

Harry Potter and Troubles With The Dark Side

By keep_smiling

Submitted: May 30, 2006

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I have written this story for my best mate so here goes....

...Harry returns to Hogwarts, but Lord Voldemort is in the process of turning Harry's life upside down.

Enjoy reading

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1 - Concerns and Surprises

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Harry sat starring out of the window
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Harry sat starring out of the window. It was one in the morning and he had not been able to sleep. Many thoughts were swirling round his brain. He had not had a very good summer holidays so far, although they were normally nothing to get excited about. But this summer things were different.

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Harry was a slightly weird child as he went and learned magic for nine months of the year at Hogwarts School for Witch Craft and Wizardry. Harry was also weird, in that he enjoyed being at school and dreaded the summer holidays. Since he was a baby Harry has had to live with the Dursley's his only remaining relatives. Lord Voldamort, a very evil and powerful wizard, murdered his parents Lilly and James Potter. Harry who had been a year old at the time had somehow managed to survive the curse used to try to kill him, which is the reason his name is famous. He was the boy who lived. Harry knew quite a lot about his parent's death, as every year he had been at Hogwarts, so far, he had found out something new. First of all he knew that his father had died first trying to hold Voldamort off to give his son and wife a fighting chance. Voldamort had killed him. He then told his mother that if she stepped aside to let him kill Harry her life would be spared. Lilly however had not and died defending Harry. Voldamort had then turned his wand on Harry, who had somehow survived the curse that no one

normally survived. Harry had been left homeless, parentless and he also had been left with a lightning bolt scar on his forehead. Harry had then been taken to his only remaining relatives, his mother's sisters. Harry had had to grow up being treated as if he something disgusting someone had stepped in. From and early age he had acted as a punch bag for Dudley, a slave for Aunt Petunia and a thing to shout at for Uncle Vernon. The Dursley's acted as if they did not have a second child living in their house, and Harry was happy about this as most of the time they left him be, but he did not like it when they said he went to a school for incurably criminal boys.

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Harry looked into the starless sky. The orange street lamps could be seen all around, not just from his own road but others too. Harry had not slept at all last night, which was not entirely unusual as Dudley and Uncle Vernon's snoring usual was the cause of little sleep, but this night was different. Harry had not had a very pleasant holiday so far, he had already been subjected to the joys of aunt Marge who loved to bring her vicious bull dog round and enjoyed watching it torment Harry. Harry had had little contact from his friends too as he had been banned from sending all messages to them. This however had been changed since Sirius, his godfather, had sent a letter to Uncle Vernon saying that if he did not let Harry send any messages he would have to pay him a visit. For the past week Harry had been sending letters via Hedwig to Sirius, Hermione and Ron telling them why he had not replied to their messages and why he had not written to them. Harry had sent these letters a week ago today and Hedwig was not back. Now normally he was not worried but he had not had reply from any the letters he had sent. Harry was feeling very lonely being shut of from the world he loved, the world he could not even mention in the house. He missed having the company of Hedwig even if she was making a lot of noise, at the Dursley's she was the only friend he had. Harry had not even had a reply from Sirius, which was most unusual.

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Harry looked over at the clock hanging on the wall above his desk it was now two in the morning. He decided that he would try and get some sleep.

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Harry awoke late the next morning, although he was still very tired. His sleep had been disturbed by different thoughts going through his head. He was curious to where Hedwig was. He was wondering if Sirius had received his letter. Harry listened to the commotion going on downstairs. It sounded as if Dudley was throwing a wobbler about something down below Harry's room. Harry decided to leave the Dursley's be as he did not want to give Dudley another reason to get stroppy about and something for the Dursley's to blame.

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About an hour later when Harry heard his aunt calling him down and he decided that he could not delay his trip downstairs any longer. As he walked down stairs he saw the living room full of presents that had already been unwrapped. How had he forgotten. It was Dudley's birthday. He was in for it now. He would have been expected to get up earlier to help Aunt Petunia with the breakfast. Harry slowly walked into the kitchen dreading the greeting he was going to meet.

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“Where have you been!” shrieked Aunt Petunia “We have been waiting for you for ages! You ungrateful little toe rag! I thought I made it clear that you do exactly as you are told when you are here, even if that means getting up in the morning!”

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“Um, sorry,” said Harry

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“Do not um your aunt!” shouted Uncle Vernon

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Harry turned round standing behind him was uncle Vernon. He could see Dudley, although it was hard to see round Uncle Vernon, as he was so huge, smiling in the background. He looked as though he had got the present he had wanted, Harry to be shouted at.

