

Past, Present, and Future: Reading the Books 1

By : UnknownUnseenUnheard

A mysterious man brings together the Marauders, Lily, Frank, Alice, and the Next Generation to Hogwarts to read the books as a favor to a friend. My version of reading the books, with people from the past and the future in Harry's fifth year, along with an actual plot, other than them just reading.

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Chapter 1

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Well, this is my version of reading the books, though I've added the time twist to put all these people there at the same time. I'm also going to write a fic about how Keyro met James, Albus, and Lily and why he decided to do this for them. I thought it be interesting to add them all together and to see what would happen. I'll try to update on a daily basis. Reviews are always appreciated. Sorry for errors, I have no beta and I don't always catch all my mistakes when rereading.

There was a sudden bright flash of light in an empty room, devoid of any furniture and plain looking. As quickly as it had happened, it happened, again, then twice more the flash appeared. Dazed, four people looked around in confusion, unable to see a thing as there was no light in the room any longer.

"Lily, Lily, are you-"

"I'm right here James."

"James, Lily, is that you?"

"Ye-"

"Frank?"

"Alice?"

Suddenly, the lights flashed on, and the four looked up to see a man stepping through a door they had failed to notice. His dark eyes gazed at them all, his arms crossed. "James Potter, Lily Evans, Frank and Alice Longbottom. These are your names?" he asked.

"Who the hell are-"

The stranger held up his hand, "Are they your names, or do I have the wrong people?" he asked again.

The four looked to each other, before back at the man, and simply nodded.

At this, he gave a weak smile. "I have brought the four of you here to get to know your children, to get to know Harry and Neville-"

"What do you mean, get to know?" Lily asked, slightly frightened.

"In this time, you," he pointed at Lily, "and him," he pointed at James, "are dead."

They gasped slightly, but before any one could respond, the man looked towards Frank and Alice, and continued. "And these two suffered a fate worse than death, they where tortured into insanity by the Death Eater Bellatrix Lestrange.."

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More gasps followed this, and Frank grabbed Alice. "How the hell do we know any of this is true?" Frank spat.

"Chose to believe me or not it changes not what is, and what must be...Normally, I would never interfere with the timeline, though after all the hell your grandchildren," he motioned to James and Lily, "To restore it after it was tampered with to disastrous scales, I will condone this once and only once, for them."

"Our grandchildren?" at the words, Lilt practically beamed, before becoming crestfallen at knowing she would never live to hold them in her arms..

"Yes, I'm going to take you all to 1995, to your sons, both of them, fifth year. This is serious magic though, and I'll probably have to erase your memories afterwards-"

"Then why are you taking us, if your just going to erase our memories?" James asked.

"For your grandchildren, and your sons, to know you. To get to meet you before the time is up. I cannot mess with the timeline, I cannot leave your memories intact after this since it might change everything and that can have disastrous results as we have already seen. Well, as I have seen considering all that happened.. The choice is yours, forward, or back?" the man offered.

The four look to each other, as if silently deciding, before turning back and nodding. The man beamed at them. "Good, now, wait here for a few minutes, when its time, the door will shine with a light after I've collected the others." he turned to depart, before stopping, and looking back one last time, directly at James. "I will ask you please not to reveal the identity of Padfoot until it comes up, which it will in due time, not even to them, for now." he motioned to those around the room.

"Sirius?" Lily asked confused.

The man nodded at her, before looking back at James. "Do I have your word, James Potter?"

"Yes." James nodded, anything to see his son.

The man smiled. "Good, this constitutes a binding verbal magical contract, your voice shall go mute if you try as extra insurance."

"Wait, what?" James demanded, eyes wide.

"It will return within the minute, nothing to worry about, good day." With that, he turned and departed, the door ceiling and leaving the four friends to look at each other and wonder, what the hell was going on?

In another room, something similar happened, except instead of four flashes, there where nine. The inhabitants looked around in each other in confusion.

"It worked!" Albus Potter exclaimed, excited.

"What worked, Al?" Teddy Lupin asked.

The room had become filled with the children of the future, the three Potters, Fred, Victorie, Rose and Hugo Weasley, and last of all, Scorpius Malfoy.

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Before Al could answer, the door opened and in walked the same man that had brought James, Lily, Frank and Alice, some of the kids of the future looking at him with shock, save James, Albus, and Lily.

"Keyro, what are you doing here?" James asked.

"You know him?" Teddy asked.

"*Longi*½story..." Lily muttered.

"All of you, silence and I will explain." Keyro hissed, and some of them looked at him defiantly, but found no noise could escape their mouths. "On the request of young Albus here, I'm taking you all to the past to 1996, to, for you three," he motioned to the Potters, "To meet your grandparents, for the rest of you to know the through story behind your parents history, and to you," he motioned at Teddy, "To meet your own parents.."

"Wait, what?" Teddy said, excitement in his voice, "Actually meet them?" he asked, awed, a smile creeping onto his face, disregarding the impossibility of it all.

"Yes, though I ask you not reveal the secrets of the future just yet.. I'll enjoy watching everyone react differently. You can reveal yourselves to your parents if you like, but," he stopped here, looked at them all, "I ask that you, Victorie and Fred don't reveal that one yet, I want to see if they can figure it out, and I ask you three," he motioned to the Potters, "Not to reveal yourselves to mommy dearest yet as she has and your father aren't even together yet and if you reveal it to quickly, daddy will be shocked to say the least. And Scorpius, say nothing to mommy yet, she and daddy do not get along at this point. I'd say not to tell your father, but any fool can tell your his son, practically identical if you ask me.. If any of you don't want this, I can send you back now."

They shook their heads at him, and he took it as them wanting to stay. Keyro smiled, before looking at Albus. "Explain the rest if you will, I must get the few others that remain." with that, he turned, leaving them to gather the last group. He was going all out on this one if he was going to mess with time, he would gather practically everyone in his determination.

In the third and final room, the lights flashed, revealing Alastor Moody, Nymphadora Tonks, Remus Lupin, Sirius Black, Narcissa Malfoy, Arthur, Molly, Bill and Charlie Weasley, along with Fleur Delacour. They looked around at each other in confusion, before the door of the room opened and Keyro strode in.

Attention turned to him and they fell silent, Mad-Eye watching him suspiciously.

"You may be wondering why your here, very simple; I have been asked by the son of Harry Potter-"

"Harry doesn't have any-" Sirius began.

"His child from the future," Keyro interrupted, "As he helped me restore the timeline as it, sadly, was meant to be. They've asked for all your presences, and I've agreed to oblige. As added merit, I've brought four people from the past that many of you will be delighted to see. James and Lily, Frank and Alice, all that, in my opinion, you need to confirm I speak truth." Finishing these words, he lifted the silencing charm he had put to keep Sirius and Remus from interrupting.

"James?"

"Lily?"

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"No magic can resurrect the dead." Mad-Eye spoke, looking at the stranger wearily.

"They haven't been resurrected, I've taken them from the past. Time is currently frozen in this plane of existence. Once we are done, I'm afraid events, as they were written, must come about.."

"What!" Sirius exclaimed, "You have the power to save them, you ha-"

"I cannot save them. Even a minuscule change in the past can cause catastrophic results, unbalances the whole of the universe. But you will get to see them one last time." Keyro replied.

Sirius looked mutinous, but he nodded.

"And why am I here?" Narcissa asked.

"Simple; I've brought your grandson from the future along as well."

"Why?"

"He is crucial to the future, which is all you need to know. I cannot elaborate. Come with me, and I'll take you all to your friends from the past."

Keyro turned, and they all followed, even Mad-Eye, whose electric blue magical eye was spinning about in every which direction, in case this was all some mysterious trap that they had walked into.

"I'm worried, James.. Why aren't we there for Harry, why doesn't he know about us?" Lily asked.

"I'm never, ever, letting you go, that bitch won't touch you, over my dead body!" Frank hissed as he held Alice against him tightly.

"I don't know, love, but we're going to find out, I guess.." James replied.

Suddenly, the door opened and in walked the stranger, along with-

"Prongs!" Sirius exclaimed, running up to his brother and bringing both him and Lily into bone-breaking embraces, quickly followed by Remus, who gasped at first before doing the same at the sight of his old friends.

The others marched in right behind them, chat broke out, before Keyro interrupted; "I'll leave you all here for now, when the door shines bright, all of you leave, save Sirius, Remus, James and Lily.. So you can get reacquainted. You'll find that you'll become mute if you try to tell them of the future, any of you. Time to finish this.." Keyro muttered, turning and leaving the emotion filled room, a thing he could never stand..

Students piled into the Great Hall for breakfast, some talking about the brilliant way Dumbledore embarrassed the Toad when he hired Frierze the day before. However, something strange met their eyes; there where some new people up at the staff table, the Minister of Magic, Amelia Bones, and pompous looking as ever, Percy Weasley and a beaming Umbridge as if she had just swallowed an extremely juicy fly.

Harry looked at her suspiciously. What could make the Toad so happy, and why was Fudge here? He turned to Ron and Hermione to voice this, but before he could speak, the Toad stood and addressed them.

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"Today we will finally know the truth about , the truth about all his dirty little lies, spread out before us." She beamed viciously as every head turned to look at a confused Harry.

"What?" he replied, confused.

"We have acquired a set of books that describe, in detail, the school years of Mister Potter-"

"Shut it, Umbridge, you hideous Toad." a voice hissed, and they all turned to see, there at the entrance to the Great Hall, Keyro.

"A, Mister Key-" Umbridge began, not even glaring at him angrily for insulting her since he was the one that made this all possible.

"I said silence, while I speak." Keyro spoke in a venomously quiet voice, and Umbridge obliged, fear in her evil little eyes.

Harry stood defiantly. "What is this about?" he demanded.

"Your life, Harry Potter. And the full truth behind it, all your secrets, and all the proof needed to confirm whether or not you are an attention seeking brat." Keyro replied, knowing full well what the boy would respond with.

"I am not an-" Harry hissed.

"I know, but they don't." he motioned to the rest of the people in the room, at which Umbridge turned a deep red in anger, he had told her that he would expose Potter's dirty lies!

Snape, on the other hand, scoffed. Potter was an attention seeking brat, that much was evident.

None spoke. Keyro had a way of instilling silence in a way neither Minerva nor Snape could manage, and he did it well. "I've brought a few people with me, some from the past, others from the future, and some from the present."

"What is this? Dolores, you told me this man would help expose Potter's lies, not spread some of his ow-"

"Cornelius Fudge, if you value living, something I believe you do, you will be silent." a dark aura practically spread about Keyro, and most looked at him in shock. Keyro looked back at the defiant Harry, and smiled at him. "I've brought your parents, and your as well.." he motioned to Neville, and both of the boys exchanged looked before turning back to Keyro, astounded.

Snape looked up at him, his eyes wide in longing. Lily? Was it- no, it was obviously a deception, his Lily was dead, gone forever..

"Mu- Mum?" Harry asked.

"You brought them here!" Neville hissed, standing up in rage, others looking at him confused.

"I brought them from the past, before it happened.." Keyro said slowly, not wanting to reveal their dark fate. "And here they are!" he turned, lifted his hand towards the door, and light shined through it as James, Lily, Remus, Frank, Alice, and a great shaggy dog entered the Great Hall. Snape stared at Lily, to shocked to rush forward and apologize for everything, while Minerva's hands closed above her mouth as she stared in

shock.

Jaws dropped as Harry and Neville stared hungrily at their parents, while others wondered what a great black dog was doing here, before Professor Treleway stood and screamed, "The Grim, the Grim!"

Gasps echoed the hall and Hermione rolled her eyes.

"Grim? This is Snuffles!" Remus laughed, "I assure you, I'd be dead a long time from now if it was the Grim.

"Mum? Dad?" Harry and Neville both said, and said parents smiled and nodded at them, both girls with tears in their eyes. With swiftness, the two boys, caring not that hundreds of eyes were upon them, rushed forth as fast as they could, reaching their parents and bringing them into their embrace. Some of the girls had tears in their eyes as they watched the reunited families.

A tear fell from Hermione's eyes, and she felt a hand clasp around her own, looking up and seeing Ron's face, and she smiled at his attempt to comfort her. It was so sad that both Harry and Neville had lost their parents, sad to see how in near desperation they jumped at them, but there was a little joy there too; they were reunited, and that was what mattered in the end.

"Enough, please sit before I regret ever agreeing to this..." Keyro said, slightly disgusted at the show of emotions. He couldn't let his heart feel them again, it was far too dangerous for the future...

They nodded at him, the group moving towards the Gryffindor table where they all sat down.

"Now, there are more.." Keyro spoke, motioning to the doors, they shined again and in walked the members of the Order of the Phoenix, along with Narcissa, Moody still looking around suspiciously.

"Mum?" Draco asked, incredulous, and she quickly strode towards her son, sitting next to him. When he tried to question, she put her finger to her lips and told him to wait. The Order members each took seats at the table, Molly looking sternly at her son who gulped, knowing that everything he had done over the years would be revealed. Some gaped at Fleur, who took a seat next to Bill, attempting to ignore the stares.

"Now, we have a few more, this should be the last group. These are the people responsible for this little sojourn, a few people from the future.." Keyro spoke, motioning to the doors for a third and final time, and in came James Sirius, Albus Severus, Lily Luna (all three of whom had been instructed not to reveal their middle names, or that Ginny was their mother), Teddy Lupin (who practically ran at his parents, and embraced each of them, causing them to look at him in wonder since they had no idea who he was), Fred, Rose, Hugo (who had been instructed not to reveal their parents' identities.. yet) and Victorie (Several of the males looked at her longingly, which she ignored, making her way towards her husband), both following behind their cousins, and finally, Scorpius, who spotted his father and went towards him, before a hand stopped him. Looking up at Keyro, he saw the man shake his head.

Keyro lifted his hand and a new table materialized, right in the middle of the hall, the other tables moving as the floor expanded. Many looked at him astounded, at which he laughed. "This is no great feat of magic, this hall is now in another plane of existence, one where time is still and I can manipulate. All those that I have brought, please sit at the new table, along with, let's see; Harry, Hermione, Luna, Neville, Draco, and, since I'm too lazy to list you all, the Weasleys."

"I'm not sitting next to those filthy blood traitors!" Draco hissed.

"Mr. Malfoy, hold your tongue!" Minerva exclaimed, and he shut up, looking at her with anger.

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"Do it now, please, if you will." Keyro responded kindly, though the look in his eyes spoke otherwise. As Draco scoffed, standing and obeying, the Weasleys and half the hall glared at him. "Ah yes, I almost forgot. Astoria Greengrass, you as well, you have my full permission to smack Malfoy should he put a toe out of line."

She looked confused as eyes turned to her, but stood none the less, going forth and sitting next to the other Slytherins at the central table as Malfoy turned, looking at Scorpius, and asking, "Are you my son?"

"Yes." He said simple, then turned away, causing Draco to wonder why his son was mad at him..

"Now, let us begin, and I can finally sit and stop talking, since I honestly hate giving speeches, but as I am doing a friend a favor," he glanced at Albus, who smiled back, "I warn you all. While here, I will instantly intervene should any of you attack one another for something said in the books. Wait to the $\frac{1}{2}$ very $\frac{1}{2}$ end." He lifted a book, where he had conveniently crossed out the title to keep any from guessing what it was about, other than the fact that it was Potter's first year.

"This will reveal the full truth, starting with Potter's first year."

"Wait, o you mean all my-"

"Secrets will be revealed." on the staff table, Fudge, Umbridge, and Percy smirked. Dumbledore had stayed quiet this entire time, staring forth in wonderment, and had been one of the few unsurprised by the mans blatant entrance, as he had come to Dumbledore in his office the night before and explained it all to him.

"While we are here, time is frozen in the mortal world. You shall not leave, when it is time for rest, sleeping chambers shall appear, and when it is time to be fed, so shall food also appear. Now, who wants to read first." he held up the book.

Umbridge stood, here toad like eyes filled with a malevolent gleam. "I will." Harry groaned. Keyro levitated the book to her, and she took it, glancing at the first chapter. He then went and sat at the table, away from the others, who where still wondering who the hell he was, as Umbridge's falsely sweet voice echoed across the hall, "*The Boy Who Lived*".

Chapter 2: The Boy Who Lived

Chapter 2: The Boy Who Lived

Authors Note; Prongs is James Potter I, James is James Potter II. Fred is Fred Weasley I, Freddie is Fred Weasley II. Lily is Lily Evans, Lils is Lily Potter II. Albus is Albus Potter and Dumbledore is Dumbledore.

Thanks for the review, each one is appreciated :) I'll try to update as often as possible.

91698Padfoot; Keyro is a random OC I created that can walk through time. I tossed him in so I could bring people from the past, present, and future all together.

"The Boy Who Lived"

Mr. And Mrs. Dursley, of number four, Privet Drive, were proud to say that they were perfectly normal, thank you very much.

Umbridge read and Harry groaned. She looked up and smiled sweetly, before continuing.

They were the last people you'd expect to be involved in anything strange or mysterious, because they just didn't hold with such nonsense.

"Not the most interesting people, are they Harrykins?" Fred asked.

"Not in the slightest." Harry replied.

"Who are the Dursleys?" Lily asked.

"Your sister married a man named Vernon Dursley." Harry replied.

"Oh.." she said, quickly catching on.

"Hem hem!" the toad hissed before continuing.

Mr. Dursley was the director of a firm called Grunnings, which made drills. He was a big, beefy man with hardly any neck, although he did have a very large mustache.

"Very attractive sounding." George said sarcastically.

Mrs. Dursley was thin and blonde and had nearly twice the usual amount of neck, which came in very useful as she spent so much of her time craning over garden fences, spying on the neighbors.

"I see she hasn't changed.." Lily said, and Harry snorted.

The Dursleys had a small son called Dudley and in their opinion there was no finer boy anywhere. The Dursleys had everything they wanted, but they also had a secret, and their greatest fear was that somebody would discover it. They didn't think they could bear it if anyone found out about the Potters.

"What!" half the hall exploded.

"Whats wrong with us?" Prongs asked, and Snuffles barked, looking at his son.

"You'll see.." Harry muttered, and Umbridge continued.

Mrs. Potter was Mrs. Dursley's sister, but they hadn't met for several years; in fact, Mrs. Dursley pretended she didn't have a sister, because her sister and her good-for-nothing husband were as unDursleyish as it was possible to be.

Lily gasped, hurt.

"There is nothing wrong with Lily!" Minerva hissed, and several others looked outraged.

"That's not even a word.." Hermione muttered, and the kids from the future snorted. She didn't change much, it seemed.

The Dursleys shuddered to think what the neighbors would say if the Potters arrived in the street. The Dursleys knew that the Potters had a small son, too, but they had never even seen him. This boy was another good reason for keeping the Potters away; they didn't want Dudley mixing with a child like that.

"Neither would I, he's and angry git." Ron teased.

"Oi!" Harry yelled, a grin painted on his face replacing the scowl at the words from the book.

When Mr. And Mrs. Dursley woke up on the dull, gray Tuesday our story starts, there was nothing about the cloudy sky outside to suggest that strange and mysterious things would soon be happening all over the country. Mr. Dursley hummed as he picked out his most boring tie for work,

"Harry, are you sure your related to these people?" Seamus asked.

"Sadly, yes." Harry replied, causing his parents to exchange dark looks at his tone. What did that mean?

and Mrs. Dursley gossiped away happily as she wrestled a screaming Dudley into his high chair. None of them noticed a large, tawny owl flutter past the window. At half past eight, Mr. Dursley picked up his briefcase, pecked Mrs. Dursley on the cheek, and tried to kiss Dudley good-bye but missed, because Dudley was now having a tantrum and throwing his cereal at the walls.

"Even then he was a prat.." Harry muttered, whilst Snape mused that this was exactly the way Potter had been raised, why he was such an attention seeking arrogant brat so much like his strutting father before him.

"Little tyke, " chortled Mr. Dursley as he left the house.

"He actually encourages that behavior?" Minerva said, astounded, while others looked slightly shocked at the bad parenting skills the Dursleys portrayed.

"Everything Duddykins does is oh so perfect." Harry replied, and the hall roared with laughter.

"Duddykins?" George said, laughing.

"That's not even the half of the-"

"Hem, hem!"

He got into his car and backed out of numberfour's drive. It was on the corner of the street that he noticed the first sign of something peculiar - a cat reading a map.

"Cats don't read maps, bloody Muggle is loosing it." Malfoy scoffed. Astoria smacked him and Harry laughed, causing people to look at him in confusion.

Harry quickly realized that he laughed at something Malfoy had said, and his mouth closed. "Sorry, but I couldn't of put that better myself, Malfoy." Harry told him

For a second, Mr. Dursley didn't realize what he had seen - then he jerked his head around to look again. There was a tabby cat standing on the corner of Privet Drive, but there wasn't a map in sight. What could he have been thinking of? It must have been a trick of the light. Mr. Dursley blinked and stared at the cat. It stared back. As Mr. Dursley drove around the corner and up the road, he watched the cat in hismirror. It was now reading the sign that said Privet Drive - no, looking at the sign; cats couldn't read maps or signs.

"Unless its an animagu- Minnie, is that you?" Prongs asked.

"Minnie?" a few people asked.

"James Potter, you know full well not to call me that!" Minerva hissed at the nickname, causing several to laugh.

Mr. Dursley gave himself a little shake and put the cat out of his mind. As he drove toward town he thought of nothing except a large order of drills he was hoping to get that day. But on the edge of town, drills were driven out of his mind by something else. As he sat in the usual morning traffic jam, he couldn't help noticing that there seemed to be a lot of strangely dressed people about. People in cloaks.

"What is he talking about, cloaks are perfectly normal!" James huffed.

"Not to Muggles, James." Rose rolled her eyes at her cousin.

"Well, how was I suppose to know that?" James asked.

"Didn't you take Muggle Studies?" Freddie asked, and James blushed crimson.

"You didn't pay attention at all, did you?" Rose glared, and the older boy squirmed, causing several to laugh.

"Good one Rose." Scorpius high-fived her, causing many to look at them curiously.

Mr. Dursley couldn't bear people who dressed in funny clothes - the get ups you saw on young people! He supposed this was some stupid new fashion. He drummed his fingers on the steering wheel and his eyes fell on a huddle of these weirdos standing quite close by.

"Mate, your uncle is one strange guy."

"Walrus, Ron. One strange walrus." Harry replied, earning several chuckles.

"Harry!" Lily and Prongs exclaimed, one reprimanding him, the other applauding. At this, Lily glared at her husband and he shifted uncomfortably in his seat, causing several to laugh and Snape to smirk.

They were whispering excitedly together. Mr. Dursley was enraged to see that a couple of them weren't young at all; why, that man had to be older than he was, and wearing an emerald-green cloak! The nerve of him!

"Are they *trying* to expose us?" Minerva huffed, and at this, James and Freddie exchanged looks.

"You two try it and I'll curse you into oblivion." Teddy told them sternly and they both pouted at him.

"Us?" James.

"Scare innocent Muggles?" Freddie.

"Never!" James.

"James Potter, I swear if you try anything, you won't play Quidditch for a month." Harry hissed, and James backed off.

"Sorry Dad!" he exclaimed, and several laughed at the fact that the younger was reprimanding the older.

But then it struck Mr. Dursley that this was probably some silly stunt - these people were obviously collecting for something... Yes, that would be it.

"Bless him, Muggles will go to any extent to avoid believing in magic." Arthur said.

"Curse him." Harry, and most of the kids from the future, excluding Victorie, Rose (who rolled her eyes) and Scorpius (who didn't know the full story.)

"Harry James Potter!" his mother reprimanded.

"He's evil." Harry simply said, people exchanging looks. What could this man have possibly done to be considered evil in the eyes of a noble git like Harry Potter?

The traffic moved on and a few minutes later, Mr. Dursley arrived in the Grunnings parking lot, his mind back on drills. Mr. Dursley always sat with his back to the window in his office on the ninth floor. If he hadn't, he might have found it harder to concentrate on drills that morning. He didn't see the owls swooping past in broadday light, though people down in the street did; they pointed and gazed open mouthed as owl after owl sped overhead.

"What's so amazing about that?" a Slytherin sneered.

"In the Muggle world, to see owls during the day is an unusual thing." Professor Burbage replied.

Most of them had never seen an owl even at nighttime. Mr. Dursley, however, had a perfectly normal, owl-free morning. He yelled at five different people. He made several important telephone calls and shouted a bit more.

"I don't like this man.." Cho mused from the Ravenclaw table.

"You don't know the half of it." Harry called back.

He was in a very good mood until lunchtime, when he thought he'd stretch his legs and walk across the road

"Uncle Vernon, exercising? The world is ending!" Harry said, causing several to laugh and others to look at him in disgust at insulting the man who raised him (none of them knowing what kind of man Vernon Dursley was)

to buy himself a bun from the bakery.

"Oh, that makes sense then." Harry said, causing more laughter.

He'd forgotten all about the people in cloaks until he passed a group of them next to the baker's. He eyed them angrily as he passed. He didn't know why, but they made him uneasy.

"They haven't done anything to you." Hermione scoffed. Meanwhile, Lily was in deep thought. This was the man her sister married? He seemed to be a very unpleasant, unaccepting block if you asked her...

This bunch were whispering excitedly, too, and he couldn't see a single collecting tin. It was on his way back past them, clutching a large doughnut in a bag, that he caught a few words of what they were saying.

"The Potters, that's right, that's what I heard yes, their son, Harry"

Most of the hall turned to look at Harry, who looked down at the table. So, it was *that* day. He felt a small warm hand grasp his own, and looked up to see Ginny, who smiled meekly at him. Warmth shot through him and he smiled back.

Mr. Dursley stopped dead.

"I wish."

"HARRY!" both his parents reprimanded, though he said nothing.

Fear flooded him. He looked back at the whisperers as if he wanted to say something to them, but thought better of it. He dashed back across the road, hurried up to his office, snapped at his secretary not to disturb him, seized his telephone, and had almost finished dialing his home number when he changed his mind. He put the receiver back down and stroked his mustache, thinking...

"He can think? Blimey, I didn't know.." Harry said.

No, he was being stupid.

"No surprise there." Most of the hall chanted.

Potter wasn't such an unusual name. He was sure there were lots of people called Potter who had a son called Harry. Come to think of it, he wasn't even sure his nephew was called Harry.

"He doesn't even know your name?" Lily's eyes narrowed.

"He still doesn't know it." Harry shrugged, causing several people to hiss with anger.

He'd never even seen the boy.

More hissing.

It might have been Harvey. Or Harold.

"Harvey Potter." Ron laughed, and the twins had identical evil smiles across their faces.

"Well, Harrykins."

"Looks like we."

"Now have a few."

"More names to call you by."

"Once-"

"Or twice-"

"Or all summer long."

They smirked and Harry laughed, not noticing the outraged look on his mother's face. This man didn't even know his own nephew's name?

There was no point in worrying Mrs. Dursley; she always got so upset at any mention of her sister. He didn't blame her - if he'd had a sister like that...

A tear fell from Lily's eyes, and Prongs pulled her into his embrace, while most in the hall looked outraged.

But all the same, those people in cloaks... He found it a lot harder to concentrate on drills that afternoon and when he left the building at five o'clock, he was still so worried that he walked straight into someone just outside the door.

"And he survived?"

"Say it ain't so!" the twins called, laughter erasing some of the pain in Lily's eyes.

"Sorry," he grunted,

"He has actual manners?" Ginny gasped, causing several to snicker.

as the tiny old man stumbled and almost fell. It was a few seconds before Mr. Dursley realized that the man was wearing a violet cloak. He didn't seem at all upset at being almost knocked to the ground. On the contrary, his face split into a wide smile and he said in a squeaky voice that made passersby stare,

"Filius, was that you?" Minerva asked.

Flitwick blushed, and she groaned.

"Don't be sorry, my dear sir, for nothing could upset me today! Rejoice, for You-Know-Who has gone at last! Even Muggles like yourself should be celebrating, this happy, happy day!"

"That day..." Minerva, Dumbledore, Remus, and, in a whisper, Snape said sadly while many others cheered, beaming at Harry before seeing the dark look on his face as he looked down at the table.

And the old man hugged Mr. Dursley around the middle and walked off. Mr. Dursley stood rooted to the spot. He had been hugged by a complete stranger. He also thought he had been called a Muggle, whatever that was. He was rattled. He hurried to his car and set off for home, hoping he was imagining things, which he had never hoped before, because he didn't approve of imagination.

"Lily, seriously, how the hell are you related to these people?" Prongs asked.

She shrugged, not responding.

As he pulled into the driveway of number four, the first thing he saw - and it didn't improve his mood - was the tabby cat he'd spotted that morning. It was now sitting on his garden wall. He was sure it was the same one; it had the same markings around its eyes.

Several eyes turned to Professor McGonagall, who stared back sternly, causing the gazes to drop.

"Shoo!" said Mr. Dursley loudly. The cat didn't move. It just gave him a stern look.

"That's Minnie for you." Prongs said, causing several to laugh.

Was this normal cat behavior? Mr. Dursley wondered. Trying to pull himself together, he let himself into the house. He was still determined not to mention anything to his wife.

Mrs. Dursley had had a nice, normal day. She told him over dinner all about Mrs. Next Door's problems with her daughter and how Dudley had learned a new word ("Won't!").

"Terrible parenting skills.." Pamina muttered. Fudge, Umbridge, and Percy were all scowling. There was nothing on Potter yet, it was becoming infuriating.

Mr. Dursley tried to act normally.

When Dudley had been put to bed, he went into the living room in time to catch the last report on the evening news: "And finally, bird-watchers every where have reported that the nation's owls have been behaving very unusually today. Although owls normally hunt at night and are hardly ever seen in daylight, there have been hundreds of sightings of these birds flying in every direction since sunrise. Experts are unable to explain why the owls have suddenly changed their sleeping pattern. " The newscaster allowed himself a grin. "Most mysterious. And now, over to Jim McGuffin with the weather. Going to be any more showers of owls tonight, Jim?"

"Well, Ted, " said the weatherman, "I don't know about that, but it's not only the owls that have been acting oddly today. Viewers as far apart as Kent, Yorkshire, and Dundee have been phoning in to tell me that instead of the rain I promised yesterday, they've had a downpour of shooting stars!

"Do they want to be discovered?" Minerva scoffed.

Perhaps people have been celebrating Bonfire Night early - it's not until next week, folks! But I can promise a wet night tonight. "Mr. Dursley sat frozen in his armchair. Shooting stars all over Britain? Owls flying by daylight? Mysterious people in cloaks all over the place? And a whisper, a whisper about the Potters...

"He's actually-"

"Connecting the pieces."

"Were doomed!" the twins cried together, causing several to laugh and Mrs. Weasley to glare.

Mrs. Dursley came into the living room carrying two cups of tea. It was no good. He'd have to say something to her. He cleared his throat nervously. "Er - Petunia, dear - you haven't heard from your sister lately, have you?" As he had expected, Mrs. Dursley looked shocked and angry. After all, they normally pretended she didn't have a sister.

"Petunia.." Lily cried, and Prongs held her closer while Harry put his arm on his mother's shoulder. Several people growled, including Snape, which caused the staff to look at him with curiosity.

"No, " she said sharply. "Why?"

"Funny stuff on the news, " Mr. Dursley mumbled. "Owls... Shooting stars... And there were a lot of funny-looking people in town today... ""So?" snapped Mrs. Dursley. "Well, I just thought... Maybe... It was something to do with... You know... Her crowd."

"Her crowd!" several roared.

"These are the people that raised you Potter? Its a miracle your not a Wizard hater." Malfoy scoffed.

Several people looked at him, slightly confused, before Umbridge continued, slightly annoyed herself at the antics of the filthy Muggles but pleased at the thought that they might make Potter's life hell.

Mrs. Dursley sipped her tea through pursed lips. Mr. Dursley wondered whether he dared tell her he'd heard the name "Potter. "

"He's a bloody coward." someone called out.

He decided he didn't dare. Instead he said, as casually as he could, "Their son -he'd be about Dudley's age now, wouldn't he?"

"I suppose so, " said Mrs. Dursley stiffly.

"What's his name again? Howard, isn't it?"

"Harry. Nasty, common name, if you ask me."

"No one asked you!" Ron huffed.

"I think its a lovely name." Ginny cooed, and Harry felt himself blushing. Several on that table snickered, and Cho and Michael Corner both glared, Cho at Ginny and Michael at Harry.

"Oh, yes, " said Mr. Dursley, his heart sinking horribly. "Yes, I quite agree. "

He didn't say another word on the subject as they went upstairs to bed. While Mrs. Dursley was in the bathroom, Mr. Dursley crept to the bedroom window and peered down into the front garden. The cat was still there.

"Professor, why are you stalking the Dursleys?" Freddie asked innocently.

"Read, Dolores, please." Minerva ignored him and Umbridge continued.

It was staring down Privet Drive as though it were waiting for something. Was he imagining things?

"You have no imagination." Fred scoffed.

Could all this have anything to do with the Potters? If it did... If it got out that they were related to a pair of - well, he didn't think he could bear it.

"The feelings mutual." Harry hissed.

The Dursleys got into bed. Mrs. Dursley fell asleep quickly but Mr. Dursley lay awake, turning it all over in his mind. His last, comforting thought before he fell asleep was that even if the Potters were involved, there was no reason for them to come near him and Mrs. Dursley. The Potters knew very well what he and Petunia thought about them and their kind...

Snuffles barked loudly, attracting many eyes.

He couldn't see how he and Petunia could get mixed up in anything that might be going on - he yawned and turned over - it couldn't affect them...

How very wrong he was.

"How I wish he was right about that one.." Harry groaned. Snape shot him a look, and realization dawned on him. Of course, Potter always craved attention, something the Dursley's obviously starved the brat of (since they were obviously close minded, considering from the clues etched out in the text before them), which is why he hated it so much there; because there, they didn't stare at him, eyes didn't shoot up and gape at his scar. No, he was perfectly normal in their home, and that was why he hissed their names with venom.

Mr. Dursley might have been drifting into an uneasy sleep, but the cat on the wall outside was showing no sign of sleepiness. It was sitting as still as a statue, its eyes fixed unblinkingly on the far corner of Privet Drive. It didn't so much as quiver when a car door slammed on the next street, nor when two owls swooped overhead. In fact, it was nearly midnight before the cat moved at all.

"Defiantly you, Minnie." Prongs called.

A man appeared on the corner the cat had been watching, appeared so suddenly and silently you'd have thought he'd just popped out of the ground. The cat's tail twitched and its eyes narrowed. Nothing like this man had ever been seen on Privet Drive. He was tall, thin, and very old, judging by the silver of his hair and beard, which were both long enough to tuck into his belt.

He was wearing long robes, a purple cloak that swept the ground, and high-heeled, buckled boots. His blue eyes were light, bright, and sparkling behind half-moon spectacles and his nose was very long and

crooked, as though it had been broken at least twice. This man's name was Albus Dumbledore.

Several people cheered.

Albus Dumbledore didn't seem to realize that he had just arrived in a street where everything from his name to his boots was unwelcome.

"Of course I did, I just didn't care." Dumbledore spoke for the first time thought the entire book. Lily's eyes narrowed as she stared at him. So, it was Dumbledore that left Harry in the grip of the bloody Dursley's...

He was busy rummaging in his cloak, looking for something. But he did seem to realize he was being watched, because he looked up suddenly at the cat, which was still staring at him from the other end of the street. For some reason, the sight of the cat seemed to amuse him. He chuckled and muttered, "I should have known. "

He found what he was looking for in his inside pocket. It seemed to be a silver cigarette lighter. He flicked it open, held it up in the air, and clicked it. The nearest street lamp went out with a little pop. He clicked it again - the next lamp flickered into darkness. Twelve times he clicked the Put-Outer,

"Cool, Dad's Deluminatore!" Hugo called before being smacked by his sister.

"My- What?" Ron asked, confused.

Rose glared at her brother while half the hall stared, transfixed.

"Oops.." Hugo whispered and Rose shook her head at him.

"Continue, Umbridge." Keyro commanded, and several jumped, forgetting he was there since he had not spoken once since the beginning of the book.

until the only lights left on the whole street were two tiny pinpricks in the distance, which were the eyes of the cat watching him.

"Cat's eyes reflect light, they don't produce it and can't shine if there isn't any." Hermione said.

"Maybe it was full moon." a Ravenclaw mused, none noticing Remus shifting uncomfortably in his seat at the words save Tonks, who put her hand on his shoulder, causing warmth to radiate through him as he smiled up at her.

If anyone looked out of their window now, even beady-eyed Mrs. Dursley, they wouldn't be able to see anything that was happening down on the pavement. Dumbledore slipped the Put-Outer back inside his cloak and set off down the street toward number four, where he sat down on the wall next to the cat. He didn't look at it, but after a moment he spoke to it.

"Fancy seeing you here, Professor McGonagall. "

"I knew it!" Prongs called out and Minerva rolled her eyes, smiling at him.

He turned to smile at the tabby, but it had gone. Instead he was smiling at a rather severe-looking woman who was wearing square glasses exactly the shape of the markings the cat had had around its eyes. She, too, was wearing a cloak, an emerald one. Her black hair was drawn into a tight bun. She

looked distinctly ruffled.

"How did you know it was me?" she asked.

"My dear Professor, I've never seen a cat sit so stiffly. "

"You'd be stiff if you'd been sitting on a brick wall all day, " said Professor McGonagall.

"Why were you sitting on a brick wall all day, Professor?" George asked innocently. She ignored him.

"Annoying when she does that, isn't?" Prongs told him, laughing.

"Hem, hem!"

"All day? When you could have been celebrating? I must have passed a dozen feasts and parties on my way here. "

Professor McGonagall sniffed angrily. "Oh yes, everyone's celebrating, all right, " she said impatiently. "You'd think they'd be a bit more careful, but no - even the Muggles have noticed something's going on. It was on their news. " She jerked her head back at the Dursleys' dark living-room window. "I heard it. Flocks of owls... Shooting stars... Well, they're not completely stupid.

"I believe Harry's uncles beg to differ on that account." Fred said, earning several snorts.

They were bound to notice something. Shooting stars down in Kent - I'll bet that was Dedalus Diggle. He never had much sense. "

"You can't blame them, " said Dumbledore gently. "We've had precious little to celebrate for eleven years. "

"Eleven years.." Lily shivered. That's how long the war lasted?

"I know that, " said Professor McGonagall irritably. "But that's no reason to lose our heads. People are being downright careless, out on the streets in broad daylight, not even dressed in Muggle clothes, swapping rumors. "She threw a sharp, sideways glance at Dumbledore here, as though hoping he was going to tell her something, but he didn't, so she went on. "A fine thing it would be if, on the very day You Know-Who seems to have disappeared at last,

"He is dead!" Fudge hissed.

"Who are you?" Teddy asked.

"I am Cornelius Oswald Fudge, Minister-"

"Oh, the guy that went down as the worst Minister in Wizarding History." James spat, glaring at him.

"What?" Fudge said indignantly.

"Everyone hates you." Freddie supplied.

"Yeah, your practically an outcast in our time." Albus continued.

"Because your the reason-" Lils began.

"Enough!" Keyro hissed, causing the kids from the future to become silent, but still glare fiercely at Fudge while Umbridge became outraged. The dirty little liars!

the Muggles found out about us all. I suppose he really has gone, Dumbledore?"

"It certainly seems so, " said Dumbledore. "We have much to be thankful for. Would you care for a lemondrop?"

"Those are my favorite!" Al beamed at his namesake.

"A what?"

"A lemon drop. They're a kind of Muggle sweet I'm rather fond of"

"No, thank you, " said Professor McGonagall coldly, as though she didn't think this was the moment for lemon drops.

"Because it wasn't, Albus!" Minerva shirked, and some looked at her in confusion as she glared at Dumbledore, who shifted uncomfortably in his seat. Snape raised his eyebrows at this.

"As I say, even if You-Know-Who has gone - "

"My dear Professor, surely a sensible person like yourself can call him by his name? All this 'You-Know-Who' nonsense - for eleven years I have been trying to persuade people to call him by his proper name:

Umbridge stopped, looking up. "It says the- the na-

The book zoomed from her hand into Keyro's, who read in a clear voice,

Voldemort. " Professor McGonagall flinched,

Along with most of the hall, prompting Harry to shout out, "Its just a bloody name!"

"Harry, don't swear!" his mother reprimanded.

"Proud of you." Prongs beamed, and Lily glared at him, "About the saying the name, not the swearing!" he said quickly causing many to laugh.

The book then zoomed back to Umbridge, and she continued.

but Dumbledore, who was unsticking two lemon drops, seemed not to notice.

Harry glared at Dumbledore for this. The day his parents died, he was sitting there, sucking on sweets, without a care in the world?

"It all gets so confusing if we keep saying 'You-Know-Who. ' I have never seen any reason to be frightened of saying

Umbridge stopped, and glared at Dumbledore. "Say the name, Dolores!" Keyro hissed loudly, she gave him a glare, which he returned, causing her to squirm in fear before she continued. There was a dark look in those eyes that told her he was not one to mess with...

Voldemort's

She stuttered as several people flinched, including Ron, which caused the those from the future to look at him funny.

name."

"I know you haven 't, said Professor McGonagall, sounding half exasperated, half admiring. "But you're different. Everyone knows you're the only one You-Know-oh, all right, Voldemort(flinch), was frightened of. "

"You flatter me, " said Dumbledore calmly. "Voldemort had powers I will never have. "

"Only because you're too - well - noble to use them. "

"It's lucky it's dark. I haven't blushed so much since Madam Pomfrey told me she liked my new earmuffs. "

Several people snickered, while Minerva and Madam Pomfrey glared at him.

Professor McGonagall shot a sharp look at Dumbledore and said, "The owls are nothing next to the rumors that are flying around. You know what everyone's saying? About why he's disappeared? About what finally stopped him?" It seemed that Professor McGonagall had reached the point she was most anxious to discuss, the real reason she had been waiting on a cold, hard wall all day, for neither as a cat nor as a woman had she fixed Dumbledore with such a piercing stare as she did now. It was plain that whatever "everyone" was saying, she was not going to believe it until Dumbledore told her it was true. Dumbledore, however, was choosing another lemon drop and did not answer.

"What they're saying, " she pressed on, "is that last night Voldemort turned up in Godric's Hollow. He went to find the Potters.

Several people shot Harry sympathetic looks(which he ignored, much to Snape' surprise) while Prongs pulled Lily closer to him again and Scorpius(to every ones surprise) did the same with Lils.

"Son.. Let go of that filthy blood tra-"

SMACK.

All eyes shot up, looking as Scorpius loomed over his father, red in the face, Malfoy on the ground, blood trickling down from his lip.

