and stepped back near the wall.

Harry took his bag off and reached in to pull out the shrunken trunk. He handed this to Dobby who set it down and then snapped his fingers, returning it to its proper size. He then opened the lid.

Harry watched as Winky went down into the trunk and passed items to Dobby and Harry who would either place them in a pile or put them in various locations. Shrunken items were returned to their original size. A few of them were quite large.

When they were done, the storage area had a collection of items spaced around it. He looked at Wilkinson when he was done. "You can take it from here I assume?"

Wilkinson, who had been told but had been skeptical, gathered himself. "Yes. This works out well. I'll start having my people go over these things starting today."

Harry nodded and, once the two elves stood near, tapped his badge. "This is Sir Harry to the Sutherland. We're done and ready."

"Standby for transport."

Harry and the elves were soon back on the Sutherland, on their way to Spacedock.

Harry was back in the observation lounge. He was actually awed to see the large structure hanging
over Earth. "Woah. That thing is huge."

Crewman Maria Davis smirked. "Yes. It is also called Starbase 1 – though most Starfleet people call it Spacedock."

Harry looked at it and asked, "Where are the docking pylons or the docking ports? I don't see any place to park a ship here."

Maria just said, "Watch."

Harry did so. He was then shocked. Two absolutely huge sections of the object in front of them started sliding out of the way and Harry understood that they would be inside of the monstrosity. He looked at Maria, who was still smirking, and said, "Now that is a space dock."

Maria nodded. Her badge chirped. "Ops to Crewman Davis."

"Go ahead."

"Please take our guests to the docking port. The Captain will see him off from there."

"Understood."

Although less formal, Captain Forester was quite definite about sending Harry off properly. "It has been an honor to have you aboard, Sir Harry."

"The honor has been mine, Captain. You have a fine ship." Captain Forester nodded. "Permission to disembark."

"Permission granted."

Harry was led out of the docking area to the large lounge which was commonly used for family or friends waiting for returning crew. Quite a number of Sutherland crew families had someone there waiting.

Maria, still on duty, looked around. "Over there."

Harry nodded and, ignoring those looking curiously at him or his elves, he followed her over to the man that had been described to her. "Lt. Henderson?"

The man, who looked fairly non-descript, gave a nod. "This is Sir Harry Potter. I was told that you would be the one who would direct him."

The man put on a friendly-looking smile and said, "Certainly." He looked at Harry and said, "Come with me, Mr. Potter."

Although he hid it fairly well, Henderson's smile reminded him far too much of people who worked at the Ministry under Fudge: The helpful-seeming worker who really wanted to kill or control you for their own gain.

Harry turned to Maria and said, "Crewman Davis. I wish to commend you for your exemplary assistance during my first trip to this new Earth. Your assistance was invaluable and your bearing quite professional. Should we run into each other in the future, I hope that you will remember my kindly."

Maria, who had been feeling a bit put off because of the overly polite but dismissive nature of the
man they had met, smiled in appreciation. "That will be very easy to do, Sir Harry. I hope that you enjoy your stay on Earth." Her nod to Henderson was far less friendly, though it was polite. She turned and walked back to the Sutherland's docking point.

Harry looked at Henderson and said, "I can certainly go with you. But there is someone who wished to meet me here." Looking for it, Harry noticed the extremely short burst of anger hidden in the man's expression, though he tried to look casual.

"And who is that, Sir Harry?" Henderson asked in a casual tone.

"That would be them, I believe." He pointed. Henderson looked and saw three men walking directly toward them, each of them dressed in more traditional clothing than most every other person who was visible.

The three men stopped in front of them. The one in the center said, "Sir Harry Potter?"

Harry nodded. "I am he."

The man smiled. "Good. I am William Windsor, here on behalf of my father."

Harry's eyes widened momentarily. He gave a deep bow, as did Dobby, even as Winky dropped into a passable curtsy (Harry had told them to act as any Human would when they met the Royal Family). "Your Royal Highness. I and my retainers are honored that you would personally come to greet us."

The man waved off the formality. "Please. My family might be hereditary Royalty, but our role is now far too ceremonial and removed from actual power for such obeisance."

Harry gave a small smile and said, "Be that as it may, Your Royal Highness, but respect for the Royal family is far too ingrained in me for me to entirely ignore your status." Harry noticed a distinct look of pleased approval in those that had come with the eldest son of Charles VIII, though they weren't trying to be obvious about it.

Prince William sighed and chuckled good naturedly. "Very well. But please don't bow and scrape too much. Formality can get quite tiring."

Harry chuckled himself and nodded in agreement. "I quite agree. Your Royal Highness. I am pleased to present to you my house elves and loyal retainers, Dobby and Winky." Harry motioned toward the two.

The elves repeated their gestures of respect and said in unison, "Your Royal Highness."

The man smiled and said, "Welcome, Dobby and Winky, to our Earth. You come with the recognition of our Royal father, Charles VIII, of your right to be recognized as loyal British subjects." Prince William had somehow guessed that recognition would mean more to the elves than it would to Harry himself.

Winky blushed and let Dobby answer for them both. Dobby's voice held a tone of awe as he said, "Your Royal Highness is a Great Prince. Winky and I thank you for being recognized, and we thank your father, the Great King."

William beamed at the small beings. Harry chuckled and said, "Congratulations. You've joined a very short list of people they recognize as Great."

The Prince nodded and asked, "And who is this?"
"This is Lt. Henderson. He was assigned to assist me, I believe. Or at least I was told he was my point of contact upon my arrival."

Prince William nodded. He nodded to Henderson, who had a blank look on his face, and them motioned toward those that come with him and said, "I'd introduce them but as they are technically my guards we're supposed to ignore them so that we don't distract them from their duties of keeping an eye out." He stage whispered. "They're a bit of sticky about it and it gets quite annoying at times." Harry noted that the men were suppressing their amusement as they kept watch around the group. William spoke to Henderson. "I can take responsibility for ensuring that Sir Harry gets familiar with how to do things if you wish to go back to whatever your normal duties are."

Henderson said, "I'm sorry, sir," Harry's face took on a look of offensive disapproval and Henderson changed that, "I mean, Your Royal Highness. But Mr. Potter," at that William's face showed disapproval, "Sir Harry, needs to go through a formal Security interview. It might take some time. So perhaps you might wish to withdraw and we can send him on his way when we are done."

Prince William Windsor was having none of that. "I do understand, given his history, but I have been tasked by my father to welcome him in his Royal Name and We," Harry instantly recognized the Royal We there, "will accompany him to ensure he is not unduly treated or inconvenienced. If necessary, We will act as his advocate and sponsor."

Henderson took a moment to think about that and finally nodded in acknowledgement. Harry thought he detected a slight attitude of resignation in that, as though this was an unexpected hindrance to whatever Henderson wanted. In that moment he was glad that it was a Royal and not some functionary sent to meet them.

As Sloan, using the fictitious though officially listed identity of Lt. George Henderson, led the dimensional travelers and their Royal escort, he almost cursed himself for posing as a lowly lieutenant rather than someone with more authority. He had wanted this arrival to be lulled into the sense that he would be facing normal treatment for any visitor. He also wondered how in the hell the British Royal family had become involved as he had not seen any communications which would account for it. Later investigation would find the involvement of Dr. Julian Bashir being instrumental in this as Bashir, being British as well, had communicated directly to the Royal Household about Harry's arrival and expected visit.

Harry went with the Lieutenant, the Prince and his men following. Walking in front of a Royal was a little offputting, but William's guards didn't want an unknown walking behind the man. Harry assumed that these had some briefing on his abilities and so would not want an unknown to be in a position to cause harm. Having noticed, and acknowledging the two guards with a nod, Harry didn't insist on giving a deferential position.

He was first led into a medical bay. Henderson turned. "First of all, with your arrival from an alternate universe, we wish to ensure that there are no diseases or pathogens which might be damaging or unknown here."

Harry considered that. He turned to the Doctor who was patiently waiting and said, "Hello, Doctor .....

"Dr. Smith," the man said in a friendly manner.
"Dr. Smith, have you received the medical report on myself and my retainers from Deep Space 9?"

The man went to his computer and called up the records. He looked briefly and said, "There is very little there in details. But most of the tests needed were done, according to those records."

Harry nodded. "And this is a standard medical exam, covered under Doctor/Patient confidentiality?"

Dr. Smith smiled and said, "Of course. Only of there is a threat covered under my oaths will any information be passed along. Details as to your physiology and any medical condition is considered sacrosanct." He turned and said, "Lt. Henderson is it?"

"Yes?" the man asked.

"Can you and the rest wait outside? He is entitled to medical privacy."

Henderson looked like he was about to protest. William cut him off. "I believe that is a capital idea. Medical ethics would dictate such to be the case. Let's go outside." William then waited next to the door for Henderson to exit before one of his guards followed, then William, then the final guard.

Harry looked at the door and said to himself, "That man is … I don't know."

Smith, who had heard, laughed. "He's the Security type. They always want to know everything."

Harry nodded in response.

Smith did a few scans and asked a number of questions, none of which seemed out of place. He took blood and analyzed it and then allowed Harry to watch the remaining potions of the samples be destroyed.

Finally he said, "Well, you're clean. Dr. Bashir did a good job. You and your people are healthy and there seems to be nothing you are carrying. If you have problems, feel free to visit any medical center."

"Thank you, Doctor. I appreciate your assistance and discretion."

"Just doing my job, Mr. Potter." He turned to the two elves. "And you two, from what I can tell, are healthy. I appreciated the chance to examine a new species. I will say that your physiology is most similar to the physiologically of the El-Aurians, though they are not the same at all. As there is no special warnings for El-Aurians as regards possible diseases or immunities, I have nothing to add for you. But I should warn you that what might be innocuous to humans could be dangerous for you, or vise-versa. Please be cautious of ensuring that if you feel ill for any reason please see a doctor who is familiar with xenobiology if possible. I would not want to see such a wonderful new people to the Federation become ill."

Dobby and Winky cogitated for a moment and then Winky said, "Thank you, Doctor. We will be careful." Dobby nodded in agreement.

Dr. Smith smiled happily and then sent them out.

Henderson and William and the guards looked up when they came out. Harry said, "Clean bill of health – Dr. Bashir back on DS9 did a good job of immunizations and there were no surprises."

Henderson nodded. "Okay," he paused before he could say Mr. again, "Sir Harry. We have another matter to talk about." He motioned down the hall. "I would prefer we do this in a private area."
Harry shrugged and looked at Prince William, who looked interested. Harry and the rest followed the man to a conference room. Once they were inside, Henderson enacted a privacy mode. He asked, "Prince William? Are you familiar with Sir Harry's status as a Wizard?"

William replied, "I was briefed quite thoroughly, at Sir Harry's insistence, by the report from Commander Benjamin Sisko of Deep Space 9. The fact that he and his people are magical matters less to Me and My Royal father than the fact that they are British. We are also far more interested in the fact that Sir Harry is a decorated hero, recognized by the dimensional alternate to our own Royal ancestress, Queen Elizabeth the Second."

Henderson nodded, though he seemed put out for some reason. "That is good then." He turned to Harry. "From the reports that Federation Security has received and passed on to the United Earth government, you have the ability to transport things without normal scanners being able to discern it. You have two choices really. You can remove what you need from your subspace bag and leave it locked up here until you plan to return to Deep Space 9 or you can bring out everything you have in the bag for inspection to ensure that there is nothing dangerous you are bringing to Earth."

Harry was taken aback. "I will admit the idea of smuggling was not something I ever considered doing. Everything I have is something that I brought with me from my own Earth, except for some items that DS9 personnel asked me to deliver to Earth. Much of it is enchanted with stasis spells to ensure that it is useable when retrieved." He looked at William. "Your Royal Highness? Your thoughts?"

William considered for a long moment. "While the fact that you are a Knight of the Thistle and were awarded the George Cross means that you are entirely trustworthy as far as my family is concerned, we do not actually control the planet or really any part of it significantly outside of our Royal holdings returned to us after the United Earth government was formed. I honestly can see the need for caution in their eyes."

Harry nodded and turned again. "Dobby? Winky? Should I bring a portion or allow inspection of everything?"

Dobby said, "Winky and I will talk." Harry nodded and then watched as Dobby cast a spell. Everyone there saw them speaking but none heard what they were saying or could even read the lips of the two elves. Harry smirked at Henderson's perturbed look (very mild) and William's fascination.

Harry said, "It's a privacy spell." William nodded with interest.

The two elves stopped talking and Dobby snapped his fingers again. "Master Harry? We do not like the idea of things not being with us. You must allow the inspection as long as those looking are careful."

Harry sighed and said, "I guessed that would be your advice and, unfortunately, I agree. This is going to be a nightmare." He turned to Henderson. "Do you have a large, empty area?"

"How big?" he asked.

Harry sighed. "Consider that we packed enough for any eventuality in any type of society including food, drink, seeds, barter items, construction materials, bees, medicines, potions, ingredients, modes of transportation, books, records – it's a huge amount. And I will need to follow along and remove the stasis spells and then put them back after inspection as each separate stored item or group of items is scanned."
Henderson considered that for a long moment. "I will have to check to see if any cargo bays of sufficient size are free." He went to a computer panel in the room and entered his access code.

William looked at Harry and said, "It sounds like you were prepared for anything."

Harry shrugged. "I guessed that it was a one way trip when I jumped. My best friend liked making lists. And she was very concerned for me. I had money to spend and I spent it."

William asked curiously, "How much did you spend?"

Harry smiled and said, "Tens of Millions of Pounds Sterling. And I left my friends and family wealthy with what I left them."

William was taken aback. "You had that much money?"

Harry winced slightly. "Sort of. There was a loophole – it should have been closer to 12 and a half million but that was an artificially set value to the gold I actually spent. Originally my money was in a coin used in magical society called the Galleon. Although it had a significant amount of gold, the exchange rate was set by law at 5 Pounds to 1 Galleon. Her Majesty gave me special dispensation to ignore the rates set by the Magical portion of Her Government."

William was impressed. "If you spent that much, you must have a huge amount of items."

"Well, yes. But consider that I had a bit over a year to outfit myself. I paid a premium price for some things." He smiled. "I spent about 2 million on alcoholic drinks alone. Wines, spirits, liquors, beers. Many imported. Most bought by the caseload. It was a bit of a shocker that in this time most societies drink snythehol. I mean the whole reason to drink alcohol is for the buzz! I understand that such things were chiefly used to effectively sterilize water when you diluted it or to effectively store the product of your farming, but it stayed around because people liked to get drunk! The whole drinking for the taste thing? Highly overrated. Besides, snythehol just tastes wrong."

William seemed entirely amused as Harry's rant.

Henderson had come back from the computer. "We have a cargo bay that is often used for shipping large amounts of supplies. You can follow me."

Harry nodded and then said, "Do you have the proper specialists?"

Henderson asked, "What do you mean?"

"Biologists, medical people, entymologists – the people who actually deal with the things that I have brought. Someone who can scan seeds and say with certainty what they are."

Henderson sighed. "I will start gathering a group of people who are qualified."

Harry nodded. "I'll unload everything and then you can bring them in. While I'm not trying to advertise my abilities, I don't want anyone to claim that I was misleading anyone."

Henderson nodded.

In truth, Harry was concerned that no one take advantage of what he brought without his permission. Getting people who were specialists ensured that it was known far and wide enough that no one could "disappear" him, his elves, or what he had. That was one reason he given a Cardassian products of his own magic. No one could then could take him and claim that he never existed.
Garek was his non-Federation insurance that someone would notice him missing. The Cardassian was persistent enough to run it down and discreet enough to not get himself disappeared as well. Harry's quarters on DS9 was another insurance policy as no one could possibly explain an expanded suite if it were found and he was gone.
Harry and the rest followed Lt. Henderson to a large bay. Harry reached for his bag and then, holding it for a long moment, turned to Henderson and said, "You know what? This won't work."

Henderson asked, "What do you mean?"

Harry looked at him directly and said, "You don't have my abilities. There is no way to verify that what I am telling you is true – that I somehow have produced all of the items from my bag. While I am perfectly willing to show you everything that I have with me that is not from my home Earth, it would damage much of what I own if I brought it out of stasis for any reason other than direct use. There are medicines of my people which I might need to heal myself or my elves due to our circumstances. I have a counter-proposal."

Henderson asked, "And what is this counter-proposal?" His tone was not friendly.

Harry said, "I can bring out every item that I have brought that is not mine or my elves, brought from my home dimension. You can inspect that. I can bring out examples of most every type of item I have to be scanned to ensure they are not dangerous. Things that are magical, which cannot be found within this dimension, I will not have scanned – or will only allow to be scanned in limited amount. If something is innocuous to me but possibly dangerous in anyone else's control I must refuse to give up such things because it would be unethical and immoral to put someone else in possible danger. I am perfectly willing to accept that Earth's security must be protected – I am a child of Earth just as much as anyone else here is. But I will not put on a dog and pony show to satisfy a requirement that cannot truly be satisfied. Accept my limitations – or refuse me permission to visit Earth. If I am refused, then I will leave and never return. If that is your choice, then I will promise to never allow anything I have brought with me to come to this Earth – ever. That should satisfy any worries you might have as to Earth safety as regards what I might have."

Henderson looked at Harry for a long moment. He was about to speak when they were interrupted. "Excuse me." Both turned and saw Prince William with an inscrutable look. "I believe I must interject here."

"Go ahead, Your Royal Highness," Harry said.

"Before Lt. Henderson makes such a final decision, I must bring up something that my father wanted to discuss with Sir Harry." He looked directly at Harry and said, "You say that your preparations to leave your home were assisted by someone who was meticulous and extremely intelligent. Is this correct?"

Harry nodded and gave a small smile. "Hermione Granger-Weasley was not the type to leave things to chance if she could help it."

Prince William nodded. "Then perhaps you possibly a list of all items that you have brought with you?"

Harry's face lit up. "Yes." He then paused. "Although I am loathe to give out that information willy-nilly. While I could allow for ensuring safety, everything I brought is mine. I do not need someone unscrupulous getting a hold of my resources and forcing me to hand them over. I can still
find an empty planet outside of the Federation and go live my life there if needed. But not if I lose my resources."

William waved that idea away. "I am not interested, truly, in a full accounting – though I would be willing to review it personally and to give Earth Security my assurances that nothing dangerous was listed if such is the case. No. There is another matter. You say that you have brought seeds from your own Earth – sufficient to allow you to put down roots anywhere. Do you have a list of seeds that you have brought with you?"

Harry considered the question and the purpose of it. "I do."

"Can I see that list and that list alone?" William asked.

Harry shrugged a little and said, "Yes." He looked around. "But there is nowhere here to actually sit down and go through it."

William nodded and turned to Lt. Henderson. "Lieutenant. We need to be taken to a conference room nearby. Or return to the room we were using." Henderson looked like he was going to protest and William said sternly. "Now."

Henderson sighed in resignation and said, "Yes, Your Royal Highness."

The whole group moved back to the room they had come from. Harry gave the bag over to the elves and they retrieved the records trunk. Dobby went down into it. Henderson and William looked curiously inside. Both were awed to see the elf in a large room with filing cabinets and shelves. Dobby looked through a cabinet drawer and pulled out an old-style file and closed the drawer. Those looking stepped back as Dobby walked back up the stairs and out. "Here is the file, Master Harry."

"Thank you, Dobby." Harry then opened it to ensure it was the correct one and then handed this to William.

"Thank you, Sir Harry. Thank you, Dobby." William took the file and sat down and started reviewing it. It was a fairly large file – Harry had not looked at everything that he had been given by Hermione and so its size was surprising. Prince William did not seem to be reading everything but he looked through quite a number of pages. After a few minutes, William closed the file and looked up. "Lieutenant. As of this moment, Sir Harry James Potter and his retainers are now officially under the protection of the British Monarchy and are to receive the same diplomatic status as any member of the Royal Family and House would. Their belongings are now considered inviolate, as are their persons. I say this as Prince William Windsor, Crown Prince of Great Britain and the United Kingdom, under the authority of my father, His Royal Majesty Charles VIII, Hereditary Ruler of Great Britain and the United Kingdom, Head of the Commonwealth. Do you understand and acknowledge what I have said?"

Henderson looked like he wanted to shout in protest but he said, "I understand and acknowledge the acknowledged status of Sir Harry James Potter and his retainers."

William nodded and then stood up. He handed the file back to Harry who gave it to Dobby to put away. Harry then asked, "Your Highness? If it would not be considered impetuous, can I inquire as to why my changed status?"

William nodded. "You may." He sighed. "How much of history have you reviewed since your arrival?"
Harry's face took on an even more serious look than it had before. "I have studied extensively to ensure I understood the world, the galaxy, I have come into. It was very sobering."

William nodded. "Yes it was, Sir Harry. If you have studied, then you know the damage done to Earth as a whole and the British Isles in particular." Harry nodded grimly. "Britain survives – but it was not what it was. It has only been in the last 50 years, even, that efforts to remove all radioactive residue from the London area, as well as Burnley, Derby, and other areas that used to be the center of British manufacturing. When World War III occurred, there was a concerted effort to ensure that England would never again be a threat to those who would control the world."

William saw that Harry, emotionally, still had much grief over what had happened to his homeland. His tone became more soothing.

"Yes. Much of what you considered British was lost. Are you familiar, perhaps, with how precise Federation scanners are – especially transporter scanners?"

Harry seemed taken aback by the change in direction. "After my first experience, I asked Miles O'Brien, Chief Engineer on Deep Space 9, about the limitations. I was actually surprised how precisely things can be scanned and targeted."

William said, "Yes. And much of that precision was actually financed by the Royal family of the United Kingdom." Harry was taken aback. "Our family has long felt keenly our responsibility to our people. We are Britain's stewards. Its protectors. Being Royal in Britain means that its well being is our charge and solemn duty. It became obvious, to us, that if we wished to see Britain heal we would have to ensure that the technology base would have to be improved to ensure that every trace of radiation left could be isolated and removed. That was the first step."

Harry nodded. "I did notice that Earth has seemed to become cleaner in the last hundred years, especially more recently."

"That was due to our efforts. But, now that the contaminants had been removed, our next biggest hurdle has been returning Britain to a much better, more natural state. However, there has been a single obstacle that we have not been able to overcome."

Harry thought about what Prince William was saying, and then he twigged on it. "Seeds."

William nodded deliberately and said, "There are far, far too many species of plants and animals that have been lost to Britain and lost to Earth as a whole. In the years following World War III, survival was the overriding drive. Technology was lost, communications, power systems, infrastructure. These, however, are all things that can be rebuilt, though it has taken decades and is still on-going. But we cannot overcome the lack of what no longer exists. And this is why I asked about seeds."

Harry nodded and sighed. "I can see that. But how much can I really help? I admit that I could, with what I have, ensure that I and my elves can survive for a very long time – but that is for three people. What I have is not enough to reseed the Earth."

William smiled. "Yes. But there is technology. Given a clean genetic structure to use as a base, scientists can change what does exist to something else. Did you know that there used to be thousands of apple species? Earth now has only a few hundred. There used to be over 10,000 types of tomatoes. Now there are a few hundred. It goes on and on." He chuckled. "I would have dearly liked to meet your friend, Hermione Granger-Weasley. It is obvious, just from the list that you provided, that she was exceedingly detailed in the work she did. Your records seem to show that she commissioned experts to obtain every possible type of seed that might be required for your survival and comfort, regardless of climate. The records included species, growing requirements,
optimum environments, and uses for what is grown. Your friend has gifted you with a rich legacy – worth far more than any material item you or she might have thought to include. My family will wish to negotiate with you for your assistance in nothing less than reseeding Britain and, possibly, much of the Earth."

Harry was completely flummoxed. He moved to a chair and sat down heavily. He had had no idea. "And here I was wondering what it the blazes she could have spent so many millions of Pounds Sterling on. I never asked for details because I trusted her and trust her utterly." He looked at Dobby and Winky. "Did you two know about this?"

Dobby shrugged. "Master Harry Potter's Granger told us that there were lists for all the seeds she was sending with you. She gave us a trunk for immediate planting if needed and a trunk – much bigger – she called a seed bank. Miss Hermione said it was for planning for the future."

Winky, who had started to become more certain of herself, interjected, "She called it long term planning. Miss Hermione also explained about planting more than food. That it would be healthier for Master Harry if there was being flowers and trees and bushes and grasses too." The two elves' English was much improved but not quite perfect.

Harry replied, "Thanks, Dobby. Thanks, Winky." He looked at William. "There is a reason why I have Dobby and Winky retrieve things that I ask for in most cases. While I was spending time going all over the world to retrieve things and spending time with my godson and others while I had the chance, she was planning and sending orders out. Many things were delivered and many things she asked me to pick up – but I never looked at every single detail. There was just simply too much. That's why she insisted on making sure I had a records trunk for things and taught Dobby and Winky where everything was. I could figure it out if I had to but they insisted it was their job and not mine." Harry said the last part with some humour.

Winky and Dobby nodded in a definitive manner. Winky said, "It is our job to take care of Master Harry." Dobby bobbed in agreement with her.

William laughed. "You have some very loyal people there."

Harry smiled and looked at the two elves with affection. "Although I protested at first in case we died, I am very happy that they insisted on coming with me." The two elves almost blushed in pleasure at the approval.

William looked at Henderson. "So do you now understand why Sir Harry cannot be refused permission to visit Earth? There is no chance that I will allow him or his retainers to be harshly considered. By anyone. In any way."

Henderson, who seemed to have been listening intently, nodded. "I can understand that." He paused and then said, "I believe that the Federation would agree to your conditions in exchange for access."

At that, Harry stood up. "Lieutenant Henderson. I am not here to buy access. I was born on Earth and I am visiting home – or the closest thing that there is." Harry was coldly angry. "What I have brought is mine. The gold that was spent to bring what I have was the product of hundreds of years of my family working and striving and dying for their nation. The loyalty of my friends and my retainers which made it possible was earned. Prince William and his father I respect. The British Royal family, at least my sovereign, Queen Elizabeth, and those that came after in this world at least, have shown their commitment to their duties. I was careful to note that his Highness' immediate request was to negotiate with me. He was not taking undue advantage of what has come to him, unlooked for and unplanned for. He has asked to treat fairly with me. You, however, have
only acted toward me with seeming suspicion and greed. I respect your suspicion. There are too many beings out there which could pose a threat to the Federation and Earth. I have allowed my honor to be questioned – because I understand it. I even applaud your refusal to become complacent. But I am not a supplicant come to bribe my way. I come asking no special favor – outside of being treated as a son of Earth."

Prince William, who had also stood, added coldly, "I do believe that I will be filing a formal complaint with Starfleet, the Federation, and the United Earth government." He looked at Harry and said, "I should have demanded that someone more than a lowly Lieutenant handle your arrival. Hindsight is, as they say, 20/20." He looked back at Henderson. "We do believe that we require someone with more authority to come and deal with this matter."

Henderson, who seemed to have realized the enormous misstep he had taken, nodded his head respectfully and said, "Of course, Your Royal Highness." He then turned and left the room.

After a long moment, allowing the two men and those with them to calm down, Harry looked at the Prince and said, "Your Royal Highness. I do apologize if I acted there with too much affront. I unfortunately, have been exploited far too much in my life to allow it to happen here. Please do not feel that my disdain is in any way directed toward you or yours."

William smiled and waved that off. "No. I understand it completely, Sir Harry." His smile turned to a grin. "Actually, it's pleasant to see someone willing to stand up to the arrogance that sometimes creeps in to officialdom, despite good intentions."

Harry grinned at the man. He then noted that there was a replicator present in the room. "Would Your Highness like some tea while we wait?"

William sat down and said, "You know? That sounds quite pleasant."

Harry nodded and started walking toward the replicator – only to be cut off. Dobby immediately stepped forward and said with only a hint of admonishment, "We will take care of that, Master Harry. You should relax."

Harry sighed and nodded. "Of course, Dobby. I should have considered that." Dobby nodded in response and moved to the replicator himself.

Harry turned back to the table and, out of sight of the elves, rolled his eyes so that Prince William could see it. The Prince just grinned.

Winky asked, "Your Royal Highness? Is there a particular tea you would like?"

"Whatever you feel best will be fine," he answered kindly. "Afternoon tea sounds wonderful."

Winky turned and looked at Dobby. Dobby paused, as though listening, and nodded. Harry noted that Dobby and Winky provided much more than tea. Soon Harry and William were confronted by tea, small cucumber sandwiches, scones, and a light cake.

Afternoon tea, as far as the elves were concerned, had a specific meaning. Neither elf was offended when one of the guards had turned on a tricorder to ensure that what the replicator had not been sabotaged. Winky and Dobby were quite aware that they were dealing with supplies not their own.

The two men talked quite informally as they enjoyed the simple repast. Each had also taken advantage of the nearby refresher facilities.

Just as Harry was wondering where Henderson’s superior was, the door opened and a man with the
insignia of a Starfleet Captain walked in. Harry stood respectfully, following the lead of the Prince.

The man stopped nearby and said, "Your Royal Highness, Sir Harry Potter. I apologize it took so long for me to arrive. I had to review the information that was provided for me. I am Captain Reginald Jones of Starfleet Security."

Prince William spoke. "Very good, Captain. Thank you for coming. Would you like to join us for tea?" he asked politely.

The man smiled. "No. But thank you. I believe you have a declaration to make to me as to the status of Sir Harry Potter?"

Prince William nodded. "As I told your lieutenant, I have given Sir Harry the same rights and diplomatic status as any member of the Royal family of Great Britain might enjoy." He turned to one of the guards. "Wills? Can you play back the recording of my statement?"

The guard pulled out his tricorder and fiddled with it. Harry looked curious. William noted it and said, "Part of being a Prince on an official visit – everything gets recorded, though only the important parts get kept." Harry nodded in understanding.

"Ready, Your Highness." William nodded and Wills (Harry was amused that a man named Wills was guarding Prince William) hit a button.

"As of this moment, Sir Harry James Potter and his retainers are now officially under the protection of the British Monarchy and are to receive the same diplomatic status as any member of the Royal Family and House would. Their belongings are now considered inviolate, as are their persons. I say this as Prince William Windsor, Crown Prince of Great Britain and the United Kingdom, under the authority of my father, His Royal Majesty Charles VIII, Hereditary Ruler of Great Britain and the United Kingdom, Head of the Commonwealth."

William asked, "What is the time and date stamp on that?" Wills gave it. William turned back to Captain Jones. "Is that sufficient?"

Captain Jones nodded. He went to the computer panel and entered a few commands, obtaining the recording from Wills for the records. He then turned to Prince William and Harry. "As of this moment, Starfleet and Federation security have rescinded any Security notifications as far as Sir Harry James Potter is concerned. You are all free to go about your business."

Prince William smiled. "Good. Good. I appreciate the expedited handling of this matter."

The Captain nodded. "Lieutenant Henderson explained that he might have accidentally overstepped his authority. He assured me, and asked me to assure you, that his statement was not actually meant as an attempted bribe request but a statement that Starfleet and the Federation would be most appreciative if the resources that you might obtain are also allowed to be used beyond Great Britain."

William huffed. "Thank you, Captain, for the clarification. I will ask my father to include Federation representatives to monitor our negotiations and, should they wish to achieve access, they should decide what they are willing to provide in fair exchange to Sir Harry for the consideration."

The Captain nodded respectfully and politely took his leave of the Prince and Harry himself. He also briefly acknowledged the guards and the elves.

William turned to Harry. "Well then. Given your new status, I believe I can extend the invitation, at
least for this trip to Earth, to guest at the Royal Palace and commute from there to wherever you might wish to go. It's not the Buckingham Palace that you remember as that was destroyed, but I can assure you that you will find the new Buckingham to be most comfortable."

Harry was taken quite aback by the offer. He guessed that it would be an insult to refuse. Finally he said after a moment, "I thank you, Your Royal Highness. But can I make a request?" He said this as they left the conference room.

"Certainly!"

"Can you ask people to minimize the formality? It really can get quite old after a while." Harry's tone was almost plaintive.

William gave a loud laugh to that as he led Harry and the others to the nearest transporters.

Luthor Sloan, Section 31, sighed as he admitted to himself that he had severely misjudged Sir Harry James Potter of 21st Century Earth. He had been expecting someone of limited understanding. He had thought to use his desire to visit Earth to get access to what he might have. He had expected a somewhat provincial hick.

Harry Potter was anything but.

The man had the self-composure and self-confidence of a veteran. He also had a much more realistic understanding of his place in the scheme of things than Sloan had thought he would.

Sloan could admit to himself that he admired the man in a certain way. Potter had readily admitted that the Federation would be well-served by not becoming too complacent in the face of possible threats. In the end, he would admit that the man probably deserved the recognition and latitude that those around him seemed to give him.

That didn't mean that Sloan would not continue to try to exploit the man and his situation in any way that might be needed or possible. The Federation's continued survival demanded no less than his full commitment to doing what had to be done – despite the beliefs and values that the Federation might claim.

The price of security was, in the end, quite high at times – but necessary.

Chapter End Notes

I know that it's slow paced at the moment – it will move quicker as it goes. Harry's introduction, after all, sets the tone for his continued existence in the 24th century.
Harry was a bit nervous as their transport to the surface was arranged. He was a fully fledged adult and had left the insecurities of being a teenager far behind, but he was going into a situation that he was of two minds about.

In order to engender the least interference, he had emphasized his status as a Briton and an Earthling and had attached himself to the Royal family. That being said, he felt very leery about allowing the Federation any moral or legal authority over him.

Still, he felt he had to visit Earth. Nothing he had studied or experienced and no reluctance to be controlled would change the simple fact that he had to see for himself. This, in the end, was the most expeditious and safest means he could think of to keep himself from being locked into a Federation citizen's limitations while still enjoying the status of being an Earth-born Human.

Prince William's guards had completed their coordination with Buckingham and given the nod.

The Prince turned. "Are you ready, Sir Harry?"

Harry gave a rueful smile. "As ready as I'll ever be, I suppose, Your Highness."

The Prince turned and, once Wills joined them on the pad, said, "Alright then. Signal that we are ready."

The transporter technician nodded and signaled Buckingham to go ahead. Because of security, New Buckingham Palace protocols were that they initiated transport to and from their transporter room.

The view of the generic Federation transporter room was soon replaced with a much more classic looking room. Harry took a moment to glance around to see that although there was much metal and plastic, there were also stone and wood accents in the room. It was a pleasing blend of modern and terrestrial.

A few people were waiting when they arrived. One stepped forward, "Your Royal Highness. Welcome back. These then are our guests?"

"Yes. Thank you, Colonel. This," he motioned toward Harry, "is Sir Harry James Potter, Knight of the Thistle and holder of the George Cross, as awarded by Her Royal Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Second. He is to be treated as a most Noble visitor and his retainers are to be consulted on any decisions as regard his person. They have been given the status of being members of the Royal Household." He turned toward Harry. "Sir Harry. Please take the opportunity to familiarize yourself with your quarters and settle in. Colonel Brigsby there is the Master of the Household and will ensure you are properly taken care of. Should you require anything as regards your stay, you should contact him. Should you require assistance as regards other matters, the Lord Chamberlain is Lord Luce, the Baron Luce, and he will be most helpful in ensuring your needs are met. I shall expect to see you during your formal presentation to my father which will be scheduled in the mid-morning. The good colonel will ensure that you are given sufficient details as to expectations. Is there anything else we can help you with?"

Harry considered. "My thanks, Your Royal Highness, to you and your Royal father for officially guesting us here during our stay on Earth. While I don't have an official schedule planned outside of a few minor things, I shall look forward to Lord Luce's assistance in helping me plan properly." He paused. "I do have one question immediately."
"Oh?" the Prince asked curiously.

Harry was almost embarrassed but a sudden urge had come upon him. "Are you familiar, perhaps, with the perhaps mythical idea of witches riding brooms?" William nodded. "I suddenly find myself, having set foot on a planet for the first time since I arrived in this universe, having the sudden urge to fly my own broomstick – a hobby which allows me a feeling of freedom and relaxation. After I am settled in, is there any place where I can go for an hour or so which will be out of the way of shuttle or air car traffic?"

Williams face took on a look of delighted interest. "You know? I do believe that I can arrange for permission to use the grounds – especially if you don't mind a few Royal gawkers. There are official restrictions which would normally prevent anyone from flying over the area so there should be no room for accidents. And we are far enough away here that no one from outside the grounds might become overly curious." He smiled happily. "I guess there are some advantages to being hereditary Royalty after all."

Harry grinned in response. "That would be fine. It will allow me to see at least a glimpse of the Palace and its grounds as a comparison to what I knew in my own time."

Prince William commented, "Actually, the new Buckingham is closer to being what the old Windsor Castle was." He sighed. "Buckingham was lost in the attack on London. When it was recreated, it was given more extensive grounds because, at the time, there was no one else really living in the area – at least in an organized fashion. The Royal Family gave up on claims to a few areas for the right to do so. As London began to rise again, its center was put farther away as our role became more ceremonial and philanthropic than political."

Harry nodded. "I understand, Your Highness. It's a far different world than my old one. But I am looking forward to learning the differences."

Prince William nodded and withdrew with his guards and some of the people who had been present for their arrival. Colonel Brigby said, "If you will, Sir Harry, this way." He motioned for Harry and the elves to follow.

Harry stopped a moment and closed his eyes, letting the feel of actual wind hit him in the face as he stood there holding his broom.

It was a fairly comfortable temperature for the season and the weather was pleasant. Of course, there were weather controls in place, something which had been created to try to return Earth to a healthier pattern in the aftermath of conflicts past.

Finally he opened his eyes and, with a fierce grin, mounted his broom.

Prince William and his father, King Charles VIII, sat upon a balcony attached to the King's suite and watched their guest as he took off into the sky. Present were a few guards, a server, and Dobby the elf. Dobby had agreed to be present to answer any immediate questions that might be posed.

Prince William had one. "Dobby? Is that … normal for Sir Harry?"

Dobby looked and saw his Master had taken to barrel rolls and sweeping turns as he flew above the grounds. "Master Harry looks like he is flying safe for the moment. Master Harry has not flown since we left our Earth. He will become more comfortable as soon as his body remembers."

Dobby had calmed down from being introduced to the King. It was less emotional than Prince
William had seemed to expect, but elves were always more interested in their Masters than others. They respected the Royals because their Master respected the Royals.

William and Charles looked at each other as the small being’s casual assumption that Sir Harry was safe because he was flying conservatively. It didn't look safe to them.

After a few minutes, Dobby heard gasps as Master Harry suddenly dived down toward the ground. "Great Scott!" he heard the King say. "He's going to crash!"

Dobby was polite as he said, "Oh no, Great King. Master Harry has become more comfortable and is remembering. See?" Harry had just come close to the ground and suddenly turned in the air and was flying up. "Master Harry is perfectly safe."

Dobby enjoyed watching his Master unwind. For the time spent traveling to Earth, Master Harry had become more nervous and tense, though he tried to hide it. Being elves, he and Winky had felt it and had tried to make certain that his Master relaxed. Dobby was now relieved – Master Harry was returning to normal.

Dobby could see the great joy Master Harry felt as he flew around the grounds.

If he had looked behind him, he would have seen those watching oscillating between enjoyment and dread at watching Sir Harry Potter flying the grounds and New Buckingham Palace. They were all astonished by something that they had been told but had not truly been prepared for. Suddenly, where Dobby was, there was now the other elf.

Dobby called Winky, who popped in beside him. "Yes, Dobby?"

"Look at Master Harry Potter," he said, pointing out toward the grounds.

Winky took a long look at watched. "Good. Master Harry is relaxing. I was getting worried." Winky truly did sound relieved.

"Master Harry's body has remembered flying. Master Harry is enjoying himself," Dobby commented in agreement.

The two elves watched Harry for a moment and then Winky said, "You watch and keep Master Harry safe. I am going back and making sure everything is ready for him."

Dobby nodded and Winky popped out.

Prince William spoke up. "Dobby? Aren't you worried that Sir Harry might accidentally fall off and hurt himself – or crash?"

Dobby turned to the Prince and said, "Wizards learn to fly as children. Master Harry Potter is known for being one of the best flyers in England. I would watch many times without anyone knowing when Master Harry flew at Hogwarts and would work into the night to make up for it, giving up sleep when he flew. The worst time he was hurt was because of me." Dobby blushed at that.

"How so?" Prince William asked.

Dobby sighed. "My old Master Lucius had made Hogwarts very dangerous that year. The Great Harry Potter was the cause of the Dark Lord being defeated as a baby, which made the lives of elves better but angered people like old Bad Master Lucius. I was trying to convince Master Harry to leave Hogwarts so that he would be safe. I enchanted a bludger in the quidditch game to target
Master Harry. Master Harry refused to let the bludger stop him and caught the snitch anyway, but it broke his arm in many pieces. And then bad teacher cast a spell and removed the bones instead of fixing them. Master Harry had to spend the night regrowing bones in his arm. Master Harry was very upset with me."

Prince William was taken aback by much of what he had been told. There were just too many questions. He picked one. "What happened with your old Master and the danger he created?"

Dobby's face lit up at that. "Master Harry and his Weasley finally put together all the clues. Old Bad Master Lucius tricked Weasley's sister into activating an old diary that the Dark Lord had given him. It controlled Ms. Ginny into opening the Chamber of Secrets and releasing the basilisk. It then controlled Ms. Ginny to be left in the Chamber of Secrets and caused Ms. Ginny to leave a message that she would left there forever. Master Harry and his Weasley went to the bad teacher and told, but the bad teacher tried to run away. Master Harry and his friend forced the bad teacher to the Chamber of Secrets to help them get Ms. Ginny back. The bad teacher tried to obliterate them but used Weasley's broken wand and caused his own memories to be gone instead. The cave to the Chamber of Secrets collapsed, stopping Weasley from going on. While Master Harry's Weasley friend worked to clear a path, Master Harry went alone and killed the basilisk and destroyed the diary, freeing Ms. Ginny. Master Harry figured out how Ms. Ginny got the diary from old Bad Master Lucius. Master Harry then tricked old Bad Master Lucius into freeing me using the destroyed diary and a sock. Master Harry Potter is the greatest Master in the world. Dobby asked Master Harry to take Dobby as bonded house elf after Master Harry defeated the Dark Lord. He even demanded that I accept gold as payment and take time off sometimes though I had to haggle with Master Harry so that Master Harry didn't pay me too much."

The listeners had more questions and more questions as Dobby spoke. The King had a question. "How big was this basilisk and how did he kill it?"

Dobby turned to the King and said, "Basilisk was …" he thought about it, "60 feet I think. We have a record from when it was harvested for what was left. I saw it once after Master Harry killed it. Master Harry killed the snake using goblin-made sword of Gryffindor. Hogwarts recognized Master Harry as being worthy Gryffindor and allowed Master Harry to pull it from the Hat." Dobby's face took on a sad look. "Master Harry got poisoned when stabbing snake in the mouth. Basilisk being the most poisonous snake in the world, always fatal, always it causes quick death." Dobby's face lit up again. "But Headmaster Dumbledore's phoenix cried into the bite and healed him. So Master Harry was okay. Master Harry used Gryffindor sword which now had basilisk poison to destroy the diary's black magic!" Dobby was awash in pride in his Master, which was obvious to those listening.

King Charles nodded. "It sounds like he did a good job. I do have one more question though. Hold old was Sir Harry when he killed the basilisk and saved his friend's sister and how old was she?"

Dobby replied, "Master Harry was in his second year of schooling. Master Harry was twelve years old. Ms. Ginny was in first year and was eleven years old." Dobby's expression and tone showed that such a minor detail of being twelve was of no matter whatsoever.

The King and those around him were stunned into silence. Seeing that no more questions were coming, Dobby quite casually turned back to watch his Master fly some more.

The King, his son, and those others present, decided that he would ask no more questions of Dobby. Dobby spoke as though what he was saying was the absolute truth – only the story's fantastical nature made it less than believable. Considering the man in question was flying a broom of all things right in front of them, they were all doubting their doubts.
The King resolved to ask Sir Harry about the incident and others directly.

Harry still had the fierce grin on his face when he finished flying and made his way back to the door which he had been directed to use.

He hadn't been able to fly so freely in a very long time and so the time he had just spent was especially relaxing. The guard at the door was silent as he, with ritual perfect movements, opened to door to let Harry back inside.

Harry was curious as there seemed to be more servants out and about as he was led back to his rooms (he wasn't familiar enough yet to get there himself).

Harry then noticed that the servants were looking at him with far more interest than they were earlier and with a bit more awe. He almost cursed himself for giving in to the urge to go flying – it obviously had been seen by more than the Royal family.

Still, he did feel much better now so it was probably worth it.

As he walked into the suite he had been provided, Winky was waiting. "Master Harry! Welcome back. I have drawn a bath and put out a change of clothes. Supper will be brought at 8:00, which is in thirty minutes."

Harry quickly washed up and returned to sitting area of the suite. At 8:00, a servant knocked and, after being admitted, pushed a cart with his meal into the suite and toward the small dining area. Winky and Dobby immediately took over – the servant just stood back and watched. Once everything was arranged, Dobby called out, "Master Harry! Supper is ready."

Harry came in from the sitting area and paused, "Thank you …?"

"Annabeth, Sir," the young woman said.

"Thank you, Annabeth." He turned and said, "I hope it tastes as good as it looks." He then went and sat down. He ate the meal at a decent pace. Once he was done he stood up and addressed the young woman who had waited patiently, having tried to disappear into the background. "Please give my compliments to the staff. The dinner was wonderful. Thank you, Dobby. Thank you, Winky. Thank you, Annabeth." As Dobby and Winky cleared the table he added, "Can you please show Dobby and Winky where they can eat? They have some odd notion that they shouldn't eat with me though I get them to ignore that at times. I wish to ensure that they can take care of themselves as well."

"Of course, sir," she said as the two elves stepped back from the cart which now had the remains of the meal loaded back up.

Dobby and Winky looked at each other and then Winky said, "I will follow Ms. Annabeth. Dobby will take care of Master Harry. I will then show Dobby the servants' areas."

Harry nodded. "Very well. I believe I will read for the evening." He withdrew to the sitting area, allowing Dobby to retrieve a book from his bag.

Winky followed Annabeth as she led the house elf where to where the kitchen staff handled the meals, dishes, and ate themselves.

Because Winky had classified Annabeth as a servant, she was much more comfortable talking with
her than she would normally be with other humans.

Annabeth asked curiously, "I know that you and your friend are retainers for Sir Harry. But what are you?"

Winky answered quite easily, "Dobby and I are House Elves."

"What are House Elves?" she asked.

Winky thought for a moment and then replied, "We don't remember where we came from. In our old world, House Elves are bound to serve wizard families. We take care of the house, help take care of the children, and make sure that Wizards and Witches are reminded of the schedule. We keep our Masters' secrets and help to watch out for anyone who is attacking."

Annabeth considered that for a moment and then asked, "Are you paid?"

Winky looked mightily affronted. "Paid? No proper House Elf would ever expect pay." She said this as though the idea was completely repugnant. Then she sighed. "Except Dobby. When Master Harry helped free him from his old Bad Master, Dobby decided he wanted to be free and wanted to be paid for work." Winky looked around and said quietly, "Dobby is considered strange by most House Elves."

"Then what do you get out of it?" Annabeth asked.

Winky said, "Well, House Elves hate messes. We need to work. It is a part of who we are. Because Wizards are so messy, they keep House Elves busy. With the better Masters we are part of the family. Our bond with the family gives us satisfaction and there is magic there. We can survive without a family bond, but most don't want to because it is so painful." She paused and said, "That was what happened to me. My former master frees me, claiming I didn't follow my orders as a House Elf should. But he was really covering up a bad decision. It took me a long time to learn to be honest about my old Master. When I was let go, all I could think of was worrying how he would survive without his Winky. And he was dead within a year – killed by his own son who he had controlled with magic after he got him out of prison. My former Mistress was dying and she insisted on taking his place." Winky shook her head. "I now know that my old Master was wrong."

Annabeth considered the story she had been told. "Then how is Sir Harry as a Master."

Winky lit up with the question. "Master Harry has been the best Master ever." She sighed. "Sometimes he forgets and cleans up instead of letting work, but he is getting better. He explained that it was because of his life as a child." She brightened. "But he's learning."

As they entered a lift to go down to the service areas Annabeth asked, "How did Sir Harry grow up?"

Winky clucked at her. "I'm sorry. But the House Elf bond means that we must keep our Master's secrets. Master Harry has explained that we may talk to whoever we like about us, as long as it is safe, but we do not talk about things that Master Harry does not want talked about. His life with his relatives was one of the things that Master Harry considers a secret."

Just then the door opened and Annabeth pushed the cart across the hall into the kitchen area. Winky looked around. It was a mixture of what she expected in a kitchen and 24th century technology. Annabeth pushed the cart over to the cleaning area.

Winky asked, "Are plates from the replicator? Most plates and cups are from the replicator where we live and they are returned there to be recycled. That was the explanation given to us."
Annabeth nodded. "A lot of what we use is replicated. But some of it is original china. We use the originals for the King, his children, and for important guests. Sir Harry is considered important."

Winky nodded, her ears flapping a little. "What's that?"

Annabeth looked and saw Winky pointing to a large case. "That's where pieces that are damaged are stored. We get them repaired when possible but we don't throw them away."

Winky's face lit up. "Can I see?"

Annabeth considered that while another servant cleared the cart to wash the dishes. "Alright, then." She nodded in thanks to the other worker and then led Winky over. She carefully opened the cabinet and allowed Winky to look.

Winky looked over some of the pieces. She then asked, "Can Winky try to fix?"

Annabeth was startled. "Well. I should ask the steward in charge of the kitchen."

Winky nodded. "Ask please."

Annabeth left while Winky continued looking. Soon, Annabeth led another man over. "You asked to try to fix some of these pieces?" he asked.

Winky nodded enthusiastically. "In Wizard's homes, House Elves are in charge of fixing dishes and plates and cups and things. There is much work here."

Annabeth volunteered, "Apparently, Winky and Dobby are House Elves and House Elves need to work to be happy."

The man took a long look at the enthusiastic being and said, "Why don't you show me how you would fix … this?" he pointed to a piece that was too heavily cracked for traditional methods to repair.

Winky nodded and took a long look at it. She then snapped her fingers. Suddenly, the cracks, fractures, and imperfections were gone. A pristine cup was in the place where the damaged cup had been, along with some debris.

The head of the kitchen was entirely startled, as was Annabeth. Other kitchen workers were starting to pay attention. "Let me see that," the man said as he picked it up. He looked it over carefully and even took it over to a cabinet and pulled out a tricorder to scan it. His eyes were wide as he looked up from the readouts. "It's perfect. The scanner shows no flaws whatsoever. It's entirely original according to the scanner – it reads as 400 years old."

Winky nodded. "Annabeth explained that it was kept because it was original. I only used the original material. If a piece was missing, it would still be missing with the repair spell I used. Many wizards were very careful about not allowing a piece to show as fake or part fake if scanned." She was talking about diagnostic spells though the 24th century people there assumed it was something else.

The man nodded. "Yes. I would quite agree with that sentiment. As long as you use this spell and don't try to replace lost pieces, you have my permission to fix as much of what is in this cabinet as possible."

Winky was about to cast a spell but paused. "Can I call Dobby too? Dobby can also work."
The man said, "Go ahead." He expected the small being to use a link or a computer terminal but she did nothing of the sort. She called out, "Dobby!"

Those in the room were startled when another being, like Winky, appeared right in front of them. Winky started speaking. "This cabinet has broken pieces. We have permission to fix items so long as we don't replace lost pieces for new pieces."

Dobby's face lit up as Winky's had earlier. "Where do we put them when they are fixed?"

The head of the kitchen said, "Why don't you fix each one and hand it off to me. I will scan them and, if repaired enough, other workers will take them to be fully clean."

Dobby asked with some confusion, "Why would the need to be cleaned again? They will be clean when we finish repairing and we perform cleaning spell."

The man said, "It is considered normal." He didn't want to admit that he was leery of "cleaning spells" and so answered quite diplomatically.

Dobby and Winky looked at each other and shrugged. They then went to work quite happily.

Harry had been sitting in the suite he had been given, reading. Part of why he was doing so was to unwind and calm himself. Luckily, because of the widely varied worlds and cycles for different species, Spacedock was, in effect, a 24-hour operation. He had had a harder time adjusting between Bajor time and Federation time than he had between Federation time and local time.

His "afternoon tea" with Prince William at the spacedock had been "afternoon tea time" for Britain – it had actually been very early afternoon Federation Standard time. British time was a few hours later.

Luckily, he had been gotten up very early to disembark and this fit right in for a good transition and he wouldn't be unable to fall asleep.

After a couple of hours, however, he noticed something. "Dobby? Winky?"

Very soon, the two house elves popped in. "You called, Master Harry Potter?" Dobby asked.

"Yes. I was just wonder where you two were – I hadn't heard you in a while."

Winky actually answered that with a small blush. "I found work that needed doing that Dobby and I could do. We didn't get to work on the ships and so were feeling anxious. We feel much better now."

Harry was tempted to ask what they had been doing but honestly he was ecstatic that they had gone and done something without actually asking him first – he always thought that House Elves should learn a bit more independence, though he had been working on that with these two for a long time.

"Oh. That's good then. Feel free to do as you please, of course. I'm going to be turning in soon. Lord Luce will be by at 8:00 in the morning to go over the schedule. But the presentation will be closer to 10:00. I will need the outfit I wore when originally presented to Queen Elizabeth put out for me. I will want to wake up around 6:00 and eat and shower then."

Dobby and Winky nodded. Dobby said, "Once Master Harry is in bed, can we continue doing work we found?"
They had moved from the one cabinet to another storage room which had even more old items that had needed repair. These items were kept as too important to actually throw out but not important enough to spend massive resources on. Much of the time spent was actually recording what the repairs had done so as to maintain proper records of each item. Dobby and Winky thought it silly, but it was the rules here so they accepted it. They now had several people doing before and after scans on each item as they worked.

Harry considered that. "As long as you two don't overtax yourself and keep yourself safe, you are free to do as you like."

Dobby and Winky nodded cheerfully in response to that and chimed, "Yes, Master Harry/Master Harry Potter!"

Winky helped Harry get to bed while Dobby went back to doing that they had been doing. Once Harry was in bed, Winky disappeared with the admonishment for him to call if they were needed. They would work for a few more hours before getting a little bit of sleep.
Harry waited at the door to the throne room.

While the Hereditary King of Great Britain and the United Kingdom no longer had any true part of governing, he still was coronated and enthroned. And so there was still a need for a throne room.

He then heard what he had been waiting for, "Presenting! Sir Harry James Potter, Knight of the Thistle, Holder of the George Cross, Order of Merlin 1st Class!"

Harry girded himself and marched forward into the room.

As Harry sat down for a formal luncheon, he reflected that this was both more and less comfortable than his original visit before the Queen.

While much of the grandeur of meeting the sitting King had been reminiscent of what he had experienced in his own world, he decided that much over-formal frippery had disappeared. It was, he reflected, a mark of the changed times.

He had met a few Hereditary Lords, Earls, and Barons. With the society being mostly free of actual usage of currency for basic needs, Harry was impressed to find that those who took pride in their hereditary titles spent the majority of their time helping to ensure their hereditary areas of responsibility were provided for. If someone had trouble, the Nobles could be consulted and solutions worked out.

Despite propaganda to the contrary, there was a system in place for the use of exchanged currency. Federation credits were supposed to be, for the most part, provided to everyone as a reflection of the energy needed to ensure basic needs for a single individual. Additional credits could be earned much as money used to be, and these things could be bartered for items or services.

People who spent their time studying or doing work in scientific fields were given more credits than the basic package. Harry liked the system as, in truth, no one could really starve.

Even people like Annabeth, who had served him the night before, were not truly forced by circumstances to do such jobs. There were always people who preferred traditional lives instead of academic or scientific ones.

Dobby and Winky worked with the serving staff as a courtesy to them – in Harry's time, a Royal meal would never have included staff that visitors might have brought as this would be an insult implying that the Royal staff was insufficient.

Harry had accepted the Royal hospitality with the agreement to allow the Elves to serve the King and his Heir. The two elves felt honored and the two Royals were delighted.

"Sir Harry," the King asked as he sipped his drink, "now that we're done with the reception, I would like to satisfy a curiosity."

"Oh, Your Majesty?" Harry asked as he cut his food.

"Yes. Last night, when you were flying, you are aware your delightful Elf Dobby was with us to keep an eye on you?"
Harry nodded. "I'm not surprised," he said with a smile. "They like to keep me safe, though I am
good enough to keep myself safe usually. It's their nature."

"Very loyal people, or so I've noticed." The two elves, both standing back in case that anything was
needed, blushed slightly at the praise. "Anyway, Dobby mentioned a past incident as regards your
flying and admitted to regret you being hurt, though his efforts were to keep you safe." Harry hid
his groan. "Something about a basilisk and a Diary?"

Harry sighed and smiled ruefully as he paused in taking a sip. He finished the motion and said,
"Yes. That whole year was … a bit complicated."

"Would you mind telling us about it?" the King asked.

Though feeling a bit reluctant, he tried to not show it. "I can do that." He paused. "But perhaps after
the meal? It might be easier to tell in detail if I am not also concentrating on eating as well."

And so it was that that for a couple of hours that afternoon Harry sat and told a number of stories
regarding his time at Hogwarts. He gave the King and the Royal Historian a copy of the recording
that had been made when Harry had told his story to Commander Sisko. He also allowed copies of
the documents which had to do with his Knighting and medals to be made as well.

In truth, Harry was a bit rung out after the Royal grilling. Though polite and solicitous, neither the
King nor the Crown Prince were simple and they ferreted out details which had escaped most
people who heard the stories.