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“You will respect your aunt and I while you live here and if you dare put a toe out of line while staying here you will be locked in that cupboard again and I will prevent you returning from that despicably school of yours. Ever since you were a baby we have taken you into our home and treated you as if you were one of ours-”

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“No you haven't!” said Harry loudly before he could stop himself “Since when have you ever treated me like Dudley?”

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“Why ...how dare you!” said Uncle Vernon, his face turning purple “You ungrateful little brat! Don't you ever comment on how we have brought you up. Most people would have taken you to a orphanage but me and your aunt felt that that was cruel,”

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“Yeah you felt you could do better by locking me in a cupboard and punishing me in your own way for being alive. Since when have you been kind to me?”

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“You are the worst child I have ever met. Where are your manners?”

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“Where are my manners, look at Dudley if he does not get what he wants he throws a wobbler. That's what a toddler does. And don't even get started about how grateful I should be towards you and aunt Petunia for bringing me up cause I am. I am grateful that I did not turn out like Dudley and overweight toddler who likes to get his own way. A spoilt brat!”

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He had done it he had thrown Uncle Vernon into a frenzy he grabbed Harry by his arm very hard and

dragged him out of the kitchen. He pulled him up the stairs and threw him into his bedroom.

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“You will stay here and till I can say you can come out! You will not have any lunch or dinner tonight and you will clean the bathroom tomorrow. You will then go and tidy Dudley's room up and then you will do anything else your aunt would like you to do. Do I make myself clear!”

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“Yes!” said Harry grumpily

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Uncle Vernon stormed out of the room slamming the door. Harry sat on his bed breathing hard. Why...why...why did the one family he had left have to be the Dursley's and why had no one replied to his letters!

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Harry spent the rest of the day lying on his bed thinking about returning to Hogwarts. Thinking about how he would be leaving the Dursley's in two weeks. Thinking how he would not have to see them again for nine months. But this did not cheer him up.

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Harry did not know what time it was when he was called down. He was not that bothered. He regrettably walked out of his room and down the stairs into the sitting room. Uncle Vernon was sitting by the fire watching Dudley playing on his new games consol.

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“You boy, come hear!” he said loudly “You will go and help your aunt in the kitchen and I better not hear a complaint,”

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Harry walked into the kitchen to find aunt Petunia slaving away over the stove. There was tomato sauce splattered up the walls of the kitchen.

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“You will clear this up and I want it to look as if no one has ever cooked in here before,” said Aunt Petunia stiffly

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“Your joking, how can I make it look spotless?” asked Harry

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“You will stay here until it is clean and my say so will be the final word. So get to work!” said Aunt Petunia

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Harry went to the cupboard to find a bucket and a mop and began to clean the kitchen.

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After four hours he went to find the Dursley's. They were sitting round a fire watching television, Dudley's choice. He had chosen a violent movie that had a lot of shooting in it. Aunt Petunia flinched whenever a gun went off.

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“I’ve um finished,” mumbled Harry

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“Speak clearly boy!” shouted Uncle Vernon

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“I have finished cleaning the kitchen,” said Harry

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Uncle Vernon and Aunt Petunia stood up and walked into the kitchen. Harry followed. They walked around the kitchen four times, obviously looking for something that was wrong.

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“Not good enough!” said Aunt Petunia

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“What,” said Harry bluntly “It’s spotless. You point out what’ wrong with it,”

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“Don’t you speak like that to me Harry Potter!” said Aunt Petunia stiffly

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“Well tell me what’s wrong, so I can make it better,” said Harry annoyed

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“There is a mark on the wall by the sink,” said Aunt Petunia

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“That’s where Dudley threw his bowl of soup when he was five it has never come of because that is a chip out of the wall where the bowl hit!” said Harry

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“Are you implying I am stupid?” asked Aunt Petunia

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Harry did not know how to answer this question. He did think that the Dursley's were slightly stupid but he knew it would be wrong to say this.

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“Well?” asked Petunia

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“No,” said Harry

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“Right then clean this mark off,” said Petunia

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“It can not be moved, it is not a mark it is a chip,” said Harry

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“Remove it!” shouted Uncle Vernon

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“I can't!” said Harry

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“I said remove it!” screamed Uncle Vernon

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“I can't believe you are being like this. It is a chip in the wall it can not be removed, or are you too stupid to see that!” shouted Harry

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He had gone to far. Uncle Vernon had turned on Harry he unbuckled his belt and twisted it round his wrist. He was going to strike Harry. Harry decided to run for it. Uncle Vernon ran after him. Harry pelted up the stairs and tried to barricade himself in his room. But uncle Vernon's weight for once played an advantage he burst open the door. He was extremely purple in the face.