"Draco!" Narcissa bent down, helping her son stand as he glared viciously at his own child.

"What the he-?"

"Call Lily a blood traitor one more time, and I swear dad, I'm going to-"

"Enough." Dumbledore declared. The two Malfoy's glared at each other, venom in their eyes, ending with Scorpius sitting and Draco and Narcissa moving away from the rest and most of the hall in transfixed stares at Scorpius.

The rumor is that Lily and James Potter are - are - that they're - dead. "

Lily whimpered, breaking from her husband's embrace and instead embracing her son, while Ginny squeezed Harry's hand and Hermione put hers on his shoulder.

"Stop it, please.." he told them, and they let him go, "I don't want any pity.." he muttered, looking away. He didn't deserve any, and he knew it.

Dumbledore bowed his head. Professor McGonagall gasped. "Lily and James... I can't believe it... I didn't want to believe it... Oh, Albus..." Dumbledore reached out and patted her on the shoulder.

"I know... I know..." he said heavily. Professor McGonagall's voice trembled as she went on.

"That's not all. They're saying he tried to kill the Potter's son, Harry. But - he couldn't. He couldn't kill that little boy. No one knows why, or how, but they're saying that when he couldn't kill Harry Potter, Voldemort's power somehow broke - and that's why he's gone."

At this, those from the past gasped and stared, transfixed, at Harry.

"You defeated Voldemort?" Frank asked.

Harry simply nodded, looking away.

"I'm so proud of you." Prongs told him, and Harry looked up, a weak smile on his face.

Dumbledore nodded glumly. "It's - it's true?" faltered Professor McGonagall. **"After all he's done... All the people he's killed... He couldn't kill a little boy? It's just astounding... Of all the things to stop him... But how in the name of heaven did Harry survive?"**

"We can only guess," said Dumbledore. **"We may never know. "**

At this, Harry snorted. Several people looked to him in confusion, before he spoke, "Lying already, I see." he shot a glance up at the Headmaster while several people gasped in surprise, though Dumbledore ignored all the looks he got.

"How did you-" Lily began.

"Leave him, he cannot answer, here, now. It will be revealed by the end of the book." Keyro spoke, before motioning a fuming Umbridge to continue. She had hoped for dirt on Potter. Instead, all that had happened was nearly everyone in the hall looking with sympathy at the little demon.

Professor McGonagall pulled out a lace handkerchief and dabbed at her eyes beneath her spectacles. Dumbledore gave a great sniff as he took a golden watch from his pocket and examined it. It was a very odd watch. It had twelve hands but no numbers; instead, little planets were moving around the edge. It must have made sense to Dumbledore, though, because he put it back in his pocket and said,

"Hagrid's late. I suppose it was he who told you I'd be here, by the way?"

"Yes, " said Professor McGonagall. "And I don't suppose you're going to tell me why you're here, of all places?"

"So it was your bloody idea, thanks for making my life *hell*, Dumbledore!" Harry hollered in anger, his face contorting in rage. His scar burned with a savage fire as the words left his lips, and it took every ounce of restraint to keep his hand from shooting up at it. Dumbledore flinched.

"Harry.." Ginny said softly, taking his hand, causing him to feel the same warm feeling inside him again, calming him down as he smiled at her, while his parents exchanged dark looks with Remus, wondering what the hell the Durselys did..

"I've come to bring Harry to his aunt and uncle. They're the only family he has left now. "

"You don't mean - you can't mean the people who live here?" cried Professor McGonagall, jumping to her feet and pointing at number four. "Dumbledore - you can't. I've been watching them all day. You couldn't find two people who are less like us. And they've got this son - I saw him kicking his mother all the way up the street, screaming for sweets. Harry Potter come and live here!"

"It's the best place for him, " said Dumbledore firmly.

"Best? I'm sure you meant to say worst, Professor." Harry spat bitterly. James, Albus, and Lily looked at each other fearfully. There dad was usually even tempered, yet right now.. Ron and Hermione looked at each other, worried, while everyone else stared at the dark look in Harry's eyes.

"His aunt and uncle will be able to explain everything to him when he's older. I've written them a letter. "

"A LETTER!" Lily, James, Remus, Mrs. Weasley, Ron, Hermione, all of those from the future, and most of the hall roared at Dumbledore, who squirmed.

"A letter?" repeated Professor McGonagall faintly, sitting back down on the wall. "Really, Dumbledore, you think you can explain all this in a letter? These people will never understand him! He'll be famous - a legend -

"Annoyingly enough.." Harry said in a carrying voice. Snape looked astounded.

I wouldn't be surprised if today was known as Harry Potter day in the future - there will be books written about Harry

"Hmmm maybe like this one?" Freddie asked innocently.

- every child in our world will know his name!"

"Exactly, " said Dumbledore, looking very seriously over the top of his half-moon glasses. "It would be enough to turn any boy's head. Famous before he can walk and talk! Famous for something he won't even remember! Can't you see how much better off he'll be, growing up away from all that until he's ready to take it?"

"Yet of all the bloody people out there.. You choose *them*.." Harry hissed darkly.

Professor McGonagall opened her mouth, changed her mind, swallowed, and then said, "Yes - yes, you're right, of course. But how is the boy getting here, Dumbledore?" She eyed his cloak suddenly although she thought he might be hiding Harry underneath it.

Several people scoffed.

"Hagrid's bringing him. ""You think it - wise - to trust Hagrid with something as important as this?"

"I would trust Hagrid with my life!" Harry, James, and Prongs called.

On the staff table, Hagrid beamed.

"I would trust Hagrid with my life, " said Dumbledore.

"And now it has the Dumbledore seal of approval." Freddie declared.

"I'm not saying his heart isn't in the right place, " said Professor McGonagall grudgingly, "but you can't pretend he's not careless. He does tend to - what was that?" A low rumbling sound had broken the silence around them. It grew steadily louder as they looked up and down the street for some sign of a headlight; it swelled to a roar as they both looked up at the sky - and a huge motorcycle fell out of the air and landed on the road in front of them.

"Dad's bike!" James cheered, while Harry's eyes shot up at him.

"My bike?"

"You mean you don't have it yet, dad? You used to take us up for rides while mum was busy." James laughed, before Lils smacked him.

"Mum's in this room!" she hissed, while Lily and Hermione both reprimanded, "Harry!" they screeched, glaring at him.

"Haven't done it yet!" he pleaded, causing several to snicker.

If the motorcycle was huge, it was nothing to the man sitting astride it. He was almost twice as tall as anormal man and at least five times as wide. He looked simply too big to be allowed, and so wild - long tangles of bushy black hair and beard hid most of his face, he had hands the size of trash can lids, and his feet in their leather boots were like baby dolphins.

"The book actually makes Hagrid sound scary." Al laughed.

"Well, he does look scary when you first meet him, actually." Scorpius confessed and James laughed at him.

"Was little Malfoy scared of the big bad man?" he teased, causing Scorpius to blush.

"Leave him alone, prat." Lils hissed.

Albus narrowed his eyes in suspicion, before scoffing. Scorpius was his best mate, surely he'd know better than to go out with his sister?

In his vast, muscular arms he was holding a bundle of blankets.

"Hagrid, " said Dumbledore, sounding relieved. "At last. And where did you get that motorcycle?"

"Borrowed it, Professor Dumbledore, sir, " said the giant,

"Hagrid's not a giant, Harry." Hermione told him.

"I didn't write this!" Harry replied.

climbing carefully off the motorcycle as he spoke. "Young Sirius Black

Several people growled and Snuffles barked at them, causing them to look at the dog in wonder while the Harry, Hermione, Fred, George, Ginny and Remus burst out laughing.

lent it to me. I've got him, sir. "

"No problems, were there?"

"No, sir - house was almost destroyed, but I got him out all right before the Muggles started swarmin' around. He fell asleep as we was flyin' over Bristol."

"Awwwww..." the girls cooed and Harry blushed slightly, causing the kids from the future to snort.

Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall bent forward over the bundle of blankets. Inside, just visible, was a baby boy, fast asleep. Under a tuft of jet-black hair over his forehead they could see a curiously shaped cut, like a bolt of lightning.

Several eyes shot up towards Harry, who, though he knew it to be in vain, attempted to flatten his hair over the scar, causing his friends to laugh.

"Not gonna work, son." Prongs told him.

"Is that where -?" whispered Professor McGonagall. "Yes, " said Dumbledore. "He'll have that scar forever. "

"Couldn't you do something about it, Dumbledore?"

"Even if I could, I wouldn't. Scars can come in handy. I have one myself above my left knee that is a perfect map of the London Underground.

"Is that true, sir?" a first year Ravenclaw asked.

Dumbledore merely chuckled while several of the older students looked like they didn't want to know..

Well - give him here, Hagrid - we'd better get this over with. "Dumbledore took Harry in his arms and turned toward the Dursleys' house.

"Could I - could I say good-bye to him, sir?" asked Hagrid. He bent his great, shaggy head over Harry and gave him what must have been a very scratchy, whiskery kiss.

Several people laughed at Harry's face and Hagrid blushed.

Then, suddenly, Hagrid let out a howl like a wounded dog.

Snuffles barked loudly.

"Shhh!" hissed Professor McGonagall, "you'll wake the Muggles!"

"S-s-sorry, " sobbed Hagrid, taking out a large, spotted handkerchief and burying his face in it. "But I c-c-can't stand it - Lily and James dead - and a poor little Harry off to live with Muggles - "

Lily looked down sadly, but this time, she didn't whimper. She was here with her son, wasn't she?

"Yes, yes, it's all very sad, but get a grip on yourself, Hagrid, or we'll be found, " Professor McGonagall whispered, patting Hagrid gingerly on the arm as Dumbledore stepped over the low garden wall and walked to the front door. He laid Harry gently on the doorstep,

"You... Left him.. On... The.. Damn... Doorstep!" Lily roared.

took a letter out of his cloak, tucked it inside Harry's blankets, and then came back to the other two. For a full minute the three of them stood and looked at the little bundle; Hagrid's shoulders shook, Professor McGonagall blinked furiously, and the twinkling light that usually shone from Dumbledore's eyes seemed to have gone out.

Harry shot up an apprehensive look at Dumbledore, knowing what that meant, and trying to understand why.

"Well, " said Dumbledore finally, "that's that. We've no business staying here. We may as well go and join the celebrations. "

"Celebrations!" several voices echoed across the hall, Prongs and Lily glared at Dumbledore, whom they had suddenly found the tablecloth extremely interesting.

"Yeah, " said Hagrid in a very muffled voice, "I'll be takin' Sirius his bike back. G'night, Professor McGonagall - Professor Dumbledore, sir. " Wiping his streaming eyes on his jacket sleeve, Hagrid swung himself onto the motorcycle and kicked the engine into life; with a roar it rose into the air and off into the night.

"I shall see you soon, I expect, Professor McGonagall, " said Dumbledore, nodding to her. Professor McGonagall blew her nose in reply. Dumbledore turned and walked back down the street. On the corner he stopped and took out the silver Put-Outer. He clicked it once, and twelve balls of light sped back to their street lamps so that Privet Drive glowed suddenly orange and he could make out a tabby cat slinking around the corner at the other end of the street. He could just see the bundle of blankets on the step of number four.

"Good luck, Harry, " he murmured. He turned on his heel and with a swish of his cloak, he was gone. A breeze ruffled the neat hedges of Privet Drive, which lay silent and tidy under the inky sky, the very last place you would expect astonishing things to happen. Harry Potter rolled over inside his blankets without waking up.

One small hand closed on the letter beside him and he slept on, not knowing he was special, not knowing he was famous, not knowing he would be woken in a few hours' time by Mrs. Dursley's scream as she opened the front door to put out the milk bottles, nor that he would spend the next few weeks being prodded and pinched by his cousin Dudley... He couldn't know that at this very moment, people

meeting in secret all over the country were holding up their glasses and saying in hushed voices: "To Harry Potter - the boy who lived!"

"That's it.." Umbridge finished, putting the book down and shooting a glare at Keyro. Where were Potter's filthy lies, proof of his malevolent attention seeking manias?

"Harry, how did m sister treat you?" Lily asked. Harry gave his mum a quick look, and sighed.

"You'll have to read to find out.." he told her.

She bit her lip, and nodded, while Harry sat there, hoping with all his heart, that the next chapter would miraculously start of on Platform 9 and 3/4.

"Who would like to read next?" Umbridge asked, her voice no longer falsely sweet at not getting what she wanted.

"I will." Minerva sighed, taking it from her and opening up the page.

Chapter 3: The Vanishing Glass

Chapter 3: The Vanishing Glass

"The Vanishing Glass"

Nearly ten years had passed since the Dursleys had woken up to find their nephew on the front step, but Privet Drive had hardly changed at all.

Minerva read and Harry groaned loudly, attracting a few looks. From the title, he knew his chapter would depict his home life...

"Can we skip this, please?" he asked.

His children exchanged looks; what was dad hiding?

"May I ask why, Mr. Potter?" Minerva said.

"Because-"

"Because one of his dirty little lies is about to be revealed! Continue, Minerva!" Umbridge said, excited, her toad like features gleaming in anticipation, causing most of the student population to look away, slightly disgusted. Minerva gave Harry a stern look, before continuing. Harry groaned and felt Ginny taking his hand again, the warm feeling seeping back into his stomach as he smiled at her.

The sun rose on the same tidy front gardens and lit up the brass number four on the Dursleys' front door; it crept into their living room, which was almost exactly the same as it had been on the night when Mr. Dursley had seen that fateful news report about the owls.

"Don't change much, do they?" Dean mused from the Gryffindor table. Meanwhile, half the Slytherin table, Snape, Fudge, Percy and Umbridge were sitting, relishing in the moment, about to expose Potter as the brat he truly was.

Only the photographs on the mantel piece really showed how much time had passed. Ten years ago, there had been lots of pictures of what looked like a large pink beach ball wearing different-colored bonnets -

"Beach balls?" Ron said, confused.

"Wait for it." Harry said, holding in a laugh.

but Dudley Dursley was no longer a baby,

Many roared out laughing, while others looked concerned at the poor boys health.

and now the photographs showed a large blond boy riding his first bicycle, on a carousel at the fair, playing a computer game with his father, being hugged and kissed by his mother. The room held no sign at all that another boy lived in the house, too.

Minerva looked up, staring at Harry.

"What does that mean, Harry?" Lily asked, her eyes narrowing.

Harry looked up at his mother, and whispered something so low no one heard.

"What?" Hermione asked.

"Just keep reading!" he shouted, fixing his eyes on the table, anger building up in him at the memories of all the hell he had been out through.. Those on the central table, save Malfoy and Narcissa, interchanged dark looks.

Yet Harry Potter was still there, asleep at the moment, but not for long. His Aunt Petunia was awake and it was her shrill voice that made the first noise of the day. "Up! Get up! Now!"

"Lovely wake up call." Fred said.

Harry woke with a start. His aunt rapped on the door again. "Up!" she screeched.

Harry heard her walking toward the kitchen and then the sound of the frying pan being put on the stove. He rolled onto his back and tried to remember the dream he had been having.

"Was it-?"

"I started having those this year, Ron. And, by comparison to the rest of the strange dreams I've had over the years, this one was pretty normal for me." Harry told him, while others looked confused.

It had been a good one. There had been a flying motorcycle in it.

Snuffles barked joyfully, and Harry ruffled his ears, grinning.

"That wasn't a dream, Uncle Ha-" Rose put her hand over her brother's mouth all too late, the damage was done.

"Uncle?" Harry asked, incredulous.

Thinking quickly, Albus intervened; "Well, since you and Uncle Ron have been so close over the years, we started calling him Uncle Ron and they," he pointed to Rose and Hugo, "Started calling you Uncle to." Albus lied.

"Oh.." Harry said slowly. He had assumed, for a fleeting second, that he had married Ginny, which while he thought she was cute and all- wait, what? *She's Ron's sister!* he thought viciously.

Arthur and Molly, however, exchanged looks, wondering if the boy had lied. But, why would he? Ginny herself had shot up hopefully, something neither Michael nor Cho missed, both of whom scowled, and Ron had a red tinge breaking across his face that he held in, accepting Albus' words. Harry might be crazy, but even he wouldn't make a move on his best friend's sister.

He had a funny feeling he'd had the same dream before. His aunt was back outside the door.

"Are you up yet?" she demanded.

"Nearly," said Harry.

"Well, get a move on, I want you to look after the bacon. And don't you dare let it burn, I want everything perfect on Duddy's birthday. "Harry groaned. "What did you say?" his aunt snapped through the door.

"Harry, how old are you?"

"Fifteen, I thought you'd know that by now, Hermi-"

"You know what I meant, prat." she slapped his arm playfully and he grinned, before scowling, looking back at the table.

"Ten.." he muttered.

"Ten! And she's making you cook?" Lily asked, enraged.

"I've been cooking for the Dursleys since I could walk.." Harry muttered, and she shot a death glare at Dumbledore who did his best to ignore said glare. It wasn't working.. Dumbledore felt guilt breaking at his ancient heart.

"Nothing, nothing... " Dudley's birthday - how could he have forgotten? Harry got slowly out of bed and started looking for socks. He found a pair under his bed and, after pulling a spider

"Harry..." Ron moaned.

"Sorry.." Harry said, not really paying attention, wondering how they were going to react to discovering where he had spent the better part of ten years within a cupboard.

off one of them, put them on. Harry was used to spiders, because the cupboard under the stairs was full of them, and that was where he slept.

At these words, Minerva's voice shook with anger, as she set the book down, silence so in the hall that you could have heard a pin falling to the floor, before suddenly-

"What the hell!" Prongs roared, standing up and looking livid.

"A cupboard? They made you SLEEP IN A CUPBOARD!" Lily roared.

Snape was in shock. They didn't pamper him, and if not that, didn't even treat him like a normal boy every time he was there? They treated him like crap, they shut him away from them, they treated him.. Treated Potter like his own father had treated *him*...

Minerva glared angrily at Dumbledore, who had the decency to look ashamed. He had guessed they would treat Harry poorly, assumed they would look at him as if he was the dirt beneath their feet, but even he was surprised and shocked at how badly they truly treated the boy. He had expected better of Petunia.. Come to think of it, the Petunia he remembered would never have done something like this.. Of course, he had known they couldn't have physically harmed the boy there (the protections of the place endowed on Harry were viciously powerful, tough he supposed outside of the house, it wouldn't work that way). He barely even noticed the shouts directed his way.

"Harry, why didn't you ever tell us about this?" Hermione asked him, while Snuffles was growling angrily and Remus' eyes gave out a dangerous yellow tinge that Teddy noticed, immediately placing his hand on his

fathers shoulder and squeezing, though he himself was outraged.

"Mate.. I knew it was bad.. But.."

Harry stood, and, roaring at the top of his lungs, ended the chatter and the screams his parents, and even a few of the teachers, kept sending Dumbledore's way. "ENOUGH!" he bellowed, red in the face. Silence fell and they all looked at him. "It's over and done, nothing can change what happened, alright? Now please, all of you, calm down! I don't want.. I don't need your pity.. I don't deser-"

"Harry James Potter, you are a great person and I don't care what you say, I have every right to be fuming at what they did to you." Ginny said as she stood, her eyes dancing with flames in a way that made Harry's insides squirm in a way he was unfamiliar with.

He nodded at her, "I know, Ginny.. Please, everyone, settle down, lets get this over with..." Harry said, looking over to Minerva with pleading eyes as he sat down. Ginny huffed, and did the same, and, angrily, Minerva picked the book back up and continued where she had left of.

When he was dressed he went down the hall into the kitchen. The table was almost hidden beneath all Dudley's birthday presents. It looked as though Dudley had gotten the new computer he wanted, not to mention the second television and the racing bike.

"He gets all that crap while your forced to live in a cupboard!" George hissed, before turning to Fred, taking out a piece of parchment. They began scribbling furiously, and even Molly was to over herself with rage to do anything.

Exactly why Dudley wanted a racing bike was a mystery to Harry, as Dudley was very fat and hated exercise - unless of course it involved punching somebody.

"That better not mean you, Harry.." Bill said, anger rolling through his body. These people where, in his opinion, the worst of the worst.

Dudley's favorite punching bag was Harry,

Several people growled.

but he couldn't often catch him. Harry didn't look it, but he was very fast. Perhaps it had something to do with living in a dark cupboard, but Harry had always been small and skinny for his age.

"Nope, James was the same when he was your age- a scrawny little git." Remus teased.

"OI!" Harry and Prongs yelled, grinning, exactly what Remus was aiming for.

He looked even smaller and skinnier than he really was because all he had to wear were old clothes of Dudley's, and Dudley was about four times bigger than he was.

Several people hissed, but a look from Harry was all that was needed to keep them from shouting again.

Harry had a thin face, knobbly knees, black hair, and bright green eyes.

"Your mother's eyes.." James had a goofy grin on his face at the mention of them, and Lily smiled at him, blushing slightly at the dreamy look on his face. Snape felt as if knives where being plunged into his heart.

He wore round glasses held together with a lot of Scotch tape because of all the times Dudley had punched him on the nose. The only thing Harry liked about his own appearance was a very thin scar on his forehead that was shaped like a bolt of lightning.

"You *liked* that thing?" both Ron and Hermione asked, astounded.

"It was the only thing I had that was really mine, the only thing I had that Dudley didn't.. It made me feel.. Special, in a way, made me feel like I had something of my own.." Harry replied, and the astounded looks became those of sympathy, and Harry looked away.

Meanwhile, Bill was looking all around him. Since the last chapter there had been a constant hissing sound and he was trying to find the source, it sounded almost like a leak from a cauldron. Then, and he felt like hitting himself when he realized this, he found the noise was emanating from Fleur, who was muttering incoherently under her breath in anger in rapid French, her lips barely moving as her dazzling eyes shined in anger. He put an arm around her, and the French girl leaned into his embrace.

He had had it as long as he could remember, and the first question he could ever remember asking his Aunt Petunia was how he had gotten it.

"In the car crash when your parents died, " she had said.

"Lily and James Potter, die in a CAR CRASH!" Moody roared, his magical eye spinning fast, some under the impression that anything near his vicinity might explode.

"And don't ask questions. "Don't ask questions - that was the first rule for a quiet life with the Dursleys.

"How can you possibly survive without asking questions?" Terry Boot called, astounded at the utter crime of forcing someone into such a thing. Several Ravenclaws nodded their head, and even Professor Flitwick looked slightly riled.

Uncle Vernon entered the kitchen as Harry was turning over the bacon. "Comb your hair!" he barked, by way of a morning greeting.

"Leave my son alone!" Lily screeched, her face crimson.

About once a week, Uncle Vernon looked over the top of his newspaper and shouted that Harry needed a haircut. Harry must have had more haircuts than the rest of the boys in his class put together, but it made no difference, his hair simply grew that way - all over the place.

"Ah, the Potter hair." Prongs grinned.

"James, your hair wasn't messy naturally, it was messy because you constantly messed it up." Remus laughed, smiling at the memories, and Prongs grinned, along with Harry, happy at the information about his parents.

"Well, I think it makes you look even cuter, Harry. Your messy hair, I mean." Cho called from the Ravenclaw table, wanting to get all thoughts of a certain red head out of his. Harry blushed crimson and felt his stomach do a back flip as he looked over at her, and she winked.

Fred and George snickered at this, and the kids from the future exchanged looks; who the hell was hitting up Dad/Uncle Harry?

Harry was frying eggs by the time Dudley arrived in the kitchen with his mother. Dudley looked a lot like Uncle Vernon. He had a large pink face, not much neck, small, watery blue eyes, and thick blond hair that lay smoothly on his thick, fat head. Aunt Petunia often said that Dudley looked like a baby angel -

Prongs scoffed. "More like a baby pig."

Harry often said that Dudley looked like a pig in a wig.

Prongs beamed at his son, and they high-fived.

Harry put the plates of egg and bacon on the table, which was difficult as there wasn't much room. Dudley, mean while, was counting his presents. His face fell. "Thirty-six, " he said, looking up at his mother and father. "That's two less than last year. "

"What a spoiled brat!" to everyone's surprise, it was Malfoy who uttered these words, and Scorpius beamed at him. Maybe these books would make his dad turn around sooner?

"Who are you and what have you done with the real Draco Malfoy." Astoria smirked as he blushed and several people started laughing.

"Darling, you haven't counted Auntie Marge's present, see, it's here under this big one from Mommy and Daddy. "

"All right, thirty-seven then, " said Dudley, going red in the face. Harry, who could see a huge Dudley tantrum coming on, began wolfing down his bacon as fast as possible in case Dudley turned the table over.

"What a zerrible child!" Fluer screeched, and for the first time in Harry's memory, he thought he could see the echo of a transformed Veela in her eyes.

Several people nodded to her words.

Aunt Petunia obviously scented danger, too, because she said quickly, "And we'll buy you another two presents while we're out today. How's that, pop kin? Two more presents. Is that all right"

"She's just encouraging the behavior!" Snape sneered, causing Lily, and those from the past, to finally notice him.

"Severus?" Lily asked softly.

He pointedly looked away, not being able to stand seeing the pain in her eyes, the pain he had placed there.

"Continue, Minerva, if you please." Keyro said kindly, while Harry sat there wondering why his mum called Snape 'Severus'.

Dudley thought for a moment. It looked like hard work. Finally he said slowly, "So I'll have thirty... Thirty... "

"He can't even count!" Hermione yelled, infuriated. Ron caught himself staring at her a second too long, then looked away. What the hell? What was this weird feeling that kept moving through him every time he set eyes

on his *best friend*?

"Thirty-nine, sweetums, " said Aunt Petunia.

"Oh. " Dudley sat down heavily and grabbed the nearest parcel. "All right then. "

Uncle Vernon chuckled. "Little tyke wants his money's worth, just like his father. 'Atta boy, Dudley!"

No one spoke this time, to shocked at the statement.

He ruffled Dudley's hair.

At that moment the telephone rang and Aunt Petunia went to answer it while Harry and Uncle Vernon watched Dudley unwrap the racing bike, a video camera, a remote control airplane, sixteen new computer games, and a VCR. He was ripping the paper off a gold wristwatch when Aunt Petunia came back from the telephone looking both angry and worried.

"Bad news, Vernon, " she said. "Mrs. Figg's broken her leg. She can't take him. " She jerked her head in Harry's direction.

"Mrs. Figg? As is Arbe-"

"Yes, Dumbledore had her stalking me for the past fifteen years." Harry told his mother before she even finished.

"What?" half the hall erupted, eyes shooting up in Dumbledore's direction.

"Apparently, he doesn't believe I can take care of my self, so he-"

"Harry, hold your tongue for now. A moment for everything." Keyro told him, and Harry nodded.

Dudley's mouth fell open in horror, but Harry's heart gave a leap. Every year on Dudley's birthday, his parents took him and a friend out for the day, to adventure parks, hamburger restaurants, or the movies. Every year, Harry was left behind with Mrs. Figg, a mad old lady

Those who knew her burst out laughing, hard.

"Ahh, you gotta admit, she's mad but down right hilarious when shes in a temper." Prongs.

"Tell me about it." Harry laughed, and his parents wondered when Harry had seen her angered..

who lived two streets away. Harry hated it there. The whole house smelled of cabbage and Mrs. Figg made him look at photographs of all the cats she'd ever owned.

"Why would she treat you like that?" Alice said, surprised.

"If the Dursleys knew I actually enjoyed it there, there'd be no way in hell that they'd let me go back." Harry replied, causing several people to growl and even a few Slytherins to look uncomfortable.

"Now what?" said Aunt Petunia, looking furiously at Harry as though he'd planned this.

Past, Present, and Future: Reading the Books 1

"Everything was always my fault.." Harry muttered, looking down at the table. Ginny squeezed his hand, which she had been holding ever since he sat back down, and he smiled at her. She had a way of making him feel.. He didn't know how to describe it. Percy's eyes narrowed as he caught the gesture. The last thing his delusional family needed was for Harry Potter to start dating his sister..

Harry knew he ought to feel sorry that Mrs. Figg had broken her leg, but it wasn't easy when he reminded himself it would be a whole year before he had to look at Tibbles, Snowy, Mr. Paws, and Tufty again.

"Harry.." His mum reprimanded.

"Sorry, I was just excited." Harry replied.

"We could phone Marge, " Uncle Vernon suggested.

Harry, Ron, Fred, George, and Ginny all burst out laughing at this.

"Harry, when-"

"Third year Ron, third year." Harry replied through his laughter while Hermione looked outraged.

"It wasn't funny, it was-"

"Bloody brilli-"

"George Weasley!" Molly barked and the boy cowered, ending the laughter as she glared. Feeling it was safe to continue, Minerva picked up the book and found where she had left of.

"Don't be silly, Vernon, she hates the boy. "

"Do they ever use your name?" Remus growled.

"I didn't even know what my name was until I started school." Harry replied, causing several people, including a few Slytherins, to growl.

"What?" a third year Slytherin said as Pansy Parkinson stared at him, the eyes on her pug-like face narrowed. "No one deserves that, not even Potter."

Snape silently agreed though he said nothing.

Umbridge was slowly growing more angry. Instead of a dirty little secret, they had uncovered evidence of child neglect and Potter was gaining sympathy.

The Dursleys often spoke about Harry like this, as though he wasn't there - or rather, as though he was something very nasty that couldn't understand them, like a slug.

Snuffles growled loudly.

"What about what's-her-name, your friend - Yvonne?"

"On vacation in Majorca, " snapped Aunt Petunia.

"You could just leave me here, " Harry put in hopefully (he'd be able to watch what he wanted on television for a change and maybe even have a go on Dudley's computer).

Malfoy looked at Harry in surprise. "That was very.. Slytherin of you, Potter." he said reluctantly.

"He's a Gryffindor all the way!" Prongs declared, then turned back to his boy, "Right, son?" he smiled.

"Of course." Harry beamed back, though he, and Albus, both wondered how the rest would react when they discovered Harry had almost been placed in Slytherin..

Aunt Petunia looked as though she'd just swallowed a lemon. "And come back and find the house in ruins?" she snarled.

"I won't blow up the house, " said Harry, but they weren't listening.

"No, he'll save that one for later.." Ginny whispered, causing Harry to laugh out loud and others to look at Harry in confusion, though for once, he failed to notice it as a grin was painted over his face as he stared at Ginny, who laughed, their eyes meeting and both of them finding themselves lost in each others gaze before they both suddenly looked away, blushing, causing Bill, Charlie, and Percy to narrow their eyes at Harry.

"I suppose we could take him to the zoo, " said Aunt Petunia slowly, "... And leave him in the car... "

"He's not a dog!" Lily huffed and Snuffles glared at her with his best puppy face. "Sorry snuffles.." she muttered, petting him, causing the teenagers on the central table to laugh(those who knew it was Sirius) and the rest of the population to stare in wonder.

"That car's new, he's not sitting in it alone... "

"These people have no intelligence whatsoever, Harry is a wonderful person." Ginny said, and Harry felt himself blushing, while Cho and Micheal looked slightly outraged.

Dudley began to cry loudly. In fact, he wasn't really crying - it had been years since he'd really cried -but he knew that if he screwed up his face and wailed, his mother would give him anything he wanted.

"Dinky Duddynms,

The hall roared out with savage laughter, all anger forgotten.

"Little-"

"Itty-"

"Diddy-"

"Dinky"

"Duddy-"

"Dyms" the twins said, causing a few people to roll of their chairs in laughter, some with tears in their eyes, and even the Slytherin's where smirking

don't cry, Mummy won't let him spoil your special day!" she cried, flinging her arms around him. "I... Don't... Want... Him... T-t-to come!" Dudley yelled between huge, pretend sobs. "He always sp-spoilseverything!" He shot Harry a nasty grin through the gap in his mother's arms.

The laughter instantly died and everyone, with the sole exception of Fudge, Percy, and (her face lit in delight) Umbridge not glaring viciously at the book. This may draw sympathy to Potter, but at least she relished in the fact that he suffered so.

Just then, the doorbell rang -

"Oh, good Lord, they're here!" said Aunt Petunia frantically - and a moment later, Dudley's best friend, Piers Polkiss, walked in with his mother. Piers was a scrawny boy with a face like a rat.

Ron hissed loudly, and Hermione put her hand on his shoulder, squeezing it slightly while others looked in confusion. He always reacted badly when he heard the word *rat*.

He was usually the one who held people's arms behind their backs while Dudley hit them. Dudley stopped pretending to cry at once. Half an hour later, Harry, who couldn't believe his luck, was sitting in the back of the Dursleys' car with Piers and Dudley, on the way to the zoo for the first time in his life. His aunt and uncle hadn't been able to think of anything else to do with him, but before they'd left, Uncle Vernon had taken Harry aside. "I'm warning you, " he had said, putting his large purple face right up close to Harry's,

"Ugh!" Freddie and James both said loudly, causing many to laugh and Fred and George to beam at the two boys.

"I'm warning you now, boy - any funny business, anything at all - and you'll be in that cupboard from now until Christmas. "

Several people growled. "Will you all please stop!" Harry stood, exasperated. "Look, its not that I don't appreciate it, but they're going to keep this up, trust me, just please, hold it back?" he asked, and some nodded. Harry sighed, sitting back down.

"I'm not going to do anything, " said Harry, "honestly.." But Uncle Vernon didn't believe him. No one ever did.

"Reminds me of someone." Harry hissed, glaring at Snape, causing both his parents to narrow their eyes.

The problem was, strange things often happened around Harry and it was just no good telling the Dursleys he didn't make them happen. Once, Aunt Petunia, tired of Harry coming back from the barbers looking as though he hadn't been at all, had taken a pair of kitchen scissors and cut his hair so short he was almost bald except for his bangs, which she left "to hide that horrible scar. "

"Harry, please let me come over to your house this summer..." Ginny pleaded, itching to curse the Dursleys.

"Ginevra Molly Weasley, you will not curse anyone!" Molly glared, a thing Ginny returned.

"Mum, we both know that their only safe from your wrath as long as there's a good five miles in between."

Molly opened her mouth to retaliate when Minerva decided it best to continue, lest it escalate.

Dudley had laughed himself silly at Harry, who spent a sleepless night imagining school the next day, where he was already laughed at for his baggy clothes and taped glasses. Next morning, however, he had gotten up to find his hair exactly as it had been before Aunt Petunia had sheared it off.

"The Potter genes!" Prongs called, causing Snape to scowl.

He had been given a week in his cupboard for this, even though he had tried to explain that he couldn't explain how it had grown back so quickly.

"Petunia knows about accidental magic.." Lily growled, and Harry wondered how she would react when she found out they had tried to 'stamp it out of him'.

Another time, Aunt Petunia had been trying to force him into a revolting old sweater of Dudley's (brown with orange puff balls) -

"Ugh.." several people shuddered.

The harder she tried to pull it over his head, the smaller it seemed to become, until finally it might have fitted a hand puppet, but certainly wouldn't fit Harry. Aunt Petunia had decided it must have shrunk in the wash and, to his great relief, Harry wasn't punished.

"Really thick, isn't she!" Seamus laughed, along with several others.

On the other hand, he'd gotten into terrible trouble for being found on the roof of the school kitchens.

"Harry James Potter, what-"

"Escaping a gang of lumbering giants that wanted to use me as a punching bag." Harry interrupted his mother's question. Harry felt something sparkling in the air, and turned to look at Hermione, the air around her cackling in energy as she attempted to calm herself. He put his hand on her shoulder, and she looked up, eyes dancing malevolently, and at his gaze, she calmed down considerably before Harry pulled her into a quick brother-sister hug.

"It's okay, they didn't do anything to me.." Harry muttered, not noticing the looks of jealousy flashing on Cho and Ron's face, nor a Michael that was grinning like an idiot, who shot a glare at Ginny to see if she was looking at jealously, and (he wasn't sure if this was good or bad) saw her smiling at the two.

"I know... It just.. Oh Harry.." she sighed, and he let her go. She groaned as she fixed her glare on the table again, most of her anger now ebbed away.

Dudley's gang had been chasing him as usual when, as much to Harry's surprise as anyone else's, there he was sitting on the chimney.

"You *apparated!*" Tonks exclaimed, while everyone else looked at Harry in wonder and some of the teachers exchanged looks. That was some powerful accidental magic if he really did apparate..

Several people looked at him, impressed. "I guess." Harry said, shrugging it off as it was nothing.

"Almost the exact same words he told us when we asked him if he was famous for killing Voldemort.." Albus whispered.

"Dads insane, he *hates* attention." James simply said, and both Albus and Lils rolled their eyes.

The Dursleys had received a very angry letter from Harry's headmistress telling them Harry had been climbing school buildings. But all he'd tried to do (as he shouted at Uncle Vernon through the locked door of his cupboard)

"Gryffindor..." Snape muttered. No Slytherin in their right mind would yell at a captor at such a crucial moment, even if they were right, because the captor would only treat them worse.

Minerva glared at him before continuing, catching on to his train of thought.

was jump behind the big trash cans outside the kitchen doors. Harry supposed that the wind must have caught him in mid-jump.

Several people burst out laughing. "I was eight!" Harry called, grinning.

But today, nothing was going to go wrong. It was even worth being with Dudley and Piers to be spending the day somewhere that wasn't school, his cupboard, or Mrs. Figg's cabbage-smelling living room. While he drove, Uncle Vernon complained to Aunt Petunia. He liked to complain about things: people at work, Harry, the council, Harry, the bank, and Harry were just a few of his favorite subjects.

"Harry,"

"We think,"

"He really, really,"

"Likes you.." The twins said together, anger in their voices as they continued scribbling. Harry was glad that at the moment, his name was not Vernon nor Dudley, and wondered what Fred and George were planing.

This morning, it was motorcycles. "... Roaring along like maniacs, the young hoodlums, " he said, as a motorcycle overtook them.

"I had a dream about a motorcycle, " said Harry, remembering suddenly. "It was flying. "

"Harry.." several people groaned, others laughed. Harry blushed.

He looks cute when that happens, Ginny thought, staring at him, something that didn't go unnoticed by Cho nor Micheal.

"You look really cute when you blush." Cho called and Harry felt himself becoming even redder. Ginny repressed a huff as James, Lils, and Albus exchanged angered looks, something that didn't go unnoticed by Lily nor Remus.

Uncle Vernon nearly crashed into the car in front. He turned right around in his seat and yelled at Harry, his face like a gigantic beet with a mustache: "MOTORCYCLES DON'T FLY!" Dudley and Piers sniggered.

"I know they don't, " said Harry. "It was only a dream. " But he wished he hadn't said anything. If there was one thing the Dursleys hated even more than his asking questions, it was his talking about anything acting in a way it shouldn't, no matter if it was in a dream or even a cartoon - they seemed to

think he might get dangerous ideas.

"Please, he comes up with those on a regular basis." Ginny teased. "He doesn't need anything else to give them to him."

Lily and Prongs exchanged looks.

"Oh yeah?" Harry asked, grinning, "Since when?"

"Hmm.. Lets see.." Ginny said slowly.

"You attempted to wrestle a troll and shoved your wand up its nose.." Hermione teased.

"WHAT!" Lily and Prongs exclaimed.

"You decided to hunt down a mass murder.." Ginny said.

"*He* was after *me*, not the other way around!" Harry countered, grinning at his friends.

"You challenged a vicious man eating three headed dog." Ron added.

Lily and Prongs paled more and more at the mention of each feat, shocked.

"Hey! I did not challenge that dog!" Harry exclaimed, laughing.

"You went down into the-"

"Enough." Keyro said.

"We are going to have a talk after this is over, young man." Lily hissed. Behind her back, Prongs gave Harry a stern look, but when she looked away, he beamed at him and Harry couldn't help but grin.

It was a very sunny Saturday and the zoo was crowded with families. The Dursleys bought Dudley and Piers large chocolate ice creams at the entrance and then, because the smiling lady in the van had asked Harry what he wanted before they could hurry him away, they bought him a cheap lemon ice pop. It wasn't bad, either, Harry thought, licking it as they watched a gorilla scratching its head who looked remarkably like Dudley,

Several people laughed.

"I take it back!" Harry called, and people looked at him, astounded. "That's an insult to the gorilla."

"Harry, you need to go pranking with us." Fred told him through his laughter.

"What! You don't go pranking?" Prongs looked crestfallen.

"He's more like Lily, James." Remus told him and Prongs pouted, causing Harry to laugh and Snuffles to bark out a laugh.

except that it wasn't blond. Harry had the best morning he'd had in a long time. He was careful to walk a little way apart from the Dursleys so that Dudley and Piers, who were starting to get bored with the

animals by lunchtime, wouldn't fall back on their favorite hobby of hitting him.

Most of the hall growled. Umbridge, who had recently been happy at the mistreatment Potter received at the hands of these Muggles, was now scowling deeply. This wasn't working, they were all feeling sympathy for the boy!

They ate in the zoo restaurant, and when Dudley had a tantrum because his knickerbocker glory didn't have enough ice cream on top, Uncle Vernon bought him another one and Harry was allowed to finish the first.

Harry felt, afterward, that he should have known it was all too good to last. After lunch they went to the reptile house. It was cool and dark in there, with lit windows all along the walls. Behind the glass, all sorts of lizards and snakes were crawling and slithering over bits of wood and stone. Dudley and Piers wanted to see huge, poisonous cobras and thick, man-crushing pythons. Dudley quickly found the largest snake in the place. It could have wrapped its body twice around Uncle Vernon's car and crushed it into a trash can -

"I seriously doubt that." Someone from the Ravenclaw Table said, believing it to be an exaggeration.

but at the moment it didn't look in the mood. In fact, it was fast asleep. Dudley stood with his nose pressed against the glass, staring at the glistening brown coils. "Make it move, " he whined at his father. Uncle Vernon tapped on the glass, but the snake didn't budge. "Do it again, " Dudley ordered. Uncle Vernon rapped the glass smartly with his knuckles, but the snake just snoozed on.

"The boy orders the father around.." Minerva growled before continuing.

"This is boring, " Dudley moaned. He shuffled away. Harry moved in front of the tank and looked intently at the snake. He wouldn't have been surprised if it had died of boredom itself - no company except stupid people drumming their fingers on the glass trying to disturb it all day long. It was worse than having a cupboard as a bedroom, where the only visitor was Aunt Petunia hammering on the door to wake you up; at least he got to visit the rest of the house.

"Your comparing yourself.. To a snake." Ron laughed.

"Mhmm.." Harry said absentmindedly, wondering how they would react to knowing he was a Parselmouth. Ron and Hermione shot each other concerned looks.

The snake suddenly opened its beady eyes. Slowly, very slowly, it raised its head until its eyes were on a level with Harry's. It winked.