When the long meeting was done the King said, "It is obvious from what you have said and from
the evidence provided that you were treated most poorly by both the Magical and non-Magical
systems in place. And you deserved far more awards and honors than you ever received. You shall
be receiving a Royal Writ confirming your status as a Knight of the Realm as well as your other
Honors. I am aware that you are planning on returning to Deep Space 9 – quite a far distance from
Britain and Earth. But if you are ever in need of assistance that We can provide, you only need ask.
While we are not dismissing you from your place in the Household I believe I can say with
certainty: We are satisfied, Sir Harry James Potter. Go forth secure in the knowledge that We are
pleased with your Service to the Realm and to your Queen – and King."

Given the formal nature of that statement, Harry gave a formal bow of acknowledgment of a
Knight to his sovereign. With that, the King withdrew. The Prince, however, had another matter to
discuss.

"Have you a particular itinerary that you have planned while on Earth?" he asked.

Harry shook his head. "Not really. I would like to take tomorrow and check out a few places in
England and Scotland to see if there is any trace that a magical world ever existed here. I noticed a
distinct lack of the 'feeling' of a magical presence – but that might be the product of the attacks
from the beginning of World War III, from the nuclear winter, or even from the clean up. I might
need to find an area which was relatively unaffected to find traces."

"Do you have any places in mind?"

Harry nodded. "Devonshire was one area I wanted to look – there was a village called Ottery St.
Catchpole where several magical families used to live. Barring that, the area where Hogwarts used
to be on my world, not far from Iverness, might possibly be a better choice."

Prince William nodded. "Scotland might possibly be better to concentrate on. Though the coastal
cities of Aberdeen and Glasgow were hit quite thoroughly, Iverness is a bit further north and also more protected. Even in that time of conflict, foreign forces never enjoyed trying to get to the areas of the Highlands as there was too little that was strategically important but there were too many places for people to hide and protect themselves, making it dangerous to invade." He grinned a grim smile. "Scottish folk are not the type to roll over and submit, especially to foreign invaders."

Harry nodded with a serious smile of his own. "Yes. Minerva McGonagall, my old Head of House and later Headmistress at Hogwarts, was of Scottish Highlander blood – she was not someone to cross if you could possibly avoid it."

Prince William gave a loud chuckle at that.

"Very well. I would like, if possible, to begin formal negotiations soon as regards seeds and other things. Perhaps two days from now? I don't want to put it off for too long as I don't know how long you will be on Earth."

"Well," Harry said, "our current plan was to for 9 days. Commander Sisko had made tentative arrangements for our return and we decided to just use those. Our tentative plans included visits to New Orleans, as a favor to Commander Sisko, as well as seeing San Francisco, and a number of other cities around the world." He paused. "I do have a few items that I need to get delivered as I offered to bring some things with me from Deep Space 9 for family members."

"Do they need to be personally delivered?" William asked.

"Not really – save for to Joseph Sisko because I promised."

"Well, if you can present the items to Colonel Brigsby, he can ensure they are delivered. Why don't you contact Mr. Sisko and find out what the best time would be to visit and I will ensure that such matters are accounted for in any proposed schedule?"

"That works for me, Your Highness."

Harry made the copies of the list of non-Magical plant seeds that he had so that Prince William would have a basis for what his father would ask for. When asked, Harry had to admit that he didn't know what he could be offered in exchange. As he said to the Prince, "I'm still too new in this Universe to have a mapped-out idea of what I need. But I'll think about it."

Harry was given the use of an air car attached to the Royal Household for the day, as well as a pilot. The elves went with him as they could use their own abilities to find anything he might have missed.

Harry was both curious and disappointed. He couldn't find any trace of a magical world. At the same time, things had changed far too much because of war and circumstances to be certain that there had never been any magical presence.

The elves reported that they could not sense any magical elements, though they did feel an echo of possible historical places of magic. The Earth's ley lines had fractured because of nuclear war and, while the Earth was healing, it would be difficult for any magical being to have survived had they existed.

There was a background magic to the Earth, as there had been on their own world, but it wasn't much stronger than the background magic of the universe as a whole.

The Magicals were relieved that they had their own Magical cores which their bodies naturally
recharged, assisted by the bonds between them, especially the Elves.

Harry sat across from Prince William, who was representing his father, members of the Starfleet Diplomatic Corps, a member of Agricultural Affairs, a section of the Federation Science Bureau with ties to the Terraform Command. Because the Federation had other means to ensure their population was fed, it was not a separate Bureau of its own.

On each side of the table were legal experts. Harry had been assigned a Vulcan named V'Lan, great-granddaughter of V'Lar, who was a Vulcan Ambassador from the time of the Federation's creation. She had been surprisingly personable.

King Charles VIII spoken to open the session. "Welcome to the New Buckingham Palace, agreed-upon location for negotiations between Sir Harry James Potter of Deep Space 9, a private individual, and the British Hereditary Royal Family, representing the interests of Britain and Earth as a whole. The Royal Family is represented by Crown Prince William, as I am acting as host. Also present is Ambassador Krajensky of Earth to represent the interests of the Federation in this matter. Advising Sir Harry on relevant Federation and Earth laws and customs is V'Lan of Vulcan. Advising Prince William is Mr. Norman Walker of Britain, a member of the Crown's legal team. Advising the Federation Representative is Lt. Commander Martin Vedrosian of Proxima from Agricultural Affairs. Prince William will begin with the purpose of our request to meet with Sir Harry Potter."

The whole introduction thing was quite tedious and boring, though Harry took pains to remain politely interested from all observation.

First was the matter of Harry's status as a non-Federation citizen. V'Lan spoke.

She pushed an electronic record across the table. "Contained within the record I have just provided, as well as these documents," she pushed a packet of documents over, "is the current ruling as far as Sir Harry Potter's status. Mr. Potter is from an alternate dimension and arrived by way of the Bajoran Wormhole. Although he was born on Earth, it was not this Earth, and legally he is not a Federation citizen. And although he is of Human stock, it can be scientifically stated that he is not quite *homo sapiens sapiens*. He would be classed as *homo sapiens magicus*. His retainers, also born on Earth, have no equivalent in this universe. They are a species called House Elves, tentatively classified as *homo elfanus* – though that name was given in humour by Sir Harry Potter. Because of his arrival from the Bajoran wormhole, he has been registered as being of Bajor though he is not Bajoran. After any necessary review, I would ask that this be stipulated as reflecting his current legal status."

Prince William said, "As far as the British Hereditary Royal Family is concerned, we have seen sufficient documentation to stipulate this already. And the Federation has already decided his status because of his residency on Deep Space 9. It should also be noted that Sir Harry James Potter has now been given the status of being a member of the Royal Household and, as such, enjoys the same permanent diplomatic protections that we enjoy."

There were a couple of questions and clarifications but eventually the matter was settled.

"Now. Has everyone seen the list of seeds and the accompanying documentation?" Prince William asked.

Copies were passed around to all present. Being that this was the first time the Federation representatives had seen it, some time was taken to review it. During this time, Dobby and Winky provided refreshment for his side and members of the Royal Household provided refreshments for
Cmdr. Vadrosian had a question. "Can I examine a seed, any seed, from this list? I would like to verify something."

Harry said, "Certainly." He turned to Winky. "Winky? Can you retrieve a range of seeds? Use any excess from the immediate planting trunk as I don't want to break out the whole seed bank yet."

Winky nodded and moved to a room off to the side which they had been given permission to use. Although he wasn't hiding it, he didn't want to make the opening of the bag into a dog and pony show.

Winky soon returned with several seeds each in their own small cups. Each cup had magically been marked with what seeds were contained in the cup.

The uniformed man took the tray of seed cups and then started scanning each one. He commented, "These are remarkably fresh seeds. They seem to have been prepared for storage within only a short time."

Harry said, "That's a product of how they are stored. They are under a stasis spell. My friend, Hermione Granger-Weasley, who put it together wanted to make sure that what I had was in the optimum condition for growing before it was put away. These are probably a good example of how most all of the seeds or seed items are stored."

Prince William asked curiously, "Seed items?"

Harry nodded. "You know that quite a number of things are better grown from previously grown examples. Like potatoes. Usually new potatoes are grown from cut up potatoes from an earlier harvest."

"Ah."

Finally, Vadrosian was finished. Krajensky asked, "What did you want to verify, Mr. Vadrosian?"

The man was much less bland – one would almost call him giddy by comparison. "Well, the first thing I wanted to see was the verification that these were, in fact, from a different universe. Their quantum resonance proved that. I wanted to make certain that would be no problems because of that. I would have to test it to verify, but I do believe that as the seeds are planted and grown, the replicated cells that would sprout would, for the most part, resonate as being from this universe. This would be because the material used by the seed to grow would be of this universe. But, from my scans, I see no reason why this would not be the case."

Harry said, "You should probably scan me. I've been living here for a month and eating, especially in the last two weeks, local food."

Vadrosian nodded. "Do I have permission to scan you for quantum resonance?"

Harry replied, "Certainly."

Vadrosian moved to scan Harry. He paused. "There is some interference at the quantum level. I will have to try a few adjustments."

"That's probably my magic. Do what you need to."

After a few more adjustments, Vadrosian was successful. "Because of your magic, the changover
to a resonance that is more suitable for this universe is slow, but it is happening. I see no reason why this would create any problem. Have you noticed any change in your abilities?"

Harry replied, "No. There is a background magic in this universe, or so my spells tell me. I was worried that I might eventually lose my magic as there are no real magical beings that I've found on this earth. But the fundamental makeup of the universe, the cosmological constant as Bashir called it, doesn't actually preclude magic. Thank God. Or I would be in trouble." Harry noticed everyone was taken aback. "What?"

Prince William chuckled. "Few people would thank a deity in this age. The concept of religion has become much less prevalent in the face of the concentration on science."

Harry nodded. "I noticed that. But the Bajorans still recognize their Prophets and I have heard even some humans still saying it. Most cultures recognize God or gods even if they can't explain it. I have faith in the concept of a Prime Mover Unmoved, or the ultimate Creator. The universe – or universes – are just too logically formed to believe that creation as it is was just a product of chance or unthinking forces. I might not believe in any particular theism – but the existence of the Creator I refer to as God for me is too intrinsic a belief to just dismiss. I might not believe that a deity is controlling or directing things the way the Bajorans cling to, but I can give my thanks for the mere possibility of my existence amidst all that was created."

V'Lan was curious. "If you don't believe that a deity is controlling or directing things, then what logic is it to voice thanks to such a force?" Vulcans actually did have gods that they prayed to, but this was entirely private for them.

Harry gave a small grin. "Well, just in case I'm wrong."

A number of people in the meeting actually chuckled at that.

Finally Prince William said, "Well, we've established that Sir Harry has no legal obligation to give up what he controls, and we've established that what he has brought is useful in this universe, we should establish the basis of his ownership for the record. Please explain how you came to have the seed bank and your other possessions."

Harry then explained a rough sketch of his life and the basis for his decision to jump. He also explained the preparations he made and the assistance that Hermione gave him. "In the end, it was the gold that I owned and inherited which financed my possession of all these items. Any morally questionable methods were sanctioned by the legal authority of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Second and have no relevance to my ownership within this universe."

King Charles, who had been mostly listening, volunteered, "As Queen Elizabeth the Second, or at least her alternate, is of my ancestors, I would have to recognize any decisions she made as legally binding."

Mr. Wilson, his legal advisor, asked, "Are you certain you wish to do that, Your Royal Majesty?"

King Charles said, "It might not be the most expedient decision, but it is the moral and ethical one, and the only decision I could make which would satisfy my honor. And so: Yes, I truly which to do that."

Wilson nodded. "I understand and, personally, would have to agree. According to law and custom, it is my job to represent you and your position to the best of my ability. It would have been remiss of me not to question any decision which might not be most advantageous to your bargaining position, regardless of my own personal beliefs." He looked at Harry. "I hope you understand that
Harry nodded and said cheerfully, "I won't take it personally. To be honest, this is a much more pleasant interaction with government authority compared with what I experienced in my own world. Your actions actually made me feel much more at home."

Wilson chuckled ruefully. "Yes. Lawyers seem to be regarded quite similarly in most places."

Prince William finally took back over. "So, Sir Harry's ownership is established. And finally we come to it. Under what circumstances would you allow us access to the seeds and knowledge that you brought with you from your home universe? My purpose is to see to the rehabilitation of the Earth so that it can recover more fully from the sins of our past."

He looked at the Federation Ambassador. "What is the Federation's desired purpose in these negotiations?"

Krajensky said, "The Federation would wish to have access to the seeds for the purposes of assistance for members of the Federation to fill in ecological niches that might be missing on various worlds. It would also allow a much more varied base for creation of genetically viable plants for future colonization."

Harry said, "You can also possibly find genetically appropriate plants for non-Human worlds or at least a base to create them. I know that the Klingons had to become allies at least because of pressures created by their own poor choices of the past. You could engender much good will by allowing them access to plants which might help bring their world back to a more natural state."

He looked at V'Lan. "Vulcans live on a desert world. According to the records, Hermione left me seeds for desert environments as well as any other."

He looked back at the Ambassador. "Plants for arid conditions, wet conditions, tropical conditions, steppe environments, aquatic environments. Just imagine the possible pharmacological uses for plants that might be recovered."

Harry passed and looked off in thought. "Hermione was very thorough. I believe she put together two seed banks – one to send with me and one to keep herself. Yes, it mostly concentrated on food – but she got as many other types of plants as well." He chuckled as he thought about it. "I truly hope she did as I believe she did – it would make me feel much better about all the work she put into it."

He looked back at the other side. "Anyway – this is, truly, far more than just re-seeding Britain or even the Earth."

At the thoughtful looks of those in the room he said, "I truly do not wish to make this something which is entirely about personal gain. It's not in my nature and it's foreign to those present as well."

Those in the room lightened up a bit at that. "But culturally, I cannot just give it away. It violates, at the deepest level, the morals and ethics that I grew up with. And so here is at least a start to what I propose."

"1. The United Earth government, with the backing of the Federation, and the lead done by Britain, create the Royal Botanical Institute, to begin work to create enough seeds to bring back the natural ecological balance to the Earth. To be perfectly honest, I would like the name of it to be something like the Hermione Granger Royal Botanical Institute – or something in that vein. Yes, her married name included Weasley, but she was born Granger and Granger comes from a word which had to do with Farm Management in medieval England. It was the rent collector – but I hope we can ignore that.

2. I will provide freely the scientific knowledge that was included for all seeds that I brought as such knowledge, while gathered at my expense, was the collective knowledge of all Humans at the time.

3. To satisfy my personal cultural bias as to ownership, the seeds that I provide will be sold to the
Institute for a sum of a currency recognized in most cultures in this galaxy, gold pressed Latinum. It will be a token price of enough Latinum that would be consistent to make a wealthy man but not exorbitantly wealthy in any society that is non-Federation. The Latinum can be paid over an agreed-upon period – I will let V'Lan work out the contract. She will receive a 5 percent commission as my agent in this – 5 percent of whatever I receive.

4. The Federation will provide a Science Vessel to operate within the Bajoran system. It will work with an extension of the Institute which will concentrate more on adaption of the seeds and how to reproduce or recreate plant life on worlds that have been devastated, such as Bajor was. This will pay Bajor back for their agreement to give me status through their government. This work will be completely separate from any political agreement between Bajor and the Federation as to management of Deep Space Nine or the Wormhole. It should be clarified that the agreement for the institute is an agreement between Earth and Bajor rather than the Federation and Bajor, though it will require Federation backing and assistance to run.

5. If the Federation bargains with any government entity, such as the Klingon Empire, the Romulan Empire, the Cardassian Union, or any other entity for a recognizable commodity using the product of the institute, I would receive a one half of one percent commission of whatever commodity is paid. This will not apply if the Federation, in effect, gives the product away or uses it to create a diplomatic relationship.

6. Whatever other concessions V'Lan can negotiate for me which are equitable."

He looked around. "That's a rough idea. Anyone have any immediate objections?"

V'Lan was curious. "Why would I receive a commission on work done as an assigned duty? Although I agreed to represent you, I was assigned by the Diplomatic Corps as a neutral participant."

Harry chuckled. "Consider it part of my cultural imperatives. You can donate your own portion to the Vulcan government where it might be used in dealing with non-Federation issues, or toward any other cause you might believe in."

V'Lan nodded and considered that suggestion.

Prince William said, "Sir Harry? I believe that we will have to discuss these matters. Nothing you have suggested is too onerous, though it does emasculate that you are from a different culture. That is not truly a bad thing as your culture taught you enough to ensure that you brought the seeds. It just is not a way of thinking that we are used to."

Harry nodded. "I understand, Your Royal Highness. I don't feel secure enough yet in this society to ignore monetary considerations. But in general, outside of the Latinum and commissions, nothing I asked for is really for my own gain. Also, Dobby and Winky will likely have to be involved with the work as they are the ones with the most direct knowledge of the seed bank. They will receive a portion of what I get – whatever I can convince them to take which is a harder negotiation that you might believe." Harry said this with humour while Dobby and Winky were both looking incredulous at the idea.

Prince William nodded in amusement. "I can believe that. How about we reconvene in two days? Tomorrow you can visit the places you wish to visit and we can consult with others as needed."

"Sounds good to me."

King Charles said, "Well then. These talks are officially adjourned until 2 days from now at 13:00
hours."
Harry reflected on his final week before leaving.

He was happy that he had visited Earth, but it did not feel like home to him. The closest thing that currently satisfied that condition was the alien space station.

He also had really enjoyed meeting Joseph Sisko.

Flashback

"Welcome to Sisko's," the older black man said with a cheerful smile.

Harry nodded. "Thank you. I believe I have a delivery for you."

"Oh?" he asked.

Harry nodded. "I've been living on Deep Space 9. Since I was coming this way, your son decided to let me be his delivery boy." Harry grinned as Joe Sisko's face lit up at the idea of something from his son.

Harry and the elves had spent a good portion of the day at Sisko's. The elves and the old man had actually spent time in the kitchen exchanging recipes. Dobby and Winky ended up a bit awed and Joe enjoyed learning a few more dishes, even if he preferred good old fashion New Orleans cooking.

Joe, told that Harry could take anything of any size to his son, had packed up a few things that Ben had left because of logistics which would let the man feel a bit more at home. Harry was also carrying gifts for both Ben and Jake.

End Flashback

Harry spent the last several days on Earth going between negotiations and visiting cities from all over the world. His travels had told him three things:

1) He definitely needed to learn the full differences between modern life and what he had known from his old world.

2) No where he had visited, which included quite a number of places that had never been immediately involved with conflict, had any traces of magical beings or magical traces of any type, though there were some rudimentarily magical plants here and there.

3) He would never have the feeling of "Home" on this Earth when it compared to his own. It was just too different culturally, magically, and experientially. This was not the world he had lived in or sacrificed for.

Home would be, when he found it, out amongst the stars.

As far as the negotiations went, his original demands were met. V'Lan had also ensured that he would have full access to any educational facility or resource available in the Federation, including direct instruction on every type of flying.

Harry loved flying. And while flying his broom was fun, he admitted that the idea of being qualified to fly anything from small shuttles to Starships was a perk he would not pass up.
This also meant that he had to become intimately familiar with warp and impulse drives, as well as inertial dampening systems. He would have to learn enough 24th century technology to be able to make safe decisions when it came to flying. This meant he also had to study warp field mechanics, at least to a degree, as well as possible dangers when it came to operating ships both in and out of a star system.

When reached level 3 qualifications, the Unified Earth Government would ensure he either was given a ship or the means to put together his own ship. If he waited until he was a level 4, he could get a better ship.

He was really looking forward to owning a ship of his own.

Although a science vessel would be assigned to the Bajoran system to support it, the actual extension of the Granger Royal Botanical Institute would be a facility on Bajor called the Botanical Institute at Bajor. Bajorans would, according to the Bajoran Ambassador whom was consulted, never allow an organization which implied Imperial or Royal as Bajor had never had a ruling family and it needed no implications that they were being controlled externally in any way.

The Granger Seed Bank, managed by the Institute, would be charged with not only working with the seeds provided by Harry but would also be charged with collecting and working with all seeds that were extant on Earth and Bajor. It would also help to recover lost species.

Once that was completed, it would expand to include fauna and flora from as many sources as possible. Although actual seeds might not be saved in all cases, a permanent record of the genetic code of all plants would be a prime function of the two institutes.

Harry found out that under certain circumstances, and armed with an actual genetic sample, almost anything could be cloned – even people! That was an utter shock to him. Harry started thinking about the potion ingredients as well as the stored meat that he carried. He was happy that he had told the elves only to use duplicates and not the original food as no genetic samples had been lost.

It would be an ambitious undertaking but it would create a legacy which could help any devastated world or race recover should there be a catastrophe.

After having farewelled the Royal Family (Harry had finally met the Crown Prince's wife and children who had been away), Harry was ready to go. However, instead of the main spacedock, Harry was transported to McKinley Station. As soon as a the Federation knew a science vessel was needed, the USS Yosemite was tapped and taken off of its projected missions.

Because the ship had been outfitted toward studying stellar phenomena, it had better hull shielding than most science vessels. Although it could crew 80, only a few permanent crew had been assigned as it could run with as few as 5. Several people were being taken to help get the facilities built on Bajor in parallel with the work that would be taking place on Earth.

However, a bit of work had been needed to outfit the science labs for plant genetics, quantum-level scanning on a larger scale, and cloning equipment suitable for plants. In addition, a much larger central computer had been installed to genetic codes and replicator patterns.

Harry had permanent quarters on the ship, though they were not that extensive. The rather small VIP Quarters on the ship had been turned into a semi-permanent residence. When the elves were working on the ship, his quarters were where they would berth.

The USS Yosemite's name had also been changed in honor of the British Isles, whose Royal Family was sponsoring the long term mission. It became the USS Glen Lyon, named after a
surviving registered nature area of Scotland near where the Institute was being built. The Yosemite name would be assigned to a newer, more modern science vessel.

The USS Glen Lyon had only a week to be upgraded. Some more work would be done while the two Institutes were built on Earth and Bajor. In the meanwhile, it would ferry seeds and other things between the two. It was scheduled for a more significant update to its equipment upon returning with the first batch of seeds that it recovered from the Seed Bank.

Once Harry was on board, the Glen Lyon proceeded to Utopia Planetia. Harry and the elves had taken on a lot of equipment for installation on Deep Space 9. Also, they stopped at a supply depot for, among other things, photon torpedoes and replicators.

The Glen Lyon took on, additionally, several engineers to help install the equipment they were bringing. Once everything was installed, they would return on the Glen Lyon to Utopia Planetia.

Harry looked at the pile of torpedoes. "Okay. That's quite a number of torpedoes." He turned to the Quartermaster. "While I don't anticipate any problems, I do believe that we have to test transport to ensure there are no problems."

"How would we do that," Chief Sparks asked.

"Well, I just need a torpedo without the charge. I assume that the antimatter is added on delivery?" Harry asked.

Sparks shrugged. "Usually. It's the only way to set the yield as needed. Launch systems on Starships have a fast recharge unit that runs independently of the systems. When the Captain is told that launch systems are down, it usually means that the recharge system is damaged or has locked itself magnetically to prevent a breech."

Harry nodded. "Good." He pulled an empty moleskin pouch from his pocket. "I only have a few of these things – I just don't want to put anything dangerous in the same bag as my supplies. And even though the uncharged torpedoes aren't likely a hazard – I'm erring on the side of caution."

Sparks nodded and shrugged. "Sure. I can understand that."

Dobby and Winky helped Harry load the torpedoes into the bag. A sensor was put into the bag to test to see if there was any danger of storing the containment units for the charges.

As far as the sensor was concerned, there was no real duration within the bag unless there was a magical trunk in use – and then the duration only occurred inside the trunk.

As a result, just in case, the containment units were carefully dropped into a magical trunk and then the trunk was put in the bag. Harry was a bit worried that even a nanosecond of "being out of phase with existence" might interfere with the units' operation.

Harry was taking no chances. He wasn't willing to sacrifice himself or the elves if the test went badly.

It was with relief that everything was finally packed and the Glen Lyon was ready for its voyage to Deep Space 9.

Commander Sisko was on the Ganges listening to Miles' report.
"But there's nothing wrong with any of them. Once we put power back into her, everything should be fully operational."

"Did you check the central power linkages?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir. I ran a Level One Diagnostic. Everything checks out. It's like something tapped into the ships systems and drained them dry."

He was about to go on when a message came through. "Ops to Sisko."

He tapped his badge in irritation. "Go ahead."

"The USS Glen Lyon just messaged in. They will be arriving with equipment and passengers within the hour."

"Understood." He paused. "Please let me know when they arrive." Suddenly, the entire area around Miles and Sisko darkened. "What's that?"

There was no answer and then suddenly, the lights returned as backup power kicked in. "Sudden power drain. Station-wide. We're compensating."

"Chief O'Brien and I are on our way."

Sisko was just returning to Ops from having met and confronted Q.

Suddenly, in the transporter area, there was a man. Sisko saw him. "Mr. Potter! Good. We could use your assistance."

Harry had just been a passenger for the last several days and so he was kind of bored. "What do you need?"

Just as Sisko was about to answer, there was another sudden power loss. And then it came back "Damn it, Q! Enough is enough!" Miles said loudly.

A pop sounded and then a rush of air suddenly flew through the area. Harry snapped his wand out and created a shield which stopped the air flow. Sisko called out, "Decompression protocols. Mr. O'Brien! Raise the confinement shields!"

Miles quickly rushed to snap on the shields. "Shields up!"

Sisko demanded from Major Kira, "Damage report"

"We've got a minor hull breech in one of the upper bulkheads."

"I'm reading hull fractures throughout the station." He looked at a readout. "Emergency systems appear to be functioning. Repair crews are responding."

Now that the immediate emergency was over Harry asked, "What in the hell is going on?"

Dax looked at Sisko, who nodded. "We've been experiencing power drains from the station systems. They are getting worse. It's been happening for two days."

"What happened two days ago?"

Miles O'Brien said, "Q!"
"Q? Who or what is 'Q'?” Harry asked with some confusion.

Sisko said, "A very powerful entity that has made himself known in the last several years. He tends to create trouble for his own amusement."

Harry was taken aback. "What else happened two days ago?"

Everyone paused and then Dax said, "We found a human in the Gamma quadrant and brought her back. She was there for two years. We're assuming Q took her though she hasn't confirmed that. The first power failure was on the shuttle after we picked her up."

Harry said, "She's a normal human?"

Miles volunteered, "I've seen her before. Vash and Captain Picard were friends. She's an archeologist. One of Q's games involved her. From what I know, she and Q are friends but she's just a human."

Harry nodded. "How powerful is this Q?"

Sisko said, "He claims to be omnipotent and omniscient." He paused. "He certainly doesn't seem to have limitations when he decides to exert himself."

Harry huffed. "Ignore him then. What in the hell did this Human woman, Vash, bring on the station? That's got to be related. Demand to see everything she brought with her."

Miles asked, "You don't think it's Q?"

Harry looked at him and asked, "He's omnipotent? And nothing you've seen has proven that wrong?"

Miles shrugged. "From what we've seen."

"Has he claimed responsibility?" Harry asked.

Sisko replied, "He has denied it or seemed to."

"Then it isn't him. I come from a magical society. Beings that have become so magical that they are effectively omnipotent, they have no reason to lie. Why bother? There's nothing you can do about them. Just don't make any agreements with them if you can avoid it. Beings like that have … exotic senses of humor. Let me tell you, when there's a chance, about how I became the 'Master of Death' – my ancestor and his brothers ran into such a being and two of them died for it. Luckily my ancestor was smarter."

Sisko looked at Harry and said, "Dax. Bring a tricorder. We're going to find Vash. Mr. Potter. Please come with us in case you can help."

Harry nodded. "Dobby! Winky!"

The two elves popped in. "Master Harry called?"

"Yes. Can you two help Chief O'Brien? He's going to need some help and fast. If it's a choice between helping and being discreet – go with helping. Since our visit, the cat's out of the bag about or magic anyway. Just don't be flashy."

"Of course, Master Harry." "Yes, Master Harry."
Harry followed Dax and Sisko out of the room.

Kira was looking at lift after it closed when a message came through. "Glen Lyon to DS9 Ops."

"Go ahead, Glen Lyon."

"Did two small beings arrive on the station?"

Kira chuckled. "Dobby and Winky were called by Mr. Potter. They are assisting us with some Emergency Repairs."

"Oh, good. Our sensors indicated that they had disappeared. I have a team of engineers who we brought to assist with some of the items that Sir Harry helped bring here. They've been studying the DS9 systems to prepare for the mission. Do you want me to send them over?"

Miles, who had been listening in, said loudly, "Yes! I've got a whole heap of systems that I could use some help with."

Kira said, "Did you get that?"

"Yes. Prepare to receive the team within 10 minutes."

"Thank you. DS9 out."

Miles said, "Send them to assist repair crews when they get here. I'm taking the Elves out to work on that hull breach."

"Okay, Chief."

The group found Vash at Quarks. She was waiting for the rest of the buyers to arrive for the auction.

Sisko led the others over to her. "Hello. Where are the items you brought to the station?"

Vash was taken aback. "Why? They are private property obtained legally. If you want to obtain them, you'll have to bid."

Quark, who had noticed their arrival, protested, "Commander. You are interfering with a legal sale of items that in no way violates any laws. I would ask you to not interfere." He then noticed Harry was one of those with the Commander. "When did you get back?"

"Just now." He looked at Vash. "I don't know you and you don't know me. But your arrival presaged a number of inexplicable phenomenon. Considering that, according to all reports, you are a normal person who is known to quite a few people, the only explanation is that it is something that you have. As I still hold a position in Station security as of this moment, I will have to ask you to present them for inspection to verify that they are not dangerous."

She looked at him and huffed. She looked at Quark, who huffed as well. He was upset because he had not yet got a chance to show off the merchandise to the buyers. But as it was a lawful order, he opened the display case that hid the items before their presentation.

Jadzia stepped forward and started scanning the items. "The graviton emissions are coming from that box. What is in it?"

Quark huffed again and carefully opened the box. Harry's eyes widened at the unusual looking crystal. He pulled his wand out and cast a number of detection charms. He paused in shock and
turned to the Commander. "It's reading as a living being."

Sisko looked at Vash and Quark, who both looked shocked. Dax said, "My scans don't show that."

Harry said earnestly. "It's magical in nature – or at least energy based. It seems like the crystal is its rest form. But it's waking up. Or acting on impulse."

Sisko asked urgently, "Does it need air?"

Harry said, "It's energy – it's not carbon based like you and me."

Sisko tapped his badge. "Sisko to Ops."

"Go ahead."

"Lock onto Dax's badge signal," he nodded to Dax who took off her badge and set it on the box and activated it, "and beam it and what it's sitting on off the station at least 2 kilometers."

"Stand by!" Kira's voice came out. In a few moments, the box and the badge on top disappeared.

Suddenly, there was the sound of clapping. "Bravo! Bravo!"

They all turned and saw the smirking man who had been sitting in back and watching.

"Q!" Sisko said with disgust.

Harry looked at him incredulously. He then asked in a neutral tone, "That's Q I take it?" Sisko nodded.

Harry walked over and looked at the man. "Q. It's a pleasure to meet you."

Q looked at Harry with some interest. "A Wizard! I did not expect to see one of your kind here."

Q's face took on an admonishing look. "A bit far from home aren't you?"

Sisko, who had followed, interjected, "You could have told us, Q."

Harry looked at Sisko and asked with some astonishment, "Did you not hear what I said in Ops? If Q is as powerful as you say he is …"

Q smirkingly chimed in, "I am."

"… then it would be unbelievably silly to expect him to respect your laws and morality. That he does so is a mark of at least some modicum of self restraint. The only reason he's as restrained as he is, is because he has to put some rules in place for himself to interact with beings at our level. Otherwise he might accidentally squash us and never notice. And that might accidentally remove a possible source of amusement for him."

Sisko and Dax were looking at him incredulously. Quark was trying to absorb what was being said. Vash looked petulant. The possible bidders looked cautious. Q looked extremely amused.

Harry groaned. "Oh my god!"

Q drawled out, "Yeeeessss?"

Harry gave him a filthy look. Q continued to smirk at him. Harry then looked back at Sisko. "You're still mentally trying to categorize him. To be perfectly honest, I would not want to live a
Q pouted. "You take all of the fun out of things."

Harry gave Q a look and said, "Look at my family history. We have some experience."

Q gave Harry a long look and then chuckled. "Yes. You do."

Sisko asked curiously, "If he's omnipotent, then why would he have to look?"

Harry replied, "Just because he knows everything doesn't mean he's paying attention to everything. That would be entirely too boring for him. Him looking at my history and my family history is like him looking at a page of information that he might have glossed over at some time in the past. Maybe. If he decided it was interesting. But he would have to consciously decide it was interesting – which may never have been worth it before."

Sisko looked at Q and said, "But he's just so aggravating!" His tone was half aggravated – and half resigned.

Harry chuckled. "Of course he is. He's got to do something to make life interesting for himself. Getting upset with him is like pissing in the wind: Silly, pointless, and far more annoying to you than to the wind."

Q looked at Harry and said with a broad smile, "I like you! I'll even fulfill one request. Anything you like!" His tone was wheedling.

Harry looked at him and said with some amusement, "I AM descended from the third brother. I know better." Amused, Q nodded in acknowledgement to that. Harry said, "Anyway." He looked at Vash and Quark. "Sorry about you losing the crystal but it was its own being. You'll have to just accept that there was no profit to be had, despite your most fond wishes."

Vash nodded, still a bit petulant. Quark looked resigned.

Harry looked at Sisko. "Well, we should probably leave them to their business. There's nothing left which is objectionable, at least on a legal basis."

Sisko sighed and nodded. "Very well." He nodded at Vash, Quark, and – reluctantly – to Q. He then led the group back to Ops. Q watched them walk away, still feeling somewhat amused at the interaction.

It took a good day longer, but eventually Vash had left the station to some obscure place, Q had run out of amusements and left, and Miles, the engineers, and the magicals had gotten things mostly back in order.

The Glen Lyon, now that things were progressing, made its way to Bajor to help coordinate the building of the Botanical Institute.
Harry was sitting at Quarks, drinking. Jadzia Dax came over and asked, "Are you up for a drinking partner?"

Harry looked up and nodded. "Please. Feel free."

Jadzia sat down and ordered a drink. "So … pilot training."

Harry nodded and took a swig. "Something to do since I can't really work security on a regular basis."

Jadzia asked curiously, "Why not?"

Harry chuckled and said, "I overlooked a very minor detail."

"Something you did wrong?"

Harry nodded. "I accepted status from the British Royal family on Earth. That was the beginning of it. Although I am not a member of any diplomatic service, I have 'diplomatic status' – which means it is incumbent upon me to not get myself into unnecessary conflict."

Jadzia's mouth moved into a motion as though silently saying, "Ooooooh."

"Yeah. Brilliant move on my part," he said sarcastically. "I like the Royal family and all – people from my time almost revere them – but I did not think through what it meant to be a member of the Royal Household."

Jadzia winced. "It won't interfere that much, will it?" She accepted the drink that had been delivered by the server. "When I was Curzon, I was a Federation negotiator. I never let diplomatic status get me too down."

Harry considered that. "It's not really a problem. Not really. For someone in my position, it's mostly a protection. But taking down petty thieves might be considered 'below me'. And then there's the formality."

"Oh?" she asked.

Harry nodded. "I'm obligated to attend diplomatic functions and meetings that might be occurring around me. Which means I have to dress up. I'm thinking about bringing out my formal battle robes as my diplomatic costume of choice."

Jadzia laughed. "You'd fit right in with the Klingons."

Harry grinned and raised his glass. "Here's to fitting in with the Klingons."

Jadzia raised her own glass and the two took long drafts. Jadzia commented, "My last host was one of the people that the Federation sent to negotiate with the Klingons. I lived among them for years." She grinned. "They can be a lot of fun."

Harry nodded. "I am curious about something. You're a Trill. You have spots. I met another Trill when I was at Earth. He had a weird forehead shape. What's the deal with that?"

Jadzia sighed and nodded. "What do you know about Trill?"
Harry shrugged. "Not much, really."

"Were you aware that several hundred years ago we had a global ecological disaster?"

"No."

"Well – we did. It caused much of Trill society to move underground – which was where the Symbionts actually lived and still do. The Trills who lived entirely underground actually evolved the marks as a form of camouflage. The Trills who lived closer to the surface or on the surface evolved a physical defense – which explains the forehead. Truthfully, we're not much different. Once we started joining, our bodies became … you could almost say malleable. Almost no other species has gone through such a marked physical evolution in such a short time."

Harry snorted. "Except Humans – who seem to change depending on the planet. It's amazing to me how many 'aliens' descend from Human stock."

Jadzia considered that. "True. That might be because of the nuclear winter that Earth experienced because of World War III. It allowed for easier mutation to fit environments. People fled Earth as quick as possible to get away from the devastation. Also, the ban against genetic manipulation hadn't been put in place. In order to live on alien worlds, the prospective colonists had to fit themselves to the worlds they colonized rather than changing the world to suit them as is often done now."

Harry agreed. "Yeah. It's just really strange. These aliens come from Earth originally – but they tend to be vehement about saying they are whatever they are now and not 'human' – though they originally were."

Jadzia commented, "Defense mechanism. They left so they wouldn't be controlled by Earth governments. Calling themselves 'Human' would give Earth too much control."

Harry nodded. "Anyway. Is there much of a difference between spotted Trills and heavy-forehead Trills?"

Jadzia shrugged. "A little. The spotted Trills tend to be … more balanced between Symbiont and host. The non-spotted Trill tends to be more subsumed by the Symbiont when they join. Which is why Trills that are joined are, in the majority, the spotted Trills. Those that are not are usually the Symbionts who have been around a much longer time and are considered vital to Trill society. Odan, for example, is a diplomat of extreme skill. The death of the host and the need for a new host was the incident which made Trill stop officially hiding their dual nature – though we often told non-Trill friends who were particularly close, like Benjamin is to me."

"So if you had been the host of Odan, you wouldn't have been Jadzia anymore?"

Jadzia had a 'there you go' expression as she nodded in agreement.

"Well, I'm happy that you're still Jadzia." She grinned in acknowledgement. "I do believe I would like to learn more about Trill social mores – there are probably a whole bunch of rules that have to do with living with Symbionts."

"Oh, yeah," she replied. "You better believe it; a whole host of rules." She gave a smirk at the intended pun.

Just then Julian Bashir walked up. "Hello, Harry." He said with a much more flirtation tone, "Hello, Jadzia."
Harry looked at Bashir and said, "Oh, come on! Don't you ever give it a rest?" He would have been more offended but he had learned early on that Julian's attempts at wooing her were more amusing than annoying to her. Harry looked at Jadzia. "He's like an enthusiastic puppy that never seems to give up."

Jadzia grinned at Harry and then at Julian, who looked a bit embarrassed. "No. It's okay. It's kind of cute."

Harry huffed. "Well, he's your friend. If you're willing to put up with it …" He looked at Julian. "Have a seat, Fido. We're having a discussion about Trill society."

Julian looked mildly affronted. "Fido?" he asked incredulously. Still, he did sit down.

Harry looked at him in amusement. "Yes. Fido. A common name for puppies on Earth. I'm sure you've heard it before."

"Yes, I've heard the name Fido before," he said with amused sarcasm. "I take offense to being called a puppy." He motioned for a drink to be delivered.

"Well, if the shoe is chewed, it becomes yours." He looked at Jadzia. "Puppies are far too enthusiastic about chewing shoes – or so I've heard."

Jadzia asked, "So you've heard? You never had a puppy?"

Harry shrugged. "Witches and wizards tend to go for certain types of pets: Cats, owls, toads, an occasional raven. I think it has to do with potions."

Julian asked in curious amusement, "What do potions have to do with it?"

Harry shrugged. "Most wizards tend to keep animals around that have magical essences as they are useful for potions. As far as dogs go, Wizards only think about the Crup, the Grim, and Cerberus. Dogs tend not to be inherently magical – though many wolves are."

Julian nodded. "What's a crup, anyway?"

Harry replied, "Magical dog that looks like a Jack-Russell terrier with a split tail; loyal to wizards and vicious to non-magicals."

Julian said, "I've never heard of them."

Jadzia asked, "What is a Grim and what is a Cerberus?"

Julian answered. "A grim is a mythical dog which was often seen as an omen of death. Cerberus was actually the name of a three-headed dog known in mythology as the Hound of Hades, the god who was the king of the Underworld in Greek mythology. They aren't real." He paused then and the looked at Harry and asked dubiously, "Are they?"

Harry grinned. "Let me tell you about Fluffy."

The three had a pretty good time talking about Magical species and them more about Trills. When they were done, Julian left with Jadzia to talk to her on the way back to the crew quarters. Harry waved them off. However, he also noticed someone who seemed to be inordinately interested in them. Harry tried to hide his noticing and thought he was successful.

Harry wasn't certain but something seemed off. He could have alerted security but he didn't want to
scare them off. Instead, he moved to somewhere he wouldn't be seen and disillusioned himself and followed. He waited until he saw them enter the lift before apparating to the level which contained Crew quarters, still disillusioned.

Harry knew that he had worked with DS9 Ops for its sensors to see through his disillusionment but that most tricorders only noted an odd radiation rather than a presence, so he was pretty confident that he wouldn't be noticed.

He waited patiently. Certain that he was alone, he tapped his also disillusioned badge (which he was allowed to keep) and asked for a location on Bashir and Dax. They were still in the lift.

Harry saw another two aliens who were cowled show up and hide themselves. His eyes narrowed. They were too close for him to use his badge again. He considered silencing himself but they seemed like thugs and not assassins, so he held off.

Jadzia and Bashir appeared off the lift. They walked along and Harry allowed them to pass his position. He rolled his eyes as Bashir's continuing flirtations. Harry watched as they parted ways. He was torn. Did he follow Bashir or Jadzia?

He then noticed a look of satisfaction on one of those watching and saw that Bashir was let go. Dax then seemed to be the target.

The three aliens stepped out mid corridor and one of them said, "Dax?"

Jadzia paused and turned, "Yes?"

Harry moved so that he was behind them and removed the disillusionment charm, motioning to Dax to keep it quiet. He had to hand it to her, she didn't stare and she trusted him enough to back her up. She continued talking with them as though he wasn't there.

When they rushed her, Harry pointed his wand, "Stupefy!"

One of their number dropping gave the other attackers pause and Jadzia used the distraction to swung at the closest one. Harry called, "Stupefy!" once more and knocked the self-important one out.

As he was casting incarcerous spells after ensuring the third was truly unconscious, he heard Jadzia tap her badge. "Dax to Security! Three attackers on level six, corridor two!"

The badge messaged, "Understood."

Jadzia looked at Harry and said, "Thanks." Just then Bashir came back and then noticed the three on the ground and he rushed up. "What happened?"

Dax replied, "They tried to rush me – Security is on its way."

Bashir looked at Harry. Harry said, "I saw someone following you two when you left. I knew where you were going and I used my abilities to get here ahead of your arrival. When I saw them let you go, I followed them and Dax. It was only chance that I happened to see that man," he pointed out the self-important looking one, "accosting her and then leading them to attack."

Bashir nodded. He quickly checked them. "They're unconscious."

Harry said, "Magically knocked unconscious – except that one who Dax punched when I was creating a distraction."
Bashir nodded and scanned the one that Dax knocked out. "He'll be fine – just a headache when he wakes up." Just then security rushed into the corridor.

Security ensured that they had no weapons on them and suggested waking them up so they could be taken in.

Just then, Sisko arrived. "Report!" He looked quite angry. Harry let Dax handle that one. When the idea came back to wake them up Harry said, "Why don't we get them to a cell first?"

Sisko looked vindictive and then nodded. Harry levitated one of them and four security guards lifted the other two. Odo, who had also arrived, led the entire group to the holding area. Once they were inside, Harry removed the incarcerous spells.

Sisko waited until everyone was out of the cell and then nodded to Harry. "Do it."

Harry cast the enevervate spell quickly three times even as Odo hit the control to activate the forcefield.

Ilan Tandro noticed immediately that he was lying on the ground. Forcing himself to alertness, he quickly sat up and looked around. He noticed immediately that he was in a cell.

The dark-skinned human in front of him did not seem friendly. "Who are you?"

He stood up, ignoring the headache as he concentrated. "I am Ilan Tandro from Klaestron IV." His tone was haughty. Only Harry noticed Dax's face take on a blank look, as though she was trying to not react.

"I am Commander Benjamin Sisko and this is my station. Why did you attack my Operations Officer?" the man asked harshly.

He checked his pocket and noticed that his equipment was missing. "If you return my pad, you will find that it contains a Warrant for the arrest of Curzon Dax for Treason."

The man was taken aback and glanced to Jadzia. "Curzon Dax is dead. This is Jadzia Dax."

"According to our laws, it makes no difference! I demand that you release me and turn over Jadzia Dax to me so that she can stand trial for the murder of my father, General Ardelon Tandro. Our treaty with the Federation ensures that you must cooperate with me fully!" He stood proud in front of the man, despite being in a cell.

The man before him paused and looked at him incredulously. "You cannot expect me to …"

"Yes, I do!" he demanded.

"I object," he head another voice say. He looked over and saw a Human, who looked like a civilian.

"Who are you?" he asked snidely.

The man looked at him and said in the same tone, "I am Sir Harry James Potter, Knight of the Thistle, Holder of the George Cross, and a member of the Royal Household of Great Britain on Earth."

Ilan was not impressed. "That doesn't matter! Earth is part of the Federation and must follow Federation treaties."
The man smirked and said, "Yes. That may be true, though my status as a Federation citizen is kind of murky. But that is immaterial. What is material is that this station, though administrated by the Federation, is Bajoran soil – and you've said nothing about an extradition treaty with Bajor."

The dark skinned man said, "Sir Harry, you've stolen my thunder. I was just about to make that point."

The other man actually looked embarrassed and said, "Sorry, Commander. I was just so satisfied that the extra studying I had to do has actually paid off."

The station commander smirked and said, "I'll let it slide this time." He turned back to Ilan and his face changed back to a harsher look. "As for you, we're going to have to verify your credentials before letting you out as otherwise you are currently charged with assault on station personnel. If your story checks out, I will call for a Bajoran jurist so that a hearing can be arranged."

He knew that he would not be able to leave immediately with the murderer and this angered him. Ilan Tandro stewed as he said, "Very well, Commander."

Harry was quite annoyed as the three attackers were let out of their cells and assigned quarters until the hearing. Harry asked for the details from the Warrant.

He caught up with Dax the next morning as she was walking to her post. "Can I ask you a couple of questions?"

Dax looked at him, appearing to consider the question. "Yes."

"Straight up. Did Curzon send that alleged transmission?"

She paused again. "No."

"Do you have an alibi?"

She stopped and turned to him. Her face was closed off. "I can't say." Harry took one look at her and groaned. "What?" Jadzia asked.


Harry sat in on the hearings and watched as a neutral observer. He was quite impressed with the Bajoran woman who ran the proceedings. She was impartial and proper at all times.

When it was all done and Tandro's mother had made a confession, Harry nodded in resignation. "I knew it," he muttered to himself under his breath as the hearing was ended. He watched Jadzia and the Kalexrean woman walk off. He caught up to Sisko.

"I knew it," he said.

Sisko looked at him curiously. "What do you mean?"

"Her whole 'I can't say'. I knew a personal oath was involved. You might have noticed that I didn't do much to try to convince her to talk."

Sisko nodded. "I did notice. I assumed you were just being an observer and not getting involved."

Harry chuckled ruefully. "I'm not the type to sit back. But after this came up, I asked her about an
alibi and she only said, 'I can't say'. As soon as she said it – I knew."

Sisko considered that for a long moment. "You could have told me."

Harry sighed. "Magical society is big on personal oaths. It didn't even occur to me to tell you. It would have been, according to my personal beliefs, wrong. I wasn't told – I guessed. If I had told you, you would have likely tried to get her to tell you what it was all about. That would have been wrong too."

Sisko sighed himself. "Sometimes, Sir Harry, you're the most normal person I can imagine. And sometimes, you remind me that you come from what is, to almost any other Human, an alien culture."

Harry chuckled. "Alien. I like that. It's a pretty accurate description."

Sisko smirked. "Well, it's been resolved." He stopped walking and turned to Harry. "Next time, tell me. And if you think I need to not act, tell me why. It would have made it much easier for me if someone had even suggested the reason why."

Harry said, "All I can promise is that I'll try."
Harry monitored the runabout's displays as he listened to Kira and Bashir talking behind him.

As a part of his pilot training, he had gone with Major Kira and Dr. Bashir to handle a medical emergency that had been communicated to the station. Major Kira was supervising him on some hands-on experience and talking to Dr. Bashir regarding their mission. Kira had been impressed with the Doctor and said so.

Julian smugly replied, "I impressed myself on that one." Harry rolled his eyes in amusement as Bashir continued talking, expounding on how great he was. Harry would be the first to admit that it was impressive, but the patting oneself on the back seemed excessive.

Suddenly, he noted something that popped up on the screen even as a voice sounded out. "Priority One broadband distress signal."

Harry looked at Kira who said, "Play the message." Harry pushed the button.

"Kobliad transport ship Reyeb to any ship. Our central power linkage has exploded, we're losing life support. Please respond."

Bashir read his own panel. "It's just coming up on the edge of our sensor range." He gave the bearing. Harry entered them even as he read them off.

Harry called out, "Orders?"

Kira looked at the command panel which she had been using to monitor Harry's piloting. "Alter course to intercept. Best speed." She then said to Bashir, "I'm reading massive energy leakage. It's aft structural integrity field is failing." She then said to Harry, "Open a return channel."

Harry's hands moved to do as she ordered. "Channel open!"

"This is the Federation Ship Rio Grande. We're on our way."

Harry pushed the button and looked for a reply. "No reply." Harry looked at Bashir, "How many on the ship, Doctor?"

Bashir pushed a button and read the screen. "One definite life sign – there's too much interference for more."

Harry said, "She said 'We'."

Kira said from behind him, "We'll transport closest to the life sign we can read. There might have been casualties. Doctor, you're with me. Sir Harry, you'll stay on the runabout. Be ready to go to warp as soon as we're back on board if I give the order."

"Yes, Major."

In the ensuing Harry got first hand experience activating the tractor beam and towing the damaged transport. Bashir was treating the woman while Major Kira watched and then took over when they got back to DS9. He watched carefully as to how things were done.

Harry was in the midst of a simulation when suddenly it was interrupted by a shutdown.
"Computer. What happened?"

There was no reply. Harry went over to the controls and tried to do a diagnostic on the program. He pushed a few buttons. He then tapped his badge.

"Sir Harry to Ops."

"Go ahead."

"I was running a simulation to improve my piloting of a runabout when it shut off. I tried to call up details and it shows that there's nothing there. I'm getting nothing. Can you check?"

"Stand by." Harry waited a few moments. "Ops to Sir Harry."

"I'm here."

"There's an issue – Central Computer is not accessible. Go back to your quarters and I'll let you know when it's resolved." Jadzia sounded very worried.

Harry sighed. "Understood. Sir Harry Out." Then his training from Odo kicked in. He might not be acting as security (by request of the Royal family who wanted him kept safe) but he still had much access. "Sir Harry to Odo." The 'Stand by' noise sounded. "Cancel call."

It was obvious that someone was already calling Odo, probably telling him dealing with the issue he reported. Harry exited the Holo Deck and walked out. As he walked by he said to Quark, "Connection to Central Computer is down – my Holo time was interrupted."

Quark looked less surprised than Harry would expect as he said, "Because it wasn't a problem on this end, the full fee will still be deducted." Harry wondered at the certainty that it wasn't Quark's equipment but hid his thinking.

Harry shrugged. "It's not me paying so I won't get too upset. Cancel my appointments until it's resolved though. Starfleet protocols on those – you can't charge the fee for late cancellation."

There was an agreement that if circumstances required it, Starfleet personnel could cancel holosuite appointments without penalty even up to the time of the appointment. Since Harry was operating under Federation diplomatic status, this included him.

Quark sighed. "Very well. Thank you for your business. Please come again."

Harry made his way directly to his quarters. He thought about what he had seen and made his way to Odo's office.

Odo was mulishly talking to someone in a Starfleet uniform when he arrived. "Sir Harry. I am sorry – but something has come up. Can you wait a moment?"

Harry nodded. "If I brought out my diplomatic status, can I ask what is going on?"

The Starfleet officer looked taken aback and looked at Odo, who nodded to indicate it was true. "Remember that this is confidential," Odo said.

Harry said, "Of course."

"You know that ship you helped recover?" Harry nodded. "The prisoner who died was planning on coming here to hijack something, apparently. I can't say more than that on details. But the Lieutenant here has questioned abilities to supervise it. However, the loss of the Computer memory"
might be related. I was told that you alerted Ops."

Harry said, "Yes. I was running a training program directly from the central computer rather than using the holo computers."

"What time did the interruption occur exactly?" Odo asked.

Harry considered. "As close as I could tell?" Harry paused. "13:30 station time or thereabouts. It was 1 minute before I actually called Ops if you need that more precisely."

Odo nodded. "Thank you. I'll let you know when I can as to details. But if you can do me a favor?"

Harry said, "Of course."

"Keep an eye out for something strange. It might prove useful. We're on our way to Ops. Call me if you see anything."

"I will." Harry left. He looked at the Lieutenant and said, "Please dismiss your doubts of Mr. Odo. He knows this station better than anyone. Anything you're watching will be watched much better if you listen to him." The man looked taken aback at the sudden comment. Odo had a small smile.

After Harry left, the Lieutenant asked in a dubious tone, "Why did you ask him to keep an eye out? This is a security matter."

"Sir Harry used to work for me until the British Royal Family on Earth asked him to step back to keep himself from unnecessary entanglements. He still is authorized to assist me if it is necessary and has sufficient clearance for what I asked of him."

Harry returned to his quarters. Dobby and Winky looked up from their studying (the lessons weren't being accessed from the Central Computer but were downloaded). "Master Harry Potter. We did not expect you now."

"I know, Dobby. I need your help; yours and Winky's."

Both elves quickly left their stations and came over to him. Winky asked, "What does Master Harry need?"

Harry hunkered down. "You both know who Quark is?" Both nodded. "Something … strange is going on. There is a threat. The computer was compromised which interrupted my training." Both elves looked offended that he had been inconvenienced; he tried to ignore that. "Quark knows something. That Ferengi is up to his eyeballs in something. I need one of you to invisibly follow him and see if he does something strange. Report back if possible but don't let him know you're watching. Change off as necessary to ensure you two stay safe and healthy."

Dobby and Winky looked at each other for a long moment and then Dobby said to him, "I will watch first and then call Winky. AChange every four hours." Harry noticed that Dobby's speech was still rougher than Winky's - a product of a worse environment.

Harry nodded. "Good. Thank you."

It was fairly late that night when Winky, who was the Elf who was not watching said, "Dobby calls. He needs my help."
Harry looked up and said, "Both of you need to keep yourselves safe. Come back if it's dangerous or are attacked. Let me know as soon as possible when you have details."

"Yes, Master Harry." Winky snapped her fingers and disappeared.

Harry waited semi-patiently. It was twenty minutes later that Dobby returned. "Where's Winky?"

"She is following the man who Ferengi-Quark met with after he sent everyone else away."

"Tell me."

Dobby described what he had seen. "And when the man disappeared, I put tracking charm on him. Winky is following up and will come back when she knows where the man is."

"Good. Go and help her as needed. Bring her back when you both deem you know enough." Dobby nodded and disappeared.

Harry tapped his badge. "Sir Harry to Commander Sisko."

"Sir Harry? Do you need something?" the voice came back.

"Can you come to my quarters if you are free? My elves have something for you to pick up and it will spoil if held too long."

There was a pause. "I will be there shortly. Sisko out."

Harry nodded to himself. Dobby and Winky had been creating a number of replicator patterns which could be scanned and then copied into a program for Federation replicators (they were being paid for their work plus commission). Very often, they created more than Harry could eat and he often gave the excess to others on the station or on the Glen Lyon when it was docked (currently it was on a run to Earth).

If anyone had heard his call, they would assume that Sisko would be picking up some desert or something for Jake; it happened often enough as the teenager was extremely fond of the Elves' work if his father was not cooking. (The O'Brien's daughter also loved the treats provided.)

Dobby and Winky soon popped in to their shared quarters. Winky cried out, "Master Harry! Doctor Bashir is possessed!"

Harry's eyes widened. "Wow. I was not expecting that." He said, "Is he a danger as of this moment?"

Winky considered. "No. He returned to his room."

Harry breathed a sigh of relief. "Good. Wait until the Commander gets here and we'll tell him everything."

Soon, his door sounded and Harry let the station commandant in. "Commander. We have a problem." Sisko looked interested.

Sisko listened to the reports that the three gave him and then asked, "You didn't alert Odo about this?"

Harry sighed. "Odo will be resting soon. Also, I didn't know the man who was with him – I was waiting for a good excuse to alert him. I hadn't done so for the same reason that I called you instead
of him: Regular patterns. I didn't want to do anything which seemed out of place. As soon as
Winky told me, I was vastly relieved that I hadn't done anything obviously outside of character. Dr.
Bashir is being controlled and it seems that this …"

Sisko said, "Vantika."

"… Vantika is able to access his knowledge and skills. He has enough clearance to check on
anyone on the station or to set up alerts if the computers detect an anomalous pattern." He turned to
Winky. "Did you sense Dr. Bashir?"

Winky said, "Doctor Bashir is there but sleeping."

Sisko asked with some intensity, "You can sense people and if they are being controlled?" Winky
nodded.

Harry explained. "House elves have a form of telepathy with whom they are bonded. Anyone they
come into contact with regularly are ... 'tasted' if you will. They don't actually read minds except
when it has to do with them or their duties. They have been around Dr. Bashir enough to get a
mental 'taste' of him. House elves might be symbiotic with my people but their magic is very
different. It is also stronger in many respects. I would have to use an active spell to actually be able
to detect what they can do innately. They have to actively look – but they can sense much more
than Human Wizards and Witches can." He smiled at the two elves who looked somewhat
abashedly pleased.