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"I should have done this a long time ago. The troublemaker should have been beaten out of you from a early age," said Uncle Vernon through gritted teeth.

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Harry backed towards his face. Uncle Vernon walked towards him slowly breathing deeply. He was going to smack Harry with his belt. He was actually going to hit him. Uncle Vernon was now towering over his hand held in the air ready to strike, but Uncle Vernon never got the chance. A huge crash and a scream from downstairs made his lower his arm. There was a sound of thundering feet coming up the stairs. Uncle Vernon began to head towards the door but it was bashed open. Harry looked at the person standing in the doorway. It was Sirius, his godfather.

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</body>  
</html>
```

2 - Escaping Trouble

```
<!DOCTYPE HTML PUBLIC "-//W3C//DTD HTML 4.0 Transitional//EN"
"http://www.w3.org/TR/REC-html40/loose.dtd">
<html>
<head>
<META HTTP-EQUIV="Content-Type" CONTENT="text/html; charset=iso-8859-15">
<META NAME="GENERATOR" CONTENT="wvWare/wvWare version 1.2.1">
<title>
"Who the hell are you
</title>
</head>
<body bgcolor="#FFFFFF" text="#000000" link="#0000ee" vlink="#551a8b">

<!--Section Begins--><br>

<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:
White; ">
"Who the hell are you?" asked Uncle Vernon loudly stepping backwards to Harry and replacing his
hand on Harry's arm.
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<p><div name="Normal" align="left" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:
White; ">
"Get your hands off him!" said Sirius angrily
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:
White; ">
"I asked you a question. How dare you walk into my house and scare my wife and son," said Uncle
Vernon
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

“I suggest you take your hands off Harry first,” said Sirius

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“Potter!” screamed Uncle Vernon “How do you know this man?”

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“He's my godfather,” said Harry

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Uncle Vernon turned quickly back to Sirius. “You are his godfather, the one who sent us that threatening message,”

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Sirius nodded. Uncle Vernon turned back to Harry.

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"I told you to send him a letter saying that you were fine," said Uncle Vernon spitting spit all over Harry
"You lied to me!"

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"No... I did send a letter," said Harry "Did you not get it Sirius?"

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"No I did not," said Sirius "You ok Harry?"

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Harry nodded.

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"Let go of him Vernon," said Sirius

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“You explain why the bloody hell you are here!” shouted Vernon

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“I came because I had not heard from Harry,” said Sirius “Now let go of him!”

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“No!” said Uncle Vernon “He is going to be punished for lying to me. He has been disruptive ever since he has come back from school! I am not having some little brat ruining my life and disrupting my family!”

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“I did not lie!” said Harry loudly

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Uncle Vernon turned round and pointed a great round sausage of a finger at Harry's face. Harry backed off but Uncle Vernon cornered him and Harry could not escape.

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“You are the rudest boy I have ever met and I am not going to put up with it any more!” shouted Uncle Vernon

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“I don't understand what I have done wrong!” said Harry loudly

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“You...you don't understand!” shouted Uncle Vernon, he was now shaking with fury “I told you to tell your godfather that you were ok and that we had agreed to the...subject he had written to us about!”

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Uncle Vernon never liked to mention the subject of magic.

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“I did send a letter!” said Harry

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“Well you obviously did not!” shouted Uncle Vernon

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Uncle grabbed Harry by the arms and began to shake him. “You have caused us nothing but trouble since you have started that school!”

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“Get you fat hands off him!” shouted Sirius grabbing Uncle Vernon. He grabbed Uncle Vernon's fat stomach and pulled him off Harry. Harry was very surprised that he actually managed to pull Uncle Vernon off him, as Uncle Vernon was three times the size of Sirius. Uncle Vernon was now struggling. Sirius pulled out his wand and pointed it at Uncle Vernon's face. Uncle Vernon immediately stopped talking and began to quiver with fear.

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“Get downstairs, and you better not make any call for help!” said Sirius angrily “Your family are in the living room!”

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Uncle Vernon edged out of the room. Harry heard his massive feet thunder down the stairs. Harry was shaking slightly with shock.

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“You alright Harry?” asked Sirius

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Harry nodded.

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“Right I want you to pack stuff and meet me down stairs when you have finished. I am just going to have a little word with your Uncle and Aunt,” said Sirius

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He clapped Harry on the shoulder and walked downstairs. Harry was left standing in the room all alone. He could not leave. Where was he going to go? Live with Sirius dodging the eyes of ministry of magic wizards. He wanted to go with Sirius but he was unsure about it at the same time. He could now hear talking below him. Harry decided that he would rather stay with Sirius than live with the Dursley's, so he walked round his room gathering up all his Hogwarts books and cloths and flinging them in his trunk. He collected his firebolt and Hedwig's cage. That was another thing that worried him. If Hedwig had not found Sirius where was she?