"What?" Susan Bones asked, surprised.

Ernie lifted his head, remembering second year; Potter was a Parselmouth..

Harry stared. Then he looked quickly around to see if anyone was watching. They weren't. He looked back at the snake and winked, too. The snake jerked its head toward Uncle Vernon and Dudley, then raised its eyes to the ceiling. It gave Harry a look that said quite plainly: "I get that all the time."

"*Your a blood Parselmouth!*" Prongs exclaimed, jumping up away from his son in surprise.

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Several people gasped and Umbridge and Fudge exchanged triumphant looks. A Parselmouth. Exactly what they needed to paint the picture of a Harry Potter obsessed with the dark arts and cavorting in dark magic.

"Yeah, so?" Harry demanded, standing defiantly, though on the inside, it felt like something was breaking in him; of course, he should have known his parents would hate him.. The Durseleys had already thought him how worthless he truly was, and the years had proved it more as people tended to end up in life threatening situations around him...

"There's nothing wrong with that, right, James." Lily said, ice in her voice as she glared, raising her eyebrows.

"Aha, Mister Potter!" Umbridge declared, standing up(though it made almost no difference), "Proof that you, even at such a young age, cavorted with snakes! They thought you dark magic, didn't they, thought you-"

"Are you effing out of your mind." Prongs interrupted, looking to shocked to scream.

Lily, however, had no problem with that as half the hall glared incredulously at the toad. "HOW DARE YOU INSINUATE THAT MY CHILD IS A DARK WIZARD, HOW DARE YOU SIT HERE AND RIDICULE HIM! I SWEAR, ONE MORE WORD-" she looked livid, and, filled with fear, the Toad quickly sat as quickly as she could, toppling over in the process. Lily smirked, then turned back to her son. "There's nothing wrong with that Harry." she smiled at him, and he smiled back.

"I'm just wondering how he can speak it.." Prongs mused. "It passes through blood, and none of my ancestors cou-"

"ENOUGH." Keyro voice echoed through the hall. Minerva took the opportunity to continue as the others sat back down, a few looking at Harry fearfully.

"I know, " Harry murmured through the glass, though he wasn't sure the snake could hear him. "It must be really annoying. "The snake nodded vigorously. "Where do you come from, anyway?" Harry asked.

The snake jabbed its tail at a little sign next to the glass. Harry peered at it. Boa Constrictor, Brazil. "Was it nice there?"The boa constrictor jabbed its tail at the sign again and Harry read on: This specimen was bred in the zoo. "Oh, I see - so you've never been to Brazil?"As the snake shook its head, a deafening shout behind Harry made both of them jump.

"DUDLEY! MR. DURSLEY! COME AND LOOK AT THIS SNAKE! YOU WON'T BELIEVE WHAT IT'S DOING!"

"Git." several voices uttered, along with a few other choicer words.

Dudley came waddling toward them as fast as he could. "Out of the way, you, " he said, punching Harry in the ribs.

"Harry... Keep me away from your relatives, or I-AM-GOING-TO-KILL-THEM!" Hermione hissed.

"Or," Ron said slowly, glanced at Malfoy, and smirked as he continued, "You could give him a good smack."

The three burst out laughing at Malfoy's face, who was blushing crimson.

Caught by surprise, Harry fell hard on the concrete floor. What came next happened so fast no one saw how it happened - one second, Piers and Dudley were leaning right up close to the glass, the next, they had leapt back with howls of horror. Harry sat up and gasped; the glass front of the boa constrictor's tank had vanished.

"That's my boy!" Prongs cheered, and Harry grinned.

"If only you showed that talent in class, Potter." Minerva said, causing Harry to cast out an innocent look, before she continued.

The great snake was uncoiling itself rapidly, slithering out onto the floor.

"Aha! Releasing a snake on innocent mu-"

"STUPEFY!" Lily screamed, the red light striking Umbridge and literally tossing her backwards, smashing her against the wall.

"Dolores!" Fudge screamed as he, and several of the staff, went forward to help her while the rest of the hall stared transfixed at the livid Lily.

Prongs clapped silently, and soon, the entire hall was cheering loudly. Lily blushed as she sat down, Minerva smiling at her before she continued. Needless to say, the Toad decided it best not to speak for the remainder of the chapter.

People throughout the reptile house screamed and started running for the exits. As the snake slid swiftly past him, Harry could have sworn a low, hissing voice said, "Brazil, here I come... Thanksss, amigo. "

The keeper of the reptile house was in shock. "But the glass, " he kept saying, "where did the glass go?"

The zoo director himself made Aunt Petunia a cup of strong, sweet tea while he apologized over and over again. Piers and Dudley could only gibber. As far as Harry had seen, the snake hadn't done anything except snap playfully at their heels as it passed,

Several people laughed. "That's all it did Potter? And you wonder why they were sca-" Malfoy never finished as Astoria smacked him upside the head, causing him to glare at her while the hall burst out laughing.

"Brilliant!" several voices echoed as Malfoy glared at the smirking Astoria.

but by the time they were all back in Uncle Vernon's car, Dudley was telling them how it had nearly bitten off his leg, while Piers was swearing it had tried to squeeze him to death.

"Drama queens."

But worst of all, for Harry at least, was Piers calming down enough to say, "Harry was talking to it, weren't you, Harry?"

Several people groaned, while Umbridge personally felt joy in the fact that they would punish him.

Uncle Vernon waited until Piers was safely out of the house before starting on Harry. He was so angry he could hardly speak. He managed to say, "Go - cupboard - stay - no meals, " before he collapsed into

a chair, and Aunt Petunia had to run and get him a large brandy.

Harry lay in his dark cupboard much later, wishing he had a watch. He didn't know what time it was and he couldn't be sure the Dursleys were asleep yet. Until they were, he couldn't risk sneaking to the kitchen for some food.

"Harry!"

"They wouldn't feed me, mum!"

She sighed. "Fine.."

He'd lived with the Dursleys almost ten years, ten miserable years, as long as he could remember, ever since he'd been a baby and his parents had died in that car crash.

"Another of the many lies I've been told." Harry said loudly, glaring at Dumbledore, who, as usual, pretended Harry did not exist

He couldn't remember being in the car when his parents had died. Sometimes, when he strained his memory during long hours in his cupboard, he came up with a strange vision: a blinding flash of green light and a burning pain on his forehead.

Several eyes looked to Harry, wide and shocked.

"You.. You remember that?" Prongs said slowly.

Not looking at his father, Harry nodded.

This, he supposed, was the crash, though he couldn't imagine where all the green light came from. He couldn't remember his parents at all. His aunt and uncle never spoke about them, and of course he was forbidden to ask questions. There were no photographs of them in the house.

"I didn't even know your names.." Harry muttered.

Lily looked like she was ready to break down again at her sister's cruelty, and Ginny squeezed Harry's hand. He didn't look up, but smiled, feeling the pain leaving him instantaneously.

When he had been younger, Harry had dreamed and dreamed of some unknown relation coming to take him away, but it had never happened; the Dursleys were his only family.

Prongs glanced and Snuffles, and wondered why Sirius hadn't been there..

Yet sometimes he thought (or maybe hoped) that strangers in the street seemed to know him. Very strange strangers they were, too. A tiny man in a violet top hat had bowed to him once while out shopping with Aunt Petunia and Dudley. After asking Harry furiously if he knew the man, Aunt Petunia had rushed them out of the shop without buying anything. A wild-looking old woman dressed all in green had waved merrily at him once on a bus. A bald man in a very long purple coat had actually shaken his hand in the street the other day and then walked away without a word.

Fred and George gasped loudly.

"Maybe they're-

"Wizards, young-

"Harrykins" they said together in a mystical imitation of Treleway, and he rolled his eyes at them.

The weirdest thing about all these people was the way they seemed to vanish the second Harry tried to get a closer look. At school, Harry had no one. Everybody knew that Dudley's gang hated that odd Harry Potter in his baggy old clothes and broken glasses, and nobody liked to disagree with Dudley's gang.

Hermione growled loudly at that one. She knew perfectly well what that was like, and felt a pang of hatred towards this Dudley.

"That's it.." Minerva finished, putting the book down, glared at Dumbledore for a few seconds, before turning back to the rest of them. "Who would like to read next?" she asked.

"I will, I guess." Ernie called, still feeling slightly bad about accusing Potter of being the Heir of Slytherin second year. Minerva levitated the book to him, and he opened it up, and opened it to the third chapter, and, clearing his throat, he read, "*Chapter Three, The Letters From No One*"

Chapter 4: Letters From No One

A/N; sorry I didn't update sooner, I wasn't home all weekend and my mom wouldn't let me on the laptop. I'll try to get the next update up sooner. Enjoy. Should I bring in a few other people(yes, I know, I already have the room packed), but I wondered if I should bring a few more in like Mrs. Longbottom, the Lovegoods(both of them), maybe Hermione's parents, Cedric ect ect.

Pelahnar; trust me, by the end of the book, at least one person will have cursed him, though I admit, it isn't that bad. As for the typos, anything in the black text is not my mistake. Its an online version of the book, and is littered in errors like the ones you mention. I manage to purge most, but a few escape my grip. Sorrys! As for Umbridge, I'm sure she's done threatening people after this chapter.

To everyone else who revied/added this story, thanks! I'll update asap.

"Letters From No One"

"Hogwarts!" Half the Gryffindor's shouted and Harry grinned.

The escape of the Brazilian boa constrictor earned Harry his longest-ever punishment.

"How long..." Lily said in a deadly whisper.

Harry muttered something under his breath.

"Harry.."

"Six weeks.." They had kept him in there through half his holiday, actually. Though he wouldn't tell them that, he didn't want a full blown uproar on his hands.

"Si- SIX WEEKS!" Lily roared.

"Please, Ernie, keep reading!" Harry called. He failed to notice the angry glares being dirrected Dumbledore's way by both his parents, a few of the students, Minerva and- Harry would have been shocked should he have noticed it- Snape.

By the time he was allowed out of his cupboard again, the summer holidays had started and Dudley had already broken his new video camera, crashed his remote control airplane, and, first time out on his racing bike, knocked down old Mrs. Figg as she crossed Privet Drive on her crutches.

"Was she alright?" Alice asked. She liked Mrs. Figg, she was a kind old lady.. When not in a rageful fit over someones stupidity, that is.

"Yeah, shes tougher than she looks, Mrs. Figg." Harry replied.

Harry was glad school was over, but there was no escaping Dudley's gang, who visited the house every single day. Piers, Dennis, Malcolm, and Gordon were all big and stupid, but as Dudley was the biggest and stupidest of the lot, he was the leader.

"Yes, perfect logic, don't you think so Fred?" Fred asked.

"Yes, I very well do, George." George replied.

"Nice try guys." Harry laughed.

They stared at him in puzzelment while me grinned, others looking in confusion.

"You can tell us apart?" Fred asked.

"Always."

"George, I don't like this.." George 'whispered' to Fred.

"Nice try George." Harry laughed as the two scowled, slightly annoyed that Harry was immune to their favorite prank while Molly stared at Harry in wonder, thinking though she would never say it out loud, how the hell he could tell them apart when even she couldn't.

The rest of them were all quite happy to join in Dudley's favorite sport: Harry Hunting.

Several people growled, none louder than Lily, Hermione, Ginny, and, strangely enough, Snape, which caused the entrie hall to turned transfixed in the dirrection of the staff table, while the staff themselves stared at Snape.

Snape scoffed. "Even an arrogant brat like Potter doesn't deserve tp be treated that way." Snape said, to everyones surprise. Lily beamed at her old freind, though her excitment was marred by the way he had spat out 'Potter'...

This was why Harry spent as much time as possible out of the house, wandering around and thinking about the end of the holidays, where he could see a tiny ray of hope. When September came he would be going off to secondary school and, for the first time in his life, he wouldn't be with Dudley. Dudley had been accepted at Uncle Vernon's old private school, Smeltings.

"And you to good old Hogwarts!" Ron beamed and Harry grinned as most of te hall cheered. Umbridge looked infuriated, though she calmed her toad like features into a politely confused face, pretending that the hall was cheering for Potter out of fear that he would harm them all. Yes, yes, that had to be it..

Piers Polkiss was going there too. Harry, on the other hand, was going to Stonewall High,

"No you aren't!" Ron exclaimed.

"Tell that to Dobby." Harry laughed, missing the sad looks that crossed the eyes of his children and Teddy.

the local public school. Dudley thought this was very funny.

"Whats so funny about that.." Cho asked slowly, confused.

"Dudley has no brain, so I really can't answer that one."

"Harry!" his mother adomished while his father grinned behind her back.

"They stuff people's heads down the toilet the first day at Stonewall," he told Harry. "Want to come upstairs and practice?"

"No, thanks," said Harry. "The poor toilet's never had anything as horrible as your head down it - it might be sick." Then he ran, before Dudley could work out what he'd said.

"Harry, why can you not be so funny when your at school?" Fred asked.

"He's usually only like that with people he can't stand, otherwise he's overly polite and trys to convince us to do the same." James huffed and Rose smacked him.

"Oi!" he cried as his familly laughed at him.

One day in July, Aunt Petunia took Dudley to London to buy his Smeltings uniform, leaving Harry at Mrs. Figg's. Mrs. Figg wasn't as bad as usual. It turned out she'd broken her leg tripping over one of her cats, and she didn't seem quite as fond of them as before. She let Harry watch television and gave him a bit of chocolate cake that tasted as though she'd had it for several years

"I always knew you had strange tastes, Potter, like hanging out with this riffra- Ow!" Malfoy shrieked like a little girl as Astoria smacked him.

Through his laughter, Scorpius made a crucial mistake, "Good one, mum!"

The laughter died in an instant as they stared at him, before Astoria and Malfoy looked at each other, slightly revolted. Keyro looked livid at the revelation of information. Thinking quick, Scorpius looked to Albus, and winked. The other boy got the messadge, and the two looked back to Malfoy and Astoria.

"Wha- what!" Astoria exclaimed, jumping away from Malfoy, quickly as possible. "Me- him? No, no way in he-"

At this, Scorpius and Albus burst out laughing, and everyone looked at the two in confusion, before Scorpius looked back to Albus and exclaimed, "Ha! She fell for it!" gleefully.

Keyro calmed. That should work. Before it could continue any longer, Keyro called angrily to Ernie, "Read, please." he told the boy in a commanding voice, and he obeyed.

That evening, Dudley paraded around the living room for the family in his brand-new uniform. Smeltings' boys wore maroon tailcoats, orange knickerbockers, and flat straw hats called boaters.

The hall burst out laughing.

"Next time I face a boggart, I know what to transform him into!" Neville called, causing a few people to stop laughing(due to his usual shyness) and others, who remebered the Snape-boggart, to nearly roll of their seats in hysteria whilst Snape scowled, catching on to the joke as the twins winked at him. Minerva choked a chuckle beside him and he turned his glare on her, which she promptly ignored.

They also carried knobbly sticks, used for hitting each other while the teachers weren't looking. This was supposed to be good training for later life.

"I fail to see how its suppose to prepare them for later life.." Susan commented.

All eyes shot to Harry, who shrugged. "Like I said, Dudley has no brains, a trait he inherited from his father."

Laughter.

As he looked at Dudley in his new knickerbockers, Uncle Vernon said gruffly that it was the proudest moment of his life.

"Wouldn't the proudest moment be when he gets married and they get rid of him?" Denis Creevey asked innocently.

"Dudley? Get married? Huh, Don't see that one happening.." Harry said.

"Aunt Lisa's great. A little annoying, sometimes, but generally likeable as far as Muggles go." James said, without thinking.

"Aunt Lisa?" Harry asked, confused, along with everyone else whilst Lisa Turpin looked up in surprise. Could she be the mysterious Aunt Lisa? Then, she felt like hitting herself. The boy had said this Lisa was a muggle.

"Uncle Dudley's wife, duh." James continued, and Rose proceeded to smack him. "Ow! What was that for!" he cried.

"We're not suppose to tell them about the future, James!" she hissed. While they talkd, Harry sat there wondering what in the world could have compelled him to keep contact with Dudley at all after everything he had done to him when they where little.

"Oh.. Oops.." he replied, at which Remus could no longer contain his laughter.

"He's just like you James, completly senseless." he laughed.

"Oi!" James and Prongs exclaimed, both smirking.

Aunt Petunia burst into tears and said she couldn't believe it was her Ickle Dudleykins, he looked so handsome and grown-up. Harry didn't trust himself to speak. He thought two of his ribs might already have cracked from trying not to laugh.

"Thats my boy!" Prongs laughed, high-fiving him. Harry beamed at the praise.

"Yes, your father wouldn't have had the sense to hide." Remus commented, upon which Prongs pouted as he, Harry and Lily laughed at him.

There was a horrible smell in the kitchen the next morning when Harry went in for breakfast. It seemed to be coming from a large metal tub in the sink. He went to have a look. The tub was full of what looked like dirty rags swimming in gray water.

Lily's eyes narrowed.

"What's this?" he asked Aunt Petunia. Her lips tightened as they always did if he dared to ask a question.

The Ravenclaw's growled, and Luna Lovegood could be heard muttering angrily under her breath, something none of them had ever seen before. She was getting quiet tired of these Dursleys. Perhaps she would infiltrate the Ministry, steal one of their Heliopaths, and unleash it upon them?

"Your new school uniform," she said.

Harry looked in the bowl again.

"Oh," he said, "I didn't realize it had to be so wet."

A few people laughed, and Snape looked in disbelief at Potter. That was so.. So.. *Lily*. That 'man' that stole his beloved from him didn't have the intelligence to come up with something like that..

"Don't be stupid," snapped Aunt Petunia. "I'm dyeing some of Dudley's old things gray for you. It'll look just like everyone else's when I've finished." Harry seriously doubted this, but thought it best not to argue.

Lily looked down sadly as several people growled. What happened to her sister? She was always so kind, so nice.. unless.. Unless.. *Oh no..* She thought, looking at Harry. If things were as she feared, then it was her fault that Petunia treated her on as she did, because of her mistake, her effort to protect her from the Death Eaters. She just hoped she was wrong.

He sat down at the table and tried not to think about how he was going to look on his first day at Stonewall High - like he was wearing bits of old elephant skin, probably.

The twins and Ron laughed at the image, causing Harry to pout.

"I think you'd look great in anything, even rags.. Better, actually, less clothing.." Ginny commented loudly, not realizing she was thinking outloud until all eyes were upon her and she noticed Harry's cheeks starting to warm up.

"Ginny?" he said slowly.

Her hands shot up to her mouth. "Did I say that outloud!" she cried, blushing crimson as several people snorted, whilst all of Ginny's brothers (save the twins who had already seen this coming and had bets in place to see when the two would realize it) glared fiercely at Harry, who found himself thinking she looked really cute when her cheeks went red like *tha- shes Ron's sister!* a voice screamed in his skull.

"It's alright Ginny." Harry told her casually, grabbing her hand, causing her to calm down and a couple of people to whistle at the pair, who looked down at their joined hands and let go immediately, before looking at each other, both blushing furiously, not noticing the evil looks sent their way by Cho and Michael.

"Ernie..." Keyro hissed, and the boy nearly jumped before continuing.

Dudley and Uncle Vernon came in, both with wrinkled noses because of the smell from Harry's new uniform. Uncle Vernon opened his newspaper as usual and Dudley banged his Smelting stick, which he carried everywhere, on the table.

They heard the click of the mail slot and flop of letters on the doormat.

"Get the mail, Dudley," said Uncle Vernon from behind his paper.

"Good, make the boy get off his fat lump and actually do something." Minerva approved silently, causing Snape, who was sitting next to her, to chuckle, something he rarely did.

"Make Harry get it."

"Hmph!"

"Should of known." Hermione muttered.

The twins gasped.

"Hermione Granger?"

"Not knowing something?"

"Never!" they sang together, causing Hermione to lung at both of them.

"Prats!" she smiled, exactly what they wanted. It was their job to give people a good laugh when they needed it.

"Get the mail, Harry."

"Make Dudley get it."

"Poke him with your Smelting stick, Dudley."

"He incuragez zat- zat terrible boy to be a bully!" Fluer cried, outraged. Keyro's lip started twitching. He's been resisting laughter since the beggining of the book, but he was sure he would crack soon.

Harry dodged the Smelting stick and went to get the mail. Three things lay on the doormat: a postcard from Uncle Vernon's sister Marge, who was vacationing on the Isle of Wight, a brown envelope that looked like a bill, and - a letter for Harry.

"Hogwarts!"

"Great, and I was hoping it would never reach you." Malfoy sneered, resultng in Astoria smacking him.

"Ow!" he cried, glaring. "How dare you!" he hissed

Astoria meerly smiled innocently. "Git." she said, still smiling, her crystal grey eyes piercing his own.

Draco felt his stomach doing a summersault, his heart beating within his chest before he forced himself to look away from her eyes. What the hell? He failed to noticed his mother smiling behind his back at Astoria approvingly, who, slightly confused, smiled back. Maybe this girl was *exactly* what Draco needed, someone who could control his additude outside of the influence of his father. She loved them both Lucius and Draco, though one she had grown to love over time and the other she loved because she was his mother and knew that there was still hope for her boy. She believed firceley in blood supremacy, but there where some things that where to extreme in the matter, such as, for example, the Death Eaters. She shuddered at the thought.

Harry picked it up and stared at it, his heart twanging like a giant elastic band. No one, ever, in his whole life, had written to him.

Who would? He had no friends, no other relatives - he didn't belong to the library, so he'd never even got rude notes asking for books back. Yet here it was, a letter, addressed so plainly there could be no mistake:

Mr. H. Potter

The Cupboard under the Stairs 4 Privet Drive

Several people growled at the mention of the cupboard.

"We seriously need to get rid of those automatic quills, Albus." Minerva told him.

"Automatic?" Harry said, surprised.

Dumbledore said nothing. *He* had seen the address posted on the letter, but he knew Harry was safest there, under any treatment.

"You honestly don't believe we would have left you there know-" Minerva began.

"Tell that to the old coot sitting next to you that had me imprisoned and worried there for months, starved of information and wondering-" Harry growled loudly.

"Enough." Keyro said. This was getting old. Most of the populace looked confused at Harry's words, and he ignored the looks being sent his way as Ernie continued.

Little Whinging

Surrey

The envelope was thick and heavy, made of yellowish parchment, and the address was written in emerald-green ink.

There was no stamp.

"Stamp?" Blaise asked from the Slytherin table, causing pug-face to glare at him for committing the utter crime of talking to a Gryffindor, a little harder than she usually would (she had been staring with fierce jealousy at the filthy blood traitor, Astoria, who dared covet with *her* Draco). He ignored her, though twitched in disgust at having her eyes on him..

"It's what muggles put on their envelopes." Hermione replied.

"Oh."

Turning the envelope over, his hand trembling, Harry saw a purple wax seal bearing a coat of arms; a lion, an eagle, a badger, and a snake surrounding a large letter *H*.

Several people cheered, causing the Slytherins to roll their eyes.

"Hurry up, boy!" shouted Uncle Vernon from the kitchen. "What are you doing, checking for letter bombs?" He chuckled at his own joke.

There was a pause as everyone looked to each other, wondering what was supposed to be funny.

"He wouldn't know a good joke if it danced naked in front of him wearing Uncle Percy's old Head Boy Badge (which he still keeps all nice and polished) and that's saying something." Freddie said, causing all the

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kids from the future to laugh and others to look incredulously at the blushing Percy while his family growled at the mention of the prat.

"Just a question, what year are you all from?" Hermione asked.

"2022." Luna answered in her dreamy voice, causing Scorpius to look at her in disbelief and James to begin to say, "Good ol' au-"

"Good old Luna!" Albus exclaimed, laughing, while Lils aimed a good kick at James under the table, causing him to wince for almost slipping up again.

"She can't be right, is she?" Hermione asked incredulously.

"And why is that, *Her-mi-o-ne*." Harry hissed each syllable, causing her to visibly wince under his glare. She was reminding him an awful lot of Dudley with her constant comments to put down the young Ravenclaw, and it was finally starting to piss him off.

"Hey, don't glare at her like that!" Ron barked.

"She reminds him of Dudley every time she puts the other girl down. Am I correct?" Keyro inferred, catching on quickly. The eyes- they lead to the soul, and the same glint he saw in them at every mention of Dudley appeared in them as he had growled at his sister in all but blood.

Hermione visibly gasped, and Harry sighed.

"Yes.." he said lowly, not looking at her.

"I'm sorry Ha-"

"It's not me you need to apologize to." Harry told her, looking back up.

She bit her lip, hating to admit she was ever wrong was one of Hermione Granger's greatest faults, the one subject she would never pass if it was taught in school. "Luna?" she said slowly.

"Don't, not unless you really mean it." Luna shrugged, causing Harry to glare at Hermione again, at which she visibly flinched.

"Harry..." his mother scowled, and Harry fixed his gaze back to the table, anger boiling in him- not at Hermione, but at Dudley- more and more memories flooding back. He felt a small soft hand tap his gently, and a smile danced on his lips as he looked up at Ginny, who smiled tenderly at him (if it wasn't for the fact that he had been defending Luna and that he was obviously suffering from old memories, he would already have boggies coming out of him)

This time, they stared transfixed into each other's eyes, lost, not noticing the rest of the world around them, nor that Ernie had continued reading, nor that Ron was growling silently while Bill and Charlie were torn, knowing Harry was a good kid but the fact that it was their sister he was staring at was still unnering.

Harry went back to the kitchen, still staring at his letter. He handed Uncle Vernon the bill and the postcard, sat down, and slowly began to open the yellow envelope.

Uncle Vernon ripped open the bill, snorted in disgust, and flipped over the postcard.

"Marge's ill," he informed Aunt Petunia. "Ate a funny whelkâ !"

"Dad!" said Dudley suddenly. "Dad, Harry's got something!"

"Git!" Fred coughed.

"Prat!" George coughed.

"Spoiled brat!" James coughed

"Fat ass." Freddie said simply, causing Victorie to smack him.

"Fred!" she cried.

"Sorry cus!" he cringed under her glare as James laughed behind his friends back.

Harry was on the point of unfolding his letter, which was written on the same heavy parchment as the envelope, when it was jerked sharply out of his hand by Uncle Vernon.

"Rude.." Alicia was disgusted.

"That's *mine!*" said Harry, trying to snatch it back.

"Who'd be writing to you?" sneered Uncle Vernon,

"Ginny." Ron laughed.

"Ronald Weasley!" she hissed, blushing.

"What?" Harry asked.

The twins snorted.

"You wouldnt believe the ammount of letters she kept sending to the 'great Harry Potter'" Fred laughed and Harry scowled. Was that all he was to her? Was that all she was, just a fan girl that didn't like him for him, but because he was famous? The stray pessemistic thoughts turned his insides to ice for a reason he didn't quiet understand. Cho, seeing him cringe, smiled slightly. She had nothing against Ginny Weasley, but that was *her* boyfriend she was flirting with. The sooner he figured her out, the better.

Meanwhile, Teddy, James, Albus and Lils exchanged dark looks. They hadn't know that their mum(Teddy conidered her like a parent to him) had been a fangirl, something Harry detested greatly in the future.

Harry had a pained look in his eyes. "Well, I was wrong, wasn't I." Ginny said slyly, and Harry's eyes shot up at her. "Harry's a great person, but it has nothing to do with the stories about him. Its his heart that made me-" she blushed crimson and looked down, at which Harry raised his eyebrows, a little hopeful that she didn't just like him because he was the 'famous Harry Potter'.

"Ginny?" Harry asked, forgetting for a second that they where sorrounded by hundreds. Her eyes met his for a second, and he was about to speak again, when -

"Enough," Keyro hissed, "And so it wont torment you, I can assure you that what it has nothing to do with that anymore, it was when she realized who you truly where- three years ago, percisly. But enough, continue Ernie." Keyro spoke and Harry felt preassure lift of his heart. So it wasn't just becasue he was famous, she really liked him for him and that made him feel so- *what the hell is wrong with you, she-is-Ron's-sister!*

shaking the letter open with one hand and glancing at it. His face went from red to green faster than a set of traffic lights. And it didn't stop there. Within seconds it was the grayish white of old porridge.

"Ugh, disgusting face..." Marrieta said, causing the kids from the future to look at her for a few seconds, before James broke out laughing.

"What?" the others asked.

"Thats- Marrieta- Marrieta- Edgecomb!" he choked through his laughter, and the others looked at her for a second before doing the exact same thing in maniacle laughs.

"What are you laughing at!" Cho hissed in anger.

"Let's just say her face wont stay so perfect for long." James laughed, winking at Hermione, who gasped, then turned her eyes to glare at Marrieta who flinched.

"Your going to betray us!" she exclaimed, causing everyone to look confused.

"Hermion-"

"Enough!" Keyro hissed. "The toad is, should I remind you, in the current chamber."

"Hem, hem!" said toad exclaimed, causing the student populace to laugh at her as she growled angrily and galred at Keyro. She felt as if she had had the juciest fly in the world within the grasp of her stubby little fingers, before it was ripped away by Keyro, who smirked at her, knowing full well he had just stopped the flow of information from reaching her evil ears.

"P-P-Petunia!" he gasped.

Dudley tried to grab the letter to read it, but Uncle Vernon held it high out of his reach. Aunt Petunia took it curiously and read the first line. For a moment it looked as though she might faint. She clutched her throat and made a choking noise.

"Vernon! Oh my goodness - Vernon!"

"She knows about Hogwarts!" Lily hissed, then realization started dawning on her. The way the Durley's where reacting.. He didn't know, Harry didn't know! She growled.

They stared at each other, seeming to have forgotten that Harry and Dudley were still in the room. Dudley wasn't used to being ignored. He gave his father a sharp tap on the head with his Smelting stick.

"I want to read that letter," he said loudly.

"It iz not yours!" Fluer screeched.

"I want to read it," said Harry furiously, "as it's mine.

"You tell him son!" Prongs applauded while James planned to tell the same words to his dad in the future the next time he was scolding him for some prank he pulled with the help of Uncle George and Freddie, just to see how he would react.

"Get out, both of you," croaked Uncle Vernon, stuffing the letter back inside its envelope.

Harry didn't move.

"I WANT MY LETTER!" he shouted.

Prongs shivered.

"What?" Harry asked, scared to disappoint his parents.

Lily smirked at Prongs as Remus responded, laughing. "Lily's temper."

The words ripped through Snape like a blade. Could he have possibly been wrong about the boy?

"Let me see it!" demanded Dudley.

"OUT!" roared Uncle Vernon, and he took both Harry and Dudley by the scruffs of their necks and threw them into the hall, slamming the kitchen door behind them. Harry and Dudley promptly had a furious but silent fight over who would listen at the keyhole; Dudley won, so Harry, his glasses dangling from one ear, lay flat on his stomach to listen at the crack between door and floor.

Ginny gasped loudly and Harry looked at her, startled. "Harry Potter, *loosing* a fight?" she gasped in mock shock and Harry laughed.

She was trying to get things back to normal, he noted. He'd play along, "He was four time bigger than me!" Harry protested, smiling at her.

She raised her eyebrows. "And the bas-"

"It seems James isn't the only one who lets his mouth slip." Keyro said, looking at her. "You'll terrify mommy and daddy if you tell that tale now."

"What!" Arthur, Molly, Prongs, and Lily cired.

"You two already know," he motioned to Arthur and Molly. "It's those two I'm worried about," he motioned to Prongs and Lily, who both shivered, wondering what anger Ginny was about to say.

Ginny gulped, looking at Harry. "Sorry.." she muttered, looking away.

Harry took his hand, cupped her cheek(they both felt electricity surge through them) and looked her in the eyes. "Don't be." he told her firmly, and she nodded, smiling. Meanwhile, Cho and Micheal caught each others eyes and both of them silently agreed- they would have to seperate those two.

"Vernon," Aunt Petunia was saying in a quivering voice, "look at the address - how could they possibly know where he sleeps? You don't think they're watching the house?"

"Watching - spying - might be following us," muttered Uncle Vernon wildly.

"Who would spy on you?" Malfoy scoffed.

"Dumbledore." Harry growled loudly, shooting an angry glare at the Headmaster, who visibly flinched; Harry seemed to have inherited his mother's ability to make others uncomfortable with ease.

"You knew?" Lily said in a deadly calm voice, also glaring at the Headmaster, Prongs looking red in the face as he stood.

"You knew what was happening to my son and you di-" he began to roar.

"I did not know.." Dumbledore said simply, looking up and meeting his old student in the eye. "I had no way of knowing the goings on within the house, nor did I have spies then watching Harry." He failed to inform them that he knew of the cupboard, if only for a day before he was removed from it.

Harry laughed darkly. "Mrs. Figg." he contradicted and Dumbledore grimaced under the glares sent his way. This time, Keyro couldn't help but chuckle. Dumbledore was a fellow manipulator, like himself, who hid behind the shadows, unnoticed in his machinations. To see him exposed- that would be a halarity. He wasn't the dark kind of orchestrator, though- no, he was the kind that twisted the situation in order to keep a greater evil at bay, the one thing Keyro truly ever respected of others. Of course, the school didn't know that, now, did they? There would be a savage uproar before this was all over.

"But what should we do, Vernon? Should we write back? Tell them we don't want -"

Harry could see Uncle Vernon's shiny black shoes pacing up and down the kitchen.

"No," he said finally. "No, we'll ignore it. If they don't get an answerâ Yes, that's bestâ we won't do anythingâ!"

"But -"

"I'm not having one in the house, Petunia! Didn't we swear when we took him in we'd stamp out that dangerous nonsense?"

Ernie stopped, setting the book down, as all eyes went to Harry. There was silence, though the room suddenly felt like a furnace, especially from the Slytherin table; even Pansy Parkinson felt her face flush in anger. *Stamp it out? Tke a wizard, and stamp out their magic! The nerve, the audacity of this muggles!* The same thoughts rang in everyone's ears, the Slytherins looking ready to murder at such a crime

"What!" Lily growled like a lioness, giving her death glare at Dumbledore that had such force it might have killed a basilisk if it looked her in the eyes. "WHAT DOES HE MEAN, STAMP IT OUT!" she and Prongs roared at the Headmaster, and Keyro repressed a laugh; the old man had already told him he knew not what occurred within the house; one of the few truths he had ever confessed.

"Harry, did they-" Prongs began, in a deadly quiet voice, rage in every syllabul(random A/N; how do you spell this word, please and thanks!)

"No!" Harry lied with ease, standing up, his hand gripping his mother's shoulder as she was reaching for her wand; *no one* messed with *her* child.

She calmed at the touch, and looked into her son's eyes. "They didn't?" she asked softly.

"Aunt Petunia wouldn't let him." Harry said simply, which was perfectly true; it was when she wasn't there that... Uncle Vernon had never actually done real harm to him, though; he might get a good one-two in before he cowered backwards, looking like he was in pain, something Harry never understood..

Lily smiled lightly at that, and nodded. They sat back down and Ernie continued, while Snape looked like he was ready to turn into a bat and pounce on the Headmaster, Minerva not far behind.

That evening when he got back from work, Uncle Vernon did something he'd never done before; he visited Harry in his cupboard.

"Where's my letter?" said Harry, the moment Uncle Vernon had squeezed through the door. "Who's writing to me?"

"No one. It was addressed to you by mistake," said Uncle Vernon shortly.

"Liar."

"I have burned it."

"It was *not* a mistake," said Harry angrily, "it had my cupboard on it."

"SILENCE!" yelled Uncle Vernon, and a couple of spiders fell from the ceiling.

He took a few deep breaths and then forced his face into a smile, which looked quite painful.

"Er - yes, Harry - about this cupboard. Your aunt and I have been thinkingâ you're really getting a bit big for itâ we think it might be nice if you moved into Dudley's second bedroom."

"Second bedroom!" Remus roared, looking incredulously at Dumbledore, something he did not want to do. "You left him there, of all places.?" he deamnded, angered.

"He had his reasons, and I assure you *all*, once they come into light, you shall not look so darkly at the Headmaster. Though he sincerely deserves it. Continue." Keyro commanded. This was going on forever; he hated talking, but they kept forcing him to intervene. This book would take years at the snails pace they had going.

"Why?" said Harry.

Ron, Hermione, and Ginny snorted.

"Why, Potter, you asked why, seri- Ow!" Astoria smacked him before he finished.

"Shut it, you git." she hissed and he growled at her before he found himself staring into her eyes again, anger ebbing away and beng replaced with a new feeling- a feeling she also felt, boiling inside her like a passion before looking away. Only fools wore their hearts so loosely.

"Don't ask questions!" snapped his uncle. "Take this stuff upstairs, now."

The Dursleys' house had four bedrooms: one for Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia, one for visitors (usually Uncle Vernon's sister, Marge), one where Dudley slept, and one where Dudley kept all the toys and things that wouldn't fit into his first bedroom.

"Guest room!" several people roared.

"Mate.." Ron said slowly.

"Yes?" Harry asked.

"I don't feel remotely jealous of you anymore..."

Harry gave a dark laugh and looked away. "That's one of us.." he muttered.

Only Ginny heard the words and she grasped his hand tightly. He looked up at her. "You do have a family-us, Harry, us-"

"ENOUGH, LET GO OF MY SISTER POTTER!" Percy roared as he stood, his face Weasley-red. He would not stand for this, not stand for Potter corrupting *his* sister.

Ginny bounced up as all of her brothers glared at the family traitor. "What do you care, what happens in my life, Percy?" she hissed with venom. "*You* abandoned *us*, you chose your precious ministry, your precious job, over your own damn family!" she roared, tears threatening to pour down her face, but she held it in, as usual, not wanting to look weak.

Harry couldn't take anymore. He jumped over the table, turned Ginny around, and brought her into his arms. She melted into his caring embrace as Harry rubbed soothing circles on her back. "There, there.." he told her softly.

Cho grimaced. When *she* had broken down in tears, all Harry could manage was to look frozen. Yet with Weasley, he practically pounced on her. Maybe it was meant to be? The thought was depressing.

Molly was in tears as she dug her head in her husband's shoulder, half the hall glaring at an embarrassed Percy, who only managed to sit after Fudge pulled on his robes. Harry sat back down with Ginny, who let go of him and smiled brightly at him, a thing he returned. As it all settled down, Ernie decided to keep reading.

It only took Harry one trip upstairs to move everything he owned from the cupboard to this room.

Many growled, but Harry neither noticed nor cared; he had Ginny in his arms, and that was all that mattered- *she's Ron's sister*, the voice persisted, but he didn't let go of her, and he didn't want to, not now, not ever. They were still staring dreamily into each other's eyes, and Hermione had to put a silencing charm on Ron to keep him from shouting. He pouted at her and she pointed at Harry and Ginny, telling him silently not to pounce on his best friend. Ron looked slightly abashed, but nodded, and she lifted the charm.

He sat down on the bed and stared around him. Nearly everything in here was broken. The month-old video camera was lying on top of a small, working tank Dudley had once driven over the next door neighbor's dog; in the corner was Dudley's first-ever television set, which he'd put his foot through when his favorite program had been canceled; there was a large birdcage, which had once held a parrot that Dudley had swapped at school for a real air rifle, which was up on a shelf with the end all bent because Dudley had sat on it. Other shelves were full of books. They were the only things in the room that looked as though they'd never been touched.

Hermione looked scandalized, causing Ron to snicker and her to smack his arm with a smile dancing on her lips.

From downstairs came the sound of Dudley bawling at his mother, "I don't want him in there! I need that room! Make him get out!"

"Harry, has he always been like that?" Ron interrupted as Harry and Ginny looked like they were about to kiss.

Hermione smacked him hard as Harry looked up, the moment lost. "Hmm?" he asked.

"Nothing." Ron muttered as Ginny shot him a death glare.

Harry sighed and stretched out on the bed. Yesterday he'd have given anything to be up here. Today he'd rather be back in his cupboard with that letter than up here without it.

Ron failed to comment and then realized another silencing charm had been placed on him, and he glared at Hermione, who simply smiled back in an unconvincing innocent face. Harry and Ginny were no longer staring into each other's eyes, but sitting next to each other quiet awkwardly, looking anywhere but at each other, causing Cho and Michael to smirk.

Next morning at breakfast, everyone was rather quiet. Dudley was in shock. He'd screamed, whacked his father with his Smelting stick, been sick on purpose, kicked his mother, and thrown his tortoise through the greenhouse roof, and he still didn't have his room back. Harry was thinking about this time yesterday and bitterly wishing he'd opened the letter in the hall.

"You should have." Half the hall chorus together.

"I was ten!" Harry replied.

Ron yet again tried to comment, but couldn't. He glared at Hermione, causing her to laugh at his face.

"What's so funny?" James asked, wanting to be in on the joke.

"Oh, nothing, I just put a silencing charm on him.." Hermione said slyly, causing the kids from the future (minus Scorpius) to burst out laughing.

"Ah, the number of times you've done that to Uncle Ron in the future- priceless." Albus said dreamily while Ron attempted to laugh, causing a fresh rein of laughter at his dilemma.

When the mail arrived, Uncle Vernon, who seemed to be trying to be nice to Harry, made Dudley go and get it.

"Oh yes, just being nice." Angelia scoffed at which Keyro's eyes shot up at her. He wondered if he should bring her up to the central table. After all, he had gathered the other.. The family of those he had brought back from the future. He felt like hitting himself at his realization that he had forgotten her. He would put it off for now, decide it later, not now. Perhaps tomorrow..

They heard him banging things with his Smelting stick all the way down the hall. Then he shouted, "There's another one! 'Mr. H. Potter, The Smallest Bedroom, 4 Privet Drive -'"

"Stupid brainless git, now it's going to be taken before he can even look at- Oi, stop hitting me!" Malfoy exclaimed as Astoria smacked him, not out of malice but because she liked the way it pissed him off when she smirked at him, how his cheeks got re- *this is Malfoy your talking about, Astoria!* she hissed internally.

Harry burst out laughing at Malfoy's statement. When people looked at him in confusion, he admitted, through his laughter, "I couldn't of put it better myself, Malfoy."

Several people raised eyebrows at seeing the two longtime rivals acting in an almost friendly manner to each other.

With a strangled cry, Uncle Vernon leapt from his seat and ran down the hall, Harry right behind him. Uncle Vernon had to wrestle Dudley to the ground to get the letter from him, which was made difficult by the fact that Harry had grabbed Uncle Vernon around the neck from behind.

Ron and Hermione shared a look, and burst out laughing. Ron didn't even question the fact that he could speak again (Percy had lifted the charm, hoping Ron might have the sense to put an end to Potter's flirtacious behavior with *his* sister as he himself couldn't without being sent death glares.)

"What?" Harry asked them.