"Normally, they limit it but I have deliberately allowed them the freedom to do more than most
House Elves would do. In a way Dobby and Winky are the most free and powerful elves that there
have been since Wizards either created them or enslaved them – we don't actually know where they
come from."

Dobby volunteered, "Some books say House Elves used to be imps. Others say House Elves were
created. House elves have lost the knowing because Elves were ordered to forget after we were
bound." He looked sad at that.

Sisko nodded in sympathy but got back to the matter at hand. "I appreciate your observational
abilities and the actions you have taken. Do you have any suggestions?"

Harry said, "Well, if he is sleeping, Dobby or Winky can cast a spell to ensure he doesn't wake up
and then transport him to a cell. He wouldn't be expecting that."

Dobby volunteered. "Cell would have to be off. Shields on holding cells stops House Elf popping
with someone. We can still pop in and out, we cannot pop anyone with us."

Harry nodded. "Actually, I never tested if I could still apparate in and out of a locked cell. That
might be valuable to know. I was still hiding my abilities more when I worked there regularly."

Sisko was actually mildly alarmed. The only thing that stopped him from more worrying is that the
three were utterly ethical with their abilities. "I can ensure that a cell is prepared. With this crisis, I
do not believe that it would be strange for me to stop off at security. I will call you when it's
ready."

Harry said, "It would be better to wait until you are ready and just call out for Winky. She has
'tagged' the senior staff so that she can sense if she is called by them – Elves can tag hundreds of
people and prioritize who can call them as long as they are loyal to their bond. Set up the cell and
when she is called she will pop in, put on the sleep spell, and pop Bashir into the cell you are in. As
soon as she pops in, exit the cell and lock it. She can still pop out by herself. If you don't want to go ahead with it, call Dobby instead."

Sisko gave a tight smile. "That is an excellent plan. How long will a sleep spell last?"

Harry looked at Winky. "Eight hours?" Winky nodded.

Sisko looked to Winky. "Expect my call."

Winky nodded, her ears flapping. "Yes, Commander Ben. I will be listening."

After Sisko left, the three Magicals waited for the call to come in. Suddenly, Winky nodded and disappeared. After a moment, Dobby popped out to back her up.

Harry waited for a couple of minutes and then tapped his badge. "Sir Harry to Sisko."

"Sisko here. We got him."

Harry sighed in relief. "Okay. Do you need the Elves to stay?" he asked.

"No. Dismissing them now. I'll call you if we need something else."

"Okay. I'd like to see how this gets resolved – our abilities are limited in this. It was the Goblins who could more easily deal with things like this and it often involved blood rituals. I hope you have a better solution."

"We'll figure something out. Sisko out."

The Elves soon returned and everyone in the suite was soon to bed.

It was early the next morning when the computer woke him up. "Sisko to Sir Harry."

It took him a moment to get himself alert. "Sir Harry here."

"Please come to Bashir's office. We've got a solution."

Harry quickly got up at that. The Elves, who slept less, had already laid out an outfit. "You two can come and watch invisibly."

"Thank you, Master Harry/Master Harry Potter."

Harry left and in minutes was in the Medical area. He moved past a couple of security guards who nodded at him – he was expected.

When he entered, he saw the Kobliad security officer watching with interested distaste toward the body on the table. Sisko said, "Sir Harry. You know everyone here. This is Officer Kajada of Kobladian Security. This was her prisoner."

He nodded toward her in greeting which she acknowledged in the same way, quickly focusing once again on Bashir. Dax and Sisko neither looked like they had slept.

Dax said, "The man who created this ruckus."

Harry chuckled. "Um – I didn't create it. I helped solve it. Or at least my Elves did."
Dax smiled in agreement. Sisko said, "Dax was just about to explain what she would be doing." Harry paid attention.

"After the capture last night, I spent the last several hours going over the research that Vantika did. It allowed me to isolate the specific cells in Julian's brain that actually contain Vantika's consciousness. I'm going to use the medical transporter here to remove those cells and put them in that isolation device." She pointed to a small unit.

Harry asked, curious, "This won't hurt Julian?"

Jadzia shook her head. "According to the research, it should be fine. He'll feel some pain in the aftermath but I am certain that he would accept that price. He'll be perfectly fine after things settle down."

Harry nodded. "Good. Wait a second." He tapped his comm and called out, "Winky."

Winky, who didn't actually need the comm, popped out, cancelled the invisibility spell, and came in the door. "Master Harry called?"

"Yes. Can you check Dr. Bashir when Lieutenant Dax finishes the procedure?"

The Kobliad security guard asked, "What's this?"

Harry looked over. "Hello. I know you don't know me but my retainer their assisted in the capture. She has the ability to sense the presence of your prisoner – she was the one who alerted me and the Commander. I am asking her to use her abilities to verify he is gone."

The Security Officer looked at the Elf in frank appraisal. "I've never heard of your people."

Harry nodded when Winky glanced over to him. "I am a House Elf. We serve Master Harry's people."

She looked at Harry. "You look Human."

Harry gave a small smile. "I am. We are … an offshoot with some genetic peculiarities which are unimportant at the moment." The woman nodded, still curious but accepting it. "Okay then. Let's get this show on the road."

Dax did the procedure. As soon as she was done, she looked at Winky. Winky walked over and said after a moment, "He is no longer possessed."

Dax looked relieved but scanned herself. "She's right. Scans show regular Human biosigns only. The Kobliad bio-energy is gone."

Winky snapped her finger discreetly. "Doctor Bashir can be woken now."

Jadzia grabbed a hypospray and, after setting it, pushed it against the Doctor's neck.

Very soon Bashir was stirring and then groaning. Wincing with the bright light, he opened his eyes and said, "I have the worst headache."

Dax smiled happily. "He's himself."

It took a few minutes but soon Julian was standing next to Dax and listening to the explanation. Julian was horrified. "I feel … quite humiliated." He looked it too.
The woman had some comfort for him. "Don't blame yourself. Even if he is quite evil, Vantika is also utterly brilliant."

Bashir's lugubrious expression didn't change. "I should have listened to your warning." Jadzia put a comforting hand on his shoulder, which Julian acknowledged.

Dax said, "Well, what's left of him is in there."

Sisko said, "Officer Kajada. You can have him – or what's left of him."

She looked at the device with loathing and then asked Sisko formally, "Can I assume that you have officially returned custody of the prisoner to me?"

"Yes."

"Good." She pulled her weapon and then vaporized it. The Federation officers' expressions were mixed but Harry's was satisfied.

"Good. I've dealt with objects holding the pieces of an evil man's soul before. They are better destroyed before they can possess someone else." The Security Officer looked at him with interest. "A long story."

She said, "I might be interested in hearing about it." The Federation officers looked slightly alarmed.

Harry chuckled. "There are parts that are classified – but I can explain some of it." He looked at Sisko. "Can I assume that you have plans to catch the people that Vantika caused to be sent here?"

Sisko replied, "I will be speaking to Odo and our visitor from Starfleet Security."

Harry nodded. "Well, since Officer's Kajada's job is finished but her counsel might be needed as regards Vantika's schemes, why don't I entertain her for today – keep her out of your hair and mildly amused while you take care of details? I'm certain she'll want to be here until his final scheme is thwarted."

Sisko looked at Kajada. "What do you say? Sir Harry is a good man to show you around and you can leave here satisfied."

Kajada looked at Harry speculatively. "I accept."

Harry grinned and moved to take her arm and lead her out. She looked confused for a moment at the gesture but settled in. "Tell me – or at least tell Winky as she and Dobby, my other retainer, will be serving: What do you like to eat?"

The Federation officers watched them walk out of the room.

Sisko looked toward the door for a long moment. "Is it just me or did Sir Harry seem … enthusiastic in his offer?"

Having watched the whole thing Dax said, "I think he can relate to her. From his stories, he understands devotion to capturing and finally destroying an enemy to one's people." Dax gave an almost dimpled smile and said, "I think Kajada will find Sir Harry … enchanting."

Sisko gave a grimaced smile at the pun. Bashir, still with a headache, looked painfully intrigued.
It took a day and a half but the mercenaries that had been called in were captured and the deuranium shipment was unmolested.

Kajada, though she came from a somewhat rigid society, was very appreciative of Harry and his Elves. She had spent a good portion of her life chasing her nemesis and was now free to think about other things.

After a long talk and commiseration regarding the types of enemies each had, she thanked the Elves effusively for their assistance. She thanked Harry more … personally. Neither considered it as anything other than a one time assignation but both enjoyed it quite well as it had been far too long for each of them since their last experiences in that area.

With Winky's assistance, Julian faked being "Vantika." The entire mercenary crew was taken into custody.

Kajada and Harry met up with Dax, Julian, and the Commander when it was done. Odo sat in his normal place at Quark's.

Julian called out cheerfully, "Quark! Four of your finest champagnes and …" He turned to Kajada and asked, "can you drink synthehol?"

"Oh, yes," she said with a broad smirk.

"Make that five!" he said to Quark.

"Right away," Quark replied. As he was pouring he asked, "What's the occasion?"

Dax waited until the right moment in Quark's operation and said, "We're celebrating the capture of an entire crew of mercenaries and the man who hired them." Quark flubbed slightly but tried to mask it.

Harry and Kajada echoed Bashir's, "Hear, hear!" Sisko just smirked with Odo, who watched with aplomb.

"Oh, really?" Quark asked nervously. "What were they trying to do?" He moved to deliver the drinks.

"They were trying to hijack a durineum shipment," Julian said. As Quark laid out the drinks on the table he said, "I had an unfortunate experience with the leader – what little I can remember of it – but we turned the tables on him and his crew. Odo got them all except the leader, who was killed – so sad. Anyway, they are all in holding cells now. Have they said anything?" he asked Odo.

Sisko answered. "No. I observed the interrogations. I think they are considering the plea deal, but they haven't said anything yet."

Odo had a superior look on his face as he said, "They'll talk … eventually. Even if they have to spend time in prison first. But they'll talk." His tone was utterly confident.

Sisko said, "Officer Kajada now has some free time since her main duty has been accomplished. She's dedicating herself to cleaning up Ventika's messes. She wants to make sure that no one profits from his activities." Sisko's intensity was quite breathtaking.

Quark forced a laugh. "It's always good to hear that the authorities are keeping it safe for the rest of us."
Kajada said, "A noble sentiment. Let's drink to catching all of Ventika's associates and ensuring his entire enterprise is destroyed forever."

Harry said, "Hear, hear!" and they all clinked their glasses and drank. They enjoyed the very public party celebrating their defeat of Vintinka. Quark was much less pleased with circumstances as he watched them leave afterward.

As soon as they were away and in the lift, Kajada said, "Somehow, that was almost as satisfying as seeing Ventika finally gone. It almost makes up for letting the Ferengi go."

Harry smirked as he said, "Leaving Quark in place allows Security to know where to look. He follows his nature and Security can use that to keep the really dangerous things under control."

Odo huffed as he said, "I still would love to see him slip up and do something that can be proven."

Harry snickered. "Admit it: Without Quark things might be too dull."

Sisko, who had been listening, said, "Quark serves a purpose." Odo nodded, conceding the point.

Sisko asked Kajada, "Now that things are settled, how long before you leave?"

Kajada said, "I will be here one more night. My government was just sent the reports and I will be expected soon thereafter."

Sisko nodded. "Thank you for visiting and for your work. If you or your government have further needs, feel free to contact me or my second in command."

Kajada nodded graciously.

Dax commented to Harry, after she had left, "She seemed quite relaxed after her visit."

Harry said with a smile, "I do believe she felt much relief and joy at her accomplishments."

Dax smirked knowingly at him.
The captain plastered a smile on his face to greet his visitors. He had been leery of the requirement to allow them to beam directly to his ready room, but he was also relieved in a way as there would be no witnesses.

Two red columns of light appeared before his desk. He stood immediately – he did not want to appear disrespectful.

"Welcome! Welcome! I hope the trip wasn't too inconvenient," he said congenially to the two.

The taller visitor snarled, "It had best not be inconvenient. You want something and you are willing to pay – or so we were told."

The captain nodded and motioned toward two seats. "Please make yourself comfortable and I will explain what is being requested." The visitors glanced at each other and then sat down in a stiff manner. "Would you like refreshments while we talk?"

The shorter visitor replied with a malicious smirk, "We are not interested in refreshments. We are only interested in Latinum. Get to the point."

The captain sat down and said, "Of course." He paused. "Your willingness to help us with that escaped terrorist was noted by certain factions of my government. Though he ultimately escaped us due to interference from others, it was noted that you were entirely honest in your efforts. It was unfortunate that the price could not be paid because of the job being impossible to finish – but we are willing to pay you up to double for another retrieval."

The two considered that. "And who would you like retrieved?"

The captain pushed a few buttons on his control panel and the monitor lit up with three pictures. "Are you familiar with any of these?"

The visitors snarled. The tall one said, "The Human we remember. He was partially to blame for the contract being unfulfilled. Or so we were informed when we made inquiries."

The captain nodded in understanding. "Yes. Our intelligence also learned of that. These two," he pointed to the non-human pictures, "work for the Human. Our sources tell us that there is something very … interesting about these and we wish to retrieve one or both of them. The Human is too protected. His disappearance or death would create too many issues at the moment. But the others? What government would create a diplomatic incident for mere servants?"

The two visitors considered that. The tall one asked, "In what condition do you wish to receive them?"

The captain said, "Alive. Other than that – we truly don't care. We will pay the amount that was offered for the terrorist for each of them. So if you can retrieve both, you will receive double what you lost. Are you interested in taking the job?"

The tall visitor, the more stoic, said, "We need to discuss it."
"Of course, of course. Would you like to discuss it here or on your own ship?"

They stood up. "We will return soon." The shorter one pushed a button on a unit attached to her wrist and the two disappeared in red columns of light.

It took a few long minutes, but his communication panel sounded. "Yes?"

"We will take the job. We expect one half of one payment up front, non-refundable, for just taking the job. We expect the rest upon delivery, whether one or both are retrieved."

The captain nodded thoughtfully. "It will take 20 minutes to put it together to be transported."

"You have ten. If you are serious, that should be sufficient time."

"Very well. Ten minutes."

A few minutes later, a chest containing gold-pressed latinum was transferred over. There was a final conversation before the two ships moved off separately. "This may take up to a week once we get into that area. We will send a message when we are ready to deliver the package. We will contact you and you only."

"Good. The best of luck to you, B'Etor and Lursa of the House of Duras." The panel shut down.

Gul Dukat sat back in his chair. He disliked acting as an agent for the Obsidian Order, but he was assured that success would reap many rewards for him.

Harry sighed as he shut down the simulation. Miles grinned at him. "You'll do better next time."

Harry gave him a decidedly unfriendly look. "Did you have to program my ship blowing up?"

Miles let his smile relax. "I know it's unpleasant, but a pilot has to have the knowledge of what to do if the reactor starts acting up. There's no better teacher than failure. Seeing the possible problems on a holodeck is far preferable to experiencing it on a real ship."

Harry sighed as they walked down the hallway. "True. I just wish there weren't so many things I have to learn to actually get certified."

Miles clapped him on the shoulder. "You'll get it."

Harry nodded as he led the way down the stairs. "You up for drink? I'll even have Quark serve some of the Kilbeggan."

Miles face lit up. "I accept. Quark charges entirely too much for that normally."

Harry smirked at the man. "Not to me – an advantage of being the provider. Just be happy I brought so many varieties with me. Being the oldest distiller in Ireland I thought it would be a good choice."

The two sat at a free table, one of the few. Quark walked over. "What can I get for you gentlemen?" he asked with a Ferengi smile.

Harry smirked at him. "Two Kilbeggans – on my account."

Quark sighed. "Of course." He quickly went to access his store of rare drinks. Luckily, Potter didn't normally use his full allotment of free drinks every month as he had access to his own stores
apparently. Quark just wished he would use his own stores exclusively and leave the rest for sale.

Miles and Harry nodded in thanks as the drinks were delivered. They clinked glasses and took a sip. Miles made a sound of appreciation. "That's a good whiskey."

Harry smirked and said, "You only say that because it's Irish. Scottish isn't much different."

Miles scoffed. "It's swill compared to a good Kilbeggan."

Harry shook his head and then took another drink. "Eh. Not really."

Miles tried to look offended due to his Irish pride, but was too happy to actually pull it off well. The two chatted as they drank.

The Klingon watched as the two men drank. His target was the younger man dressed as a civilian. Though the Klingon appeared to be enjoying himself, he was careful to note details to report to the two he worked for.

Harry was in Ops. "Okay, you two. Have a good day."

Dobby and Winky nodded. Winky said, "We will be back to serve dinner, Master Harry."

The two elves were on their way to the USS Glen Lyon. The Bajoran Botanical Institute was near completion as was the Royal Botanical Institute back on Earth and the genetic codes for all of the seeds as well as samples would soon need to be delivered. In addition, the elves would work with the crew to expand the replication database with foodstuffs from Harry's stores. Genetic codes for every food animal that could be scanned were also being recorded.

To keep under the radar as much as possible, the elves would use the transporter to travel between the ship and station rather than pop over, which they could do.

As Harry often visited Ops to coordinate his pilot training he often accompanied them.

A Klingon on the cloaked ship watched his scanner. "They are rematerializing … now!"

"Transporter!" Lursa called out. "Now!"

The two elves saw the expected room when they arrived. Suddenly, they felt another transport. While they could magically resist, they were too startled to respond and their normal instincts were actively being suppressed.

Suddenly, they were in a different transporter room and two of the aliens called Klingons were pointing weapons at them. Dobby reacted instinctively and snapped his fingers. Both Klingons were knocked back.

A voice came over the comm. "Do we have them?"

Dobby called out, "Bring Master Harry Potter!"

Winky popped to where she could feel her Master through the bond.
Harry had just turned to talk to Major Kyra when Winky popped next to him. "Master Harry! We were taken! Dobby told me to bring you!"

Harry's face changed to anger, "Do it!"

Winky grabbed on to Harry and popped out.

Major Kyra pushed a button and an alarm sounded. A few seconds later Commander Sisko emerged from his officer. "Report!"

Jadzia, at the Science station, called out, "Reading a subspace surge!"

Major Kyra looked at the Commander. "Right after transporting the Elves, Winky arrived back in Ops reporting a kidnapping. She told Harry that Dobby ordered her to bring him and Harry went with her. We're scanning for them now."

Sisko barked out, "Bearing on the surge you detected."

"Bearing 120 mark 119. Distance 1 kilometer. It's now moving away!"

"Alert the Glen Lyon."

"They're already hailing us."

"On screen!"

Harry immediately recognized the Aliens on the floor. They were attempting to get back up. He sent two powerful wordless stunners, knocking them out. He also cast incarcerous charms.

"What's going on?"

Dobby looked at Harry. "We finished the transport to the Glen Lyon. We were immediately taken by these. I sent magic and sent Winky to get you."

Harry nodded. "How many do you feel around us?"

Dobby and Winky both closed their eyes. Winky answered, "There are fifteen more."

"How far?"

Dobby spoke up. "Two coming this way. This is moving away from home now!"

Harry's face became resolute. "Dobby. Shield us. Winky. Retrieve my battlerobes from the bag. Quickly!"

Two two elves did as asked. Harry was in the middle of fastening his dragonhide robe when the door opened. Two Klingons rushed in saw the three and both fired. Dobby's shield held barely and then dropped. The two Klingons stopped in shock.

Harry snapped off two more stunners and then finished tying his robes. He quickly sent two more incarcerous spells.

Lursa and B'Etor were on the bridge. "What's happening in the transporter room?"
The Klingon at the science station called out, "We're reading the captured aliens and a human as well as our four warriors. The warriors are unconscious!"

Lursa snarled. "Sound the alarm! Send every warrior to subdue them – stun only! We won't be paid if they are dead!"

Harry and the Elves quickly moved out of the transporter area.

It was an idiosyncrasy of Klingon ships that there were no real places to put up forcefields or lock down passages when boarded. Klingon ship designers assumed that Klingon Warriors didn't need such things. Klingons were expected to successfully fight off an invader.

As a result, there was no real barrier to the Magicals traveling around the ship. Harry had cast a disillusionment charm and the elves had activated their own ability to remain invisible.

Dobby called out, "Master Harry Potter! More coming from front and back!"

"Move to the walls!" he said with an urgent whisper.

It was unfortunate that Winky, unlike Dobby, had more hesitation in attacking others. While Harry and Dobby subdued several, one of those Winky was facing got off a shot based on firing blindly.

He heard Dobby cry out, "Winky! No!"

Instinct kicked in and Harry turned and fired a powerful cutter at the Klingon who was still standing and holding a weapon. The warrior had no chance.

Dobby quickly moved to check on Winky who had become visible upon becoming unconscious.

Harry rushed over, cancelling his disillusionment charm. He cast a diagnostic spell that he had learned specifically to check House Elves. "Dobby. She's okay. Just unconscious. I don't want to wake her in case it's dangerous." He looked around. "Take her into that room. How many are left around us?"

Dobby concentrated a moment. "There be only four more." His language had reverted because of the stress. "They be all together that way." He pointed.

Harry nodded. "That would be the Bridge I think." He looked at Dobby. "Keep her safe. If necessary – kill."

Dobby's ears flapped as he nodded, his face resolute.

Harry quickly moved down the corridor, recasting his disillusionment charm.

"What is happening?" B'Etor asked in harsh voice.

The Klingon at the science station read his instruments. "All crew are unconscious. The Human has disappeared from sensors again. The other two aliens are visible on scanners – one is unconscious. They are not moving anymore."

Lursa asked urgently, "Can you use the Bridge transporter to retrieve them?"

The Klingon rushed over toward the transporter controls.
Dobby snapped his fingers. He and Winky returned to invisibility. He then levitated her to the room that Harry had pointed to.

The Science Officer checked the readouts. "They've disappeared from sensors again!"

B'Etor thought furiously. "Try activating the transport at their previous location."

"There is nothing to lock on to," the Science Officer said.

Harry quickly reviewed mentally the layout of a Klingon Bridge from the Holo program he had used to learn Klingon flight controls.

When he was ten feet away from entrance he stopped and considered where to arrive at. Lucky for him, Wizards couldn't disapparate within a solid surface – their magic wouldn't allow it. He concentrated and disappeared.

Lursa and B'Etor stopped when the small pop sounded. "What was that?"

Harry noted where the four were in the room. There were two males and two females.

The two women were in charge - he recognized them. All were armed with daggers. Harry quickly started popping behind each Klingon and stunning them at point blank ranges.

The two women were the last to drop. One had swung her dagger wildly but his robes caught the blade. "Thank Merlin for dragonhide," he said to the room of unconscious Klingons.

Harry quickly moved to the help and tried to make out the controls. They were now twenty minutes out of Deep Space 9. He shut down the engines. He left the cloaking controls alone.

He started looking for the communication controls.

"Commander!" Kyra called out.

"What is it?" Sisko asked.

"A message coming in on a Klingon frequency."

"On screen."

She pushed a button. Harry's face became visible. "Hello, Commander Sisko. I need some help."

"Where are you, Mr. Potter?" the man asked.

Harry sighed. "Not certain because I'm not all the way through Klingon readouts. But the ship traveled about twenty minutes before I could subdue all of those on board and shut down the warp engines."

Everyone in Ops stared at the screen. "How many are on board the ship?"

"There are 16 stunned and one dead. Winky was stunned. Luckily they weren't using Klingon disrupters. I didn't want to wake her with a spell without a Doctor telling me she is okay. The Elves have never been stunned before."
Ben considered that. "What can you tell me about the Klingons?"

"I recognize the two females who were in charge – they were the two that sold that terrorist his bomb parts."

"Lursa and B'Etor?" he asked with some intensity.

"Yeah. Those two."

"Where are they now?" he asked.

"Lying on the deck. I plan on tying everyone up before they wake up – I don't know how long a stunner will keep a Klingon unconscious."

"Not long," he replied.

"I'll call back."

"Leave the channel open!"

Harry did as asked and quickly restunned and tied up every Klingon he could find. What they hadn't taken into account was that a stunning spell was stronger than a phaser stun and it wasn't as urgent as they had thought – but Harry wasn't taking chances anyway. He then had an idea. A smirk that was often seen on his father's face appeared on his own.

Sisko turned to Dax. "Where is it coming from? Trace the source of the message."

"Scanning," she said. She called out the bearings.

"Send that to the Glen Lyon."

"Aye, Sir."

It took a few hours but eventually the Klingon ship was returned to Deep Space 9.

There had been an immediate issue when the Glen Lyon had arrived and Harry was walked through disengaging the cloak.

A security team had been beamed over, along with the First Officer from the Glen Lyon. "Where are the Klingons?" he asked.

Harry smirked. "This way."

He led the team to the room where Dobby was watching Winky, who had awoken from being stunned. In the middle of the room was with wooden cages with chicken wire walls and ceiling. The elves had retrieved the materials from the bag that they had been carrying.

In the animal cages were sixteen rabbits. Two of them were pink and the rest were white. The bunny rabbits were, none of them, happy looking. Many looked like they had had injured themselves trying to escape.

The Glen Lyon's First Officer knew of Harry's abilities. "These are the Klingons?"

"Yes," Harry answered. "I wasn't happy that my friends were kidnapped. I though the experience of
being prey animals would be salubrious. I plan on bringing them to the Klingon home world in this condition. I don't know if I will change them back before I turn them over – or after."

The security detail looked at Harry in shock. "This might be taken as an insult."

Harry nodded. "It's meant as one. These attacked me and mine. I defeated them. I respect Klingons – but not those who attack those under my protection. Ask Commander Sisko about my explanations of magical imperatives."

The First Officer gave him a long look. "I'll let Commander Sisko deal with this. Do you have any problem with us tractoring the Klingon ship back to DS9?"

Harry shrugged. "Or I could fly it back as long as you give me someone to watch me and make sure I don't screw it up – I'm in the middle of piloting lessons. Please remember that I captured it and not Starfleet. I know that the two females are wanted by the Klingons for inciting an attempted coup. I plan on turning them and the ship over – personally. I'll let Sisko retrieve their logs for any evidence against the Federation that may be there."

The First Officer sighed and nodded. "Very well." He called over to his Captain to have a pilot sent over to help Harry take the ship back to the station.

Sisko looked at Harry and said, "You really should change them back."

Harry sighed. "I captured them. They attacked my elves. I can obliviate their memories of being food animals. But I will not be put into a position of allowing them any chance of attacking before I turn them over to the Klingons. If I change them back they may try to escape and free the two women. I won't take that chance."

Sisko considered Harry's argument. "Can we consult an expert and find out what he says?"

"Who?" Harry asked curiously.

"We have one Klingon serving in Starfleet. If you are serious about turning them over to the Klingons personally, it would be best if the Enterprise accompanies the ship. Commander Worf, who is on the Enterprise, could be contacted immediately."

Harry considered that. He then sighed. "Fine. Call Worf and see what he says. We can make arrangements to meet up with them once your technicians make certain that everything on the ship is working."

Harry and Sisko were in a briefing room on Deep Space 9. There was a chime. Sisko pushed the button. "Yes?"

"We have Captain Picard and Commander Worf ready," Kyra's voice came through from Ops.

"Thank you." He activated the panel.

"Commander Sisko," Picard said. "To what do we owe the pleasure?"

"Captain Picard. Lt. Commander Worf. Thank you for accepting the call. You remember Sir Harry?"

"Yes. Hello, Sir Harry. Have you met Commander Worf?" Picard asked.

"I haven't had the pleasure. Lt. Commander, Worf. I am Sir Harry Potter, Knight of the Thistle,
Order of Merlin. It is a pleasure to speak to you."

"Likewise," Worf responded.

"Captain, Commander. We have recently had an incident here. We need Mr. Worf's advice."

"Go ahead," Worf said.

"An attempt was made to capture Sir Harry's retainers. When Sir Harry arrived in this universe, he told me that he could follow the local laws in full – save when his people were attacked. In those circumstances, he can do whatever he feels is appropriate in response. This was agreed to when I allowed him to stay on the station and it is written into the agreements he has with the Federation.

"When the kidnapping was reported to him by one retainer, he immediately transported himself to the attacker's vessel and subdued all crew. The issue now is dealing with that crew."

Picard looked interested but confused. "This is all very interesting, but why do you need Mr. Worf's assistance?"

Sisko sighed. "Because the attacking vessel was Klingon. And the people in charge of the ship were Lursa and B'Etor of the House of Duras."

Worf's reaction was immediate. "Sir Harry. You say that you subdued all members of the ship's crew?"

"Yes."

"You have Lursa and B'Etor in custody?"

"Yes."

Worf was barely restraining himself. "What do you plan to do with them?"

Harry looked at Worf and said, "I plan to deliver them personally to the Klingon High Council as they are known to be wanted by them. I don't want to kill them personally – but I need to ensure that they are no longer a threat. I am reliably informed that they will be fully taken care of by the Klingon High Council."

Worf looked at Harry and said with a very satisfied tone, "I do believe that you are correct. Your delivery will be viewed very favorably."

Picard, who had been watching, asked, "This is all very well. But we were told that advice was needed. If you have captured the ship and crew, and plan to turn them over, what advice is needed?"

Sisko sighed. "Well, as the Enterprise has been the major ship involved with dealing with the High Council, I suggested requesting you to escort the Bird of Prey to Qo'noS. But that is not the issue."

"What is the issue?" Picard asked.

Sisko sighed again. "You are aware of Sir Harry's abilities?"

"Yes."

Sisko paused. "Sir Harry, to contain the crew ... changed them into rabbits. Fluffy white bunny rabbits. Lursa and B'Etor are pink. He plans on changing them back only when they are delivered."

Worf looked stunned. "You have changed the entire crew to ... rabbits? A food animal?"

Harry said with perfect seriousness, "Yes. I have."

"Lursa and B'Etor are in the form of small food animals?"

"Yes."

Picard and Sisko were shocked when Worf reared back and laughed loudly. It was disturbing to them though they tried to hide it. Harry thought it was quite appropriate.

When Worf calmed a little Harry explained, "I thought the experience would be educational to them. I don't want to change the crew back because I want no attempt made to rebel and free their leaders. Commander Sisko thought that it was taking it too far."

Worf, still amused, asked, "They were attacking you when you did this?"

Harry shook his head. "Not quite. I had already rendered them unconscious. I changed them before allowing them to awaken. I decided that sixteen rabbits were easier to care for than sixteen Klingons during the time it will take to get there."

Worf looked like he was thinking carefully. "If they were attacking you, who are not a declared enemy of the Klingon Empire, then whatever they experience is their own fault. The insult will not be viewed generally. He paused. "I do recommend that you change them back before you turn them over. It will likely be ... less provocative."

Harry nodded. "I can accept that. I can even erase their memories of the experience."

Worf said with a fierce smile, "Do so for the crew. I would suggest leaving Lursa and B'Etor with the experience."

Harry grinned. "I can do that. I'm sure they will not want to tell anyone – at least not quickly enough to matter."

The two Human Starfleet Officers looked disapproving, but resigned. Harry knew, however, that he had made a friend for life of Worf.

Picard said, "Very well. I will contact Starfleet Command and request the time to escort you to Qo'noS."

Harry nodded. "Very well. Odo and Lieutenant Dax are reviewing their logs currently for anything that might be vital to Starfleet, the Federation, or to Bajor. This wasn't the first experience we had with them."

Picard said, "I am certain that Federation Security will be very interested in receiving their report." He looked at Sisko. "Commander, we will contact you in twelve standard hours regarding their reply."


Harry chuckled. "Well, at least he seems happy."

Harry suggested (Sisko had agreed) that the Bird of Prey be kept under cloak nearby rather than alerting others that it had been captured. Crew members of the Glen Lyon were on board along
with the Elves, who were caring for the rabbits.

Harry was waiting in his Quarters when his badge sounded. "Sisko to Potter."

"Go."

"Would you come to Ops?"

"On my way."

Harry made his way there. When he arrived, he was sent immediately to Sisko's office. "Sir Harry. Please have a seat."

With the serious looks of those waiting, Harry knew that is was something major. He sat down. "What is it?"

Sisko looked at him. "Odo, in looking over the logs from the Bird of Prey, found out why your Elves were targeted."

Harry became very serious. "Why?"

He glanced at Major Kyra, who looked angry, and then back. "They were working for someone who was paying them to retrieve them." Harry waited. "According to their records, the person requesting their services was Gul Dukat."

Everyone looked at Harry as though they were waiting for an explosion. Harry actually disappointed them. He sighed. "That makes more sense than a random kidnapping. I take it that the Cardassian Government has learned of our abilities."

Sisko replied, "That is the assumption. However, the only contact was Gul Dukat. And there is not enough hard evidence to lodge a protest." He paused. "What do you plan on doing?"

Harry gave a grimace. "All to well I understand political convenience. I had to deal with people who tried to kill me being in positions of authority but due to a lack of will on the part of the government, any attempts to protest would have caused more problems and nothing would have been done." Harry noticed those in the room relaxing slightly. "What reaction will the Federation have when they learn of it?"

Sisko replied, "Not much … officially."

"Unofficially?" Harry asked.

"Usually, the Federation would lodge formal protests or express disapproval for governments who demand prisoners returned to them just to be killed. I believe, in this case, that Federation Security will be much more … visibly content with what is to come."

Harry considered that. "I assume that you can give a message to Dukat at the appropriate time?"

Sisko nodded. "I believe that can be done."

Harry replied, "I can restrain myself. I will have to be more cautious about what I tell the Klingons. I cannot downplay my role in their capture – but I can be circumspect in describing exactly how I did it." He gave a grim smile. "I believe that I shall cultivate a reputation for being … very effective in defense of those I protect. Let them make of that what they will."
Sisko replied, "That might be a good idea."

Harry nodded. "Call me when the Enterprise contacts you again." He stood up to leave. As the door opened he paused and then said, "If I thought it would help, I'd cut off their heads and deliver them on poles, parading them into Council's chamber to deliver them. I will go far to protect those I love." He didn't wait for a reply before quickly exiting to return to his quarters.

Sisko looked around at the stunned looks of his officers. "I think that Sir Harry's culture is far more exotic than he lets on."

Jadzia was working late. As one of the officers with the highest security clearances on the station, she was one of the few who had access to the full logs captured from the Bird of Prey.

As she read one particular log entry, she froze.

Immediately a young face, her namesake's, appeared in her mind. She was sorely tempted to take this to Ben, but a memory from when she was Curzon kept her from doing so.

She closed her eyes and took several calming breaths. She finally spoke. "Computer. Display location of Secarus system." She reviewed the display with some intensity.

Harry had just finished talking to Dobby over a secure channel to ensure that the elves were comfortable when he heard the door chime sound. "Who is it?" he called out.

"Dax."

"Enter," he said with a smile. The door opened and Jadzia walked in. "Dax! Welcome." He then saw her expression. He went from cheerful to serious quickly. "Do you need a drink?"

Jadzia paused in surprise and then said, "Yes. I could really use one right now."

"Wine, beer, or spirits?"

"What is strongest?"

"Firewhisky," he said with aplomb. Dax had tried it and could tolerate it he knew.

"Then, yes. I could really use a firewhisky right about now."

Harry motioned her to a chair while he went to retrieve drinks for them both. Without a word, he placed the drink in front of her, placed his own drink, and then sat down. He watched while she picked up the glass, and he mirrored her action. She took a long swig. He followed. She set the glass down and grimaced in obvious response to the burning feeling that firewhisky produced.

Contrary to its name, firewhisky did not produce smoke or fire in all cases, only for certain magicals. It was called firewhisky because it caused a burning sensation when drunk – and an immediate dose of liquid courage.

"What is it, Jadzia?"

She paused and looked at him. "Did I ever tell you about my godson?"

Harry was shocked. "No. I would have definitely liked to hear about him – I have one of my own. Tell me."
Unlike Harry's experiences as a godfather, it was obvious that Curzon Dax did not have such a satisfactory conclusion. When Jadzia explained what had happened to her godson, Dax, Harry felt immediately offended on her behalf. It was a painful story and he listened with full compassion.

When she was done Harry and Dax drank the last of their firewhisky before Harry said, "You have my utmost sympathy. My time with my godfather was cut tragically short and I left a godson behind when I came to this universe. So I understand possibly better than anyone else might. But I have to ask: Why have you come to tell me this?"

She took a deep breath. "I was reviewing the logs from the Bird of Prey. Lursa and B'Etor are quite willing to work with and for just about anyone in pursuit of profit for their planned rebellion. One of the people that they have worked for is the Albino. He was quite happy to help finance the overthrow of the Klingon High Council. In their logs, his location is given, as well as the business they had with him. I'm not sure how this should be used."

Harry understood immediately. "A godfather/godson relationship is a special connection. There is something almost holy about being chosen rather than just having a connection because of biology alone." Jadzia nodded sharply at that. "Tradition and your Starfleet training goes against your need to see this out." Jadzia nodded again. "Would you like my advice?" Jadzia nodded once more. Harry said with some intensity, "The capture of Lursa and B'Etor has not become common knowledge. Sisko has been keeping this quiet. I am certain that it has not had the chance to become widely known. Where does this Albino live?"

Jadzia said with a harsh voice, "He has a base on Secarus IV."

"Where is that? Can we reach this system without going too far out of our way? The trip to Qo'noS will take a few days."

Jadzia was taken aback by the question. "I think so."

Harry nodded. "According to Federation and Klingon law, I currently am in control of the Bird of Prey? Even if I am giving it back to avoid friction, it's currently mine."

Jadzia nodded. "It could be argued that way."

Harry thought for a long moment. "I could try polyjuice but a glamour might be enough. I only need to transport a portkey."

Jadzia asked curiously, "What's a portkey?"

Harry smirked. "An object that properly enchanted will cause someone touching it to move instantly from one place to another. If I transport down, make a portkey to where I transport – which can be a hundred miles away or further if necessary."

Jadzia asked, "But how to we make certain that it's the Albino and not one of his men?"

Harry replied, "Well, first let me make a portkey and see if a scanner can pick it up. I think I can cause it to activate by a word. We will send it to him from 'Lursa' or 'B'Etor' and encourage him to be holding it while talking about it. I can then have him activate it with a designated word."

Jadzia considered that. "Let's scan one first and see if it will work."

Early the next morning, Harry was asked to come to Ops. Sisko was waiting for him. "I've heard back from Picard."
"Okay. What's the verdict?"

"They are finishing a mission but can meet you outside of Klingon space in a few days. If you leave two days from now, you can make the location at Warp 7 quite easily."

Harry wanted to grin but withheld it. "That sounds great." He paused. "I would like to make a request."

"Yes?" Sisko asked.

"Jadzia, because of her time as Curzon, has a lot of experience on Birds of Prey. Can we leave earlier and allow her time to train me for an extra day or two on Klingon engines and controls? It would assist me greatly in my efforts to become a pilot."

Sisko considered that for a long moment. He pushed a button on his desk. Kyra's voice came through, "Yes, Commander?"

"Can you ask Dax to come to my office?"

"Yes, Commander."

A few seconds later, Dax came into the office. "You called?" Dax asked with some amusement.

Sisko forcibly stilled a grin. "Yes. Sir Harry has made a request."

Dax looked interestedly at Harry. "A request?"

Sisko nodded. "The Enterprise is in the middle of a mission. He could leave in two days and make a rendezvous but has asked for your assistance in additional training on flying a Bird of Prey while one is available. Would it be possible for you to take him out a day or so early and give him some extra lessons?"

Jadzia's eyes gleamed. "That sounds quite fun." She turned to Sisko. "I hope there's nothing that this will interfere with."

Sisko replied, "We've got nothing scheduled that is too important. If that changes, I'll call you."

Jadzia grinned. "Then I agree." She turned to Harry. "Be prepared for intensive work." She turned back to Ben. "It's going to be crewed from the Glen Lyon?"

"That's right. There should be no surprises so eight should be enough. The Enterprise can meet up with the Glen Lyon on her scheduled trip to Earth. There is a Klingon science vessel that is scheduled to leave Qo'noS for the wormhole. You and Mr. Potter and his retainers should be able to arrange passage. I am certain the High Council will be most appreciative and helpful once they receive their gifts."

Jadzia smirked. "I am certain we can make it work."

Jadzia and Harry were the only people on the bridge. There were three in engineering and there were five who were off duty. Dobby and Winky, in addition to taking care of the Klingons who were traveling as small animals, were also ensuring the Glen Lyon crew members were well fed and cared for.

"Time to the Secarus sector, Mr. Potter?" Jadzia barked from her seat in the Captain's chair.
"At our current speed of Warp Seven: Two days, Captain."

"Very good." Jadzia paused and then opened a comm channel. "Bridge to Engineering."

"Go ahead," the voice answered.

"Is there any reason we cannot increase speed to Warp 7.5?"

"Everything is running smoothly down here, Captain." She had been put in charge by Harry and everyone was calling her Captain. "I see no problem with it."

"Good. Prepare for increased speed. Bridge out." She called out, "Mr. Potter. Increase speed to Warp 7.5."

"Aye, Captain."

Jadzia stood up and walked over. "Okay. We need to call ahead. You've read the logs?"

Harry nodded. He applied a glamour to himself and Jadzia. Jadzia set the computer to change their voices to sound like the sisters when they made contact. She then looked at Harry and nodded. He grinned and then took on the expression of the older sister.

Jadzia took on the persona of B'Etor. A chime sounded. "Yes?" the lackey on the other end said.

"This is B'Etor of the House of Duras," Jadzia said imperiously. "I have need to speak to your employer. Quickly."

"Stand by."

Very quickly, a voice came from the panel. "B'Etor. I was not expecting a call. Is there a reason you are contacting me?" The disdain in the voice was obvious.

"Turn on your viewscreen. We have something you may be interested in."

There was a pause and then the panel activated. "B'Etor. Lursa."

Harry spoke. "During our last visit you suggested that you were looking for certain substances." He picked up the vial. "I have obtained 100 liters of bio-mimetic gel. Are you still interested or should I go elsewhere?"

The Albino's eyes gleamed. "No. I am still quite interested." He paused. "When can you bring it?"

Jadzia said with arrogance. "We can arrive in two days. When we are near your location, we will send down a twenty milliliter sample. Enough for your people to test it. Once you have it and are assured of its quality, you will contact us and we will discuss price. Of course we expect to receive payment in gold-pressed latinum."

"Of course. Approach decloaked."

Harry snarled, "Do you take us for fools? Neither one of us wish to show up on any Federation long ranger scanners. We will decloak for a moment during transport to assure you that it is our ship. But we will take no further chances." He smirked. "I am certain that you also wish to avoid unnecessary notice."

The Albino smirked. "Yes, yes." The Albino was reassured. "We will expect you in two days." The channel cut out.
The two released a large breath in relief. Harry quickly cancelled the glamours.

Jadzia became broody. "He's just as evil as I remember him."

Harry nodded. "This is the safest way to get him. He has no idea what a portkey is."

Jadzia nodded. She would fulfill the blood oath. For her godson.

Chapter End Notes

I've been planning most of this since I started the story. There would have to be an effort by the Cardassians to make a move toward obtaining a possible resource despite the current political landscape – or because of it.

Lursa and B'Etor will deal with anyone. Their contact with the Albino would be in character for them. His interest in something that could make biogenic weapons would be obvious from canon.

This would change the later DS9 timeline somewhat but would change TNG and Star Trek Generations more.

I also needed a trigger to make Harry decide to go badass as necessary and the two Klingon women and Gul Dukat's involvement worked. I will do the next part soon.
Retrieval, High Council

Jadzia stood over Harry's shoulder as he put the ship in a parking orbit. "Very good. Now check the readings to make certain it's stable."

Harry nodded. "Well, as far as I can tell we're in a stationary orbit."

Jadzia nodded. "The trick is to set it to just enough thrust to maintain the same position over the planet. The only other choice to is be low enough for gravity to hold you – but then you would need to run the engines to stay up. That takes much more fuel."

Harry sighed. "We're 300 kilometers from the compound. That should be sufficient distance to keep them from noticing the transport."

"We'll just have to keep an eye on it. I'm certain that he has a way to ensure that the settlements on other parts of them planet don't intrude."

Harry nodded. "It's hard to believe that so few people inhabit such a nice world."

Jadzia shrugged. "That's the point. Most people want to be able to choose how close or how far they live from centers of government. That's why there are so many planets for such a small population."

"Alright. I need to take the vial." He stood up and walked over to the transporter pad.

"How much longer will it exist?" she asked.

"Well, the vial is permanent. I put just enough magic for the gel to 'exist' for another day or so before the degradation will become obvious on scanners. Just be happy that Julian asked me to test that. Otherwise this would never have worked."

Jadzia nodded. "Okay. There's a blind cliff which we can see from here but which should confuse sensors from elsewhere. You have one minute before I transport you back."

Harry nodded. "I really wish I had time to test to see if a portkey to a ship will work. It's too dangerous to try right now." He grinned. "It's too bad you people are so protective of prisoners or I could test a portkey on one of them."

Jadzia gave him a somewhat disgusted look. He shrugged.

"Transporting now."

Harry appeared right beside the cliff, exactly as Jadzia had explained. He took a long look to notice details. He also cast a spell to see how much interference might exist on this planet. It was a charm which was sometimes used to check if a portkey site was viable. He let go of his breath in relief when the charm didn't note any problem.

He quickly cast the portkey spell. He made the trigger word something that he could get the Albino to say.

Just a few seconds later, he felt the transport activate once more.

"Did it work?" Jadzia asked with some anxiety.

Jadzia nodded. "Okay. The crew has been told that you are practicing maneuvering around a planet. We're also under a security lockdown to make sure they don't see anything that will alert them."

Harry grinned. "Aren't you glad you're on a Klingon ship? Keeping the Klingons from being too upset about possible stolen secrets worked out to be a good excuse. My diplomatic status made it convenient."

"If you're done patting yourself on the back, can we get on with this?" she asked in a plaintive voice.

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The Albino was waiting when the call came in.

"It's Lursa and B'etor," one of his men reported.

"Open the channel."

The visage of the Klingon females came on the screen. "We are here. Where do you want the sample sent?" Lursa asked.

"Give us the coordinates and we will lock on and transport it."

B'Etor scoffed. "We will not decloak for that long. If you want to play games, we will transport it outside of your compound and you can send one of your people to retrieve it and make certain that there are no tricks." She pushed a button, waited a moment, and then pushed another. "I assume your people saw us on scanners long enough to see the ship and its position?"

He looked over and the man on the scanners nodded.

"Very well. Outside of the compound gate, right outside the shields."

"Very well," Lursa said. "We will give you one hour to perform your tests. We will expect you to be ready to negotiate then." The feed cut off.

The Albino smirked. "It's always nice to do business with people who don't expect false pleasantries."

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Harry and Jadzia moved the ship over the cliff once more. Jadzia watched the countdown. "Okay."

"Do it."

The Albino's face showed up on the screen. "We've tested it. You say you have one hundred liters?"

"Yes. I believe an alert has been issued regarding its loss. So you should know where it came from."

The Albino nodded. "Yes. I did notice that in the reports we received. I do believe that I wish to buy it."

"Good. Before I set a price, did you take a good look at the vial that it was sent in?"

The Albino gave 'Lursa' a long look. "I was curious about that. Bio-mimetic gel is normally much more sensitive to transport. How it was kept stable in a vial only ... intrigued me."
"Get the vial and I will explain," B'Etor said.

The Albino looked off the screen and then looked to accept something. "I have it."

"Take a good look at it."

The Albino did as asked. "It looks the same as other vials."

B'Etor smirked. "I will explain how it keeps the gel stable. If I do, I expect you to also pay for a thousand of these vials. And we will expect to be paid a hundred bars of latinum for them."

The Albino was outraged. "A hundred bars? A hundred bars of latinum ...." Before the Albino could finish his statement, however, he disappeared from the screen. The key word had been 'Latinum.' That activated the portkey.

Harry immediately cut the comm. Jadzia crowed. "Got him! Transporting now!"

Harry pointed his wand at the transporter and instantly stunned the Albino. He quickly sent a disarming spell (a hidden knife and another weapon dislodged from the prone body).

"Get us out of here!" Harry cried.

Jadzia had immediately moved to the helm and as quickly as possible broke orbit and moved to full impulse. "We should be able to go to warp in twenty two minutes."

Harry nodded. "Since almost no one flies outside of the orbital plane, no one will look in this direction. At least long enough for us to get away."

Harry had finished searching the Albino and relieved him of anything that might be dangerous. He smirked as he transfigured him into a blue rabbit. "Now he's got some color." Jadzia glanced over and smirked. Harry quickly removed the glamours on himself and Jadzia. "Found a transponder!"

"Destroy it!"

Harry quickly vanished the device before it could be activated from the base. "Dobby!"

Dobby popped in. "Master Harry Potter calls?" He had been waiting for this call.

"One more prisoner. Keep him in a separate cage of course."

"Of course, Master Harry Potter." Dobby snapped his fingers and disappeared. The rabbit disappeared as well.

Harry moved to the scanners leaving Jadzia at the helm controls. "There is no pursuit but they are looking."

"Good. We are twenty minutes from warp."

"Keep it steady"

"No objection here."

It was a tense twenty minutes but Harry called out, "We are clear from the system."

"Increasing speed to Warp 7.5, bearing 64 mark 227."
"Aye, Captain." Very soon he called out, "Warp 7.5."

"Acknowledged."

Jadzia was momentarily stoic and then she shuddered visibly. "I don't believe it. More than 80 years. Finally. We have him."

Harry waited for Jadzia to fall apart and then put herself back together. Finally, she had calmed down. "I think I am going for a shower."

Harry nodded and took her place at the helm. "That's fine. I'll call if there are any problems."

Jadzia nodded and left the bridge. Once she had been gone for a few minutes, Harry called out, "Winky!"

Winky appeared nearby. "Master Harry?"

He smiled at his Elf and friend. "You delivered it?"

"Yes, Master Harry. The moment he arrived, I sent it to the place where the tracking spell locked to."

"No problem with the enchantments?"

"None, Master Harry."

He smiled. "Thank you, Winky. That should take care of the people who willingly helped a baby killer."

Winky nodded with vigor. "Dobby and I were happy to do as you asked. House elves should not kill, but we know when it is needed." Her face was resolute.

"Of course. Make certain you get enough rest. We will meet up with the Enterprise in two days or so."

"Yes, Master Harry." Winky popped out.

Harry returned to watching over the instruments until the relief showed up. He thought about his actions. He did not tell Jadzia as this was something that would have possibly offended her.

The vial, once it was inside the shield perimeter at the Albino's base, had released a tracking charm. Winky had been ordered to act as soon as the additional person was on board. She had used her magic to send a small trunk to the location of the charm which had been spelled to be invisible.

Harry had enchanted it so that it would automatically expand and open ten minutes after delivery. Inside was a photon torpedo set to activate when the lid of the trunk released. The explosion would be contained by the compound's shield perimeter until the shield emitters were destroyed by the explosion. This would prevent the damage from majorly affecting the ecosystem on the planet.

There would be no pursuit from the Albino's base on Secarus IV. He still debated as to whether to eventually tell her or not.

The next morning, Harry made a comment. "Don't you think we have a call to make?"

Jadzia looked at Harry for a moment and then her face lit up. "That's right. I wonder which one I
should call."

Harry considered it. "Isn't Commander Worf's brother now on the Council?"

"I think so."

He looked at her. "Why not call him? We won't tell him exactly what we are bringing but we can tell him it is for the Empire's benefit. As a member of the High Council, him calling the three will ensure that they will be there if at all possible."

Jadzia considered that. "That's not a bad idea."

Harry nodded. "It's too bad that we couldn't call them until we had the bastard. But that might have alerted him."

Jadzia nodded. She had Harry come over to the comm panel and put in a call to Qo'noS.

Kurn was reviewing documents having to do with his position when he heard the alert. He pushed a button. "What is it?"

"Councilor Kurn. We have an urgent message coming in to you. A Lieutenant Dax of Starfleet. She said that it was personal and of immediate concern."

Kurn considered it. He finally huffed. As a member of the High Council, he would have normally ignored such a call. But his brother was a part of Starfleet and it might concern him. "Put it through."

"Yes, Councilor."

The screen lit up. Kurn immediately noticed that the woman was on a Klingon Bird of Prey. "I am Kurn, son of Mogh, of the House of Mogh, Member of the Klingon High Council."

"Councilor. I am Lieutenant Jadzia Dax. Have you ever heard of Curzon Dax?"

Kurn had heard many stories. "The name is familiar. He was one of the few Federationist that was also widely respected in the Empire. But that was many years ago."

The woman nodded. "You are aware that he was a Trill?"

"What of it?"

"I am Jadzia Dax. I now hold the Dax Symbiont. I was Curzon but am now Jadzia."

Kurn was intrigued. He resolved to look up information on the Trill. "I see. While this is very interesting, what is so urgent that you are calling?"

"Right now, I am on the way to Qo'noS. I am escorting a person who has a delivery for the High Council — something that they will receive gladly. Especially Chancellor Gowron. Your brother's ship will be meeting with us and escorting us. We should be there in 3 days. But I would like to make a request."

"A request? What request?" Kurn asked.

Jadzia looked solemn as she said, "I would request that you summon three Klingons, three Dahar Masters. Kor, Kolath, Kang. I have personal business which I must complete. A promise made
when I was Curzon, Godfather of Kang's firstborn son."

Kurn was taken aback. "A promise?"

"A blood oath."

Kurn looked at Jadzia for a long moment. "It is honorable to assist in the completion of a blood oath. Do you want them told why they are summoned?"

"No. It is a surprise. A gift. One that will be gladly received."

Kurn nodded thoughtfully. "I will do as you ask." He gave a smile and said, "It is apparent that many gifts are being given."

Jadzia smirked. "Yes. You will learn full details when we arrive before the Council."

It was the final leg of the trip to Qo'noS. Jadzia had agreed to assist Harry in preparing one final step that he felt might be needed. Once he had been pronounced competent enough in the differences between Klingon and Federation controls, it freed up his time to perfect it.

Jadzia stood across from him. She was breathing hard and had worked up as much of a sweat as Trills did. She dropped the item she was holding. "Well," she said when she had caught her breath. "I think you are as ready as you can be."

Harry nodded as he cancelled the spells on his own equipment which prevented accidents. "I hope it's not necessary. But we are going to be dealing with Klingons."

Jadzia nodded. "Good point."

Harry nodded curtly and left to finish preparing himself and the prisoners.

The Klingon High Council members were all present. Gowron spoke. "Now that normal business has been taken care of, there is another matter to be seen to. An audience was requested through one of our members." He glanced over to Kurn. "Several witnesses were also requested." He nodded to a guard.

The guard went out the door. Very soon, twenty Klingon Warriors were arrayed at the back of the chambers, opposite the Council. Shortly thereafter, three Warriors of advanced age walked boldly in as well.

Gowron spoke. "Kang, son of Urath. Kolath, son of Ughall. Kor, son of Rynar. Dahar Masters all. You are welcome in these chambers."

They nodded respectfully. Kang spoke for all of them. "Thank you, Chancellor Gowron. We have been summoned. What service can we give to the Empire?"

Gowron smiled at them. "Your presence was requested as witnesses by those who will be arriving soon. We do not know why. But the request for your presence was made respectfully. Perhaps we shall soon find out why."

Kang nodded, as did the other two. They moved off to the side.

Gowron looked around. All was ready. He looked at the main entrance. "Bring them."
The waiting warrior nodded and motioned to someone waiting outside. There was a muffled voice and the sound of a Klingon transporter was heard immediately outside of the chamber.

However, rather than an immediate entrance, there was something happening. Suddenly a voice was heard clearly. "First of all, I have diplomatic status. My possessions are my own and not to be surrendered. Furthermore, you can take my blades when you pry them from my cold, dead hands."

The entire Council was startled by the voice, as it was obvious it was not a Klingon voice. The warrior looked to Gowron. He was amused. "Allow our visitor entrance with his weapons. I am certain that there are enough guards to prevent attacks."

"Yes, Chancellor."

Shortly thereafter, a man strode into the chamber. With him was a recognizable figure: Worf, son of Mogh. Strangely, he was not dressed in his Starfleet uniform. He was also not dressed in traditional Klingon armor. Instead, he, like the Human he was with, was dressed in long, armored robes, which appeared to be made from the skin of an animal unknown. Worf, it was noted, wore his father's bat'leth sheathed on his back.

Behind the Human were two small aliens, of a race that none recognized.

Everyone immediately noticed that the Human did not have the normal, carefully neutral expression that most Humans used when dealing with Klingons. Instead, his face was stoic and resolute.

In addition, there was a Human sword strapped to his back, it's handle visible over his shoulder. Another blade was sheathed at his waist.

Around his neck was a large cross held by a colorful ribbon. There was another adornment on his chest.

The Human stopped before the council. They waited expectedly. "Thank you for receiving me. My name is Harry James Potter. I am Harry, son of James, son of Fleamont. Head of House Potter, former Head of the Noble and Most Ancient House of Black, such headship surrendered honorably to my Godson and Heir, Teddy, son of Remus, a son of House Black. I am Sir Harry, Knight of the Thistle, member of the Most Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle of the Kingdom of Scotland. Holder of the George Cross, awared by Queen Elizabeth the Second, sovereign of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, Northern Ireland, and Scotland. Order of Merlin First Class. Honored among my people for the defeat of the Dark Lord Voldemort. With me is Worf, son of Mogh, of the House of Mogh, who redeemed his family name in honorable battle. Chief Tactical Officer and Security Chief of the Federation Flagship, the USS Enterprise. Behind me are my retainers, Dobby and Winky, bonded by loyalty and oath to my house."