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Harry opened his bedroom door and dragged his trunk down the stairs. He entered the living room to find the Dursley's sitting on the sofa looking angry and petrified at the same time.

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“Now I am going to take Harry away from here and I will expect that when he comes back in the summer you will treat him better. Do I make myself clear?” Sirius asked the Dursley's

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All three of them nodded. Harry thought it was like a mother telling her three naughty children off. Sirius now turned to Harry.

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“Right. Ready to go?” he asked

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“Um where are we going?” asked Harry

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“Tell you later. Got all of your stuff?”

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Harry nodded. Sirius took Harry's trunk off of him and walked towards the door. Harry looked at the Dursley's; they were glaring at him with utter hatred. “See you next summer,” he said warily.

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Harry then followed Sirius out of the front door and closed it behind him. Sirius was standing by Uncle Vernon's car. Harry stood looking at me.

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“Where are we going?” asked Harry again

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“I am taking you to the burrow,” said Sirius

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“How are we getting there?”

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“Lupin has borrowed a car for us to take you there, he will be here any moment now,”

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“The burrow is ages away,” said Harry “Wouldn't it be quicker to fly?”

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“I am not letting you fly by yourself. Anything could happed to you,” said Sirius very sternly.

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Harry sat leaning against the car and looked at the shadows in the Dursley's sitting room. He could see a thin shadow by the window. It was obviously Aunt Petunia checking if they were still there. Harry could see two other shadows that were much fatter standing near by.

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There was a cool wind blowing and Harry who was only in a thin jumper and jeans and was beginning to get cold. Sirius was looking up and down the street not saying a word. Harry sat there for a further half an hour before he heard an engine of a car.

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“Right up you get Harry, Lupin is here,” said Sirius

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Harry stood up and picked up his broom and the empty cage of Hedwig. A small green car stopped in front of Sirius, and a tall thin man stepped out. He walked over to Sirius and embraced him like a

brother. He then handed Sirius the keys and walked over to the boot of the car and opened it. Lupin walked over to Harry and clapped him on the shoulder.

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“How you doing Harry?” he asked with a concerned face

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“Not bad,” said Harry

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Lupin took Hedwig's cage and Harry's broom and he too walked over to the boot of the car. Sirius and Lupin loaded Harry's luggage in the boot. Lupin then unlocked the rest of the car with the key and opened the side door for Harry. Sirius got in the front passenger seat and Lupin got in the drivers seat. Harry clambered in the car and shut the door. He then put on his seat belt and waited for Lupin to start the engine. Harry looked out of his window to see all three of the Dursley's staring out of the sitting room widow. Lupin turned on the engine and pulled away from the Dursley's home. No one spoke for a while. It was only when they had turned into the motorway did Sirius broach the subject of the missing Hedwig.

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“So when was the last time you saw Hedwig?” asked Lupin

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“The night Sirius sent the howler,” said Harry “I went up to my room and wrote a letter to Sirius, like the Dursley's asked me to do and then I wrote a letter to Ron and Hermione as well. Hedwig then set of to deliver them and that was the last time I saw her,”

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“She maybe still delivering her letters to Ron and Hermione,” said Lupin

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“I don't think so,” said Harry “I asked her to deliver Sirius's letter first and neither Ron or Hermione have replied to my letters,”

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“It is very curious,” said Sirius “Has she ever done anything like this before?”

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“No never,” said Harry “I mean she has been away long periods of time when delivering letters that were a couple of days flying but not this long,”

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“I would try not to worry about it,” said Lupin

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“How can I not worry about, she has been missing for a week!” said Harry angrily

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“Harry for all you know she could be at the Weasley's,” said Lupin

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“Or she could be seriously hurt and lost,” said Harry

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“Harry try not to think about it,” said Sirius “How have the rest of your holidays been so far?”

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“Not great,” said Harry “If you call being a punch bag for Dudley, or being a slave for aunt Petunia or just being screamed at by Uncle Vernon fun then you have completely lost your marbles,”

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“Why not try and get some sleep,” suggested Lupin

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“I am fine,” lied Harry “I am not tired,”

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“You obviously are. You look as if you had not had any sleep in ages,” said Sirius

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“Yeah well that's because I have not slept very well in a long time,” said Harry

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“Well try and get some sleep,” said Sirius “Use Lupin's spare travelling cloak to keep you warm,”
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Harry picked up the travelling cloak beside him and draped it around him. He lent his head against the window and shut his eyes.
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He did not know whether he actually went to sleep or not but, whether he did or not, he was woken up by Lupin and Sirius talking. Harry kept his eyes closed and listened to what they were saying.
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“Is he asleep?” asked Lupin
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“Yeah, I think so,” said Sirius