"You do that alot, don't you Harry?" Hermione asked innocently.

"Yeah, first your Uncle, then a full grown mountain troll." Ron laughed.

"Mou- Mountain... HARRY JAMES POTTER!" Lily roared as she stood, the laughter dieing. Keyro couldn't help it anymore. He burst out laughing, causing people to raise their eyebrows at him.

"Continue." he said simply before Lily could continue her torrent of motherly scolding, and Ernie complied. Prongs himself looked pale and Snuffles was attacking Harry with licks as if trying to keep him safe.

After a minute of confused fighting, in which everyone got hit a lot by the Smelting stick, Uncle Vernon straightened up, gasping for breath, with Harry's letter clutched in his hand.

"Go to your cupboard - I mean, your bedroom," he wheezed at Harry. "Dudley - go - just go."

Harry walked round and round his new room. Someone knew he had moved out of his cupboard and they seemed to know he hadn't received his first letter. Surely that meant they'd try again? And this time he'd make sure they didn't fail. He had a plan.

"Oh, this should be *brilliant*." Hermione laughed.

Harry pouted. "My plans are pretty good." he argued.

"Yes, pretty good, when were all about to die." Ron laughed along with his two best friends.

Some people looked in wonder at how the three could joke so easily about death while their parents became pale.

The repaired alarm clock rang at six o'clock the next morning. Harry turned it off quickly and dressed silently. He mustn't wake the Dursleys. He stole downstairs without turning on any of the lights.

He was going to wait for the postman on the corner of Privet Drive and get the letters for number four first. His heart hammered as he crept across the dark hall toward the front door -

"For Harrykins-"

"That's a pretty good plan-"

"But knowing his luck-"

"It's gonna-"

"Shut it!" Harry hissed at the twins, though he was grinning.

"AAAAARRRGH!"

Harry leapt into the air; he'd trodden on something big and squashy on the doormat - something *alive!*

"Dad, if that was *Vernon's* face," James spat out the word Vernon, "Then you are officialy the best dad ever."

Lights clicked on upstairs and to his horror Harry realized that the big, squashy something had been his uncle's face.

Many stared laughing, and James stood up, high fiving his father.

"Brilliant, I'll have to try that one on someone!" James laughed and Harry raised his eyebrows at him.

Uncle Vernon had been lying at the foot of the front door in a sleeping bag, clearly making sure that Harry didn't do exactly what he'd been trying to do. He shouted at Harry for about half an hour and then told him to go and make a cup of tea. Harry shuffled miserably off into the kitchen and by the time he got back, the mail had arrived, right into Uncle Vernon's lap. Harry could see three letters addressed in green ink.

"I want -" he began, but Uncle Vernon was tearing the letters into pieces before his eyes.

Ernie looked up as several people growled, causing Harry to roll his eyes. "Harry, about second years and what I said about-" he was about to appologize for accusing Harry of being a muggle hater because he couldn't stand his relatives, something he now finally understood.

"Ernie, appologize for something that happened three years ago, and I'll hex you." Harry threatened, "It's in the past, doesn't matter."

"But-"

"Ernie."

"Fine."

Uncle Vernon didn't go to work that day. He stayed at home and nailed up the mail slot.

"Not going to work.." James and Freddie sang.

"See," he explained to Aunt Petunia through a mouthful of nails, "if they can't *deliver* them they'll just give up."

"I'm not sure that'll work, Vernon."

"Oh, these people's minds work in strange ways, Petunia, they're not like you and me," said Uncle Vernon, trying to knock in a nail with the piece of fruitcake Aunt Petunia had just brought him.

All the muggle-borns and many half-bloods burst out laughing while the rest of the student populace looked in confusion.

"And he calls us strange?" Collin asked incredulously..

"That's not the half of it, Collin." Harry laughed back and a dark look crossed Teddy's eyes. That boy was going to die in two years, he remembered looking through the old war records. He exchanged a look with Rose, the only other that had bothered to look up the records, and their expressions were deadly similar

On Friday, no less than twelve letters arrived for Harry. As they couldn't go through the mail slot they had been pushed under the door, slotted through the sides, and a few even forced through the small window in the downstairs bathroom.

Uncle Vernon stayed at home again. After burning all the letters, he got out a hammer and nails and boarded up the cracks around the front and back doors so no one could go out. He hummed "Tiptoe Through the Tulips" as he worked, and jumped at small noises.

"He's lost his mind." Lavender said, everyone else agreeing, save Harry.

"Lavender, that's impossible, seeing as he had no mind to begin with." Harry told her, causing many to start laughing and the twins to beam at Harry (along with James and Freddie)

"You *need* to go pranking with us." they said together and the staff groaned. Not another James Potter!

Harry laughed, and, to the relief of the staff and the horror of his father, he shook his head. "Nah, pranking isn't my thing." Harry told them, causing them to pout, and him to smirk.

On Saturday, things began to get out of hand. Twenty-four letters to Harry found their way into the house, rolled up and hidden inside each of the two-dozen eggs that their very confused milkman had handed Aunt Petunia through the living room window. While Uncle Vernon made furious telephone calls to the post office and the dairy trying to find someone to complain to, Aunt Petunia shredded the letters in her food processor.

Several people burst out laughing.

"Who on earth wants to talk to *you* this badly?" Dudley asked Harry in amazement.

"Ginny." the twins said together in identical smirks and Ginny glared at them.

"I was *five*! And I recall you two doing the exact same thing!" she hissed.

The two blushed as Harry started laughing. Snape looked at the boy, his beliefs confirmed; attention seeking brat.

"You did?"

"Yes.." they confessed slowly.

Past, Present, and Future: Reading the Books 1

"Who else in here?" Harry asked, looking around. Keyro smirked before his eyes turned a brief black then normal again, compelling everyone who had sent the boy fan mail to lift their right hand.

Half the hall, including, to their dismay, several Slytherins, and even a furious looking Pansy Parkinson as she attempted, without avail, to pull down the hand that was stuck in the air like several others around her.

Harry raised his eyebrows and James looked extatic; he would have *loved* all that attention. Well, maybe not all of it. To much was to much.

"I am so glad none of that reached me.." Harry muttered as the hands fell back down, several people blushing, none more than Ginny. Once again, Harry thought of how cute she looked when she blushed like that- and a beast started stirring within him as he faught his own internal emotions. *What about Cho?* his conciusness shot at him, and Harry's eyes shot up at her. Noticing his look, she scowled, slightly mad at him. He looked down sadly.

On Sunday morning, Uncle Vernon sat down at the breakfast table looking tired and rather ill, but happy.

"No post on Sundays," he reminded them cheerfully as he spread marmalade on his newspapers, "no damn letters today -"

"Muggles have no post on Sunday." Hermione said simply as the eyes shot up at her for answers on the strangeness of muggles.

Arthur beamed at the students, wanting to learn more about their muggle counterparts.

Something came whizzing down the kitchen chimney as he spoke and caught him sharply on the back of the head. Next moment, thirty or forty letters came pelting out of the fireplace like bullets. The Dursleys ducked, but Harry leapt into the air trying to catch one -

"Why not pick up one of the the floor, Potter?" Malfoy asked kindly, though not in his usual sneer, and Astoria refrained from smacking him.

Harry laughed. "Seeker insticts, something you might want to learn." Harry countered, causing Malfoy to blush as the laughter turned on him.

"Out! OUT!"

Uncle Vernon seized Harry around the waist and threw him into the hall

"Abuseur d'enfants!" Flue roared loudly(A/N; that means child abuser in French, according to Google since I don't speak French), causing several to cower. Bill put his hand on her shoulder, and the part-veela calmed whilst her daughter looked just as livid, Teddy putting his arm around her in response.

When Aunt Petunia and Dudley had run out with their arms over their faces, Uncle Vernon slammed the door shut. They could hear the letters still streaming into the room, bouncing off the walls and floor.

"That does it," said Uncle Vernon, trying to speak calmly but pulling great tufts out of his mustache at the same time. "I want you all back here in five minutes ready to leave. We're going away. Just pack some clothes. No arguments!"

He looked so dangerous with half his mustache missing that no one dared argue. Ten minutes later they had wrenched their way through the boarded-up doors and were in the car, speeding toward the highway. Dudley was sniffing in the back seat; his father had hit him round the head for holding them up while he tried to pack his television, VCR, and computer in his sports bag.

Most were so shocked to comment on that one.

They drove. And they drove. Even Aunt Petunia didn't dare ask where they were going. Every now and then Uncle Vernon would take a sharp turn and drive in the opposite direction for a while.

"Shake 'em off! Shake 'em off," he would mutter whenever he did this.

"He's insane." George mused.

"Took you long enough to figure that one out." Harry told him.

Hermione, however, shifted her glare to Dumbledore. "How could you leave *him* with people that obviously hate everything about us!" she hissed, causing several people to look up at the Headmaster, awaiting a response that never came as Minerva and Snape glared at him. The students looked in wonder at Snape, considering the fact they all believed he hated Harry..

They didn't stop to eat or drink all day. By nightfall Dudley was howling. He'd never had such a bad day in his life. He was hungry, he'd missed five television programs he'd wanted to see, and he'd never gone so long without blowing up an alien on his computer.

"Serves the spoiled brat right." Malfoy snared. When looks were sent his way, he shrugged, not noticing the proud looking being cast his way by his son.

"Your one to talk." Ron laughed.

He glared at him. "Just because I actually have money and don't live in a shed, Wease- Ow!" Astoria had slapped him upside the head, not even smirking this time, angry.

All the Weasleys, with the exception of Arthur and Molly, were glaring, even Percy. Malfoy shrunk in his seat while Snape looked incredulous. He had expected better of Draco, yet here he was, tempting a beast, in this case, several, to attack.

Uncle Vernon stopped at last outside a gloomy-looking hotel on the outskirts of a big city. Dudley and Harry shared a room with twin beds and damp, musty sheets. Dudley snored but Harry stayed awake, sitting on the windowsill, staring down at the lights of passing cars and wondering!

"Wondering what?" Anthony Goldstein asked.

"Who the mysterious letter writer was and if I was finally going to get what I'd wished for as far back as I can remember; if I'd finally escape the Dursleys." Harry's face lit up, remembering Hagrid breaking down the door to the hut-on-the-rock.

His parents looked sadly at each other, and Ginny put her hand on his shoulder. He looked up into her soft chocolate orbs. "You have us now, Harry. You know that, right?" she asked.

Harry grinned ear to ear, not noticing how it made Ginny's heart start beating furiously.

"Yeah, I know." he said dreamily and Lily shot a grateful look at Molly, who smiled back, a tear escaping both woman's eyes.

They ate stale cornflakes and cold tinned tomatoes on toast for breakfast the next day. They had just finished when the owner of the hotel came over to their table.

"Scuse me, but is one of you Mr. H. Potter? Only I got about an 'undred of these at the front desk."

She held up a letter so they could read the green ink address:

Mr. H. Potter

Room 17

Railview Hotel

Cokeworth

Harry made a grab for the letter but Uncle Vernon knocked his hand out of the way. The woman stared.

"Don't just stare!" Fred hissed, angry. No one messed with his little brother. Well, not really his little brother, but close enough.

"Kick him where it hurts!" George continued, just as angered.

"Fred!" Molly reprimanded, at which Harry burst out laughing.

"Wrong twin." he told her through his laugh. She blushed as the twins looked at him incredulously.

"Seriously, how do you do that?" they asked together.

Harry smirked, not answering, causing them to pout and him to laugh again.

"I'll take them," said Uncle Vernon, standing up quickly and following her from the dining room.

"Wouldn't it be better just to go home, dear?" Aunt Petunia suggested timidly, hours later, but Uncle Vernon didn't seem to hear her.

"Looks like your sister at least has some intellegence, Lily." Remus noted.

Lily meerly scowled at the comment, causing Prongs to glare at his old friend while he put his arm around his wife, who leaned into his embrace, causing Snape to neerly flinch externaly as his heart was given another stab. It had been so many years, yet still, the meer sight of her, her vibrant red flowing her, the billiant green eyes- they where magnificence, a magnificence he could never truly forget because she was the only person he ever let himself open his heart to.

Exactly what he was looking for, none of them knew. He drove them into the middle of a forest, got out, looked around, shook his head, got back in the car, and off they went again. The same thing happened in the middle of a plowed field, halfway across a suspension bridge, and at the top of a multilevel parking garage.

"Daddy's gone mad, hasn't he?" Dudley asked Aunt Petunia dully late that afternoon.

"Even that brainless git knows it." James comment.

"Like your one to call someone else 'brainless', James." Lils teased.

"Oi!"

Uncle Vernon had parked at the coast, locked them all inside the car, and disappeared. It started to rain. Great drops beat on the roof of the car. Dudley sniveled.

"It's Monday," he told his mother. "The Great Humberto's on tonight. I want to stay somewhere with a television."

"Oh dear lord, there's no TV!" Hannah snapped in anger, causing Keyro to remember suddenly that she married Neville in the future. Should he drag her to the central table as well? Then again, the aforementioned event would never come up in these books.

Monday. This reminded Harry of something. If it *was* Monday - and you could usually count on Dudley to know the days the week, because of television - then tomorrow, Tuesday, was Harry's eleventh birthday.

"Happy birthday!" several people cheered but Harry wasn't listening, remembering all his 'birthdays' with the Dursleys. Many exchanged looks and Ginny grabbed Harry's hand through instinct, causing a vibrant smile to dance on his lips.

Of course, his birthdays were never exactly fun - last year, the Dursleys had given him a coat hanger and a pair of Uncle Vernon's old socks.

"That was the only year they actually remembered.." Harry muttered, though Ginny heard and squeezed his hand tighter.

"PETUNIA, I AM GOING TO- UGH!" Lily hollered, red in the face as Prongs hugged her to him in an effort to calm her. It worked as she melted in his arms.

Still, you weren't eleven every day.

Uncle Vernon was back and he was smiling. He was also carrying a long, thin package and didn't answer Aunt Petunia when she asked what he'd bought.

Several muggle-borns narrowed their eyes, especially those in their later years, particularly Ravenclaws, along with a few others from the other houses. They didn't like the sound of that thin package..

"Found the perfect place!" he said. "Come on! Everyone out!" It was very cold outside the car. Uncle Vernon was pointing at what looked like a large rock way out at sea. Perched on top of the rock was the most miserable little shack you could imagine. One thing was certain, there was no television in there.

"Mum, can we prank them?" Fred asked, causing her to glare.

"Fre- or George- or whichever one of you, no!" she hollered.

"Fred." Harry laughed.

"Is there anything you don't notice mate?" Ron asked.

"Just about everything." Harry replied as the twins stared at him in shock, along with the other Weasley's as none of them could tell the twins apart.

"Oh, everything?" Hermione asked.

"Nope, almost everything though. Now that I think about all the things I've observed.." Harry said, lost in thought. He always noticed the details.. But failed to put them together until the last second.

"Take note, everyone; the kid that's nearly blind is the one that notices everything." George said.

"Oi!" Harry laughed.

"Storm forecast for tonight!" said Uncle Vernon gleefully, clapping his hands together. "And this gentleman's kindly agreed to lend us his boat!" A toothless old man came ambling up to them, pointing, with a rather wicked grin, at an old rowboat bobbing in the iron-gray water below them. "I've already got us some rations," said Uncle Vernon, "so all aboard!"

"He's as crazy as they come." Nott commented, causing people to stare at him. "What? Its reality." he said simply. Meanwhile, Crabbe and Goyle looked confused, not knowing what to do, to brainless to think without Malfoy commanding them.

It was freezing in the boat. Icy sea spray and rain crept down their necks and a chilly wind whipped their faces. After what seemed like hours they reached the rock, where Uncle Vernon, slipping and sliding, led the way to the broken-down house.

"Did you catch a cold?" Lily asked, at which several people started laughing at Harry.

"Mum.." he complained.

"Sorry." she said softly as Prongs shook his head, laughing. Madam Pomfrey, however, looked as if she was planning to lead Harry to the medical ward the second she caught chance, narrowing her eyes at the young Gryffindor.

The inside was horrible; it smelled strongly of seaweed, the wind whistled through the gaps in the wooden walls, and the fireplace was damp and empty. There were only two rooms.

Uncle Vernon's rations turned out to be a bag of chips each and four bananas.

"That's not food!" Ron growled, at which everyone at the central table, save the Slytherins, Luna, and Keyro, who's lip twitched, burst out laughing.

"Ron, why didn't you tell us?" Ginny asked.

"Tell you what?"

"That you got married!" she exclaimed.

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"What!" several exclaimed, Arthur and Molly wide eyed.

"What? When did this happen?" Ron asked, confused.

Ginny put on an innocently confus

Chapter 5: The Keeper of the Keys

A/N; sorry I have't updated in a while, I usually can't get access to internet. Sigh.. Anyways, heres the next chapter. Hope you enjoy it :)

StrOketheFurryWall; Nah, I didn't make Al a Slytherin in this. Sorrys! But I did get them to be friends. I also added a forbidden relationship between Scorpius and Lily. I wonder how everyone else will react when they realize that..(this stuff writes itself)

dreamdancer504; Nah, that sounds like to many charecters, and I already think Im stretching it. Sorry. I might reconsider, who knows.

Pelahnar; Thanks and her being in the books would have been instresting to say the least.

harrypotterseriesrock; huh I might add some of those charecters more early on, though I think I'll probably add them maybe a chapter before they come up or something like that.

Everyone else, thanks for the rviews :)

"The Keeper of the Keys"

Ginny paused, took one good look at the page and started skimming, before looking up with a smirk at Keyro. Now she knew why he wanted the book in Weasley hands. She paused for effect, as if about to reveal a great secret, people leaning in to see what was about to happen when-

BOOM.

Half the hall jumped as she screamed the word as only a Weasley could. Harry laughed, "Good one Ginny.." he chocked out after seeing Hermione nearly topple out of her seat. She blushed lightly at the comment, giving him a quick smile before she continued, though not before Hermione smacked Ron upside the head for laughing at her.

Only Luna Lovegood seemed unphased, staring away dreamily, neighter laughing in hysteria nor jumping in fright.

They knocked again. Dudley jerked awake. "Where's the cannon?" he said stupidly.

"Is there anything he says that is not completely demended?" Fred asked, causing Harry to shudder violently at the word 'demented'.

People lookedat him in concern. "Please don't say Dudley and demented in the same sentence.." Harry said slowly. People still looked confused.

Only Hermione seemed to understand as her hands shot up to her mouth. "This summer- did they?"

"Almost." Harry spat. "It was about to kiss him, Hermione, and as much as I don't like him, no one deserves the Dementor's Kiss."

The result was an uproar. "What!" Harry's parents jumped up in shock.

"There where no Dementores, the boy lies!" Umbridge shrieked. They couldn't tell if she was standing or sitting as her toad like face became a snare.

Keyro's eyes shot up to her, complete loathing in them, and in that moment she realized it- *he knew*. The toad cowered as she sat back down. Silence rang in the hall before Ginny picked up the book, continuing.

There was a crash behind them and Uncle Vernon came skidding into the room. He was holding a rifle in his hands .Now they knew what had been in the long, thin package he had brought with them.

Several people who knew what a gun was burst out laughing(those that had managed to infer who the Keeper of Keys was)

"He seriously brought a gun!" Hermione shrieked.

Harry laughed at that. "Like it was any use." he told her.

"Who's there?" he shouted. "I warn you - I'm armed!"

There was a pause. Then -

Ginny herself paused and Harry stiffened a laugh as the hall yet again leaned in to here what was coming.

SMASH!

Several people jumped, causing Harry, Fred, George, James, Freddie and Prongs to all burst out laughing ven harder than before.

"Ginny! Did you have to yell so loud?" Ron demanded as he picked himself of the floor. Hermione looked away, holding in a snort. She wouldn't stoop to his level, she thought fiercely.

She simply smiled kindly at him. "It's in my blood, isn't it?" she asked innocently, causing Molly to blush and a few of the kids from the future to laugh wildly.

"Aunt Ginny has a temper like no other." Hugo laughed, causing Rose to hit him upside the head. She rather enjoyed doing that to people. She wondered where she got it from silently to herself. *Proably Dad, mum is way to calm...*

The door was hit with such force that it swung clean off its hinges and with a deafening crash landed flat on the floor.

A giant of a man

"An actual giant?" Laura Madley, a second year Hufflepuff asked, sounding scared.

Harry laughed. "Only ha-" he found his voice leaving him, and turned to find the source, only then seeing a smirking Keyro. Harry got the message, and nodded at him, feeling his voice returning to him. Looking back at Laura, he aswered, "Nah, its just Hagrid."

was standing in the doorway. His face was almost completely hidden by a long, shaggy mane of hair and a wild, tangled beard, but you could make out his eyes, glinting like black beetles under all the hair.

The giant squeezed his way into the hut, stooping so that his head just brushed the ceiling. He bent down, picked up the door, and fitted it easily back into its frame. The noise of the storm outside dropped a little. He turned to look at them all.

"Couldn't make us a cup o' tea, could yeh? It's not been an easy journeyâ '!"

Several people laughed. "Only Hagrid..." Prongs commented, laughing. Said 'giant' blushed.

He strode over to the sofa where Dudley sat frozen with fear. "Budge up, yeh great lump," said the stranger.

The hall roared in laughter, none more than Harry. Ginny smirked at them all, pausing. This time, they all scooted away slightly, some putting their fingers in their ears. Harry burst out laughing at them.

Dudley squeaked and ran to hide behind his mother, who was crouching, terrified, behind Uncle Vernon.

Ginny read calmly, and several growled, catching on; they wouldn't be able to tell when she was bluffing or not, so they wouldn't know when to stuff their fingers in their ears, just in case.

"An' here's Harry!" said the giant. Harry looked up into the fierce, wild, shadowy face and saw that the beetle eyes were crinkled in a smile. "Las' time I saw you, you was only a baby," said the giant. "Yeh look a lot like yer dad, but yeh've got yer mom's eyes."

Harry beamed at his mother, who smiled back.

"He does." Prongs commented. She turned her head to look at him.

"But he has your good looks.." she told him, at which Harry made a slightly disgusted face.

"And luckily, none of his brains." Remus added, causing several to laugh as Prongs pouted.

Uncle Vernon made a funny rasping noise. "I demand that you leave at once, sir!" he said. "You are breaking and entering!"

"Ah, shut up, Dursley, yeh great prune," said the giant;

The entire room filled up once more with laughter.

"Good one Hagrid!" Fred called, whilst Keyro smirked. There were two reasons Hagrid had been sent; one, he really wanted to. The second was far more cynical, something even Hagrid was unaware of... For now..

he reached over the back of the sofa, jerked the gun out of Uncle Vernon's hands, bent it into a knot as easily as if it had been made of rubber, and threw it into a corner of the room.

"The looks on their faces- ahh.." Harry sighed dreamily, causing several more snorts.

Uncle Vernon made another funny noise, like a mouse being trodden on.

Harry, Ron, Hermione and Remus growled loudly at that one, the mention of the word mouse reminding them of a certain rat. People looked at them in wonder.

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"If I ever get my hands on him-I-am-going-to-kill-him!" Remus roared, causing several to flinch at the rage in his eyes.

"Aha! Murderous werewolf, planning more death, I see!" Umbridge squeaked.

Prongs stood, his face hard in rage. "Mo- Remus not a murderous werewolf, you hideous old hag! He's worth a hell of a lot more than you, now leave my friend alone!" he roared, though the toad stood her ground, smiling innocently at him.

"Would you think as such if you knew he nearly killed your own son during his- ah- time of the month?" she asked innocently.

"What!" Prongs looked fearfully at his friend, who cringed, looking down.

"Nothing happened to us!" Harry told the hall, which was getting tenser by the second.

"If it hadn't been for Professor Snape, you filthy ungrateful bra-"

Harry laughed whilst his mother beamed at her old friend, who felt his dead heart give a twinge. "Snape was the only one who ruined that night. An innocent man almost received the Dementor's Ki-"

"Enough!" Keyro thundered. These people could get way off topic so quickly. Silence fell, though Lily was no longer beaming, she was looking at her old friend incredulously. What had he become? He cringed at the sad look in her eyes.

"Anyway - Harry," said the giant, turning his back on the Dursleys, "a very happy birthday to yeh. Got summat fer yeh here - I mighta sat on it at some point, but it'll taste all right."

Several people wanted to comment on Hagrid's cooking, but decided not to while the man was in the room.

"His cooking is not the best." Scorpius said thoughtfully, causing everyone to eye him in wonder.

"You- your my son, and your hanging around with that ugly oaf?" Malfoy said without thinking. Next thing he knew, he was upside down in the air, dangleing, a furious Scorpius glaring at him. Snape silently wondered where the boy picked up the spell.

"Don't you dare insult Hagrid!" Scorpius thundered.

Everyone was so shocked to comment.

"Scorpius..." James said slowly, causing the young Slytherin to look away from his hanging victim.

"Yes?"

"I think I've finally forgiven my brother for befriending a Slytherin.." he said slowly, at which Albus and Scorpius laughed, others looking confused.

"Yeah.. After we nearly killed each other." Albus laughed.

"Ahh.. Good times.."

"Idiots." Rose declared. That duel they had in their first year had gone horrendous- not because either of them actually knew anything effective, but because they ended up lighting the library on fire in the middle of the night. Luckily, the books weren't beyond magical repair, but if Madam Pince ever found out it was those two, she'd skin the alive. If she hadn't been there- trying to convince Albus not to go- well, who knows what would have happened. She shuddered at the thought.

They laughed even harder at the memory.

"Put me down!" Malfoy demanded.

His son flicked his wand, causing his father to fall on his head and more laughter. Malfoy scowled as he sat back down.

From an inside pocket of his black overcoat he pulled a slightly squashed box. Harry opened it with trembling fingers. Inside was a large, sticky chocolate cake with *Happy Birthday Harry* written on it in green icing.

"My first birthday cake..." Harry smiled. Some people gave him sad smiles, while his parents shot grateful looks at Hagrid, who smiled back.

Harry looked up at the giant. He meant to say thank you, but the words got lost on the way to his mouth, and what he said instead was, "Who are you?"

"Harry! Have some manners!" his mother scowled.

"I was 11!" Harry defended.

"I wonder where you did learn your manners, mate, considering what you grew up with." Ron said, as usual, without the slightest hint of tact. Hermione smacked him.

"Tact, Ronald, tact." she told him. Harry gave a weak smile that failed to fool his friends, or, for that matter, Ginny, who grabbed his hand again even as she continued to read. The painful memories started fading in a heartbeat.

The giant chuckled.

"True, I haven't introduced meself. Rubeus Hagrid, Keeper of Keys and Grounds at Hogwarts." He held out an enormous hand and shook Harry's whole arm.

"Those are always less than comtable..." Albus said, rubbing his arm.

"You got that right." Scorpius laughed. Several people were still surprised at this.

"Boys..." Rose hissed whilst Hagrid flushed at the comments, not realizing he hurt people when he shook their hands like that.

"What about that tea then, eh?" he said, rubbing his hands together. "I'd not say no ter summat stronger if yeh've got it, mind."

His eyes fell on the empty grate with the shriveled chip bags in it and he snorted. He bent down over the fireplace; they couldn't see what he was doing but when he drew back a second later, there was a

roaring fire there.

"Using magic, Mr. Hagrid?" Umbridge asked sweetly. She could get him for this one. The insolent oaf was not allowed to use magic, the beast was a fool, a disgusting thing not worthy of their noble gifts, like the mudbloods and the werewolves, dirt.

At this, Keyro stood, rounding the table, all eyes on him as he made his way to the toad, whose eyes widened. He stopped before her, smiled innocently, before his eyes flashed, hand quickly closing around her neck-

"Relishio!" Amelia cried, though there was no need, as quickly as Keyro touched the extended skin of the toad, he let go, feeling slightly disgusted at having touched her. Several people looked astounded, Amelia pointing her wand at Keyro's chest while Umbridge was hyperventilating. "What was tha-"

"Dolores, how does it feel?" Keyro asked.

Her eyes shot up at him, speechless.

"How does it feel to be no less than a common squib?" he asked, at which several people gasped.

"Wha- what?" Umbridge sounded fearful. Keyro ignored her, turning, walking back.

"Pity I can't take your powers indefinitely, leaving you the equivalent of those you detest." he called back, sitting down, while Umbridge fished for her wand, and started yelling out enchantments, pointing it in the air to no effect whatsoever, her toad eyes wide in horror. "Continue." Keyro told Ginny. There was one thing above all others he hated with a passion; a coward, like Dolores, hiding behind power, abusing it to their own evil ends to make themselves feel better about themselves.

It filled the whole damp hut with flickering light and Harry felt the warmth wash over him as though he'd sunk into a hot bath.

The giant sat back down on the sofa, which sagged under his weight, and began taking all sorts of things out of the pockets of his coat: a copper kettle, a squashy package of sausages, a poker, a teapot, several chipped mugs, and a bottle of some amber liquid that he took a swig from before starting to make tea.

Soon the hut was full of the sound and smell of sizzling sausage. Nobody said a thing while the giant was working, but as he slid the first six fat, juicy, slightly burnt sausages from the poker, Dudley fidgeted a little. Uncle Vernon said sharply, "Don't touch anything he gives you, Dudley."

Harry laughed. "He's already the size of a killer whale." most were too shocked to comment.

The giant chuckled darkly.

"Yer great puddin' of a son don' need fattenin' anymore, Dursley, don' worry." He passed the sausages to Harry, who was so hungry he had never tasted anything so wonderful, but he still couldn't take his eyes off the giant.

"Hagrid's food was edible for once? Well done." Scorpius smiled at Hagrid, while many looked conflicted; was it a compliment, or a sarcastic remark? Hard to tell since it came from a Malfoy. That and they were all still extremely confused at his nonchalant behavior when it came to a man that his father obviously detested.

Finally, as nobody seemed about to explain anything, he said, "I'm sorry, but I still don't really know who you are."

"At least you had manners this time..." Lily comprimised.

"He's always such a polite boy." Molly commented.

At this, Ron and Hermione snorted loudly.

"Except when he's having one of his fits!" Ron chocked out. Umbride looked hopeful. Fits? She dared not comment- her powers had yet to return. Keyro felt like laughing t her expression. This place made the effects of any magic greatly diminished. The fact that he could cause her powers to recoil meant a very simple thing; she was already as close to a squib as one could possibly get without becoming one. The hypocrisy..

"Fits." Lily's eyes narrowed, though her son raised his eyebrows.

"I yell at you, Ron, one time in five years of friendship, while you nd Hermione are at each others throats every other day." he laughed, causing the other two to blush crimson while people laughed at their expressions. Lily's eyes softened at that slightly as Molly glared at her youngest son, who visible flinched.

The giant took a gulp of tea and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand."Call me Hagrid," he said, "everyone does. An' like I told yeh, I'm Keeper of Keys at Hogwarts - yeh'll know all about Hogwarts, o' course.

"Er - no," said Harry.

Hagrid looked shocked.

"Stupid grumbbelin' muggles.." Hargid growled in what was meant to be a whisper, but everyone heard it. None of them said a thing, few ever having witnessed a madder Hagrid than the one that shook slightly on the staff table. Had he known what those- those- he couldn't think of a word bad enough to describe the Dursley's. Kyro himself siletly wondered wether or not he should drag them here- the expressions on their faces at being sorrounded by so many wizards- priceless.

"Sorry," Harry said quickly.

Ginny put the book down slowly, turned to look at Harry, before she shook her head, laughing along with Harry's other friends.

"Always apologizing for everything.." she choked out and Harry felt his cheek redden slightly. She smiled at him, and he fet the beast inside him give a thuderous roar, at which he looked away sharply. *Ron's sister...*

Ginny cringed slightly, almost invisibly, none except Hermione noticing the gesture, who's observation powers where second only to Harry himself.

"Sorry?" barked Hagrid, turning to stare at the Dursleys, who shrank back into the shadows. "It's them as should be sorry! I knew yeh weren't gettin' yer letters but I never thought yeh wouldn't even know abou' Hogwarts, fer cryin' out loud! Did yeh never wonder where yer parents learned it all?"

"All what?" asked Harry.

"ALL WHAT?" Hagrid thundered.

"We get it, stop repeating each other." Zacharias Smith sneered, causing Hannah Abbot to smack him.

"Ow!" he complained as she glared at him, causing several to laugh. Neville felt a pang of jealousy as he saw Smith's cheek redden.

"Anyways.." Ginny said slowly, picking of where she left of.

"Now wait jus' one second!"

He had leapt to his feet. In his anger he seemed to fill the whole hut. The Dursleys were cowering against the wall.

"Do you mean ter tell me," he growled at the Dursleys, "that this boy - this boy! - knows nothin' abou' - about ANYTHING?"

"Hagrid.. You made me feel like a total retard whe-"

"Harry!" his mother growled.

"Sorry." he replied, a smile dancing on his lips. His mother was scolding him. Most would not like that idea, but to him, it was magnificent- though he doubted personally how long that thought would stretch on if she kept it up.

"Oh, you think this is funny, young man?" she demanded, whilst the twins tried unsuccessfully to keep on straight faces.

"No, nothing like that. It's just.."

"Shall I explain?" Keyro offered.

"Are you a mind reader or something?" Harry asked, slightly annoyed. Snape sneered. *Mind-reader...*, Potter never learned.

"No, simply unsualy preceptive." he replied.

"Fine, then, I'm sure you'll explain better." Harry said, if only for the simple reason that he did not want to talk about his emotions- it was to wierd. A few people laughed, seeing through his words, though all of them where at the central table.

"He has no memory of you whatsoever. Well, one, but it isn't cheerful." Harry shuddered violently, and Ginny squeezed his hand tightly, causing him to relax as he looked p at her with almost pleading eyes. She smiled sadly at him, before she hugged herself to his body. Her brothers growled, but the two where lost in their own little world. "He's never had either of you guide him, help him on the right path. That's what makes him smile, because it's you thats guiding him." Keyro said, causing both his parents(along with most of the hall) to look sadly at Harry, whom ignored them.

Ron coughed a little to loudly, causing Hermion to smack him as Harry and Ginny seperated, both still smiling at each other before Ginny picked up the book. Cho felt jealously burn her, and indecision. They seemed like they where made for each other, she felt like she should let it happen- and at the same time, felt

anger boil in her at the same thing, at the thought of them being made for each other. She was torn, between what she knew was probably right- and what she despraly wanted.

Harry thought this was going a bit far. He had been to school, after all, and his marks weren't bad.

"I know *some* things," he said. "I can, you know, do math and stuff."

A few people laughed at that. "Please, nothing gets past your thick skull mate." Ron laughed, "I've corrupted you." he smiled, at which Hermione, Rose, and Lily scowled.

"I always knew you where my second favorite uncle, Uncle Ron." James beamed as he laughed.

"Second?" Ron asked, and it was hard to tell if it was in mock of true hurt at the rejection.

"Yupp, Uncle G-"

"James Potter II, continue and I will silence you for the rest of the book." Rose promised, with a smile that caused him to shudder and the other future kids to laugh at his expression. Ron glared at his daughter, which she fully returned. He noted, with a twinge of fear, that it was a mix between his mothers glare and.. He felt a little lightheaded at the thought, Hermione's glare. But that couldn't be right, could it? He just didn't know..

But Hagrid simply waved his hand and said, "About *our* world, I mean. *Your* world. *My* world. *Yer parents' world.*"

"What world?"

Hagrid looked as if he was about to explode.

"I was..." Hagrid shook his head, red in the face, before his thoughts wandered- how would everyone react to his unsuccessfl attempt to configure Dudley into a pig? He assumed mosg would find it halarious.. But, that toad was looking for any excuse to get rid of him..

"DURSLEY!" he boomed.

Uncle Vernon, who had gone very pale, whispered something that sounded like "Mimblewimble."

Hagrid stared wildly at Harry. "But yeh must know about yer mom and dad," he said. "I mean, they're famous. You're famous."

"I really whised I wasn't." Harry whined lightly, causing the kids from the future to burst in hysteria, Teddy, Freddie and James wiping tears of ammusment from their eyes. Harry raised his eyebrows at them.

"Ah, poor dad.." Albus laughed.

"Yupp..." Lils choked out.

"What?" Harry demanded, while Snape shot a glare at the boy. He lies, he loves the attention, its what he constantly lives for.. Lily noticed it and glared at him, causing Snape to practicaly cower, though none noticed.

"If you think its bad now.." Teddy was still laughing.

"We can't even get out the front door without it making a head line." James laughed. Unlike his father, he truly was an attention seeking prat.

Harry groaned loudly, while Umbridge sneered triumphantly. So, in this future, people were so scared of Potter that a warning was made in the Prophet every time he was on the move? This surely foretold her victory! She would have voiced it, but, as she had not yet recovered her powers, she thought wiser of the decision, thinking sensible for the first time since they had entered this chamber.

"What? My - my mom and dad weren't famous, were they?"

"Whoa! I'm famous!" Prongs cried, jumping up and down. Snape sneered as James beamed at his grandfather, Harry and Lily looking at him with amused expressions.

"Dork." Lily laughed and he smiled at her, and she smiled back, and Snape felt as if his heart had been ripped out- not to gently- and stomped upon several times. Harry then tensed. They were famous for a reason...

"Yeh don' knowâ ! yeh don' knowâ !" Hagrid ran his fingers through his hair, fixing Harry with a bewildered stare. "Yeh don' know what yeh are?" he said finally.

"Yes, a complete prat."

"Completely bizarre."

"Scrawny little git."

"Not to mention-"

"Shorter than your average-"

"Shut it you two," Harry hissed, and his glare caused them to look wearily at each other. Harry was scary when pissed off, and, seeing the look the twins shared, Harry burst out laughing. It was their turn to glare now.

"You were bluffing! Fred, I'm disgusted in ourselves, how could we be so easily fooled." Fred shook his head.

"No idea George." George replied, shaking his own head.

"Nice try." Harry laughed and they frowned.

"He's good." they admitted in a whisper.

Uncle Vernon suddenly found his voice. "Stop!" he commanded. "Stop right there, sir! I forbid you to tell the boy anything!"

"He-has-a-name-you-filthy-walrus!" Hermione screeched, causing several to look at her in awed shock, none more than Rose and Hugo, who began to clap silently for his mother. Some, the hall burst out in laughter, causing Hermione to turn a deep shade of pink.

A braver man than Vernon Dursley would have quailed under the furious look Hagrid now gave him; when Hagrid spoke, his every syllable trembled with rage.

Those who had witnessed Hagrid's temper before eyed each other wearily. People hid their shock when Scorpius was among those, causing Malfoy to mutter things under his breath about his child being a filthy blood traitor- prompting Astoria to smack him upside the head, enraged, while Narcissa looked at him with disapproving eyes. So young- and already so much like his- disgust filled her at the word- father. Stupid arranged and respectable pureblood marriage..

"You never told him? Never told him what was in the letter Dumbledore left for him? I was there! I saw Dumbledore leave it, Dursley! An' you've kept it from him all these years?"

"Oh yes, a bloody le-"

"Harry James Potter, swear again and I swear-"

"So, your saying if I swear, your going to swear at me? Great example mum." Harry replied, laughing. She glared intently, but Harry did not cringe, he simply stared back, grinning, while Prongs attempted to keep himself from laughing behind his wife's back, thinking his son had some nerve- and that Lily looked hilarious when she was mad at someone else.

"Kept *what* from me?" said Harry eagerly.

"STOP! I FORBID YOU!" yelled Uncle Vernon in panic.

Several people laughed at the idea of Vernon forbidding Hagrid to do anything. It was simply an amusing thought- Vernon Dursley, an annoying walrus of a man- attempting to order around Hagrid, a half giant that towered over him, and for that matter, any normal human.

Aunt Petunia gave a gasp of horror.

Lily raised an eyebrow.

"Ah, go boil yer heads, both of yeh," said Hagrid. "Harry - yer a wizard."

There was silence inside the hut. Only the sea and the whistling wind could be heard.

"I'm a *what*?" gasped Harry.

Several people laughed as Harry blushed. "I was 11!" he shouted out, causing more laughter.

"Seriously Potter, it doesn't take much to the equation, look at your pare-" this time, it was not Astoria, but Narcissa who smacked Malfoy, hissing for him to be silent as pain was briefly unmasked on Harry's face. Several people growled at the young Slytherin.

Lily took her son's hand, and he looked up. "We're here now, Harry, and we're not leaving anytime soon." she smiled at him and he couldn't help but smile back. Ginny put an arm on his shoulder, and he looked up at her, smiling sadly at her. She gave a light squeeze and smiled back. Harry felt himself recomposed in an instant. He felt disgusted with his moments of weakness- amplified, of course, by the presence of the parents he never knew. She dropped her hand, and Harry laced his fingers in hers before she continued reading. Something about holding her hand- it just felt so- so right.

Percy looked ready to murder at seeing the affection between the two, before looking down sadly. His own family preferred this runt to him. They chose to believe Potter over him(or so he continuously told himself),

they chose to follow the boys' malicious lies so easily. He was dangerous, and Percy knew it; how many times had he nearly got Ron killed?

"A wizard, o' course," said Hagrid, sitting back down on the sofa, which groaned and sank even lower, "an' a thumpin' good 'un, I'd say, once yeh've been trained up a bit. With a mum an' dad like yours, what else would yeh be? An' I reckon it's abou' time yeh read yer letter."

"Good times." Harry smiled, looking up towards Hagrid, the man that had quietly literally marched into Harry's personal hell and pulled him straight out.

Harry stretched out his hand at last to take the yellowish envelope, addressed in emerald green to Mr. H. Potter, The Floor, Hut-on-the-Rock, The Sea. He pulled out the letter and read:

HOGWARTS SCHOOL of WITCHCRAFT and WIZARDRY

Headmaster: ALBUS DUMBLEDORE

(Order of Merlin, First Class, Grand Sorc., Chf. Warlock, Supreme Mugwump, International Confed. of Wizards)

Dear Mr. Potter,

We are pleased to inform you that you have been accepted at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Please find enclosed a list of all necessary books and equipment.

Term begins on September 1. We await your owl by no later than July 31.

Yours sincerely,

Minerva McGonagall,

Deputy Headmistress

Questions exploded inside Harry's head like fireworks and he couldn't decide which to ask first. After a few minutes he stammered, "What does it mean, they await my owl?"

"That was your first question, Potter? My God, no brains at all." Pansy sneered.

"Who are you?" Scorpius asked, finding the girl looked familiar. He hoped she wasn't who he thought she was.

She smiled at him, silently hoping she was his mother- despite the fact that he was a filthy bloodtraitor- because it meant that she would be with Draco, whom she really only wanted for his money. "Pansy- Pansy Parkinson."