Gowron, as well as the rest of the High Council members, all looked quite impressed with the introduction. "Thank you for receiving me. My name is Harry James Potter. I am Harry, son of James, son of Fleamont. Head of House Potter, former Head of the Noble and Most Ancient House of Black, such headship surrendered honorably to my Godson and Heir, Teddy, son of Remus, a son of House Black. I am Sir Harry, Knight of the Thistle, member of the Most Ancient and Most Noble Order of the Thistle of the Kingdom of Scotland. Holder of the George Cross, awared by Queen Elizabeth the Second, sovereign of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, Northern Ireland, and Scotland. Order of Merlin First Class. Honored among my people for the defeat of the Dark Lord Voldemort. With me is Worf, son of Mogh, of the House of Mogh, who redeemed his family name in honorable battle. Chief Tactical Officer and Security Chief of the Federation Flagship, the USS Enterprise. Behind me are my retainers, Dobby and Winky, bonded by loyalty and oath to my house."

Gowron, as well as the rest of the High Council members, all looked quite impressed with the introduction. "Harry, son of James. Be welcome before the Klingon High Council. Before we come to the reason for your visit, I have a question." He looked at Worf intently. "You do not dress in your Starfleet uniform? Why not?"

Worf stood tall as he said, "Yes. My oath of service is to Starfleet, and to Captain Picard aboard the Enterprise. I will defend these against all who would attack them. Regardless of who attacks. However, Sir Harry made the request that I witness this, not as a member of Starfleet, but as the Eldest of the House of Mogh. Once he explained why to Captain Picard, I was given leave to perform this duty."

Harry nodded. "It may not be widely known, but I am not from this universe. I willingly traveled here with my retainers, in service to the Ministry which manages the affairs of my people. Upon my arrival, I met with Commander Sisko of Deep Space 9 and was offered residence there, along with my loyal retainers. Due to the honors I have earned, the Royal House of Windsor of the United Kingdom on Earth extended membership of the Royal House and diplomatic status to me. My Earth is not the Earth you know. Peoples and races exist there that do not exist here. Such as my retainers."

He looked around. "One week ago, an attempt was made to capture my retainers. For what purpose there is no evidence. But there is no question as to who performed this heinous act against me and mine. Upon being alerted by Winky, who immediately escaped to tell me, I transported over to the ship of those making the attempt. It was a Klingon Bird of Prey." There were several startled breaths around the room.

"I could not countenance this. I immediately moved throughout the ship, subduing all members of the crew of that ship, of which there were seventeen. One successfully shot Winky, who had returned with me. I killed him for his crime against mine." The expressions went from startled to surprised.

"When I finally subdued those who were in charge, I found that their identities were known to me. I made a choice at that time. Rather than kill them, which I was tempted to do, or turn them over to Starfleet, I decided that I would turn them over to you, the Klingon High Council. These two are known to you, and they are wanted by you. Do I have permission to have them beamed here?"

Gowron looked at the other members of the High Council. All looked interested. He looked back at Harry. "You have our permission."

Harry nodded and activated his comm badge. "The first two. Now. With their guard."

In between the Council and Harry, three columns of red appeared. They coalesced into a shocking scene. Jadzia was holding a Bat'leth behind the necks of the two Klingons. Bound in such a way that they could not move and gagged as well, Lursa and B'Etor were staring murderously at Harry. He had no reaction.

There were several gasps. Some warriors in the room look offended at the condition they were in, but it was a very small percentage. Gowron looked enthusiastic. "Lursa and B'Etor, of the House of Duras. Your arrival is quite the pleasant surprise." The two turned their heads to stare murderously at Harry. He had no reaction.

Gowron looked at Harry. "Now I understand. You are correct. We have so been desiring their return to us. This is a great day for the Empire. You have my personal thanks for delivering them to our custody. We have much we wish to discuss with them."

Harry nodded. He motioned to one of the warriors who guarded the chambers to come forward. When the warrior approached, Harry pulled a small unit from his robes and handed it to the warrior. "This is the record of their logs from their ship's computer. I do believe that you will be quite interested in its contents." He turned to the Klingon. "Please deliver that to the Chancellor."

The Chancellor looked enthusiastic as he nodded his permission. The warrior handed it to the leader of the Klingon Empire. Gowron gripped it like it was a jewel.
Harry spoke. "I will warn you: As I captured this, I gave a copy over to Commander Sisko. The Federation was thankful for the information as regards their crimes against them. Commander Sisko ensured that information regarding their actions against the Empire was deleted, upon my request, as I deemed that none of their affair. Captain Picard assured me that Federation Security was quite happy to see these turned over to you for proper disposition for their crimes."

Gowron, as well as the other members of the Council, were taken aback at that. "That is quite a surprise. The Federation is normally … more leery of Klingon justice."

Harry smirked. "These two were my prisoners. I think that they were just happy that I was willing to forego killing them personally. Human honor requires treating females differently than males, with more … restraint. Regardless of their deserved fate. I knew that you would have no such reservations, given the right circumstances."

Gowron and the others chuckled maliciously at that. "Yes. These are quite the right circumstances." He motioned to two warriors. "Take them away. Keep them quite safe. We will deal with them at our convenience."

The warriors nodded and grabbed the two, roughly dragging them out.

Harry spoke up. "The other fourteen. I would request permission to beam them here. They are not restrained in the same way even if they are disarmed. Such is the reason I requested you have a large contingent of warriors on hand. To prevent any … poor decisions on their part."

Gowron considered that. He called out. "Warriors. Prepare to receive the prisoners."

The room rearranged itself. There was now a large area near the back of the room which had been cleared. It was surrounded by warriors holding weapons. Gowron looked at Harry. "Sir Harry. They can now be transported."

Harry nodded. "These are being held, by my request, on the Enterprise. Please do not take this as Federation interference. It was just my convenience." Gowron nodded. Harry looked at Worf. "Do it."

Worf quickly moved to the empty area and set down a small beacon and activated it. He retreated next to Harry's side and activated his comm badge, which he had inside his robe. "Worf to Enterprise. We are ready for the Bird of Prey's crew."

"Understood."

Instead of the red columns, 14 blue columns appeared in the chambers. The area was now filled with fourteen disarmed Klingons.

Harry turned to Gowron. "The crew of the Duras sisters' ship."

Before Gowron could reply, one of the prisoners started hurling invective and insult at Harry. He was also making threats.

Harry sighed and looked at Gowron. "I truly wished that this was not necessary. Is there an area which I can borrow? That idiot needs a lesson in manners and I intend to give it to him. A final lesson with blades." Harry knew what Gowron's response would be.

"There is no need to go elsewhere. You can administer the lesson right here. We will witness."

Harry nodded. He turned to Dax. "Please put that bat'leth at the edge for him to retrieve." He then
called out. "Bring that fool here and let's get this over with."

Harry turned and pulled the sword from his back and the long knife from his belt.

Due to circumstances, Harry had had a lot of time. One thing he had done was to take instructions on wielding swords. Unlike non-magicals, who required learning it from an early age, magicals had methods to teach swordplay which reduced the time needed. Harry had first learned the English sword, because he was born there. And if he intended to make this an extended bout, he would have brought that.

Instead, Harry planned on killing this idiot quickly and conserving his energy. Because if necessary he would kill each and every prisoner that he had brought. To be most effective, he had deliberately brought the katana and a tanto. He had learned the katana because Dudley had, when they were young, commented on how cool they were.

He was still, in his heart, a boy.

The tanto he had learned because a single long blade was not always the most effective.

In his spars against Jadzia, he had found that he could not succeed with just a long sword. The bat'leth was too versatile. Add a tanto and he could attack or defend with either blade or both.

His blades, these he had commissioned for his personal use rather than those he bad brought for sale as required, were made as strong as possible with traditional methods – and then hardened magically.

The prisoner had come forward and glared at him. "To satisfy honor, you should fight me with a bat'leth!"

Harry almost rolled his eyes. "Fist of all, I do not concede that you have any honor. Second, while she has trained with a bat'leth, I have not. But I am trained to use these. Just be thankful that it will be quick." Harry's tone was very insulting.

Just as he expected, the prisoner had quickly picked up the bat'leth and attacked, not waiting for any official start. He was ready.

Being magical, he could wield his weapons much faster than any Earthborn swordsman had any right to do so. And so it was to the prisoner's surprise (as well as everyone else in the chamber) that Harry had stabbed the fool directly in the gut within twenty seconds of the fight starting. Harry deliberately exerted pressure to the side as he withdrew the tanto, causing additional damage.

Harry looked down at the dying Klingon. "Your mistake was assuming that I was the same as every other Human. Everyone here already has been told that I am not. And I have absolutely no problem with killing anyone who would attack me or mine. Just be satisfied that you were allowed a death by the blade."

The Klingon died rather quickly. Harry flicked the tanto to force the blood to fly off the blade and then looked at the other thirteen prisoners that had watched. "Do any more of you wish to try a duel to the death or will you allow your own people's lawful procedures to go forward?"

There were laughs all around. Harry looked over at Worf, who was one of those who laughed. Worf said, "Trial by combat is a part of Klingon law."

Harry shrugged. "Fine." He looked at the prisoners, who looked to actually be considering his question. Harry decided it was his magically enhanced speed which had likely prevented any more
from taking him up on his offer.

In the privacy of his own mind, he was thankful for that. He was willing to kill, but he didn't want to do so unnecessarily. They were led away. Harry turned back to the Council.

Gowron spoke. "Thank you for bringing them to us. What reward would you have of the Empire for your efforts?"

Harry looked at Gowron and said, "Before I can answer that question, there is one more matter to deal with."

"Oh?" Gowron asked. He noted that Word looked as surprised as anyone.

"Yes. A request was submitted for three warriors?"


The three distinguished warriors moved from the position they had been watching from. They moved with some caution – the Human had already proved to be willing to kill, and to kill quickly.

The center one spoke. "I am Kang, Dahar Master. This is Koloth, also a Dahar Master. And that is Kor. Once again, a Dahar Master. You requested our presence?"

Harry bowed his head respectfully, much more respectfully than he had to the Council. "No. Actually, my companion made the request."


The name Dax produced a startlement among the three and those in the room who knew history – which was most of the Council.

Kang looked at her. "Dax? You are related to Curzon Dax?"

She smirked. "No. I am Trill. When Curzon died, I received the Dax Symbiont. I remember my life as Curzon. I was Curzon. I am now Jadzia."

Every Klingon watching was now focused intently on the beautiful woman before them. The entire room was riveted by the drama playing out in front of them. No one moved to hurry things along.

Kor spoke. "Dax? Is it truly you?"

Jadzia looked at Kor and said, "Scorcher burn on your 14th rib. And your left Qivan still aches, every time your ship hits warp 8." She turned to Koloth. "And you. I called you 'D'akturak.' Ice man. Because no proposal, no matter how reasonable, no matter how much it favoured the Klingon Empire would ever satisfy you. You were the toughest man I ever faced across the negotiating table." She turned to Kang. "And you. You were responsible for the greatest honor that I ever received during my life as Curzon. You named your firstborn son 'Dax' in my honor, and named me Godfather."

All three warriors were taken aback. Kor was the first to react. "Dax? My Curzon? It's been 81 years since we last met. And I find you now a Kyano looking woman." His joy at the reunion was evident. He was the only one of the three to actually reach forward and embrace Jadzia, a gesture she enthusiastically returned.
Koloth looked shocked still, but Kang looked upset. "Why have you come? If you are truly Dax than you know why summoning us together in such a public place is a bad move."

Jadzia, who had let go of Kor, looked at him. "I do know. And under any other circumstances, I would agree. I remember the Blood Oath. And I would never jeopardize it. He only escaped last time because we spoke of his location over subspace and he god wind of it."

Kang asked angrily, "Then why have you acted as you have?"

Jadzia gave an evil smirk and tapped her own comm badge. "Transport now."

Off to the side, in a clear area, a red transporter beam appeared. Very soon it coalesced into a shape. A shape all three Dahar Masters recognized immediately.

Kang cried out, "You found him!"

She nodded. "When we were reviewing the logs of Lursa and B'Etor's ship, we found reference to him as they had done business with him. They were only concerned about making a profit to finance their overthrow of the High Council and Chancellor Gowron. I knew that once news of their capture became public, the taHqeq would have retreated from his base on Secarus IV and we might have never been able to capture him. Knowing that time was of the essence, I asked Sir Harry for his assistance in capturing him. I think it is time he pays for his crimes against us."

Kang looked at Harry, who stood respectfully. "I apologize for stealing the hunt – I meant no insult. I know that you gave a Blood Oath to capture him, and to rip his heart out and eat it before his dying face. But Curzon took the oath with you, and Jadzia satisfied the capture part. The baby-killer," Harry gave the bound and gagged Albino a disgusted look, "also learned of your Blood Oath. I have found that just to spite you, he has received genetic modifications to ensure that his body would be poisonous if you actually ate his heart."

Harry turned and looked at the Albino, who looked slightly smug through his hatred. "Still. He has no honor. And he deserves no clean death. I had a godfather, my father's friend as close as a brother, who died to protect me. And I was named godfather to the son of my father's other closest friend. I made him my Heir and ensured his future. I felt outrage when Jadzia explained what had happened to your firstborn sons, including her namesake and godson." Harry turned back to Koloth. "The Enterprise will be taking the crew that we used to bring the ship here. As long as Jadzia and I can get a ride back to Deep Space 9 when you are done, I think that taking two or three days to kill this piece of excrement passed from the bowels of a food animal would be a most appropriate use of time for you four."

Finally, those around them intruded. Gowron was insanely curious. "Kang. Koloth. Kor. Dax. Tell us of what you speak."

Harry stepped back and the four told the Council and all those listening the story of their beloved firstborn sons and what had happened. The entire Chamber was in complete agreement with doing anything to the Albino who was bound and gagged.

Worf spoke. "I was requested as a witness and unfortunately I cannot stay to witness the death of this baby-killer. But there is one more matter that I wish to ask about." Everyone looked at him. He turned to Harry. "Secarus IV. You mentioned that this was where his base was."

Harry nodded. "Yes."

"That is quite interesting. During the security reports I received from Starfleet Command, there
was a report of a large explosion on Secarus IV just a few days ago. Would you know anything about that?"

Jadzia was confused. "I don't know anything about that. We used methods that Harry alone can use to take him unaware to prevent him from escaping. But the base was still there when we warped out."

Harry chuckled ruefully. "Sorry, Jadzia. I was very offended. I didn't think that those working for this piece of offal deserved such a developed base of operations. And I didn't want to open you or I up to retaliation later. Winky, Dobby, and I made arrangements for things to be tied up after we left. Just to make certain. A photon torpedo within the shield bubble would be very effective in ensuring that they were taken care of."

Jadzia looked at Harry in shock. The Klingons were shocked as well. Everyone looked at the Elves, which looked both resolute and abashed all at once.

Worf just chuckled. "That does sound like a very effective solution. Weren't you worried you'd get in trouble?"

Harry smirked, "Diplomatic immunity. And remember, you're here as a member of the House of Mogh and not a Starfleet officer."

Worf took one look at Harry and, once more, let out a long and loud laugh. Many in the room joined him. Finally he turned to Gowron. "Chancellor. My part in this is done. With your permission, I believe I will return to my ship."


"Q'apla!" Worf responded. "Kurn. Brother. We will visit before the Enterprise leaves. We will need to stay at least until a relief crew is sent to the Bird of Prey."

Kurn nodded. "I look forward to it, Brother."

Worf nodded cheerfully and then called the ship for a beam out.

Back on Deep Space 9, a message was received by Commander Sisko. He immediately made his way to the Promenade.

Garek looked at who had entered. "Commander! What can I do for you?"

"I just received word on that matter we told you about. Can you ensure that the messages are sent to your people? I believe they will need to be informed that Lursa and B'Etors have been … unavoidably detained."

Garek smirked. He truly hated Gul Dukat and he was more than willing to assist with the efforts to use the attempted kidnapping to hurt his position. And Harry had paid a bonus to him from the recovered latinum from the captured ship. "I will take care of that right away."

Sisko nodded. "Good. Very good. Have a nice day, Garek." He then walked out.

"Oh," he said to the door. "I will. I most certainly will."
Harry looked at those sitting with him and said, "What I don't understand is what people of this time have against pockets."

Those sitting with him looked at him for a long moment and then laughed. Jadzia finally said, "Where did that come from?"

Harry shrugged and said, "I don't know. It's just something that came to me. While sitting here with you four and trading stories is fun, you have to remember I'm not from this time – or this universe. I'm still trying to figure these things out."

The three elderly Klingons snickered and Jadzia rolled her eyes. Kor smirked and and said, "Well, I for one am thankful you are not a typical Federation Human. No Federation Human would have stomached allowing us our rightful vengeance. They are too softhearted."

The entire group was in its way back to Deep Space Nine. The Enterprise had left the day after Harry had appeared before the High Council. The extra day had given time for Kurn and Worf to visit together and Kurn to arrange a loyal crew to man the Duras sisters' former ship.

Harry had been offered the ship as a prize but, due to a conversation with Worf on its design flaws, he was not tempted to accept. There was good reason why this class of Bird of Prey had been taken out of service for the most part.

The only reason that it was being used as transport was that there was no battle anticipated and it was convenient.

Kang, Koloth, and Kor had taken the Albino off into the hills and had a three day hunt - release and catch, rather than catch and release. Jadzia had gone with them. The three Klingons had caught up to him again within a day and then their fun began. Jadzia had begged off when it became more esoteric.

It was understood that Jadzia was not exactly Curzon and so her own part in capturing the criminal was seen as sufficient compliance with the Blood Oath. Jadzia had returned to find Harry almost cowering away from public scrutiny. She had taken one look at him and asked, "What is your problem?"

Harry looked at her and said, "Klingon women."

Jadzia was taken aback. "Klingon women," she commented incredulously. "What problem could you possibly have with Klingon women?"

Harry replied, "For some reason, when they are near me they tend to growl, sniff me, and then they attack. I've had to fight off about three of them."

Jadzia gave Harry a long look and then laughed. Harry gave her a filthy look in reply. Jadzia finally said, "They are probably looking for a strong mate."

Harry replied, "I actually guessed that after the second one attacked. The problem is: I think they want a life mate – as in permanent. And I'm not ready to settle down."

Jadzia chortled once more and then asked, "How do the men react to you?"
Harry considered that. "Actually, most seem fairly respectful. Though a few looked like they wanted to challenge me. The problem being that I decided that if I fight any more on this trip, I will fight to the death. And no one else has pissed me off enough to kill them."

Jadzia paused in her mirth for just a moment when Harry talked of fighting to the death, and then her smile came back. "I think that my knowledge of Qo'noS is sufficient enough to keep you from the places where women looking for husbands are. You need to relax."

Harry had just shaken his head.

What had followed was two days of, for lack of a better term, chaperoned wenching. Jadzia just pointed him at women who were in a position of just looking for fun and then she would drink with the men available, casually (but with discretion) ignoring advances. In the end, Harry had submitted to one particularly enthusiastic admirer – he was feeling a little bit horny.

The next day Winky had to break out a bruise healing paste and a bottle of skelgrow.

After the Three Masters had returned two days later, Harry bid a fond farewell to his playmate and Kurn got them onto the Bird of Prey to be returned to Deep Space Nine. The Three Masters had cheerfully offered to accompany them back to the station. Jadzia had accepted for both of them.

Harry looked at the Klingons. "So. Given that Gowron really seems to want to minimize any stories of non-Klingons earning plaudits for honorably assisting the Empire, what can I expect as regards my relationship with the Empire?"

Kang and the others briefly looked at each other. "You noticed this." Kang's voice had a hint of approval.

Harry nodded. "While Worf was given respect, I noticed that Gowron was quite pleased when he disappeared back to his ship. When Jadzia and I went out, I noticed a distinct lack of any notice that he had even been there. And the capture of the Duras sisters seemed to be spoken of as though it was Gowron's honor to have captured him. The only reason people seemed interested in me was for the fight with blades which I had."

Koloth commented, "We are a provincial people. The Duras sisters being captured *is* a victory for Gowron – regardless of who actually brought them. As far as Klingons are concerned, you were little more than a mercenary as far as that goes."

Harry considered that. "In a way I was. I mostly just wanted to see them dead without personally killing a woman if I could avoid it. I did accept the reward offered. The ship," he motioned towards the wall, "is serviceable but its inherent flaws means that in a conflict with another Klingon ship, if I'm not sneaky like the Duras sisters were, would see me destroyed pretty quick. I'll wait for the ship I'm getting from the Federation. I won't have a cloaking device. But I think it will be a better ship."

What he didn't say, what he hadn't said to anyone, was that he was planning on experimenting with wards and spells. He wanted to experiment with notice-me-not fields, unplottable wards, Muggle-repelling, and other possibilities.

The biggest limitation was that a ship wasn't on a planet. And while his experience with interstellar travel had clued him in that magic wasn't as absent as he had worried about, it did get concentrated in planetary systems.

Surprisingly, he had noticed that Qo'noS wasn't as magic-less as he had suspected it might be. The
utterly destroyed moon did seem to affect the magic in the area, but the relative stability of the remnants did keep it stable.

The crew Kurn provided ran the ship. Harry, Jadzia and the Klingon masters continued enjoying themselves. The elves enjoyed breaking out the more exotic meats from their stores and cooking for the Klingons.

They had learned very quickly to not serve fresh green vegetables and to leave the meat fairly raw or just seared.

Commander Sisko welcomed them back with little fanfare.

"Did the message get off?" Harry asked when they were alone.

"Mister Garek was quite happy to send it. Word is that the Obsidian Order is re-thinking its plans as regards you and the Elves."

Harry considered that. "Anyone else poking around? Trying to find out more about me and my habits?" he asked.

Sisko replied, "Not that I've heard. I suggest talking to Odo. I did ask him to keep an eye out." He paused. "I did get an inquiry a few days ago from Federation Security. It seems that there was a report of an unexpected capture delivered to the Klingons."

Harry kept himself from reacting too overtly. "It was a personal matter. Helping out a friend." Sisko peered at him and didn't respond. Harry sighed. "Ask Dax if she's willing to provide more details. It was a matter of Honor and Blood Oath. And as I mentioned before, Oaths are very important to my people."

Sisko finally nodded. "I'll do that."

"Just be discrete," Harry asked. "It's a painful and very personal matter."

Sisko nodded. He then forced himself to be cheerful. "But still, it's good to have the both of you back. And the Elves of course."

Harry grinned. "It's good to be back."

Harry looked down at his robes. As a resident with diplomatic status, Harry was obliged to play diplomat when the occasion warranted. And, according to Commander Sisko, the occasion warranted. They were set to receive their first visitors from the Gamma Quadrant and Sisko wanted to pull out all the stops.

Harry met the others near the docking area. Sisko looked at Bashir. "Where is your dress uniform?"

Bashir was apologetic. "I couldn't find it. I was certain I packed it." Sisko looked at him with disapproval.

Harry got a clear picture in his mind and then quickly pulled his wand and shot a silent spell at the man. He was now dressed in what appeared to be a regulation dress uniform. Sisko looked it over and smiled. "Thank you, Sir Harry."
Julian was less enthusiastic. "Yes. Thank you."

Harry gave him an evil smirk. "I figure if I have to play dress up than you have to share my pain." Jadzia and Kira snickered in the background.

Sisko got annoyed. "People! We are about to meet our first visitors from the Gamma Quadrant. This is very important for the Federation. It is not a time to play games!"

Harry looked at Sisko for along moment and said, "Stop being so prickly. This isn't a trade visit. This isn't negotiations for a treaty. This is just a 'Hello, Nice to Meet You' visit. If you don't relax, they are going to think that you're all a bunch of stiffs."

Sisko paused as he considered Harry's comments. Finally, he relaxed slightly. "You're right. This is just my first time acting as a diplomat." Harry snorted. "What?"

"No it's not - don't exaggerate. You single-handedly keep the Federation and Bajor from poking at each other until one of them screams. You deal with every non-Federation race that comes to the station, even a couple of Romulans. You've kept everyone from going to war at the slightest pretext. And you've only been here a few months. Have a little self-confidence." He said this last with wry humour.

Sisko looked at Harry, looked at his people and noticed they looked like they were ready to bolt at the first explosion, and then consciously relaxed himself even more. "He is right. Relax everyone. We are just saying 'Hello' here."

Harry was happy to see that the others checked themselves and visibly relaxed as well. Just in time, too. Out of the hatch came several human-like aliens, the main indication they were alien being the odd characters each had painted on their faces.

The man bowed his head and made a simple gesture. "Hello. I am Falo, Master Surchee of the Wadi." He then looked at Sisko expectantly.

"Welcome, in the name of Bajor and the United Federation of Planets. I am Commander Benjamin Sisko. And on behalf of my senior officers – Major Kyra, Lt. Commaner Dax, and Doctor Julian Bashir," he motioned to indicate which one was which, "as well as Sir Harry Potter of Earth ..." he motioned toward Harry.

Before he could finish, the man said, "Yes. Yes. Yes. Now. Where are the games?"

"Games?" Sisko asked with a forced smile.

"We were told you had games." He looked at another Wadi who mumbled. "Quarks." He said with some uncertainty. He saw that the name was recognized and his tone became more confident. "Take us to Quarks."

Sisko looked to the Staff, who looked a bit stunned. Major Kyra said with a blank tone, "Right this way."

Harry considered for a moment and then deliberately walked up next to the Surchee – whatever the hell that was.

The man looked at him. Harry asked casually, "Do you mind if I ask a personal question?"

The man looked hesitant and then said, "Very well."
"Are your markings functional or ceremonial? And are they religious, societal, or is there another function?" he asked.

The man was taken aback. "Why do you ask?" There was some murmuring from the other Wadi.

Harry answered easily. "In my community, we used such symbols. Very rarely they were painted on the face or body, but we often put them on our records or on certain devices. They assisted us to focus the purpose of the device when we did so."

The man looked surprised. "You have similar markings?"

Harry smiled. "Not presently. I do have chains that do carry them. I can, perhaps, show you when you have time."

The man considered that. "Perhaps." The man paused. He then said, "They would be what you call functional. And perhaps religious – though that might not mean the same to us as to you."

Harry looked over and said, "Thank you for indulging my curiosity. Anyway. Enjoy the games. We hope that you feel welcome on the station."

The man gave his odd salute again and Harry stepped off to the side, letting the Wadi pass. He then walked next to Sisko.

When they got to the lift, Sisko said, "Major Kira. We'll meet you there." She nodded.

"What was that about?" Sisko asked when they were gone.

Harry said with some seriousness, "The last time I started guessing, I kept it to myself. You told me to tell you next time. This is next time. Something butted against my mental shields. I think that those symbols, whatever else they do, help them to focus mentally; what you would call psionically."

Sisko was taken aback, as were Jadzia and Julian, who were listening. "Just like getting to know a Klingon usually involved a fight, or getting to know a Ferengi usually involves commerce, I'm guessing the Wadi use games."

Sisko considered that. "And the psionics?"

Harry said with some uncertainty, "I don't think they are malicious per se. But I also think that they will be fairly free with what they plan to do. I suggest that you let things happen. But that is just my opinion. Just don't be upset when it's over – even if it might be somewhat unpleasant." He said with some certainty, "If this is the case, then they do intend to cause stress to see a more natural response. Remember - I am just guessing."

Sisko looked at his other senior officers present. "I will take your advice into consideration."

Harry nodded. "I think I will go back to studying. I'm not that interested in playing games."

Sisko nodded. Harry withdrew.

Later, he found that his guesses were fairly accurate. The senior officers and Quark had gotten into some mental game with the Wadi and then the aliens had quickly withdrawn after learning whatever they wanted to learn. His comments had kept Sisko from being too insulting to the Wadi when all was said and done.

Harry was just as happy to have been left mostly out of things.
The next day Harry was thinking about the concept of games. A memory from his childhood intruded. He went to his computer terminal. "Computer. Do you have an assortment of Earth games in memory?"

"Yes," was the short reply.

"Do you have the game Monopoly from the 20th Century?"

"The construction is not within the database. There is one entry."

Harry was a bit surprised. "Show me the entry." He read the panel and was a bit taken aback. Apparently, when Earth society when moneyless, anything which glorified making money was excised – and Monopoly was one of the things sacrificed.

Harry thought that was kind of wrong. Monopoly was a privately owned intellectual property. With Word War Three having happened, perhaps the manufacturer had just stopped manufacturing it and that was why it was removed.

Still, it smacked too much of social indoctrination for him.

Harry called out, "Dobby."

Dobby quickly popped in. "Master Harry Potter calls?"

Harry smiled at the small being. "Yes. When it's convenient, can you find the trunk with the Muggle games we brought? I want to look at a few things."

"I can do that now."

Harry quickly said, "No. No. Whenever it's convenient. It's a passing thought."

Dobby nodded. "Very well, Master Harry Potter." He then popped back out.

Later that night, Dobby delivered the box of games from the proper trunk. Harry sorted through it and found the game in question. Harry saw that it was the American original rather than the UK version. He sorted through more boxes until he found the UK version, something that came to be when he was a boy.

He put the still wrapped boxes on the dining room table and put the trunk aside.

He pulled his wand and, concentrating his magic, performed the Gemino spell. He hoped that he had gotten it right. Opening the box, he knew that his attempt had failed. The box was a collection of items rather than a single item and a duplication spell couldn't get it all correct.

He shrugged his shoulders and opened the original UK version of Monopoly. He started reading the instructions and reviewing the pieces in the box.

Two days later, Nog went up to his father. "What is it, Nog?" While truly a kind man (for a Ferengi) he overcompensated by using gruff tones to make himself seem more decisive.

"I will be spending a few hours away from the bar and our quarters on next morning that there are no lessons. I will be spending it with Jake."

Rom looked at Nog and said, "But you are supposed to clean the Holosuites that morning. You will not have time to spend with the Hu-man."
Nog then said, "Actually, the Wizard asked for us to assist him with cultural study of an ancient Human artifact. The Wizard has offered to pay for his Elf, Dobby, to do the cleaning that I would normally do in exchange for my time. He will also be giving me five slips of latinum. I will give two to you."

At the word latinum, Rom's ears perked. "What is this ancient cultural item?"

Nog shrugged. "I don't know. And I was told that I would not be able to tell. The Wizard has enacted secrecy."

Rom snorted in annoyance. When the Wizard had arrived, the Ferengi had learned a few things. One thing that had proven unbreakable was whatever secrecy method that he used. If the Wizard enacted secrecy, then nothing could be done to break that secret unless the Wizard permitted.

Quark had been quite put out about this when he had learned that this was the case.

Still, Rom considered, there was profit. And the Elf Dobby did do a much better job the few times that he had been hired on an emergency basis. "You will give me three of the slips and keep two – you are still only a boy. But I will allow it. You will do extra work if there are any problems that are found."

Nog nodded in relief. "Of course, Father. Thank you." He ran off to tell Jake.

Harry had finished putting everything in place. "Ensure Winky is ready with the drinks, Dobs."

"Of course, Sir Harry."

Harry, internally, sighed in relief. He had finally convinced Dobby to let go of saying his whole name every time as well as Master. Dobby and Winky had finally agreed that Sir Harry was sufficiently respectful. He was happy that that argument was finally resolved in his favor because it had been getting very old. That Dobby had finally relaxed enough to accept a nickname was also a pleasant surprise.

Winky still insisted on Winky. She would be the one helping with guests, while Dobby went to Quarks to do the job he was being paid for (Harry had insisted).

The door chimed. "Enter!" It opened and Harry was happy to see that his two victims … er, research assistants … had arrived. "Come in, boys. Have a seat. What will you two have to drink?"

Jake immediately replied, "Root beer!"

Nog paused and then asked, "What do you have?"

Harry looked at him and said, "I have a wide variety of Human drinks. I even have a couple of Ferengi drinks for situations where I might be entertaining them. I have Eelwasser and Slug-o-Cola. I also can give you Snail Juice."

Nog considered for a long moment and then said, "Actually? I think I'll have a root beer as well." Jake looked happy at that, which was why Nog did it in the first place – Nog was fast becoming closer to the Hu-man boy his own age.

Harry grinned. "Two root beers coming right up." He turned and found that Winky had already provided them. "And there they are."
He led the boys over to the table and motioned them to sit down, which they did. He sat down as well. He picked up the bottle he had and took a long drink.

Jake was curious. "What is that?"

"This?" Harry asked, holding up the bottle. Jake nodded. "Actually, it's something called Ginger Beer. When I had some free time, I broke out some non-alcoholic drinks that I had brought with me – I have a ridiculous amount actually – and decided to give a few of them a try. I looked at the bottle. "Not bad, but not something that I would have as a first choice."

Jake, always curious, said, "I'd like to try that sometime."

Harry shrugged. "Maybe sometime I'll bring out the whole collection and you can help me go through them and find out what's good and what's not."

Nog volunteered, "I'd like to do that too."

Harry nodded. "Certainly. Now. I think you two are probably curious as to why I asked for a few hours of your time."

Nog and Jake looked at each other. Nog then said, "Yes. I am."

Harry grinned at the boys and said, "You two are going to play a game with me."

Jake asked, "A game?" Harry nodded. "What kind of game?"

"An old Earth board game."

"Which one?"

Harry vanished the partition that had been blocking the view of what was on the table. He looked at the boys and said, "A little game called Monopoly."

Jake, he noticed, looked confused. Nog, however, immediately looked quite enthusiastically curious. Harry led the boys over. "Let's start by reading the rules."

For the next two hours, the three played the game. Jake actually only lasted an hour, and then took to trying to make suggestions to Nog, who tried to ignore him while still being friendly.

In the end, Harry had barely beaten the teenage Ferengi. Even on an unfamiliar game in a format that they had to learn, Nog's cultural heritage had shown through. In fact, it was only a luckier run of dice that allowed Harry to win.

When the game was concluded, Harry asked, "What did you think of it?"

Jake was hesitant. "It seems a lot less innocent that what is implied by being called a 'family game'. But," he paused, "it was fun."

Nog, however, was entirely enthusiastic. "I can't believe that this is a Hu-man game! This is the most fun Hu-man thing I have ever seen!"

Harry grinned. "I thought you might like it. And so it comes to the real reason I asked for you specifically."

Nog was interested. "Why is that?"
Harry sat back. "As you might notice, I am not like Humans of this time. I am always concerned with ensuring I have money. As a matter of fact, I have been told that I act like a Ferengi sometimes. But that's mostly because I am from the 20th Century – and humans of today find my cultural norms antiquated and somewhat barbaric."

Jake looked guilty because he actually agreed with that. Nog looked confused. "I haven't spent much time around you, but you seem to be normal to me. Even a bit better than most Hu-mans."

Harry shrugged. "I am a product of my time. Actually, I'll tell you a secret. I only do these money-making things for fun." He grinned. "Actually, a lot of it is about driving your Uncle Quark crazy by making more profit casually than he makes with concerted effort."

Nog and Jake looked at Harry for along moment. Jake just looked shocked. Nog looked surprised and then suddenly laughed. When he had recovered he said, "Uncle Quark does get quite annoyed when your name comes up."

Harry grinned at the teen. Jake just shook his head. "Anyway. I have a proposal for you."

Nog was interested. "What is the proposal?"

Harry replied, "I want to redesign this game for Ferenginar. I want to change the money used to latinum. I want to change the property names to well-known Ferengi properties. I want to change the Chance and Community Chest to something like Chance and the Commerce Authority. Free Parking will become a rest place which costs a small fee like that paid when one visits a Ferengi home. I want the cards to reflect a more Ferengi view of life and business. In other words, I want to make something that every Ferengi will buy most enthusiastically."

Nog was becoming more and more excited as Harry had spoken. "And what will you do then?"

Harry shrugged, still grinning. "Actually. I will go into partnership. For your efforts in making it a Ferengi game for children and adolescents, I will actually make you a partner. You'll be set for life and can pursue whatever interests you might have, even if they are more fun than profitable. In truth, personally I am going to do this just to have fun." He paused. "We're going to have to start keeping books. Dobby's cleaning will have to be listed as an expense." He then smiled. "I'll let you keep the five slips of latinum as a 'Welcome to Partnership' gift."

Nog was entirely too excited and wanted to get working on it immediately. Harry chuckled and looked at Jake. "You're going to get a small percentage as well because you will be contributing to research and development. Even if you don't think money is important, it's always nice to have in case you ever need something from someone who is non-Federation. After the initial design phase, you won't have to do a thing."

Jake considered that for a long moment. At first he was going to decline, but he saw how enthusiastic Nog was … and Nog was his friend. He could put aside his own cultural bias to help a friend. "Okay," he finally said, nodding decisively.

Nog laughed out loud, jumped up and started bouncing around. "We're going to be rich!"

Harry just laughed.
For the next little while, like went on.

Harry worked on his lessons, which were going fairly well. Warp theory was something that he was catching on to. Surprisingly, Arithmency helped quite a bit.

The station went on, doing as it was supposed to do. Visitors came and went, negotiators between various worlds and factions used it as a place to negotiate and make deals, and the residents lived, worked and played.

The two teenagers were working on game development. Nog truly thought that they could make something of his old Earth games, and Jake was perfectly willing to work with him because it was fun.

Nog had finally realized that it wouldn't be so easy as Harry made it sound. After all, the Ferengi already had games and such things. The advantage that the Earth games had was an already defined structure which could be adapted rather than coming up with something entirely new. The disadvantage was that had been developed with a thoroughly human mindset.

But capitalism was capitalism and the game was thoroughly grounded in it, making it entirely palatable to a Ferengi base. In addition, Harry had allowed the two teens to paw through the other games and leisure activities he had in the trunk. In addition to Monopoly, there was a game called Life which they also thought was adaptable.

For the next while, the two teens would be researching, doing product testing, and market research. Harry would ensure that secrecy was maintained and that anyone who was included in the process could not talk about it or steal the work that would be done.

A couple of weeks later, Nog had unexpectedly shown up at his door.

"Nog. What can I do for you?" he asked. Harry motioned inside in invitation.

Nog gratefully came inside and then nervously stood there. Finally he said, "Father has an unexpected visitor."

"Oh? And who is that?" he asked.

"The Grand Nagus!" Nog said finally.

Harry paused at that in his motion toward the sitting area. "That's the leader of the Ferengi, right?"

Nog said carefully, "He is the leader of the Ferengi Alliance. The purpose of the Ferengi Alliance is to promote growth and opportunity for the Ferengi. It tells us how to obtain profit. His position is covered under the Bill of Opportunities. He also is the ultimate arbiter of the Rules of Acquisition."

Harry thought about that a moment. "Alright. So, why are you so agitated?"

Nog then sighed. "I'm very worried about my father's tendency to bow to business authority."

Harry was confused. "Why is that a problem?" Nog was hesitant. "Come on, it can't be that bad."
Nog sighed again. "Sir Harry? The truth is … I like my life. I like going to school, even if Mrs. O'Brien is tedious. I like being friends with Jake. Unfortunately, this is not the traditional upbringing of a Ferengi. If Grand Nagus Zek looks at my situation with a hint of disapproval, I can imagine my father forcing me to begin 'apprenticing' right away. And I do not want this to happen."

Harry looked at Nog a long moment. He then asked, "What can I do for you?"

Nog's tone took on a slight wheedling quality. "I would like to let my father know that I am working on a business opportunity with Jake, and possibly with you."

Harry considered that for a long moment. He was dubious. "I don't think that's a good idea. Rom won't keep it from Quark and, I'm sorry to tell you, getting your Uncle's attention is the last thing you might want to do. At least in my opinion."

Nog gave a frustrated sound. "I know. But I have to have something in place!"

Harry considered that. "Well, the question you have to ask yourself is what argument can you use to keep things the way you like them? What advantages do you have compared to other Ferengi with your life?"

Impatiently Nog said loudly, "What advantage? Most Ferengi would not look at me favorably."

Harry grasped that. "Most? The question is: Who would?"

Nog paused as he considered that. "Well, if one planned on working with people from the Federation, an education as to how they think and work would be valuable. But there is a problem."

"Problem?"

Nog said severely, "The Federation doesn't use money."

Harry nodded. "But they do produce things. And the consume things. And they deal with people who have things and want other things."

Nog replied, "Yes. They are all part of the Great Material Continuum."

Harry was intrigued. "Explain this."

"The Great Material Continuum. We learn of it in school on Ferenginar. You see," and Harry saw a slightly zealous look come upon the teen, "there are millions of worlds, all with too much of one, and not enough of the other, with the Great Continuum flowing through them all like a mighty river, from have to want and back again. It is the force that binds the universe together. To get everything you desire in life, you had to navigate the Continuum with entrepreneurial skill and grace, while avoiding obstacles and pitfalls. It can be a treacherous path. But if one navigates it well, then you will never want for latinum, or anything else."

Harry was both impressed … an amused. Say what you would about their business practices, the Ferengi were honest in their view of the worlds. Their whole society was built upon the almighty slip (or strip or brick) of latinum, and they were not shy about telling anyone and everyone that basic truth.

Harry withheld his chuckle as he said, "Then you should use that to convince your father that there is value to your schooling. Besides, isn't providing an education being given to you for free, or at least as a part of the money that is spent for you to live here? Can he really object to you taking advantage of someone else's work, allowing him time to earn more profit?"
Nog considered that for a long moment. He then stood up quickly. "That is a start. I will have to tailor it to my father's bias, and my uncle's. But I think that I can do that."

Harry nodded. "Well, have at it." Nog quickly rushed out, stopping and thanking Harry for the advice.

Harry mused that the Ferengi and the Goblins would have enjoyed a rivalry had they ever met. As long as the Goblins were not in the mood for war.

Nog and Jake were goofing around until Miles O'Brien forced them to pay attention.

"Now. We have only two weeks before Mrs. O'Brien returns from Earth. So that won't be too difficult right?" Miles' wife was a botanist and when Harry had helped to create the Botanical Institutes, she was named as a consultant and visiting scholar. Also, she had wanted to visit her mother.

The students, mostly, looked less than happy. "Right," Miles said with some nervousness. "Let's get out your homework pads. Let's start with the older students first. Now, your last assignment was to write an essay defining the term 'ethics'. Let's start with … Nog."

Jake and Nog both gave a silent breath of relief that it was done. Harry had refused to allow them to work on the project unless their other obligations were taken care of – and he had Dobby checking on them … which neither considered fair but Harry had been intractable.

The Grand Nagus was having dinner with Quark and Rom. Nog was sitting nearby in case he was needed. Nog was trying to ignore the conversation. Until the Nagus called out loudly, "Boy!"

He looked up and, as expected, brought the serving tray over. Once the Nagus had taken the treat, Nog lost his patience. "Can I go now? I have homework."

The Nagus asked, "Did he say … homework?"

The Nagus' son said, "There is a Federation school here. Run by a Hu-man … a female."

The Nagus was incredulous. "And you allow your son to attend such a place?"

Nog knew that this was the moment. "If I may speak?" All of the adults looked at him. "Er. Yes. Although it is not the schooling we would receive on Ferenginar, my father wanted to ensure that I was at least familiar with the customs and knowledge of those with whom I might do business with in the future. Even if the Federation Hu-mans do not use money, they, like us, are a part of the Great Material Continuum. And because my father does not have to take the time to teach me himself, it allows my father to not be distracted in assisting Quark, the eldest brother and head of the family, in making profit. As is sometimes said, 'Time, like latinum, is a highly limited commodity'."

There were sage nods all around.

"In addition, as my father explained, learning with the Hu-Mans and Bajorans allows me to eventually take advantage of Rule 87, …"

The other Ferengi all murmured, "Learn the customer's weaknesses, so that you can better take advantage of him."
"… Rule 194, …"

"It's always good business to know about new customers before they walk in your door."

"… and Rule 78."

"Don't discriminate. The most unlikely species can create the best customers."

"And so, yes, Grand Nagus, sir: I have homework."

The Grand Nagus peered at Nog as though to measure him. Finally, he gave a shortling laugh. "Very good!" He turned to his son. "You see? Quark has even ensured that the next generation learns to use the Rules of Acquisition. You would do well to pay attention!"

Nog breathed an internal sigh of relief. His uncle laughed the laugh of someone who had just dodged the Commerce Authority. And he noticed his father looked quite pleased with him as well. The Nagus' son, however, looked quite put out. Nog was given permission and he quickly left.

Later that night, Nog's father came to see him. Nog was a bit surprised. Rom didn't say a word but he did pull out the extra slips of latinum that Nog had gotten from Harry and placed them in front of his son with a smile. He then walked out.

Harry had rather blatantly ignored whatever Ferengi business was going on other than ensuring Nog's work was not interrupted. He heard a rumour that Quark was going to be the Grand Nagus, and then that changed.

Eventually, though, Harry visited Quarks for more than use of the holodeck. He had been too isolated for a while, outside of the time that the two teenagers were around as well as individual instruction from various Starfleet personnel as a part of his pilot training.

Dobby and Winky were also often away, steadily going through their stores and getting everything scanned and recorded into the database on the Glen Lyon.

Harry sat down at a table. Quark came over. "Sir Harry," Quark said with that fake cheerfulness of his. "What can I get you?" Harry didn't feel like real alcohol today so he ordered a synthehol. Quark quickly delivered.

Harry drank his synthehol and watched the room. He saw Odo coming in and harassing Quark again. Quark seemed to be trying to shiv Odo off and had sent Rom with drinks – high price drinks – back to the Holodeck area.

It was all quite suspicious.

Harry then observed Quark go back to the holodeck area after two shifty looking aliens had gone back. Nog quickly came out to watch the bar.

Harry was arguing with himself about getting involved. He could honestly not claim to have seen any illegal activity. And Sisko, while pretty much against illegal activities, tended to leave Quark to his own business unless it involved everyone's business.

He was still sitting there contemplating what he should do when he saw a third alien, a species he wasn't familiar with, easing himself back to the area that Quark was doing business. Harry sighed even as he pulled his wand.
Looking around, he saw that no one was watching him. With a mental push he apparated to the Holodeck area. "Is there something you need?" he asked the unfamiliar alien.

The man was completely gobsmacked. He was standing there with his hand in his pocket. Harry's eyes widened. He quickly sent a stunning spell silently. Harry sighed. "Potter to Security."

"Go ahead."

"I've just apprehended someone who is carrying a weapon. I believe he was about to commit a crime with it."

"Where are you?"

"Quark's. Holodeck area. Suspect is unconscious – stunned."

There was a pause. "We've dispatched two guards."

"I'll wait here."

Suddenly, the door to the holosuite opened and Quark looked out. "What is going on?"

Harry looked at Quark and said, "I just stopped someone from slipping in with a weapon."

Harry was surprised to see that Quark, rather than being happy, looked slightly fearful for a moment. "I see. Can I assume that Security is on its way?"

"Yes."

Quark looked at the two Aliens, Miradons if he remembered properly, who had been talking to Quark. They looked pissed. One of them grabbed something and the two rushed out.

Harry asked, "What was that about?"

Quark closed his eyes briefly and then opened them. "A failed business transaction. Nothing for you to concern yourself with." Quark quickly left the area to return to his bar. Harry watched him go.

Finally, two Bajorans showed up. "He had this weapon." Harry picked up the weapon and handed it to one of them. "Do you want me to wake him up?"

The Bajorans nodded. Harry sent the Rennervate spell. The man sat up groggily. One of the Bajorans said, "You're under arrest for carrying an unauthorized weapon. Come with us."

The man looked at the Guards, looked at Harry, and then sighed. "Very well."

Harry gave his statement and went back to his drink. He noticed that Quark had disappeared and Rom looked a bit nervous.

Harry decided to go talk to Odo. As he walked into Odo's office, the Security Chief asked, "Something I can help you with, Sir Harry?"

"I was curious about a few things I saw."

Odo gave him a look for a moment and then said, "What did you see?"
Harry gave a complete explanation of what he had seen, including the reactions. Odo knew that Harry was as observant as he was when it came to watching reactions. "I'll look into it."

Harry nodded. "That guy that I caught?"

"What about him?" Odo asked.

"Something is off about that. What is the normal penalty for carrying an unauthorized weapon?"

Odo replied, "A fine, a short stay in the brig, or being asked to leave the station. But he planned on committing a crime with it, so the penalties will be harsher."

Harry considered that. "Actually? That can't be proven." Harry knew that he was going to regret this, but there was something about the man that had set off his warnings but not in such a way that he was worried the man was truly dangerous. "Actually, considering that he is unlikely to have an advocate, I believe I will arrange for one. So – no questioning him until his advocate arrives."

Odo looked at Harry. "You could do it."

Harry sighed. "No. I can't. I'm the one who caught him and turned him over to you. That would be looked at as though I was trying to ensure my own part was downplayed or some other objection. As a matter of fact, it would be better if I just gave you the money for an advocate to represent him and stayed out of that."

Odo knew that Harry was rarely frivolous with his actions. And so he volunteered, "Or you could just pay his fine. I would then release him into your custody. It would actually cost you less money."

Harry considered that. He then nodded decisively. "Ok. What is the fine?" Odo told him. "Alright, I'll go and get it." Harry then remembered, "Actually. I forgot that I have an account on Bajor. Can I just give you the authorization for the fine in Litas?"

Odo nodded. Harry then entered his authorization into the station computer and Odo accepted the transfer of funds. Odo then stood up. "Well. Let's go get Mr. Croden."

Harry nodded. "What is his species anyway? I'm not familiar with him."

Odo replied, "He's from the Gamma Quadrant. His species is called Rakhari."

"Okay, then."

The man was laying on a bunk when they arrived to the cells. Croden looked up at them. "So. What is to be my fate?" Harry noted that he was quite apathetic.

Odo, with some distaste, "If it were up to me, I would leave you in the cell for the proscribed 7 days for carrying a weapon and see what other crimes I could charge you with. But it is out of my hands."

Croden said wryly, "So like a shapeshifter. So rigid in their morality. So impatient with the troubles of others."

Odo and Harry were taken aback by that. Harry knew that Odo had no idea where he came from. "You know of my people?"

Croden realized that he had something. His tone became more friendly. "I can tell you what I
Harry rolled his eyes and interrupted before Odo could reply. "Look. Here's the truth. This is not wherever you are from. You're going to be fed. As a matter of fact, you're being released into my custody as I paid the fine for the charges that could be laid against you here. Something about you screams 'I need help' and I have saving people thing. Tell Odo everything you know. No deals, no tricks, no equivocation. Just tell him what you know. As far as what you need, I will be working with you on that."

Croden looked completely flummoxed at that. He looked at Odo. "Is he telling the truth?"

Odo, still impatient, nodded. He quickly turned off the force field to allow the man to exit.

Croden, looking a bit incredulous, stepped out of the detention cell as though he expected this to be a trick. He asked hesitantly, "Can we go somewhere more private?"

Harry nodded. "Why don't you come with me back to my quarters. We can eat there and Odo can listen to your story."

Croden gingerly followed the two, still acting as though he expected some type of subterfuge. Harry sighed and commented to Odo, "Remember all my stories of the Ministry that was in charge of my people?"

Odo replied, "Yes. I remember quite vividly."

Harry nodded to Croden, who was listening. "I think his people's government might be worse. I recognize how he's reacting to how my scapegoated and persecuted godfather acted when it came to the authorities."

Odo looked at Croden speculatively. He sighed. "That might be true." He then addressed the man. "Mr. Croden. Sir Harry's quarters are considered diplomatic territory. You will be protected against persecution and prosecution just by being in his custody and within his quarters. Nothing you say can be held against you unless you are planning a future crime and he proffers you to my custody. His decisions, within those quarters, are sacrosanct. Please relax."

Croden looked completely flummoxed. Harry chuckled. "Yeah. People in power like me – which gives me a bit of latitude."

Croden finally said, "I see." He then said nothing else.

Finally, they arrived back to Harry's quarters. "Come in. Know that you are safe under the rules of hospitality. Your person is considered inviolate within these walls."

Croden asked hesitantly, "What is that?"

Harry shrugged. "Among my people, formal hospitality confers upon guests a bit of a guarantee that they will not be molested as long as they are in the care of whomever's home it is. There is actually a much more formal wording, but to be truthful, it is an archaic practice which had fallen out of common usage. But it is still considered a valid obligation when stated. I am just making certain you know that you are completely safe here."

Croden actually looked humbled. "Thank you. In exchange for the promised offer of hospitality I will act with all possible regard to the household."

Harry grinned. "Also not exactly the wording that we used to use but pretty good. I accept your
acknowledgement of hospitality."

Harry motioned to the table. "What would you like to eat? What kind of foods and how should they be prepared?"

Croden looked at Harry. "My people eat fowl for meat and root vegetables commonly."

Harry went over to the replicator. His replicator was much better programmed because of the work of his elves. "Do you use herbs in your cooking?" he asked.

"At times."

"And what kind of drink?"

"We have a tart fruit we drink the juice of. We also ferment it into wine."

Harry turned to the replicator. "Two orders of baked rosemary chicken with roasted potatoes. Two cranberry juices. Two Sauvignon Blancs 2003 from my personal programs. On a serving tray."

It took a few seconds, but the tray appeared. Harry brought the food over to the table and served it. Finally, he sat down. "You can tell Odo what you know while we eat."

Croden, however, was immediately involved with slaking his hunger, which seemed high. Once he had taken care of his immediate hunger, he did tell Odo what he knew, which was not as much as Odo would have liked.

But he was at least gratified to learn that his people were likely residents of the Gamma Quadrant. He had been picked up originally, after all, near where the wormhole was eventually found.

Harry cleaned the plates away when it was done and then motioned Croden to his sitting area. "Okay, then. Tell me your story. And don't leave anything out."

It took some coaxing, but eventually the reason Croden left his homeworld came out. And Harry was completely disgusted. He turned to Odo. "Do you have a formal request for the return of Mr. Croden?"

Croden looked nervous until Odo said, "No. Before he arrived, we had never heard of his people. They have no formal contact with the Federation or anyone we know of."

"They wouldn't," Croden said.

Harry nodded. "Good." He considered for a moment and then looked at his guest. "I will help you retrieve your daughter. We will then return here and we can make arrangements to get you far away from the wormhole. I will formally request that, as soon as you have your daughter and you both are safe, that you allow me to offer your knowledge to Commander Sisko of your people and any other information you have about the Gamma Quadrant. I believe that we will request that your name never gets mentioned."

Croden shuddered slightly in relief. Until that moment, he still had been a bit worried. But this was a much better offer than Quark had given him. "I'll do it. Once we have my daughter."

Harry nodded and tapped his badge. "Potter to Sisko."

"Go ahead, Sir Harry."

"I would like to make a formal request to use a runabout on a trip to the Gamma Quadrant for a few
days. There is an endangered child involved. When we return, I will have someone who can give you some intelligence on a Gamma Quadrant species, possibly more than one."

There was a pause. "A formal request. I see. Very well." There was a pause. "I hope that you don't mind if I send Dax with you?"

"Actually, Odo, I believe, will be supervising my trip and ensuring I don't blow anything up."

"Odo? Well, he is cleared to use a runabout. That will be acceptable. Contact Major Kira for when it can be available."

"Thank you. Potter out."

Odo looked at Harry. "I will be supervising?"

Harry shrugged. "You can interrogate Mr. Croden for any more details he might remember."

Odo looked at Croden and then nodded. "Let me know. I will make arrangements to be away." He nodded to Croden and then left.

Harry waited until he was gone and then turned to Croden. "Now. Tell me what the deal you had with Quark was." His tone was less than friendly.

Croden gulped.

It was the next morning before the Runabout could be launched. By that time, the Elves had returned and asked to go along with them. Harry was fine with it as the Runabout could handle several people at need.

Besides, if all else failed, they had a trunk they could bring.

The trip was uneventful until they had to navigate to the nebula where the girl's stasis unit was located. Harry was glad that Odo was along because he had never had real life experience navigating such an area.

They were successful in retrieving the girl. Harry liked her instantly.

"Hello, Yareth. I am Harry," he introduced himself once she had greeted her father enthusiastically.

"Hello. Thank you for helping my father and me," she said simply.

Harry nodded. Under Odo's supervision, he navigated his way back to the wormhole and then to the station.

"This is the Gangees. Requesting docking," he called in.

Surprisingly, Sisko actually spoke. "Welcome back, Sir Harry. Everything taken care of?"

"Everything was successful."

"Good. Have Mr. Odo report to me immediately. We had an incident with the Miradorn ship that had put into port. He will need to get everything taken care of."

Harry looked to Odo, who looked put upon. "He heard you. He'll be on his way as soon as we
dock. Let me know when you will be ready to see my guest."

"Very well, Sir Harry. Ops out."

Harry found out that whatever con Quark had pulled had blown up. It was only through sheer luck that no one was killed. The Miradorn twins that had led the raid had been arrested and the treasure they had killed for had been retrieved. Quark was laying low.

Harry then put in a call to Earth, specifically to the Royal Palace. As he was using his diplomatic status, he had to report and justify it. His actions were approved. He asked Dobby to retrieve Croden.

"Mr. Croden. I have some good news."

"Oh?" he asked.

"Well, as soon as you give whatever information you can to Sisko, you will be going back to Earth on the USS Glen Lyon. You may have to repeat your report directly to Starfleet. After that, as you are a farmer and have experience with both crops and animals, I have secured for you a position under the auspices of the British Royal Family. They are sponsoring an Institute engaged in bringing back a genetic diversity to various animals species, as well as bringing back several extinct species of plants. You will have a good position and your daughter will be free to attend school nearby. How does that sound?"

Croden was completely taken aback. "That would be wonderful." He sighed. "Maybe, eventually, I will be able to go home."

Harry looked at him with some sympathy. "Maybe. Right now you should just concentrate on living well."

Before he left on the Glen Lyon on its scheduled trip back to Earth, Croden gave the small anamorphic key that he had used to unlock the stasis unit which had contained his daughter. Odo was appreciative.
The Path of Prophecy

Harry was making real progress on his studies. What he really wanted was to get a license to pilot larger ships. Possibly even Federation Starships. That would make his skill sets quite valuable and allow him to work outside of his current listed specialties of Security, Diplomatic, and Agricultural. However, he was being given temporary license to pilot ships at impulse.

He immediately put in for being put in the rotation for trips between Bajor and the station.

As a result, he was on his first trip to Bajor as the pilot of record. His co-pilot was actually supervising him to ensure that he didn't make any major mistakes.

He grinned as he pushed a button. "Horran to DS9 Ops."

"Go ahead, Horran," Major Kira's voice came through.

"Bajoran Transport Horran, asking for clearance from Docking Platform 3."