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“So where do you think Hedwig has got too?” asked Lupin

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“Well for an owl, Harry's has always been efficient. She has never got lost and I have been in the same place for ages, and neither Ron or Hermione have moved,” said Sirius “It is very odd. There are many things that have happened lately that have been very strange. I can almost be certain to who is behind it all,”

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“I have been hearing some rumours as well,” said Lupin “I heard that Jack Ferdit was admitted to St. Mungo's just the other day for multiple injuries,”

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“Yeah I herd that too,” said Sirius “Did you hear about Doreen Sprout?”

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“Yes, she got broken into,” said Lupin “Was she OK?”

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“Yeah, but all these attacks must be connected. I mean Doreen Sprout already works at Hogwarts and Jack Ferdit was meant to be starting work as the new Defence against the Dark arts teacher. Do you think he will be ready?”

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“I am sure he will, but we will have to wait and see,” said Lupin

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Sirius and Lupin continued to talk about the new defence against the dark arts teacher for a further ten minutes in which Harry lost complete concentration to the subject. It was not long before the subject was brought on to him.

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“Harry is not looking too great at the moment,” said Lupin “He mentioned not getting much sleep over

the summer. Has he said anything to you?"

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"No. I have been concerned about him though, he has it really tough at the Dursley's, I wish I could help in some way?" said Sirius

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"You can, you can support him and be there for him. What ever he is going through, just be supportive," said Lupin "You are the closest thing he has to a parent,"

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"I just worry about him, that's all," said Sirius.

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For the next half an hour no one spoke. Sirius began to snore, and Harry completely overwhelmed by tiredness began to nod off.

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3 - Lecasivor

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Harry was woken abruptly to Lupin pulling over on the side of the road and slamming the breaks on. Harry seat belt tightened around his chest, making it impossible for him to move. Sirius too grunted and woke up.
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“Sorry!” said Lupin “My mistake,”
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“Lupin old chap, do you want me to drive?” asked Sirius

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“If you would not mind,” said Lupin

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“Why did you stop?” asked Harry

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“Because there is an owl straight ahead of us carrying a letter,” replied Lupin

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Harry sat up bolt right, undid his seatbelt and stared out of the window. He was expecting it to be Hedwig but was sadly wrong. He slumped back in his seat. The owl flew over to them and landed on the bonnet of the car. This would have looked wired if it had not been nighttime. The road they were on at the moment was completely empty. Sirius opened his door got out and walked over to the owl. Lupin did the same. Sirius picked up the owl and walked to the other side of the car and got in the drivers seat. Lupin also walked to the other side of the car and got in the passenger seat. As soon as Sirius sat down

the owl hopped up onto the dashboard and stuck out its leg for the letter to be removed. Lupin lent forward and untied the letter. He then opened it and began to read. His facial expression was something that made Harry worry. Lupin did not look very happy, if anything he looked worried. He handed the letter to Sirius. Sirius face soon became worried as well. They both turned to look at Harry.

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“What?” he asked very puzzled.

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Sirius handed Harry the letter. Harry took it and began to read. It was a very short letter and was written in bright green ink.

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<i>You are being followed</i><i></i>

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<i>Albus Dumbledore</i>

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Harry looked up. "We are being followed!" he exclaimed "By whom?"

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Sirius started the engine and immediately started to drive the car. Lupin passed the owl to Harry to look after.

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“Who is following us? What is that weird sign?” asked Harry.

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Lupin and Sirius did not answer and continued to drive. Once on the motorway, Sirius picked up speed. The owl was hooting dolefully on Harry's lap. Harry stroked it with his fingers.

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“Look will someone please tell me what's going on!” he said. Lupin turned round to face Harry.

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“Harry, we are being followed by death eaters,” he said bluntly

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“Who or what are death eaters?” asked Harry

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“They are Voldamort's followers, they call themselves death eaters,” said Sirius

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Harry sat in silence in the back of the car. Voldamort's followers, it couldn't be. Voldamort was not alive how could he still be trying to kill Harry. But Voldamort did not have to be alive. Harry thought. His followers were probably just as annoyed with him as Voldamort was.

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“Wha- what are we going to do?” he stammered finally

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“There is not a lot we can do,” said Lupin. He lent forward and searched in the glove compartment in front of him. He pulled out a piece of parchment, a quill and a bottle of ink.

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“Ministry cars, always equipped with most things,” he said to Harry

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Lupin then lent forward and began to write a letter. When he finished he sealed it in a envelope, wrote a name on the front and handed it to Harry.