"Ugh!" Scorpius replied, causing her to frown. "Do me a favor, and give up on dad? I've lost count of the times mums had to curse you every time you come begging at his feet that you're better than the 'filthy bloodtraitor' he married!"

Her jaw dropped before she growled angrily, standing up. "Dracky-poo is mine-" she was interrupted by a roar of laughter at the nickname, causing Malfoy to glare at her. "Enough! He-is-mine-and-no-filthy-blood-"

Her speech ended as she was hoisted up into the air by her ankle, Scorpius, Rose, and Albus all on their feet, looking furious. "I swear- Insult my friends mother again- I swear, pug face, ugh!" Rose hissed angrily, causing Pansy to shudder at the anger in the red heads eyes. Mixing Hermione's temper with Weasley genes had resulted in disatorous results.

"Let me down- please, please!" she pleaded. With a thud, she collapsed onto the floor. Scowling, she sat back down, crossed her arms over her chest, looking murderous.

"Gallopin' Gorgons, that reminds me," said Hagrid, clapping a hand to his forehead with enough force to knock over a cart horse, and from yet another pocket inside his overcoat he pulled an owl - a real, live, rather ruffled-looking owl

"The owl wasn't hurt, right?" Lavender asked.

Charlie snorted. "Hagrid, harm an animal?" he asked.

"Oh.. Right.." she replied, unconvinced.

- a long quill, and a roll of parchment. With his tongue between his teeth he scribbled a note that Harry could read upside down:

Dear Professor Dumbledore,

Given Harry his letter.

Taking him to buy his things tomorrow.

Weather's horrible. Hope you're well.

Hagrid

"Lovely letter, straight to the point, I didn't think it possible for such an oaf." Blaise commented, causing several to glare angrily at him.

Albus looked up hopeful at his father. "Dad, can I curse him?" he pleaded, at which Harry laughed.

"I'll help if y-"

"Harry Potter, that is no example to put for your children!" Lily reprimanded. Yup. Definatly getting annoying.

"I'm sixteen, dads fifteen. Terrible logic, grandma.." Albus commented.

"Then why are you asking him for permission if your older?" Scorpius smirked, at which Albus turned slightly red and his frieds laughed at him.

Hagrid rolled up the note, gave it to the owl, which clamped it in its beak, went to the door, and threw the owl out into the storm. Then he came back and sat down as though this was as normal as talking on the telephone.

"Telephone?" several purebloods asked.

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"Hermione opened her mouth to describe in full detail exactly what a telephone was when James intervened, having suffered such under Rose several times. "MUggle version of an owl!" he exclaimed, at which Hermione growled.

His family gasped at him. "What?" he demanded.

"You actually know something!" Lils replied in mock surprise.

"OI!" James hollered, smiling.

Harry realized his mouth was open and closed it quickly.

"Where was I?" said Hagrid, but at that moment, Uncle Vernon, still ashen-faced but looking very angry, moved into the firelight.

"He's not going," he said.

"No intelligence whatsoever.." Cho said.

"Couldn't agree more." Harry grinned at her, causing her to blush, and, seeing her blush, Harry's cheeks became red as well. Ginny tried to look indifferent at this- Hermione and Molly being the only two not fooled by the charade while Ginny's brothers glared in fury at Harry. *If he hurt her...* They all thought together, as if linked.

Hagrid grunted.

"I'd like ter see a great Muggle like you stop him," he said.

"A what?" said Harry, interested.

"That blasted curiosity." Hermione laughed, causing people to look at her funny. "What?" she demanded.

"You said 'blasted'." Ron said in an awed voice, at which she scowled.

"Well, it's true!" she replied, laughing "How many times has it nearly gotten us killed!" The parents paled.

"And you call me tactless." Ron replied as he saw Harry look down at the table sadly. She was right...

"Oh, Harry I'm-"

"Hermione, do me a favor?"

"What?"

"Don't speak to me please."

"Harry Potter, start brooding again, or I'll," Ginny growled, pulling out her wand, "Shove this straight down your-"

"Ginevera!" her parents and Bill shouted, causing her to blush. Harry simply laughed at her, causing a few strange looks to be sent his way.

"You seem to always know how to cheer me up." he praised, and she blushed even deeper.

"I suppose I do.." she replied.

"Ginny," Keyro growled, and she picked up the book, Molly glaring at her daughter.

"A Muggle," said Hagrid, "it's what we call nonmagic folk like them. An' it's your bad luck you grew up in a family o' the biggest Muggles I ever laid eyes on."

"We swore when we took him in we'd put a stop to that rubbish," said Uncle Vernon, "swore we'd stamp it out of him! Wizard indeed!"

Ginny dropped the book, her face becoming rageful. Harry wrapped his arm around her, at which she calmed, turning her head into his shoulder. The air around them cackled in her magic. There was silence. Faces started becoming redder and redder in anger.

"Albus, this is all your fault!" Minerva growled. At her words, every pair of eyes shot up to the headmaster, some glaring in anger, some just looking at him curiously, some without a care at all.

"I-"

"Dumbledore, if something bad happens to my son because of you, I swear I'll curse you." Lily threatened. Keyro silently wondered what would happen when she discovered Dumbledore had done just that time and time again..

Fleur stood at this point, eye turning towards her magnificence. "Fluer?" Bill asked, but she ignored him, moving silently towards Keyro.

"Let me out..." she growled, "Let me find zem, let me curze them! Abuseur d'enfants, ugh!" she roared.

"Not yet, patience."

She growled. Bill put his arms around her, and she went back with him, both sitting down, Fleur in his arms as she muttered angrily to herself.

"You *knew*?" said Harry. "You *knew* I'm a - a wizard?"

"Knew!" shrieked Aunt Petunia suddenly. "Knew! Of course we knew! How could you not be, my dratted sister

"Lily was not dratted!" several people roared, while Prongs held her tightly. She couldn't stand hearing this.

being what she was? Oh, she got a letter just like that and disappeared off to that - that *school* - and came home every vacation with her pockets full of frog spawn, turning teacups into rats.

"Aha, breaking the Decree of Underage Sorcery, Miss Evans?" Umbridge dared speak.

"We where at times of war. And I was given permission to show them I was actually learning something." Lily growled. Umbridge's smile died in a heartbeat. and she became indifferent to the glares being sent her way.

I was the only one who saw her for what she was- a freak!

Lily cringed.

"How dare she!" Minerva roared, several people looking angered while Umbridge and several Slytherins silently agreed- yes, the mudblood was a freak.

"It's my fault.." Lily said, her eyes unfocused.

"No its not, Lily, don't you dare blame yourself!" Prongs told her while several people looked incredulous at her words.

She looked up at him, and said in a voice that carried across the hall, "I wanted to protect her... So I put a memory charm on her, made her forget ever accepting me, all our good memories so she would stay away- so the Death Eaters wouldn't use her to get to me!" Lily cried, causing several jaws to drop and Prongs to hug her tighter.

"Aha! Illegal use of magic on a muggle! Amelia, arrest her!" Umbridge commanded.

Even Fudge looked at her incredulously. "You've completely lost your mind..." Amelia said coldly, at which Umbridge glared.

"Touch my wife- even try it- and you'll be sorry." Prongs growled, several people nodding in agreement. Remus barely managed to jump down and grab Snuffles as he growled angrily looking ready to lunge at the toad, the rest of the hall not far behind.

Ginny, with a slight edge to her vice, continued.

But for my mother and father, oh no, it was Lily this and Lily that, they were proud of having a witch in the family!"

"As they should!" Ron shouted, and Hermione beamed at him.

She stopped to draw a deep breath and then went ranting on. It seemed she had been wanting to say all this for years.

"Then she met that Potter at school and they left and got married and had you, and of course I knew you'd be just the same, just as strange, just as - as *abnormal* - and then, if you please, she went and got herself blown up and we got landed with you!"

The hall froze as Harry felt himself flinch internally. That had been hard..

"Petunia, ugh!" Lily roared loudly, while people shot sympathetic looks at Harry. Ginny squeezed his hand and he smiled sadly, not taking his eyes of the table.

Harry had gone very white.

Several people growled. The current Harry wasn't looking quite as bad. In fact, he was looking murderous.

As soon as he found his voice he said, "Blown up? You told me they died in a car crash!"

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"You have no idea how much tha one rilled me up..." Hargid grumbled, red as everyone else. Very few where not angry.

"CAR CRASH!" roared Hagrid, jumping up so angrily that the Dursleys scuttled back to their corner. "How could a car crash kill Lily an' James Potter? It's an outrage! A scandal! Harry Potter not knowin' his own story when every kid in our world knows his name!"

Harry groaned loudly at the fame part.

"Harry?" his father asked.

"Yes?"

"I've come under the impression, that, well, you don't like your fame.."

Everyone who truly knew Harry burst out laughing.

"He hates it! Completely mental, huh?" James asked. Harry did not smile, meerly shrugging. He was famous alright- all it took was his parents being ripped away from him, being hated for most of his life, and having a mad man trying to repeatably murder him..

Percy sneered. "Potter is an attention seeking brat, an imcompetent fool, a munipulative li-"

"How the hell can you say that Percy!" Harry belowed as he stood. "I spent summers at your damn house, I've known you for years, I'm best friends with your brother, I even shared a damn tent with you when we went to that Qudditch match- don't you know me at all, after all that time?"

Percy stood as well. "Let's see what you've done. You've put my brothers life in danger, you've spread lies, you're constantly causing mayham, and now, your playing with my sisters emotions!"

"How dare you say Harry's playi- ugh, your unbelievable, Perce!" Ginny roared as she herself stood. Lily might have cursed Percy, if Molly wasn't crying and she wasn't tryng to comfort her.

"Your all blind! can't you see any-"

"Your the one that blind, you stupid pompus prat!" George roared, as he stood. The movemeant was followed by the rest of the Weasley siblings standing up(and Ron dragging Hermione to her feet) to glare at Percy.

"I see. You choose him over your own brother!" Percy countered.

"Choose him! Choose him! Percy, have you lost your effing mind!" Bill barked.

"Your the one that turned on us, Percy, who stood in dads face and told him that he was worthless..." Ginny said a little too softly

There was silence. A tear rolled down Ginny's eyes, though her glare never wavered. Harry couldn't stand it anymore, couldn't stand seeing that far away, defeated look in her eyes, and instinctfully put his arm around her, and she turned, melting into his embrace.

"You'll all see reason in the end, upon which time I will be fully willing to accept your apolgizes." Percy declared.

"Percy. SHUT UP." Bill told him.

Percy shook his head, before taking his seat. The rest of the Weasley's followed, the last pair to sit being Harry and Ginny, who was, silently, trying to calm herself as tears of anger and anguish threatened to break through the dam she had built to contain them. Harry handed the book to Hermione, since it was obvious Ginny did not want to continue as he held her tightly against him. The other Weasley's said nothing, since she obviously needed it. Cho, however, was having doubts, as was Micheal, but even this wouldn't deter them. Not yet, at least.

"But why? What happened?" Harry asked urgently.

The anger faded from Hagrid's face. He looked suddenly anxious.

"I never expected this," he said, in a low, worried voice. "I had no idea, when Dumbledore told me there might be trouble gettin' hold of yeh, how much yeh didn't know. Ah, Harry, I don' know if I'm the right person ter tell yeh - but someone's gotta - yeh can't go off ter Hogwarts not knowin'."

He threw a dirty look at the Dursleys.

"Well, it's best yeh know as much as I can tell yeh - mind, I can't tell yeh everythin', it's a great myst'ry, parts of itâ '!"

He sat down, stared into the fire for a few seconds, and then said, "It begins, I suppose, with - with a person called - but it's incredible yeh don't know his name, everyone in our world knows -"

"Who?"

"Well - I don' like sayin' the name if I can help it. No one does."

"Why not?"

"Gulpin' gargoyles, Harry, people are still scared. Blimey, this is difficult. See, there was this wizard who wentâ ' bad. As bad as you could go. Worse. Worse than worse. His name wasâ '!"

Hagrid gulped, but no words came out.

"Could you write it down?" Harry suggested.

"Nah - can't spell it. All right -Voldemort. "

"You got him to say the name." Prongs commented, though there was a general silence afterwards. No one was in the mood to speak, not even the twins, who usually made it their buisness to joke as much as possible to keep people from becoming depressed.

Hagrid shuddered. "Don' make me say it again. Anyway, this - this wizard, about twenty years ago now, started lookin' fer followers. Got 'em, too - some were afraid, some just wanted a bit o' his power, 'cause he was gettin' himself power, all right. Dark days, Harry. Didn't know who ter trust, didn't dare get friendly with strange wizards or witchesâ ' terrible things happened. He was takin' over. 'Course, some stood up to him - an' he killed 'em. Horribly. One o' the only safe places left was Hogwarts. Reckon Dumbledore's the only one You-Know-Who was afraid of. Didn't dare try takin' the school, not jus' then, anyway.

"Now, yer mum an' dad were as good a witch an' wizard as I ever knew. Head boy an' girl at Hogwarts in their day! Suppose the myst'ry is why You-Know-Who never tried to get 'em on his side beforeâ probably knew they were too close ter Dumbledore ter want anythin' ter do with the Dark Side.

"We would never turn to the dark side!" Lily hissed, causing several muggle-borns to hold in their laughs.

"Maybe he thought he could persuade 'emâ maybe he just wanted 'em outta the way. All anyone knows is, he turned up in the village where you was all living, on Halloween ten years ago. You was just a year old. He came ter yer house an' - an' -"

Several people looked at Harry sadly, though he neither noticed nor cared- the only thing that mattered right now was Ginny. It was ten that the vicious traitorous thought penetrated his brain, the forbidden emotion, the feelings he had for her that weren't exactly brotherly. He might have felt guiltier, but his own personal needs were unimportant as long as *she* was in pain.

Hagrid suddenly pulled out a very dirty, spotted handkerchief and blew his nose with a sound like a foghorn.

"Sorry," he said. "But it's that sad - knew yer mum an' dad, an' nicer people yeh couldn't find - anywaâ"

"You-Know-Who killed 'em. An' then - an' this is the real myst'ry of the thing - he tried to kill you, too. Wanted ter make a clean job of it, I suppose, or maybe he just liked killin' by then. But he couldn't do it. Never wondered how you got that mark on yer forehead? That was no ordinary cut. That's what yeh get when a powerful, evil curse touches yeh - took care of yer mum an' dad an' yer house, even - but it didn't work on you, an' that's why yer famous, Harry

There was silence, the teachers bowed their heads, and Hermione turned her crying head into Ron's embrace. It was just so sad.. Harry didn't even comment that there was a person who knew- a person who was currently sitting in this room.

No one ever lived after he decided ter kill 'em, no one except you, an' he'd killed some o' the best witches an' wizards of the age - the McKinnons, the Bones, the Prewetts

Molly moaned loudly at that, Arthur holding her closer. A sad look crossed the eyes of all the Weasley's present, and those from the past didn't have the heart to ask what happened.

- an' you was only a baby, an' you lived."

Something very painful was going on in Harry's mind. As Hagrid's story came to a close, he saw again the blinding flash of green light, more clearly than he had ever remembered it before - and he remembered something else, for the first time in his life: a high, cold, cruel laugh.

Several people gasped.

"You remembered that?" Lily and Prongs asked, shocked and worried.

"It's gotten worse.." Harry replied, causing Remus to shudder violently. He knew what Harry meant by *that*.

Hagrid was watching him sadly.

As was nearly every pair of eyes in the hall.

"Took yeh from the ruined house myself, on Dumbledore's orders. Brought yeh ter this lotâ !."

"Load of old tosh," said Uncle Vernon. Harry jumped; he had almost forgotten that the Dursleys were there. Uncle Vernon certainly seemed to have got back his courage. He was glaring at Hagrid and his fists were clenched.

"I'm going to kill him." James hissed loudly.

"I'll help." Scorpius told him.

"Count me in, lets make him suffer." Albus said.

"Boys!" Victorie hissed, glaring at them all. They stared back, unashamed.

"Now, you listen here, boy," he snarled, "I accept there's something strange about you, probably nothing a good beating wouldn't have cured and as for all this about your parents, well, they were weirdoes, no denying it, and the world's better off without them in my opinion - asked for all they got, getting mixed up with these wizarding types - just what I expected, always knew they'd come to a sticky end -"

The hall burst in rage. The sad moment was gone, replaced by this. Complete and utter fury. Keyro was beginning to become concerned. So many wild emotions- it might attract unwanted attention in this realm, and he wasn't the only thing that could get in, things far worse than himself, things you'd swear came right out of hell.. "I told you Albus!" Minerva screamed. Snuffles growled loudly, and Lily stood, making her way directly towards Dumbledore. All eyes where on her, wondering what she was doing when-

SMACK.

Dumbledore's head snapped in the opposite dirrection by the force of the slap. **"YOU LEFT HIM THERE OF ALL PLACES DUMBLEDORE, THERE WHERE YO KNEW THEY WOULD HATE HIM! YOU LEFT HIM ON THE BLOODY DOOR STEP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, THE DAY AFTER VOLDEMORT IS GONE, WITH REVENGFUL DEATH EATERS STILL ON THE DAMN LOOSE! HOW DARE YOU, ALBUS BLOODY DUMBLEDORE!"** she roared.

Dumbeldore flinched. She slapped him again, though not as hard, turned, and left, going back into her husbands arms. The hall was speechless.

"Hermione.." Keyro said after a full five minutes.

But at that moment, Hagrid leapt from the sofa and drew a battered pink umbrella from inside his coat.

Pointing this at Uncle Vernon like a sword, he said, "I'm warning you, Dursley - I'm warning you - one more wordâ !"

In danger of being speared on the end of an umbrella by a bearded giant, Uncle Vernon's courage failed again; he flattened himself against the wall and fell silent.

"That's better," said Hagrid, breathing heavily and sitting back down on the sofa, which this time sagged right down to the floor.

Harry, meanwhile, still had questions to ask, hundreds of them.

"But what happened to Vol-, sorry - I mean, You-Know-Who?"

"Good question, Harry. Disappeared. Vanished. Same night he tried ter kill you. Makes yeh even more famous. That's the biggest myst'ry, seeâ he was gettin' more an' more powerful - why'd he go?"

"Some say he died. Codswallop, in my opinion. Dunno if he had enough human left in him to die. Some say he's still out there,

"He is dead!" Fudge declared. Harry glared at him.

"You know, it's exactly that additude that caused you to be remebered as the worst minister in history- that, and when the Dementors joined him after the mass breakout from Azkanan, you hushed it up and blamed it on someone who had nothing to do with it." Teddy hissed.

"Liar!" Umbridge replied. "Fudge is-"

"And you where given a life sentance for torturing Muggle-borns." Teddy growled angrily, causing angry eyes to dart towards Umbridge, and Amelia and Percy to scoot away from her.

"You filthy little li-

Keyro stood. "Someone pass me a wand, *now*, please." he stated coldly. Albus slipped his out of his robes, and tossed it to him. Keyro caught it and walked up to Teddy. "May I?"

"Go ahead."

He touched the wand to Teddy's temple, pulling out a memory, before pointing it in the air, causing the memory to be projected above them.

Umbridge was chained in the center, growling like a wild animal. The court was looking at her in disgust.

"Dolores Jane Umbridge, you have been brought here on charges of abuse of Mugge-borns, illegal use of the Cruciatus Curse, attempted murder against three Aurors,"

All eyes shot up to the toad, who's eyes where wide.

"Lies, this never happened!" Fudge declared.

"No, it's going to happen." Teddy growled.

the Judge nodded her head towards three figures, that could be distinctly recognized as Harry,

"Potter? An Auror? With his criminal record! Ha!"

"Crimi-" Harry's parents began.

"There is none." Amelia said, glaring at Fudge.

"Ha! Dad's the most famous Auror in history!" James laughed, causing Fudge, Percy, and Umbridge to growl at the filthy little liar.

Ron, and Neville.

"Me?" Neville asked, surprised.

"Well, you did chop of the head to that giant sna- oi!" James declared as Rose smacked him.

"What!" several declared.

"Enough." Keyro declared, may looking at Neville in awe, his parents beaming proudly. He couldn't help ut smile at them.

Teddy himself was standing in the middle, though none noticed him. It was a memory of a memory. "

"Something I learned from a certain someone." Teddy laughed, looking at Harry, who blushed.

"Harry Potter-"

"No harm was done." Dumbledore declared, causing several to glare again, not over their anger. He flinched as he absentmindedly rubbed his cheek, now etched in its old lines the imprint of a hand.

How do you plead?"

"I was doing the will of the Minister! It ws by his command that I followed through, his or-"

All eyes shifted to Fudge, wide and shocked.

"It wasn't Fudge, they chuked him long before that for being an insolent git." Teddy said, but it made no diffrence- they continued to glare.

"Enough. These heinus crimes, to which you have just confesed, detter a life sentance in Azkaban."

"No! I am innocent, I tell you, you ca-"

"Yet you seemed content at tossing innocent muggle-borns to the Dementors."

The muggle borns growled loudly.

"I would ne-" Umbridge began. Deception would be her only way out of here, it seemed- alive.

"Lie, and you'll be sorry." Keyro promised viciously. Several hands dove into their robes, pulling out wands. Keyro sighed, waving his hand, causing a shield of enegry to appear arround Umbridge, encaging her.

"Release me!" she growled.

"For you own protection. Though if you continue, I shall oblidge." Keyro replied, and she cringed under his death glare. He wouldn't truly mind them cursing her, but the magical energy was far worse than the

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emotions- that was sure to attract unwanted attention. Though, he reminded himself, even if something did come, nothing done to them could be permanent, since this place technically wasn't in the mortal world, more like an inbetween that he had shaped to look like the Great Hall.

"Harry, did I ever congratulate you on stunning the hag when we infiltrated the ministry and broke out the muggle-borns." Ron asked.

"Infiltrated the mi-"

"Aha! Sneaking your way into the ministry, stunning my personnel!" Fudge declared.

"This hasn't happened yet! And was the third most brilliant thing dad's ever done!" James defended. Fudge sat, furious. The filthy liars!

"And, he was saving innocent people being condemned by the 'protectors' of the people's rights." Teddy growled. Fudge flinched at the words.

"And where was I?" Amelia asked. She would *never* let something like that happen- not under her watchful gaze.

The kids from the future- the educated ones, anyways, looked sadly at her. She understood at once, she was dead..

"I think we were more concentrated on getting the

Keyro waved his hand, the memory blurring as Harry skipped over the crucial word- horcrux. People looked at each other, confused.

and the fact that you ended up splinted, Ron."

"Oh dear.." Molly said, glancing at her son.

"What the hell were we doing in there?" Harry asked, confused.

"Long story." Albus replied. He too had sneaked a peak at his father's Pensive, though James and Lils hadn't- dad knew well enough to hide it from them. James would go ballistic in excitement and he didn't want Lils exposed to that. Then again, he had no idea Albus himself had viewed a few already..

"Oh, well, congratulations." Ron told him, and Harry laughed.

"You can't do this to me, me-"

"Take her away." The judge replied, disgusted. Armed wizards walked in, dragging a screaming Umbridge from the room.

The memory ended, all eyes glaring at the imprisoned Umbridge. "You disgust me." Several people told her, though she ignored it all.

"Lies! Filthy lies, I tell you, lies!" Umbridge hollered.

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The reponse was predictable- the hall burst into savage insults dirrected towards the toad. Even a few Slytherins found they didn't care what there pears thought as they screamed at her. After all, what could they do to them in this place?

Then, someone shot a curse at the shield. Umbridge jumped wildly in her seat, but the flashing light was simply absorbed into it, making no effect. Soon, the entire hall was filled with bright flashes as curses collided with the ever absorbing shield before-

"ENOUGH!" Keyro bellowed, standing up, both his arms outstretched in opposite dirrections, causing the wands to curses- all of who where standing to get a better aim- to collapse onto the floor. Umbridge looked scared- terrefied. Keyro shook his head, siting back down. The hall continued to glare at umbridge, though they could barely see her now, as the shiel had absorbed the enrgy and was now extremely bright. Fudge picked himself of the floor as Hermione continued reading, infuriated as much as the next person.

bidin' his time, like, but I don' believe it. People who was on his side came back ter ours. Some of 'em came outta kinda trances. Don' reckon they could've done if he was comin' back.

"Most of us reckon he's still out there somewhere but lost his powers. Too weak to carry on. 'Cause somethin' about you finished him, Harry. There was somethin' goin' on that night he hadn't counted on - I dunno what it was, no one does - but somethin' about you stumped him, all right."

Hagrid looked at Harry with warmth and respect blazing in his eyes, but Harry, instead of feeling pleased and proud, felt quite sure there had been a horrible mistake.

"Typical Harry." Ron and Hermione shook their heads at him, and he rolled his eyes. He never seemed to want to acknowledge that he was stronger than your averedge wizard, that he was anything special.

A wizard? Him? How could he possibly be? He'd spent his life being clouted by Dudley, and bullied by Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon; if he was really a wizard, why hadn't they been turned into warty toads every time they'd tried to lock him in his cupboard? If he'd once defeated the greatest sorcerer in the world, how come Dudley had always been able to kick him around like a football?

"It doesn't work like that." Lily told her son, who shrugged. She might have repirmanded him, but he was still holding Ginny, who, even though was no longer breaking down, had a sad look inher eyes that almost matched t

Chapter 6: Diagon Alley

A/N; For the whole Dom thing, I completely forgot about her when I started this and wanted to add her. and about the subtle future ints, I already have most of the story in my head. I might start that soon, but I have absolutly no idea how to start it(I suck at introductions.. Sigh, oh wells) Oh, and I added the Dursleys on a tip from dreamdancer504 thanks for that one I thought it was halarious.

Thanks for the reviews everyone, enjoy :)

The food materialized out of nowhere, and, of course, Ron was the first to dig in, stuffing an antire turkey leg into his mouth before his mother hised at him to have some table manners, causing Rose and Hugo to laugh at their father.

Keyro himself dissapeared the second the food had appeared. He had decided, after much deliberation, to drag a few more people along for the ride. Victorie, however, noticed as he was making his escape and rushed after him before he could truly leave.

"Keyro! Wait!" she hissed. He sighed and turned, knowing what this was likely about.

"Yes?"

"My sister? Can't you-"

"I might have before, but I could tell from a mear glance; she would pounce on her father the second she sets eye on him." He said coldly.

"Can you blame her?" Victorie demanded, narrowing her eyes.

"I suppose I can't, but still, that little detail, somehing that isn't even written in these books-" he continued.

"Please?" she pleaded.

He considered. He was bringing more, so why not? "Fine. But you'll have to- ah- personally make sure she doesn't pounce on Bill."

"Deal." her expression was smug as we shook.

"Follow." he commanded, turning, walking straight out the glowing door, the blonde girl right behind him.

On the Ravenclaw Table, Cho and Micheal had their heads together.

"Okay, how do we handle this? Those two can't keep their hands of each other." Cho said.

"I don't know, but if your little boy friend likes his face the way it is, he's got to stop touching what's *mine*."

Cho narrowed her eyes at him fircely. "She's a person, not a pet!" she hissed. "And she's the one that's telling him he'd look great in rags because then there would be less to obsturct her view!" her eyes dazzeled with jealousy.

"Hmmm..." Micheal considered.

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"Idiot." Cho declared. She shot a look towards the central table, felt a slight jealous pang at seeing her Harry laughing at something the freckled freak had told him. Then, a smile danced on her lips. Well, she could be a little devious herself. Nothing brilliant, but still, she could give him something else to think about, other than that little girl that was dying to get his autograph. Stupid fangirl, Cho thought. But, boys were boys, so this should be rather easy. "Wait here.." she murmured, standing up.

Micheal didn't even respond as she made her way to the central table, to Harry, her Harry. "Harry?" he looked up, and Cho noticed with grim satisfaction how his cheeks flushed lightly at her being so close, how the mask Ginny wore well around Harry sprang with a jealous tinge, how the other Weasley's eyes narrowed at the sight of her and, the last thing she noted, not with pride but something that caused her to nearly jump away in fright, where the vicious glare being sent to her by Harry's future daughter and the one whose name she thought was Rose.

"Ye- yes?" he stuttered, trying to compose himself.

"Can you come with me?" she asked. He nodded, and she smiled triumphantly, turning, failing to notice the apologetic glance he shot at Ginny as he stood. Ginny simply shrugged, and told him to go. Again, only Hermione noticed the slight edge in her voice, the drop of pain in her eyes. One wondered how she could notice all this in the person in front of her yet not see these things when they were literally shoved right under her nose, example proven by the red head male sitting beside her.

Cho wondered where she would lead him, when she noticed a door materialize out of nowhere. "In here." she said, looking back. He just nodded. The two entered the room, which had two comfy arm chairs and a roaring fire. It looked strangely like the sitting room at Cho's own house, minus the couch and pictures.

She turned to face him. "So.."

"So..." he said. She could hear the guilt in his voice. So, he knew what this was about. Her eyes narrowed.

"I see you and Ginny are.. Getting along. Granger and me not enough for you anymore?"

"What! No, it's not-"

"Isn't it? What about me Harry? Am I nothing to you, what about- what about how I- how I-" she began crying.

"No, Cho, don't cry!" he hissed, then his eyes started darting around the room, perhaps looking for something, anything, that might console me so he wouldn't have to.

"Oh, but when Ginny Weasley even looks like she's going to shed one you pounce on her like a lion!" Cho hissed. Guilt flashed in his face.

"Cho- I'm so sorry, I-"

"Kiss me, Harry." Cho said.

"What?" Harry asked, confused. Only he would say such a thing after a girl told him to kiss her, only he, Cho thought..

"I just.. I just need to know that you still want me. Kiss me." He looked at her for a second, composing himself.. He was starting to really like Ginny, but he couldn't deny what he still felt for Cho. So, without

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really thinking it, with guilt screaming in the back of his head, telling him yes and telling him no, he closed the distance, and his lips met hers for the second time in her life- the fire behind him as one of his hands snaked itself behind her, his desire however shy- was undeniable. They broke apart after a few seconds, staring into each others eyes. "Thank you." she smiled at him.

"Any time." Harry replied, smiling back.

So, the pair walked back into the hall, their fingers intertwined. Cho felt smug as she saw the stupid Weasley girl look down, felt triumph that this boy was hers. Hers, and only hers. Maybe a little mental, but hers. She, Cho Chang, a nobody, had landed Harry Potter, the 'Boy Who Lived', the guy that was famous before he even knew his name, her champion. This time, the vicious looks *all* the kids from the future when Harry wasn't looking made her cringe. They all liked Ginny, even Scorpius, and seeing what Cho was doing simply pissed them of. Cho departed to her table, Harry to his, taking a seat next to a Ginny who was attempting to feign not looking hurt. Only Harry saw through it.

"What's wrong?" he asked her.

"Nothing." she said simply, looking him in the eye. But he could see in her own eyes, no matter how much she wanted to lie- unmasked pain.

"Ginny, you can-"

"No, Harry, I can't, and I barely even know you, if you recall." she told him dryly. Harry was confused. What had gone wrong? Even Ron wanted to slap him, but resisted since his parents where in the same room.

Suddenly, there was a loud, sharp noise, and all heads turned to the entrance as Keyro walked in. Behind him filled a few people- Harry felt a pang of anger boiling in him at recognizing three of them, the Dursleys. Many looked at the walrus of a man wioth confusion, as he fidgeted uncontrollably, his wife hiding behind him, a whale hiding behind the pair of them.

Harry stood, rage in his eyes. "You brought them!"

Hermione, however, was thrilled. "Mum! Dad!" Harry shot her a confused look, but Hermione ignored him, instead standing and moving towards the two brown-haired strangers standing beside the Dursleys. She dragged them away, leaving the Dursleys scowling at being ripped apart by the only other 'normal' people in this place, standing nxt to a pair of blonde haired girls and that freak that dragged them here in the first place.

"You!" Vernon hissed. "I should have know this all had to do with your lot, boy!"

The resulting growl from the crowd of students and even some of the staff caused the Dursleys to cower. Keyro burst out laughing.

"This is exactly why I dragged them here! Their expressions- priceless." he laughed. The Dursley's eyed him suspiciously, then the students when they lauged at them. Even Vernon Dursley had the intellect not to insult them. That would not due well for them. They where sorrouned, trapped like rats, here, with hundreds of wizard, no, freaks, all about them, ready to turn them into tea cups.

Victorie and her little sister, who was James' age, eyed each other, before they made their way to sit next to Teddy. Dom bit her lip, looking away from her father, and meeting James' eyes. He grimnace slightly, feeling her pain. Uncle Bill's death ahd effected them all. But none more than these two, Dom because she was so close to her father, and James because he had watched him die, unable to do nothing as his Uncle was

murdered.

Keyro walked in next, sitting, motioning the Dursley's to sit at the far end of the table, away from the rest. Lily was desprate from a glance at her sister, but Petunia ignored her as she sat, all the Dursley's acting as if they had electric shocks running through their veins, many people laughing at Dudley, who's hands where clapped tightly to his bottom, before looking up to Hagrid and winking. Most, however, growled at them.

"Who would like to read?" Keyro asked. The Dursleys hissed. They knew what this was about, and in their opinion, it was a very cruel joke indeed.

"Can I?" Lily asked, wanting to know more about her son.

Keyro tossed it carelessly, not noticing the murderous glaces sent his way for daring to mistreat a precious book. Lily tunred the page, and read in a looud, clear voice.

"Diagon Alley"

Harry winked at Hagrid, who smiled back. Lily looked up at her son, and smiled. Diagon Alley, where she had truly seen magic for the first time, instead of having Severous tell her about it.

Harry woke early the next morning. Although he could tell it was daylight, he kept his eyes shut tight.

It was a dream, he told himself firmly. I dreamed a giant called Hagrid came to tell me I was going to a school for wizards. When I open my eyes I'll be at home in my cupboard.

"PETUNIA, HOW THE HELL COULD YOU LOCK MY SON IN A CUPBOARD, HOW THE HELL COULD YOU MISTREAT HIM, HOW THE HELL COULD YOU LIE TO HIM, TELL HIM I WAS A WORTHLESS FREAK, HOW DARE YOU!" Lily roared.

Petunia felt herself shake involuntarily. "Li- Lily?" she asked, somewhere in between disgust, awe, and happiness at seeing her sister again.

Lily growled wildly, even if she had erased 'Tuneys' memory, that gave her no right to treat her son the way she did.

"Mum! It happened, its over, its done, it doesn't ma-"

"*Caeruleo!*" Ginny roared before anyone could stop her, pointing her wand ofensively at Petunia's head.(A/N; it means blue in latin and since I know Pentunia would hate to have her hair change an unatrual color, I thought it be funny)

"Ginny!" Molly screamed, but her voice was, for the first time in living memory, drowned out by the sound of Petunia's shrieks at her hair turning a deep sick looking blue followed by the roaring laughter of the hall. Once they all calmed down(after Ginny managed to convince her mother not to take her wand since everyone was dieing to do something to the Dursleys and she had ended it peacefully by simply changing the color of Petunia's hair rather tan hexing them into oblivion), Lily picked up the book and continued, a red tinge on her cheeks, anger flushing in her dirrected at her sister, underlined with agonize sadness.

There was suddenly a loud tapping noise.

And there's Aunt Petunia knocking on the door, Harry thought, his heart sinking.

Several people growled at the cowering Dursleys.

"Hey Dudley, hows your arse, still got that ta-"

"Mr. Finnigan!" Minerva growled, causing Seamus to cower and several people to laugh at him instead. Dudley turned a deep pink, which, of course, made him look more like a pig.

But he still didn't open his eyes. It had been such a good dream.

Tap. Tap. Tap.

"All right," Harry mumbled, "I'm getting up."

He sat up and Hagrid's heavy coat fell off him. The hut was full of sunlight, the storm was over, Hagrid himself was asleep on the collapsed sofa, and there was an owl rapping its claw on the window, a newspaper held in its beak.

Harry scrambled to his feet, so happy he felt as though a large balloon was swelling inside him. He went straight to the window and jerked it open.

"Happy to be leaving this lot." Harry sighed, looking pointedly at the Dursleys as he said it.

"You ungrateful brat, we feed you, clothe you, and this is how you repay us, you freak." Vernon declared evenly. Keyro could be heard chuckeling lightly, even underneath the resonating screams as the Dursleys cowered and the students cursed at them.

"Albus.. If you ever send him back there... If you ever..." Minerva hissed. Dumbledore nodded absentmindedly, and, though he would never confess it, was silently fearing her wrath.

The owl swooped in and dropped the newspaper on top of Hagrid, who didn't wake up. The owl then fluttered onto the floor and began to attack Hagrid's coat.

"Don't do that."

Harry tried to wave the owl out of the way, but it snapped its beak fiercely at him and carried on savaging the coat.

"Save the coat, Harry!"

"Yeah, save it!"

"The horror, the horror!"

Harry nearly raised his eyebrows at the twins as a few people chuckled at them. Dom felt a sudden urge to leap onto her Uncle Fred, the one she never got to meet, but she resisted the urge. That, and Victorie had promised to place her under a full body bind if she tried.

"Hagrid!" said Harry loudly. "There's an owl -"

"Pay him," Hagrid grunted into the sofa.

"What?"

"He wants payin' fer deliverin' the paper. Look in the pockets."

Hagrid's coat seemed to be made of nothing *but* pockets - bunches of keys, slug pellets, balls of string, peppermint humbugs, teabagsâ finally, Harry pulled out a handful of strange-looking coins.

"Give him five Knuts," said Hagrid sleepily.

"Knuts?"

Malfoy scoffed. "Such an ignorant fool, Potter, do you know no- OW, will you stop it!"

Astoria had, yet again, smacked him upside the head. Rose winked at her from across the table. It was Astoria that had actually thought her to perfect her smacking skills, something her mother would in the future be very annoyed by. Then again, as James was her primary victim, people usually didn't mind since he played a prank on everybody every other day.

"Sorry." she lied innocently.

"How dare you touch me!" he hissed, feeling himself blush.

She raised her eyebrows. "Well, you see, its your voice. Its just.. Hmmm... Every time I hear it I feel compelled to just reach over.. And," at this point, Malfoy was wide eyed and blushing furiously, a few people laughing at him, "Smack that thick skull of yours, wrattel your brain about, and make you see a little sense."

At this, he scowled, and narrowed his eyes. She simply laughed at him, and he found himself blushing again before he looked away. Narcissa smiled, looking in the opposite dirrection of the two.

"The little bronze ones."

Harry counted out five little bronze coins, and the owl held out his leg so Harry could put the money into a small leather pouch tied to it. Then he flew off through the open window.

Hagrid yawned loudly, sat up, and stretched.

"So, you made him get out the money because you didn't want to get up, then you get up anyways?" Prongs asked.

"I wanted him ter learn." Hagrid replied, though the blush on his face said other wise as a few laughed.

"Best be off, Harry, lots ter do today, gotta get up ter London an' buy all yer stuff fer school."

Harry was turning over the wizard coins and looking at them. He had just thought of something that made him feel as though the happy balloon inside him had got a puncture.

"You have a very strange body if you have ballons popping inside of you." Luna said.

The future kids all laughed at her, except Scorpius, who looked at her slightly ashamed. It hasn't happened yet, he kept telling himself. He hadn't been put under the Imperio yet, he hadn't tried to murder anyone yet, it hadn't happened yet it this time, he hadn't been used as a tool that led to someones death(at which point he

shot a tortured look at Dom). Of course, Lils would notice, and she squeezed his hand under the table. He smiled, but didn't look. He wasn't sure which of her brothers would murrder him when they found out. Teddy, James, or- a twinge of guilt filled him- Al.

"Ah, Aunt Luna, that's why we love you." James laughed, at which point Rose slapped him upside the head.

"Aunt Luna?" Harry asked. Luna seemed unsurprised, but as a Ravenclaw, a thirst for knowledge inside of her had to be quenched as she desired to know what that meant.

Rose glared at her cousin. "Well, yeah, you and mum even named me after her. Lily Luna." Lils smiled, at which point a few eyes shot to Luna. Rose resisted the urge to smack Lils, whom she actually liked better than the rest. All eyes shot between her and then to Luna.

"I'm confused..." Ron concluded.

"Well," Rose didn't know how to blatantly declare that Luna was her Aunt Ginny's best friend, which would reveal Ginny's identity as James, Albus, and Lils mother, but before she could continue, Albus, of course, found a way.

"Well, since she was Ginny's best friend, and since Ginnys Uncle Ron's sister, we always called her Aunt Luna." Albus lied smoothly. It was close enough to the truth.

Ginny cringed. So, she wasn't their mother after all. She had had a small thread of hope.. She loved Harry. At first, she was just a stupid little fan gril. Then, he risked everything for her, to save her. He killed a bloody basilisk for her for crying out loud! Thats when she fell in love- fell for the boy that would do anything to save anyone, even a girl he barely knew..

"Um - Hagrid?"

"Mm?" said Hagrid, who was pulling on his huge boots.

"I haven't got any money - and you heard Uncle Vernon last nightâ he won't pay for me to go and learn magic."

"Of course you have money, I wouldn't leave you knutless." Prongs scoffed. Harry blushed.

"Well, I didn't know that, now did I?"

"Yeah, he didn't even know your na- Oi, Her-mi-o-ne!" Ron hissed as she smacked him.

Harry looked down at that reminder. He really wanted a small, soft hand around his own right now, he really wanted the girl next to him, desired this with a passion, to take his hand and give it a squeeze. He felt pathetic for the desire, and guilty, because he wanted it less for comfort but more because of the warm feeling that boiled in him at her touch. Cho felt guilty at seeing his face, and seeing the pained look in both Harry and Ginny's faces, seeing their firm determintion not to seek conmfort in each other- because of her.

"Don't worry about that," said Hagrid, standing up and scratching his head. "D'yeh think yer parents didn't leave yeh anything?"

"But if their house was destroyed -"

Prongs laughed. "In the house? Come on Harry.."

"I was 11!" Harry laughed, but those who knew him well- all of those, by some strange 'coincidence', happening to be on that very table- could here the slight and well hidden bitter edge in his voice. The one thing he always cringed away from, never wanted others to know of- his childhood, displayed on a platter before he whole world.

"They didn' keep their gold in the house, boy! Nah, first stop fer us is Gringotts. Wizards' bank. Have a sausage, they're not bad cold - an' I wouldn' say no teh a bit o' yer birthday cake, neither."

"Wizards have *banks*?"

Several people laughed. Harry shrugged, not really into it. At least, not without Ginny holding his hand. He felt an internal pang of guilt at the thought.

"Just the one. Gringotts. Run by goblins."

Harry dropped the bit of sausage he was holding.