There was a pause. "Horran, you have clearance. Begin launch sequence."

"Roger." He grinned at the co-pilot, a Bajoran named Cyril, and pushed the button which would depressurize the landing bay and open it, allowing him to fly off the platform – there were no bay shields like there were on starships. After a moment, he tapped the button, "This is Horran. Pad open. Requesting designated vector."

"Horran, this is Ops. Vector 80 mark 306. Once you are 5 kilometers from the station, you are clear to proceed to your designated approach to local Bajoran space."

"Thank you, DS9 Ops. Horran Out."

Harry entered the vector in the computer and pushed the button, keeping an eye on the monitors to ensure there were no unexpected obstacles. As the transport had been parked sideways compared to the station rotation position, the exit vector called for him to turn almost perpendicular (80 degrees) and to fly off for a hundred meters or so. Once he was fully clear, he would fly what seemed to be "down" – 54 degrees down (306 degrees up) from the station plane. Once he was far enough away that there was no risk of collision from other ships (there weren't any at the moment) he could then go from thrusters to impulse and make his way to Bajor.

He knew that in these circumstances, most pilots were cleared and could make their own way (as long as there weren't other ships) but he was still new and so he was obligated to get both computer and verbal authorization. Usually, the connection to Ops would be computerized and DS9 would just send the approach or exit vectors electronically.

He honestly thought it made the pilots look more bad-ass for not visually needing any cues, but he knew that was an illusion. Experienced pilots did make it look easy.

The trip to Bajoran orbit was quick. Once they were in medium orbit, he cut to thrusters only and linked into local orbital control for his assigned approach lane.

He glanced over and noted that Cyril seemed satisfied – he wasn't the type to say anything other than to order corrections if needed. Harry was trying to make the whole trip without him saying a single word.
His console beeped giving him clearance and the precise coordinates for landing. There were readouts for current position and altitude relative to his destination as well as relative to the equator and lines of longitude with the Bajoran capital city designated as 0 degrees longitude.

He pushed a few buttons and the transport's thrusters pushed him down at the appropriate angle to balance re-entry friction and minimal fuel usage. Once he passed the 90 kilometer mark, he would be considered fully inserted and could then move to the correct elevation which he had been assigned, 50 km. He would travel fifty kilometers and then begin descent. His approach would be at 30 degrees.

Once the transport was 15 kilometers out, he would link in with the spaceport's control tower and ensure that he had clearance and that he had a designated landing pad.

Honestly, the pre-designated nature of a scheduled transport left little room for pilot skill, but it was a necessary step in his education. He reflected that airplane pilots on Earth from his time and universe had similar experiences navigating from place to place.

If asked, he would admit to looking forward to having the requisite license to pick his own flight plans, landing spots and approach vectors.

Still, the whole operation was pretty straightforward and he soon found himself sitting at the spaceport's commissary, having a meal, thinking about what he would do before the planned return trip.

Considering that the transport was Bajoran and just visited the station, he had a longish wait – 2 days. He had taken the place of the normal co-pilot, who was visiting a friend on the station, thankful for the chance. The normal pilot was acting as co-pilot and supervisor. And he had two days to do just about nothing.

He would be sleeping at the Federation Embassy. Normally, random Starfleet personnel had a barracks which they used if they were on-planet for a short time, but Harry was technically a VIP. As a result, he had use of a room normally reserved for visiting diplomatic attachés or experts that the Federation might bring in.

When Harry arrived at the "Embassy", he noted that it was little more than a house with a set of barracks and a couple of rooms. Thinking about it, he realized that the vast majority of the Federation's presence was on Deep Space 9.

Still, if the Federation were truly serious about solidifying their relationship with the recovering world, they should have put more resources in-system.

Considering that, Harry considered buying up some land and making an Earth Embassy. That would stick in the craw of the Federation Council, but that might not be a bad thing.

The next day, Harry decided that he would get more familiar with Bajor and its people. On his previous visits, he had always had a destination and a purpose. He had never just casually visited the planet.

He found that, for the most part, they were you average, every-day sort of people. However, he also noted that there were far too many who seemed fixed into the deceptive attitude of a people under occupation; or an over-wariness very similar to what he had seen after the fall of Voldemort.

Although Bajor was no longer occupied, there was still an ugly undercurrent. Maybe, he
considered, the Federation hadn't been completely callous in how it was progressing with its relationship with the planet and its people.

It was something to think about.

Harry was meandering around the marketplace, idly visiting various stalls, when an unexpected event occurred. Two men in robes walked up to him and stood nearby. He looked over at them, a question on his face.

"Sir Harry?" the man asked with a certain intensity.

Harry nodded. "I am Sir Harry, Harry James Potter, Head of House Potter, Former Head of House Black, member of the Royal Household of Great Britain, Earth." He had, after all, named Teddy to take over the Black family in his former dimension.

The man nodded respectfully. "If you would? Your presence has been requested." The man motioned toward a path leading away from the bazaar. "The Prophets await."

Harry narrowed his eyes. Still, he wasn't worried. He nodded graciously and began moving forward. One of the men moved to lead him. The other moved to follow him. There was no hostility – Harry was an expert in recognizing that. These two seemed almost serene.

The group proceeded to a transport which flew what seemed a decent flight. Looking out, Harry saw evidence of both wear and rebuilding. The Bajorans seemed to be trying to erase the damage that the occupation had caused. They landed at a small parking area and Harry was invited once again to follow.

The odd procession walked for a short time. Harry noted that they were walking directly toward a particular lot with a structure on it. It didn't seem much different than others around it, but it did somehow seem important – or at least it felt that way.

When they reached the entrance to the grounds, the two men moved to stand next to the entrance. The one who had invited him nodded respectfully and motioned toward the house. "Be welcome and safe here, Sir Harry. Your host awaits." They made no move to enter the grounds themselves.

Harry paused and then nodded. "I accept the offer of hospitality and sanctuary you have proffered in the name of your host."

Something passed between the two men and they both then nodded respectfully in acknowledgement to Harry and stood back.

Harry took a breath and walked forward down the path leading to the structure he could see from the road.

Confidently, he approached. He saw another older man waiting for him. When he got up to the man, he only bowed his head and motioned toward the inside. It was all very mysterious.

Harry walked into the structure. In the room was a woman facing a window looking out toward some fields.

She was very short, and fairly stout. He hadn't ever actually seen another Bajoran who quite looked like her. He stopped a few feet inside the room.
Before he could act or speak she spoke. "Following the will of the Prophets can be a harsh duty."
Harry was taken aback immediately. The woman then turned and gave him an assessing look.
After a moment she walked over to him and stood close. Carefully, she reached out her hand and
put it against the side of his face and then, grasping his ear, she closed her eyes.

Harry's eyes widened slightly. Sensitive to magic as well as legilimency, he was surprised to feel a
questing sensation. Remarkably, it wasn't a mental probe. And it wasn't a magical scan. In fact, if
asked, he could only call it metaphysical.

"Breathe," the woman said sharply.

Harry understood immediately and relaxed himself, taking a deep breath.

The woman, he realized, was Kai Opaka. She had been described to him before.

Opaka asked, "What do you know of pagh?"

Harry considered the question briefly. "Pagh, from my understanding, is how the Bajorans
understand the life force, the essence of what is life."

The Kai opened her eyes and withdrew her hand. Her eyes, Harry noted, seemed to full of wisdom
– and showed an indomitable will. "A Bajoran draws his strength and courage from his pagh. All
beings have a pagh, a spiritual essence. How do you renew your pagh?"

Harry considered that question. "I imagine I renew my life force the same way that most sentient
peoples do, by their connection to those around them, by the relationship to others and a sense of
connection to the greater universe. Many among my people, at least the people of my world,
worship God or gods in order to connect with that which is greater than themselves alone. I myself
– I know that I am connected with the greater universe. I would not be able to renew my magic
without that connection."

Kai Opaka considered that answer. She finally said, "For a Bajoran, the pagh is renewed by his or
her connection to the Prophets in their Celestial Temple." Harry nodded in acknowledgement of
that. The woman narrowed her eyes. "You are a child of Prophecy. And in the furtherance of
Prophecy, you felt unduly burdened – you felt your life was unfairly manipulated."

Harry nodded slowly to that. "It certainly seemed to have caused me much grief."

Opaka nodded. "Will you listen to what I see?" Harry nodded guardedly. "While the Prophecy
which so defined your early life was harsh, you must realize that the Prophecy was not created by
the seer who spoke it. She only voiced what was given to her to voice, to help define the path for
those who could understand; such utterances can help us to understand the path that we are to take.
But that it was spoken or that it was heard does not change the fact that she was only saying what
was and what was to be. Your dislike for her should be released – she was only the messenger."

Harry considered that. Finally he sighed. "Shooting the messenger does not change the message,"
he said in a resigned tone.

The Kai nodded in acknowledgement and then added, "Did not her words give you a path to
explore? A path which led to the victory which you achieved for your people?"

"It did. But I did not think the interference which moved the world toward it was done with the
proper care or consideration. She, as you say, was innocent. It was others who tried to follow that
Prophecy which so beleaguered my early life."
She nodded in acknowledgement. "Those who understand imperfectly will take imperfect steps." She paused and looked at him for a moment. "I will tell you a secret." Harry waited. "We are all Children of Prophecy. You were not the only one to suffer because of Prophecy, even the Prophecy which was given to help you. Do you know why you were asked here?"

"No," Harry said curiously.

"I wished to meet you. I, too, am on the path of Prophecy. And it is a dark road that I must travel. Before I begin that journey, I wanted to give you my personal thanks for what you have caused to be for my people. I have heard of the work to help bring back that which was thought lost. My world will be renewed through what you have created."

Harry nodded in acknowledgement. "It seemed the right thing to do. I understand devastation and loss. I saw a would I thought I could help cure, or at least relieve, and I did so."

The Kai nodded. "I also have a request."

"Oh?"

Kai Opaka's face took on a more intense look. "There are things coming which must be. The path Bajorans and all sentients will follow must be decided by those who remain. You have the power, the pagh, to influence the world around you greatly. I only ask that you consider carefully before acting. I understand the desire to act immediately when something around you causes you outrage or discomfort." She gave an amused smile, "Gryffindors charge ahead, and all that."

Harry was startled. How in the hell had she heard about Gryffindor?

"But a balance between courage, cunning, knowledge, and loyalty must be achieved if things are to move forward on the appropriate path."

Harry nodded gravely in response. "I will try to remember your words when the urge to act without consideration comes to me."

Opaka gave him a warm smile. "Good. Thank you for taking the time to come and see me. I am reassured for the future. I can now move forward with more certainty."

"You are most welcome." Harry paused. "Is there anything I can do for you, Kai Opaka?"

She sighed. "No, but thank you. Tomorrow I will be on the transport which you will be piloting back to the Emissary's presence. The likelihood of my return is small, and if I do return it will be far into the future. I wish to take the time before my departure to look at Bajor and what the Prophets have given us. It will strengthen me on the path I must take in furtherance of the Prophets' will."

Harry could feel the melancholy in her words. She was to leave toward a darkness but it was what was required and she would move resolutely. Harry then remembered something. He gave her a comforting smile. "You say you wish to see Bajor before you leave with me?" She nodded. "Would you like to see more of Bajor than what you can see out your window here?"

She looked at him with interest, seeming receptive. Harry grinned as he opened the small moleskin pouch which he took with him, even as the elves looked after the main one. Out of it he pulled an item which was far larger than what the bag should be able to hold if one just looked at it. Opaka's face looked fascinated.

"Let me introduce you to the Firebolt."
The next day, Harry greeted the Kai warmly as she came onto the ship. His supervisor and co-pilot was surprised by the fact that these two seemed to know each other.

And when the Kai did not return from the Gamma Quadrant with the others, he sent his best wishes to her as he looked toward the entrance of the Celestial Temple which she had traveled through to follow the path which she felt the Prophets had put her upon.
After spending six hours straight in front of a computer screen, Harry Potter, resident of Deep Space 9, stretched his slightly tense back.

After spending quite a lot of time studying, learning about the galaxy he had arrived in, learning how to fly starships, and reviewing things such as Warp Theory and related subjects, he had finally come to a conclusion: He wasn't going to catch up with 400 years of technological advances in all aspects and, he decided, he shouldn't try.

He was intelligent (not Hermione smart but no dunce), but he was also the product of a childhood in the twentieth century. What had been known of science on his own Earth was much less than what was known here. And he had spent his teenage years not learning even that.

It also seemed to him that there seemed to be fundamental differences in the cosmology of his own universe, somehow.

Some of the technology that the people he interacted with accepted without question was just … mind-boggling. Some of the principles seemed less like the hard sciences as known on his own Earth and more like magic: Complex, paradoxical, and an utter violation of rational thought.

The rules of science in the late 24th Century Federation seemed just as exotic as the fundamental rules of magic that his own people had been studying for thousands of years.

His own knowledge, he knew, suffered from coming to the study of the fundamental nature of magic later than some. Instead of studying arithmancy and runes as a teenager, he had studied divination. At times he wanted to go back to his teenage self and knock him in the head.

His studies had become necessary to both protect himself after defeating Voldemort and something to do while avoiding magical society because its members were intrusive and annoying.

He snorted. Most people were intrusive and annoying, whether magical or not.

To be certain, arithmancy itself was … limited. Those who were unfamiliar seemed to be fascinated with the idea that spell inventors used arithmancy in their work. The assumed that the subject was used to calculate the finer aspects of magic.

He knew, however, that magic did not lend itself to such precise inspection. Arithmancy was, in effect, numerology. It allowed one to calculate predictions. One didn't use arithmancy to create spells, one used arithmancy to calculate the possible results of spells that one created.

Ancient runes was far more useful in creating new magic. Add a true understanding of wand movements that one was expected to pick up in studying charms, and a Runemaster was far more likely to create powerful new spells than an Arithmancer.

At least he had been a student of Filius Flitwick. The Charms teacher at Hogwarts was exceedingly...
good at teaching his subject. The less observant or attentive student (he had been like that at the beginning) merely learned the various charms and spells to survive daily life. The truly gifted student could pick up far more and use the man's teachings to figure out how to advance magic itself.

Hermione had done that. There were quite a number of little improvements that she created to various spells. In fourth year, he remembered the Four Point Spell. Using it could allow one to use his wand as a compass as it pointed the wand true north.

Sometimes, depending on familiarity, he had even gotten it to point to specific locations, and even specific people. But it requires an intensely personal feeling of connection of some type for that to work.

He wished one could just use it to point to random things. It certainly would have made it easier during the horcrux hunt. "Point me Horcrux" would have been a wonderful tool.

How in the hell Hermione had figured out such a spell was just terribly impressive. It was a minor spell, but oh so useful at various times.

Suddenly, he had a thought. He pulled his wand out of his holster and put it on his hand. "Point me," he incanted. And he was shocked when his wand actually turned itself an pointed in a direction.

Now that was just strange. He pulled up a map of the station and calculated which direction the wand pointed. Transferring this to a Pad, he spent the next thirty minutes moving around the station and using the spell. At each location, he would mark his results, and then move on.

Returning to his rooms, he transferred the information back to the main computer and called up the results.

He was startled to fine that there seemed to be a "North" on the station. Because he wasn't on an actual planet, his wand hadn't pointed to a "North" direction, but a "North" axis. No matter where he was on the station, his wand pointed toward the central axis of the station.

That made no sense to him. As far as he knew, there was no magnetic field on the station.

Really curious now, Harry made his way to a replicator. Activating it he said, "Computer. One Earth Compass, basic."

"That item is not programmed in this system."

Huh. Oh, right. This was a Cardassian replicator. But still, it was a basic item. "Computer. How long would it take to program the replicator to create a compass based on recorded specifications?"

"Unable to calculate."

Harry sighed. "Okay. This is just stupid." He carefully considered how to word his command. "Computer. Recall specifications and materials necessary to create a basic magnetic compass. Once this is done, program replicator to create this object." There. That should be specific enough.

"Access to process limited to Security Level 8." Level 8 was the level of access of the Commander. That was for things like the self-destruct sequences and things of that nature.

Now this was just wrong.
Kira Nerys was at Ops when an alert pinged on her console. Reading the text, she was concerned … and confused. She hit her comm badge. "Ops to Commander Sisko."

"Go ahead," the voice sounded back.

"Commander. I've got a security alert on an unknown security protocol, Level 8 only." She pushed a button and shook her head. "Sir Harry apparently attempted to replicate a proscribed item."

"What did he try to create?" the Commander asked.

She pushed a few buttons. "The Computer won't say." Her voice showed her confusion.

Their conversation was interrupted. "Odo to Sikso."

Sisco exited his office even as he hit his badge. "Is this about a Level 8 alert, Constable?"

"Yes, Commander," came the unemotional voice.

"We're investigating. Stand by."

"Yes, Commander."

Major Kyra was just as confused as the Commander. Sisko hit his badge twice, once to end the earlier comm and once to initiate a new one. "Sisco to Sir Harry."

"This is Harry."

"We received an alert that you have attempted to create a proscribed item in the replicator."

There was a pause. "Okay. What the hell is so horrible about asking the replicator for an Earth compass?"

"A compass? Just a regular compass? That's what you asked the replicator for?" Sisko asked with some skepticism.

"Yes. Have someone try up there. You've got to order the computer to calculate the requirements and then create it to create the alert. When I asked it originally, it just told me it wasn't in the system. When I asked how long it would take to program itself to create it, it told me unable to comply. So I tried a direct order instead. It told me it was limited to Security Level 8." There was another pause. "And someone has to unlock the replicator now."

Sisko looked at Kyra, who looked just as confused as he felt. "Come up to my office and we'll figure this out."

"Walking or fastest?" Potter's voice came back.

"Walking is fine," Sisko said. He shook his head. Sir Harry Potter's ability to transport himself was a useful skill in an emergency, but he tried to keep that to a very few people's knowledge. Using the transporter for such a thing was against normal procedure and so he had asked the man to limit his use of that ability to emergencies only.

It had been harder to convince the two beings that lived with him. Harry's elves were so used to their casual ability that they couldn't understand why they had to hide it. Finally, he and Harry had convinced them to only use it when they could guarantee they would be out of sight of anyone else.

He knew the two elves were currently on the Glen Lyon working on their project to record genetic
sequences for plant seeds that Sir Harry and the elves had in their storage. According to Sir Harry, they were close to finished with the first stage.

Very soon, Sir Harry, Odo, Kira, Dax and himself were in the Commander's office.

"Computer. This is Commander Benjamin Sisko. Authorization," he called out his code. "Define Level 8 protocol violated by Sir Harry Potter of Earth."

The computer spat out the protocol. It boiled down to preventing the replicator from creating items that could be used by the Bajoran resistance to sabotage the station.

"Computer. Specify items on Security Level 8 restricted list for replication."

Dax was confused. "Why would a compass be on the restricted list?" she asked.

Harry had a guess. "Why is there a magnetic field on the station?"

Dax considered that. "Well, the inherent field is a part of what shields the station from cosmic rays. Have you experienced visual flashes if you're in a space suit outside of a ship?"

Harry said, "No?"

Jadzia's face formed an "Ohhh" expression. "I see. Well, you know that there's cosmic radiation all around us, right?"

"Yes. Counteracted by gravity field on ships and the magnetic fields of most planets," Harry sounded from something he had read.

"Right. Well, also included in the station design is a magnetic field to mimic a planet's field. It's specifically tuned to a magnetic resonance frequency most effective to counter stellar radiation. It's actually very minor and has almost no effect on ... well, anything else."

Harry was confused. "I would think that such a thing would interfere with very sensitive scanning equipment."

Dax was about to deny that but paused. "You know? It's not something we think about. The computer automatically includes it in calculations but it is something we should remember. It's the kind of thing that you forget about after a while."

Harry nodded. "I can see that." He considered the reason it was restricted. "So because of the field, a magnetic compass could theoretically be used to help a saboteur move around without sophisticated detection equipment or to decide where to place things like bombs?"

Kyra Nerys looked thoughtful. "You know? That might have worked if the resistance had been made aware of that little quirk. It's just not something you normally think about as a possible threat."

Odo looked at Sir Harry and Major Kyra with a contemplative look. "I am rather amazed that you two were able to think of such a use for this with so little effort."

Harry snorted. "We're the two here who have the most experience being insurgents against an oppressive government. It's not too shocking that we got it faster than anyone else."

Odo considered that. "I will concede to that."

Sisko was curious. "Why were you attempting to create a compass, if I may ask?"
Harry nodded. "I'll show you." He pulled out his wand and cast the Four Point spell. His wand lazily turned toward Ops. "This is a spell that a friend invented for my use during that tournament I was in when I was 14. It causes my wand to act as a compass. If I was exactly over the middle of the axis, I suspect my wand would just keep turning, like a compass might. I was trying to test the idea after something I was thinking about regarding magic on my own Earth."

Sisko considered that. "I see. Or I see enough to know that this was an innocent incident." He looked around. "This use of a compass to determine the exact axis is not something generally known. I see no reason to make it generally known." He entered a few commands and said, "Your replicator has been unlocked. If you have further difficulty, Sir Harry, come to me directly."

"Thanks."

"Everyone is dismissed to their duties." Sisko looked at Harry. "Are in middle of anything?"

Harry shrugged. "Not really. I was studying for six hours straight. I was relaxing when my mind wandered, leading to this." Harry absently watched everyone else leave.

Sisko considered that. "Well, I could use a break as well. Would you like some tea and random conversation?"

Harry chuckled. "Sure. But let's go to my quarters. I have the good stuff there."

Sisko grinned. "That sounds good."

The two men sat in Harry's quarters. Harry set down a tea service and prepared to serve. "Cream or sugar?" he asked.

"What kind of tea?" Sisko asked.

"This blend, back home, is called China Black. Are you familiar?" Harry asked.

Sisko considered that. "No. I am familiar with black, green, oolong, and white teas. But outside of Earl Grey, I am not familiar with particular blends."

"Well, this one is considered one of the strongest and likely bitterest blends. It's oxidized far more than most. You know how most humans prefer Raktajino with cream and sugar instead of straight? This would be the same."

Sisko considered it. "Light cream and one lump."

Harry served the tea, adding two lumps to his own. He then sat down.

Sisko tried the tea and considered the taste. "It is strong. I'll try a bit more cream." Sisko added a bit more cream and then tried it and found it acceptable.

The two took a moment to sip the tea. Sisko asked, "So. How are your studies going?"

Harry considered that. "That is what I was pondering before the distraction with the compass thing. I've come to realize that I am severely handicapped."

Sisko considered that and then asked, "How so?"

Harry gave a small smile. "Well, if I hadn't have arrived how and where I did, you have to admit that the Federation would have considered anyone from my society far too primitive to contact."
Sisko nodded. "There is some truth to that."

"Well, the difficulty lies in that not only am I from a world centuries behind your own, my own world seemed to have a slightly different cosmology," Harry answered casually.

Sisko's interest was piqued. "How do you mean?"

"Well, consider the lack of study in gravitation and warp fields. You know? I studied the scientific history of your Earth and then my own for comparison and I came to several conclusions," Harry explained.

"What conclusions did you come to?" Sisko asked.

Harry considered how to word this. "I think that we could never have developed some of the materials that are used for star ships. Some of the compounds used for these things we either never found or never created. Dilithium crystals? As far as I can tell they didn't exist in my home universe."

Sisko considered that. "I don't know. If your people never left earth, perhaps you never ran into it. We found the ones we originally used in meteorites. They were rare, but there were some."

Harry shrugged. "We never found them. And we were pretty fanatical about examining everything when it came to such things. No record of such materials ever occurred."

Sisko considered that. "Maybe it was found and hidden by the governments of the world."

Harry snorted. "No. You don't understand how different my Earth was. The things that your Earth went through? The Eugenics wars? Our world collectively decided that such things were immoral after World War II. Hitler pushed pretty heavily the idea of creating 'supermen' and the world collectively decided that such a thing was evil. We did genetic research. Created genetic modifications to plants, but we mostly used the idea of breeding. Dwarf wheat, for example. A plant scientist named Normal Borlag successfully bred a smaller wheat plant with much higher yields. It allowed countries that were starving to begin feeding themselves. He won a Nobel Peace prize for his work. Do you know what Normal Borlag did in this universe?" he asked Sisko.

"No. I've never heard the name," Sisko admitted.

Harry nodded. "That's because he was on a team that helped create the augments. He worked for the United States. They had the best of intentions, of course, but like many scientists that worked on other things on my Earth, he was working on government projects that were top secret. Or so the spotty records say anyway."

Sisko was surprised. "Didn't your governments have secret projects?"

Harry nodded. "Many. Some, I suppose, didn't happen because we already had magic users and some of the people who were involved were magical in my world. We had a hidden population already and we would have prevented the non-magical governments from mucking around with our people."

Sisko said mildly, "That sounds almost sinister."

Harry considered that. "Maybe. The highest levels of governments were aware of the magical world. And although we had strict laws about how magic could be used against the average person, there were elements which misused magic against the non-magicals. But overall – we just wanted to be left alone. As a culture, we were militantly disinterested with science and computers and
"Why would that be?" Sisko asked in a curious tone.

Harry smiled. "Because magic works poorly with such things. At least with our level of understanding. There were technomancers in some countries, trying to do the same things with magic that had been done with technology, but overall we avoided it."

Sisko said, "Perhaps that is why your world went a different way."

Harry was skeptical. "I think there was a fundamental difference. You have a vast amount of lost information from the late twentieth century to the middle of the twenty first because of the Eugenics wars, the third world war, and other things. Well, information was far too protected in my world for that to ever have happened. There were copies literally everywhere. We had a world wide computer network for the entire sum of human knowledge. Our computers were more sophisticated for the same time period."

Sisko asked, "What do you mean?"

Harry thought about that. "When did your society stop using magnetic recording tape fully?"

Sisko thought back. "I'd say about a century ago? We only used it for permanent storage. Kirk's enterprise still had tapes. But that wasn't the only method of storage."

Harry nodded. "By the year 2000, we had stopped recording data to magnetic tape for everything other than consumer media. And by the time I left, that was disappearing as well. Every home had a computer. Computers in this universe are far more powerful than my people had – but that's with 400 years difference. What your people called a powerful computer a hundred years ago, powerful enough to work a starship, we called a home computer. Most every home had one. Our telephones could store hundreds of hours of music or video entertainment."

Sisko said, "Our computers could store such things by the twenty-first century as well"

Harry waved his fingers. "Your world developed hand held units which linked in to larger systems, usually monitored or controlled by an authority of some type. Ours were personally owned devices to that could link in, but could also store. In my world, a twelve year old boy could look up instructions for how to construct a nuclear bomb. Without anyone to monitor them or stop them. It was freely available."

Sisko looked at Harry incredulously. "That's insane."

Harry shrugged. "Control of the material needed to actually do it was strictly enforced. You couldn't just go and buy such material without permission. But private companies developed technology in my world, not governments. But outside of the end of World War II, no nuclear weapon was ever used in any conflict, anywhere in the world. Think about that. 65 years from the end of that war until I left – and no country ever used the bomb again in war. We made them, tested them, countries even paraded them in front of the world and pointed them on hair triggers. But no one ever actually used one again."

Sisko thought about that. "Why do you think that was?"

Harry shrugged. "Maybe we were lucky. But the use of such weapons was considered the ultimate evil. The United States of America played the parent on that. And while a lot of countries despised them for poking their nose in to their business, the US was also the country that had the moral obligation to try to control it because they were the ones who originally developed and used them."
They had to pay a kind of penance for that by leading coalitions against the idea of proliferation. Not always well, but ultimately they were successful as far as I know."

Sisko asked, "What about Russia? The USSR?"

Harry said, "Oh, the USSR fell apart as a nation in the late 1980s, early 1990s. They broke into their individual parts. Russian communism fell."

Sisko was startled. "Really? They didn't fall apart on our Earth until World War III."

Harry shrugged. "Communism didn't fall as a whole. Chinese Communism was still going when I left. But rather than focusing inward like Russia, China became the source for cheap goods to the rest of the world. They had a lot of people to put to work and they did that by making necessary things cheaply. They weren't perfect – plenty of human rights issues, corruption, and everything else. But they had no interest in political domination. They wanted to dominate the world financially."

Sisko said, "I'm glad we got away from the idea of money."

Harry grimaced. "Yeah. I don't know. I actually kind of hate that about your society."

Sisko was confused. "Why?"

Harry looked at Sisko for a moment while sipping more tea. "To be honest, your whole society looked absolutely insane from the viewpoint of my world."

Sisko was confused. "Why would it be insane?"

Harry sighed. "It's almost Communistic. No poverty, no war. But personal entertainment is either small scale or considered almost frivolous. Our easy access to computer technology made that the biggest business in the world. Governments were far more concerned about individual rights on my world than in this one. You advanced into space faster, but your society is also a bit more arrogant. You have a pretty good society but its kind of controlling in its own way. And you run around to the rest of the galaxy and expect people to follow your values. Actually, I think that Earth Humans here bought into the Vulcan ideology too much."

Sisko asked, "How do you mean?"

Harry sighed. "The whole idea that to be considered advanced, you have to have risen above war and conflict. But that blinds you and leaves you unprepared." Harry took another sip. "Look at the Romulans and the Klingons. Look at the Cardassians. You look at them like they're barbarians and primitive. Each has a long history and rich culture, despite the bad parts. But each one of them is a problem you can't really solve. The Klingons are allies now, of course, but the average Federation member still looks at them like they are murderous savages. Sure, they kind of went off into pretty evil policies for a while, and they still are quite vicious if provoked, but overall? They're just a people that believe in peace through strength. Their High Council has to hold them from attacking their neighbors. But they're the way they are and they like it. Who are you to say that they're wrong? And of course the Romulans and Cardassians are rather violent. They would rather control you before you control them. And you try to keep 'civilizing' them. Or you tell them to 'stay over there and we'll stay over here'. How long before one of those, or even a newer even more violent enemy, brings it to an actual war?"

Sisko considered that question seriously as he drank his tea.
Yes. It's been over a year since I last wrote a chapter. I was contemplating a full re-
write, downplaying/modifying the extra work Harry took upon himself to "recover lost
plant and animal species". But every time I started to begin, I lost interest again.

So I'm just going to leave it as is.

I'm also going to de-emphasize trying to maintain the story line or rewrite DS9 with
Harry Potter there. It's still going on, but Harry isn't paying as much attention.
Sisko finally set down the tea. "There is some truth to what you say."

Harry was surprised at the admission. "Which part?"

Sisko paused a moment to gather his words. "We do judge the races and planets we encounter according to what we expect to be proper." He looked at Harry. "But you also don't understand our motivations."

Harry shrugged. "It seems to me that you try to put forward what you think you should be. A twentieth century catchphrase I think says it best: Fake it till you make it." Sisko looked surprised by the words. Harry added to them, "You want to separate yourselves from the impulses and values which caused us Earthlings to have wars. So you push a pacifistic attitude – even when you don't really feel it. And you do it hoping that you can train yourselves into being pacifistic."

Sisko bobbed his head back and forth thoughtfully. Finally he stopped and said, "We have gotten out of starting wars. Earth, nor the Federation, have begun an offensive war since the end of World War III and the unification movement."

Harry replied, "True. But what about preparing yourself for someone else attacking?" Sisko looked like he wanted clarification. "Where are the big scary ships on reserve to indicate to your enemies that you're ready if they decide to attack? Where's the big stick?"

Sisko asked, "Teddy Roosevelt?"

Harry grinned slightly and shrugged. "Some bloke from across the pond. Sounds right."

Sisko answered, "Starfleet is not a military organization. We deliberately moved away from that way of life. If we prepared for attack, we would be signaling to the other races and governments that we aren't willing to stand by our doctrines. We want to have people join us who have grown out of the base need to fight. But that doesn't mean we don't have shields and weapons on our ships to protect us as needed."

Harry considered it and then shrugged. "I understand what you're saying. But from my viewpoint, from where I came from, it sounds idealistic and blind. Take the Cardassians and their history with Bajor. The Federation fought the Cardassians but then, when push came to shove, the Federation just pulled out fighting as fast as they could, accepting ridiculous terms. That forced separation that's coming up? The Federation agreed to give control of planets over to them, taking other planets. What about the people who live there? Just want to live their lives the way they do. But they're either going to be forcibly moved or forced to accept Cardassian control. That is just a complete mess waiting to happen."

Sisko gave a non-shrug shrug. "No agreement ever gets made without compromise. That's the nature of making agreements."

Harry shook his head. "I just think it's going to come back and bite everyone in the arse."

Sisko picked his cup up and drank down the last of his tea. "Let's hope we can avoid that."
Harry drank his own tea down. "I hope so too, despite my pessimism. Still, going back to what started all of this: I think the rules of physics are different here. Your people have sciences that we didn't have. Not even the precursor sciences." Harry grinned. "You should have seen the fiction we had which showed space ships."

Sisko said, "I've seen some of those things: It came from Outer Space, Forbidden Planet, Rocketship-XM."

Harry said, "Those sound like campy movies from the mid-Twentieth century."

"They were," Sisko agreed.

Harry chuckled. "No. I'm talking about things like Star Wars. Battlestar Galactica. Others. They showed big ships with huge engines in the back."

Sisko was confused. "Isn't that still campy? We have ion drives but I've seen some of those early vids. They show ships that just stop in space when the engines are turned off, despite gravity and inertia. Ours stop in space because of our inertia-dampening. Without something like this, basic physics wouldn't work."

Harry laughed. "According to the basic physics of my universe, inertia dampening is hokey."

Sisko said, "I suppose I would be interested in seeing some of these vids – just from an historical perspective."

Harry shrugged. "I brought as much media on digital storage as a I could. It's too bad I couldn't do that with my books."

"Why not?" Sisko asked.

Harry smiled, "Magical photographs move. Without the right equipment, I can't imagine technology being able to record it. Which is a damn shame. I was contemplating figuring out some magic or seeing how to make new spells. Unfortunately, I didn't study enough theory. It would be like your son designing a space ship on his own, only referencing books. He's smart, but even known some of what is considered basic science here, how good of a ship could he design?"

Sisko protested, "I think Jake could design a great ship if he put his mind to it. But I think you have a misconception." Harry looked interested. "No one knows enough to do that just on their own knowledge of physics. Computers don't have the creative drive to define specifications or such, but a lot of what is termed 'Ship Design' is envisioning a design and then using computers to calculate how to work it or limitations."

Harry shrugged. "Still doesn't solve my problem."

Sisko asked curiously, "Why not design a holographic program to record and catalog all information from the books you have and have the program enter in the information?"

Harry tried to immediately protest. But then he paused. "Actually, with technology as it is here, that might actually work."

Sisko said, "You just need something to test it with. Do you have these moving photos?"

Harry looked at Sisko and suddenly jumped up to rush to the room which had his bed. A few minutes later he came back with a book. "This is the photo album I got as a gift when I was eleven. It has pictures of my parents. It would be interesting to see if your technology could capture it."
Sisko nodded. "Can I see?"

Harry replied as he sat down, "That's why I brought it out." He opened it and saw that, yes, the photos still moved. He handed the album over.

Sisko took it and then carefully opened it after setting on the table. As it appeared, it looked like an old Earth style photo album. However, he was startled when several of the images moved. It was like a short video recording which would complete, and then repeat.

As he looked through the album he got more and more interested. Finally he asked, "Can you remove one of the pictures?"

Harry grinned and took the album. He looked through it until he came to one. "This one friend was actually a traitor after this. So I don't mind losing this one so much." He peeled one photo off and handed it over to Sisko.

Fascinated, Sisko saw that it was purely photographic paper, at least the centuries old version of it. And the picture didn't change how it cycled through, even as he looked at it very closely.

Sisko was flummoxed. "I don't see how it could be done." He even touched the photo and it felt like an old photo.

Harry, still grinning, asked, "Want to see something cool?"

Sisko looked dubious but said, "Alright."

"Set it down."

Sisko did so. Harry then poked the picture and Sisko was shocked that the image reacted to the finger by moving out of the way. Sisko looked at Harry incredulously. Harry laughed. "Magical photos, when a muggle sees them, will work normally unless spelled to be still. It helps that that has been in a magic bag. When a magical person handles a magical photo, it can react in a very limited way."

Sisko said, "If I hadn't seen it, I wouldn't have believed it."

Harry grabbed his album, leaving the photo out. "Have fun with that, give it back when you're done. But I do have one more thing." Harry left. Sisko barely noticed as he continued trying to look at the photo and get it to react.

Finally Harry returned with a covered item and Sisko set down the photo. Harry carefully handed Sisko the item and, once he had it securely, Harry pulled off the cover. "What is this?"

Sisko looked at the photo. "This looks like a painting from Earth. I would estimate it as a hundred years old. Rather a non-descript man. Maybe even a bit homely."

"Who are you callin' homely? You aren't a prince yourself."

Sisko stared at the moving picture and set it down. The painting closed its eyes. "I hate getting moved around." Sisko let it go. "You could have at least set me upright."

Sisko was now completely out of his depth. "How?"

Harry laughed. "Meet Samuel Kerny. I was in America helping out the law enforcement there. I asked for a couple of paintings that I admired. They accidentally added this one and I never noticed
until I was decorating my quarters here. This was a wizard from New England."

"Connecticut," the picture corrected him.

"Right. He lived 1745 to 18 …"

"1854."

"Right. He died from wizard's flu."

"My actual self should have gone to get the potions rather than trying to suffer through. I was in a collection that included a few notable wizards and witches."

Sisko was curious. "How much do you remember of the man you are a painting of?"

The painting shrugged. "I remember a lot. I was done professionally in 1805. I remember quite a bit of his life until then. I only know my death date due to being told. And even that is because someone added the information into the painting later." Kerny pointed toward a line of text painted into the bottom giving birth and death dates.

"Were you a wizard?" Sisko asked curiously.

"I'm in a magical painting aren't I?" Kearn asked.

Harry interrupted. "Magical paintings, done properly, contain an echo of the subject. Magic maintains some knowledge. But you can't ask him for details. He was a magical builder and remembers doing it. But he couldn't tell you the spells for, say, breaking into pyramids."

Kearny sounded his agreement. "I never heard of them beyond a mention in a textbook. Which I can't remember because it wasn't put into the picture."

Sisko asked, "So he's not alive?"

Harry smiled. "No. A limited echo. Some details are included, using methods which I don't know about because I never studied them, but if you put it away and took it out, he wouldn't remember you necessarily. Unless it was pretty soon after or it was in a magical environment. I tried to get paintings at Hogwarts to talk about my parents – only a few remembered some vague information but no details. I regret never talking to the Fat Lady about them."

Sisko asked, "The Fat Lady?"

"Painting which protected the entrance to my student dorms. She would get the passwords. You know, we never even asked her name. But being called fat, when she was alive, wasn't an insult. Being fat was a sign of wealth, and so was a prideful thing, when she was painted," Harry explained lightly.

Sisko said, "All of this is fascinating. But I really want to scan these items and see if we can find out how they work."

Harry motioned to them. "Find out as much as you can. If I can use technology to record everything from my books, it would allow me to access it much quicker. Work on advancing what I know. Studying starships and warp theory is fine, but I am a wizard and I need to become better. Something is telling me I have to be ready."

Sisko stood up and picked up the cloth. "Can I just cover it up again?"
Kearny snorted. "I am a painting. Really, I'd rather you did if you're going to be carrying me around."

Sisko covered the painting and then said to Harry, "I'd like to talk more later. Maybe see if I can see these vids showing what your people envisioned for space travel. But I do have to get back to duty for now."

"Alright then. We'll talk again. Let me know what you find on this."

"I will."

Harry sat down, amused with Sisko's reactions. Suddenly he had a thought. He hit his badge. "Potter to Sisko."

"Go ahead," the voice came back.

"I'd appreciate some privacy on what I talked about, including what I gave you. I'll explain later."

"Limited to who?" the question came back.

"Your best decision, but your senior staff only at most."

"Understood. Sisko out."

Harry remembered that he had never tested linked paintings here. How far could they link? Could he put a painting on Bajor and one on Deep Space 9 and have them work together? Could one be sent to Earth? Could one work from the other side of the wormhole? It was something he needed to know.

Sisko allowed Jadzia Dax and Miles O'Brien in on the magical pictures and paintings project as something to amuse themselves with outside of their regular duties. Harry talked to Winky and Dobby about the library they had squirreled away.

Their work on the Glen Lyon was nearing completion for the moment. Harry had requested that the Glen Lyon, on its next trip back from Earth, bring back a data storage system that was separate. He didn't feel totally comfortable about putting his entire library of magical knowledge into DS9's computers.

He had already found hidden directives left over from the Cardassians and he had no interest in allowing his knowledge to be exploited despite any assurances.

The situation did alert the command crew that there might be hidden commands in the system and they were now working to ensure there was nothing which might bite them later.

The inability to create a basic magnetic compass was silly, but the nature of the hidden directives was not.

Miles Obrien was particularly annoyed about it.

Harry pondered other things as he sat in Quarks a few nights later.

He could have drank in his own quarters but he wasn't feeling that unsociable. At various times different crew would pop over and drink with him, and he had a nice chat with a Dabo girl.
On his own Earth, a woman dressed like that working was either a stripper or a prostitute.

Because no one was playing at the moment (they were between ships) and Starfleet personnel normally avoided Dabo, no one protested him distracting the woman. When he noticed Quark noticing him, he deliberately gave her a "tip" of 5 slips and told her it was so that Quark wouldn't interrupt a nice conversation.

She giggled about that – she knew the kind of Ferengi she worked for. Quark was almost an uber-Ferengi, actually. And she liked talking to the man with the strange Earth accent that didn't ogle her while she was in her "uniform".

It was quite a nice change, though it was obvious he thought she was attractive. The conversation they had involved the comparative nudity taboos of different cultures.

The Federation didn't see much nudity. Although it was rooted in Earth culture as a sin for past religious reasons, most Humans viewed nudity as unimportant or personal. What was the point of public nudity?

Vulcans saw it as illogical. On Vulcan, clothes protected one from unnecessary sun. On ships or in other places, other races became distracted. And some races became overly emotional when they saw it. There was no purpose to public nudity for them. Romulans had a common origin to Vulcan and societally saw it as pointless.

Ferengi were unique in that women were expected to be nude. Originally a sign of subservience, they now viewed a clothed Ferengi female as an obscenity or something for private indulgence with one's spouse.

Klingon women saw public nudity as stupid. A rival house, having opportunity, could damage sensitive parts which might interfere with caring for infants and saw public nudity as making oneself a target. Cardassians were the same.

Bajorans avoided public nudity for reasons originating with religion and then maturing into societal norms. Andorians came from a cold planet and thought unnecessarily baring oneself to be mildly psychotic. Terrellians came from a society of miners, and nudity prevented oneself from wearing protective clothing.

In fact, there were few cultures that ascribed to the practice, which made sense to Harry having discussed it with the woman.

In fact, the culture seeing the practice most often were the Betazoids because mental communication made such concerns moot. But even then it was most seen in ceremonies. Catellians, like most furred races, also only wore clothing for practical purposes or among other races to respect the cultures of others. Some Human societies saw it as a sign of purity but it was rare.

Public nudity was also seen on Risa – but that was because it made it easier for pleasurable experiences.

Later, Harry sat alone drinking some synthethol before heading back to his quarters. Quark came up and asked, "Do you need anything else?" Harry looked down and saw that his drink was nearly empty and said, "No. Thank you." He drank the last bit and then pulled a pouch out. "And, considering I had a pleasant evening and you didn't make a fuss about me yacking with your dealer when it was quiet, I'll even leave a tip."
Quark watched as Harry poured out a few objects of currency and handed two slips to Quark.

Quark had two questions. "What are the coins?" he asked curiously.

"These?" Harry asked before putting them away. He handed one over to Quark. "Just gold. Which the Ferengi long ago figured out how to replicate which is why you use gold-pressed latinum as currency instead."

Quark looked at the coin, admiring the design. "True. Gold by itself is worthless." He indicated the coin. "So …"

"From my home society. They still viewed gold as currency. That's a coin called a Galleon. Minted by Goblins." Harry Potter fished out two more coins and handed them over. "The silver is a Sickle, and the bronze is a knut." Harry grinned. "29 knuts to a sickle and 17 sickles to a Galleon."

Quark looked at Harry incredulously. "Those are strange numbers."

Harry shrugged as he put his pouch away. "Our society was fascinated with prime numbers. You can keep those."

"Thank you," Quark said as he put them away. "You know, you could keep an account with us and settle monthly as other Humans do."

Harry laughed. "And pay the surcharge to have you manage it? No thanks."

Quark picked up the glass to clean up. "It's a very reasonable fee."

Harry shrugged. "If it was just about drinking, you'd give me credit for free so as to make certain I came back. If I was just a vendor, an occasional free drink is the cost of business. But because I both buy from and sell to you, not paying is a line of credit, which involved fees. I spent too much time with Goblins. I know about fees for lines of credit: Utterly reasonable until make the inevitable mistake. And then the loopholes come it. I'll pay as I go as often as I can and use the credit in a real emergency, thank you."

Quark grinned. Some Humans did understand his people. "Well, have a good night and come again soon."

Harry nodded and walked out easily.

Chapter End Notes

For those who claimed the last chapter was random – it kind of was. Well, parts of it. It wasn't pointless. If you paid attention, you might have noticed what significance it had.

Mostly, here I'm getting Harry to take stock of himself before we move on.
"Chief."

Miles O'Brien turned from the panel he was now perusing. "Commander. You need something?"

Sisko had a tight look as he looked at the man who he had been on Enterprise. "How has our snipe hunt been progressing?"

Miles almost chuckled. "Pretty well. I think I've found the command files for hidden security directives left behind. There are some down in the old processing center as well. I've deleted them as I found them. Still having trouble with one file down in processing."

"Keep on it." Sisko looked around. "Not much of a snipe hunt, was it?"

"I've been meaning to ask: What is a snipe?"

Sisko smiled briefly. "I was informed by some of the techs who checked the systems that there was nothing to find. I was worried this was a snipe hunt. There is no such thing as a snipe. A snipe hunt, back in New Orleans, is something you send gullible children out to perform as amusement. Well, I dislike possibly being gullible."

O'Brien chuckled. "Well, Potter's innocent finding wasn't a snipe. Are you going to tell the techs?"

Sisko gave O'Brien laser focus. "No. You will."

"How?" he asked curiously.

"You're going to catalogue the procedures that uncovered the hidden files and document them. Hopefully, in the future, we can avoid hidden bombs."

O'Brien nodded. "I can do that. Although if it were me, I'd like pointing out the error a bit too much. Which is why I'll put together the report but I'd prefer someone else deliver them."

Sisko gave a curt nod. "My conversation with Sir Harry which started this was quite educational."

O'Brien was confused. "What do you mean?"

Sisko sighed. "I had a conversation with Mr. Potter about the difference in our society vs. what he expects from Human societies. He couldn't understand why we didn't have massive weapons on standby as a deterrent for those who would attack us or in preparedness for when they might be needed. I could have told him that I worked on such a project in response to the possibility of the Borg showing up again. It was mothballed because priorities changed. But I could have explained that we weren't as naïve as he assumed. We do consider such possibilities."

"Why didn't you tell him?" O'Brien asked. "Classified?"

Sisko considered that. "I suppose that's a portion of it. But mostly because I didn't think it was necessary. Do you know what schadenfreude is?"

O'Brien considered that. "I don't think so."

"It's an old Earth word. It means taking pleasure in someone else's misfortune. You know that impulse to smile when someone who has annoyed you runs into difficulty?"
O'Brien almost winced. "I try to avoid that. It seems so … petty. I do feel it, but I really try to work past that."

"Exactly. I believe that is the prime difference between what Earth was and what we attempt to idealize. One of the guiding principles in our society is the attempt to move beyond it, despite the fact that it's something that is almost inherent in any species, especially Humans. The 'I told you so' impetus comes from this. Mr. Potter expressed concerns based on his own understandings. I personally hope that his concerns are unwarranted. But I would hope he takes no joy in being proved right if it occurs, just as I would take no joy in telling Starfleet 'I told you so' in regards my protests in dropping that project."

O'Brien nodded. "It's a hard thing to break out of sometimes. Because I was involved in fight against Cardassians, it's really hard to not enjoy it when they run into trouble of one type or another."

"I understand." Sisko gathered himself. "Please finish your work and ensure that procedures on how to do such scans are put together for future reference."

"Aye, Commander." Sisko nodded and went back to his office.

A few days later, Harry was sitting at Quarks talking to Julian. "What is a Dalrok?" This was something he had never heard of.

The Chief Medical Officer, having just come back from Bajor with Miles, chuckled. "It's a completely created phenomenon." He seemed like a teenager just waiting to talk about this.

Harry sighed internally. Julian, despite having extreme intelligence, seemed a mixture of Colin Creevy and Dean Thomas: Socially awkward despite enthusiasm and very interested in hitting on any female that might say yes. Actually, Seamus Finnegan would be closer than Dean: Dean was often successful. Seamus tended to strike out with girls more often despite being considered attractive.

Still, it was nice hearing someone else with an accent like those he had grown up with. "Okay. Just tell me the story."

Harry sat there listening to the paper tiger created for the benefit of uniting a village. Well, not quite a paper tiger because the artifact actually brought the imagined danger into reality. Still, as a method of subsuming the need to fight into a common enemy, it was unique.

Harry had to laugh about it. "I take it Miles wasn't impressed in becoming the village's hero?"

"No," Julian said. "He had no interest in playing the part. As far as he was concerned, the former Sirrah was out of his mind to pick him. The former apprentice attacked him with a knife because he was supposed to be the Sirrah. We stopped him and worked it out eventually, but it was touch and go for a few hours."

Harry was startled. "So, he tries to attack and instead of locking him up you put him in the job that he was trying to kill for?"

Bashir looked at Harry with a slightly defensive look. "If we had arrested him, the village would have been left with no protector. It was a dumb mistake in desperation. His heart was in the right place. Besides, it was politics and it was necessity."

Harry sighed. He understood acting in fear or desperation. But this sounded like the man's impetus
was not just for his village but for himself. He didn't want to fight about it so he let it go. "Well, I guess if it all worked out and everyone is satisfied, it's not my place to interfere. But I would have given him some penance, something which would have made him truly understand it was wrong to try to kill someone to fix the problem. I'll be the first to admit, sometimes it's necessary. But those situations should be few and far between."

Bashir shrugged. "As a man, I understand the idea that in some situations it occurs and it might be the best way to minimize death overall. As a member of Starfleet and as a doctor, the idea of killing is … well, the best word is anathema."

Harry nodded. "It's the same conundrum that every ethical peace officer has dealt with since modern morality became commonplace. The trick is not to enjoy it when it does happen."

Harry then noticed something. "Jake. Nog. What are you two doing?"

The two boys were nearby looking as though they were barely containing themselves. They came over to where the two men sat. "Hello, Sir Harry, Dr. Bashir. We're waiting for Sul."

Curious, Harry asked, "Who is Sul?"

Nog answered, "Varis Sul is a Bajoran girl who is the leader of the Paqu. She is negotiating with the leader of the Navot, who are a neighboring group of Bajorans. There was a land dispute. We met her when she came to negotiate." Giving a Ferengi smile he said, "I helped teach her to negotiate."

Jake immediately protested, "We both helped." Nog looked like he didn't agree.

Harry considered that. "No. I can believe that Nog was teaching about negotiating. You likely helped to keep her calm."

Julian was curious as the two boys contemplated that. "Why do you assume that?"

Harry gave a brief laugh. "I've worked with both. Nog is a Ferengi. He has an instinctive ability to negotiate but tends to ruffle feathers. Jake is the peacemaker. They actually work together pretty well." He looked at the two boys who had become happier with his observations. "How is the game production going?"

Nog said, "There are still fees and bribes that have to be paid, but we anticipate the release to occur in three months."

"Bribes?" Bashir asked.

Harry snorted. "Standard Ferengi business practices. If you want the authorities to ensure that your competitors do not illegally steal your work, the authorities have to be paid enough to make it worth their time and effort." At Bashir's looked of outrage Harry added, "Ferengi law sets the procedure. I don't totally understand it, but it works for them."


Suddenly both boys were distracted and puppy-like. "Sul!" Jake called out.

Harry looked and saw a Bajoran female who he would classify as a girl. She looked to be fifteen or sixteen if he didn't miss his guess. She was trying to look regal but also looked happy to see the two teenagers. "Nog, Jake."
Nog asked, "How are the negotiations?"

Sul relaxed a bit. "I believe they will work. The Paqu return the land but in exchange we get free trade access for both sides of the river. In the past, our traders were limited to Paqu territory." She looked at Jake. "Commander Sisko has been of great help."

Jake gave a slightly goofy smile. "I'm glad."

Harry had to hide his amusement. Jake and Nog both were reacting to the girl like teenage boys. She appeared to be amused by the two as well, but not in a bitchy way which was a plus in his book. She looked at the two adults. "Who are these?"

Harry and Julian stood as Jake said, "This is Doctor Bashir, who is the Chief Medical Officer. This," he pointed to Harry, "is Sir Harry Potter of Earth, a resident on the station." He turned to the two men and said, "This is Varis Sul, the Tetra …" Jake looked at Nog for help.

Sul provided the help. "I am the Tetrarch of the Paqu." Jake nodded, slightly embarrassed.

Bashir gave a brief bow, "It is very good to meet you." Given that she didn't seem like the type to shake hands, he didn't try.

Harry gave a more formal bow. "It is an honor to meet you, Tetrarch."

She nodded and then asked, "Is Sir a part of your name or title?"

Harry gave her a friendly smile even as he motioned the teens to sit down at their table. "Sir is used to recognize that I was awarded a Knighthood by my sovereign in recognition for service to my people in defeating a threat to the realm. Formally, I would be Sir Harry Potter, Knight of the Garter, Order of Merlin First Class. But semi-casually I am referred to as Sir Harry. With close friends, I drop the Sir, though I don't entirely because that would be disrespectful to the Queen who awarded me. I would be failing to acknowledge the honor she gave me in doing so."

Varis was confused. "I wasn't aware that Humans had queens or kings."

Bashir chuckled with Harry and said, "Sir Harry is technically from another time in the past. He arrived with assistance from the beings inhabiting the wormhole."

Sul asked to clarify, "The Prophets?"

Harry overrode Julian. "Yes. The Prophets. I was a Child of Prophecy and, in fact, completed one that a seer on my world gave. I arrived in this time and dimension due to an almost foolhardy decision. Through pure chance, the Prophets helped and left me in the care of the Emissary."

Julian said, "He doesn't really use that in his formal titles."

Harry shook his head. "In my opinion, he should. Opaka, as Kai, recognized him as such, recognized that he was before he found the Celestial Temple. Humans from this time tend to downplay religious significance because religion has a long history of being the cause of war. They have to have scientific explanations. But the beings have been proven. Their ability to manipulate events have been demonstrated. The orbs they have sent were gifts to the Bajoran people." Julian looked dubious.

Harry glanced at the three teens who were watching with interest. He then asked Julian, "Do you consider the title Doctor an honorary one?"
"No! Well, it is an honor. But using the title signals to people that my job is to heal them. My use of the title recognizes my acknowledgement of responsibility to perform as such."

Harry nodded. "Exactly. I am Sir Harry Potter. My title was an honor, but it's also a recognition that I am responsible for doing whatever is in my power to minimize threats against the monarchy and people of Great Britain. That this is an honorary position in this society doesn't matter. I am still responsible to help them. I have done so by assisting with what resources I have to help bring back lost species of plants from what I brought. It also recognizes signals to those who understand that I will act with honor in their dealings with me. To do otherwise would be to besmirch the name of Elizabeth Regina and her heirs.

"Commander Sisko, having accepted the title of Emissary, is responsible for ensuring that the wormhole and its residents are protected and to guide the Bajorans in the direction he feels is best. He might have done it because it was more convenient to do so than deny it, but it also carries with it responsibilities."

As Julian considered that Sul spoke up, "Commander Sisko has been strictly fair in his arbitration of the dispute my people have with the Nevot. He had held to his duties with honor."

Harry nodded, noting Jake's happiness at Sul's acknowledgement of his father. "As is expected as both Commander of Deep Space 9, the Federation's representative in this sector, and Emissary of the Prophets."

Julian finally nodded and said, "Well, I am glad to hear that the dispute will likely be settled satisfactorily for both sides."

Harry grinned. "Me too. This calls for a celebration." He pulled out a slip of latinum and put it in front of Nog. "Tell your uncle we need five butterbeers."

Even as Nog jumped up to rush off, Sul asked, "What is butterbeer?"

Harry explained, "It's a drink from my home society. For some reason, replicators can't reproduce it correctly. I think because some of the plants which are key ingredients are magical." He said to Sul, "I'm a wizard from a magical society in my dimension." She looked startled. He then continued, "It's non-alcoholic but rather enjoyable both cold and warm. I usually have it chilled though Nog likes it warm."

Jake volunteered, "He served it when we worked out an agreement about producing an old Earth game. It's really good."

Julian said, "I've never had it."

"You're in for a treat. I have Quark keep a stash for me rather than call for my personal assistants." He was talking about Winky and Dobby, who were now working on organizing his library in preparation for the computer core being delivered by the Glen Lyon when it returned from Earth. "The slip of latinum is the rental access fee. Ferengi have to be paid for everything."

Bashir was incredulous. "So you have to pay to access something you own?"

Harry replied with a smile, "It's a matter of convenience. He provides space and agrees to serve it as requested and I don't have to go out of my way."

A voice from behind said, "Sir Harry has a much keener understanding of how to do business, which is something I wish more Humans had."
Harry glanced at Quark who was now delivering the bottles. "You don't really want that – you'd lose the enjoyment of seeing their reactions when they're forced to pay you for something they think should be included or free."

Quark paused even as he was finishing setting the bottles down. After a thoughtful moment he smirked. "True." He finished and asked, "Anything else?"

"No. Thank you." Quark nodded and retreated.

Harry asked, "Who wants it chilled?"

Nog piped up with, "Warm for me."

Jake said, "Chilled."