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“Could you tie it to the owl's leg for me Harry,” said Lupin “Then pass it to me,”

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Harry took the letter from Lupin and tied it onto the owl's leg. As he handed the owl to Lupin he noticed that the letter was addressed to Albus Dumbledore. Lupin took the owl from Harry, wound down the window and let the owl fly off into the night. Harry lay back in his seat and began to worry. This was all too much for one night. Sirius has obviously noticed Harry through hi rear view mirror.

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“What's up Harry?” he asked

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“Nothing,” lied Harry

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“Do you expect me to believe that?” he said with a grin.

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Harry did not say anything, how could Sirius try and crack a joke at a time like this.

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“Harry try not to worry,” said Sirius “Why don't you try and get some more sleep,”

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Harry pulled the travelling cloak back over him and rested his head against the window.

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Harry was walking along one of the Hogwarts corridors heading towards a stone gargoyle. He stepped onto the gargoyle, which immediately started to move. Suddenly there was a door facing him. Harry walked forward, turned the door handle and stepped into the room.

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“Ah Harry, glad you could join us,” said Professor Dumbledore

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“You wanted to see me Professor,” said Harry

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“Oh no, I did not want to see you, but my friend here did,” said Dumbledore pointing to a chair that had its back to them. Dumbledore turned the chair round to face Harry. Sitting in front of Harry was a hooded and cloaked figure; it was looking at the floor.

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“I have been hoping this day would come,” said a cold, high-pitched voice.

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The hooded figure looked up and Harry saw through the hooded stranger a pair of bright gleaming red eyes. Harry screamed and opened his eyes. Lupin was leaning over his seat looking at Harry.

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“Harry, what's wrong?” asked a very scared looking Lupin.

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Harry could feel cold sweat running down his face. He was shaking uncontrollably. He sat up. Sirius was still driving but kept giving Harry anxious looks. Harry took in a couple of deep breaths and began to search the sky and surroundings for any gleaming red eyes.

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“Harry what is it?” asked Lupin looking very concerned.

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"I- I, dream, Voldemort, don't worry it's nothing," said Harry

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There was no sign of any gleaming red eyes anywhere. Harry sat back in his seat and breathed a sign of relief. It was just a dream. Just a horrible dream.

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“Harry what did you dream about?” asked Lupin

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“V-Voldemort,” said Harry

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“Ok, and where was this dream set?” asked Lupin

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Harry began to tell Lupin and Sirius all about the dream. When he had finished no one spoke. Lupin sat very still in his seat and Sirius continued to drive with a puzzled look on his face.

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Suddenly the car's engine switched off. Sirius slammed on the breaks, bringing the car to a halt. No one spoke. Sirius tried to get the engine started again but had no luck.

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"We are out of car dust," he said grumpily

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“Out of what?” asked Harry

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“Its what wizards use instead of petrol,” said Lupin

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Sirius hit the steering wheel.

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"I don't like the feel of this place," said Harry

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"No, I don't either," said Lupin "Sirius, come on lets get out of here,"

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"We can't, we don't have any fuel," said Sirius
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"Is they're any in the boot," said Lupin "I am sure all ministry cars are equipped with spare fuel,"

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"I will have a look," said Sirius.

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He opened his door, stepped out and walked to the boot of the car. He rummaged around in the boot a while. Harry turned to Lupin.

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“How far are we from the burrow?” he asked

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“Not far,” said Lupin “Another 20 minute drive or so,”

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Harry turned to look out of his window. He could still hear Sirius rummaging around in the boot of the car.

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A couple of minutes later they heard Sirius laugh happily. He slammed the boot shut and walked to the bonnet on the front of the car. He opened the bonnet and disappeared behind it. After a while he reappeared and walked to the drivers door.

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CRACK. Sirius stopped dead. Lupin, who had been reading the Daily Profet, looked up. Harry stared fixedly a head. CRACK. CRACK. CRACK. Harry's heat was racing. CRACK. CRACK. CRACK. Everything became clear very quickly. Seven hooded figures were approaching the car and drew his wand. Lupin too jumped out of the car and drew his wand. Harry gulped and stepped out of the car and stood behind Lupin.

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“Draw your wand Harry,” whispered Lupin

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Harry drew out his wand. "Are they death eaters?" asked Harry

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"Unfortunately yes," said Lupin

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One of the death eaters shot a curse at Sirius. Sirius rolled out of the way, stood up and pointed his wand at the death eater who had sent the curse, and shouted; "STUPEFY!"

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A red curse shot out of Sirius's wand and hit the death eater squarely in the chest. The death eater fell backwards and lay motionless on the ground. The rest of the death eaters charged at Sirius and Lupin. Soon there were shouts and curses flying everywhere.