"Goblins?"

"Yeah - so yeh'd be mad ter try an' rob it, I'll tell yeh that. Never mess with goblins, Harry."

"Yeah dad, remember that." James laughed. Rose resisted smacking him, that would be too suspicious. They would play it of as James being his usual retarded self.

"Right.." Harry replied, raising his eyebrows.

Gringotts is the safest place in the world fer anything yeh want ter keep safe - 'cept maybe Hogwarts. As a matter o' fact, I gotta visit Gringotts anyway. Fer Dumbledore. Hogwarts business." Hagrid drew himself up proudly. "He usually gets me ter do important stuff fer him. Fetchin' you - gettin' things from Gringotts - knows he can trust me, see."

"Albus, please tell me you didn't sent Hagrid for the package *and* Harry on the same day..." Minerva said slowly.

Dumbledore became wildly intrested in the patterns of the table before him, not replying. Her eyes where not the only to narrow, though she, Hermione and Snape seemed to be the top contenders in the who's-angryist-at-Dumbledore-for-that-thing-game. Most of the hall looked confused at the exchanged.

"Got everythin'? Come on, then." Harry followed Hagrid out onto the rock. The sky was quite clear now and the sea gleamed in the sunlight. The boat Uncle Vernon had hired was still there, with a lot of water in the bottom after the storm.

"How did you get here?" Harry asked, looking around for another boat.

"Flew," said Hagrid.

There was a slight silence as everyone looked towards Hagrid, unable to imagine him- Hagrid, of all people, *flying*.

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Albus, Scorpius, Rose and James laughed, however.. "Ahh, good times.." Rose said.

"I still can't believe he *flew* to us over the lake..." Al choked out.

"The look on your face Al, ahh... priceless." Scorpius laughed.

At this, the other three stared. "As I recall, you where the one that was terrefied..." James said, shaking in laughter.

Scorpius blushed. "Well, I didn't know Hagrid, and all of a sudden, he's flying directly at us!" he defended.

The others simply laughed at him. "You are all idiots." Rose declared, though she was smiling.

"I still can't believe you didn't let me go." Lils pouted.

"To watch these two idiots try and kill each other *again*?" Rose questioned.

"Thats why I wanted to go! To see an actual wizards duel!"

"Lily, you are without a doubt your parents child. But you have a little more mom in you than dad.." Albus mused, laughing.

"I couldn't hold it in when Hagrid thought we where Death Eaters reinvading the school." James laughed, at which point Rose smacked him hard.

"WHAT!" several voices echoed, no longer eavsedropping. Scorpius looked down. One of the times Death Eaters had infiltrated the school had been his fathers fault. Who knew, that years later, he would serve the same purpose to a new Dark Lord?

"It was Hagrid being paranoid about the lights." Teddy saved them. Only Prongs and Remus noted the lie in his eyes, since he had the exact same mischivous look Moony had every time he decived. This didn't stop a few people from narrowing their eyes suspiciously, however. Lily decided to keep reading at this point.

"*Flew*?"

"Yeah - but we'll go back in this. Not s'pposed ter use magic now I've got yeh."

They settled down in the boat, Harry still staring at Hagrid, trying to imagine him flying.

"Still can't see it.." Harry muttered, staring at Hagrid.

"We can." the afromentioned future kids laughed again.

"Why where you guys dueling in the first place, anyways?" Harry asked.

Scorpius and Albus blushed as Rose rolled her eyes and shook her head. "These two prats have had a rivalry since day one thanks to this prat," she swatted James' arm. "Always trying to see which was better. the number of times I had to save Albus' arse, you wouldn't believe." she swore, laughing.

"That is no language for a girl your age, young lady!" Hermione hissed.

Rose laughed. "I'm technically a year older than you in this time."

She turned to Ron. "Ronald, control your child!" she commanded.

"Umm.." Ron responded, not wanting to say anything to Rose as he found her amusing, but still fearing Hermione's glare.

"Ronald Weasley.." she said in a deadly calm voice.

"Hermione Granger?" he replied. Even Mr. and Mrs. Granger laughed at that, causing Hermione to shoot them a look of mock betrayal.

"Seems a shame ter row, though," said Hagrid, giving Harry another of his sideways looks. "If I was ter - er - speed things up a bit, would yeh mind not mentionin' it at Hogwarts?"

"Hagrid.." the staff moaned.

"Illegal use of magic, illegal use of magic.." Umbridge was muttering under her breath behind her protective shield. She failed to realize that it magnified her voice, that the shield took every whisper she uttered, and caused it to be projected to the larger world.

"Imprisoning their own kind, barbarians!" Vernon declared. The glaring at Umbridge shifted swiftly to him, and he cowered, remembering, again, that he was surrounded by hundreds of wizards, all these freaks, that hated him because of that *boy*.

"She's imprisoned because she was publicly executing people related to your kind, Dursley. You would have been next if she hadn't been stopped." Moody growled. The Dursleys were startled at his freaky blue eye, but said nothing. Freaks would be freaks.

"Well, it's your kind that should be hanged! Your kind! Look at that boy, all the problems he's caused us by merely existing when no one wants him!" Vernon pointed at Harry. The resulting uproar was maddening, but it was Fleur, still in her rage over all the child abuse, that shot the first curse.

"Abuseur d'enfants! Ugh, vous d'Ã©goÃ«tant morses sale!" (Child Abuser! Ugh, you disgusting filthy walrus!, according to my most reliable, and therefore, not very reliable source, Google Translate) Fleur roared, causing the Dursleys to topple over in terror, hiding beneath the table, barely avoiding a well-aimed curse that instead sparked on the floor.

"You retarded, dim-witted little bleeder! Harry's like family, you dumn ar-"

"Ronald Weasley!"

"Mum!" she glared fiercely, and he glared right back.

Rose stood silently, slipping her wand out of her robes, before handing it over to the only one she trusted not to kill the Dursleys with it, Teddy.

"What are you doing?"

"Avoiding the temptation to perform an illegal hex or two." she hissed through her teeth. Teddy himself was in rage, but he had learned long ago to calm himself. He was half-werewolf, after all. Though he didn't

transform.. The temper that could arise in him... But he resisted it, instead holding Victorie close since she looked ready to murder.

"PETUNIA, CONTROL THAT SORRY EXCUSE FOR A MAN THAT YOU FOUND YOURSELF, OR BY THE TIME I'M THROUGH WITH HIM HE WILL BE UNRECOGNIZABLE TUNEY!" Lily roared, not even noting she had used her sisters childhood nickname.

Keyro attempting to hide his laughter. He succeeded to an extent; he prevented himself from falling over in hysterical and half maddening laughter, and barely a chickle escaped his lips.

Finally, the hall settled down, but most looked seriously pissed of, and the Dursleys themselves silently wondered if they would make it out alive.

"Of course not," said Harry, eager to see more magic. Hagrid pulled out the pink umbrella again, tapped it twice on the side of the boat, and they sped off toward land.

"Why would you be mad to try and rob Gringotts?" Harry asked.

"Spells - enchantments," said Hagrid, unfolding his newspaper as he spoke. "They say there's dragons guardin' the high security vaults.

"Is that true." Charlie hissed, looking at Bill, who shrugged.

"Don't know, not allowed down the-

"It escaped!" James exclaimed, dodging Rose's blow with expertice.

"Escaped? How?" Bill asked. Teddy silence his little brother before he could reply. James pouted, but said no more.

And then yeh gotta find yer way - Gringotts is hundreds of miles under London, see. Deep under the Underground. Yeh'd die of hunger tryin' ter get out, even if yeh did manage ter get yer hands on summat."

Harry sat and thought about this while Hagrid read his newspaper, the *Daily Prophet*. Harry had learned from Uncle Vernon that people liked to be left alone while they did this, but it was very difficult, he'd never had so many questions in his life.

"Ministry o' Magic messin' things up as usual," Hagrid muttered, turning the page.

"We do not!" Fudge hissed.

"We have another war on our hands in our time because the Department of Magical Law Enforcement and Magical Internation Cooperation failed to act against a threat to our nation due to the fact that they were organizing abroad before they struck here." Dom hissed, hate on her tongue. Her father died in that conflict. The fact that the Ministry failed to notice that they had several escaped prisinors from Azkaban was also a problem. Hate lingered in her thoughts as she thought to her fathers murder- the same man that was said to have killed Uncle Fred- Augustus Rookwood. She then turned her glare to Scorpius, who flinched under it, before she sighed and looked away. It wasn't his fault.. And he faught the damn curse, even through it of at the end and saved James.. But still.. Still..

At her words, several people shook their heads in disappointment.

"Well, we can't just march into another country and take what we want-" Percy began pompously.

"Funny. The French were demanding at this point that we get rid of what they saw as our problem within their borders." Dom hissed. At this point, there really seemed to be no counter, so the ministry officials resided to silence.

Amelia groaned. "Can I not die this time?" She wouldn't have allowed this to happen, she would have made sure they put an end to it before it got out of hand.

"To prevent that would unbalance the future. Sorry, but no." Keyro replied. She sighed, but nodded. There was a reason time magic was deadly.

"There's a Ministry of Magic?" Harry asked, before he could stop himself.

"Course," said Hagrid. "They wanted Dumbledore for Minister, o' course, but he'd never leave Hogwarts, so old Cornelius Fudge got the job. Bungler if ever there was one. So he pelts Dumbledore with owls every morning, askin' fer advice."

"I did not!" Fudge said.

"Dad, can I curse him?" Rose pleaded.

Ron laughed, but, seeing his mother's glare, quickly replied, "No."

She sighed, but didn't argue.

"But what does a Ministry of Magic do?"

"Well, their main job is to keep it from the Muggles that there's still witches an' wizards up an' down the country."

"Why?"

"That famous curiosity." Hermione laughed.

"Yeah, always wanting to know everything." Ron laughed with her.

Harry glared. "You two know your just as curious." he declared.

"Yes, because me and Ron both would both obviously challenged a three headed dog because we wanted to know what it was guarding." Hermione replied coldly.

"That was Ron's idea!" Harry screamed before Lily could.

"Ronald Weasley!" his family screamed.

"Traitor." Ron declared. Harry and Hermione laughed at his expression and he stuck his tongue out.

"Why? Blimey, Harry, everyone'd be wantin' magic solutions to their problems. Nah, we're best left alone."

At this moment the boat bumped gently into the harbor wall. Hagrid folded up his newspaper, and they clambered up the stone steps onto the street.

Passersby stared a lot at Hagrid as they walked through the little town to the station. Harry couldn't blame them. Not only was Hagrid twice as tall as anyone else, he kept pointing at perfectly ordinary things like parking meters and saying loudly, "See that, Harry? Things these Muggles dream up, eh?"

"Hagrid," said Harry, panting a bit as he ran to keep up, "did you say there are *dragons* at Gringotts?"

"Well, so they say," said Hagrid. "Crikey, I'd like a dragon."

"I knew I always liked you, Hagrid. One of the best people I know." Charlie smiled.

"What about me, Char-bear." Tonks demanded in a childish voice.

His family burst in laughter as Charlie blushed.

"Char-bear?" Fred chucked on the words.

"Tonks came up with it in first year.. Then she would continusly call me that in company to embaress me.." Charlie muttered as Tonks laughed. He blushed, and Remus felt a beast growling inside of him that was, for some reason beyond him, angry at Charlie for no plausible reason.

"Thats what you get for making fun of my name on the train." Tonks told him, laughing. He stuck his tounge out playfully.

"You'd *like* one?"

"Wanted one ever since I was a kid - here we go."

They had reached the station. There was a train to London in five minutes' time. Hagrid, who didn't understand "Muggle money," as he called it, gave the bills to Harry so he could buy their tickets.

"Unlike some people I know.." Molly said, narrowing her eyes at her husband, though there was a smile on her lips. He laughed. Along with all those not disgusted with his muggle obsession. The Dursleys eyed them wearily, remembering the time he blew up their living room..

People stared more than ever on the train. Hagrid took up two seats and sat knitting what looked like a canary-yellow circus tent.

"Still got yer letter, Harry?" he asked as he counted stitches.

Harry took the parchment envelope out of his pocket.

"Good," said Hagrid. "There's a list there of everything yeh need."

Harry unfolded a second piece of paper he hadn't noticed the night before, and read:

HOGWARTS SCHOOL of WITCHCRAFT and WIZARDRY

UNIFORM

First-year students will require:

- 1. Three sets of plain work robes (black)*
- 2. One plain pointed hat (black) for day wear*
- 3. One pair of protective gloves (dragon hide or similar)*
- 4. One winter cloak (black, silver fastenings)*

Please note that all pupils' clothes should carry name tags

COURSE BOOKS

All students should have a copy of each of the following:

The Standard Book of Spells (Grade 1) by Miranda Goshawk

A History of Magic by Bathilda Bagshot

Magical Theory by Adalbert Waffling

A Beginners' Guide to Transfiguration by Emeric Switch

One Thousand Magical Herbs and Fungi by Phyllida Spore

Magical Drafts and Potions by Arsenius Jigger

Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them by Newt Scamander

The Dark Forces: A Guide to Self-Protection by Quentin Trimble

OTHER EQUIPMENT

1 wand

1 cauldron (pewter, standard size 2)

1 set of glass or crystal phials

1 telescope set

1 brass scales

Students may also bring an owl OR a cat OR a toad

PARENTS ARE REMINDED THAT FIRST YEARS ARE NOT ALLOWED THEIR OWN BROOMSTICKS

"Yeah Harry, you are not allowed." Ron scolded. Harry laughed.

"Wait..." Prongs said, excited.

"Harry here decided to go for a little joy ride during our first flying lesson." Hermione disapproved.

"Harry Potter!" his mother screeched.

"Malfoy's fault! He nicked my friends stuff, i couldn't let him get away with that."

"How dare you blame me, Potter!" Malfoy hissed.

Harry made to stick his tounge out, but didn't. Friendly behavior with a Malfoy.. Ugh.. Then he wondered how his own children became affiliated with one.. Narcissa glared at her son, who gulped.

"Can we buy all this in London?" Harry wondered aloud.

"If yeh know where to go," said Hagrid.

Harry had never been to London before. Although Hagrid seemed to know where he was going, he was obviously not used to getting there in an ordinary way. He got stuck in the ticket barrier on the Underground, and complained loudly that the seats were too small and the trains too slow.

"I don't know how the Muggles manage without magic," he said as they climbed a broken-down escalator that led up to a bustling road lined with shops.

"Hagrid..." many said amused, though the staff's was mixed with a groan. Hagrid blushed.

Hagrid was so huge that he parted the crowd easily; all Harry had to do was keep close behind him. They passed book shops and music stores, hamburger restaurants and cinemas, but nowhere that looked as if it could sell you a magic wand. This was just an ordinary street full of ordinary people. Could there really be piles of wizard gold buried miles beneath them? Were there really shops that sold spell books and broomsticks? Might this not all be some huge joke that the Dursleys had cooked up?

"As if we would waste our time putting something like this together." Petunia sniffed. This caused several glares as Keyro to chuckle. He'd have put a shield up, but he enjoyed their expressions to much for that. Albus and Lils noted that they had never even seen the guy crack a smile. This was obviously good for him. James, of course, was oblivious.

If Harry hadn't known that the Dursleys had no sense of humor, he might have thought so; yet somehow, even though everything Hagrid had told him so far was unbelievable, Harry couldn't help trusting him.

"This is it," said Hagrid, coming to a halt, "the Leaky Cauldron. It's a famous place."

It was a tiny, grubby-looking pub. If Hagrid hadn't pointed it out, Harry wouldn't have noticed it was there. The people hurrying by didn't glance at it. Their eyes slid from the big book shop on one side to the record shop on the other as if they couldn't see the Leaky Cauldron at all. In fact, Harry had the

most peculiar feeling that only he and Hagrid could see it.

"Seriously, what don't you notice?" George asked. He and Fred had switched places while Harry was with Cho, wondering if he would not notice the difference.

"Pretty much, like the fact that you and Fred switched while I wasn't looking." Harry replied, his lips twitching as he saw the twins' annoyed expressions.

"How-?"

"Eyes." Harry replied.

"What?" several asked.

"Eyes. I can just see who's who behind them. Don't ask for an explanation, I-"

"Through the eyes one sees the soul." Luna said simply.

"Umm, what she said." Harry agreed.

"So, like staring into our eyes, Harrykins?" Fred asked.

"Didn't know you ro-"

"Ugh!" Harry exclaimed, causing the twins to burst out laughing.

Before he could mention this, Hagrid had steered him inside.

For a famous place, it was very dark and shabby. A few old women were sitting in a corner, drinking tiny glasses of sherry. One of them was smoking a long pipe. A little man in a top hat was talking to the old bartender, who was quite bald and looked like a toothless walnut. The low buzz of chatter stopped when they walked in. Everyone seemed to know Hagrid; they waved and smiled at him, and the bartender reached for a glass, saying, "The usual, Hagrid?"

"Can't, Tom, I'm on Hogwarts business," said Hagrid, clapping his great hand on Harry's shoulder and making Harry's knees buckle.

"Good Lord," said the bartender, peering at Harry, "is this - can this be -?"

The Leaky Cauldron had suddenly gone completely still and silent.

"Funny. It's usually packed with people waiting for us to arrive before Aunt- ugh, the land lady drives them away and gives us a private room." James said, amending the point where he nearly revealed the land lady to be Aunt Hannah due to Rose's glare. She took this more seriously than he did, apparently.

"Why is it packed?" Harry asked, fearing the answer by the smug tone in his son's voice.

"They heard we were coming and attempted to ambush us for interviews and autographs." James laughed, and Harry groaned. Great, just great.

"Bless my soul," whispered the old bartender, "Harry Potter! What an honor."

"I'm not a bloody god..." Harry muttered. Bless my soul? These people worshiped him, for crying out loud! Annoying. Ginny resisted the temptation to take Harry's hand in her own.

He hurried out from behind the bar, rushed toward Harry and seized his hand, tears in his eyes.

"Welcome back, Mr. Potter, welcome back."

Harry didn't know what to say. Everyone was looking at him. The old woman with the pipe was puffing on it without realizing it had gone out. Hagrid was beaming.

Then there was a great scraping of chairs and the next moment, Harry found himself shaking hands with everyone in the Leaky Cauldron.

Snape sneered. Potter was a better actor than he gave him credit, considering how he now pretended to hate the attention he so thrived due to the company- an attention hater was simply something more to attract awe from others. Yes, that was it, it had to be, had to.

"Doris Crockford, Mr. Potter, can't believe I'm meeting you at last."

"So proud, Mr. Potter, I'm just so proud."

"Always wanted to shake your hand - I'm all of a flutter."

"Delighted, Mr. Potter, just can't tell you, Diggle's the name, Dedalus Diggle."

"I've seen you before!" said Harry, as Dedalus Diggle's top hat fell off in his excitement. "You bowed to me once in a shop."

"Good old Dedalus..." Tonks laughed. She liked the little eccentric wizard. He at least had a sense of humor.

"He remembers!" cried Dedalus Diggle, looking around at everyone. "Did you hear that? He remembers me!" Harry shook hands again and again - Doris Crockford kept coming back for more.

A pale young man made his way forward, very nervously. One of his eyes was twitching.

Harry, Ron and Hermione's eyes darkened.

"Professor Quirrell!" said Hagrid. "Harry, Professor Quirrell will be one of your teachers at Hogwarts."

"P-P-Potter," stammered Professor Quirrell, grasping Harry's hand, "c-can't t-tell you how p-pleased I am to meet you."

"Whats with the stutter?" Prongs asked.

"He was terrefied of the dark arts." Dean replied.

"Oh.. What did he teach?"

"Defense." Seamus laughed with his best friend.

"Defense?" several people asked, surprised. Few new the true story..

"What sort of magic do you teach, Professor Quirrell?"

"D-Defense Against the D-D-Dark Arts," muttered Professor Quirrell, as though he'd rather not think about it.

"Stupid stuttering jackass..." Harry mumbled, only Ginny hearing the words. Her eyes narrowed. What did Quirell do?

"N-not that you n-need it, eh, P-P-Potter?" He laughed nervously. "You'll be g-getting all your equipment, I suppose? I've g-got to p-pick up a new b-book on vampires, m-myself." He looked terrified at the very thought.

But the others wouldn't let Professor Quirrell keep Harry to himself. It took almost ten minutes to get away from them all. At last, Hagrid managed to make himself heard over the babble.

"Must get on - lots ter buy. Come on, Harry."

Doris Crockford shook Harry's hand one last time, and Hagrid led them through the bar and out into a small, walled courtyard, where there was nothing but a trash can and a few weeds.

Hagrid grinned at Harry.

"Told yeh, didn't I? Told yeh you was famous. Even Professor Quirrell was tremblin' ter meet yeh - mind you, he's usually tremblin'."

Harry hissed loudly. A few people eyed him wearily.

"See.. I told you all.. Mentally unstable.." Umbridge declared, safe behind her shield- that disappeared in one cool snap. She flinched under the evil grins sent her way as the students reached for their wands.

"NO, I simply don't want her to never shut up because she thinks she's safe, but if you all attack at once I have to put it back up." Keyro said. Several sighed, but at the very least the toad was under control.

Albus silently mused what Keyro could possibly fear might enter this place if it detected them. Nothing had ever scared the guy, absolutely nothing, unless- *the danger's not to him, it's to us...* But what, what could be so deadly? Perhaps one of those future people they had encountered. He shuddered, remembering a few.

"Is he always that nervous?"

"Oh, yeah. Poor bloke. Brilliant mind. He was fine while he was studyin' outta books but then he took a year off ter get some firsthand experienceâ They say he met vampires in the Black Forest, and there was a nasty bit o' trouble with a hag - never been the same since. Scared of the students, scared of his own subject - now, where's me umbrella?"

"No, something worse..." Hermione hissed silently.

"What's going on?" Ginny asked. Harry looked into her eyes, which was a mistake; he had a sudden desire to confess absolutely everything to her in a way he wouldn't even do with Ron and Hermione. He fought back the instinct with considerable effort, before answering.

"You'll see." her eyes narrowed, but otherwise, she nodded.

Cho huffed. So, Harry was still flirting with Weasley, only he gave her the courtesy of doing it quietly? She growled.

Vampires? Hags? Harry's head was swimming. Hagrid, meanwhile, was counting bricks in the wall above the trash can.

"Three upâ ı two acrossâ ı" he muttered. "Right, stand back, Harry."

He tapped the wall three times with the point of his umbrella.

The brick he had touched quivered - it wriggled - in the middle, a small hole appeared - it grew wider and wider - a second later they were facing an archway large enough even for Hagrid, an archway onto a cobbled street that twisted and turned out of sight.

"Welcome," said Hagrid, "to Diagon Alley."

"Hagrid.. Thanks." Harry smiled.

"Befirends... Wild.. Half.. Giant.. Because.. He shows him... Magic.." Umbridge muttered as she scribbled furiously.

"Hey, Teddy, didn't a blood test prove old Umbridge was half hag?" James asked Teddy, who burst out laughing as Umbridge's face became furious.

"LIES!" her declaration might as well have been a confession.

"You bet your arse she was!"

"Liar, liar, liar!"

"Huh, I always thought she looked like she was part toad.." Freddie mused, causing several to laugh and Umbridge to become even more enraged.

He grinned at Harry's amazement. They stepped through the archway. Harry looked quickly over his shoulder and saw the archway shrink instantly back into solid wall.

The sun shone brightly on a stack of cauldrons outside the nearest shop. Cauldrons - All Sizes - Copper, Brass, Pewter, Silver - Self-Stirring - Collapsible, said a sign hanging over them.

"Yeah, you'll be needin' one," said Hagrid, "but we gotta get yer money first."

Harry wished he had about eight more eyes.

"Harry..." Ron moaned.

"Uncle Ron.. Why are you moaning Uncle Harry's name.." Freddie asked in an innocent voice, at which both boys made disgusted faces and several people laughed at their expressions, though their children cringed in disgust before James glared at Freddie, his role model in life. Freddie nearly chuckled and stuck his tongue out.

He turned his head in every direction as they walked up the street, trying to look at everything at once: the shops, the things outside them, the people doing their shopping. A plump woman outside an Apothecary was shaking her head as they passed, saying, "Dragon liver, sixteen Sickles an ounce, they're madâ" !"

A low, soft hooting came from a dark shop with a sign saying Eeylops Owl Emporium - Tawny, Screech, Barn, Brown, and Snowy. Several boys of about Harry's age had their noses pressed against a window with broomsticks in it. "Look," Harry heard one of them say, "the new Nimbus Two Thousand - fastest ever -"

There were shops selling robes, shops selling telescopes and strange silver instruments Harry had never seen before, windows stacked with barrels of bat spleens and eels' eyes, tottering piles of spell books, quills, and rolls of parchment, potion bottles, globes of the moonâ" !

"Gringotts," said Hagrid.

They had reached a snowy white building that towered over the other little shops. Standing beside its burnished bronze doors, wearing a uniform of scarlet and gold, was -

"Yeah, that's a goblin," said Hagrid quietly as they walked up the white stone steps toward him. The goblin was about a head shorter than Harry. He had a swarthy, clever face, a pointed beard and, Harry noticed, very long fingers and feet. He bowed as they walked inside. Now they were facing a second pair of doors, silver this time, with words engraved upon them:

Enter, stranger, but take heed

Of what awaits the sin of greed,

For those who take, but do not earn,

Must pay most dearly in their turn.

So if you seek beneath our floors

A treasure that was never yours,

Thief, you have been warned, beware

Of finding more than treasure there.

"Like I said, Yeh'd be mad ter try an' rob it," said Hagrid.

The kids from the future could not contain themselves as they all- Rose and Victorie included- burst out laughing.

"Yeah dad.. Mad!" James laughed.

"Wait a second.." Prongs said, looking wearily at his son. Did this mean? The laughs died in a heartbeat as the two parens became livid, anger in both their eyes.

"Harry James Potter!" Lily hissed.

Past, Present, and Future: Reading the Books 1

"I- what? I didn't!" Harry lifted his hands as she glared.

"Don't you understand how dangerous that is, how could you do that Harry! Didn't I leave you enough, did you really have to become a... A thief?" Prongs words were like stabs at Harry's heart.

"Aha!" Fudge, Percy and Umbridge said smugly.

"He did it to end a bloody war! And the damn bloody blasted goblins *pardoned* him for breaking in and riding off with their dragon!" Albus deflected his father, unable to sit and do nothing. Charlie beamed at Harry at the mention of the dragon.

"Al!" Rose hissed.

"No, I can't just sit here and let them yell at dad when he only did it because if he hadn't Voldemort would never have been defeated!" Albus exclaimed.

The pair glared at each other, fire in both eyes.

"Guys.. Calm down.." James said, though his voice held just a hint of the desire he wanted for them to simply start cursing each other, which would be hilarious, buried under concern.

"So.. I did it to end a war?" Harry asked.

"There was no war to end, He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named is dead!" Umbridge declared.

Keyro stood. "Wand." he said simply. Albus tossed him his, at which Moody narrowed his eyes. Never surrender your weapon! "May I?" he approached Harry, who shrugged.

The wand touched his forehead, before Keyro pointed into the air.

Above them, the image of a graveyard appeared, Cedric Diggory was on the grassy floor, dead

Cho choked a sob. That was.. Unexpected. A few people looked down sadly.

- there was a crying blob of rags, and there was Harry, tied to a tomb stone, his scar alit in so much fire that it light was radiating from it.

Harry's hand shot up to his forehead. He hadn't known that detail... All eyes shot to him at the same moment, and he was looking slightly horrified at reliving this. Ginny couldn't resist, and she put her arms around him. He melted into her arms.

Harry screamed as the children before them hissed angrily, a man with snake-like features rising out.

"NO!" several screamed, horrified.

"You-Know-Who!" one of the second years said fearfully.

"How the hell did you survive that?" Smith asked, impressed for the first time. Harry looked away.

"It's not a day I like to think about..."

"It can't be!" Fudge declared. At this, most shot murderous glares at him. He shuddered.

"Robe me..." the figure commanded.

The image changed.

"And now you face me, like a manâ straight-backed and proud, the way your father diedâ"

The hall hissed angrily. Even the Dursleys looked uncomfortable. They hadn't known something like *this* had happened to that trouble attracting brat. All the more reason to keep him out of the house, Vernon thought.

And now.. We duel.. Crucio!" The Harry in the memory had no time to dodge to get out of the way- he collapsed on the floor, twitching, silent screams emanating him before Voldemort lifted the curse and he stood back up, faintly..

"Enough!" Harry screamed. Reliving this was not something he wanted to do. Keyro nodded, flicked the wand, the memory flowing back to its source before he tossed the instrument back to its master. Some people looked astonished that he had managed to stand so quickly to look back so defiantly in the face of death. It was.. Suicidal.

"You... You went through that?" Lily whimpered.. He was so young, still a boy. He just nodded, not wanting to meet anyone's eye. Lily struggled as she picked up the book, and continued.

A pair of goblins bowed them through the silver doors and they were in a vast marble hall. About a hundred more goblins were sitting on high stools behind a long counter, scribbling in large ledgers, weighing coins in brass scales, examining precious stones through eyeglasses. There were too many doors to count leading off the hall, and yet more goblins were showing people in and out of these. Hagrid and Harry made for the counter.

"Morning," said Hagrid to a free goblin. "We've come ter take some money outta Mr. Harry Potter's safe."

"You have his key, sir?"

"Got it here somewhere," said Hagrid, and he started emptying his pockets onto the counter, scattering a handful of moldy dog biscuits over the goblin's book of numbers.

"Hagrid.." Bill shook his head at him. No way to deal with Goblins.

The goblin wrinkled his nose. Harry watched the goblin on their right weighing a pile of rubies as big as glowing coals.

"Got it," said Hagrid at last, holding up a tiny golden key.

The goblin looked at it closely.

"That seems to be in order."

"An' I've also got a letter here from Professor Dumbledore," said Hagrid importantly, throwing out his chest. "It's about the You-Know-What in vault seven hundred and thirteen."

"You did not say that in front of James Potter's son, Hagrid! No wonder he found out!" Minerva exclaimed. Hagrid blushed.

"On the contrary, that was part of the reason he was there." Keyro said coldly.

"Wh- what?" Hagrid asked, confused.

"A complicated game, though, mind you, as the opponent also moves so must you. It was a precaution that proved right in the end... Nearly killing an 11 year old boy in the process."

"Who?" Lily demanded. Keyro became mute, but a few people shot Dumbledore suspicious glances.

The goblin read the letter carefully.

"Very well," he said, handing it back to Hagrid, "I will have someone take you down to both vaults. Griphook!"

"That stupid traitorous little bleeder!" Rose hissed.

"He's a goblin." Teddy said simply.

"So! He still betrayed them and left them buried under a sea of cursed gold!" Rose hissed.

"Cursed gold? And *us*?" Harry asked.

Molly, Arthur, and the Grangers narrowed their eyes.

"Umm.."

"Ronald Weasley!"

"Hermione Granger!"

Their parents yelled at them for five minutes straight before Lily could read again, though Percy's glare was firmly on Harry. He was confident it was Potters fault that they were there, sure of it.

Griphook was yet another goblin. Once Hagrid had crammed all the dog biscuits back inside his pockets, he and Harry followed Griphook toward one of the doors leading off the hall.

"What's the You-Know-What in vault seven hundred and thirteen?" Harry asked.

"Can't tell yeh that," said Hagrid mysteriously. "Very secret. Hogwarts business. Dumbledore's trusted me. More'n my job's worth ter tell yeh that."

"Your not worth much, are you?" Umbridge smiled sweetly.

"Worth more than a half hag, half toad hybrid!" Ginny hissed. She then realized she and Harry still had their arms around each other- they'd grown so comfortable in that position that they hadn't even noticed. Reluctantly, she let go, feeling the warmth leave her and she thought she heard Harry give a sad sigh.

Griphook held the door open for them. Harry, who had expected more marble, was surprised. They were in a narrow stone passageway lit with flaming torches. It sloped steeply downward and there were little railway tracks on the floor. Griphook whistled and a small cart came hurtling up the tracks toward them. They climbed in - Hagrid with some difficulty - and were off.

At first they just hurtled through a maze of twisting passages. Harry tried to remember, left, right, right, left, middle fork, right, left, but it was impossible.

"Impressive memory..." Flitwick commented.

"If only he used it in class.." Snape said.

Lily's eyes narrowed.

"If only you weren't a biased git who hated me from the second I walked through your door." Harry hissed right back.

"What! Severus Maralyn Snape, how da-"

She was interrupted by a roar of laughter at the discovery of Snape's middle name, who's eyes became wide as he looked away. His father had wanted Snape to have a ridiculous name as to be ridiculed due to his hatred of all things magical. He never dreamed Lily might accidentally let it slip, but still.. He'd trusted her with that detail.

Prongs felt guilty, and he stood. "LEAVE HIM ALONE!" Snape looked surprised, and Lily beamed.

"That's the man I love.. The one that grew up, not the immature child." she smiled as she stood and kissed him. Snape felt knives plunging into his heart.

They settled down, Lily picking up where she left of.

The rattling cart seemed to know its own way, because Griphook wasn't steering.

Harry's eyes stung as the cold air rushed past them, but he kept them wide open. Once, he thought he saw a burst of fire at the end of a passage and twisted around to see if it was a dragon, but too late

- they plunged even deeper, passing an underground lake where huge stalactites and stalagmites grew from the ceiling and floor.

"I never know," Harry called to Hagrid over the noise of the cart, "what's the difference between a stalagmite and a stalactite?"

"Stala-"

"Hagrid explained." Harry interrupted Hermione, a smile dancing on his lips. She huffed.

"Stalagmite's got an 'm' in it," said Hagrid. "An' don' ask me questions just now, I think I'm gonna be sick."

Several laughed.

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"That's not what I meant!" Hermione growled at a laughing Harry.

"I know. I just like Hagrid's definition better." Harry laugh

Chapter 7: The Journey From Platform Nine and Three-Quarters

A/N; If your wondering how Tonks ended up with the book, I edited the end of the last chapter, in case you didn't read that(sorry, I forgot to add that last time!) Sorry it took me so long to update. Ahh.. I'll try to keep these more constant.

favforever; I followed the cannon pairings since it is J.K. Rowlings creation, and its what she came up with. But I think I might mess around with other pairing just to see the result in the charecters, which might be instristing. Sorry for the erros. No, I don't have a beta, I check it myself, but I miss some of them and I have a habit of posting before I check for errors. Sorry!

"The Journey From Platform Nine and Three-Quarters"

"Finally, no more annoying walruses."

"Ronald Weasley!"

The Dursleys glared at him, which resulted in Mrs. Weasley snaring at them, causing them to shiver in fright as the hall laughed softly.

Harry leaned in so only Ron and Hermione could here him, "We are so going to be dead by the end of this.."

"What did you three do?" Ginny asked, curious as her eyes narrowed.

"Ummm.."

"Boys.." Hermione shook her head, looking the other way.

Harry's last month with the Dursleys wasn't fun. True, Dudley was now so scared of Harry he wouldn't stay in the same room, while Aunt Petunia and Uncle Vernon didn't shut Harry in his cupboard,

Many hands twitched towards their wands and the Dursleys gulped under the murderous glares sent their way. Tonks put down the book for a second to send her own vicious glare. The Dursleys eyed the young Auror with fearful expressions, though one could almost see their disgust at the bubble-gum pink hair that sprang out of their eyes as they stared at it.

force him to do anything, or shout at him - in fact, they didn't speak to him at all.

Lily's eyes narrowed, and she turned to give her sister a dire look. Petunia flinched at the rage and saddness in her sisters eyes.

Half terrified, half furious, they acted as though any chair with Harry in it were empty. Although this was an improvement in many ways, it did become a bit depressing after a while.

"She would do that to me too.." Lily whispered, looking down sadly at the table. Prongs wrapped his arms around her and she leaned into the embrace.

Harry turned to give his aunt a glare more terrible than the rest of the hall combined. She toppled out of her seat, hiding under the table, her heart thumping loudly. Harry shook his head and gave a dark laugh. No one said anything, but a silent yet mutual thought echoed in the minds of those present; do not piss off Harry.

"Harry.." Ginny squeezed his hand, causing him to relax. He looked up at her, a small but weak smile on his lips.

"Thanks.." he muttered. She gave him a reassuring smile, and he returned it, feeling fire shoot up in him as he stared at her face, into those eyes that he found he could get lost in- *Ron's sister*, the voice persisted as he looked away, staring absentmindedly at the wall.

Harry kept to his room, with his new owl for company. He had decided to call her Hedwig, a name he had found in *A History of Magic*. His school books were very interesting.

"Say it ain't so!" the twins called together.

"Traitor." Ron declared, causing Hermione to smack him. Harry grinned.

"How could you do this to us, Harrykins..." George said.

"Reading.." Fred continued.

"The horror..." James had to add himself to the tirade.

"I'm so disappointed.." Prongs added, shaking his head in mock agony at his son.

This resulted in Rose smacking James, Lily smacking Prongs, George dodging Angelina as she decided to chuck something at him (and howling in pain as the goblet she threw managed to strike him), and Fred ducking under the table as Hermione attempted and failed to smack him.

Harry roared a laugh, shaking his head at them all.

He lay on his bed reading late into the night, Hedwig swooping in and out of the open window as she pleased. It was lucky that Aunt Petunia didn't come in to vacuum anymore, because Hedwig kept bringing back dead mice. Every night before he went to sleep, Harry ticked off another day on the piece of paper he had pinned to the wall, counting down to September the first.

On the last day of August he thought he'd better speak to his aunt and uncle about getting to King's Cross station the next day, so he went down to the living room where they were watching a quiz show on television. He cleared his throat to let them know he was there, and Dudley screamed and ran from the room.

A few people laughed as Dudley became red.

"Er - Uncle Vernon?"

Uncle Vernon grunted to show he was listening.

Several eyes narrowed. The Dursleys again wondered if they would make it out of here alive.

"Er - I need to be at King's Cross tomorrow to - to go to Hogwarts."

Uncle Vernon grunted again.

"Would it be all right if you gave me a lift?"

Grunt. Harry supposed that meant yes.

"You know, I have a couple more jinxes up my sleeve if you did do anything else to Harry.." Ginny promised, smirking at the Dursleys as they cowered under her falsely sweet gaze.

"Ginevera!" Molly exclaimed.

Tonks looked up from the book and moucher 'I'll help'.

Ginny grinned, causing Molly to narrow her eyes and shoot a side glance at Tonks. Teddy chuckled lughtly at the exchange. This wasn't the first time he had seen his parents. As a gift for his seventeen birthday, Harry had compiled a series of memories from friends and family for him, memories about his parents, what they where like. It brought a sad smile to his eyes thinking about it. But at least now, if only temporarily, he got to know them. He then realized, with a start that they still had no idea whom he was.

"Thank you."

He was about to go back upstairs when Uncle Vernon actually spoke.

"Funny way to get to a wizards' school, the train. Magic carpets all got punctures, have they?"

"They're illegal, you blithering idiot." a voice called trough the hall. Vernon looked offended as he searched for the source, but found nothing. A small laugh could be heard that sounded suspiciously like it came from the Gryffindor table, but he couldn't be sure as everyone was laughing at the expression on his face. Few noticed the smug look on Minerva's face.

Harry didn't say anything.

"Where is this school, anyway?"

"I don't know," said Harry, realizing this for the first time. He pulled the ticket Hagrid had given him out of his pocket.

"I just take the train from platform nine and three-quarters at eleven o'clock," he read.

His aunt and uncle stared.

Lily glared fiercely at her sister. "You know exactly where that is, Petunia..."

Petunia gulped as several glares where sent her way.

"I did my best to forget. Why would I want to remeber being anywhere near so many of you freak-"

The hall growled loudly at that and she fell out of her seat again, not noticing the sad and agonized look in her sisters eyes as she tuned to her husband. Prongs held her tightly. Lily was a strong one, no doubt about that. But this- family- was her one crucial weak point.

Harry felt himself become enraged at seeing the sad look in his mum's eyes.

"Platform what?"

"Nine and three-quarters."

"Don't talk rubbish," said Uncle Vernon. "There is no platform nine and three-quarters."

"It's on my ticket."

"Barking," said Uncle Vernon, "howling mad, the lot of them. You'll see. You just wait. All right, we'll take you to King's Cross. We're going up to London tomorrow anyway, or I wouldn't bother."

"Why are you going to London?" Harry asked, trying to keep things friendly.

"Taking Dudley to the hospital," growled Uncle Vernon. "Got to have that ruddy tail removed before he goes to Smeltings."

"So what did the doctor say when you guys told him your son had grown a tail on his ar-"

"Federick Gideon Weasley, don't you dare!" Molly shrieked.

The Dursleys glared at Fred, whilst Dudley tried to hide his embarrassment.

Harry woke at five o'clock the next morning and was too excited and nervous to go back to sleep.

"Eager much.." Ron said.

"I'm sure Hermione was way worse."

"Hmph!"

"Well, where you?"

She said nothing, glaring, causing her parents to chuckle behind her back. Oh Hermione had been like Harry.. Every single day for over a week.

He got up and pulled on his jeans because he didn't want to walk into the station in his wizard's robes -

At this, Rose blushed as the future kids laughed at her.

"Shut up, I was excited to finally be going!" she hissed.

"Wait, you mean.." Ron asked, laughing. She glared at him.

"Ahh.. She was all dressed and ready before we even made it onto the train.." James remarked. At this she shifted her glare to him, but refrained from smacking him.

"At least you *got* to go.. I had to wait *two* more evil years." Lils complained.

"Nah, Lily, your the lucky one. I had to put up with git one," Albus motioned to his older brother, "And git two," he motioned to Scorpius, "Since day one."

"OI!" James and Scorpius chorused together, then looked at each other in shock with a slight touch of disgust at having said the exact same thing. Their horrified expressions caused the entire hall to burst out laughing. Rose rolled her eyes, smiling all the same.

he'd change on the train. He checked his Hogwarts list yet again to make sure he had everything he needed, saw that Hedwig was shut safely in her cage, and then paced the room, waiting for the Dursleys to get up.

Two hours later, Harry's huge, heavy trunk had been loaded into the Dursleys' car, Aunt Petunia had talked Dudley into sitting next to Harry, and they had set off.

They reached King's Cross at half past ten. Uncle Vernon dumped Harry's trunk onto a cart and wheeled it into the station for him.

Several people narrowed their eyes suspiciously. Vernon Dursley, being kind and polite to Harry? This seemed far fetched indeed.

Harry thought this was strangely kind until Uncle Vernon stopped dead, facing the platforms with a nasty grin on his face.