Bashir went with Jake. "Chilled."

Varen Sul paused. "I don't know."

Harry looked at her. "Okay. Let's try this." He pulled out his wand and easily conjured small cups. He opened his bottle and poured into four small amounts. He cast a wandless charm to chill two and different wandless warming charms on the other two. "Try the warm and then the cold." He pushed the samples to the two.

Both tried each. Bashir said, "It's quite good. But I like it better chilled."

Sul looked more impressed by the magic than the drink. But she did give a thoughtful, "I think I prefer it warmed."

Nog gave a quiet, "Yes!" which caused the rest to laugh.

Harry smirked briefly at him in amusement. With his wand he cast charms on the various bottles. After putting it away, he then opened each and pushed them over. Lifting his bottle as an example, which they all followed, he said "To the successful negotiations between the Paqu and the Navot." They all clinked bottles together and then drank.

Despite the teenagers being a little antsy to run off and get into trouble like normal teenagers, they were pretty patient about enjoying the free drinks. Sul said, "This is really very good. It's not like other things we normally drink."

Harry smiled, "I know." He then sighed. "I have a couple barrels and a few cases, but I don't drink it often. Mostly because when it's gone, it's gone."

Sul nodded. "It's too bad. How popular was the drink where you come from?"

Harry considered it. "Well, it was probably the most popular non-alcoholic drink for sale. Pumpkin juice was easier to find though. Butterbeer was commonly served chilled in summer and warmed in winter."

Sul said, "So it had no religious significance?"

Harry snorted. "Wizards weren't that religious. We respected the natural processes of the world, but were pretty secular, although many of the different magical societies acknowledged religious icons from the past."

Sul was confused. "So they worshipped them?"
"No," Harry clarified. "They recognized that such figures did exist – many of the pantheons of my world were acknowledged as likely powerful wizards who convinced people to worship them. But they didn't worship them anymore, although they were acknowledged during rituals and ceremonies."

Sul looked disapproving. "Your people sounded … arrogant."

Harry nodded in full agreement. "Oh, yes. Being able to perform magic made them look down on those who couldn't. It was stupid, really. But no one ever said that the average witch or wizard had any common sense."

Julian interjected an observation. "You don't seem that impressed."

Harry replied, "No. Much of what we could do can be done here with technology. Magical society had some good points – women were acknowledged as equal far before it became prevalent in the wider society, and skin color was unimportant. They tended to be far more impressed with magical vs. non-magical, or one society vs. another. British wizards didn't look down on Indian wizards because they were brown. They looked down at them because they had strange magical practices."

"So the normal bigotry of race and gender was replaced with magic and magical philosophy," Julian replied, wanting to make certain he understood.

Harry agreed. "Pretty much the case. And they tended to look at other sentient magicals as beneath them: Goblins, Veela, Leprechauns, Trolls – although they tended to be rather stupid – and others."

Julian was amazed. "You had leprechauns?"

Harry grinned. "All of the creatures you think of as mythological? We had them: Dragons, unicorns, fairies – only semi-sentient – and pretty much every other type. Wizards tended to exploit them every way they could. Leprechauns made a kind of fool's gold – it disappeared two hours after they gave it away. Never trust a leprechaun offering gold."

"It sounds fascinating," Julian replied.

Sul interrupted, "Do you know the process to make butterbeer?"

Harry replied, "Yes. I picked that up for a price after giving an oath I wouldn't make it known back home. But considering I left, that agreement is null and void. But some of the plants used aren't grown in this universe."

Sul said with regret, "It's too bad you didn't bring seeds. It would be a wonderful thing to trade."

Harry looked thoughtful. "That's actually not strictly true. It's just something that I haven't paid attention to. When I got here, the King of Great Britain and I talked much more about non-magical plants which I had brought seeds for. I had a whole bunch of seeds and examples of plants that Earth lost during the Third World War and its aftermath. Have you heard about the Bajoran Botanical Institute?" Sul nodded. "That is a joint effort between Great Britain on Earth, the Federation, and Bajor to bring back lost plants through cloning and genetic sequencing. Earth concentrates on Earth plants, the Bajoran institute concentrates on non-Earth plants. I think they've successfully retrieved several plants already."

Sul actually looked a bit downtrodden. "We've heard. We have put in requests but there are not yet enough seeds for some of the crops we were interested in. We were told it would take time."

Harry looked at her with sympathy. "I'm sorry. The Institute has only started recently. It takes time
to bring enough plants to viability. But I'm glad that the word is getting out that they will be available. You weren't told you would have to pay were you?” he asked.

"No," Sul said. "It was made clear that any plants recovered are to be considered a gift to Bajor. We would have to pay cost for how many seeds, but that is as it would be with any crop we might wish to plant. There is no extra charge because the plants are special for having been lost previously. The Bajoran Botanical Institute is non-profit. All proceeds go back into paying reasonable wages and the work to recover other lost crops and plants."

Harry nodded with satisfaction. "That is what I envisioned when I negotiated the creation of it. I'm glad to hear that corruption hasn't yet set in."

"Yet?" Jake asked. "Why does it have to set in?"

Harry gave a resigned look. "It's the nature of bureaucracy. We've tried to minimize it, but it will be a constant fight. That's one reason why we tied it with the Royal Botanical Institute back on Earth: Checks and balances to root it out as best as can be done."

Julian was a little disagreeable. "Corruption isn't necessarily endemic."

Harry gave him a pitying look. "Starfleet officers tend to believe in the ideal. Bajor is still recovering from being set upon by invaders in the form of Cardassians. Of course their will be skepticism that what's being done is really for the betterment of all. And because of Bajor's history, far too many people are still operating on the basis of doing what's best for them so that they can protect themselves. Bajor has only been free for less than a year. It's no surprise that there are corrupted people and a general feeling of cynicism. There's a reason why the Federation isn't pushing for immediate entrance. Bajor isn't ready and isn't yet stable enough to maintain its society in the face of external pressures."

Sul nodded, a little morose. "He's right, as much as I hate to admit it. My own people prefer being isolated to keep themselves safe. My negotiations for trade access to the full Navot territory came after I realized it had to be if we were to truly prosper. I will have to convince my people, though they trust I work for their best interests. It will take time for such feelings to dissipate."

Julian said, "The Federation truly wants to help the Bajoran people."

Harry replied, "That may be so. But you have to admit that a part of it is that the Federation needs Bajor as a check against Cardassia. If the wormhole hadn't have been found, this would be backwater as far as the Federation goes. You have good intentions, but unfortunately the Federation pushing what it considers proper society comes across as a bit arrogant. Individually, the Bajorans find Humans they work with a generous and helpful people. But collectively, the Federation comes across as arrogant and know-best. It's not what is intended, but that is how it's perceived."

Sul was nodding in agreement. Julian said, "You have a better idea as far as how to proceed?"

Harry instantly replied, "No. You're doing what you have to and what you think is right. But you can't expect instant approval. It's just not realistic. 'By their fruits you shall know them. Do you gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles? That takes time before you can see results."

Sul asked, "What does that mean? Where did that come from? 'By their fruits you shall know them'."

Julian looked interested to. "It's from the Bible, the central text for many of the remaining humans
who believe in religion. I had some spare time a few years ago and studied it. I'm not a believer, but it was instructive on many things, just common sense even if you ignore the religious aspect. Some of it doesn't work anymore because things are different. But there are many parts that do."

Sul, curious, asked, "What kind of things don't work anymore?"

Harry thought about it. "Well, the older portions said that touching a dead pig's skin made you unclean, though you would be clean again a day later. So anyone who touched dead pig couldn't touch anyone else until they were sure you stayed healthy. When it was written, Humans didn't really know how to preserve meat sufficiently. Or at least the ways they preserved meat didn't work for that animal. So a dead pig could spread disease. They made it a religious rule because most people then only followed the rules they were told God gave. The reason for the rule went away, but even three thousand years after it was written, many people refused to eat pork because it made you unclean."

Sul said, "The Prophets lead the Bajoran people into the future. They deserve our veneration."

Harry replied, "I don't say they don't. And having met the Prophets, I know they are real. But I'm with Sisko on this point: Guidance doesn't mean subservience. The Bajorans shouldn't listen to his advice because he's the Emissary. They should judge his intentions, consider the results of what he might advice or suggest, and decide for themselves if what he advises is right for them. Trusting the Prophets doesn't absolve their followers from taking responsibility for their free will."

Jake finally interrupted. "All of this is too deep. I'd say we go have some fun." He looked at Sul. "Are you interested?"

Sul looked at Harry and Julian to see their response. Harry chuckled, "As an old Earth saying goes: All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Nog? Would you return the empties before you three run off? Dobby will collect them later for me." Harry casually vanished his conjured cups.

Sul stood up. "Thank you for an interesting conversation."

"Good luck with your negotiations and enjoy yourself."
I'm moving back away from preachy Harry. He's finished his existential crisis - for now.

Harry took the next few days studying magic. He needed a break from technology.

Sitting reading an old book, the door chime sounded. Dobby, sitting at a computer studying himself, looked up. "It is Commander Sisko." Harry nodded in thanks. The elves' ability to sense identity was very useful.

"Open," he called even as he put his book aside.

"Sir Harry," Sisko said.

"Commander Sisko. Your visit is a surprise."

Sisko nodded. He glanced at the two elves and then back to Harry. "I believe I might be able to use your help."

He motioned to a seat. "Would you like something?" Winky looked up in interest.

Sisko waved his fingers in negation. "No. Thank you."

"How can I help?" he asked.

Sisko paused to put his words in order but it was only an instant. "Are you aware of the energy transfer that is being done from Jerrado's core?"

Harry shrugged. "I heard something about it. Basically tapping the core's heat to drive energy distribution on the planet. I thought it was odd because there is arable land on the moon, but it isn't my moon. So I can't say much about it."

Sisko nodded. "Exactly," Sisko was happy that Harry had said nothing. Recently, he had been a bit of an agitator, which Sisko understood as he was a man out of time. But it had been distracting. "As a part of the process, all residents were ordered to evacuate. 36 did so without much trouble. Major Kyra, however, found holdouts during her final sweep."

"Wow. That's a problem."

"Yes. She is attempting to use diplomacy to resolve it but soon it will be too late."

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"The last resident refuses to leave behind what he has built. He escaped the Cardassians during the occupation forty years ago. He is understandably hostile to those wearing uniforms. He is an elderly man and will stay and die out of spite. Major Kyra will force his hand. She'll do her duty but it will tear her up. I'd like to avoid unnecessary pain."
"What can I do?" he asked.

Sisko smiled and then explained.

Harry smiled in appreciation.

Harry, Dobby and Winky all beamed down to the homestead on the Bajoran moon.

Major Kyra looked over from her position as she watched an older Bajoran lay the final tiles on his cooking unit.

"Sir Harry," she said with some surprise. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm here to help," he said.

She sighed. The man said with some antagonism, "At least this one isn't in a uniform." He looked at the two elves waiting patiently. "What are those?"

Harry answered, "My retainers, called House Elves where I am from. They accompany me on different projects."

The man said, "Well, you wasted your time. I won't leave as long as my home is standing."

Harry saw when Nerys made her decision. The fire pit was laid out and she would use this. Harry said, "Major? Can you give me a moment?"

Nerys looked at him and gave a curt nod. "I'm Sir Harry Potter of Earth. What is your name?"

"Mullibok," he replied shortly.

"Can I clarify, what exactly is a part of your homestead?"

Mullibok gave the details in the same curt tone. He saw the way this was going and he didn't like it.

"Okay then." Harry turned to the two elves. "Okay, guys. Let's get to it."

The two elves actually grinned and then disappeared. Harry casually pulled out a small item and set it on the ground. He pulled his wand and tapped it. The small object turned into a large steamer trunk. Harry opened it.

Major Kyra asked, "What are you doing?"

Harry turned. "Well, he doesn't want to leave until what he's worked for years to create is gone. We're taking it and then we'll put it on Bajor. We've even got a place set up for it."

The man was shocked. Major Kyra was as well and asked, "Where?"

Harry grinned at her. "Remember the Paqu Tetrarch that visited last week?" She nodded. "Well, she contacted me after she went back. She wants to negotiate growing some crops on her people's lands which are an ingredient in a drink that I gave her. Replicators can't create it because some of the plants have to be grown. She thinks that her people can grow it in exchange for a cut of the profit that will be made for the final product. I tentatively agreed. But I made a stipulation that they had to provide space for this farm."
Mullibok said in an angry tone, "Without even asking me?"

Harry sighed. "Ask Major Kyra what she would have done to make sure your life was saved?"

He looked at the Major who looked resigned but resolute. "I know what she would have done." He wasn't happy about it.

"Well, she seems to like you," Harry said in her defense. "So after Commander Sisko explained to me what was happening, I caught up to the couple that had been living with you and brought them to Varis Sul, who is the Paqu Tetrarch. Even though it was harder because they can't speak, they helped work out a deal. Even now, they're preparing the area we're putting your farm. It's isolated away from others, no uniformed military or security, and you get to help advise the Tetrarch who lost her parents to the Cardassians."

"Why do you think I'd be willing to do that?" he asked gruffly. Major Kyra, however, was fighting her urge to grin. She had met the young leader of the Paqu and knew that such a job would be exactly the kind of thing the man needed.

Harry looked at him and said, "Because you're a good man – your care of that couple made it obvious. And she's the fifteen year old leader of her people who could really use a fatherly or grandfatherly figure to teach her what her parents couldn't because the Cardassians killed them. I somehow think when you meet her, you'll not be able to refuse."

Harry and Nerys could see that the cantankerous man was already intrigued and interested, despite trying to hide the fact behind a gruff exterior.

It took seven hours, but the former area holding the farm was stripped down fully and put in the expanding trunk. Included were not only the house and tools, but even the very soil containing the crops.

Dedicated House Elves were marvelously able to do impossible things in impossible situations and they loved to work.

Harry beamed the man and Major Kyra up. The elves were actually in the trunk organizing the removal process. Unlike trunks that he had brought for stasis, this one was designed as an emergency location to live in if where he had ended up had been extremely inhospitable and there were no options for creating a homestead.

Dobby and Winky had moved the storage items that had been put in the trunk into stasis. It included dirt from Earth, a home, farm tools, and other things that could have been quickly unpacked into the larger trunk.

Harry had to make certain that the soil retrieved from the moon wouldn't create an ecological problem. He had been assured by the young leader as well as Miles O'Brien's wife and two other experts that the proposed idea wouldn't create widespread problems as long as certain things were taken into consideration.

He had made certain they were.

Kyra looked around the runabout. "Just us?" she asked even as Harry moved to the pilot's seat.

"I obtained permission to use it for diplomatic purposes through Commander Sisko. We're going to move back to Deep Space 9 because that's where I have her stashed, negotiate the deal on my plants, and then tomorrow, after we've had a good night sleep, I have permission to take it out
again to deliver the farm and people. After catching up on your work, you'll come with us tomorrow to oversee the transfer. The two elves will come out of the trunk at Deep Space 9."

Mullibok pugnaciously asked, "Why not arrange to go there immediately?"

Harry looked back at the man and said in a serious tone, "I'm going out of my way to respect what you have lived through as well as Major Kyra's concerns over your well-being. But my elves worked extremely hard and I refuse to allow them to do the required work on the other end without a good night's rest." Harry would brook nothing which might harm his friends.

Mullibok, recognizing Harry's point, nodded sourly but without protest.

He flew the runabout to the station and landed. Mullibok looked sourly out of the window. "The last time I saw this type of construction, I was being punished by the Cardassians."

Major Kyra said, "Well, they're gone. And the only Cardassian on the station is a tailor who can't return to the Cardassia."


Major Kyra said, "I didn't know his name was Elim. He always just refers to himself as Garek to everyone else."

Harry shrugged. "When I first arrived, I was as much out of my element as he was among Bajorans. We get along. He even helps make clothes I feel comfortable in, despite current fashion being prejudiced against pockets."

Check-in back on the station was fairly quick as Harry used his diplomatic status to ease Mullibok through with the minimal fuss. It was justified as being a part of negotiations Harry would have with the Tetrarch of the Paqu.

Major Kyra looked at Harry. "You'll get him settled for the night?"

"Yep. He'll be in the guest quarters I have set up."

Nerys nodded and turned to Mullibok. "Good luck and I will see you tomorrow to help get you settled on Bajor."

Mullibok answered with more affection that she was expecting – although it was still a very small amount. He really hated being forced to move.

Winky and Dobby had come out of the trunk on the runabout. "Master Harry, Winky and Dobby will go ahead and make things ready."

"Okay. See you there."

Mullibok was startled when the two beings snapped their fingers and disappeared. "That is truly frightening."

Harry replied, "Well, it's quite normal where we're from. And I've taken steps to make certain none of us are exploited for our abilities despite the interest shown in us." Harry smiled grimly as he recalled what he had done to the Klingon crew that had tried to kidnap his elves.

He was still waiting for the most opportune time to make certain Gul Dukat received his
comeuppance without it pointing back to him. He wasn't a Federation standard Human and believed in rougher justice when he felt it justified. The people around him might not like it but he was as he was made.

Harry led Mullibok to a conference room. Leading the man in he stepped aside and stopped. "Mullibok of Jerrado, I am pleased to introduce Varis Sul, Tetrarch of the Paqu."

The older man and the young woman had a stilted introduction. Harry served them tea from a set that had been put there earlier by the elves and put under a warming charm. After making certain they were both fairly set he stepped back. "As you two will need to learn to get along without outside interference considering she is the leader of where your farm will be based, I believe I will leave you two for an hour to talk. Tetrarch Varis?"

The girl looked at him with interest. "Yes?"

"Mullibok will be one of your people and has a lot of experience to offer. He will be on your side during the negotiations. I suggest you take advantage of that."

She glanced at the older man nervously, and then replied, "I will try."

He looked at the man. "Mullibok? Try not to be too obnoxious. Please? She's a good and strong leader despite her age and she truly cares for those she's responsible for."

He almost rolled his eyes. "I will try to be an asset for my new leader." His tone was dry. He muttered something which was inaudible but likely less pleasant.

Harry ignored it. "Commander Sisko will oversee our negotiations when we meet in an hour."

Harry left the two alone, both watching each other with stoic looks. The main reason why he wanted to wait was because he wanted the elves to have at least some time to recharge before the dinner he would host.

He spent the time back in his quarters making certain things were ready. Dobby and Winky had washed up and after a short rest (elves didn't rest long and tended to get antsy) they assisted with the preparations.

It was remarkably early for how much had been accomplished. Bajor operated on a 26-hour day. The travel time plus the time to actually do the work was 10 hours and Harry had arrived to Mullibrok's farm quite early.

As a result, there were still eight hours before the day actually ended. He really didn't think it would take that long to come up with a deal.

He had an idea. "Dobby."

"Master Harry?" he asked.

"I'd like you to set up one more thing in the extra room." He explained and Dobby and Winky got to work.

When it was time, Harry quickly moved to the conference room. He was happy to note that the older man and the young woman, little more than a girl, seemed more relaxed. "Okay. We're pretty much ready. We're not meeting here, though."
Varis Sul asked, "Where will be meeting?"

Harry smiled. "We're meeting in my quarters, where we'll eat dinner together and then talk. Will that be a problem?"

The two seemed agreeable. "Who else will be there?" Mullinbok asked in his dry tone even as they began walking.

"Well, you two, myself, and the Emissary. I've also invited Keiko O'Brien because she is a botanist and her input will be valuable. Her husband Miles will be coming as he's Chief Engineer here. And, because we're having a meal, their daughter Molly will join us. I'll have Winky watch over her during the talks."

Mullinbok asked, "So Kyra Nerys won't be there."

Harry glanced over to him. "No. She took a lot of time from her duties to care for you and needs to concentrate on the project until we leave for Bajor tomorrow."

The Tetrarch asked, "What if the talks aren't finished tonight?"

Harry said, "We'll have to schedule further talks later. I don't think that will be a problem because we're both reasonable people and I have no interest in taking unfair advantage of you or your people. That would be a poor idea considering what we already spoke of. I hope that you'll be negotiating with a corresponding honesty."

She stiffened slightly. "I would never dishonor my father's memory and do otherwise in my duties."

Mullinbok interjected, "Being strong doesn't mean being defensive or haughty. Compared to most people you'll deal with, Sir Harry is being very upfront. His comment was standard negotiating speak and it wasn't meant as an attack."

She glanced over to Mullinbok and then said to Harry, "I hope that we'll both be satisfied and I plan to be as fair with you as you are with me."

She glanced over to Mulinbok and saw his faintly approving look. She relaxed, showing less nervousness.

Harry didn't draw attention to the fact he was watching. His idea that the old man could be a mentor for a girl needing guidance seemed to be viable. This made him satisfied that his idea was not doomed to failure.

On the way, the two teenage boys showed up looking almost giddy. "Hello," Nog said cheerfully.

Sul smiled at the two. "Hello, Nog. Hello, Jake. How did your day go?"

Nog said, "We achieved our goal of 5 bars of gold-pressed latinum. It was a good day."

Harry interrupted. "Mullinbok? These are Jake Sisko, Commander Sisko's son, and Nog, the nephew of the owner of Quarks. They are friends and helped Tetrarch Varis when she was here last week."

Jake said, "It's nice to meet you, Mr. Mullinbok." Nog echoed that.

Mullinbok said in a tone that was half annoyed, half amused, "No mister with that. Just Mullinbok."
Harry kept his eyes from rolling only barely. "Have you two eaten yet?"

Nog answered, "No. We were just about to go and celebrate our successful business deal."

He glanced at Sul, who seemed happy with them being there. "Would you like to invite them as well? With Jake's father there, they can eat together as a family."

Sul answered, "That would be quite acceptable." She tried to keep it formal, but she seemed happy at the idea. Mullinbok didn't seem too disagreeable.

Harry said, "Let your guardians know where you'll be and then come to my quarters with Commander Sisko."

The two teenage boys ran off enthusiastically. Mullinbok observed, "Teenage boys have far too much energy sometimes." Sul was fighting a grin at the spectacle.

Harry said, "We were both that young at one time. They'll grow out of it." Mullinbok looked skeptical.

They arrived to his quarters. "Come in." They came inside and looked around a bit confused because the room seemed simple.

Harry grinned. "Let me show you where we'll be eating." He walked forward and into a tent set up in the corner of the room. Harry was quite amused by their incredulous expression before he entered. It took a moment but the two came in. They stopped at the entrance. "How?" Sul asked.

Harry, still grinning, replied, "Magic."

He motioned to the elves who were now waiting. "These are my retainers, which you both have met. Winky will show Tetrarch Varis her room and her facilities. Dobby will show Mullinbok his room and facilities. We'll have about a quarter of a Bajoran hour before the rest of the guests arrive. I hope that is enough time for you two to be ready."

Harry sat down and waited for the two guests to get ready. When Dobby and Winky came out to give them privacy, Harry made certain they added two place settings and made certain there was no difficulty.

The two elves calmly accepted it and moved quickly. Nog, as a Fergengi, had a slightly different palate but Harry had made certain they were ready to be flexible, so it should be fine. Molly's dinner would include foods that her mother said would work.

No one wanted a cranky child.

The two guests were finished on time. Mullinbok asked, "How can you have fresh water so plentiful in a tent?"

Harry responded in a deadpan tone, "Magic."

Truthfully, it was something that he had worked on after remembering his experience at the World Cup. Mr. Weasley had sent them to get water. Harry had worked with Hermione on enchanting muggle faucets to create hot and cold water and vanishing runes for waste. He had made certain his guest tent had working bathrooms which weren't obviously magical. One had to be careful not to drop anything one didn't want to lose though.
Harry made certain the two were ready and then began receiving guests. When everyone was there, Harry said, "Let me show you to the table and then Dobby and Winky will begin serving."

The two Bajorans who had already experienced it were watching the rest. Sisko had seen a tent before so he didn't react, and Miles was ready too. Keiko, Jake, and Nog, however, were nervous. Molly ignored the tension.

Harry waited until all had entered and said, "Welcome to my guest tent. The dining area is off to this side." Harry led them into the dining area and a large, oval table with nine chairs was present. Each place setting had a card with a name (Dobby had conjured them).

Winky and Dobby were listening. When everyone was seated, Harry looked around and with amusement said, "Dinner may be served." He then clapped his hands.

And just like Hogwarts, suddenly platters, bowls, glasses, pitchers, utensils, and everything else was there.

"Okay. This is all Earth food, but I made certain that it was varied enough that everyone should find something they might enjoy. We have a simple salad and breadsticks for those who want to start light. There are different dressings, including a vinaigrette and a creamy sauce. There is also a fruit salad if you prefer that. The green soup is pea, the orange is butternut squash.

"Entrees include crab-stuff shrimp for those who enjoy seafood, roast beef with tartar sauce for those who prefer red meat, and a bean and potato pie for those who prefer vegetarian dishes. Also present for our youngest guest especially is macaroni and cheese and chicken nuggets, a favorite of children where I come from."

Keiko asked curiously, "Is this replicated or non-replicated?"

Harry nodded in acknowledgement. "The meats and fish are all replicated with respect toward current sensibilities. The vegetables, pasta, and other non-meat items are all non-replicated. All dishes, however, were prepared by Dobby and Winky, including cooking the replicated proteins."

Harry preferred fresh cooked meals instead of having ready meals provided by a replicator.

"For drinks there is water, pumpkin juice, lemonade, and a dry white wine. I will warn anyone who wishes for the wine that it is not synthehol so you might want to avoid too many glasses. Jake, Nog? No wine for you unless you can convince the Commander to give permission. Tetrarch, I would also suggest you avoid the wine."

Sisko nodded, "I would echo that as sound advice. And the boys will not have wine."

Dobby and Winky came in from where they had the food ready and actually served the drinks. Molly got a sippy cup of lemonade after Harry had offered it as an option.

Before they started Harry offered, "Don't worry about wasting extras. Dobby and Winky will store anything not eaten and the main dishes are actually under charms until they are served so as to stay fresh and warm until they leave the serving bowl. Don't feel you have to leave anything either as there is as much as your appetites might wish for."

It was an enjoyable meal. Mullibok spoke with Harry and Sisko. The teenagers talked together. And the O'Brien family also conversed comfortably. There wasn't much cross-conversation between groups for the main meal, but there was some.
When the main meal seemed finished, Harry signaled the elves to clear the table. "Would anyone like dessert? We have a red velvet cake, strawberry ice-cream, and fruit bowls. You just have to name your preference – or have one of each. There is a sparkling apple cider which can be drunk with it."

Most people accepted a dessert. Harry quietly sent Dobby to take a meal to Dax and Major Kyra as they were working late. It was the crab-stuffed shrimp, bread sticks, and salad. There were small replicated containers of dressing included.

Finally, the talks began after the meal. Winky, as agreed, watched Molly. It wasn't difficult as Molly was tired after eating and was napping with a stuffed unicorn. It was transfigured permanently and Harry got permission to gift it.

A provisional agreement was worked out rather easily. A formal written contract would be completed once Keiko could review some of the specified requirements. All in all, it took far less time than had been available.

Harry smiled. "Okay. You all have two options."

Sisko was curious. "Two options?"

"Yes. Everyone or any one person could leave if they wish. However, if anyone is interested, I have prepared a personal theatre and we'll be showing a movie from my Earth. It's animated and was considered child friendly, though there is some fighting depicted. Nothing graphic. But it's also interesting enough for adults to be amused. I checked the cultural database and it's not a movie that was made on Earth in this timeline."

Most people were actually interested. Miles asked, "What's it called?"

"Titan A.E. It's highly fictional with things that are pretty unrealistic, but give a good idea of old Earth entertainment. It might not be right for modern children – I have no idea what's considered acceptable these days."

Miles and Keiko conferred quietly. Keiko said, "We'd love to stay. But if we decide it's not right, we'll want to quietly leave."

"That's fine. You'll get to see actual Earth technology from hundreds of years ago. I had to modify it to run on magic instead of electricity – which wasn't easy. But otherwise it's authentic old-Earth technology."

Very soon, everyone was sitting in front of a large flat-screen television with a full speaker system circa 2009. Winky and Dobby provided popcorn and drinks.
"On course for geosynchronous orbit above the Glyrhond River."

Sir Harry Potter cheerfully piloted the runabout toward the isolated settlement of the Paqu. Once it was set, and there was a twenty minute lag, he casually turned around and looked at the passengers. "Anything we have to worry about before we arrive?"

The Tetrarch answered first. "My people will have the area ready. The area designated has always been difficult. But there should be nothing stopping you from putting the farm and buildings down."

Mullinbok asked, "What makes the area so difficult?"

Harry intercepted that. "When I came up with the idea, I deliberately asked for an area that was otherwise useless. There is a gully that used to be a tributary of the river before it was rerouted. It hasn't been usable for farming because it has too many rocks. But, because we also are moving in the soil, it actually is idea for the placement. If anyone else attempted it, it would take far more equipment and taking soil from other farmland."

Nerys asked, "So what about the rocks?"

Harry replied, "We'll cover them with the soil. It's not solid rock, so there is still access to groundwater."

Lus added, "The Paqu will also route irrigation to the new land."

Harry asked, "There will be no trouble from the Navot?"

"No. A part of our agreement for giving over the land was that the irrigation would not suffer interference. Any changes that will affect our access must be discussed and approved jointly."

Harry nodded in satisfaction. "Good." He looked at Nerys. "It's too bad you were working last night. I showed an old Earth movie."

Sul said, "It was ... fun."

Mullinbok said, "It was silly."

At Nerys' curious look Harry said, "It was moving drawn pictures, something called animation. In my world many entertainment videos were made this way. It's not intended as realistic. Mullinbok considered the art form ..."

Mullinbok repeated, "Silly."

Harry said, "Molly enjoyed it."

Sul interjected, "It was a good story."

Harry shrugged while smiling. "Good? I don't know. It was entertaining."

Finally, they had arrived. "Okay. Tetrarch? Would you like to signal the surface?"
She nodded and with Major Kyra's assistance the Paqu were ready to receive. Harry sent the three Bajorans down first and then reset the transporters for the two elves and him.

He looked around when they arrived. Mullinbok was greeting the two mute Bajorans that he had watched over for years. The Tetrarch was talking to a few locals. Kyra was off to the side. "Which way is it? I don't know the area," Harry mused. "I only saw it from pictures."

Nerys shrugged. "I'm an outsider just as much as you."

Finally the teenager leader turned and said, "I will show you the gully." Everyone got in line and followed along. It was a quarter mile walk and behind a stand of trees but they soon arrived.

The area had been cleared of obstructions by the Baltrim and Keena with the assistance of the Paqu. Harry looked it over. "Dobby? Winky? This will work?"

Dobby looked it over and conferred quietly with Winky. Finally Dobby said, "It will fit, Master Harry. It will not be the same shape." Harry nodded because the gully was longer and narrower than the original farm.

"Do the best you can." Harry took out the shrunken trunk and set it down. Tapping it with his wand, it expanded out again to the amazement of the locals. Dobby said, "Compartment Four."

Harry obliged and accessed the compartment.

The fourth compartment held the soil that had been beneath the top layer of the farm. It was filler. Dobby and Winky quickly began moving it to fill the gulch. Unpacking was faster than packing and so this step was quicker. When that was done, Dobby and Winky asked for the third compartment. This was actually the most involved. It held the top layer of soil and the crops within it. Harry had to assist with it.

Luckily, Harry had seen sod laid back on his Earth. As a result, the three magicals had cut the topsoil into strips and then used their abilities to roll them into large rolls and then shrunk them. Each roll was fifty feet long and ten feet wide, and the soil was about a foot thick. It was only kept stable by magic.

They ran into trouble by the end. Harry turned to the watching locals. "Okay. We're going to need a place to put the last rolls of crops. The area left is enough for the buildings but not much else."

Tetrarch Sul talked it over with her people. Mullinbok, Sul, and a local farmer came to an agreement: The local farmer was willing to give a portion of his land over for the last bit of crops, but the land would have to be considered communal.

Mullinbok agreed but only if the crops grown were to be used locally and not for sale. Considering that it would mean a more varied diet for the Paqu, it wasn't hard to convince them to agree. Harry and the elves were lead over to the specified land and the Paqu took an hour to clear it sufficiently.

Harry looked at the crops in satisfaction. "Okay. Any adjustments before we move on to the buildings?"

Mullinbok said, "We'll do any adjustments. Part of owning the land is working the land."

Harry nodded, seeing it was a matter of pride. "Alright. Let's finish placing the buildings."

This was actually the easiest part. The areas were marked off and Harry and the elves only had to place them, unshrink them, and remove the magic which kept it stable.
Harry turned to the Bajorans. "I think the you should do the last part: Returning tools, implements, and other items to the areas around the homes."

Harry tapped the trunk and expanded the entrance. With Mullinbok directing his neighbors, everything that had been gathered from the farm house and the couple's home yards were returned and placed. What had been in the trunk had been organized; unloading it was quick. When it was empty, Winky and Dobby cleaned the trunk to make certain nothing was left.

Harry turned to Mullinbok. "Okay. Now, considering it took three hours less than the time we had planned for, is there anything else before we leave?"

Mullinbok looked around and those who were still around. "Well, I suppose we at least owe you all a meal for doing the hard work." He looked at Baltrim and Keena. "Can we feed everyone?"

There were about twenty-five people. Harry watched as they worked through details. Mullibok finally said, "We'll feed everyone, but it will take more work than us three." And, just like that, Mullinbok was hosting his first community gathering. Harry and the elves were asked to leave the food preparation to the locals.

Harry looked at Nerys. "What am I going to do while we wait?"

Major Kyra laughed and pointed off to the side. "You could always keep them busy." Harry looked over and saw that there were several small children who were too young to help cook being watched by a local farmer's wife.

Harry guessed rightly that he was going to be playing magician for a kids' party. Dobby and Winky asked for permission to ask Mullinbok for work that could be done while waiting. Harry absently waved them off to go amuse themselves.

While he did an impromptu magic show, he spent more time telling stories from where he came from. He told them about his first year, trying to keep it as child-friendly as possible. When Dobby and Winky interrupted he was quite thankful. His story got much darker later and he didn't think they were old enough to not be frightened by second year.

The two elves had gotten permission to gather local stones and they were now placing them as a sitting wall around the edge of Mullinbok's yard. They, with the distraction of children who wanted to help, used magic and common sense to put a rough wall in. The top of the short wall had flat stones allowing people to sit on it.

There was only a twelve foot section completed, but the remaining stones collected were left in an easy pile so that Mullinbok, Keena, and Baltrim could continue it later as a long-term project.

One of the locals had brought back a local food animal to roast in the Bajoran version of a cooking grill. Other locals had opted to bring their own dishes rather than cook Mullinbok's food. It became more of a pot luck than a formal meal.

Harry and the elves conjured seating, warning the locals it wouldn't last long, but it made it easier for everyone to eat.

Overall, it was a cheerful gathering and most people had a good time. Mullinbok was far less unsociable than he presented himself. Harry noticed that the young leader seemed to enjoy spending time around him.

Harry was exhausted when they returned to the runabout to return to DS9.
He looked at Major Kyra, who was going to pilot the ship back. "Remind me never to volunteer to entertain children again. That was almost harder than doing all of the work."

Nerys grinned at him briefly even as she was checking the panel. "I don't know. They seemed pretty happy. They even asked when you would visit next."

Harry groaned out. "I am not suited to being a babysitter."

Winky spoke up. "Dobby and I are experienced with taking care of children." The elves language was getting more refined all of the time. They even began using pronouns correctly, usually but not always.

Harry looked back at the two elves. "Next time, I'll get you two to do the babysitting." Winky nodded. "But wasn't it good to get out and do some real hard work?"

Dobby replied, "It was nice. Recording books and helping to scan seeds was important, but House Elves enjoy working and cleaning."

Harry asked curiously, "Did you do any cleaning?"

Winky said, "Gathered rocks were very dirty. We cleaned them before putting them in wall and pile."

"When no one was in the house, Winky cleared out all dust and dirt," Dobby added.

Winky then added, "And Dobby cleaned all dishes and pots and pans that were brought back inside."

Harry had wondered where the two had disappeared to at the end. "Well, at least the three are now living in a clean place."

Nerys asked, "Do they like cleaning so much?"

Harry held back his snicker as he said, "Oh, yeah." He glanced at the two elves listening with interest. "You need someone to keep your place clean? They would probably enjoy the extra work."

Major Kyra saw the happy faces on the elves. "I'll think about it. Although I'm a little hesitant about letting people into my private space."

Harry said, "They would never judge and would never tell anyone your secrets. It goes against everything they are. In case you were wondering." Winky and Dobby nodded emphatically.

Major Kyra looked thoughtful and finally said, "Maybe we'll talk about it."

The energy transfer was completed later that week. And then by sheer happenstance, the station was left with little to do. There were no ships scheduled for several days and there were no projects the command staff had running.

Harry was fairly bored. Harry realized that the worst part about being a resident and not having a regular job could be fairly tedious.

He was planning on working on developing magical wards and spells which he could put on the ship he would receive when he finished the required level of pilot training. But he really wanted to have the indexing that would be available once his library was digitized.
Dobby and Winky had prepared his library already but the Glen Lyon wouldn't return for a few more days with his separate computer core. He could have started trying anyway, but he knew that he was never as intelligent as Hermione Granger was and theory had always been the harder for him than it had been for her. He didn't have the patience to not wing it.

And he knew that if he started he would start winging it if he had no choice. Not a good idea when dealing with space.

So he resigned himself to working on catching up on **shudder** warp field theory.

Ultimately, his attempt to force himself to concentrate was unsuccessful and he started thinking about things from his past. Everything changed when he was interrupted by his daydreaming by a caw. Standing and turning quickly he looked toward the other end of the room.

Standing there, in all his glory, was the image of the creature he had been thinking about. "Buckbeak!"

The hippogryph stared at him. Almost hastily, Harry bowed from the waist, never taking his eyes from the creature, and held his pose. Buckbeak peered at him and then nodded.

Harry stood up and went over to pet the image of his old friend. Once he had done that sufficiently, he hit his comm badge. "Potter to Sisko."

"You need something, Sir Harry?" the voice came back. The voice was distracted.

"Is there any strange phenomenon happening on the station?"

There was a pause. "What are you reporting?"

"Well, I've got a hippogryph in my room. Named Buckbeak. He's from my past but somehow he appeared here."

"We are just starting to receive reports. Please wait for instructions."

"Understood. It's a bit cramped here for Buckbeak though. I will need to take him to the main concourse or a large cargobay for space for him to move."

"Use Cargo Bay 15."

"Thank you. Potter out."

Harry led the proud creature out of his quarters, talking to him on the way and calming him. At least, he mused, if anything from his past had to appear, it was at least an old friend who was fairly cooperative as long as you weren't a prat. Harry carefully got Buckbeak out of the room and started walking down the corridors to the lift. Several people saw him and were careful to stay away.

When he got to the main concourse with Buckbeak he stopped. The corridors looked like they were full of snow. "Buckbeak? I think I'm no longer bored."

He saw Jake Sisko leading a man in a sports uniform. He motioned him over. "Jake. Who's your friend?"

Jake said, "This is Buckaroo Bokai. He was a character in my holo-program but when I left the holosuite, he followed me out somehow. I was just on my way to see my Dad."
Harry nodded he said to the man, "My name is Harry. Nice to meet you."

The man nodded back. "It's all good. What's that?" he asked curiously.

Harry was about to speak but was interrupted. Even when he heard the voice start, he closed his eyes and then immediately started preparing. "What is this ugly creature?"

Harry quickly turned and immediately stunned Quark even as he rushed to Buckbeak. "Buckbeak! No!" He wrestled the proud creature a bit as best he could, but got him to calm down. He glanced at Jake who was a-goggle. The odd man's eyes were also wide. "As I was about to explain, Buckbeak is a hippogryph from my past. He's quite proud so if you could avoid insulting him that would be great."

Jake said, "Yes, I think I will be polite."

The man, Bokai, snorted in amusement. "That sounds like a no-brainer, especially now."

Harry saw a Bajoran security guard of his acquaintance and called him over. After getting the man to bow and explaining, Harry asked him to take Buckbeak to Cargo Bay 15 so he could at least have some room. He had Jake get Rom to take care of his brother.

Harry then went with Jake to and Bokai to see his father.

When they got to Ops, he found Sisko trying to get control of the random reports. "Sir Harry. I thought you were in Cargo Bay 15."

"I got a Bajoran friend to take Buckbeak there. When I met up with Jake and his friend on the way, I decided that it was likely more important to be here."

Sisko looked at Jake and then at the man, "You're Buckaroo Bokai."

"Hey, Ben," the man said affably. "It's been a while since you came with Jake down to see us."

Harry narrowed his eyes as he listened. There was something off there. But Benjamin Sisko was no one's fool. Harry was quite aware that the Commander put forth an unassuming front at times when he hadn't made a decision. And then went full on Charismatic Leader when he did. So Harry would watch and help as he could.

Harry might have qualms about what was considered modern society, but he had a great respect for a number of figures. Benjamin Sisko was one of them. Harry knew he himself had great charisma to bring to bear, but even when he was being "quiet" it leaked through. Benjamin Sisko could almost disappear when he wanted to but when he applied his personality, everyone around him listened and followed.

Harry could never have played the role of Space Station commander as well as Sisko did. He admired the man even as he talked to the laconic baseball player image.

When all of the senior staff were together Harry asked Dax, "Remember what Koloth said."

Dax asked with some confusion, "Koloth?"

Harry looked at Sisko. "She's another character and not the real Dax." Julian looked sheepish and the others alarmed. And then the real Dax arrived, cementing Julian's embarrassment.

At one point Sisko turned to him, "Was there ever anything from your past which would explain
this? It is almost like magic."

Harry shrugged. "This is like no magic I've ever seen."

Sisko nodded and continued on with the others.

When it was finally resolved, Harry went and spoke to Sisko. "When did your realize that the source of the situation had a sentient mind? That it wasn't something coming from just a random energy field?"

Sisko gave an enigmatic smile. "I realized something was off just about when you did. When the Buckaroo asked me why I hadn't visited, I realized that holographic characters don't recall such things unless they're programmed to. I helped program the character, so I knew that there was something going on."

Harry nodded. "I noticed that. I thought you caught it, so I didn't say anything. But well done. I was lamenting I was bored, but I am quite aware you are far more suited to running thing than I ever was."

Sisko said, "But you have led people."

Harry snorted. "When I was a teenager I did it because my friends trusted me. Even during the battle which led to my defeat of my nemesis, I was more suited to fighting than leading. My friend Neville was much more of the leader of our side than I ever was. I was the symbol, and that's important. But Neville was the one who made it work."

Sisko considered that. "It would be hard to put you in a traditional military unit, or even in an organization like Starfleet. You would do great things, but would annoy your superiors to no end because you wouldn't follow their rules."

Harry grinned. "I think you pretty much hit the nail on the head."

Sisko's smile broadened. "Well, if you get bored, I'll try to find things which could use your unique abilities. I'll just have to be clear when you can slip the leash and do it your way."

Harry replied, "Sounds like fun. I work the best when I make it up as I go. If there's a trouble you need immediate help with and can't figure out how to go forward, I can try to be your guy."

Sisko nodded curtly and stuck his hand out. Harry shook it. He did have a sense that this would end up making his life far less bored if a bit more dangerous.
Observational Involvement

Harry decided to wear formal battle robes to meet the delegation of Federation Ambassadors. Commander Sisko and his command staff were in dress uniform, along with Sir Harry, waiting at the airlock.

When the four visitors exited the hatch area, Sisko straightened slightly. "Good evening, Ambassadors. I am Commander Benjamin Sisko, Commanding Officer Deep Space Nine. Welcome to Deep Space Nine."

An older but attractive woman took the lead. "Thank you. I am Lwaxana Troi, daughter of the Fifth House, holder of the Sacred Chalice of Rixx, heir to the Holy Rings of Betazed." She stepped back to allow each of the other Ambassadors to also introduce themselves.

Commander Sisko greeted each of them. "As your visit is a diplomatic one, one of our residents will introduce himself."

Having watched Ambassador Troi, Harry knew when it was time for formality. "Hello. I am Sir Harry Potter, Head of House Potter, Knight of the Thistle, Holder of the George Cross, Order of Merlin First Class, Member of the Royal Household of Great Britain on Earth." He paused and glanced at Lwaxana Troi and mentally sent, "I'd rather you not do that." His occlumency shields were on in full.

She sent the quick thought back. "Betazoids are a telepathic species but we respect the privacy of those we read and do not pass on secrets if not necessary. I will try to avoid unnecessary reading of you." Harry nodded regally. Only the Vulcan Ambassador Lojal noticed the exchange.

Commander Sisko then introduced Major Kira, Lt. Dax, and Lt. Bashir.

Sisko then gave one of his diplomatic smiles. "It will take twenty minutes for your luggage to be delivered by crew members. Perhaps you would all enjoy some refreshment before being led there in preparation for tonight's welcoming festivities?"

The Ambassadors all looked at each other and all seemed agreeable.

Sisko led them to the Promenade. "This is Quarks. They are preparing for the welcoming event, but they also serve drinks."

Harry interjected, "I hope you don't mind, but I studied your various races and I've asked my retainers to assist in preparing what I hope to be a treat in the spirit of welcome."

Ambassador Troi spoke for them. "We look forward to your treat."

Despite what others may have thought, Harry wasn't taking over. His entire interest in this welcoming gesture was to be able to report to New Buckingham that he had played nice. But as soon as it was convenient, he intended to get out of there and lock himself in his quarters.

Sisko sat everyone down and then looked at Harry. He nodded and the looked over to the waiting Nog. "We're ready."

Nog then assisted his father Rom in delivering the drinks he had asked for. Once they were all placed, Harry casually handed over two slips of Latinum. "Thank you, Rom and Nog."
Rom said, "If you need anything else, just ask." He then retreated.

Ambassador Taxco asked, "This is not under the auspices of the station?" Harry looked curiously at her and she clarified, "Normally there is no passing of funds during a diplomatic meeting."

Harry gave a small smile. "I treat the Ferengi like Ferengi. Despite the fact that my retainers helped prepare it, I commissioned Rom and his son to help serve it. Despite money being something the Federation doesn't really use, I don't expect the Ferengi to be the same." Taxco nodded thoughtfully. "Now. These are called Smoothies, something that were common where I come from. They are a mixture of juices and small amounts of solid foods mixed in so it is a bit thicker than most drinks."

Each of the Ambassadors looked over their glasses and then tried them. The Bolian Ambassador especially lit up. "This is very good. What is it?"

Harry answered, "That is Earth pineapple mixed with something we call spirulina. While it is an acquired taste for Humans, I thought it would be good for Bolians."

The Vulcan, Lojal, asked, "Is mine the same?"

"No. While yours has Spirulina, it is mixed with kale juice and almond milk. It is all vegetable, so there are no cultural concerns." He then told Troi and Taxco what was in their own drinks, as well as what everyone else was having.

Ambassador Vadosia asked, "Why is this Spirulina in my drink as well as Lojal's?" None of the others had it.

Harry nodded. "Your two races have copper-based biologies. Spirulina has been used on Earth for thousands of years, going back to the ancient Aztecs as a high nutrition food. But one thing it has quite a lot of is copper, more than most Humans need. Our bodies tend to metabolize only a portion of it as we need far less, but after reading of your races I thought it would be something your metabolisms could use more of. Yours is mixed with pineapple because that is one of the most acidic fruits we have on Earth. Lojal's is mixed with almond and kale because those are more alkaline; though kale is also high in copper so you might enjoy it as well."

Lojal said, "Your attention to detail is appreciated and your choices logical."

"Thank you," Harry answered him. "I'm from a more primitive version of Earth, which is a long story. My supplies are not infinite, but I enjoy sharing some of the things I brought with me when I decided to made the jump here."

Lojal turned to Sisko. "Does Earth have a lot of this Spirulina?"

Sisko looked at Harry. "What is Spirulina made of?" It wasn't the type of thing he had studied, tough Julian could have explained if asked. Harry had consulted the good doctor before making his choices.

Harry hid his smirk. "The blue-green algae of Earth."

Sisko turned back to Lojal. "As you know, we use a lot of replicated food so as not to destroy our environment with growing the food animals that would be required to do otherwise. But Earth does have a lot of the base components in our oceans."

Taxco interjected, "It's interesting that your wording indicates you planned to move dimensions deliberately. How was this done?"
Harry looked at her and said, "The specific details are classified by agreement between the Royal House of Windsor on Earth and the Federation. I can say it was via the wormhole and that the way is now closed; none of my people can follow me."

There were a few more pleasantries, but soon Commander Sisko turned the Ambassadors over to his staff and assigned Doctor Bashir to escort them as the rest had duties.

After the Ambassadors left Harry said to Sisko, "You enjoyed passing that too much, Benjamin." In diplomatic dress, he could be on a first name basis.

"What do you mean?" he asked in an artful innocence.

Harry snorted. "Come on, you were a bit too happy to leave the entertainment of your guests to someone else."

"I'm sure Doctor Bashir will do a fine job." That ended it.

Harry motioned to Nog to clean up, leaving one more slip of latinum for the youth. He then returned to his quarters. Because his quarters were mostly set up with what he brought himself and he wasn't using the computers, he barely noticed the ruckus which happened later.

Dobby and Winky, however, helped with the cleanup when details came to him. He would have also lent his skills, but he was in diplomatic mode and it wouldn't have been a proper image.

He was conversational when he met the Ambassadors later. "I heard you got into some excitement."

Taxco said, "There were some harrowing surprises but Julian did an exemplary job of keeping us safe." Harry noted the lack of condescension in her voice, a change from when he first met her.

He looked at the doctor, who looked slightly abashed. "What happened?"

Julian explained, "There was a probe from the Delta Quadrant. When the station contacted it, a computer-based life form came over with it – it got a bit too playful in our main systems. Chief O'Brien finally came up with a solution to resolve the issue."

"Sounds exciting," Harry observed.

Lojal said, "It was quite an experience, and something we will note for our report to the Federation Council. The command staff was quite adequate in their handling of the matter." Harry considered that his words were a glowing stamp of approval coming from a Vulcan.

He was with Sisko and the others a few days later when the Ambassadors were sent off.

Miles talked to him on the way back. "Harry. How available are you in three days?"

Harry shrugged. "The Glen Lyon will be back and Dobby and Winky will be busy with transferring my library. I'm going to be pretty bored."

Miles smiled with a little happiness. "Can you shuttle a trip to Lasuma on Bajor? It will take most of the day."

"What's at Lasuma and who has to go?" he asked.
"Keiko made the request and it's a grain-processing facility."

"Why can't Keiko do the piloting? Wasn't she trained at the Academy?"

Miles explained, "Well, she's technically not on active duty anymore while we raise our daughter. Besides, she's a botanist."

Harry considered that. It made sense. "So just Keiko?" Harry noted Miles almost wince.

"Not exactly."

"Explain."

"Well, it's a field trip for her students. They're learning about food processing systems."

"How many?" Harry asked in a resigned tone.

"Less than a dozen, I assure you," Miles replied in a wheedling tone.

Harry sighed. "Alright. I don't have any other plans. I suppose I can help your wife out."

The day came and Harry met up with the botanist-cum-teacher and her students.

"Are we all ready to go to Bajor?" he asked the children, attempting to be friendly. Their responses were mixed. He decided that was as good as it was going to get.

Despite his initial estimate, the trip was more interesting than he had expected.

It allowed him to see a flaw in his planning: He had been so impressed with himself and his nebulous plans that he hadn't taken into consideration exactly how much work large-scale processing was.

Several hours later, when they were on the way back, he talked to Keiko. "I need your advice."

"On what?" she asked.

"Well, you're familiar with the processing of plants for food. The negotiations for growing the plants that will be needed are moving along. But now I'm considering how to approach getting it processed on sufficient scale and the process of making the butterbeer. Should I attempt to get others involved or should I try to get it included in my agreement with the Paqu."

He riddled her with questions to help him clarify his thoughts. He considered it recompense for his flying the runabout on the trip. The children were either amusing themselves or napping. Keiko did have to check on them on occasion but everything was fine.

When they got close, Harry put in the call. "Ganges to Deep Space 9."

"Go ahead," the voice came back.

"Returning from trip to Lasuma with passengers. Request clearance for Shuttle Pad C."

"Stand by." There was a pause. "Landing Pad C requires some repair. Use Docking Bay 6."

"Has there been a major incident?" Harry asked curiously.

There was a pause. "There was outside interference but it has been resolved. You can ask Ops personnel later – when the repairs are complete."
"Understood. Ganges out." He had to decide if he really wanted to know or if he felt better staying ignorant. Some of the things the station ran into, or which ran into the station anyway, seemed just bloody strange for a twenty-first century wizard.

He did finally ask Miles who told him the story of the Klingon ship that came back with something which basically made the senior staff lose all impulse control. All of those hidden thoughts, normally passing away as nebulous resentments, were reinforced and it almost came to a mutiny.

Harry was happy he hadn't been there – he had thoughts that were not so nebulous at times – and happy the elves were okay.

Dobby and Winky had been concentrating on recording his library digitally. House elves concentrating on work were remarkably unconcerned with unrelated distractions.

Over the next few days, Harry worked out details on the deal with the Paqu in addition to taking his time to study. He was glad he had spent the day with Keiko O'Brien leading the midgets (as his old friend Ron Weasley would have called them) around the grain processing facility.

The difficulty he had was that he was, for the most part, alone and depending on the expertise of others. Dobby and Winky were the ones that knew his storage systems. Without them, he'd be lost.

Although he "knew" the process of making butterbeer, he had no experience and no real basis for his impulsive agreement to the young Paqu Tetrarch. When he reflected later, he realized that she used that helpless girl persona very well when it was in her best interest.

If it was just him, he could do as he normally did and brute force methods using magic. But this was not an option now.

The Paqu would grow the plants, a leafy magical plant related to the hibiscus. The leaves, dried and powdered, were the ingredient required for butterbeer. The actual processing required no magic. But magically driven older machines were how it was done on Earth.

Like the non-magical varieties, the flowers were also sometimes used in teas and there were a number of healing potions which used portions of the plant.

The plant was also used as a part of the feed for some farms, specifically magical goat farms, specifically the source of the bezoars and legal-grade parchment used in the Ministry.

While there were processes to make simple parchment that weren't actually goat-skin, enchanted parchment required actual parchment made from actual animal skin. School-grade parchment had been the result of a clever wizard trying to make a profit by magically creating something as a cheaper alternate to parchment. It was, when it was created, an attempt at fraud.

It didn't work as a full alternate because it didn't hold powerful enchantments; but not all parchment needed to be enchanted heavily. Bribes and politics were used to make it used widely and the fact it was cheaper made it the Magical world's media of choice. There was a reason why paper was not allowed to become widespread in Magical Britain. Such would have been an attack against the Burke family's monopoly on cheap parchment.

Even Hermione, always a proponent of non-magical alternates, preferred Burke parchment to paper for records; parchment preserved longer than paper did. Harry only knew so much because the process was something he had wanted to learn for his jaunt through the Veil but had failed to do.

Still, he had to come up with something to do with the leftover potions of the plants grown. There
were no magical goats to feed it to. And he didn't know if there were any Bajoran animals which could eat it. If it was used as a composting item for farming, there could be unintended consequences.

He could act like the majority of Wizards would and ignore possible consequences toward lowly Muggles – there was no Ministry which would stop him – but that would be unethical and he didn't want to cause damage.

These were the kind of things he had to decide on now. He would likely eventually have children and he would have to teach them. Being only thirty, he could have as much as a century or more ahead of him.

Currently, he was leaning toward finding a Vulcan wife. Vulcans lived longer than humans and while it was fun playing around with women (he was a man and he did enjoy sex) finding a life partner was a daunting prospect due to the likely troubles.

It helped that this world had a longer life expectancy for all races due to the advanced state of medicine compared to home. Even a non-magical Human here could reasonably expect to live a century, and be fairly healthy the entire time.

Harry forcibly pulled his mind away from long-term speculation and back to the issue at hand: The Paqu agreement.

As he considered it, he came to the conclusion that he would have to actually test it: Could the magical hibiscus plants be used safely by Bajorans? There were no warnings in the Federation or Bajoran databases against the non-magical varieties causing any difficulty. He was hopeful.

Already he had seen that there was a magical component to the Bajoran world, or what he would classify as magical. The Prophets had been influencing the planet for ten thousand years and their abilities were best classed as magical.

Harry decided to take a break. He contemplated interrupting his elves, were nearly finished with inputting his library, but decided against that. He also had no interest in providing his own refreshment.

He finally decided to go out and get a treat on the Promenade. Those jumba sticks were quite good and satisfied the typical Wizard's sweet tooth.

He made his way to the vendor and asked for one of the berry-flavored sticks. He narrowed his eyes when the man, normally friendly, seemed almost as if he was hiding resentment.

Harry decided he was likely having an off day. He changed his mind however, as he noted that tensions seemed particularly high. The Bajorans, he decided, were stirred up. There was something wrong.

Thinking quickly, he decided he needed to go to Odo rather than bothering Sisko. He made his way to the Security office and sounded the chime before entering. "Constable Odo."

"Sir Harry. Is there something you needed?" Odo asked in his acerbic tone.

"What the hell is going on?" he asked bluntly.

"With what?" Odo asked.
Harry explained. "There seems to be a high level of tension out there, specifically from the Bajorans. I have been concentrating on my own interests and haven't been out. But there's something brewing and I would like to know what." He then looked at Odo, waiting for an explanation.

Odo gave him a long look. Finally he explained, "We have a Cardassian in custody. When he arrived, he required medicines for a syndrome exclusively affecting Bajorans and Cardassians which were at the Gallitep labor camp during the occupation. The Bajorans consider any Cardassian who were complicit to the atrocities committed there war criminals."

Suddenly Harry was very interested. "Who can give me details on this labor camp?"

Odo replied, "Major Kira is leading the investigation."

Harry nodded. "Thank you." He turned and walked out of the room.

Odo reflected that something about his conversation had struck a chord in Sir Harry. He would watch to see if this would create complications.