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It was not long before there were only four death eaters left. Lupin was fighting 1 massive fat one, and Sirius was fighting three. One of the Death eaters, fighting Sirius, shot a curse at Sirius but he missed fired. The curse rebounded of a near by tree and headed towards Harry. Harry dived out of the way, just in time. The death eater, who had produced the curse noticed Harry and headed over to him. Harry quickly scrambled to his feet and pointed his wand at the death eater. Harry opened his mouth to shout a curse but the death eater got their first.

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"Lecasivor!" shouted the death eater, pointing his wand at Harry's chest. A purple ball of flames shot from the end of the wand and hit Harry in the chest. Harry fell to the floor in complete agony. The death eater was now standing over him pointing his wand at Harry's heart. He opened his mouth.

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"STUPEFY!" shouted a nearby voice. Te spell hit the death eater and he fell to the floor. Harry lay on the floor, curled up in a ball clutching his chest screaming in pain. The pain was nothing Harry had ever felt before. There were more shouts of Stupefy and the sound of two people hitting the floor.

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"Harry!" called Sirius

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Harry rolled onto his side groaning more loudly. Harry heard the sound of hurrying feet.

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"Harry!" called Sirius again

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"I'm...ov...over...hear!" groaned Harry

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The sound of feet became a lot louder and soon Sirius and Lupin were kneeling by his side.

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"Harry, what's wrong?" asked Lupin.

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.097222mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

"My...my...chest...it...it...hur...hurts...so...badly," he groaned

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Sirius rolled Harry onto his back. Harry screamed in pain. Lupin lifted up Harry's top and gasped. Harry had a purple slash across his chest. Lupin went to touch it and Harry groaned loudly in pain.

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"Let's get him out of here, before this lot come round. We need to get him from the burrow," said Lupin.

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Sirius bent down, picked up Harry and walked over to the car. Lupin opened the door of the car and Sirius lay Harry on the seat. Harry lay there groaning. Lupin shut the door and got in the in the passengers seat in the front of the car Sirius got in the drivers seat, started the car and began to drive. Harry groaned even more as the car began to move.
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"Hold on Harry, hold on mate," said Sirius
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4 - The Slow Recovery

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Harry lay groaning in the back of the car
</title>
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.097222mm; color: Black; background-color:
White; ">
<font color="Black">Harry lay groaning in the back of the car. He was in such intense pain. His chest
was burning; it felt as if someone had set fire to his chest. Harry felt like screaming as loudly as he
could. </font>
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.097222mm; color: Black; background-color:
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<font color="Black">They continued to drive for a further fifteen minutes before anyone spoke. </font>
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"How much further?" asked Sirius.

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"Not far now," said Lupin "Nearly there," He turned to face Harry "Harry hold on. Is the pain getting worse?"

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Harry nodded. "He is very pale," said Lupin. He grabbed Harry's wrist "and his pulse is weak too,"

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"Where now Lupin?" asked Sirius

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"Take this left, then right, then left again and follow the road. You can't miss it," said Lupin "Nearly there Harry. Just hold on a bit longer and then we can sort you out,"