The narrowed eyes turned into extremely suspicious glares. The Dursleys did what they do best- they cowered.

"Well, there you are, boy. Platform nine - platform ten. Your platform should be somewhere in the middle, but they don't seem to have built it yet, do they?"

The resonating growl that echoed across the hall caused spiders to crawl up and down the Dursleys spines. Of course, this would be mentioned.. Damn their luck. Keyro chuckled at them, causing them to glare. He returned it and the three toppled over, hiding under the table, causing several to snort.

"You're enjoying yourself, aren't you?" Albus asked, amused.

"You have no idea." Keyro chuckled, before frowning. He was letting himself feel emotions again after all these years. Not a smart path to walk, especially for him of all people..

Albus noted the changed expression, and he turned to his brother. "Somtimes, I wish I could just learn Legilimency just to know what he's thinking.." he whispered.

Keyro chuckled darkly. "*No, you don't.*" he emphasized each word, and people looked at him confused, as none in the hall save him and James had heard what Albus had said. His mind was not a place one would want to be, *ever*. Tonks decided to continue with the story.

He was quite right, of course. There was a big plastic number nine over one platform and a big plastic number ten over the one next to it, and in the middle, nothing at all.

"Have a good term," said Uncle Vernon with an even nastier smile. He left without another word. Harry turned and saw the Dursleys drive away. All three of them were laughing.

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Most of the hall roared in anger. The Dursleys were attempting to hide under the table as Molly plucked her daughters wand out of her hand before she could let loose a well aimed hex at them.

Many people, the majority of them Slytherin, shifted in their seats uncomfortably at the thought of feeling sorry for Potter.

Malfoy gave a weak laugh that he tried to hide, finding something in the situation darkly amusing. Of course, Astoria heard, and smacked him yet again, at which he scowled then cowered at her furious expression as she shook her head at him.

Albus and Scorpius winked at each other. Before they knew what was happening, the Dursleys found themselves upside down, floating in the air, hoisted by their ankles.. This resulted in that horrid sound-laughter, agony to Vernon's ears. Snape narrowed his eyes, still wondering where those boys learned that spell.

"Let me down, let me-ahhhhh!" Vernon howled as he was dropped, causing the entire hall to shake. He stood, defiantly. "Now, I will not be treated as such by- ahhhh!" he was levitated yet again as Petunia and Dudley were dropped graceful and without injury to the ground.

"I think we should just leave him.." Scorpius commented.

"True. He deserves it, bloody git." Albus replied.

"Let me down, let me down, I command you, this insti-"

"*Silencio!*" Rose hissed. Vernon continued to open his mouth and scream, but no noise came out of his vacant mouth. Dudley and Petunia watched, terrified.

"Thanks Rose!" Albus said.

"Boys..." she shook her head, "Ah, I remember a simpler time.. When I didn't have to chase you two idiots everywhere you went just in case you decided to do something stupid, which you do on a regular basis."

"And, when we do decide to do something incredibly dimwitted and stupid, you end up helping." Scorpius told her. Albus burst out laughing as she made a face.

"I do not!"

"Rose, do we really have to give a couple of examples? To all these people?" Albus asked. She gulped and shook her head fiercely, causing the two boys to laugh at her again, at which she unleashed the full might of her glare and they cowered.

Harry's mouth went rather dry. What on earth was he going to do? He was starting to attract a lot of funny looks, because of Hedwig. He'd have to ask someone. He stopped a passing guard, but didn't dare mention platform nine and three-quarters.

The guard had never heard of Hogwarts and when Harry couldn't even tell him what part of the country it was in, he started to get annoyed, as though Harry was being stupid on purpose. Getting desperate, Harry asked for the train that left at eleven o'clock, but the guard said there wasn't one.

"Your lucky there wasn't, or you wouldn't have found the right train." Justin commented.

"To bad that he did find it though, huh Fred?"

"And here we where hoping never to have to see his ugly git face again."

"Boys!"

"Sorry mum!"

In the end the guard strode away, muttering about time wasters. Harry was now trying hard not to panic. According to the large clock over the arrivals board, he had ten minutes left to get on the train to Hogwarts and he had no idea how to do it; he was stranded in the middle of a station with a trunk he could hardly lift, a pocket full of wizard money, and a large owl.

Hagrid must have forgotten to tell him something you had to do, like tapping the third brick on the left to get into Diagon Alley. He wondered if he should get out his wand and start tapping the ticket inspector's stand between platforms nine and ten.

The hall shok their heads at a blushing Harry.

"Sometimes, Potter, you really are quiet stupid." Malfoy sneered.

"Astoria, please keep your pet ferret in check." Harry replied.

"My pleasure." she smiled before smacking Malfoy again, whom hissed loudly at her, earning a death glare, at which he cowered.

"Ferret?" Prongs asked.

At this, most of the hall that knew of Malfoys Transfiguration the previous year burst out laughing. "It should come up in these books." Harry laughed. His father shrugged and nodded.

At that moment a group of people passed just behind him and he caught a few words of what they were saying.

"- packed with Muggles, of course -"

Harry swung round. The speaker was a plump woman who was talking to four boys, all with flaming red hair.

The Weasleys cheered. Harry grinned at them all, failing to notice how that small action caused Ginny's heartbeat to accelerate considerably. Teddy narrowed his eyes, lookng around, trying to find the source of the strange noise. One of the benefits of being a half-werewolf was the unatrualy good hearing. Or bad, considering he'd once been paralyzed by noise. At the though he shot a glare at Scorpius. It hadn't been him specificaly, but he'd been the spy that told them that little weakness. He looked away just as quickly, reminding himself that it was not the boys fault, not really.

Each of them was pushing a trunk like Harry's in front of him - and they had an owl.

Percy narrowed his eyes. That was his owl.. Which meant Potter had been spying on them.. Which meant that.. No, it couldn't be! If it wasn't for them, Potter would have never found the train, never cursed Hogwarts with his vile presence.

Heart hammering, Harry pushed his cart after them. They stopped and so did he, just near enough to hear what they were saying.

"Eavesdropping, Harry?" Hermione asked.

"I always knew I got it from somewhere.." Albus commented as his father smiled sheepishly at Hermione's accusation.

"Huh, I think we got it from mum to. I heard she was a trouble maker in her day." Lils beamed proudly.

"Who is your mother?" Harry asked, curious.

"We can't tell you thanks to that git way over there." Albus motioned to Keyro, who grinned unabashed.

"Guilty as charged." Keyro confessed.

"Please?" Harry asked.

"Nope."

"Why?"

"Its fun watching you people squirm."

"OI!"

"Now, what's the platform number?" said the boys' mother.

Many heads turned to Molly, who blushed. "It was a busy day, I had alot on my mind."

"Nine and three-quarters!" piped a small girl, also red-headed, who was holding her hand, "Mom, can't I goâ '!"

Ginny blushed scarlet as several people laughed.

"You're not old enough, Ginny, now be quiet. All right, Percy, you go first."

What looked like the oldest boy marched toward platforms nine and ten.

Harry watched, careful not to blink in case he missed it - but just as the boy reached the dividing barrier between the two platforms, a large crowd of tourists came swarming in front of him and by the time the last backpack had cleared away, the boy had vanished.

"Hah!" Percy beamed proudly, glad that it was not he who showed Potter how to get onto the platform. Several hissed at him.

"Can you let me down already?" Vernon complained, still spinning in the air, upside down. Harry took one calculating look before looking away, green in the face.

"Harry?" Ginny asked.

"World Cup.." he replied, at which her eyes widened, taking in the floating man.

She turned to Albus. "*Let the fat walfus down, now!*" she commanded firecly.

Albus nearly dropped his wand in trying to do it to quickly, but it worked just the same, Vernon landing on his purple face. The hall laughed at the sorry excuse for a man as he struggled back on to his seat, glaring fiercely at Albus, imagening choking the boy, his hands closing around his neck, giving a sinlge last spluttering breath- before he ended up in the air again, an enraged Teddy pointing his wand at him.

"Bloody hell, let me down!"

"I swear, you fat bastard, fantezise about choking *my* little brother again, I swear you will be sorry.." Teddy hissed.

Vernon cringed as the hall shot incredulous looks from one man to the other. Each and every one of the future kids were sending him murderous glares. "You.. proposterous! The though never crossed my-"

"I'm a practiced Legilimence, so I recomend you do not lie."

"What's that?" Vernon gulped.

"In muggle terms, more or less the art of mind reading."

Vernon stared at him, shokced. *Great, even in my own mind, I'm not safe..*

"Nope." Teddy smirked, at which the other growled, at which the hall roared, at which the 'man' gave a terrefied yelp. Teddy flicked his wand and he fell in one big fat heap to the floor before sitting back down himself.

"Your my son?" Harry asked.

"No, but you raised me since.. Well.. My parents, they didn't..." Teddy relied.

Harry understood imediatly. He stood, going to his surrogate son and pulling him into an embrace. "I understand."

Teddy choked back his weakness, hugging back. The two patted each other a single time before seperating and sitting back down. Several people where eyeing Teddy sadly, none more than Tonks, who was wondering who the poor boy's parents where.

"Fred, you next," the plump woman said.

"I'm not Fred, I'm George," said the boy. "Honestly, woman, you call yourself our mother? Can't you tell I'm George?"

"Sorry, George, dear."

"Only joking, I am Fred," said the boy, and off he went. His twin called after him to hurry up, and he must have done so, because a second later, he had gone - but how had he done it? Now the third brother was walking briskly toward the barrier he was almost there - and then, quite suddenly, he wasn't anywhere.

"See mum, even Harry can tell us apart."

"Then again, your not magical like him, woman."

"You can't pierce into the endless depths of our soul like Harrykins."

"Keep it up." Harry glared They took one look at him and almost fell over. "Fred, George, you okay!" Harry tried to jump over the table.

The other two, however backed away, looking terrified. "Guys?"

"Stay back!" Fred commanded, not in a fearful, but cautious tone as he lifted his wand. The hall tensed, confused. Fudge and Umbridge looked triumphant while Percy looked worried.

Harry raised an eyebrow along with his hands in mock surrender. "Serious, what is this about-"

"Harry, are you feeling all right at the current moment, perfectly normal, no wierd um *headaches*?" George asked.

Harry looked, if possible, more confused. "What?"

The twins shot each oter a glance, not wanting to say anything out loud, before looking right back at him.

"Well, you see.." Fred began.

"Umm, when you *hissed* at us, we noticed a not so subtle detail,"

"Something that reminded us of *lightning*,"

"It was a tad bit *red*,"

"He's not possed." Keyro shook his head in annoyance. "Though, I must admit, a red gleam in the eye is quiet suspicious. I wonder.." half the hall gasped loudly, staring at a bewildered Harry.

"WHAT THE HELL!" Harry gasped, his hand shooting up to his scar. Fudge and Umbridge gave each other a victorious glance. They had hm now!

Keyro stood, going to Harry. "Hmmm.. alow me, please.." he lifted his hand, and Harry cast aside his own as Keyro placed his palm quickly on Harry's forehead, closing his eyes for a few seconds, before they shot open once more. "Ahh.." he said, dropping his hand.

"What?"

"Absolutly nothing. You are perfectly normal. Well, as normal as being Harry Potter goes. Besides, something from your world can't posses you here."

"What about something from this world?" Albus asked.

"He's not possessed." Keyro ignored the question as he turned to sit. Reluctantly, the rest followed. That piece of soul within Harry was trying to escape, and that could not be allowed. Most people where still eyeing Harry wearily as he sat next to Ginny. She took his hand in an instant to show him she didn't think he was possessed,

or for that matter, dangerous. Percy cursed under his breath as he saw Potter smile up at his sister.

"Sorry Harry.." the twins chorused.

"It's nothing." Harry waved it off, smiling at them. They grinned back reluctantly.

There was nothing else for it.

"Excuse me," Harry said to the plump woman.

"Hello, dear," she said. "First time at Hogwarts? Ron's new, too."

She pointed at the last and youngest of her sons. He was tall, thin, and gangling, with freckles, big hands and feet, and a long nose.

"Gee, thanks Harry." Ron huffed.

"At least it's not like mine. It would probably be, the little messy haired, green eyed midgit with glasses. Sounds charming, don't you think."

Ron laughed. "You got a point there."

"I think that description sounds amazingly hot.." Ginny muttered, again not noticing she had spoken until both her brother, Hermione, and Harry were staring at her. She blushed crimson. "Did I say that out loud!" she shrieked, hiding her face in her hands from embarrassment, her hair making a red curtain between her and the rest of the world.

"Ginny.." Harry chuckled lightly, prying her hand away from her face to look at her. He forgot what he was about to say as he stared at her without dignity. "You look cute when you blush like that..." he said absentmindedly, not realizing he'd said it. She blushed even deeper at the words as his hand stroked the reddened cheek.

"OI!" Ron cired, causing the two to jump and remember their surroundings.

"Sorry.." they muttered, looking anywhere but at each other. Cho looked down at the floor, closed her eyes and made her choice; she really liked Harry, she really did. But she just felt to guilty about this, felt to damn selfish. Fine, she'd let him go, even if it would tear at her, she'd let him go without a fight, encourage him even. It was the right thing to do, even if it was what she wanted least, what she wouldn't be able to stand. Oh well.

"Yes," said Harry. "The thing is - the thing is, I don't know how to -"

"How to get onto the platform?" she said kindly, and Harry nodded.

"Thank you, Molly." Lily smiled at her.

"It's nothing." Molly replied, smiling just the same.

"Not to worry," she said. "All you have to do is walk straight at the barrier between platforms nine and ten. Don't stop and don't be scared you'll crash into it, that's very important. Best do it at a bit of a run if you're nervous. Go on, go now before Ron."

"Er - okay," said Harry.

He pushed his trolley around and stared at the barrier. It looked very solid.

He started to walk toward it. People jostled him on their way to platforms nine and ten. Harry walked more quickly. He was going to smash right into that barrier and then he'd be in trouble - leaning forward on his cart, he broke into a heavy run - the barrier was coming nearer and nearer - he wouldn't be able to stop - the cart was out of control - he was a foot away - he closed his eyes ready for the crash - It didn't come - he kept on running - he opened his eyes. A scarlet steam engine was waiting next to a platform packed with people. A sign overhead said *Hogwarts' Express, eleven o'clock*. Harry looked behind him and saw a wrought-iron archway where the barrier had been, with the words *Platform Nine and Three-Quarters* on it, He had done it.

"Woo!" a few people cheered.

Smoke from the engine drifted over the heads of the chattering crowd, while cats of every color wound here and there between their legs. Owls hooted to one another in a disgruntled sort of way over the babble and the scraping of heavy trunks.

The first few carriages were already packed with students, some hanging out of the window to talk to their families, some fighting over seats. Harry pushed his cart off down the platform in search of an empty seat. He passed a round-faced boy who was saying, "Gran, I've lost my toad again."

Neville blushed.

"Seriously, what don't you notice?" Ron asked.

"I noticed the black smudge on your nose. Does that count?" Harry asked innocently as Ron scowled, causing his friends to laugh at his expression as he furiously wiped his nose of a blemish wiped away years ago.

"Oh, Neville," he heard the old woman sigh.

"It's Neville!" Alice cried, excited.

"Mum.." Neville blushed as the hall laughed.

"Sorry.." she muttered, looking down, smiling. Frank laughed at his wife, shaking his head in amusement.

A boy with dreadlocks was surrounded by a small crowd.

"Give us a look, Lee, go on."

The boy lifted the lid of a box in his arms, and the people around him shrieked and yelled as something inside poked out a long, hairy leg.

Ron shuddered. The twins snickered slightly, at which they were given the death glare by Rose.

"Leave. My. Father. Alone." she hissed, and they, of course, cowered, causing several to laugh and more to eye Rose with a touch of caution.

Harry pressed on through the crowd until he found an empty compartment near the end of the train. He put Hedwig inside first and then started to shove and heave his trunk toward the train door. He tried to lift it up the steps but could hardly raise one end and twice he dropped it painfully on his foot.

"Midget." Ron laughed.

"Ronald Weasley!"

"It was a joke, Mrs. Weasley! And a true one at that, now that I think about it.." Harry defended, causing a few people to snort. It meant nothing as Molly continued to glare at her son.

"Want a hand?" It was one of the red-haired twins he'd followed through the barrier.

"Yes, please," Harry panted.

"Oy, Fred! C'mere and help!"

"Thanks guys." Harry told them.

"Anything for,"

"Our little brother," they said, causing Harry to smile.

"Thanks.." he said, though there was a slight sad look in his eyes. He loved the Weasleys, they where like family. He just wished he had one of his own a real family, not that he didn't appreciate them but still. Only Teddy semed to understand that sentiment, though he said nothing.

Percy, however, shook his head in disgust, before bowing down in indignation. They perfered Potter over him, he had known it since the beggining.

With the twins' help, Harry's trunk was at last tucked away in a corner of the compartment.

"Thanks," said Harry, pushing his sweaty hair out of his eyes.

"What's that?" said one of the twins suddenly, pointing at Harry's lightning scar.

"Blimey," said the other twin. "Are you -?"

"He is," said the first twin. "Aren't you?" he added to Harry.

"What?" said Harry.

"Harry Potter." chorused the twins.

"Oh, him," said Harry.

"Oh, him?" Angelia asked, laughing.

Harry blushed as the hall laughed at him. "I was 11! And i wasn't used to people knowing my name! Or calling me my name, for that matter.."

At the words, the laughter died and the hall glared at the Dursleys. They shuddered.

"I mean, yes, I am."

The two boys gawked at him, and Harry felt himself turning red. Then, to his relief, a voice came floating in through the train's open door.

"Fred? George? Are you there?"

"Coming, Mom."

With a last look at Harry, the twins hopped off the train.

Harry sat down next to the window where, half hidden, he could watch the red-haired family on the platform and hear what they were saying.

"Harry, what is it with you and listening to other people's conversations?"

"It's a gift, Hermione. It's a gift, you know.." Harry replied solemnly. She shook her head, smiling. Prongs beamed at his son.

"That's my boy!" he high fived him.

"James Potter!" Lily screeched. His gaze shifted from Harry to his glaring wife.

"Umm.. Bad, Harry, bad! Listening to other people's conversations is incredibly rude!" The hall laughed at the cowering Prongs and his mock reprimand as Lily glared.

Their mother had just taken out her handkerchief.

"Ron, you've got something on your nose."

The youngest boy tried to jerk out of the way, but she grabbed him and began rubbing the end of his nose.

The hall laughed, yet again, at an embarrassed looking Ron.

"Mom - geroff" He wriggled free.

"Aaah, has ickle Ronnie got somefink on his nosie?" said one of the twins.

"Shut up," said Ron.

"Where's Percy?" said their mother.

"He's coming now."

The oldest boy came striding into sight. He had already changed into his billowing black Hogwarts robes, and Harry noticed a red and gold badge on his chest with the letter *P* on it.

"Can't stay long, Mother," he said. "I'm up front, the prefects have got two compartments to themselves -"

"Oh, are you a *prefect*, Percy?" said one of the twins, with an air of great surprise. "You should have said something, we had no idea."

"Hang on, I think I remember him saying something about it," said the other twin. "Once -"

"Or twice -"

"A minute -"

"All summer -"

The hall laughed at Percy, but the Wealeys looked angered and sad at the mention of their brother, especially Fred and George, who still missed teasing him all the time playfully.

"Oh, shut up," said Percy the Prefect.

"How come Percy gets new robes, anyway?" said one of the twins.

"Because he's a *prefect*," said their mother fondly. "All right, dear, well, have a good term - send me an owl when you get there."

She kissed Percy on the cheek and he left. Then she turned to the twins.

"Now, you two - this year, you behave yourselves. If I get one more owl telling me you've - you've blown up a toilet or -"

"Never give a prankster ideas, Molly." Remus advised. Molly groaned, not having realized that mistake.

"Hypocritical, Remus. You would do it all the time." Prongs smirked.

"Yes, James, but I was *helping* you, not trying to prevent your frequent pranking." Remus laughed. The hall looked surprised, not having known that one of their professors had been a prankster.

"Blown up a toilet? We've never blown up a toilet."

"Great idea though, thanks, Mom."

"You better not have." Molly growled. The twins winked at Harry, who grinned back.

"It's *not* funny. And look after Ron."

"Don't worry, ickle Ronniekins is safe with us."

At this, the twins looked down in guilt. Yeah, some brother they were. Their 11 year old brother had almost died that year.

"Shut up," said Ron again. He was almost as tall as the twins already and his nose was still pink where his mother had rubbed it.

"Hey, Mom, guess what? Guess who we just met on the train?"

Harry leaned back quickly so they couldn't see him looking.

"You know that black-haired boy who was near us in the station? Know who he is?"

"Who?"

"*Harry Potter!*"

Harry heard the little girl's voice.

"Oh no.." Ginny moaned. Harry smirked.

"It was cute.." he whispered in her ear. She blushed. Ron narrowed his eyes at his best friend. What was he playing at?

"Oh, Mom, can I go on the train and see him, Mom, eh pleaseâ€"!"

The hall roared with laughter, none more than the future kids.

"I.. cannot believe... Aunt Ginny.. said that!" Hugo chocked out, red in the face.

Ginny groaned loudly as the hall laughed even more. "Did you have to hear that?" she demanded, red in the face. Micheal was glaring at Harry, jealousy brimming inside of him. That was *his* girlfriend, she was his, and only his. Well, until she got tired of him and finally dumped his ass. But until then, she was his!

Harry laughed. "I thought it looked cute, seeing you like that. I can't imagine you doing that now, though."

Ginny narrowed her eyes. "Then why doesn't it say you thought I looked cute."

"I think that now, not then. It was funny because you were all little and-"

"Harry James Potter." she said in a deadly tone. He gulped. "Don't you dare make fun of me!"

"I was just teasing you.."

"So was I." she laughed, and he scowled, only now realizing he'd been tricked as several people snorted at him. Then, he thought to himself, why would that bother him so much? Why did it hurt to even think for a second that Ginny was mad and disappointed with him?

"You've already seen him, Ginny, and the poor boy isn't something you goggle at in a zoo. Is he really, Fred? How do you know?"

"Asked him. Saw his scar. It's really there - like lightning."

"Poor *dear* - no wonder he was alone, I wondered. He was ever so polite when he asked how to get onto the platform."

"Never mind that, do you think he remembers what You-Know-Who looks like?"

"Leave my son alone." Lily growled. Fred shuddered under the vicious mother's glare.

Their mother suddenly became very stern.

"I forbid you to ask him, Fred. No, don't you dare. As though he needs reminding of that on his first day at school."

"Thank you, Molly."

"It was nothing Lily."

"All right, keep your hair on."

A whistle sounded.

"Hurry up!" their mother said, and the three boys clambered onto the train. They leaned out of the window for her to kiss them good-bye, and their younger sister began to cry.

Ginny groaned yet again. Harry smirked at her, and she stuck her tongue out at him, prompting him to stick his tongue back out at her.

"Don't, Ginny, we'll send you loads of owls."

"We'll send you a Hogwarts' toilet seat."

"George!"

Fred laughed. "That was me, mum."

Molly shook her head, exasperated.

"Hey! I never got my toilet seat!" Ginny accused.

"It went to a greater cause." George said seriously.

"What does that mean." Molly narrowed her eyes.

"Nothing!" the twins lifted their hands in mock surrender. Molly eyed them suspiciously.

"Only joking, Mom."

The train began to move. Harry saw the boys' mother waving and their sister, half laughing, half crying, running to keep up with the train until it gathered too much speed, then she fell back and waved.

Harry watched the girl and her mother disappear as the train rounded the corner.

"Checking our sister out, young Harrykins?" Fred asked. Harry and Ginny blushed.

"He wouldn't dare, would you Harry?" Ron half threatened. Hermione kicked him under the table, causing him to wince, but he continued to glare at Harry.

"I was 11, I didn't even think like that yet!" Harry exclaimed under Ron's venomous gaze.

Ginny huffed. "Not that your not good looking-" Harry quickly told her, causing her to blush yet again, and her brothers to growl. "I can never win with you guys.." Harry muttered. They smirked before cowering under Ginny's murderous stare. Percy shook his head in disgust.

Houses flashed past the window. Harry felt a great leap of excitement. He didn't know what he was going to - but it had to be better than what he was leaving behind.

The door of the compartment slid open and the youngest redheaded boy came in.

"Ron, you just went in there because you wanted to meet the famous Harry Potter, didn't you?" Hermione asked.

Ron blushed, and Harry looked down at the table, slightly hurt. So, his first friend only wanted to be friends with him because he was famous. Wow that made him feel just great.

"Actually, I couldn't find a seat and I was kinda nervous sitting in the same compartment as Harry. Then I realized he was just your average prat with a freaky scar." Ron answered. Harry felt a little better at that, knowing Ron didn't just go in there to make friends with the famous kid.

"Anyone sitting there?" he asked, pointing at the seat opposite Harry. "Everywhere else is full."

Harry shook his head and the boy sat down. He glanced at Harry and then looked quickly out of the window, pretending he hadn't looked. Harry saw he still had a black mark on his nose.

Ron groaned as the hall laughed. "Do you notice everything?"

"Just about." Harry laughed.

"I knew this git got it from somewhere." James whined, looking pointly at his little brother.

"Thats why I'm dads favorite, I'm the most like him." Albus smirked.

"Are not!"

"Are am!"

"Idiots... I am dad and moms favorite. You two are just a pair of annoying messy haired scrawny midgets." Lils smirked as her brothers glared at her, before laughing.

"Lies! uncle Harry loves me the most." Rose declared smugly.

"Nah, that would be me." Teddy joined in.

"They all love you, Harry.." Ron told him.

"Poor me." Harry sighed dramatically, at which the jaw of the future kids dropped and several snorted.

"Hey, Ron."

The twins were back.

"Listen, we're going down the middle of the train - Lee Jordan's got a giant tarantula down there."

"You two know dad is scared of spiders." Rose narrowed her eyes.

"We know,"

"Its halarious."

The twins suddenly found themselves upside down, hanging from their ankles as Rose growled at them.

"Rose.." Teddy scolded as several laughed.

"Teddy." she replied. At the name, Tonks suddenly recalled that her fathers name was Ted, a connection she hadn't noted before.

"Let them down."

"Only I get to make fun of dad. Well, me, mum, and Uncle Harry." she declared.

Teddy rolled his eyes as he cast the counter-curse, the twins falling.

"Teach us." they begged.

"NO!" Minerva howled, causing the hall to look at her, surprised, with raised eyebrows. "Fred and George Weasley with that spell.. The school will be destroyed in a matter of hours." The hall roared in laughter as the twins pouted before grinning.

"Right," mumbled Ron.

"Harry," said the other twin, "did we introduce ourselves? Fred and George Weasley. And this is Ron, our brother. See you later, then."

"You two really wanted to make an impression." Hermione noted.

"Fine, we confess. And we forced Ron in there as an excuse to go inside." Fred confessed.

"What?" Harry and Ron demanded, surprised before looking at each other.

"Yupp. we told Ron all the other compartments where filled and the git belived us." George said.

Harry shook his head in amusment, though Rose's eyes narrowed even further. How dare they munipulate her father!

"Bye," said Harry and Ron. The twins slid the compartment door shut behind them.

"Are you really Harry Potter?" Ron blurted out.

The hall laughed at a blushing Ron.

Harry nodded.

"Oh - well, I thought it might be one of Fred and George's jokes," said Ron. "And have you really got - you knowâ '"

He pointed at Harry's forehead.

"Ronald Weasley!" Molly scolded.

"You told Fred and George, so technically-"

"Don't you get smart with me." she hissed.

"It was fine, Mrs. Weasley." Harry defended his friend. She nodded, but still eyed Ron with disapproval.

Harry pulled back his bangs to show the lightning scar. Ron stared.

"So that's where You-Know-Who -?"

"Yes," said Harry, "but I can't remember it."

"Nothing?" said Ron eagerly.

"Oi!" Ron howled as a hand collided with his skull

"Tact, Ronald, TACT. T-a-c-t. Tact." Hermione told him.

"Well - I remember a lot of green light, but nothing else."

"Wow," said Ron. He sat and stared at Harry for a few moments, then, as though he had suddenly realized what he was doing, he looked quickly out of the window again.

"Are all your family wizards?" asked Harry, who found Ron just as interesting as Ron found him.

"Really?" Ron asked, surprised.

Harry merely raised his eyebrows, at which the other turned Weasley red.

"Er - Yes, I think so," said Ron. "I think Mom's got a second cousin who's an accountant, but we never talk about him."

"So you must know loads of magic already."

The Weasleys were clearly one of those old wizarding families the pale boy in Diagon Alley had talked about.

The Weasleys, even Percy, all looked terribly insulted at the comparison. "I take it back! You guys are a hell of a lot better than the families Malfoy was talking about." Harry amended. They beamed at him as the Slytherins hissed in disapproving disgust.

"Oi!" Scorpius exclaimed.

"Oh, sorry, You alright, I guess." Harry told him.

"Yupp, for a Malfoy." Ron teased.

Scorpius forced a laugh, looking away from Ron quickly. He felt extremely guilty. He remembered, as if crystal clear, the day he's put Ron under the Imperious Curse and forced him to kidnap his own sister. Guilt rolled inside of him as he closed his eyes. Why was he here? Why had they forgiven him, after all he'd done? He was weak, pathetic! He had cracked, like an egg, did the bitches bidding. And they still forgave him after all of that.. Something he sorely felt he didn't deserve, even if he did, in the end, do the right thing.

"I heard you went to live with Muggles," said Ron. "What are they like?"

"Horrible - well, not all of them. My aunt and uncle and cousin are, though. Wish I'd had three wizard brothers."

Prongs and Lily eyed their son sadly, knowing he had grown up in a sorry excuse for a family because they were not there.

"Five," said Ron. For some reason, he was looking gloomy.

The other Weasleys looked at Ron with concern. He groaned, looking down at the table.

"I'm the sixth in our family to go to Hogwarts. You could say I've got a lot to live up to. Bill and Charlie have already left - Bill was head boy and Charlie was captain of Quidditch. Now Percy's a prefect. Fred and George mess around a lot, but they still get really good marks and everyone thinks they're really funny. Everyone expects me to do as well as the others, but if I do, it's no big deal, because they did it first.

"Ron, you are a hell of a lot better than us." Fred said seriously.

"Yeah, look at everything you've done!" George continued.

"I couldn't be prouder to have you as a brother." Charlie smiled.

"It doesn't matter what we've done, just because we did something first doesn't make you any less. Besides, from what I hear, you pulled off a lot more than I could ever manage." Billy told him.

Ron grinned at his brothers, his mood heavily lifted.

"You're already on the right path, Ron. A prefect. Now, all you need to do is stop fraternizing with that boy and your future is made." The Weasleys growled loudly as the words escaped Percy's lips.

"I feel insulted, being complimented by you, Perce. Do me a favor and shut the bloody hell up!" Ron roared.

A tear escaped Molly's eyes.. Percy eyed it, and continued viciously. "See, mother? See what you've raised? A disgusting excuse for a wizard that doesn't know his proper place!"

"Leave him alone!"

"How could you say that to your mother?"

"What the hell is wrong with you?"

"Bastard!"

The insults sent Percy's way continued with a vindicated end from all corners of the hall as Molly dug her head in her husband's shoulder. The shouting continued for a full ten minutes before Tonks could finally continue reading, at the end of which all the Weasleys were looking sour, Harry was holding Ginny, and Hermione was squeezing Ron's hand tightly in hers. The future kids were shocked. Uncle Percy, a family traitor? He was the most defensive person of their family that they knew! Now, they realized, that his spirit came from the fact that he had betrayed them once, and vowed never again.

You never get anything new, either, with five brothers. I've got Bill's old robes, Charlie's old wand,

"Isn't that dangerous?" Stephen asked.

"Eh." was Ron's response. His children snickered.

and Percy's old rat."

Harry, Ron, Hermione, Fred, George, Ginny and Remus all growled loudly at that, earning confused looks. Percy shook his head. Did they really hate his rat so much, just because it had once been his? Come to think of it, he hadn't seen Scabbers in years..

Ron reached inside his jacket and pulled out a fat gray rat, which was asleep.

"His name's Scabbers and he's useless, he hardly ever wakes up. Percy got an owl from my dad for being made a prefect, but they couldn't afford - I mean, I got Scabbers instead." Ron's ears went pink. He seemed to think he'd said too much, because he went back to staring out of the window.

Rose and Hugo shared a surprised look. They hadn't known the Weasleys had been *that* poor. In fact, in their time, they funded a welfare program that helped Wizards get back on their feet. Another of their mother's many projects.

Harry didn't think there was anything wrong with not being able to afford an owl. After all, he'd never had any money in his life until a month ago, and he told Ron so, all about having to wear Dudley's old clothes and never getting proper birthday presents. This seemed to cheer Ron up.

"Ron, that is nothing that should give you joy. I'm disappointed in you, son." Arthur said softly, but the words were like a whip coming from him.

"And until Hagrid told me, I didn't know anything about being a wizard or about my parents or Voldemort -"

Ron gasped.

"What?" said Harry.

"You said You-Know-Who's name!" said Ron,

"VOLDEMORT!" Harry and Prongs shouted in unison, grinning at each other as half the hall flinched.

"Tom.." Ginny muttered, cringing at the memory. Harry wrapped his arm around her, giving her shoulder a squeeze. They smiled at each other before he let his arm drop. Cho closed her eyes. She had accepted it, but she still didn't like seeing it. She was going to have to talk to Harry after this was all over. Keyro eyed her wearily, wondering what she was thinking, if she was going to make the easy choice or the right one.

sounding both shocked and impressed. "I'd have thought you, of all people -"

"I'm not trying to be *brave* or anything, saying the name," said Harry,

"You can never take any praise." Hermione shook her head.

"I don't deserve any-"

His response was met with incredulous stares, at which he huffed, but said nothing. The kids from the future, however, howled in laughter at the classical Harry response to praise.

"Doesn't change much, does he.." Teddy muttered, pretending to wipe a tear from his eyes. Several people snorted.

"I just never knew you shouldn't. See what I mean? I've got loads to learnâ I bet," he added, voicing for the first time something that had been worrying him a lot lately, "I bet I'm the worst in the class."

"That would be Crabbe and Goyle." Seamus snorted.

Said idiots looked around in curiosity, wondering who had called their names. Several people laughed as Malfoy shook his head at his lackeys.

"You won't be. There's loads of people who come from Muggle families and they learn quick enough."

"Cough-Hermione-cough!" Ron said.

Hermione beamed at him, and he grinned his grin back at her. Her heart thumped painfully against her chest, causing Teddy, the only one who could actually hear it, to smirk. While Remus was a full werewolf, he could only tap into his wolf side during the full moon or when enraged, so he heard nothing.

While they had been talking, the train had carried them out of London. Now they were speeding past fields full of cows and sheep. They were quiet for a time, watching the fields and lanes flick past.

Around half past twelve there was a great clattering outside in the corridor and a smiling, dimpled woman slid back their door and said, "Anything off the cart, dears?"

Harry, who hadn't had any breakfast, leapt to his feet, but Ron's ears went pink again and he muttered that he'd brought sandwiches. Harry went out into the corridor.

He had never had any money for candy with the Dursleys, and now that he had pockets rattling with gold and silver he was ready to buy as many Mars Bars as he could carry - but the woman didn't have Mars Bars. What she did have were Bettie Bott's Every Flavour Beans, Drooble's Best Blowing Gum, Chocolate Frogs, Pumpkin Pasties, Cauldron Cakes, Licorice Wands, and a number of other strange things Harry had never seen in his life. Not wanting to miss anything, he got some of everything and paid the woman eleven silver Sickles and seven bronze Knuts.

Ron stared as Harry brought it all back in to the compartment and tipped it onto an empty seat.

"Harry Potter, you better share." Lily threatened.

"What am I, Dudley?" Harry asked.

"Hey!" Dudley said as he snorted and others glared at him. Vernon narrowed his evil little eyes at them all whilst Petunia was examining one brilliantly blue lock of hair, wishing it would go away.

"Hungry, are you?"

"Starving," said Harry, taking a large bite out of a pumpkin pasty.

Ron had taken out a lumpy package and unwrapped it. There were four sandwiches inside. He pulled one of them apart and said, "She always forgets I don't like corned beef"

"Swap you for one of these," said Harry, holding up a pasty. "Go on -"

"You don't want this, it's all dry," said Ron. "She hasn't got much time," he added quickly, "you know, with five of us."

"Go on, have a pasty," said Harry, who had never had anything to share before or, indeed, anyone to share it with. It was a nice feeling, sitting there with Ron, eating their way through all Harry's pasties, cakes, and candies (the sandwiches lay forgotten).

"So that's how you two became best friends." Neville said, as several people snorted.

"Of course. Give Ron food, all you need to win him over." Ginny smirked.

"OI!" Ron growled as several people laughed.

"What are these?" Harry asked Ron, holding up a pack of Chocolate Frogs.

"Like this one!" James exclaimed, pulling out the Chocolate card with his father's face on it.

"James!" Rose hissed, ripping it from his grip.

"OI!"

"James.." Teddy said slowly. James huffed but said no more as several people looked at them curiously.

"They're not *really* frogs, are they?" He was starting to feel that nothing would surprise him.

"No," said Ron. "But see what the card is. I'm missing Agrippa."

"What?"

"Oh, of course, you wouldn't know - Chocolate Frogs have cards, inside them, you know, to collect - famous witches and wizards. I've got about five hundred, but I haven't got Agrippa or Ptolemy."

Harry unwrapped his Chocolate Frog and picked up the card. It showed a man's face. He wore half-moon glasses, had a long, crooked nose, and flowing silver hair, beard, and mustache. Underneath the picture was the name Albus Dumbledore.

"So *this* is Dumbledore!" said Harry.

"Don't tell me you'd never heard of Dumbledore!"

"Raised by evil muggle bastards that told me my parents died in a car crash, Ron." Harry said icely. Back then, he didn't care much. Now, he seemed to snap several times a day at remarks like that one.

"Sorry.." Ron muttered.

"Don't, not your fault." Harry instantly felt guilt. Ron shrugged and nodded. Few noticed much of the exchange part of 'evil muggle bastards' as they where to busy glaring at the cowering Dursleys.

said Ron. "Can I have a frog? I might get Agrippa - thanks -"

Harry turned over his card and read:

ALBUS DUMBLEDORE

CURRENTLY HEADMASTER OF HOGWARTS

Considered by many the greatest wizard of modern times, Dumbledore is particularly famous for his defeat of the dark wizard Grindelwald in 1945, for the discovery of the twelve uses of dragon's blood, and his work on alchemy with his partner, Nicolas Flamel. Professor Dumbledore enjoys chamber music and tenpin bowling.

Harry turned the card back over and saw, to his astonishment, that Dumbledore's face had disappeared.

"He's gone!"

"Do you know anything about our world, Potter?" Nott shook his head, but his tone was almost teasing. Daphne smacked him anyways.

"Hey!" he hissed, rubbing his skull as she smirked at him. Scorpius laughed. They didn't change much, did they?

"Well, you can't expect him to hang around all day," said Ron. **"He'll be back. No, I've got Morgana again and I've got about six of herâ do you want it? You can start collecting."**

Ron's eyes strayed to the pile of Chocolate Frogs waiting to be unwrapped. "Help yourself," said Harry. **"But in, you know, the Muggle world, people just stay put in photos."**

"WIERD." several people said at the same time. The Dursleys stared at them all, their eyes saying what they dared not speak; that they where the wierdos, the freaks, with their freaky moving pictures.

"Do they? What, they don't move at all?" Ron sounded amazed. **"Weird!"**

Harry stared as Dumbledore sidled back into the picture on his card and gave him a small smile. Ron was more interested in eating the frogs than looking at the Famous Witches and Wizards cards, but Harry couldn't keep his eyes off them. Soon he had not only Dumbledore and Morgana, but Hengist of Woodcroft, Alberic Grunnion, Circe, Paracelsus, and Merlin. He finally tore his eyes away from the Druidess Cliodna, who was scratching her nose, to open a bag of Bertie Bott's Every Flavour Beans.

"You want to be careful with those," Ron warned Harry. "When they say every flavor, they *mean* every flavor - you know, you get all the ordinary ones like chocolate and peppermint and marmalade, but then you can get spinach and liver and tripe. George reckons he had a booger-flavoured one once."

Ron picked up a green bean, looked at it carefully, and bit into a corner.

"Bleaaargh - see? Sprouts."

They had a good time eating the Every Flavour Beans. Harry got toast, coconut, baked bean, strawberry, curry, grass, coffee, sardine, and was even brave enough to nibble the end off a funny gray one Ron wouldn't touch, which turned out to be pepper.

The countryside now flying past the window was becoming wilder. The neat fields had gone. Now there were woods, twisting rivers, and dark green hills.

There was a kn

Chapter 8: The Sorting Hat

A/N; I've just noticed that I've been misspelling Victoire's name and writing it was Victorie the entire time... I wonder if any of you noticed at all cause I didn't :P anyways, sorry I've taken so long to update. I was in Mexico the entire weekend for my cousins Quince (we Mexicans make a big ass deal when it comes to turning fifteen haha) so i couldn't actually do anything. Sorry! Oh, and just randmly, what should I name the Grangers.. I'm terrible with names but I'll come up with something eventually that sounds decent enough. Any recomendations? Thanks.

hannibal221; The future plot is literally random inserts. Thes things write themselves, though I have a pretty good idea in my head how I'm gonna play that out when I make a fanfiction about that. As for the drama twists, I might tweak a few things and I might not. As I said, this thing writes itself.

Thanks for the reviews and adds guys :) each is appreciated.

Oh, and also, i'm going to be starting the future story. However, i'm not staring at the war. I'm starting at the very begginging, from the point where Albus firs gets on the train in his first year and moving on from there.

"The Sorting Hat"

Harry groaned lightly and his friends eyed him wearily.

"Whats wrong Harry?" Hermione asked.

He shrugged and shook his head. "The book will tell you soon enough..." he muttered.

She, Ron and Ginny continued to eye him with cocern but said nothing.

"Are you going to read or not?" Smith drawled, annoyed that teddy had seemigly paused randomly.

"Of course, I was just letting a few people finish a short lived conversation. I know your desprate to get a better look in my Godfathers head. I will deprive you no longer." Teddy replied.

Smith turned red as a few people snickered. "I am not desprate to get a look in Potter's head!"

The slight chuckles turned into full blown laughter.

The door swung open at once. A tall, black-haired witch in emerald-green robes stood there. She had a very stern face and Harry's first thought was that this was not someone to cross.

"Yet you seem to manage it every year." Minerva narrowed her eyes.