Harry made his way to Ops, an area most people needed permission to visit. His diplomatic status gave him special privilege. When he entered, it took no time for him to be noticed. One of the technicians asked, "Is there something you need, Sir Harry?"

He gave a distracted look to the man. "Major Kira."

"She is in conference with Commander Sisko. But she should be available soon. Is there something we can help with instead?"

"No. Thank you, though. I need to speak to her directly."

"It should only be a few minutes."

Harry nodded and stood out of the way.

About ten minutes later, a visibly upset Major Kira and a very tense Commander Sisko exited his office. Upon seeing him Sisko asked, "Can we help you, Sir Harry?"

Harry looked at him and at the beautiful but emoting Major Kira. "I need to speak to Major Kira."

She looked pained and Commander Sisko asked, "Can it be later? Currently Major Kira is dealing with Bajoran internal matters which are of considerable interest to the Bajoran government."

Harry considered for a long moment. "I need clarification on the matter which is likely Major Kira's current concern. I need information."

There was clear hesitation but Nerys gave a curt nod. Sisko stoically paused and said, "We can talk in my office."

Harry nodded and they all went back inside. Sisko motioned Harry to a seat. He paused and asked Major Kira, "Would you protest my assistance in helping your current emotional distress?"

This distracted her for a moment. "How?" she asked.

Harry replied, "I can do one of two things: A mild cheering charm or I can call Winky or Dobby for a calming draught. Calming draughts are used among my people to help alleviate acute distress and allow rationally. It is a temporary fix but considered quite helpful. Cheering charms tends to"
give people a false cheer and divorce themselves from the matter under consideration. It also can alleviate immediate distress but I consider them … the lesser option."

Sisko didn't comment. Major Kira couldn't think but said, "Fine. Either one." She was obviously unable to think rationally.

"Dobby!" he called. The small being appeared. "Please bring a calming draught."

He popped out and returned only a minute later and handed it over. "Thanks. Wait for the phial." Harry walked over and said in a calm, authoritative voice, "Drink this."

Major Kira glanced at Sisko, who nodded. She then drank the potion quickly. "That tastes …"

Harry nodded, "Most healing potions taste awful. This one isn't that bad, actually. Good tasting potions are usually prank potions or have less salubrious effects." Harry took the phial back and handed it to Dobby, who disappeared again.

Harry watched her reactions carefully. After a moment he asked, "Better?"

She considered that for a moment and nodded. "Yes. Thank you."

"Good." Harry then took a seat.

Major Kira sat down as well, even as she had been unable to a few minutes before. "What do you need from me?"

"Please tell me about the Gallitep labor camp." And Harry listened for the next ten minutes as Major Kira calmly explained everything she knew, why she had detained the Cardassian, and what she had been doing to bring the man to justice.

Commander Sisko had just listened. He looked at Harry when she was done and said, "This is more detailed information than she gave me. I understand better now. Thank you for the calming draught – it helped provide clarity."

Major Kira said, "Now that I can think rationally, I realize that I have been less than rational on this matter. I still think that we need to resolve the issue and justice must be served. But I do not need to treat the Cardassian with hatred to do that. So thank you from me as well."

"You're welcome. I do understand the Bajoran's hatred toward the perpetrators. Humans do understand such things. I'm certain there are incidents in the past centuries which are comparative that we've dealt with. Four hundred years ago there was a genocide of six million Humans committed by the Nazis. Commander Siskos ancestors also experienced slavery and inhuman torture until a war ended the institution about five hundred years ago. And still they endured another century and a half of discrimination after that war. My own war included death camps for those considered lesser by those I fought against – I lost many friends and fellow wizards and witches. We do understand. But this situation has got to be dealt with according to law or we're guilty of criminal behavior as well."

Sisko looked at Harry and asked, "How would you resolve this?"

Harry countered that with, "What is being done now?"

Sisko and Kira explained. Harry nodded and considered it for a long moment. "There is one thing I have which could help. But I have to decide the ethical repercussions and then you would have to approve it."
Sisko asked, "What is it?"

Harry sighed. "My people have a potion. It works for Humans, magical or non-magical alike, as well as every sentient creature I know of. It's called Veritaserum. It's colorless, odorless, tasteless – it has the consistency of water. Three drops on the tongue will ensure complete honesty in answering questions. It has never been tested on Cardassians or Bajaroans or any other species. You might have noticed how carefully I watched Major Kira's reaction to the calming draught – just in case. But I suspect it would work."

Sisko considered that. "What are the ethical implications?"

Harry looked directly back at him. "There is no known way to counter its effect. It lasts an hour in Humans or until the counter is applied. The subject will answer any question put to him in detail and will not be able to not answer. In my society, the rules for its use were very specific. There had to be approval from the Wizengamot. The Director of Magical Law was the only one who could directly request and there had to be sufficient cause – a crime such as what Major Kira described would be cause enough. One could take it voluntarily as well.

"However, those in power also made rules that purebloods could not be forced – that law was changed after our war as it was discriminatory, but there was still opposition due to political influence of the old families. Under our laws, there had to be an advocate for the person questioned who made certain unauthorized questions could not be asked. They had the authority to apply a silencing charm to the suspect if an unauthorized question was asked. The suspect had no ability to not answer.

"But if this prisoner authorizes being asked under the serum, his answers would be guaranteed to be truthful. I would rather test it on Cardassians, or at least a Bajoran because the two species seem to react the same and have similar physiological responses.

"However, use of such testimony without prior authorization was limited because the person can't say prevent self-implication. That is why its use was so regulated. You can see the legal and ethical implications, I assume."

"Yes." He thought for a long moment. He then asked Major Kira, "Would you be willing for this to be used if Marritza authorizes it?"

She replied, "Yes. I would prefer it."

Harry then said, "The questioning could be done by myself as an outside third party without informing you of the result. I could then advise you to continue investigating to determine what can be proven or to drop the investigation. You would not have the satisfaction of knowing the answer that way. It would be extra-judicial. However, even that could be considered prejudicial in legal proceedings."

Major Kira commented, "I would have to consult a Bajoran legal expert. The difficulty is finding one who can be unbiased."

Sisko said, "I'm surprised to hear you admit that."

Major Kira said, "Thank the calming draught. It allows me to look at this in a rational way. I could decide to act in a prejudicial manner regardless, but I can see that this would be ultimately damaging even if it might provide immediate comfort to victims. Even now I dislike the necessity but I can see that it is necessary to not look for vengeance only."
Sisko asked, "So you are still aware of your emotions?"

"Yes. I just can allow my mind to recognize their nature and not react to them."

Sisko's eye lit up briefly. Harry noticed. "What?"

Sisko gave a small smile. "This truth serum was regulated thoroughly, but there were no such regulations against calming draughts?"

Harry shrugged. "No. It doesn't force anything except a detachment from immediately damaging emotional distress."

Sisko asked, "Can someone lie under its influence?"

Harry replied, "Yes. It's less likely, of course. But if one truly wanted to lie or not answer they could."

Major Kira asked, "Was it used to question witnesses?"

Harry nodded thoughtfully. "It was used when one wanted third party witnesses or victim to be able to speak without suffering from the emotional shock of what they had seen. It wasn't often used to question suspects as emotional responses are valuable to an investigator. But I suppose it could be used that way."

Sisko nodded and then paused to think. He then asked, "Could the calming draught be used by witnesses in a trial?"

Harry thought back. "They could be used if ordered by a medical professional or by request of the witness. It wasn't forced because the emotional reactions of the involved parties were considered expository and substantive, worthy of consideration in determining punishments if not guilt."

Sisko gave his satisfied smirk (it was distinctive) and said, "If you are willing to provide, I will offer Marritza to answer questions under a calming draught. Perhaps with a rational mind, he will be more up front with his responses."

Harry replied with feeling, "In this case, I am willing to do everything necessary."
Harry stood back as Sisko spoke to the Cardassian man in the cell.

"I have come here to attempt to more quickly resolve the question of the inquiry into your alleged involvement in atrocities committed at the Gallitep labor camp."

The Cardassian was dismissive. "I protest your characterization of the activities as atrocities. Those sent to the Gallitep camp were those who were committing active terrorism against the Cardassian forces. None of those so-called atrocities has been confirmed."

Sisko immediately shot back, "Major Kira was a witness as regards what was found when that camp was liberated by the Bajoran resistance. Her testimony, as well as that from others, has been deemed sufficient evidence that atrocities occurred. However, that is not what is at issue. What is at issue is confirmation of your position as well as your involvement."

"And you think you can resolve this more quickly how?" His every word dripped condescension.

Harry, however, was leery. This, to him, seemed a mask. He had seen war and the aftermath. He had seen those who had attempted to hide their crimes and those who had maintained their proudful bearing despite personal disagreement. Something here wasn't ringing true.

"I believe so," Sisko said without reacting to the tone.

"And how would this be done?" he asked.

Sisko motioned to Harry. "Are you aware of Sir Harry Potter of Earth?"

The Cardassian looked at Harry, attempting to take his measure. Harry remained calm at the man's inspection. "No."

Sisko acknowledged that with a curt nod. "Mr. Potter is from an alternate Earth. His version of my home world included things that are considered mythological on my own Earth. He is what is called a Wizard."

"Wizard?" the Cardassian scoffed. "You claim to have special powers?"

Harry didn't even allow his expression to change. Instead, he employed a trick which he had learned during his travels. A wizard in the far East has shown him an ability which the Magical Shaolin monks used to attempt to convince those that threatened them to back down instead of committing violence.

Harry gathered his magical ability and an exuded a visible aura of power around himself without apparent effort.

This ability was similar to a something that was a legendary skill in European magical communities. The European wizards used it as an intimidation tactic but tied it to aggression. The Asian wizards maintained serenity around themselves with their technique. It produced a more
visible aura while using less magic.

"Would you like a demonstration?" he asked calmly.

Marritza visibly recoiled from the sight, though that was slight. "No. I will accept that you apparently have some unusual ability." Harry released the aura.

Sisko didn't comment. "Have you noticed Major Kira's lack of demonstrated hatred? Despite her obvious feelings earlier?"

Marritza looked over and gauged her carefully. "Now that you mention it, she does seem remarkably calm."

"Exactly," Sisko said with a small tone of satisfaction. "Major Kira took a potion that Sir Harry provided called by his people a calming draught. It's purpose is to allow one to disassociate damaging emotion from one's mind, though one does not lose their ability to behave rationally. It does not control one's mind or force anyone outside of that fact."

"Remarkable," Marritza commented. And he did sound impressed.

"I would like to make a proposal."

Marritza, with some suspicion, asked, "What is your proposal?"

Sisko replied, "Under the observation of Dr. Bashir, I would like to have you take a calming draught and then answer questions regarding your identity and related items."

Marritza gave him a long look, looked at Harry, and then looked at Major Kira. "What effect does this draught have?"

Major Kira responded easily, "It allows one to disassociate strong emotion. According to Sir Harry, it lasts between four and six hours in Humans, depending on age of the potion and the quality of its manufacture. It is not damaging or coercive. It allowed me to recognize the irrationality of my earlier handling of some details since your arrival, though I do not think I acted inappropriately."

Marritza asked, "How could it be irrational and appropriate simultaneously?"

Major Kira replied, "I should have been more straightforward and not expressed directed hatred. If you are proved guilty of war crimes, you should be punished. But I acted as if your guilt was already proven. That was the irrationality. That hatred does not mean that the question doesn't need to be answered."

Marritza gave her a long look. "Lie to me. What is your name?"

Without heavy reaction she said, "My name is Gul Dukat and I was the Romulan Preator during the last conflict between the Federation and the Romulan Empire."

Marritza actually looked impressed. "So you are not forced to tell the truth."

"No. I recognized the need to prove that what is offered is not coercive. Make another request."

"Jump on one foot," Marritza said with some small humor.

"No." When he peered at her she said, "That demonstrated that it does not force me to act."

Harry saw where this was going and said, "Lift your arms." She didn't react. "Lift your arms,
"please." She did so. Harry looked at Marritza. "And that demonstrates she can choose to act or not."

Marritza asked, "How much longer will she remain calm?"

Harry considered it. "My guess? Three more hours – give or take."

Marritza sat and considered for a long moment. "I'll take your draught."

Harry nodded. "We will return in a few minutes with Dr. Bashir and the draught."

It took closer to thirty minutes but the stage was set. Dr. Bashir scanned the draught and pronounced it lacking anything which might harm Marritza or interfere with his treatment for Kalla-Nohra Syndrome.

Marritza took the potion.

After a minute he looked at Harry. "This is the first time in many years that I do not have voices in my head, screaming. Thank you." Dr. Bashir showed visible alarm at that. The others, including Sisko, Odo, Harry, and Major Kira remained calm.

"You're welcome. Are you ready to begin?"

"Yes."

Harry asked to take the lead, allowing others to ask questions. It was approved.

"This is interrogation of an individual currently held at Deep Space 9 under suspicion of committing war crimes during the Cardassian Occupation of Bajor." Harry turned from the recorder and asked, "What is your name?"

"Aamin Marritza."

"What was the date and location of your birth?" Marritza answered. Harry didn't understand the system that the Cardassians used but looked to Major Kira to verify that it was understandable. It was. He returned to his questions.

"Were you assigned to work at the Gallitep labor camp on Bajor?"

"Yes."

"Did you serve at the Gallitep labor camp?" Harry asked.

"Yes."

"What were your dates of service there?"

Marritza considered that for a moment and then gave a date range.

"What was your position?"

"I was a file clerk at the camp."

"Were you directly involved with the torture or murder of the Bajoran prisoners of that camp?"

"Not directly. I believe that all Cardassians who were there bear some responsibility."
Harry considered that. "Did you agree with what was done to the Bajoran prisoners?"

"No. It was cruel and vicious. It was also unnecessary. The entire occupation was, in my opinion, a crime."

"If you felt it was a crime, why did you not protest?"

"Because I and my family would have been killed by the Obsidian Order if I refused."

Through questioning that took an hour, everything that he knew was recorded. His reasons for visiting Deep Space 9 also came out: He was attempting to be tried as Gul Darhe'el for war crimes so that the truth would be admitted to by a Cardassian.

The truth was that Aamin Marritza had been suffering the entire time during and since his time there and he was willing to do anything, save commit suicide, to calm the horrors in his head. He thought that the Bajorans killing him would provide some healing and would put force on the Cardassian government to begin to actually take some responsibility.

Under the calming draught, his plan's flaws were made obvious: He could not begin to heal the horror by this duplicitous act, no matter how well-intended. He had embarked on it because he was becoming less able to live with what he had experienced.

The only reason Major Kira did not break down was because she was still under the effect of the calming draught she had taken.

They took a break, leaving a Starfleet crew member to watch over Marritza.

Sisko started. "Everything he said makes sense. It answers all of the questions we had."

Major Kira sighed. A calming draught did not remove all emotions entirely. "Yes. He's an innocent man. And despite my justified distrust of Cardassians as a whole, he appears to be a good man."

Sisko nodded. "First, we need to release him."

Harry immediately protested. "No. No matter what we say, no matter how we say it, the Bajorans on the station will target him. If we give someone an opportunity, they'll take revenge. He's safer in a cell."

Odo considered that for a long moment. "As much it flies against the concept of justice to keep an innocent man locked up, I would agree. I believe protective custody is necessary."

Major Kira said, "I agree. I will contact the world he has been living on and convince them to accept him back. Sending him to Bajor or back to Cardassia would see him dead and he is a living witness. If we are ever in a position to have a public trial, he will be needed alive. He is more valuable as a witness than a corpse."

Julian said, "I can ensure he has the required medications for his condition."

Harry considered that, motioning for the others to stay quiet. Harry's mind flew through possibilities. "Dr. Bashir? How much do you know about this Kalla-Nohra Syndrome?"

Dr. Bashir started to explain but Harry interrupted him. "I just need to know if you understood it, not to explain it."

"I understand it as much as anyone."
"Okay. I'd like to offer an option."

Sisko asked, "What option?"

Harry said, "Science has failed to provide a cure for this. Many survivors still suffer. I would like to request that Dr. Bashir and I work together to see if there is I can employ the potions or spells at my disposal to come up with a cure. I will ask Marritza to stay here to be a guinea pig. If we can come up with a cure with his help, we can then apply that cure to all survivors suffering from the syndrome. We will not cure any Cardassians unless they come here. And when they arrive, we will ensure that any possible criminals are then caught."

Julian protested, "You can't withhold treatment, no matter what they have done or what their race might be!"

Sisko's face had broken into a slightly vicious smirk. "Sir Harry did not say that treatment would be withheld. He only said that anyone who has to be treated that comes here, to a Bajoran station, will then be subject to Bajoran law. Major Kira and the Bajoran government can investigate. Constable Odo can arrest anyone under suspicion and turn them over for trial if it is warranted."

Major Kira considered that while she was still calm. "I will contact the provisional government and get their approval. It could be the only way to capture any living war criminals that might be caught."

Commander Sisko said, "I will contact the Federation Council and get approval for the involvement of Deep Space 9."

Harry said, "I will report to His Royal Majesty. We will work on a cure regardless, but I must report anything I do which might have political involvement. If His Majesty disagrees, we will amend the agreement. But coming up with a cure is not political – it's medical."

"Agreed," Sisko said. That was echoed all around. They all then returned to Marritza and asked for his agreement.

After a long moment he said, "If I can provide anything which might help the survivors to heal, I will do that, even if such help might be damaging or fatal to me. A price must be paid."

"Thank you." Harry paused for a long moment. "You haven't had a good night sleep in years, have you?"

Marritza sighed himself. "No. All I hear are the screams."

Harry nodded. "I propose that you take another potion I have available. It is called Dreamless Sleep. It will provide eight hours of uninterrupted sleep. I cannot give it to you long term or every night as it becomes addictive and damaging if misused, but it will at least allow you at least one night of full sleep."

Harry finished the recording and Odo gave archived it while sending a copy to each participant. Marritza's copy would be given to him on a portable data storage device when he left.

Harry brought Julian back to his quarters. "Okay. Now you can explain everything you know about Kalla-Nohra syndrome."

Once the details were explained, Julian logged in through Harry's computer and Dobby and Winky brought out the new computer and its interface to trawl through magical books.
At a certain point, Julian and Harry returned to the cells to allow Harry to perform magical diagnostics on the sleeping Cardassian.

It took a few tries and, using a discussion of Latin with Julian, an alteration to a spell, but Harry believed he had a pretty thorough record of the syndrome according to what he could find.

Julian was quite interested in what Harry had done. When they returned to Harry’s area he said, “Here's what I don't understand."

"Go ahead."

"What you found is a rather primitive description of what is a truly exotic disease in an Alien. However, it also is remarkably detailed in details that all of the technology at my disposal couldn't locate. Your spells registered the toxins as a toxin. My scans register the lung tissue as deformed."

Harry shrugged. "Magical spells tend to reflect the mentality of the inventors and/or caster. The lung cells took in the toxins and mutated. As far as magic is concerned, it's still a toxin. Removing the toxin may not remove the damage. But my people do have something called flushing and purgative draughts to remove foreign particles. Not all toxins can be removed, but the fact that magic sees it as a toxin makes it more likely that it can."

"How are they flushed?" Julian asked.

Harry winced. "Well, it depends on the toxin and the method. It could be thrown up, pass through the waste system, or be released through sweat."

Julian considered that. "That could be dangerous. The entire cause of Kalla-Nohra is a toxin exposure. It doesn't matter how it is released – whatever is flushed out is now a hazardous element in the environment."

Harry waved him off. "A part of the process of the draught is to capture the toxin and not allow it to be released into the environment. Otherwise, the patient would be re-exposed and healers would be in danger. It surrounds whatever it pushes out so that it can be vanished or dealt with by the healer."

Julian considered that. "That would work. We will still want to use hazard protocols – I'd rather not take a chance."

Harry shrugged. "That's fine. My question is this: If there is technology to clone organs or cells, why hasn't anyone tried to remove one or both of the lungs and replace them with cloned organs?"

Julian considered that. "Well, there are cloning technologies. However the Federation also had prohibitions against genetic engineering. We do use bio-mimetric gel in some procedures, but it is an extremely regulated substance."

Harry remembered how eager the Albino had been to obtain the substance and could believe it. "I'm sure that its use as a treatment for an exotic condition would be valid."

"I would have to get it approved using it through Starfleet Medical unless it's an emergency procedure," Julian said. "This doesn't qualify as I can treat the symptoms."

Harry replied, "Well, I don't have the potion in stock but I can brew one to repair damaged lung tissue."

"Your people could do that?" he asked.
Harry gave a slight smile. "Wizards tend to damage themselves doing very stupid things. Magical medicine had to develop to counter our stupidity. There are magical potions to regrow pretty much anything as long as there isn't any dark magic to interfere."

"Arms? Legs? Eyes?"

Harry nodded. "I knew a magical police officer that used a peg leg and a magical eye because he lost them. The only reason they couldn't be regrown was because he lost them to a Dark wizard."

"How about nerve regeneration?" Julian asked.

"Once again, it can't be from Dark magic. One of my best friend's parents were tortured when we were both very young. They languished in the long-term care ward of our hospital for decades because their condition was created by Dark magic."

"What is Dark magic vs. … not … Dark?" Julian asked curiously.

Harry considered how to answer that. "Well, Dark magic is intrinsically damaging. However, the official definition was created to control what might be used against the government. They tended to label anything they couldn't counter or control as Dark. I would say that Dark magic is magic that requires a negative emotional involvement to cast. My people have a cutting spell, which is used to cut meat as well as other things. It can be used to cut someone you are attacking. However, there is a Dark cutting spell that was invented by my potions professor as a teenager 'for enemies'. It could only be healed by specific spells and it also tended to leave a scar no matter how thoroughly you healed it. Magicals tend to only scar due to Dark magic."

Julian observed, "You seem to have several scars."

Harry gave a wry smile. "I've been exposed to a bit of Dark magic. My forehead scar, while very faint now, contained malevolent energy from the age of 15 months until most of the way through my seventeenth year. It only healed this far once that one gone. The large puncture scar on my arm was a large snake considered Dark by my people called a basilisk."

"Is that the same as what I think a basilisk is?" he asked.

"Yes. Most every mythological creature that Earth believed in actually existed where I come from. Unicorns, dragons, fairies, griffons, chimera – you name it, we had it. Anyway, the basilisk is created with Dark magic. Maybe the intention to create it using the toad and the chicken egg, I don't know how to grow a basilisk. But their bites are infinitely venomous and horribly scarring. It's a miracle I had a phoenix on hand to cry into my wound or I'd be dead."

Julian didn't know how to answer that so said, "Okay. Lung regrowth. If we purge the toxins using a potion can we use a potion to heal the lung tissue?"

Harry sighed. "I'd rather use technology to heal after the toxin is purged, but I don't know if that will be fast enough. We'll have to be prepared to do with magically if the purge causes any further damage. But we can try purging and then you can attempt to do the normal techniques to do the healing. I'd like to make the Bajorans see the Federation as vital to the process. Something about what I'm hearing from Bajor makes me think this would be advisable."

Julian nodded. "So, time to brew the flushing draughts?"

Harry nodded. "We'll have to brew all of the possibly useful ones. You may have to be ready to administer the medicine that you use to treat the syndrome if magic sees it as foreign. The diagnostics didn't show that, but let's not take any chances, ey?"
Julian nodded.

With the elves help, as well as Julian to read and watch, Harry brewed the potions required. They were tricky, but Harry had practiced since he had left Hogwarts and none were outside of his skillset.

He would never be able to gain the exactitude in motions nor the instinct to brew something like liquid luck, but this – it wasn't *that* hard.

By late that night, they were ready to make the first attempts.

Julian went back to his work area to make preparations, including setting up the hazardous substance protocols, while Harry sent the report to Sisko and Major Kira that they would be ready to make the first attempt.

Harry also checked with Odo. Marritza had actually slept a good portion of the day. As he was not particularly well-rested, Harry figured the extra sleep would do him good. He told Odo to have the man sleep as much as he could that night.

Early the next morning, Harry was eating breakfast when his comm badge sounded. "Sisko to Potter."

He tapped it. "Go ahead."

"I need you to come to my office regarding the matter you are assisting with. We have a delegation coming which desires to give their input."

"I will be there in fifteen minutes."

"Thank you." The badge chimed that it was disconnected.

Harry said to Winky, "Breakfast is wonderful. I will need to finish quickly. You and Dobby will be ready to help me later this morning?"

Winky nodded. "We will wait for your call and then we will come. The materials will be ready for us to bring." Winky's use of language was better than Dobby's for some reason.

"Good. The work you two put in on the library was extremely helpful. We were able to find what we needed very quickly. If this works, we will be able to eliminate a disease that others here couldn't. We will relieve a lot of suffering."

Winky smiled happily. "I am glad. I will tell Dobby." Dobby was out doing odd jobs around the station that he did for local currency, which he had Harry's approval to do.

Harry quickly left the remains of his meal and went to finish getting dressed. He was soon on his way to Commander Sisko's office.

He arrived to Ops and was directed to a conference room which had more space than Sisko's office. He walked in. Sisko addressed him. "Sir Harry. Thank you for joining us."

Harry glanced around and saw that there were several Bajorans present. All of them had masks to cover their mouths, making him think that these were among the survivors. Harry looked back and said, "Excuse me but as this is a Bajoran matter and not the Federation's jurisdiction: You're
welcome, Emissary. How may I be of service?"

Sisko hid his wince – he really hated acknowledging that though he knew Harry's position on the matter. "These are several survivors of the Gallitep labor camp. They heard we have one of the Cardassians from the camp here and came to demand we turn him over to the Provisional Government."

Harry nodded. "I understand. Did they see the interrogation?"

Sisko blinked. "No. I tried to explain but they were not willing to listen."

One of the men spoke. "We don't want coverups. We were there and suffered torture from those butchers. We demand justice."

Harry replied, "Sir. No one here wants to deny you justice. All I want you to see is the questioning that was done during the investigation of the Cardassian now held in custody."

The Bajorans all conferred. The man, acting as spokesman, answered, "We will watch this interrogation."

Harry turned to Commander Sisko. "Emissary. I am officially requesting these victims be given leave to view the interrogation of the Cardassian suspected of committing crimes against them. I would like you to include the entire interview, beginning with our arrival. Even when he was deliberately being spiteful."

Sisko took a quiet breath. "Sir Harry Potter, are you asking this using your diplomatic status?"

Harry considered that. "Yes, Emissary."

"Even including your response to his skepticism?" Sisko wanted to be certain.

Harry gave a slight smile. "Yes, Emissary."

"Very well," he replied. He looked around. "Please make yourself comfortable. This interview is most of an hour. Would you like any refreshment?"

The spokesman was curt. "Our condition requires care in how and where we can eat. We have to eat in a room clean of all contamination, or we can suffer severe reaction. Our respiratory systems are extremely compromised."

Sisko was about to answer when Harry raised his hand to stop him. "I can ensure the room is fully clean and provide a tea which you can drink without concern for additional distress."

The man looked at him after conferring with the others. "We put our lives in your care."

"And I will hold those lives precious," Harry replied.

The group murmured together. "Very well."

Harry nodded. He then went to a small room connected to the conference room. "Dobby! Winky!"

The two elves appeared. He explained what he needed.

He then turned and walked back into the conference room. "It will take a moment."

After about thirty seconds, Winky and Dobby walked out of the small room. "Remember, extreme
hospital cleaning."

"Yes, Master Harry," Dobby answered and Winky nodded. The watching Bajorans were shocked when the two began moving in a blur.

"What's happening?" one of the women asked.

Harry gave a gentle reply, "My retainers and cleaning the room to the best of their ability. It will take only a moment."

And only a few seconds later, the elves paused. Winky said, "Commanding Officer Ben, please let others know not to come in to stop anyone bringing in dirt."

Commander Sisko gave a small smile and did as requested. Winky turned to Dobby. "You watch from outside to stop anyone coming in. I will bring the tea."

Dobby nodded and the two went into the small room. One of the men asked, "I thought the male was going outside."

Harry didn't want to explain – they had already seem superhuman speed. "They are being transported so as not to open the door to contamination."

A couple of the Bajorans nodded. They then noticed something. The man said, "Even our clothes are cleaner!"

Harry replied, "They removed all contamination, including that which we brought in. Feel free to uncover your mouths."

The man who had taken the lead did so. He then breathed deeply. He looked at the others. "He's right. It's safe."

Harry nodded. He knew that they were being overly exacting – their cloth masks wouldn't stop everything. But he was willing to be accommodating as he didn't want them riled.

Winky then came in floating a large tray holding a very clean tea set. Even as Winky began pouring Harry explained, "This is a tea combination that is good among my people for those who have distressed lungs. It includes something called alimint, lobelia, lungwort, and eucalyptus, all in varying amounts. It's used by healers among my people to help relieve respiratory distress. It's also enjoyable."

Sisko said, "I've never heard of alimint though the others are recognizable."

Harry replied, "It's a relative of the mint plant grown by my people." Sisko accepted a cup of tea himself and tried it. "It is very good. Thank you, Winky."

"You are welcome, Commanding Officer Ben."

Winky left the tea set and withdrew.

Sisko then pulled up the recording on an easily visible screen and started it.

Harry didn't look over to see their reactions, though Sisko's smile indicated it was definitely having a reaction. And so the group watched for the next hour as the entire interrogation, with every detail, was completed.

They also observed Marritza's volunteering to be the test subject, despite the risks.
When it was over, the Bajorans sat there as though in heavy thought. Finally one of the women looked at Harry. "Have you discovered a possible way forward?"

Harry replied, "Doctor Bashir and I worked out a possible treatment plan. If we can get him here, we can work together to determine if your symptoms are the same as Marritza's."

The group conferred together. The spokesman turned and said, "Call for him."

Harry nodded. "Winky," he called out. The elf came in from the small room a few moments later. "Please assist Dr. Bashir in transporting here with his tricorder to examine a Bajoran suffering from Kalla-Nohra. Ensure he is decontaminated as well, of course."

"Yes, Master Harry." She turned and walked into the room.

One of the Bajorans asked, "Why does she call you Master Harry?"

Harry turned. "She's a retainer. It is standard etiquette among my people. Despite my efforts to change their minds, my retainers are adamant about propriety. They acknowledge everything I say and do as they wish. I've come to accept it."

"But don't they work for you?" came the question. "Don't they have to follow your orders?"

Harry chuckled. "You've never had servants, have you? It would take treating them very harshly for them to follow every order strictly – and that breeds resentment. I would never harm them as our relationship makes me responsible for their safety and happiness. When you have good servants, they end up being the boss despite any false sense of superiority you might hold. Fighting that tends to create misery; the term malicious compliance should be looked up if you need clarification."

Several of the Bajorans were actually amused at that. They had previously had Cardassian overlords and understood malicious compliance quite well.

Very soon, Dr. Bashir was coming in with Winky. "Hello. We have a patient to examine?"

"Yes. But first, scan the room for contamination. Tell us how Dobby and Winky did cleaning the room."

Dr. Bashir looked agreeable and so he scanned the room carefully. His expression came back showing surprise. "This is as clean or cleaner than the hazardous environment protocols I just set up for Marritza's treatment."

Harry grinned. "Dobby and Winky do good work." He turned to the group. "Which of you has the most severe symptoms? That will be the best base for our examination."

One of the women raised her hand. She did appear frailer than the others. "There are those back home who are worse, but they can only travel under circumstances."

"I understand." He turned to the elf. "Please bring in a bed platform and parchment for me."

Winky nodded. "Yes, Master Harry."

She went into the small room and then rolled in a bed which Harry knew was conjured. Winky and Dobby were learning discretion as regards their ability. Julian got the woman to lay down and did his scans. He then nodded to Harry.
Harry pulled his wand. "This is my diagnostic tool." He cast the proper spells and the parchment filled in with the results. Julian and Harry looked them over.

Julian finally said, "These are the same results that we had from Marritza, only more extreme. If we can heal him, the same procedures should work on the other victims. At the worst, we can at least alleviate the worst effects."

"I concur." Harry turned back. "So. Are there any objections to our proceeding to try?"

The Bajorans looked at each other. "No. We will stay here and wait for the results. If you don't mind?" he looked at Sisko.

Commander Sisko said, "No. That will not be a problem. I will leave you in the care of Dr. Bashir and Sir Harry." He turned. "Please inform me of your results."

Dr. Bashir replied, "Aye, Commander." Harry just nodded.

Sisko glanced at the door and then looked at Winky. "If you would assist me?"

"Yes, Commanding Officer Ben." She turned to Harry. "I will watch after these and make sure they are fed and taken care of. Call if you need me. Dobby will help you and Doctor Julian."

Harry nodded. "Thank you, Winky. That's a good plan."

Chapter End Notes

As far as the spelling errors – sorry. As far as the details: Harry wasn't as well versed as he is pretending. He remembered the six million number. The total number of civilians killed in World War Two could be as high as twenty five million directly, most of that between the Axis and Russia (but not all). No one was an angel there. The entire war and the aftermath could be as high as 75 or 80 million – nearly three percent of the world population then. Harry was not attempting to be precise. Harry isn't as well versed in history as he could be – he knows about American slavery, but it wasn't even the worst (even if it was atrocious). Numbers are often inflated in casual conversation. But I make no argument that it wasn't as bad as people think – it was likely worse than the average person can imagine. It's just a very small part of the subject though. There are millions of slaves in the world today, still. The politically correct term is 'exploited persons'.

Also, we are now going to see more of Harry getting involved and the changes. This is around where the show finally started honestly confronting issues that were deep. Harry will not always win either.
Belief and Magic

Dobby took Julian back and met Harry back in his quarters – he apparated directly. "Dobby. Please retrieve a dragonhide tunic which will fit Marritza. You'll bring it to me before we move to sickbay."

"Yes, Master Harry."

"Thanks." Harry called Odo to make sure he was ready to help escort the Cardassian. Odo said he was prepared.

When Harry arrived, Odo was waiting with the Cardassian. Harry looked at Marritza and asked, "Has my retainer come yet?"

Marritza looked confused. "No."

Harry nodded grimly. "Dobby!"

Dobby appeared holding the dragonhide tunic. "I was waiting to be called."

Odo asked, "What's this?"

Harry looked over. "Insurance." He said to Marritza, "Put on the tunic. Either below or above your top, I don't care. But put it on."

Odo asked, "Insurance against what?"

Harry answered, "Tension boiling over. If someone uses a weapon, I'd prefer it be stopped."

Odo asked with some skepticism, "You think this is necessary? There are few people who are willing to so overtly act, especially with peace officers present."

"But they exist." Odo nodded, admitting that was possible.

Marritza put on the tunic over his top. While he did this Harry added, "I recommend escorting him with additional guards – preferably those you trust the most. Either that or bring him in cuffs so that anyone watching believes he is still under arrest."

Marritza finished adjusting the tunic. "You believe my life to be in danger."

Harry sighed. "Yes. You have deliberately incited the Bajorans to believe you're a monster. Is it so hard to believe that they might feel this way?"

Odo considered that. "Word has not gotten around as to what we are doing."

"Right. And it won't until we know if it works or not." He looked at Marritza. "We think we have a course of treatment that will be effective. We have about a dozen survivors who have Kalla-Nohra waiting to see what happens. If all goes well, treatment could theoretically begin as early as tomorrow. There are no guarantees, but it is possible."

Marritza paused and then replied, "Then I hope that this is successful, for their sake."

Harry nodded curtly. "Are you willing to be treated as if in custody?"
"I am."

Odo retrieved cuffs and put them on the Cardassian. "I won't lock them. If attacked, protect yourself as best you can."

Marritza nodded. "I'm ready."

Harry said "I'll follow. We're going to Sickbay 02. It's set up for the required protocols."

"Understood," Odo responded.

The group walked down the corridor. Heeding Harry's caution, Odo avoided the Promenade, despite this requiring an extra quarter mile. The few Federation crew members that were seen did not talk to them and did not show any particular hostility. Some of the Bajoran crew members did show some hostility but did not move to interrupt their travels.

They arrived ten minutes later. Odo said, "I am thankful the extra caution was not necessary."

Harry snorted. "I wouldn't call it unnecessary. I would call it effective. There were no taunts or comments despite some of the Bajoran crew showing some hostility."

Odo considered that. "True."

Marritza allowed the cuffs to be removed. "Thank you, Constable."

Odo nodded curtly in acknowledgement. "I will post a security officer at the entrance."

"Post two," Harry replied.

Odo gave him a long look, nodded, and then exited.

Once he had left, Harry cast a few spells. Marritza looked curious. "Intent-based protections. Anyone intending harm will question their choice or remember something else they have to do."

Marritza commented, "Your skills seem varied."

"They can be."

Bashir, who had been waiting, spoke up. "We are ready. Because we cannot guarantee how possible secretions or excretions of toxins may present, you will be in a room with its own disconnected facilities. There is also a slight negative air pressure to capture any possible airborne elements."

Marritza asked, "What exactly are we doing?"

Harry replied, "Technology sees the tissue as corrupted. My medical charms see you as having absorbed a foreign substance. Dr. Bashir and I have three different potions. The first will cause any toxins to be leech out and to be expelled as normal waste. This is the least unpleasant method of removal. We hope that this will be successful."

"What are the other choices?" he asked.

Julian gave some directions. "Please change into the gown. You may use the divider for privacy."

"You are both acting as medical professionals?" Both nodded. "Then I will just change here."
"Very well. And the answer to your question …" Julian looked at Harry.

Harry nodded. "The second will cause you to vomit out any foreign substances. This is less likely to be effective but has to be tested."

Marritza had removed his top and bottom to begin removing his undergarments. "And the last possibility?"

"Well, it will be through sweat, whatever the closest sweat glands or the Cardassian equivalent. And that commonly presents very unpleasantly in Humans."

Marritza winced. "For a Cardassian to sweat … yes, I hope that is not required." He finally put on the gown.

"Please place all items in the secure storage and enter a personal key code. The lock can only be overridden with command approval."

"I am not worried." He used the simplest code. "I am hiding nothing."

Julian and Harry nodded, a Human gesture. "Okay. Into the enclosed area."

Marritza moved into the sealed room. Julian and Harry came in after, both covered and wearing masks. "The risk is minimum at this stage for us. The negative air pressure will capture any airborne particles. Fresh air will be brought in to replace it."

Marritza nodded. "Sit down. When you feel the urge, feel free to use the facilities." He pointed to the toilet.

"Very well."

Julian and Harry performed the scans. "Are you prepared?" Julian asked.

"Yes."

Julian went to the first enclosed item and opened the door, pulling out the phial. After retrieving the cork he handed it to Marritza. "Drink down."

Marritza took the phial and downed it. He considered it for a moment and said, "That was far less pleasant than the draught I was given yesterday."

Harry smirked. "Potions are supposed to taste bad. It makes it less likely you will crave the taste unnecessarily. There are potions that are far, far worse."

Harry conjured a glass and put in some water. "Drink this down. It's pure water."

Marritza drank it and handed it back. Suddenly a look crossed his face. "I am starting to feel the need."

Both stepped back. "Go."

Marritza quickly moved to the toilet and closed the door. Julian and Harry waited. "Now long will he ...."

"Humans usually take ten minutes? We'll see. The water is used as a medium to carry the foreign substance." Julian and Marritza nodded at Harry's answer.
Because it was necessary, both could hear Marritza as he expelled the wastes. He let out an uncomfortable sound. Julian asked, "How is it going?"

Marritza answered with a sarcastic tone. "Oh, it is just wonderful. I can just feel how clean my insides are getting. Or so I assume by exactly what seems to be coming out."

The two men grinned at each other slightly but didn't ask further. Harry said, "We'll ask you to give details when this is done."

Marritza commented, "At least there seems to be no smell. That is unusual."

Julian answered, "That's because there is a negative air pressure pulling in air as well to capture the entire … product of the exercise."

After about fifteen minutes Marritza called out, "I think I am done."

"Clean up and then come out for us to examine you." Marritza soon back out and sat on the bed. "Lie down."

Marritza did as asked and Julian and Harry performed scans. Julian reported first. "I see a sixty percent reduction of corrupted tissue."

Harry cast the spells required. "I am also seeing a reduction in levels of the foreign substance."

Marritza took a deep breath. "It is a little easier to breath."

Julian nodded. "There is some lung damage, of a type that we can reverse partially if not fully." He looked at Marritza. "If possible, I would like to wait until after all of the cleansing process to do so."

Marritza considered it. "That's fine." He then asked, "What's next?"

Julian replied, "I want you to drink something." He went and returned with a canister. "This is meant to replace any lost nutrition. After initial digestion, which takes two hours or so, we will repeat this to see if we can remove any more with this method. During this time, drink water as needed. Inform us if you feel hungry."

"Very well."


Harry and Julian waited for the analysis to appear and then peered at the screen together. Marritza finally asked, "What did you find?"

Julian replied, "The toxin from the accident. It was …" he gave the scientific name.

Marritza replied, "Yes. It is a chemical used in industrial processes – to make certain weaponry." He smirked slightly but briefly. "I am sorry. That is supposed to be a secret."

Harry shrugged. "Technically, we cannot report what we learn that isn't required to delineate the healing process. However, the process will not be secret. So I can't promise that no one will guess what it might be used for." Marritza acknowledged that.

Julian observed, "We captured what appears to be 174 milligrams. We are now going to analyze
the air removed.

Harry and Julian looked over all of the readings. The air from the room had no trace, though the air with the waste did have some small traces. "At least we won't need to wear masks for the next round."

Julian said, "We will. It's still protocol."

Harry nodded. "You want to take a break? He's going to rest, I can keep watch. When you're done, I'll take a break."

Julian nodded and left the enclosure.

They repeated the process three times. The third time showed no more trace of the toxin removed. "You've been at this for eight hours. We can move to the next step today or wait until tomorrow."

Marritza considered that. The process had been draining. But still, he could tell it was much better. "How long will the next step take?"

Harry replied, "Only an hour. 1.5 tops." He smirked to himself – not nice, but he felt he was getting payback for having suffered his own medical treatments.

"Let's finish the next step," Marritza finally decided.

Marritza was given a different potion. "I would advise just moving into the room. You will begin purging orally … quickly."

"One time or repeatedly?" Marritza asked to clarify.

Harry considered that. "Actually, I'm hoping more than once. The last drink had an extra element added which will purge. If the potion finds nothing else, that is all that will come up. If it finds the toxin, it might take two or three times to remove what it can purge."

"Why did you add the element?" Marritza asked.

Harry shrugged. "It was just in case it couldn't find any other toxic residue. This is not just an attempt to cure, we are testing the process as as to make certain it's as safe as possible."

"Very well." Marritza steeled himself and then drank down the potion. He then quickly moved into the room with the facilities.

Just a couple of minutes later, both men heard him become violently nauseous. It took five minutes. They heard him clean his mouth with water. Once there was sufficient time to make certain it wouldn't repeat, Marritza came out looking the worse for wear. "That was extremely unpleasant."

Harry replied, "Sorry. But it was necessary."

Julian said, "We'll analyze it. When you're rested, you can change into this garment. There is no need to change into your normal clothes as treatment will continue tomorrow."

Marritza started changing while they looked. Once finished he waited for direction. Harry spoke. "Good news and bad news."

"What is the bad news?"
Harry replied, "Your sitting through the experience produced no reduction in the remaining toxin levels."

"What is the good news?" he asked with a dry tone.

"You will not need to repeat this step."

"Good. I prefer to avoid doing that ever again." Marritza was emphatic on that point.

"We're going to keep you here overnight. A nurse will check your vitals and make certain that you have anything you need in terms of food or drink. Get a good night sleep. Tomorrow may be unpleasant." Julian began to make him comfortable.

Marritza said with an ironic tone as he prepared himself to rest, "How joyful."

The two men left after Julian gave strict orders to the overnight nurse. They reported to Odo that he was being kept in a secure ward overnight. There would be a guard, but no one would be allowed to enter without permission.

Harry hit his badge. "Potter to Sisko."

"Go ahead."

"We have a report. Should we come there or should we make arrangements to brief the interested parties waiting?"

There was a pause. "I can receive the report at the same time as the Bajorans. Major Kira and Lt. Dax are interested in hearing as well."

"Fine. We'll come to your office. Dobby can assist from there."

"Acknowledged." It chimed off.

Julian said, "I have to change and shower. Thirty minutes?"

"Sounds fine."

Having been cooped up, Harry enjoyed getting out of the clothes he had been wearing and showering. After a quick bite from foods set aside by Winky he made his way to the Commander's office. Julian was already there.

Sisko nodded to Harry. "Dr. Bashir has explained that there has been progress but has not given details yet."

Julian added, "I thought it better to get through this once." Very soon thereafter, Dobby transported each of those coming to the small room once Winky reported that the Bajorans were ready to receive them.

All greeted the group politely. Harry asked, "How has Winky treated you all?"

The man who had spoken earlier for the group did so again. "Your retainer has ensured all of us were cared for. She provided means for those of us needing it to rest. She also provided a container for the tea she served and explained how to prepare it. It helped many of us with our symptoms."
Harry smiled. "Good. I hope you expressed your appreciation directly."

A female Bajoran said, "She refused to accept our gratitude, claiming it was only proper. She is different than we are used to."

Harry smirked, "Now you see why I stopped arguing at how they address me?" There was actually a laugh at that.

Harry turned to Julian and said, "You are the doctor. Explain what has happened." Julian went through the entire day with the group. They were heartened to hear that their test case had demonstrated that hope was possible.

One of the people asked, "How long until we can begin treatment?"

Harry took that. "The first step is the substance that is used to help expel the toxin. Before we can begin, we need to have an idea of how many people and we will have to get it manufactured."

"How long?" the question repeated.

Harry replied, "Well the substance has to be brewed manually – it can't be replicated. And I have to brew it. It could take only a few days. None of the materials are exotic. One thing has to be determined, and it worries me."

Sisko asked, "And that is …?"

Harry sighed. "If I don't have sufficient amounts, can the ingredients be replicated? None are exotic, but the medicine is entirely physical. Worst case scenario is I can manufacture a sufficient amount for a single treatment for most and then we have to wait until fresh versions of more ingredients and retrieved from Earth."

Sisko considered that. "Are there any other alternates?"

Harry winced. "There is one alternate, but it's both hopeful and worrisome."

"And that is …?"

Harry sighed. "There might be alternates on Bajor. The trouble is that I am not a Master Herbologist – what my people called a botanist – or a Potions Master – what my people called a chemist. I can follow a recipe but it might take a bit of hit and miss and testing to find out if Bajoran alternates are viable. It might be faster to bring them from Earth, as long as they are retrieved according to specific procedures.

"Some might have to be grown – which could take months. I do have seeds for all possible ingredients. So it might be faster to attempt to find Bajoran alternates for those ingredients I don't have enough of."

Sisko replied, "I can see that you have limited resources. I assume that they have to be handled such because of reasons you yourself might not understand about what you call magic?"

"Hit it in one, Emissary."

Sisko gave a brief smile at the old-Earth idiom. He then considered what was being told.

Major Kira voiced her own question. "Do you think it's likely that you can find Bajoran alternates?"
Harry was hesitant. "I'm not an expert. But that's the hopeful part."

"And what gives you hope?" Sisko asked with some interest.

Harry really didn't want to get into this but he was willing if necessary. "It's a bit esoteric and might take some context to explain."

Sisko leaned back against the table and said, "Go ahead." Everyone settled in to listen.

Harry ordered his thought and began. "My people use what we call magic. It is an ability to harness directly a higher order of energy. Despite the opinion of some of my people, it makes us no better or worse than those who don't have that ability. But there are a few truths that are fundamental, and the biggest one involves belief."

Julian asked, "How does belief factor in?"

Harry clarified his thoughts, speaking as he was thinking. "Much of what we consider magic is built on rules that make no obvious logical sense. There is no definable reason why certain rituals, for example, should work better when certain stars are in the sky. There is no reason that the positions of different stars might have a certain meaning for individuals on Earth. And yet, there is enough history of it being true that many wizards can achieve demonstrable results in divination or certain rituals based on the idea it is required."

"Why is that? Well, primitive man looked out at the world and attempted to give meaning to what he saw around him. And somehow, on my Earth, generations of people holding such beliefs gave these ideas legitimacy. There is no scientific reason it should work – but it does."

"Wizards and witches, my people, can define and sense what we call magic. We see it as a form of energy in the world. When I came here I used a magical skill widely used on my world which involves space expansion. Ops, in scanning the station, found what they called a subspace field. That's a scientific explanation for what I call magic."

Sisko says, "That just shows that the skill does have a scientific rationale."

Harry said, "Sure. But do you remember that first night when you and Lt. Dax visited?" Sisko nodded. "I showed the ability to create an animate creature from an inanimate object. I turned a pillow into a kitten. Do you remember?"

Sisko smiled, "I do. Lt. Dax quite enjoyed cuddling with it if I recall properly." Dax, who was also listening, smirked.

Harry grinned at her in response. "She did. But remember what I told you: It was easier to transform a pillow into a kitten instead of a puppy because kitten and pillow have the same number of letters and both have middle letters that repeat. Do you remember how insane you thought that idea?"

"Yes. It sounded quite strange," Dax commented. Sisko nodded in agreement.

Harry continued, "There is no reason for it. Kitten in German," he looked at the Bajorans, "another Earth language," he looked back, "is a different word: Kätzchen. Pillow in German is Kissen. And the strange thing is that German wizards don't find the spell to change pillows to kittens as easy as English wizards do. Why? Their mind doesn't make the connection. And young, still illiterate, English magical children can more easily convert pillows to kittens with what we term accidental magic. Why? There is no reason it should be true – but it is. Why?"
He looked around. "It's belief. Our collective belief in this order of energy my people call magic had an effect on the world and how it works. And that is what gives me hope."

"And what about this gives you hope?" one of the Bajorans asked.

Harry smiled, "It's because of the Prophets." At there confused interest he explained, "The Prophets do exist. The non-Bajorans see the entities inhabiting the wormhole as an alien life form that exists on a different order. The Bajorans see the Prophets as their gods. Commander Sisko and I spoke to the Prophets. Or we perceived it as speech – it might have been actually a mental conversation we interpreted as speech. There is no way to prove it either way. But we did communicate. And one thing struck me."

He looked around at the attentive room. "The Prophets specifically said, 'We are of Bajor'. They were very emphatic in saying this. They have an awareness of their connection to Bajor. Where did they come from? Did they come from Bajor or were they from elsewhere and connect to Bajor? Scientists know that the wormhole, unique in their experience, is an artificial construct. It was made. Likely by the beings you call the Prophets. Why did they create that connection?"

One of the Bajorans said, "They came from Bajor and ascended to the Celestial Temple."

Harry considered that. "Maybe. Or it may be that the collected beliefs in a higher order of being, that collected and focused belief, somehow connected to a race of beings who existed elsewhere. They might have been in the Gamma Quadrant and sensed that source of energy. Sensing it, they created a passage to that source. Questions as to what actually happened don't matter really. What we do know is that there are a number of powerful beings that are connected. The Bajoran people believe in them with all of their devotion. And the Prophets do acknowledge that connection. Do you know what my people would call that connection?"

Julian Bashir said with a small tone of wonder, "Magic."

"Exactly right. Each ingredient of what we call potions has a meaning. Bajorans have a great ability to connect to the meaning of things around them, and they also have beings on a different level they have a symbiotic relationship with. I think that your people's belief that you are renewed by your connection to the Prophets is based on fact and not mythology. And I also believe that the Prophets get a vital renewal from your belief in them. And that gives me hope because Bajoran plants are that much more likely to be what my people call magical."

Sisko considered everything Harry had said. Finally he said, "Thank you for your explanation. It's difficult for me to parse my view of the world, which is based on science, into a view of the world based on belief. But I respect that you believe it to be true."

Harry shrugged. "It's not such a stretch to tie them together." He looked back at the Bajorans present. "I will have a better sense of what is necessary for your treatment tomorrow. I will promise this: Whatever happens, I will do my best to help you."

Harry left the Bajorans to speak to Kira and Sisko about arrangements, whether they would return to Bajor and come back later or wait for more details and then leave. Dax and Julian left to their duties.

On the way back to his quarters, Harry thought about what he had said about the connection between the Bajorans and the Prophets. Suddenly, he had a horrified thought which stopped him in his tracks. His mind worked through the permutations and he worried that he was right.
The question was: What could he do?

It took a few minutes but he decided on a course of action. With deliberate steps he made his way to the chapel that the Bajorans used for their worship.

He waited as patiently as he could for the Bajoran who kept up the chapel to finish with a young couple that had come ask for advice and to pray to the Prophets.

Finally the monk spoke to him as the couple left. "How may I be of assistance?"

Harry calmed himself. "I came here to send a fervent prayer. I could have attempted it from my quarters but I respect the connection that the Bajoran people have fostered between this place and the Prophets. I hope that this will assist me in sending my prayer."

The monk nodded respectfully and motioned him toward the altar, giving permission non-verbally. The monk watched curiously as the Human did something far different than most who worshipped there: Instead of falling to his knees and demonstrating an open position indicating being open to the Prophets, he paused in front of the altar and bowed to it. He then stood there as though gathering himself.

After a long moment, he pulled a stick from his sleeve and made a motion. The monk was a bit awed as a creature formed made of a pearlescent light. The man closed his eyes to concentrate and the creature became even brighter.

With one last motion, the creature made of light was released and passed through the alter, through the wall, and then out. The man and the monk watched as the light was visible outside of the window. Both watched as the creature seemed to gallop through space until it reached the location of the wormhole and disappeared.

The monk decided to remain calm. When the man turned he said, "I hope that your prayer is answered. Walk with the Prophets."

"Thank you," the man replied. He then watched as the man moved to the box that was placed to collect donations for the upkeep of the chapel. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a small bag. Out of this bag, a generous amount of currency was retrieved and the man deposited it into the collection urn.

The man nodded respectfully and then left. As the monk watched the man walk away, he decided to pray for guidance in how he should react to the unusual prayer he had observed.

Later, Harry was listlessly eating his dinner in preparation to getting a long night of sleep. He had thirteen hours before he was to return to sickbay and he wanted to sleep around ten of them. Suddenly the door chimed.

Dobby looked at him and he nodded. "Please." Winky was assisting the station crew in setting up the temporary quarters for the Bajoran visitors.

The house elf padded over to the door and opened it. "Commanding Officer Ben," he said. "Come in please." Dobby stepped back and allowed the man to enter. "Do you wish for refreshment?"

"No. Thank you. I just need to speak to Sir Harry for a moment."

Harry stood up, even though he was tired. "How can I be of help?"
Sisko observed, "You seem much more tired than you did earlier when you left the conference room."

"Yes. I expended quite a bit of energy a while ago. I plan to sleep several hours to allow my body to replenish its energy."

"Curious thing," Sisko replied. "Just about an hour ago I was alerted to a strange occurrence. Our visual sensors observed a bright light leave the station and travel to the wormhole entrance, where it disappeared. The sensors could not identify the source of the light. They did, however, detect a small emission of neutrinos from the wormhole, very similar to what is detected when a ship traverses the event horizon. However, this emission was on a much smaller scale."

Harry smiled tiredly. "Yes. That was me."

Sisko nodded in acknowledgement. "May I ask what you were doing?"

Harry replied, "Sending a prayer."

Sisko considered that. "Such things are personal, but if you would be willing to explain, I would appreciate it."

Harry nodded and motioned Sisko to a seat. "Excuse me, but I am tired. Anyway. My actions were in response to the discussion we had at the end of the briefing to the Bajorans."

"Go on," Sisko encouraged.

"You need to understand that what I told them was something that came to me as I talked. It wasn't something that I had considered in the past. The Prophets relationship with Bajor and how it might have come to be seemed to lock into place as I considered how I might proceed if my ingredients run out. I truly believed what I was saying. However, that led to a horrifying thought on my way back here."

"What was it that horrified you?"

"Do you remember what happened before I came back with you?"

"Yes. That is how I recognized the phenomenon that Dax described. She suspected it was you as well."

"Right. Well, the idea of a symbiotic relationship between the Bajoran people and the beings they call the Prophets made be think about the nature of magic back on my Earth. And then I remembered the deal which closed the known connection between the Prophets and that dimension. And I was horrified at the idea that they had closed that connection fully. What if the source of magic on my Earth is the Prophets? What would it do to my former home if that connection was closed?"

Sisko's eyes widened slightly. "I can see why the idea was so horrifying. What was your request?"

Harry paused. "It wasn't in words so much as impressions. The Prophets seem to communicate on a different level which the average person correlates to speech. Magical people are in tune with the idea of mental images due to our relationship with magic. I remembered that the Prophets didn't have any sense of time when you spoke to them. The relationship of one thing after the next with the earlier steps being gone now was outside of their experience. And so I realized that they likely exist in an infinite now. My very respectful request was for them to reconnect to my old dimension on their terms."
Sisko asked, "Did you define the terms?"

"I sent the impressions of what I believed and my concern for what it might do to my world if they closed it forever. I asked them to reconnect to that dimension with no time elapsed from their moment of disconnection. I suggested that they 'reroute' the Veil on my world to a place that didn't interrupt them so that they weren't disturbed by chaotic intrusions. And then I sent what magical energy I could as a gift which I hoped they could use as a respectful acknowledgement in case they were symbiotic and could use the energy."

Sisko felt some amazement at the idea. It was a very diplomatic approach to the possible problem. "Do you think it worked?"

"I don't know and likely never will," Harry said. "I know the message traveled to where we perceive them as existing. It would be incredibly intrusive to demand an answer for whether they answered my prayer. And so all I can do is hope that any possible damage created was prevented or reversed."

Sisko replied, "I hope so as well. I guess that is all any of us could do in these circumstances."

Harry nodded. "It will be as it has to be. I will have to learn to let go my concern."

Sisko asked, "Will you ask them if you encounter them again for a different reason?"

"No," Harry answered without hesitation. "If they exist in an infinite now, asking then would be like asking now; the possible disrespect would be no different. I'd rather not piss off beings that seem to have an extreme level of power to affect the universes around them."

Sisko nodded. "I can understand that idea."

Harry then gave a thought. "I should warn you about your own level of connection."

"Oh?" Sisko asked.

"You already defined your idea of cause and effect to them, how intrinsic you feel it is to your world view. Beings of power – such as Q –likely make their own rules to define their existence in such a way that they can relate.

"If they are sticklers for rules …" Harry let that thought go and reworked it. "Please do not ask anything of them which violates that idea. I have a different understanding and so my request didn't violate what was communicated between us when I arrived. If you ever decide you have to ask them for something, try not to piss them off by redefining your relationship without their suggesting it first."

Sisko thought about that for a moment. "I will take your advice under consideration."
Early the next morning, Harry was served breakfast by Winky. Dobby had taken to delivering the tea that seemed to help the Bajorans with Kalla-Nohra. Dobby also delivered some to Marritza in sickbay.

Harry had actually been amused that it was almost ironic that the materials he had the largest supply of were ingredients for teas of various types. He could serve tea regularly for years and not run out. His potions ingredients were not as plentiful. He took a moment to look up something on his computer. "Winky?"

"You need something, Master Harry?" she asked. He was really impressed that the elves ability to sound the same as Humans improved as they continued studying.

"Yes. You have the manifest for what we brought?"

"Yes, Master Harry."

"Once you've finished the library, I would like that also to be entered into our computer core as well as the database of the plants that our Earth has. With replicated items being less likely to be suitable for potions, I'd like to order naturally grown versions of whatever we can to replace them. Whatever is left that might be vital will require us to make arrangements to be grown on Bajor from the seeds we brought – especially all ingredients that can be used for non-magical people. We do not need to worry about ingredients that are only useful for magical people right now as we're still a very limited consumer base."

"Of course, Master Harry."

Harry mused to his patient friend, "We might also want to list out the potions that can be brewed by squibs, that don't require a Master. It's possible that Bajorans of sufficient mindset in their relationship with the Prophets might be able to brew these potions. And there are other Psi races such as Betazoids and Vulcans who also might be able to brew some potions. It's the kind of thing that will take years to figure out, but it might be nice to be able to give something to the universe we now live in."

Winky observed, "These are grand plans."

Harry smiled at her. "Better to envision a great future than to just allow yourself to have no purpose."

Winky acknowledged that and began to clean up after him. He had to get to sickbay soon.

Harry arrived to the room which contained Marritz. Julian was already waiting. "How is the patient this morning?"

Marritza actually looked quite good compared to his arrival. "My sleep last night was almost undisturbed by the nightmares I normally experience."

Harry considered that. "The reasons could be psychological or physiological. Your agreement to
help device a treatment plan for survivors of Gallitep could be a factor. The massive reduction of the toxin level in your body could also be a factor. Or maybe both reasons."

"Whatever the reason, you both have my personal thanks, as do the others who have contributed." The Cardassian seemed sincere.

Julian replied, "You're welcome." Harry nodded in agreement. "Now. The final step is a medicine which will hopefully cause you to extrude all remaining residue through your skin."

Harry turned to him. "You could call it a potion."

Julian winced. "Potion sounds so … arcane."

Harry chuckled. "It's magic. Of course it's arcane."

Julian refused to reply to that. He addressed the patient. "We are going to put you in a room with a shower. Whenever you feel it necessary, rinse off whatever substances appear. The water will be collected in the receptacle, just as it was yesterday."

Julian and Harry waited for the Cardassian to remove everything except the Cardassian equivalent of underwear. They went to the room. Harry looked at the shower. "That seems so … uncomfortable."

Julian replied, "Well, it's small so that one the water doesn't cover a large surface. Water showers or baths are only used for medical reasons on star ships or space stations to prevent mold from being given a viable environment to grow. But this will work for our purposes."

Harry huffed. "It's impersonal. I bet Dobby and Winky could bring a better shower than this."

Marritza looked at the shower stall. "I will endure. Perhaps you can make put something more comfortable together for the next patients."

Harry considered that. He then had a thought. "Hold on." Julian and Marritza paused. Harry pulled out his wand and cast a charm on the stall surfaces.

Julian asked, "What was that?"

Harry replied, "Imperturbable charm. It makes any surface completely resistant to collecting any residue or even water." He cast an augamenti charm. "See how the water repels?"

Julian looked. Instead of the water beading down, it just dropped leaving a dry surface. "Very good. That is actually safer for these circumstances."

Marritza went in and sat on the small bench in the stall. "Okay. I'm ready."

Harry had a thought. "Hold on." He conjured a pair of boxers. "Replace your underwear with these." At Julian's look he said, "It's conjured and will last a few hours. But it is temporary and can be vanished easily. That way he doesn't destroy his own undergarment."

Marritza came out wearing the boxers. "It's cold." Harry cast a warming charm. "That's better."

He went back inside and Julian handed him the potion. Marritza drank it down and returned the phial. Julian closed the stall and both sat down on the chairs outside. "We'll be out here."

Marritza spoke a few minutes later. "It seems to be starting." And then after a pause, "No smell."
Julian answered, "Once again, negative air pressure. You probably feel the air slowly moving past you. I made certain it's warm air."

"I do."

After a few minutes Marritza spoke again. "I'm going to rinse."

"Go ahead."

It was done and Marritza said, "There's definitely something coming out."

Harry was curious. "Won't the loss of the water due to contamination require replacement?"

Julian waved him off. "Replicated water. And because it's in the source of the matter used for the replicators, there actually is no quantum damage. Besides, the receptacle has a wall which allows water to leave by osmosis, with a sensor outside to make certain nothing else comes out. We won't actually lose much water."

Harry nodded. It made sense.

Marritza rinsed off twice more. "There seems to be no more coming out."

Julian said, "Alright. Drop the garment and then there is a small door. Behind it you will find soap and a cleaning brush. Wash thoroughly to make certain all residue has been removed."

Marritza complied with the instructions. When he was done washing, the airflow was increased to dry him. "Okay. Repeat it once more to be certain." When he was done Julian said, "The door lower down is a waste receptacle. Put the brush and the garment inside of it and then rinse and dry once more."

Marritza called out, "Done."

Julian said, "I'm going to open the door and then scan you with a tricorder to ensure there is no toxic residue left." Once he was pronounced safe, Harry passed in the man's undergarment and, once that was on, Marritza walked out.

Marritza said with humor, "I feel very clean."

The two Humans smiled. "Lay down and we'll do a scan."

Finally the scan was finished. Julian let out a satisfied sigh. "My tricorder reads no corrupted tissue, though it shows damaged lung tissue. It is quite treatable in its current form. Under normal circumstances, it would take a course of therapy over two days."

Marritza asked, "Under normal circumstances?"

Harry pulled another potion out. "This is a potion which is supposed to help heal lungs. I'd like to test it on you. It should work but there are no guarantees."

"Can it harm me?" he asked.

"No. If it doesn't work, it will come out like all wastes do."

Marritza accepted the phial and drank it. He winced. "That is truly horrible."

Harry smirked. "I know." He had to have it after a quidditch accident.
Julian flipped on the monitor to watch the progress. "The lung tissue has just begun to regenerate." After a few minutes he said, "Damaged area is 22 percent recovered." "41 percent." "57 percent." "69 percent." "77 percent. The recovery rate is slowing down." "84 percent." "86 percent." "89 percent." After a long few minutes Julian said, "It's holding steady. There is no more improvement."

Harry asked, "Should we try another potion?"

Julian replied, "Honestly, the repair is far better than required to be considered healthy. A ten percent loss is not uncommon due to environmental factors. We don't worry until lung capacity drops down to a certain level. When we began, capacity was 43 percent of full. It is now 94 percent. If he has reason to get treatment to improve that, it would be fine. But according to normal standards – he's cured."

Harry nodded. "Okay. I suggest having him rest here – let him return to his old clothes. We'll want to return him to his cell until it's time for him to leave." He looked at Marritza. "I'd rather you not be attacked if we can avoid it."

Marritza nodded. He stuck out his hand, "Thank you. With your help, some of the damage my people did can be healed. Every bit counts."

"You are welcome. We'll return soon." Julian left a nurse in charge and the two men cleaned up and made their way to give the report.

Sisko and Kira went with them to brief the Bajorans.

Julian spoke. "I am happy to report that we believe we have a course of treatment to now cure you of Kalla-Nohra. There are no guarantees. But all indications are is that it should be successful."

The spokesman asked, "When can we begin treatment?"

Harry said, "If we do the same course in full as our test subject, we can try for about a week for the worst cases. But it could be a month or more for the others." There was some grumbling. "But there is another option."

Everyone paid attention. "We tried different processes on our test subject. The first one is a medicine which causes the toxic residue to come out using the normal elimination systems of the body. You use a toilet a few times a day, replenishing water and nutrition as needed. However, I have a limited supply of the necessary ingredients for that option."

"And the other option?"

Harry paused and then let go his breath. "The last process uses a medicine which causes you to lose the toxin through the skin. It's less pleasant as it requires constant water rinsing and a thorough cleaning process at the end. But it just so happens that I have sufficient amounts of the ingredients for that medicine for … well, enough for every surviving victim of Gallitep. It's more unpleasant to sit through. But we could do it."

"When and how fast?" the man asked.

"It will take a day of preparations. Dr. Bashir? Considering the required protocols, and likely three hours per person, how fast could we move patients through?"

Julian considered. "I would have to talk to Chief O'Brien. But I believe we could put together three
stations. Given four hours per patient? This group could be finished in sixteen hours."

Harry said, "It could be slightly faster. But it would be less private. Bajorans seem to be mixed as far as a nudity taboo goes. The process involves sitting in a shower stall and rinsing off what comes out until it stops coming out. You then have to clean yourself repeatedly so there is no chance of any remaining residue. It could be done in two communal showers, separated by gender. Or we can do it slower with single stall showers. There still will be treatment required to heal the damage but that will be individual."

The Bajorans conferred together. All had experienced a lack of privacy at Gallitep. For all save one woman, they decided that it didn't even need to be gender separated. The single woman would use a separate stall.

Harry said, "Alright. Tomorrow I will be busy preparing the required medicine with the assistance of Winky – Dobby can be excitable and that's not advisable in a brewing situation. Dobby will assist Miles and Dr. Bashir with supplies and construction of a group shower with six stations. The hardest part will be keeping the runoff separated from the reclamation system on the station. But we don't want any of this toxin getting out. Or at least I would assume?" he said looking at the Commander and his second in command.

Sisko replied, "That wouldn't be advisable."

It was sheer happenstance that most of the ingredients used for this potion were also used in food, which Harry had stocked more of. He didn't need to maintain the full variety of what he had brought.

It took a full twelve hours and three brewing stations, but Harry had created 80 doses of the required potion. It was something that was very commonly used by healers for exposure and sheer chance this toxin came fully out with its use. It also was a potion that stored easily and degraded slowly.

At the end of the day, Harry went to inspect what had been created. In a set of quarters near the sickbay, a communal shower had been created. It had six shower heads and a bench for each one. It was covered in porcelain tile. Dobby had performed the elvish equivalent of the imperturbable charm on everything. There was also another single use stall. In addition to water showers if required, there was also the normal sonic shower option. This particular process required water, but that would not always be necessary.

There were lockers for clothes, male and female toilets, and a diagnostic bay had been installed. There were benches for people to wait as needed.

Miles arranged a replicator for use by the doctor or for the patients. It was Cardassian, but it worked.

Miles installed a sign outside of the room: "Medical Decontamination." It had been decided that giving up a single set of quarters was an acceptable sacrifice to being able to handle decontamination emergencies as they appeared. Under normal circumstances, a procedure had to be implemented for temporary use. But space travel increased the chances for it being required. Harry also checked in on Marritza, who seemed to be doing fine.

At the appointed time, Harry, Julian, and a female nurse arrived at the chamber. Using a small room included for the purpose, they changed into the proper clothes according to protocol.
The first six people arrived. The three assisted the four men and two women to get ready. None hesitated to remove all clothing and they put themselves into the large shower room.

Julian glanced around. "Alright. Harry will show you how the water shower controls work." Harry demonstrated with one of the showerheads. "The particular toxin and the particular medicine is best used with a water shower. You will drink the medicine and then sit on a bench. Whenever you feel it required, activate the shower and rinse off. We're all going to be here until everyone's treatment has run through. We do not want to risk residue escaping from this room. We've installed preventative measures, but better safe than sorry, or so the Earth saying goes. Once you all have finished the first step, we'll walk you through cleaning up."

He looked around. "Any questions?" There were none. "Alright. This particular medicine is swallowed – we apologize up front for the taste."

It took a full hour and a half for the last Bajoran to stop releasing the toxin. Even as the first ones finished, Julian and Harry scanned them to see how successful the treatment was.

A surprise came when two of the Bajorans released a different looking discharge. Julian scanned and said, "It seems you were exposed to two different large scale contamination incidents."

The two Bajorans were not surprised. "Gallitep was not the only labor camp we worked at," one of them said.

"Well, the substance is …" he named it. "It's not as toxic, but it is considered foreign. So it can only help that it is being released."

They agreed.

When the initial release finished, all cleaned thoroughly using soap and water. They then all cleaned again with a sonic shower – the airflow pushed any residue down. Julian scanned each one and finally said, "We will not have to have them repeat it. All of the residue has been removed."

The entire room was relieved. "We will have you come out and get dressed. My nurse and I will scan each of you and prescribe a treatment regimen. Any questions?"

It took the full four hours, but all of the first group had finished and were being returned to the group for everyone to eat together.

The remaining five listened to the first six. All felt much more hopeful that they could be healed. One of the first six was sent to the main sickbay because the initial treatment was more critical. Julian had given the man something to get him through lunch at his request, but he insisted the man begin treatment.

The final five people then moved to Decontamination. Another nurse replaced the first one. The original nurse helped the woman who had asked to receive treatment privately.

They could have done just women and just men, but severity had been the deciding factor. What came as a surprise to the group providing the treatment was that one of the least affected had the most toxin to release.

By mid afternoon, all eleven members of the Kalla-Nohra group were now pronounced clean of
that syndrome. Each of them required treatment for lung damage that had previously failed, but now each of them had hope.

Three of them would stay on the station and receive treatment immediately. The others all would finish their treatment regimen back home.

Commander Sisko let Major Kira perform the goodbyes as it meant more to her to see the change in the members of the group. Six of them even asked to be led to the Cardassian and gave him their thanks, despite their resentment.

Marritza was gracious and gave each his personal apology for their suffering. "We had no cause to treat you as we did. If nothing else, I hope you accept the fact that I am extremely sorry for the suffering you had to endure at the hands of my people."

The other two who were scheduled to leave had no interest in receiving the Cardassian's apology. They still felt too much resentment.

The next morning, Marritza was scheduled to return to his former residence. Major Kira, as a gesture of respect, walked with him to the docking bay which contained his transport. "You'll be back on Kora II in three days."

Marritza nodded. "It wasn't what I had planned to do, but I am grateful for the opportunity to assist in healing the victims of the Cardassian Empire."

Nerys nodded. "If Cardassia is ever going to change, it will need people like you. I am glad that your original plan fell through."

Suddenly, they were interrupted. A Bajoran which Odo recognized had rushed up to stab Marritza in the back. Given Harry's paranoia, Odo was much more prepared than he would have been otherwise. Harry was also there and helped stop the man, but not before he had started the knife swing.

Odo's quick response reduced the thrust and the dragonhide tunic Harry had made the man wear until he was ready to actually leave prevented the knife from causing damage.

Harry was standing there, watching carefully to make certain there were no other attackers, a grim look on his face. Odo held the man back. Major Kira was incensed. "Why? He isn't Darhe'el! He came here to help OUR people! Why?"

The man Odo was restraining said with hatred, "He's a Cardassian. That's reason enough."

Marritza looked at the man with compassion. "The Cardassian Empire is guilty of horrific crimes against Bajor and its people. For any part I played, I am sorry." He said nothing else.

The man's face didn't change – there was still dripping hatred. Some of those around were shocked at the Cardassian's words. Harry muttered, "Let's go. I'd rather take no chances."

Most of those around said nothing more. But Harry saw the naked hatred that some faces held – and some of it was coming his way, if only for protecting the life of a Cardassian.

Odo handed the attacker off and caught up. "There are a lot of people who are really not happy."

Harry sighed even as he watched everything around them. "I know. There's something coming and it will be ugly."
Marritza's goodbye was cordial but all three who watched felt some relief that the man was now gone. Harry noticed that the naked resentment of those around him was now hooded as he stalked back to his quarters, but he knew that it wasn't over.

Major Kira took it upon herself to locate their resident Wizard. She finally found him at Quarks. She offered him a friendly smile and greeted him. "Sir Harry, I'm glad to have found you."

He looked up from his drink and his attention around the room. "Major Kira. Please have a seat." She did so. "How can I help you?"

She gave him a happy look. "I just came to tell you: The Bajorans who are suffering from Kalla-Nohra will begin to arrive in two days. Those who are able to travel without assistance will be arriving first, while plans are being made to prepare those who need help. But the entire number should be able to receive their initial treatment within four weeks."

Harry's response shocked her. "That's a shame."

"How could you say that?" she asked in an angry tone.

Harry flashed a brief smile. "If it finishes that quickly, it means that there are far too survivors. I was hoping that my services would be required for more people."

"Oh." Her tone was abashed. "For a moment I thought …"

Harry gave her a wry smile. "My response should have been clearer from the start. Anyway. I assume that Julian is preparing for their arrival?"

"Yes," she answered with her earlier happiness returned. "He is also arranging for treatment aboard a starship to repair their damaged lungs."

"The USS Glen Lyon. It's current mission is to help the Botanical Institute with its mission, both here and on Earth. But it has a full sickbay. He's asked for permission to use its facilities and His Royal Majesty, the mission authority as far as the Federation is concerned, approved it. I had yet to be told of the schedule."

Major Kira's smile became a bit more less general and more directed. "I want to pass on the thanks of the Provisional Government for your assistance in dealing with this tragedy of our past. I also want to pass on my personal thanks. A lot of the hatred I felt since we liberated the camp has started to finally heal. So thank you."

He gave her a truer smile. "It was my pleasure." He glanced around and then asked her, "Would you like a drink? My treat."

She considered it. "Sure." The got Quark to come over and take her order and they engaged in small talk.

When Quark returned Harry smirked and asked, "Would you like me to hex Quark here for being too forward in his attitude with you?"

Quark protested, "What?"

She laughed. "No. But if he gets too annoying I'll remember your offer." She gave Quark a slightly predatory smile.
Quark protested, "I'm just providing friendly customer service."

Harry laughed. "At least where I'm from, some of the things you say are fighting words. There would be duels"

Quark actually smiled and said, "Then I am glad my establishment is here and not there."

"Fair enough," Harry replied. Quark quickly retreated.

The two residents of the station continued talking. Finally Nerys asked, "Why are you looking around so much?"

Harry sighed and with a wry tone he said, "Constant vigilance. There are several people that are still upset that I saved Marritza because he's Cardassian and they all deserve to die, or so the opinion goes. I grew up with people either loving me or hating me. And I've been attacked by those who hated me far too often. So I'm prepared for anything."

Nerys sighed. "There has been resentment against the Federation and all non-Bajorans for years. We weren't stable enough when the occupation ended to go it alone, but calling in the people who seemed to ignore us was not a popular move."

Harry commented, "I remember you were a bit touchy about it when I got here."

She gave him a smile to acknowledge that. She then became more serious. "But something is happening. Instead of the resentments dying down, they're increasing. Some say the Federation isn't doing enough. Some just don't trust anyone but other Bajorans."

Harry nodded. "I understand it. I've been doing what I could. I helped get the Botanical Institute at Bajor commissioned. They are developing strategies to recover lost species and to provide resources to replenish the land so that farms will be more successful."

"And we're grateful. Some of the things they've provided have helped farmers heal land the Cardassians damaged. But there is always more that's needed." Her tone was slightly defeated.

Harry gave her a friendly smile again. "You'll get there. It may take a while, but you'll get there."

She nodded in acknowledgement and then asked curiously, "What else are you doing?"

Harry looked like he might not answer but finally said with some amusement, "Looking for friendly female companionship. But it seems to be a quiet night."

She was taken aback for a moment. Finally she said, "Isn't that a bit .. casual?"

Harry chuckled. "I grew up a bit repressed – I wasn't that confident. And considering that I was famous, I never wanted to spend time with fan-girls – that was too fake. Most women either hated me because I wasn't a proponent of their beliefs, were too interested because of my reputation, or firmly ended in what we called: The Friend Zone."

"What's the friend zone?" She asked in a slightly amused tone.

Harry sighed but still smiled. "You become great friends and they don't want to chance getting into a relationship because either they just look at you as a friend or they don't want to take a chance that your friendship is harmed. By the time I got over the idea that intimacy required heavy feelings of love, I was basically a hermit. The biggest problem I have now is that most people around here either attach too much significance to intimacy, or too little. And there are far too few
times that there are available women around who are interested in just a bit of fun."

Nerys took a sip of her drink and said, "If it's just about sex, you could always run one of Quarks 'special' holo-programs."

He could hear the quotes. He scoffed. "Those are ridiculous. At least half of the fun of sex is making the other person enjoy it. How can you get that with a computer program? Programs just react the way they're programmed to react. It's a hollow illusion."

Nerys shrugged, and then Harry added "Federation holo-programs are more adaptive – we Humans like to interact and most Federation races follow the humans that way. Well- programmed characters actually can develop, at least according to some people I've talked to. But Ferengi programs? They focus too much on the illusion. If it was just about immediate release …" he glanced toward the Bajoran woman and had a hidden smirk, "… my own hand can create that."

Kira Nerys's embarrassed shock was exactly what he had been attempting when he added his last sentence. As a result, he couldn't help himself: He laughed. When he got control he said, "Your reaction – it was priceless."

It took a moment, but her outrage turned to amusement finally. "You are terrible."

He gave her a wide grin. "If that's the way she likes it." Her blush returned even as she laughed a bit.

"Please. You're starting to sound like Jadzia when she's trying to make me react."

Harry laughed. "She has the memories of eight people, both men and women. She's probably learned not to take herself too seriously. Is it so bad just to have fun?"

Nerys replied with a smile, "I suppose not." She had a though. "Have you ever considered having fun with another man?"

Harry almost winced. "In the society I come from, culturally, being homosexual or bisexual had some stigma associated, usually based on religion. It was becoming more accepted right before I left. But I grew up in an era where people with traditional indoctrination looked down at that. As a result, I don't look at males that way. Female bisexuality or homosexuality was more accepted, but even they suffered from the stigma."

"Why was it more accepted?" She looked at his face. After a moment she said, "I can probably guess."

Harry grinned. "That's right: Because it's what we called hot to watch. Humans generate extra heat when we're excited - thus the term."

She laughed. "Well, it the practice is not that common with Bajorans but it is accepted. The Klingons don't accept it. The Vulcans have biological imperatives. Romulans are likely the same."

"Actually, from what I understand, Romulans don't have the same cycles. The Vulcans were those who had psi abilities, the Romulans who didn't. To versions of the same species became separate species."

"Different evolutionary paths aren't that unusual," Nerys observed. "Andorians, Vulcan/Romulans, Trills …"

"Humans," Harry added.
"Right. Your people had magical and non-magical."

Harry snorted. "Humans have had so many species it's shocking."

"How many?" she asked. "I've never studied Earth Humans that deeply."

Harry shrugged. "I know in this timeline World War III and the urge to escape caused a number of mutations which could now be classified as different species. But throughout our evolution, up until ten thousand years ago, there were usually two or three species of Humans going around all the time. I checked it out once. There's a whole list back in my encyclopedias. And in my dimension, Earth also had a lot of other sentient species because of magic. Most could interbreed, so hybrids weren't uncommon."

"What kind of hybrids?" she asked curiously.

Harry thought back. "The first adult magical I met was half-Giant. His father was Human, his mother was a 5 meters-tall Giantess, actually quite small for the species. Hagrid was about eight feet tall - call it 2.5 meters. My Charms professor, Professor Flitwick, had Goblin blood. Goblins were between .8 to 1.4 Meters – those were the big ones. Veela – a species with a magical sexual allure – interbred with Humans. My best friend's brother married a Veela witch. A few others. Trolls even."

Nerys was confused. "I've heard you talk about your former society. If there was such concern with blood-purity, why were there so many hybrids?"

Harry shrugged. "Magic. What happens if you have less and less magic as the generations go forward? You try to make sure the blood you add is magical. So your family interbreed with magical species, making it less likely your children will be squibs – non-magicals birthed to magical parents. Non-magical Humans were always a source of fear and sometimes magical tribes were too small to prevent interbreeding. There were a number of reasons. Magical Humans took interbreeding too far. The funny thing is that those with a mixture of magical and non-magical blood often had the strongest magic."

"Your society sounds exotic. I might even say weird."

Harry laughed. "I agree." The two drank some more.

Nerys said, "Sometime I will have to come and look at your encyclopedias on different Human species before star travel."

Harry clinked his glass to hers. "Anytime."

Chapter End Notes

I was tempted to put the two into an intimate encounter. But canon Major Kira Nerys was not the type to engage in casual relationships. For her, it was always deep, and as a result she had her heart broken a number of times. Jadzia was flirtatious, but only was involved with Worf. Julian was the most "busy" but even his track record was limited. Harry decided to be more "socially active" but he's not as practiced. Deep Space 9 was always a poor choice for mature stories if you kept the characters faithful to what was written.
Walking with the Prophets

Keiko O'Brien visited him in the afternoon. "Harry!" she said even as he opened his door.

"Keiko," he replied pleasantly. "Come in." She followed him inside of his quarters. "How can I help you?"

The school teacher sat in the chair Harry pointed to. "I would like you to come to one of my classes," she said with some enthusiasm.

"Why?" He was being cagey – enthusiastic Keiko could be trouble.

She said, "Well, my lesson plan includes a description of the wormhole, including everything we know about it. I thought you could help me."

"How?" he asked.

"You are one of two people who has 'spoken' to the being inside the wormhole. I think my student could learn something from your interaction."

Harry considered that. He felt reluctant, but Keiko seemed quite enthusiastic about the idea. "Are you sure?"

"Please?" she asked, giving him a puppy-like look.

He instantly caved. "Alright." She clapped in enthusiasm. Harry reflected that she was spending far too much time with children. She had the whole super-mum thing down to a tee.

And so it was that Sir Harry Potter of Earth was sitting at the back of Keiko's classroom. "The wormhole was discovered earlier this year by Commander Sisko and Lt. Dax. Can anyone tell me what makes this wormhole unique?"

Jake was picked. "It's stable?"

Keiko indicated her approval. "That's right, Jake. It's stable." She addressed all of the students. "It's the first stable wormhole known to exist …" Suddenly she paused when the door sounded and a robed Bajoran came in.

Keiko waited for her to speak but the woman just said, "Please continue."

Keiko was obviously a little flustered. Harry looked at the woman curiously. "A stable wormhole is very important because it allows us to travel secure in the knowledge that neither end will shift locations." She looked around to make certain the students understood.

Harry saw the woman glance over at him from his side vision even as he concentrated on the lesson. "Who knows why this wormhole is stable?" When none of the students could answer she continued. "Because it was artificially constructed. Commander Sisko encountered the entities who created the wormhole …"

She was interrupted. "Excuse me," the woman's voice sounded. Keiko looked up. Harry was now getting annoyed. "By entities, do you not mean the Prophets?"

Before Keiko could answer, Harry decided he needed to speak up. "Before she answers: Who are you?" Harry stood up to his full height.
The woman looked annoyed that she had been interrupted. "I am Vedek Winn, a member of good standing in the Vedek Assembly. Who are you?"

"Me?" Harry asked. "I'm a guest lecturer for this lesson. But my name is Sir Harry Potter, a resident of Deep Space 9."

"And by what right do you interrupt me?" Winn asked in an admonishing tone.

"Well, I was invited. Your arrival is a surprise," Harry said calmly. "If there is no immediate emergency, it's considered impolite to interrupt. If you please, let's allow Mrs. O'Brien to complete her lesson."

Vedik Winn protested. "I believe that it is incumbent upon us to ensure the youth are taught to understand the Prophets. Describing them in scientific terms is blasphemous."

Harry almost got a headache. Keiko looked rather annoyed. Harry motioned her that he would handle this. "Mrs. O'Brien is not Bajoran and her charge is to teach what can be scientifically explained. For the Bajoran children present, and the Human children if their parents wish it, the religious significance of the residents of the wormhole is a matter best left to those who are experts." Harry turned to Keiko. "Mrs. O'Brien? Are you a scholar of the Bajoran faith?"

Keiko actually had calmed down and this amused her slightly. "No. I studied Science and am a botanist."

"Right." He looked at the children. "For any student who wishes to understand the significance of the Prophets and their relationship with Bajor and the Bajorans, please ask questions of those such as Vedek Winn – but not during the time that your lessons with Mrs. O'Brien are scheduled."

Kieko nodded. She spoke before Winn could express outrage. "That is an excellent point. It is not my job to give you a sense of the entities the Bajorans call prophets …"

Harry interrupted in a kind voice, "Mrs. O'Brien? It is inaccurate, and possibly a bit disrespectful, to refer to them as prophets rather than The Prophets. Prophets are sentients that channel prophecy; the Prophets is a proper name the Bajorans use to refer to the entities within the Wormhole, whom they believe are the source of prophecy. I understand you are mandated not to force beliefs on your students, but it could incorrectly be misinterpreted as a denigration to misuse the term."

Harry hoped and prayed that Keiko did not get offended. Shutting down this woman was diplomatic – hence his involvement – but it could all go to hell if mishandled. Harry had seen Keiko's getting thrown off and he wanted to avoid letting that go on.

Keiko was tempted to correct Harry by saying that prophets allegedly channel prophecy – but he had a point that it was disrespectful to be dismissive of anyone's belief. And Harry was not an asshole by nature. She accepted the gentle rebuke. "You're right. I do apologize, to both Vedek Winn and the faithful believers of the Bajoran faith. The Bajorans worship the entities within the wormhole as the Prophets. If you want more information on that, you should ask your parents or the religious teachers of the Bajorans. My job is to explain the scientific aspects of the wormhole and …"

Vedek Winn was obviously not happy with how this was going. She decided to interrupt again. "Excuse me." She looked at Harry with some veiled hatred and said, "What could you possible offer in the understanding of the Prophets and the Celestial Temple?"

Harry sighed. "I was invited by Mrs. Keiko to tell the students my experience in talking to beings
within the wormhole. I arrived from an alternate dimension via a now closed connection between my Earth and the wormhole, what you call the Celestial Temple – which may be a valid designation but I am not an expert." Harry decided that de-emphasizing his origins was a no-go now. "Honestly, my people were annoying the Prophets by sending people through the connection as a punishment and they generously decided to help me after we spoke on the matter and resolved the disagreement. They allowed me to travel out of the wormhole with Commander Sisko rather than leaving me to die. The beings, the Prophets, are entities of great power and they do not experience a mortal existence. In fact, Commander Sisko had to explain the idea of the progression of time to them as they seem to sense all times at the same time; probably useful in giving prophecy."

Harry looked around and said with some humor, "They seem to disapprove of aggression, and they informed Commander Sisko and me that they were of Bajor. What that means – I don't know. Something I should probably ask a Vedek or a priest or a monk to truly understand. But I was quite happy to get out of there with my life and the lives of my retainers, who were traveling with me but were unconscious."

Harry straightened himself. "Vedek Winn and I have already interrupted your lessons for far too long, so we should go. Listen to Mrs. O'Brien about the physical aspects of the wormhole and what we know might speculate according to scientific principles. But do remember that such things as technology are limited because they were designed by beings, us, that do not have a full perception of all levels of reality. Hence our drive to always reach further. Some of you may find the teachings of the priests and monks valuable. Have a good day."

Harry then turned and with great confidence herded the interfering woman out of the room. Once the door closes behind them, Harry turned to her. "Is there something else?"

Winn looked angry and hateful enough to kill him, but said, "I am lodging a formal complaint with the Emissary at the cavalier disrespect toward me and the Bajoran faith."

Harry sighed. "The Emissary, he prefers to be called Commander Sisko, can be found through Deep Space 9 Operations. He's probably in his office. One of the crew members can direct you."

Harry watched as the woman stormed away. When she was out of earshot Harry tapped his badge. "Potter to Sisko."

"Go ahead."

"You have a very pissed off religious figure on her way to see you. She was quite dissatisfied with how she was received when she interrupted Keiko O'Brien's class. She attempted to hijack it and to prevent her from teaching the scientific aspect of the wormhole and its residents. She apparently wanted to start teaching the religious aspect – but I interrupted. Keiko was trying to keep her teacher's hat on instead of being less than professional in front of the students. So I decided to be the ass instead. I will need to send a report to His Royal Majesty. I will be in my quarters when you have to summon me."

There was a pause. "Acknowledged." It shut off.

He pulled his wand and cast a notice-me-not charm on himself. The reason he did that was so that no one noticed him casting wards at the entrance to Keiko O'Brien's classroom. He did not want to let the lessons be interrupted again by the horrid woman and so he cast intent-based wards. No one wanting to harm or disrupt the class would be able to enter. Harry almost wished he could watch Winn attempt to return.
Harry moved quickly to return to his quarters. Some days it wasn't worth getting out of bed.

When he got back to his quarters, Harry cast the same intent-based wards on his entrance.

Vekek Winn reminded him far too much of pureblood bigots and such people should not have access to those they despised.

Harry called Winky. "Master Harry?" Harry hid his smile. Her conversational skills were improving so much.

"Please prepare my wardrobe as though we were back on Earth before the war ended. Do you understand?"

Winky was upset. "Someone threatens you?"

Harry sighed. "I don't know. But until I do, I'm going to be wearing dragonhide and being very cautious. As a matter of fact … Dobby!" He appeared. "Okay. A woman interrupted Mrs. O'Brien's class while I was there. Do either of you remember Dolores Umbridge?"

Both Dobby and Winky were a bit upset. "I see that you do. Well, the woman who interrupted Mrs. O'Brien's classroom reminded me of Umbridge. She has a sense of superiority, some malice, and she does not seem to like those who do not follow what she thinks is right. I made her angry. She may try to get me attacked directly or through you. We are now on alert. You two are to protect yourselves at all times. When possible, do not be seen. If you have any question as to your safety, return here or to me directly. I have placed intent-based wards here and on Mrs. O'Brien's classroom."

He sighed and then continued. "I am writing a report to King Charles back on Earth. I will then put up more protections. But we have to ready to withdraw to safety at a moments notice. All supplies not required have be stowed and carried with us. Any questions?"

Dobby and Winky had no questions. "Okay. Stay safe. And pay attention."

"Yes, Master Harry."

Harry reflected that, as the old saying went, it wasn't paranoia when they were really out to get you. He had a sudden thought. "Guys?" The elves paused.

The elves paused in their work. "Could you two find the projection pensieve?" Harry had two pensieves. One was similar to Dumbledore's and could hold several memories. The other was crafted across the pond. It could hold one memory and that memory could be projected above it.

As the elves worked on locating it in the expanding bag system, Harry sat and worked out on paper the possible ward scheme he would need to enact. The types of wards he had cast already would only last a few days in their current state. He wanted something more permanent.

The elves interrupted him. WInky set the carrying bag down. "We found it, Master Harry."

Harry grinned. "Thanks." He opened the bag and pulled out the stone pensieve, which looks very much like a miniature Goblet of Fire in shape. Made of Greek marble, very similar to the statues which survived 2500 years with little wear, it was covered in etchings.

He was about to test it when the call came in. "Sisko to Potter."
"Go ahead."

"If you would come to my office. I have received the formal complaint you alerted me was coming. We would like to discuss it."

"I am on my way." Harry looked at the elves. "Continue preparations but listen for my call."

Harry put on the coat that Winky had retrieve first.

It was a curious thing. Mostly made of dragonhide, it had a hood. The lining of that hood held the enchantment which contained a notice-me-not field. When he wore the hood, he was unremarkable. When the hood dropped, he could be perceived normally. The lining of the coat also held temperature control schemes. Dragonhide in summer could be hot.

The coat had been developed, like the pensieve, across the pond from Britain for their Hitwizards who were the magical equivalent of SWAT teams. The notice-me-not field made it easy to get into position. A team leader coat could drop the notice-me-not field. Harry only had one example of each, gifts from the Federal Bureau of Magical Investigations, FBMI.

He had received a lot of gifts when he had traveled to escape the intrusiveness of Britain after the war.

As he walked down the corridor with his hood up, people paid him no attention. They got out of way absently if needed, but didn't otherwise react. This was as it was supposed to be.

When he entered the lift, Harry dropped the hood. When the doors opened at the command deck, he walked out. Dax looked over. "Good morning, Harry."

"Good morning, Dax." When she was on duty, he called her Dax. Off duty, he called her Jadzia.

He went to the door of Sisko's office and entered. Winn, Kira, and Sisko were waiting.

"Commander. You requested my presence?"

Sisko nodded. "Major Kira is here as the highest ranked Bajoran on the station and is an observer. Now as far as Vedek Winn's complaint, I would like to get your side."

Harry nodded. "What was her side?"

"Vedek Winn claimed that you were disrespectful toward the Bajoran faith and Bajorans in general when you interrupted her visit to Mrs. O'Brien's class." Winn nodded in agreement.

"I see."

"And your rebuttal?" Sisko asked.

Harry set the bag he was carrying down and pulled out the marble item. He placed it on the desk. Harry then pulled his wand and, in front of the three, he pulled the memory out of his head and then dropped it into the cup.

He glanced in and, once satisfied it was ready, he tapped the first rune control on the base.

The three were slightly taken aback when what looked like a holographic display came up. Harry pushed another rune and it began. It was very much like a holographic projection here, and so he though the locals wouldn't find that aspect strange.
Sisko walked around to see it from the front as it played out. He asked, "If you could pause this …"

Harry hit the control. "Can you change the aspect so that the room is stable?"

Harry sighed. "No. This is from the viewpoint of the witness; what is seen and heard. If it was moving or blurry to a witness, it will be blurry or moving here. Holographs displays are normally programmed to extrapolate detail so as to present a complete picture. This form of projection can only show what a person actually observed. It was something people back home used to provide evidence in trials. Oftentimes, the display is repeated as necessary until every detail can be observed and noted."

"I see. Please restart it," Sisko said.

The memory played all the way through until the point Harry ended it, right after he said, "You have a very pissed off religious figure on her way to see you."

Sisko looked at the cup for a moment and then turned to Winn. "Vedek. Is this accurate as far as your recall?"

Winn visible centered herself. "Yes it is."

Sisko then asked, "What of his actions or statements would you classify as disrespectful to Bajor or the Bajoran faith?" His tone had no judgment.

Winn was not the type to abandon a course or to admit she was wrong. "He prevented me from correcting the teachings to reflect the truth of the Prophets."

Sisko maintained his calm, which impressed Harry. "As Sir Harry explained, Mrs. O'Brien, according to Federation law, cannot use a classroom setting to promote any one faith above others unless those attending have been informed that the purpose of the meeting or lesson is to teach it specifically. To do otherwise would violate the rights of the students to practice or not practice belief systems, as they choose."

Vedek Winn gathered herself and said, "I intend to lodge a formal complaint with the Provisional Government and the Federation over the matter."

Sisko replied, "That is your right."

Harry interjected his own comment. "As I hold my diplomatic status through the traditional monarch of Great Britain on Earth, I have sent a report to His Majesty as regards this incident so as to keep him apprised. Should anyone wish to formally upbraid me or enact some penalty, approval for such must come from him according to law and precedent on matters of diplomacy."

Harry turned to Winn. "Although Commander Sisko answers to the Federation Council and the Starfleet Commander, I must inform you that I do not. Reports as to dissatisfaction with my actions should be reported to His Royal Majesty King Charles VIII, Traditional Head of the Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, Traditional Head of the Commonwealth of Nations, Defender of the Faith, at New Buckingham Palace." King Charles was called Traditional because he didn't actually rule anyone, and the Anglican faith, like most religions on Earth, was only followed in limited fashion.

Done with his part, Harry put away his device and left.

As expected, Sisko came to see him that night. "What would you like to drink?" Harry asked him.
Once the two had drinks Sisko asked him, "Why did you act as you did in the classroom?"

Harry sighed. "I've run into people like Winn before. They are disruptive and vicious and also have a sense of righteousness. Keiko was trying to teach and Winn was going to disrupt her just to sow discord. So I decided to be the villain so as to prevent her from casting Keiko as such. I have some protection, and I feel confident that I can protect myself better."

Sisko looked at Harry and said, "You expect an attack."

Harry grimly replied, "I have experience with power-hungry, megalomaniac, opportunistic people. You learn to recognize them quickly if you want to stay alive."

Sisko observed mildly, "That's rather harsh."

Harry looked at him without changing his expression. "I am hoping that's what she is, because the other choice is worse."

Sisko raised his eyebrow. "And what would be worse in your opinion?"

"A zealot. An opportunist can be foiled and forced to retreat and regroup. A zealot will keep coming at you until one of you is dead," Harry replied.

The two men fell into silence for a moment and drank their refreshments. Sisko then noticed something. "Your quarters seem to be barer than they were."

Harry nodded. "I've gone into vigilance mode. I'm prepared to move at a moment's notice, along with my elves."

Sisko asked incredulously, "Vedek Winn worries you that much?"

Harry looked back with the same grim look he had been using. "Yes."

Sisko let that work through his mind. "Well, as the Commander of Deep Space 9, all I can do is assure you that we will keep the station as safe as possible for all residents and visitors."

"Understood. And thank you. I hope you're right. But I'll be prepared anyway. I've even sent the alert to the Botanical Institute. Everything that is considered under my control is locked down and to be accessible only with authorization. The products of the Institute are not included – the Bajorans have earned that by their work. But if I am ordered to leave, I will be taking what I brought with me."

"And what would that be?" Sisko asked.

"The unused portions of the original Granger Seed Bank I provided is at the Institute. I have maintained ownership so that others can not stop it from being used for its intended purpose. However, if I am forced to leave I will not allow it to be squandered or misused."

Sisko said, "I do not think it will come to that."

"Let's hope not."

Harry went to sleep that night after ensuring his quarters were secure. It was about four hours into the normal overnight schedule when Dobby woke him up. "Master Harry, you must wake up."

He opened his eyes to see a distressed elf. He sat up, suddenly alert. "What is it, Dobby?"
"There was explosion in the station," Dobby said, still distressed.

"Calm down. Where was it and how did you know?"

"I was doing cleaning at Quark's for extra pay when I heard boom. After making sure I was safe, I looked and see much damage outside of Mrs. Keiko's room and dead woman. I saw people coming, and came back because Master Harry ordered us elves to come back if there is danger."

Harry parsed that out. "You did good. Give me my dragonhide cloak." Dobby returned with the simple cloak. It wasn't the full battle robes because it didn't allow you to carry as much, but it was enough for protection.

Harry had several dragonhide outfits.

After quickly dressing he looked at Dobby, who had been watching and wringing his hands. "Can you pop me near Quarks? You will have to tell Commander Sisko or Constable Odo what you saw."

"Yes, Master Harry."

Because of how quickly Dobby had alerted him, the two arrived while it was still in the immediate aftermath. People were arriving, the area was being secured, medical personnel were checking the dead woman. It looked like a Bajoran.

Harry and Dobby waited. Soon Commander Sisko had arrived and he began asking questions and giving orders. Soon Major Kira, Miles O'Brien, Keiko O'Brien, and Odo also appeared. Julian showed up to oversee the medical personnel who had arrived.

One of the command staff saw him and spoke quietly to Sisko. He turned and walked over. "Sir Harry. I'm surprised to see you here."

Harry replied, "Dobby was cleaning at Quark's when he heard the explosion. After making sure he was safe, he came back to wake me as I ordered him to do in case of attack or emergency. I dressed quickly and had him bring me back. Nothing of what he said seemed vital to immediately alert anyone, and so we've been waiting patiently until someone has time to take his statement, as he was likely to have been the first one to see the aftermath."

Odo had arrived while harry was talking. Odo looked at the small being and asked, "Dobby. What did you see?"

Dobby gave all of the details that he had told Harry and answered every question asked. When he was finished Harry spoke up. "Commander. There is something I have to report."

"Oh?" he asked.

"After the run-in with Vedek Winn and right after I alerted you she was on her way, I cast some protection wards at the entrance to the classroom, hoping to prevent her class from being disrupted again." Harry was concise and unemotional, as though a subordinate reporting to a superior.

"What did these 'protections' involve?" Sisko asked in clipped tones.

"I set an intent-based ward. This ward is intended to distract someone who attempts to enter an area with malicious or harmful intent towards the area or those within. When someone funs afoul of the ward, it initiates a situation where they suddenly remember that they have something they have to do elsewhere. The more violent the intent, the more extreme the reaction. It can produce a
befuddlement which causes the person affected to make mistakes. With Dobby not seeing anyone
after the explosion other than the dead woman, there is a chance that she was the person who had
some type of malicious intent and she made a mistake by not noticing where she was or what she
was doing.”

Sisko’s eyes lit up. "Vedek Winn seemed a bit off last night. When Major Kira asked her if she was
alright, she said that she had intended to confront you but had remembered something she had to do
at the chapel.”

Harry gave a grim smile. "The same ward I put here I put on my quarters."

Sisko considered that for a long moment. "I will take your verbal report under advisement. I might
be best if you told no one else about that without discussing it with me first."

"Alright."

Sisko conferred with Odo and then said to Harry and Dobby, "There is nothing else we need
immediately. Constable Odo or I may contact you for more details tomorrow."

"Alright then. Good night.” Harry and Dobby left.

The magical beings stayed in the next day, not wanting to interfere with whatever was going on.
Sisko contacted Harry via viewscreen that evening.

"Sir Harry."

"Commander. How can I be of service?"

Sisko looked at Harry via the screen and said, "Your supposition was correct. The Bajoran woman
that died was someone who worked for Chief O'Brien – she was trusted fully. However, after your
report I ordered her quarters sealed until the investigation could take place. Constable Odo found
that she was a troubled woman who was convinced by someone unnamed that to honor the
Prophets she had to sabotage the heretical teachings of the Federation. We attempted to backtrace
her communications but whoever was speaking to her was careful. We may never know."

Harry snorted. "I could make a guess."

Sisko gave a wintry smile. "Without evidence, such a guess might be considered slander."

"Understood."

"Because of the damage, classes for the children on the station have been temporarily suspended
until matters are resolved. I hope that occurs soon."

"Me too. I plan to keep myself and my elves scarce until this blows over – I don't need to socialize.
Given that your son's education is being interrupted, you might suggest that Mrs. O'Brien send
lessons to her students to follow until classes resume. That way their education will not suffer and
she could make herself available to answer questions via a viewscreen."

"I will suggest it. Thank you for your time, Sir Harry."

"You're welcome." He hit the button to deactivate the connection.

Harry started work on something he felt might be needed soon.
Things were becoming dangerous and there was an insidious influence becoming more widespread. He would need to be very cautious about what people knew about him.

When he considered how he might protect himself, he remembered the charmed parchment that Hermione had used for Dumbledore's Army back in fifth year. Dobby and Winky were nearly through entering everything he had on parchment or paper and so he searched for the instructions he had begged Hermione for a few years later.

The framework was exactly the kind of thing he wanted. But Harry knew that causing the skin to break in a boil pattern spelling 'sneak' would not be the best option. So Harry searched the various portions looking for a spell which would normally be considered benign.

He finally found what he was looking for in a book that was used to create magical disguises. One of the spells in that book allowed one to create a small mole as an imperfection.

Part of the art of disguise was making certain one didn't look too perfect. Moles were minor blemishes and rarely had any damaging aspects. People tended to ignore them even when they were noticed.

Hidden operatives could also ensure a mole was precisely placed so as to allow compatriots to identify each other, as long as one took steps to make certain it just a person who had a mole in the designated location.

Harry then had to study the Federation medical database to make certain that most races had an equivalent mark. He had seen Bajorans with moles. Vulcans could also develop them. He knew moles in Humans was common – he checked to make certain that current society didn't just remove them. Betazoids also had them.

There was no information on Cardassians and so Harry invited Master Garek to a meal, something he did on occasion. Garek enjoyed these visits because his host took care to provide meals that were unusual but enjoyable for him.

The two men often engaged in small talk. And so while Garek was amused at the randomness of it, he was perfectly willing to discuss the comparative differences between Cardassians and Humans as regards blemishes.

Garek turned out to be an excellent source for Harry's interest. He had been to many worlds and while he refused to confirm he was a spy, he was quite willing to demonstrate wide knowledge of the various races and how to disguise oneself as a member.

Even while he had begun researching, Sisko had alerted him: Vedek Winn had suddenly decided to go home and to allow her protests to fade into the background.

Harry had a question. "Why do you think she left?"

Sisko replied, "I couldn't guess. But I have a hypothetical reasoning."

"Just hypothetical, of course."

"It could be that Vedek Winn intended to use her interactions with Federation education and the misguided Bajoran woman as part of a larger plan whose end result was desirable for her. Unfortunately, the failure of either one or both made per plan unviable in the current form."

Harry nodded. "That worries me. We don't know what she was trying to do. What do we know about her?"
"She is a member of a very Orthodox sect of the Bahoran faith. She had been named as a possible replacement for Opaka to fill the empty position of Kai though she is not considered likely."

Harry considered that for a long moment. "Who is the favorite?"

"Vedek Bareil Antos," Sisko replied. "Or so it is rumored. Major Kira is familiar with him. He has been a source of stability for the Bajorans since the Cardassian Occupation ended."

Harry was not knowledgeable enough to even guess what the woman might have been trying. But he immediately knew that she was not someone he had any interest in seeing her succeed with.
Sir Harry Potter, Knight of the Thistle, Holder of the George Cross, Order of Merlin First Class, Member of the Royal Household of the Traditional Royal House of Great Britain, Earth, reviewed his current projects and where things were.

He had visited Earth and learned that much of what he knew was different in this timeline. He was alone as a Human Wizard, though he had hope that he would find other aliens with similar abilities.

Some of the records from the various encounters of the Federation included a number of races that seemed to have comparable abilities as his own people.

He had done so based on helping modify old Earth games to a new audience. It wasn't much – but Monopoly has been accepted by the Ferengi. They considered it a children's game, something suitable for ages 5 to 8. Older Ferengi preferred more involved and cunning games.

He had arranged for a steady stream of income based on what he had brought with him. Butterbeer production had been finalized. The Paqu ended up being an ideal partner. They were fairly isolationist and having an income source that give them the means to leverage whatever they needed to thrive without being dependant on the Provisional Government or anyone else.

Harry's study of Hermione's secrecy parchment had been successful: The Bajorans who had to know everything about the manufacturing which would be done there had all signed the secrecy agreement. Anyone who violated it would suffer from the growth of specific moles which would be obvious to another Bajoran. It was nothing scarring – but it couldn't be covered up.

The paranoia of it had impressed Tetrarch Varis Sul and her new mentor and pseudo-grandfather Mullibok. Those two had hit it off greatly and Harry was glad he had helped save the man's life work.

Harry has also made arrangements to sell a portion of his stock of wines and spirits. He didn't need all of that and some were considered quite valuable. He kept enough of his own stock that he could host whatever parties he might want to.

His store of music from his Earth he had effectively given away to Earth and the Federation. Most Humans of this day and age didn't understand the cultural references endemic in most music. Idioms that were easily understandable to him were confusing to many of the twenty-fourth century. As a result, much of it was considered strange.

His collection did have recordings that the Federation had considered lost. There were many who appreciated their availability.

His collection of movies he had plans for as well: A publisher of holosuite programs was going to create programs based on many of them. Many, many of them did not exist here and it was a rich source for income. The Federation did not have a system based on the transfer and use of energy. However, other races did use money and Harry had no interest in being at a disadvantage when he might encounter them.

The first holo-program scheduled would be based on an old Earth television show/movie called the Fugitive. Those who played the program could be either the fugitive or the Marshall chasing him.
Julian had put him in touch with someone after Harry had had a movie night for friends.

His collection of non-magical seeds would soon be under the full control of the Royal Family. Harry had no interest in hoarding them. He and his elves would maintain enough supplies to live well. That was, he had decided, enough for him.

Harry was seriously considering asking Dobby and Winky to stay at New Buckingham and help manage the best use of the resources they had. But their bond made them unlikely to agree.

Harry was on the USS Glen Lyon, on his way back to Earth. He had plans to create a permanent copy of everything he had stored in a very safe location on Earth. He was also planning on leaving behind the originals of his library. In fact, a lot of what he didn't need immediately would be stored on Earth behind wards.

Knowing that Hogwarts appeared to be a broken down ruins to non-magicals, he had plans to create a similar effect. It would be keyed into his blood so that any children he had would be able to access it. Knowing that technology could get around the protections if it was just blood, the wards would also require magic.

If his magic was lost or if his children were non-magical, they wouldn't be able to access it. He planned on having copies of his knowledge base on several worlds and in several places. But without magic, a lot of what he was storing would be useless. He wasn't really taking much of a chance doing it this way.

He decided if he ever really wanted books, he could get them reprinted from the recordings of them that had been made.

His testing had shown that magical plants could grow on Bajor. He was considering a future agreement to get them grown under controlled circumstances. Magical plants for potion ingredients were most often grown in greenhouses back on Earth. It was something he was considering.

The trick was to figure out what would be needed and what would be redundant. There was no real use for a boil cure with dermal regeneration such a common procedure. Skelgro also not truly needed. There were methods of replacing bones and limbs in the here and now.

Ironically, the flushing and purging potions were quite useful. Poison antidotes and such things were also viable. Polyjuice would be interesting to try to see if technology could detect it.

He had given a copy of the potions books to Julian Bashir and asked him to look them over for what he thought might be valuable and what was effectively useless.

Harry knew that he had at least two people he considered enemies or at least threats: Gul Dukat of Cardassia and Vedek Winn of Bajor. Dukat he knew was an enemy and he had plans to kill him when he could get away with it. Vedek Winn just reminded him too much of Dolores Umbridge, including possibly arranging deaths although he wasn't certain of that. The Bajoran who had been blown up might have been setting a bomb to go off when no one was present to sow chaos. What the end game might have been was unknown. But Harry would be careful.

Harry had decided that he was going to try to get his own ship built. He still would receive one based on his level of pilot training, but he had watched the old Earth Science Fiction shows and he was really thinking of building one of the ships. Which one was still undecided.

He was tempted to create a version of the Millenium Falcon. He just didn't know if one could be made which would work with warp technology. A ship like a Battlestar was a bit too ambitious.
All Harry knew was the he was going to recreate some ship from Earth fiction. It would be *fun*.

Chapter End Notes

As far as continuing it on, it would be a major commitment. The show took seven years and I covered year one. There is a lot of stuff that would change adding Harry. But I will like have to come back to it.
I have started the sequel, though.
This is the author's viewpoint on how Harry would see the Federation and why I seem to emphasize certain things

One of the biggest conundrums I saw for the Star Trek franchise was the extreme differences between TOS and TNG/DS9 in technology. In addition to explaining away how the Star Trek universe could have unfolded so differently. Also I tried to figure out how to explain how the ST IV movie could show an almost normal 1980s scene and the 1990s in ST canon being explained as it originally was. In addition, the view of the 1990s being too clean when we saw it in Voyager.

How do you explain why Humans would be so interested in moving to other worlds? Why would Humans try to create so many colony worlds when the ones that exist were often small and not exceedingly populated. A population of a few thousand people, even in TNG, seemed like a huge number if Picard's reactions were anything to go by. With people trying to move to places to get away from a still-recovering Earth, it would explain it. Janeway's statement that the planet with a couple hundred thousand people and three cities was a "Thriving Human civilization in the Delta Quadrant" (the episode with Amelia Earhart).

I have tried to reconcile Earth's current reliance on replicators while Bajor is still trying to grow crops for the most part. My created explanation would also explain the Maquis and people in the Badlands who want a more natural life – Eddington talking about how different it was to actually have truly grown food.

Another thing used in Star Trek, especially the original series, was the concept of genetically created crops. Why would the Federation try to create "quadrotriticale" and other genetic hybrids? In the aftermath of WWII Earth would be working desperately to create crops that could grow in recovering areas. It would also explain why it was so valuable.

Another aspect of ST canon is that there seems to be an aversion to actual meat rather than replicated. While many would assume that it was the influence of Vulcans who were "vegetarian", the truth is that Earth didn't have the food animals to feed its population.

Protein re-sequencers were created and then that gave way to replicators as history went on. The NX-01 would have been supplied with better and more varied food than the average person would experience which could explain why Archer seemed so obsessed with dinner all the time – he didn't normally see such a wide variety of foods and dishes.

And as far as Humans becoming "enlightened" into not killing their food, I think the government would have used any argument to convince people to accept technology rather than try to grow enough food animals.

Harry, being familiar with 20th century and having ten years or so to study Muggle culture on his own Earth because of his need for isolation would have a much more cynical and possibly realistic view of "why" than the average Federation citizen. You might notice that we never see any "twentieth Century" people recovered from the past after they have had time to truly study things as they are now.

Another aspect that has always bothered me about Star Trek was its lack of what we would call popular music. Most every human culture on Earth is pretty into music in some form or another. How could so much be lost?
If there was a "dark age" because of a world war, as ST Canon seems to indicate, then the music recorded on CDs and other such technologies would be, eventually, lost. The most widely surviving music would be actual records – which is why "Rock and Roll" in the Star Trek Universe seems stuck in the 1960s – the early 1960s. No rap, no real R&B, no heavy metal. Classical music, however, would still be revered – see Picard's "more cultured" preferences.

So, if I seem to emphasize that what Harry is familiar with and what he brought would be so much of a revelation to people of the 24th century – that would be why. It would also explain how Harry sees things vs how people he would encounter would see them.

You'll see, likely, other times that Harry comes up with a rationale to reconcile in his mind why things are as they are in this new world. He would be, in his mind, British first, a child of Earth second, and a follower of Federation status quo not much.

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