"Harry!" Lily cried as Prongs exclaimed, "Thats my boy!"

She turned her head to glare at him, causing several to laugh and a few to shake their heads at the exchange.

"Dad.. I can't belive I'm saying this, and don't let it go to your head.. but.. I'm.. I'm so proud!" James mock cired.

"Prat." Rose declared as several people laughed.

"This is what I have to put up with on a daily basis." Albus mock shuddered.

"I had to put up with all three of you for *weeks*. In three decades, I've never met another quiet as annoying as James here, and I've lived over half a century." Keyro added. Everyone from the future, except James, Albus, and Lils looked confused while others laughed and a few eyed Keyro with curious eyes since he didn't appear to be a day past twenty-five, though he could pass for younger. James pouted, causing his sibling to burst out laughing at him.

"The first years, Professor McGonagall," said Hagrid.

"Thank you, Hagrid. I will take them from here."

She pulled the door wide. The entrance hall was so big you could have fit the whole of the Dursleys' house in it. The stone walls were lit with flaming torches like the ones at Gringotts, the ceiling was too high to make out, and a magnificent marble staircase facing them led to the upper floors.

The Dursleys eyed the entire place with a slight touch of jealousy. Their entire house could be fit in here a hundred times over if you stacked them on top of each other.. Stupid wizards, how dare they have more than them, honest, working people? The outrage!

They followed Professor McGonagall across the flagged stone floor. Harry could hear the drone of hundreds of voices from a doorway to the right - the rest of the school must already be here - but Professor McGonagall showed the first years into a small, empty chamber off the hall. They crowded in, standing rather closer together than they would usually have done, peering about nervously.

"Welcome to Hogwarts," said Professor McGonagall. "The start-of-term banquet will begin shortly, but before you take your seats in the Great Hall, you will be sorted into your houses. The Sorting is a very important ceremony because, while you are here, your house will be something like your family within Hogwarts.

"Closer than family, actually. Well, blood relatives anyways." Harry beamed at the Weasleys and Hermione as Percy snared and the Dursleys gave him a filthy look. A few people growled in the Dursleys' general direction and they cowered.

You will have classes with the rest of your house, sleep in your house dormitory, and spend free time in your house common room.

"The four houses are called Gryffindor,

"GRY-FFIN-DOR!" James screamed at the top of his lungs. A few people covered their ears at the sudden outburst and many shot him annoyed glances. Snape shook his head. It seemed he had at last found his old rivals true heir.

"Do that again, James, and I swear, the next time you will be able to even speak coherent sentences will be in a few months." Votoire threatened, lifting up her wand slowly and menacingly. He shuddered under her glare.

"As I said, most annoying being I've met in three decades." Keyro declared. Several laughed as James pouted.

Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw, and Slytherin.

Past, Present, and Future: Reading the Books 1

James hissed at the mention of Slytherin before smirking at Scorpius, who just rolled his eyes.

"Sometimes I really hate admitting to people that were related, brother." Lils teased.

James let his jaw drop in mock shock. "I feel oh so loved."

"Idiot." Rose commented.

"They all simply adore you." Fred said.

"Yupp, worshipping the very ground you walk on." George continued.

"How does it feel, good fellow?" they asked together.

"It's a tough job, but someone has to do it.." James shrugged before grinning widely.

Each house has its own noble history and each has produced outstanding witches and wizards. While you are at Hogwarts, your triumphs will earn your house points, while any rulebreaking will lose house points.

"Really?" Prongs, Fred, George, Ron, Freddie and James all asked in innocent and surprised tones all at once.

"Prat." Lily, Hermione, Victoire, Lils, and Rose all said together. They binked in surprise when they realized it as the prats laughed at them.

"Creepy much?" Harry muttered.

"Very." Ginny concluded. The two looked at each other, and laughed at the others expression.

At the end of the year, the house with the most points is awarded the house cup, a great honor. I hope each of you will be a credit to whichever house becomes yours.

"The Sorting Ceremony will take place in a few minutes in front of the rest of the school. I suggest you all smarten yourselves up as much as you can while you are waiting."

Her eyes lingered for a moment on Neville's cloak, which was fastened under his left ear,

"Neville, thats not how-"

"Alice, your going to kill him through embaressment." Frank interrupted as several laughed and Neville became a deeper shade of red than a tomato.

and on Ron's smudged nose.

Ron groaned and wiped his nose of the none existent smuge.

Harry nervously tried to flatten his hair.

Prongs, Remus, James, Albus and Scorpius all laughed.

"Not gonna happen, son." Prongs told Harry, shaking his head.

Harry grumbled something under his breath that caused Teddy to chuckle lightly,

"I shall return when we are ready for you," said Professor McGonagall. "Please wait quietly."

She left the chamber. Harry swallowed.

"How exactly do they sort us into houses?" he asked Ron.

"Some sort of test, I think. Fred said it hurts a lot, but I think he was joking."

"Federick Weasley! Stop terrifying your little brother!" Molly scolded.

"Wrong twin." Harry commented.

Molly shrugged then pointed her finger at the other twin. "Federick Weasley-"

"I'm George, woman, can't you tell?"

She glared fiercely at him, unsure, glancing between him and Harry. Harry couldn't take it anymore and burst out laughing. "It's really George." he told her.

She gasped, shocked that Harry of all people had lied to her for even a fraction of a second as several people snickered.

Harry's heart gave a horrible jolt. A test? In front of the whole school? But he didn't know any magic yet -what on earth would he have to do? He hadn't expected something like this the moment they arrived.

He looked around anxiously and saw that everyone else looked terrified, too. No one was talking much except Hermione Granger, who was whispering very fast about all the spells she'd learned and wondering which one she'd need.

A few people shot Hermione incredulous looks. She blushed.

Harry tried hard not to listen to her. He'd never been more nervous, never, not even when he'd had to take a school report home to the Dursleys saying that he'd somehow turned his teacher's wig blue.

"You managed that as a child, yet you couldn't for the life of you pull it off in class?" Hermione growled.

"Accidental magic!" Harry pleaded as she mock glared at him.

Vernon muttered something about unnatural freaks under his breath that resulted in Teddy growling at him. "If you know what's good for you, you will shut your mouth."

"You heard that!" Vernon's small pig-like eyes became strangely normal looking as they widened.

"I hear everything. Almost everything anyways. Stupid hyper hearing, you know." Teddy replied.

A few people looked at him in slight shock, wondering what he meant by that.

"Teddy just likes knowing everything. That's why he learned to read minds, so he can annoy us more and have yet another means to invade our privacy." James said. All the future kids laughed at that, except Scorpius, who had a smug expression on his face, remembering how easily he blocked Teddy's Legilimency when he tried it on him.

Teddy mock glared at his brother, who laughed harder.

He kept his eyes fixed on the door. Any second now, Professor McGonagall would come back and lead him to his doom.

A few people laughed at Harry.

"A bit melodramatic, Harry?" Seamus asked.

"Mhmm.." Harry muttered, not paying attention, fixing his gaze on the far wall. Everyone looked at him in wonder except Albus who knew what it was probably about. Fudge and Umbridge traded looks. Perhaps here, now, they would get their precious dirt?

Ginny grabbed Harry's hand and gave it a slight squeeze, pulling him out of his own little world as he smiled at her. Cho cringed. Jealousy raged in her again, indecision plaguing her mind once more.

Then something happened that made him jump about a foot in the air - several people behind him screamed.

"What the -?"

He gasped. So did the people around him. About twenty ghosts had just streamed through the back wall. Pearly-white and slightly transparent, they glided across the room talking to one another and hardly glancing at the first years. They seemed to be arguing.

What looked like a fat little monk was saying: "Forgive and forget, I say, we ought to give him a second chance -"

"They were still arguing about that way back then?" James asked, surprised.

The people from the past laughed. "They were arguing about it out first year too." Frank told them.

A few people laughed and others looked shocked at the fact that they could keep it up for so long.

"They've been having this particular argument for well over a century. I would know." Dumbledore chuckled. Shock followed the statement, before a few laughs broke the tension and several others joined. It was simply ridiculous.

"My dear Friar, haven't we given Peeves all the chances he deserves? He gives us all a bad name and you know, he's not really even a ghost - I say, what are you all doing here?"

Several chuckled at that. It seemed eternal existence came with a very simple price; complete lack of memory.

A ghost wearing a ruff and tights had suddenly noticed the first years.

Nobody answered.

"New students!" said the Fat Friar, smiling around at them. "About to be Sorted, I suppose?"

A few people nodded mutely.

"Hope to see you in Hufflepuff!" said the Friar. "My old house, you know."

The Hufflepuffs cheered.

"Can you bring the ghosts here?" Ernie asked, curious.

"No. They forfeited all ability to enter this place when they became what they are." Keyro replied.

"Wait.. Were are we then?" Susan asked. A few murmurs passed through the crowd as they started talking amongst themselves.

"Hmm.. I guess this place really has no name. For lack of a better word, the in-between, existence between life and death. This place is eternal, timeless. It is.. Difficult to describe with words." Keyro said.

"So your saying were in between life and death?" Albus asked.

"No. This is a boundery of sorts, where both can coexist. But the ghosts gave up the right to cross over long ago, and hence, cannot enter. Do you all understand?"

A few people shrugged and nodded, though half the hall seemed to still be confused, minus the Ravenclaws, who understood almost instantaneously.

"Move along now," said a sharp voice. "The Sorting Ceremony's about to start."

Professor McGonagall had returned. One by one, the ghosts floated away through the opposite wall.

"Now, form a line," Professor McGonagall told the first years, "and follow me."

Feeling oddly as though his legs had turned to lead, Harry got into line behind a boy with sandy hair,

"Whoot!" Seamus cried.

Hugo snickered, remembering the time his mother had put him in a full body bind along with Dean when they wouldn't leave her alone when she was having marital problems with dad. She left them up like statues the entire day, and when dad got home, he ended up in a laughing fit at the sight and they made up.

with Ron behind him, and they walked out of the chamber, back across the hall, and through a pair of double doors into the Great Hall.

Harry had never even imagined such a strange and splendid place.

"Splendid.." Petunia scoffed to low for anyone but Teddy to hear.

It was lit by thousands and thousands of candles that were floating in midair over four long tables, where the rest of the students were sitting. These tables were laid with glittering golden plates and goblets. At the top of the hall was another long table where the teachers were sitting. Professor McGonagall led the first years up here, so that they came to a halt in a line facing the other students,

with the teachers behind them. The hundreds of faces staring at them looked like pale lanterns in the flickering candlelight. Dotted here and there among the students, the ghosts shone misty silver. Mainly to avoid all the staring eyes, Harry looked upward and saw a velvety black ceiling dotted with stars. He heard Hermione whisper, "Its bewitched to look like the sky outside. I read about it in *Hogwarts, A History*."

"What book haven't you read?" Prongs laughed.

Hermione blushed.

"I love that book!" Rose and Hugo declared, defending their mother.

"Ronnykins,"

"Your children like Hogwarts, a History,"

"They've been corrupted beyond control,"

"Were so so sorry." The twins declared as Rose glared at them and the future kids laughed.

It was hard to believe there was a ceiling there at all, and that the Great Hall didn't simply open on to the heavens.

Harry quickly looked down again as Professor McGonagall silently placed a four-legged stool in front of the first years. On top of the stool she put a pointed wizard's hat. This hat was patched and frayed and extremely dirty. Aunt Petunia wouldn't have let it in the house.

Maybe they had to try and get a rabbit out of it, Harry thought wildly, that seemed the sort of thing

"Are you serious Potter?" Zabini asked.

"Muggle thing." Harry replied.

"I thought that to!" Hermione confessed, then blushed when people shot her incredulous looks.

"I understand Harry not knowing, he's has no excuse for actual brains,"

"OI!" Harry screamed.

"Ronald Weasley!" Molly screeched.

"but you?," Ron ignored them, "And here I was thinking you knew everything." he smirked. She smacked him playfully as a few people chuckled.

- noticing that everyone in the hall was now staring at the hat, he stared at it, too. For a few seconds, there was complete silence. Then the hat twitched. A rip near the brim opened wide like a mouth - and the hat began to sing:

"Oh, you may not think I'm pretty,

But don't judge on what you see,

I'll eat myself if you can find

A smarter hat than me.

"James, we need to find a smarter hat than him." Freddie declared.

"That we must, dear cousin. And a hat we will find. I wonder if he'll still eat himself.." James said.

"Idiots, of course it wont." Rose laughed.

"Ah, but you don't know that, dear Rosie." Freddie told her.

"Yes, maybe its tired of giving us messages of doom and that we have to unite." James continued.

"What?" a few people yelled. The adults exchanged worried glances.

Rose rolled her eyes. "Please, I doubt there'll be anymore. Its not like we still have active dark wizards roaming the country."

"True, but the cost..." Dom said sadly, refusing to meet anyone in the eyes. A pained expression crossed James' eyes before he got up and brought his cousin into an embrace. Or sister in law, since Teddy and Victoire just tied the knot. But then again, he and Teddy where not technicaly brothers. "Thanks.." she muttered as he let go. James nodded and went back tohis seat. Teddy had a sad look in his eyes as he continued to read.

You can keep your bowlers black,

Your top hats sleek and tall,

For I'm the Hogwarts Sorting Hat

And I can cap them all.

There's nothing hidden in your head

The Sorting Hat can't see,

So try me on and I will tell you

Where you ought to be.

You might belong in Gryffindor,

Where dwell the brave at heart,

Their daring, nerve, and chivalry

Set Gryffindors apart;

"WHOOT!" Freddie and the twins called, determined to break the tension. It worked as a few people laughed and others rolled their eyes.

Past, Present, and Future: Reading the Books 1

"We are the best house! No offense to the rest of you, of course, just stating a well known fact that Gryffindors are awesome!" James said smugly, trying to follow his friends footsteps.

"Your in it, that nullifies all its good qualities." Scorpius smirked.

The future kids snickered as James glared.

You might belong in Hufflepuff,

Where they are just and loyal,

Those patient Hufflepuffs are true

And unafraid of toil;

"Undeniably the best house out there!" Tonks cheered. The Hufflepuffs cheered in approval as a few people laughed and the Slytherins sneered.

"Wrong, because you where in it, Nymphy." Charlie smirked.

"Don't call me Nymphy!" Tonks shrieked.

Charlie laughed at her annoyed expression, causing her to huff at him and several to laugh.

Or yet in wise old Ravenclaw,

if you've a ready mind,

Where those of wit and learning,

Will always find their kind;

"We're best by far." Terry declared.

"Yupp, smarter than the rest of you." Anthony continued.

"And therefore, number one." Stephen concluded.

Several people rolled their eyes at them.

Or perhaps in Slytherin

You'll make your real friends,

Those cunning folk use any means

To achieve their ends.

"Awe, come on, we are not that bad!" Scorpius yelled.

"They aren't, just you." Rose teased. He pouted at her.

Teddy put the book down. "Back then, for the most part, it was true. Besides, when have you ever let any actual obstacle stand in your way without finding your way around it and achieving whatever your determined to do?"

Scorpius thought for a second then nodded. "True.." he conceded.

So put me on! Don't be afraid!

And don't get in a flap!

You're in safe hands (though I have none)

For I'm a Thinking Cap!"

The whole hall burst into applause as the hat finished its song. It bowed to each of the four tables and then became quite still again.

"So we've just got to try on the hat!" Ron whispered to Harry. "I'll kill Fred, he was going on about wrestling a troll."

Harry and Hermione stared at Ron in utter shock.

"Ron, do you have eer blood in you?" Harry asked. A few people looked surprised at that. Ron, however, looked insulted.

"No way, I'm not some fraud like Treleway." he said. Paravati and Lavender glared at him as several people laughed, including Minerva, though she covered it up as a cough.

"Wait.. Seer blood.. Does that mean.. Ronald Bilius Weasley, what did you do!" Molly hollered.

"Saved an innocent girl from being crushed to death by a twelve foot mountain troll." Ron said rapidly, scared.

Several jaws dropped and Molly was so shocked to continue. Teddy took chance and continued reading.

Harry smiled weakly. Yes, trying on the hat was a lot better than having to do a spell, but he did wish they could have tried it on without everyone watching.

The hat seemed to be asking rather a lot; Harry didn't feel brave or quick-witted or any of it at the moment.

If only the hat had mentioned a house for people who felt a bit queasy, that would have been the one for him.

"Then we would all have ended up in that house." Lily told her son.

"Not me." Prongs declared proudly.

"Because you, James Potter, were an arrogant prat." Lily told her husband.

He huffed as several people laughed.

Professor McGonagall now stepped forward holding a long roll of parchment.

"When I call your name, you will put on the hat and sit on the stool to be sorted," she said. "Abbott, Hannah!"

"Hufflepuff!" James cheered.

"How do you know?" Harry asked. Hannah looked surprised. How did James know?

James shrugged and grinned, not answering the question.

"Are you going to do that with all the names?" Victoire asked.

"The ones I know." he answered.

"Ah. Okay then.. *Silencio!*" she jabbed her wand at him.

James gasped, his hand clutching at his throat, no sound escaping. His siblings laughed loudly at him as Victoire smirked. James pouted at them all.

A pink-faced girl with blonde pigtails stumbled out of line, put on the hat, which fell right down over her eyes, and sat down. A moments pause -

"HUFFLEPUFF!" shouted the hat.

The table on the right cheered and clapped as Hannah went to sit down at the Hufflepuff table. Harry saw the ghost of the Fat Friar waving merrily at her.

"Bones, Susan!"

"Hufflepuff!" Freddie cheered. Victoire glared at him.

"Do I need to silence you to?"

"No, mam, no need at all." Freddie responded with an American Southern accent. She glared as he smirked.

"HUFFLEPUFF!" shouted the hat again, and Susan scuttled off to sit next to Hannah.

"Boot, Terry!"

"RAVENCLAW!"

The table second from the left clapped this time; several Ravenclaws stood up to shake hands with Terry as he joined them.

"Brocklehurst, Mandy" went to Ravenclaw too, but "Brown, Lavender" became the first new Gryffindor,

"Who!" Freddie and Albus cheered. Victoire laughed lightly as Teddy chuckled. James continued to pout, annoyed that he was silenced.

and the table on the far left exploded with cheers; Harry could see Ron's twin brothers catcalling.

"Bulstrode, Millicent" then became a Slytherin. Perhaps it was Harry's imagination, after all he'd heard about Slytherin, but he thought they looked like an unpleasant lot.

"OI!" Scorpius huffed.

"Your alright." Harry smiled at him.

"Thanks." Scorpius smirked.

He was starting to feel definitely sick now. He remembered being picked for teams during gym at his old school. He had always been last to be chosen, not because he was no good, but because no one wanted Dudley to think they liked him.

The hall growled as several pairs of eyes shot to Dudley, who cowered.

"I'm sorry.." he mumbled. His parents and Harry shot him surprised looks, astonished.

"What?" Harry asked, still shocked.

"I said I'm.. I'm sorry.." he mumbled, looking away.

Amazed, Harry nodded. "Its in the past, doesn't matter, don't worry about it."

Dudley simply nodded, still staring at the table.

"Finch-Fletchley, Justin!"

A few of the future kids had sad looks in their eyes at the mention of Justin, though no one noticed. Aunt Hannah had been really close to him, they'd been best freinds. When he died durring the final battle.. It hurt her. Alot. She and Neville even named their some after Justin in his memory.

"HUFFLEPUFF!"

Sometimes, Harry noticed, the hat shouted out the house at once, but at others it took a little while to decide. "Finnigan, Seamus," the sandy-haired boy next to Harry in the line, sat on the stool for almost a whole minute before the hat declared him a Gryffindor.

"Granger, Hermione!"

Hermione almost ran to the stool and jammed the hat eagerly on her head.

"GRYFFINDOR!" shouted the hat. Ron groaned.

Hermione glared at a cowering Ron. Ginny's eyes shot up to Harry, surprised he hadn't laughed, and found him staring intently at the table.

"Harry, whats wrong?" she whispered in his ear. It made a strange shiver pass through his body as he turned to her.

"It's nothing, I'm blowing it out of proportions." he shrugged. She nodded, but was unconvinced.

A horrible thought struck Harry, as horrible thoughts always do when you're very nervous. What if he wasn't chosen at all?

"PESSEMIST." Ron accused.

"Dursleys." Harry shot back with venom.

The hall glared at the Dursleys, who looked terrified.

What if he just sat there with the hat over his eyes for ages, until Professor McGonagall jerked it off his head and said there had obviously been a mistake and he'd better get back on the train?

When Neville Longbottom, the boy who kept losing his toad, was called, he fell over on his way to the stool.

"Be careful, honey." Alice told him over the laughs.

Neville blushed. "Mum..." he moaned.

Frank laughed loudly and Alice glared at him.

The hat took a long time to decide with Neville.

When it finally shouted, "GRYFFINDOR," Neville ran off still wearing it, and had to jog back amid gales of laughter to give it to "MacDougal, Morag."

More laughter filled the hall and Neville even grinned at them, joining in.

Malfoy swaggered forward when his name was called and got his wish at once: the hat had barely touched his head when it screamed, "SLYTHERIN!"

"Huh, it took longer to decide with you." Albus noted.

"It was debating between Slytherin and Gryffindor. It even considered Hufflepuff for a few seconds." Scorpius replied.

Several jaws dropped, surprised. Astoria considered for a second, remembering how she had done the same thing with her, but refrained from commenting.

"How the hell are you my son?" Malfoy demanded.

"Draco!" Narcissa scolded as Astoria smacked him.

"You know, I like your dad a lot better in the future.." Albus said. This brought even more surprised looks.

"Yupp, he's a lot nicer and not a complete prat." Rose agreed.

Scorpius laughed. "So true.." he muttered without any humor in his voice. Though he would never admit it, hearing the words 'how the hell are you my son' had hurt more than he cared to confess.

Malfoy went to join his friends Crabbe and Goyle, looking pleased with himself.

There weren't many people left now. "Moon" , "Nott" , "Parkinson" , then a pair of twin girls, "Patil" and "Patil" , then "Perks, Sally-Anne" , and then, at last -

"Potter, Harry!"

"Dad!" James, Albus, and Lils cheered.

"Wait.. How did you get out of the silencing charm!" Victoire demanded.

James laughed. "I hae my ways..." he said mysteriously.

"Dad thought me and I thought him." Freddie smirked.

Victoire narrowed her eyes at the two of them as they laughed.

As Harry stepped forward, whispers suddenly broke out like little hissing fires all over the hall.

"Potter, did she say?"

"The Harry Potter?"

And so it begins, Harry thought.

The last thing Harry saw before the hat dropped over his eyes was the hall full of people craning to get a good look at him. Next second he was looking at the black inside of the hat. He waited.

"Hmm," said a small voice in his ear. "Difficult. Very difficult.

"Huh?" Prongs asked, confused.

A few people looked at Harry, surprised. He was the best example of a Gryffindor that they knew. A completely reckless noble prat.

Plenty of courage, I see. Not a bad mind either. There's talent, A my goodness, yes - and a nice thirst to prove yourself, now that's interesting! So where shall I put you?"

"You could have been in any of the houses" Lily beamed.

Harry grinned. "Yupp, but.. well, you'll see." more confused looks.

Harry gripped the edges of the stool and thought, *Not Slytherin, not Slytherin.*

"Not Slytherin, eh?" said the small voice. "Are you sure? You could be great, you know, it's all here in your head, and Slytherin will help you on the way to greatness, no doubt about that - no?"

"You where almost in Slytherin!" Ron gasped.

Harry looked down as Fudge, Umbridge, and Percy looked like they had just won a million Galleons each. Snape looked beyond shocked. Potter had almost been in his house. The son of James freaking Potter had

almost been placed in his house. What was the world coming to?

"Leave dad alone!" Albus roared as he stood defiantly. "So what if he was almost a Slytherin, so what! So was I! It doesn't matter what house you're in, it doesn't really define you! Dad is dad, end of story. So what if he has annoying determination and can be pretty damn sneaky when he wants to be? Just leave him the hell alone." He sat back down, and the hall just looked around at each other, not knowing what to say.

Then, to Fudge, Umbridge, and Percy's horror, the hall burst into apologies.

Harry shrugged and waved them off. "It's alright, nothing to be sorry about."

Prongs was still staring at Harry with his jaw dropped, shocked. Lily elbowed him before Harry could notice, and he composed his expression.

Well, if you're sure - better be GRYFFINDOR!"

Harry heard the hat shout the last word to the whole hall. He took off the hat and walked shakily toward the Gryffindor table. He was so relieved to have been chosen and not put in Slytherin, he hardly noticed that he was getting the loudest cheer yet. Percy the Prefect got up and shook his hand vigorously, while the Weasley twins yelled, "We got Potter! We got Potter!"

The twins cheered.

Harry sat down opposite the ghost in the ruff he'd seen earlier. The ghost patted his arm, giving Harry the sudden, horrible feeling he'd just plunged it into a bucket of ice-cold water.

He could see the High Table properly now. At the end nearest him sat Hagrid, who caught his eye and gave him the thumbs up. Harry grinned back. And there, in the center of the High Table, in a large gold chair, sat Albus Dumbledore. Harry recognized him at once from the card he'd gotten out of the Chocolate Frog on the train. Dumbledore's silver hair was the only thing in the whole hall that shone as brightly as the ghosts. Harry spotted Professor Quirrell, too, the nervous young man from the Leaky Cauldron. He was looking very peculiar in a large purple turban.

Harry hissed at the mention of Quirrell. Ginny and Teddy shot him confused looks.

And now there were only three people left to be sorted. "Thomas, Dean," a Black boy even taller than Ron, joined Harry at the Gryffindor table.

"Turpin, Lisa," became a Ravenclaw and then it was Ron's turn. He was pale green by now.

Harry crossed his fingers under the table and a second later the hat had shouted, "GRYFFINDOR!"

"Were so proud, Ronnykins!" Fred and George cheered, pretending to wipe away tears. They were determined, as usual, to break the tension.

Harry clapped loudly with the rest as Ron collapsed into the chair next to him.

"Well done, Ron, excellent," said Percy Weasley pompously across Harry as "Zabini, Blaise," was made a Slytherin. Professor McGonagall rolled up her scroll and took the Sorting Hat away.

Harry looked down at his empty gold plate. He had only just realized how hungry he was. The pumpkin pasties seemed ages ago.

Albus Dumbledore had gotten to his feet. He was beaming at the students, his arms opened wide, as if nothing could have pleased him more than to see them all there.

"Welcome," he said. "Welcome to a new year at Hogwarts! Before we begin our banquet, I would like to say a few words. And here they are: Nitwit! Blubber! Oddment! Tweak!"

A few people laughed and others shook their heads in amusement. Dumbledore chuckled at them all.

"Thank you!"

He sat back down. Everybody clapped and cheered. Harry didn't know whether to laugh or not.

"Is he - a bit mad?" he asked Percy uncertainly.

"Mad?" said Percy airily. "He's a genius! Best wizard in the world! But he is a bit mad, yes. Potatoes, Harry?"

"I take that statement back, Albus Dumbledore is a complete madman, utterly insane." Percy said with a pompous air about him.

Several people glared at him as Fudge and Umbridge beamed. Beside them, Amelia rolled her eyes.

Harry's mouth fell open.

The dishes in front of him were now piled with food. He had never seen so many things he liked to eat on one table: roast beef, roast chicken, pork chops and lamb chops, sausages, bacon and steak, boiled potatoes, roast potatoes, fries, Yorkshire pudding, peas, carrots, gravy, ketchup, and, for some strange reason, peppermint humbugs.

The Dursleys had never exactly starved Harry, but he'd never been allowed to eat as much as he liked.

"Harry, what exactly is your definition of starvation?" Ron asked.

"Umm.." Harry muttered.

Teddy's eyes narrowed as he turned his gaze and fixed his eyes on Vernon. The beefy man met the gaze with his piggy little eyes, giving Teddy access to his sorry excuse for a mind. He roared as he stood, taking many by surprise as he took out his wand and pointed it at Vernon's heart.

"YOU BASTARD!" he hollered. The hall jumped at the anger. Victoire stood and put an arm around him, calming him significantly but not enough. "You starved my father for days, you stupid fat piece of shit! You sorry excuse for a man, how dare you, you disgusting-"

"Teddy, please, calm down.." Victoire pleaded.

His eyes met hers, a pained expression on his face before he nodded, lowering his wand. She kissed him quickly before pushing down on his shoulder. The two sat back down as the hall looked at Teddy with fearful expressions, none more than Vernon, whose underwear was now covered in a soggy brown material.

Dudley had always taken anything that Harry really wanted, even if it made him sick. Harry piled his plate with a bit of everything except the peppermints and began to eat. It was all delicious.

"That does look good," said the ghost in the ruff sadly, watching Harry cut up his steak.

"Can't you -?"

"I haven't eaten for nearly five hundred years," said the ghost. "I don't need to, of course, but one does miss it. I don't think I've introduced myself? Sir Nicholas de Mimsy-Porpington at your service. Resident ghost of Gryffindor Tower."

"I know who you are!" said Ron suddenly. "My brothers told me about you - you're Nearly Headless Nick!"

"I would *prefer* you to call me Sir Nicholas de Mimsy -" the ghost began stiffly, but sandy-haired Seamus Finnigan interrupted.

"*Nearly* Headless? How can you be *nearly* headless?"

"Oh no, I hate it when he does that..." Lily said.

"Sorry, Mrs. Potter." Seamus said unashamed.

Sir Nicholas looked extremely miffed, as if their little chat wasn't going at all the way he wanted.

"Like *this*," he said irritably. He seized his left ear and pulled. His whole head swung off his neck and fell onto his shoulder as if it was on a hinge. Someone had obviously tried to behead him, but not done it properly. Looking pleased at the stunned looks on their faces,

Lily shuddered at the description. Prongs tried to hold in his laugh, and ended sounding like he was choking. "Prat!" Lily huffed as she smacked his arm playfully. At that, he burst out laughing, along with Remus and Snuffles, who barked loudly, wagging his tail in excitement.

Nearly Headless Nick flipped his head back onto his neck, coughed, and said, "So - new Gryffindors! I hope you're going to help us win the house championship this year? Gryffindors have never gone so long without winning. Slytherins have got the cup six years in a row! The Bloody Baron's becoming almost unbearable - he's the Slytherin ghost."

Harry looked over at the Slytherin table and saw a horrible ghost sitting there, with blank staring eyes, a gaunt face, and robes stained with silver blood.

"How did he get like that?" Frank wondered.

"Trust me, you do not wanna know.." Albus shuddered.

"You found out?" Harry asked.

"No.. You did.. And I was stupid enough to go looking through your Pensive.." Albus said darkly.

"That's what you get for sticking your nose where it doesn't belong." Rose told him.

"Didn't mum catch you in her Pensieve once, Rose?" Hugo asked, smirking.

She shook violently. That was not a memory she wanted to recall, her mother, on the floor, being tortured.. With all the confusion going on, with the past coming back to strike at them, Uncle Harry and her mother decided to look through old memories to try and piece together the puzzle. Rose had had the misfortune of falling into the worst of them all..

A few people eyed the pair wearily. Teddy decided to keep reading, to spare them awkward questions.

He was right next to Malfoy who, Harry was pleased to see, didn't look too pleased with the seating arrangements.

Malfoy huffed, though Harry was to be shaken to laugh at the expression on his face.

"How did he get covered in blood?" asked Seamus with great interest.

"I've never asked," said Nearly Headless Nick delicately.

When everyone had eaten as much as they could, the remains of the food faded from the plates, leaving them sparkling clean as before. A moment later the desserts appeared. Blocks of ice cream in every flavor you could think of, apple pies, treacle tarts, chocolate eclairs and jam doughnuts, trifle, strawberries, Jell-O, rice pudding.

As Harry helped himself to a treacle tart, the talk turned to their families.

"I'm half-and-half," said Seamus. "My dad's a Muggle. Mom didn't tell him she was a witch 'til after they were married. Bit of a nasty shock for him."

Snape shook his head. Stupid woman..

"She shouldn't of done that." Lily said.

"Nothing bad happened." Seamus shrugged.

"I had a friend once who was abused by his father because his mother did the same thing. You have no idea how lucky you are."

Seamus gulped. He had never thought of it that way..

The others laughed.

Snape and Lily shook their heads darkly at that. Prongs shot Snape a concerned look, wondering if he was the mysterious friend.

"What about you, Neville?" said Ron.

"Well, my gran brought me up and she's a witch," said Neville, "but the family thought I was all-Muggle for ages.

"What.." Alice huffed.

"Mum, it was nothing." Neville told her. She simply nodded, but her eyes narrowed.

My Great Uncle Algie kept trying to catch me off my guard and force some magic out of me - he pushed me off the end of Blackpool pier once, I nearly drowned -

"WHAT THE HELL! FRANK!" Alice shrieked.

All the people from the past looked at her, shocked.

"Alice... I've knoww you for almost a decade and I've never heard you swear.." Lily muttered.

"No one touches my baby. NO ONE!" she roared.

"Dear," Frank put his arm around her, but she through it of.

"We are having a talk with Agusta after this, Frank. I cannot belive the nerve of that woman.." she growled. He sighed and nodded, though not surprised by his mothers additude. She was a proud woman.

but nothing happened until I was eight. Great Uncle Algie came round for dinner, and he was hanging me out of an upstairs window by the ankles when my Great Auntie Enid offered him a meringue and he accidentally let go. But I bounced - all the way down the garden and into the road. They were all really pleased, Gran was crying, she was so happy.

Alice hhisssed and started muttering things under her breath. There was not a person in the room that was not glad they where not Agusta Longbottom at the moment.

And you should have seen their faces when I got in here - they thought I might not be magic enough to come, you see. Great Uncle Algie was so pleased he bought me my toad."

On Harry's other side, Percy Weasley and Hermione were talking about lessons

("I *do* hope they start right away, there's so much to learn, I'm particularly interested in Transfiguration, you know, turning something into something else, of course, it's supposed to be very difficult -"; "You'll be starting small, just matches into needles and that sort of thing - ").

Harry, who was starting to feel warm and sleepy, looked up at the High Table again. Hagrid was drinking deeply from his goblet. Professor McGonagall was talking to Professor Dumbledore. Professor Quirrell, in his absurd turban, was talking to a teacher with greasy black hair, a hooked nose, and sallow skin.

It happened very suddenly. The hook-nosed teacher looked past Quirrell's turban straight into Harry's eyes - and a sharp, hot pain shot across the scar on Harry's forehead.

"What?" several asked, but Prongs narrowed his eyes as he shot a glare at Snape, who sneered back.

"It'll explain.. Eventually." Harry shrugged.

"Ouch!" Harry clapped a hand to his head.

"What is it?" asked Percy.

"N-nothing."

"Filthy little liar." Umbridge smiled triumphantly. Fudge grinned widely.

"Oh yes, one little lie, Harry's such a terrible person." Hermione said sarcastically.

"Detention, Mrs Gran-"

Umbridge failed to finish, finding herself smashed against the wall, an invisible force holding her up.

"Now, you listen here, bitch." Keyro growled. "Threaten *children* again, and I will personally make sure that your head is full of nightmares of me for years to come. Understood!"

The toad nodded vigorously as he set her down with his mind. Keyro sat back down, though he continued to glare viciously at Umbridge.

The pain had gone as quickly as it had come. Harder to shake off was the feeling Harry had gotten from the teacher's look - a feeling that he didn't like Harry at all.

"Who's that teacher talking to Professor Quirrell?" he asked Percy.

"Oh, you know Quirrell already, do you? No wonder he's looking so nervous, that's Professor Snape. He teaches Potions, but he doesn't want to - everyone knows he's after Quirrell's job. Knows an awful lot about the Dark Arts, Snape."

"Yeah, I wonder why." Prongs said sarcastically.

"James!" Lily scolded.

"What! He knew more curses his first day than half the graduating class!" Prongs defended himself. Several people shot Snape incredulous looks, which he pointedly ignored.

Harry watched Snape for a while, but Snape didn't look at him again.

At last, the desserts too disappeared, and Professor Dumbledore got to his feet again. The hall fell silent.

"Ahem - just a few more words now that we are all fed and watered. I have a few start-of-term notices to give you.

"First years should note that the forest on the grounds is forbidden to all pupils. And a few of our older students would do well to remember that as well."

Dumbledore's twinkling eyes flashed in the direction of the Weasley twins.

Fred and George snickered before cowering under their mothers gaze.

"I have also been asked by Mr. Filch, the caretaker, to remind you all that no magic should be used between classes in the corridors.

"Quidditch trials will be held in the second week of the term. Anyone interested in playing for their house teams should contact Madam Hooch.

"And finally, I must tell you that this year, the third-floor corridor on the right-hand side is out of bounds to everyone who does not wish to die a very painful death."

"What, why?" Dennis asked, confused.

"Oh, nothing. There was just a very fluffy problem down there." Harry replied. Ron and Hermione burst out laughing as the rest of the hall looked confused.

"Harry, did you go down there.." Lily said slowly.

"Umm..."

"Harry James Potter!" she growled. Prongs was torn between being proud at his rule defying son or being concerned for his safety. The parental instincts won and he glared at his son, who became sad at disappointing his parents.

Harry laughed, but he was one of the few who did.

"He's not serious?" he muttered to Percy.

"Must be," said Percy, frowning at Dumbledore. "It's odd, because he usually gives us a reason why we're not allowed to go somewhere - the forest's full of dangerous beasts, everyone knows that. I do think he might have told us prefects, at least."

"Oh wow, the boy is a prefect, of course we have to tell him everything. Conceded prat." Fred growled, the usual tone of amusement replaced by raw anger.

Percy glared at him but said nothing.

"And now, before we go to bed, let us sing the school song!" cried Dumbledore. Harry noticed that the other teachers' smiles had become rather fixed.

Dumbledore shook his head in amusement as the teachers groaned.

Dumbledore gave his wand a little flick, as if he was trying to get a fly off the end, and a long golden ribbon flew out of it, which rose high above the tables and twisted itself, snakelike, into words.

"Everyone pick their favorite tune," said Dumbledore, "and off we go!"

And the school bellowed:

"Hogwarts, Hogwarts, Hoggy Warty Hogwarts,

Teach us something please,

Whether we be old and bald

Or young with scabby knees,

Our heads could do with filling

With some interesting stuff,

For now they're bare and full of air,

Dead flies and bits of fluff,

So teach us things worth knowing,

Bring back what we've forgot,

just do your best, we'll do the rest,

And learn until our brains all rot."

Though Teddy had finished, several people were still singing to their hearts content, ending with Victoire threatening to silence James again when he refused to shut up.

Everybody finished the song at different times. At last, only the Weasley twins were left singing along to a very slow funeral march. Dumbledore conducted their last few lines with his wand and when they had finished, he was one of those who clapped loudest.

"Ah, music," he said, wiping his eyes. "A magic beyond all we do here! And now, bedtime. Off you trot!"

"What are we, farm animals?" James smirked.

Dumbledore nearly smiled as several people laughed.

The Gryffindor first years followed Percy through the chattering crowds, out of the Great Hall, and up the marble staircase. Harry's legs were like lead again, but only because he was so tired and full of food. He was too sleepy even to be surprised that the people in the portraits along the corridors whispered and pointed as they passed, or that twice Percy led them through doorways hidden behind sliding panels and hanging tapestries.

They climbed more staircases, yawning and dragging their feet, and Harry was just wondering how much farther they had to go when they came to a sudden halt.

A bundle of walking sticks was floating in midair ahead of them, and as Percy took a step toward them they started throwing themselves at him.

"Peeves," Percy whispered to the first years. "A poltergeist." He raised his voice, "Peeves - show yourself."

A loud, rude sound, like the air being let out of a balloon, answered.

"Do you want me to go to the Bloody Baron?"

"Stupid Prefect, pulled the baron card out much too soon." Prongs commented.

"James!" Lily hissed.

Remus laughed at the two of them, shaking his head. They never changed., did they?

There was a pop, and a little man with wicked, dark eyes and a wide mouth appeared, floating cross-legged in the air, clutching the walking sticks.

"Oooooooh!" he said, with an evil cackle. "Ickle Firsties! What fun!"

He swooped suddenly at them. They all ducked.

"Go away, Peeves, or the Baron'll hear about this, I mean it!" barked Percy.

Peeves stuck out his tongue and vanished, dropping the walking sticks on Neville's head. They heard him zooming away, rattling coats of armor as he passed.

"You want to watch out for Peeves," said Percy, as they set off again. "The Bloody Baron's the only one who can control him, he won't even listen to us prefects. Here we are."

"Perfect little prefect." George hissed.

"George, please." Arthur told him.

George looked annoyed, but he nodded.

At the very end of the corridor hung a portrait of a very fat woman in a pink silk dress.

"Password?" she said.

"Caput Draconis," said Percy, and the portrait swung forward to reveal a round hole in the wall. They all scrambled through it - Neville needed a leg up - and found themselves in the Gryffindor common room, a cozy, round room full of squashy armchairs.

Percy directed the girls through one door to their dormitory and the boys through another. At the top of a spiral staircase - they were obviously in one of the towers - they found their beds at last: five four-posters hung with deep red, velvet curtains. Their trunks had already been brought up. Too tired to talk much, they pulled on their pajamas and fell into bed.

"Great food, isn't it?" Ron muttered to Harry through the hangings. "Get *off*, Scabbers! He's chewing my sheets."

Ron shivered involuntarily at that.

Harry was going to ask Ron if he'd had any of the treacle tart, but he fell asleep almost at once.

Perhaps Harry had eaten a bit too much, because he had a very strange dream. He was wearing Professor Quirrell's turban, which kept talking to him, telling him he must transfer to Slytherin at once, because it was his destiny. Harry told the turban he didn't want to be in Slytherin; it got heavier and heavier; he tried to pull it off but it tightened painfully - and there was Malfoy, laughing at him as he struggled with it - then Malfoy turned into the hook-nosed teacher, Snape, whose laugh became high and cold - there was a burst of green light and Harry woke, sweating and shaking.

"You have strange dreams mate." Dean laughed.

"Harry, do you have seer blood in you?" Ron asked casually.

Harry shot a look at Treleway before turning back to Ron. "Hell no." Ron and Hermione laughed as the others looked confused.

He rolled over and fell asleep again, and when he woke next day, he didn't remember the dream at all.

"That's it. Who's- ah. Professor Snape, I think you should read the next chapter." Teddy turned to Snape.

"And why, exactly, should I do that?" Snape asked slowly as if speaking to an idiot.

"Because, it's called 'The Potions Master'." Teddy answered as he levitated the book to Snape.

Snape looked unhappy, but picked it up anyways after a look from Dumbledore. This would not depict him well...

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