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Harry turned away from Lupin and closed his eyes. He clasped his chest and curled up into a ball.
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They soon arrived at the Burrow and the car stopped. Harry opened his eyes, as the passenger door was opened. Sirius was looking adown on him "Come on mate, we are here," he said, beginning to try and move Harry. Harry groaned it was agonising to be moved "No it hurts...please don't," gasped Harry
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"Come on Harry," said Sirius "Once you are inside we can treat you. I know it hurts, but we can sort it out,"
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Harry did not answer but groaned clasping his chest. Lupin opened the other passenger door and lent over Harry's legs.
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"Let me have a look at your chest Harry," he said
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Harry pulled up his top. Lupin looked at the now deep purple shining scar on Harry's chest.
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"We need to get him in," said Lupin "It's getting worse
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Sirius lifted one of Harry's arms and placed it around his neck. He then put his arm under Harry's back and under Harry's arm. Then holding onto Harry's wrist he pulled Harry out of the car. Harry screamed in agony and his eyes burned with tears. Sirius placed Harry on his feet. The pain reached such a pitch that he retched, swayed and collapsed.
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"Harry," said a soft voice "Harry?"
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Harry opened his eyes to find a man with a long silver beard and half moon spectacles perched on the end of his nose, looking down on him. The man was looking very concerned. It was Professor Dumbledore. Harry looked round at the surroundings. Lupin was asleep in an armchair in the corner of the room and Sirius was sitting in a chair next to Harry looking very tired.
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Harry felt very weak, he was still in pain but this time it was bearable. He still felt ill and really sick. He tried to sit up but found that he was too weak. Sirius stood up and helped Harry sit up. Harry gasped in pain as he was moved his chest was still painful. Sirius re-arranged his pillows and lowered Harry back onto them. Harry lay on the pillows clasping his chest and taking in deep breaths of air. Sirius put his hand against Harry's head.
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“He is still really warm,” he said
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“He will be,” said Professor Dumbledore “That type of curse is particularly nasty one as it is slow to recover from. Harry will have a high temperature and a fever for a couple of days. After that he can still become worse depending on how his body copes,”
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Dumbledore turned to Harry “How are you feeling?” he asked
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“Not great,” said Harry weakly “I feel really sick,”
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“Sick?” said Dumbledore “I will get Madame Pomfrey to come and check on you,”
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“Madame...P...Pomfrey is here?” asked Harry wincing as the pain increased
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“Yes Madame Pomfrey has been looking after you with the help of Molly Weasley,” said Dumbledore “Once I arrived here I quickly informed her immediately of what had happened, she quickly arrived and sorted you out. You were given a potion to reduce the pain and to stop the curse from doing anymore damage,”
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“So what happens now?” asked Sirius
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“Well Harry will need to stay in bed until he has regained his strength. From then on we will have to see in time and what damage the curse has done,” said Dumbledore
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“What...what...does the curse do,” gasped Harry clasping his chest more tightly.

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“This particular curse attacks the muscles and organs in the body; it can lead to death if not treated. But Luckily Madame Pomfrey was able to prevent that,” said Dumbledore

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“How long have...I been...here?” asked Harry

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“You have been out cold for three days,” said Dumbledore “You have had many people very worried,”

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Dumbledore continued to talk but Harry was no longer listening. The pain in his chest had intensified. Harry clasped his chest with both hands and rolled onto his inside, groaning. Dumbledore and Sirius stopped talking and turned to Harry,
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"Harry what is it?" asked Sirius in a panicky voice
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"It's got... worse," gasped Harry
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"Lupin!" called Sirius "Wake up!"
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Lupin stirred in the corner and stood up. Dumbledore had stood and was walking towards the door. Harry lay on the bed coughing. Lupin walked over to him.
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"Albus, we need Madame Pomfrey," he said

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"I know, I am just going to get her," said Dumbledore

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Harry lent over the side of the bed and vomited on the floor. Sirius jumped backwards out of the way. Harry rolled onto his back and began to shake. He felt so ill. Sirius was now by his side stroking Harry's forehead,

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The door opened and in walked Madame Pomfrey, closely followed by Professor Dumbledore. Madame Pomfrey rushed over to Harry and put her hand against his head knocking Sirius and Lupin out of the way,

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"Yes his temperature has increased," she said

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"He has just been sick as well," said Lupin standing up.

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"Lupin pass me my bag," said Madame Pomfrey.

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Lupin passed Madame Pomfrey a red and blue bag. She undid the clasp and pulled out a pale pink potion, she poured some into a small cup and tipped it into Harry's mouth. Harry immediately felt the pain decrease and tiredness began to overwhelm him. He closed his eyes and fell fast to sleep.

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Harry did not wake for a further five hours. When he did wake he found that Dumbledore and Madame Pomfrey had left, leaving Mrs Weasley some potions to give to Harry daily and others for when he got worse. Sirius maintained at Harry's side along with Lupin. But when Harry woke he also found two other people in the room. Hermione and Ron were sitting on the floor playing wizards chess. When they noticed that Harry had woken up, Hermione leapt to her feet sending one of the chess pieces flying across the room and hitting Ron squarely in the head.
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"Oh Harry we have been so worried," she shrieked. Harry smiled weakly
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"How are you mate?" asked Ron
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"I have felt better," said Harry weakly
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They continued to talk, telling Harry all about what they had got up to during the

holidays. Sirius eventually ushered them towards the door, saying that Harry needed to rest, but not before Harry asked a question that made the room go silent.

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"Has Hedwig arrived," he asked

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"No one spoke. Sirius ushered them out of the room. Harry took their silence as a no. He turned onto his side facing the wall with his back to Sirius and closed his eyes. Where was Hedwig?

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Harry spent most of the holidays lying in a bed taking potions, sleeping and talking with Ron, Hermione and Sirius. Every day he asked about Hedwig and every day he got the same reply. "Not yet, but I am sure she is fine,"

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Harry was still not feeling well. He was stronger but found that he could not do very much.

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Harry woke up, about a week before they were due to return to Hogwarts, to find the house deadly silent. It was the middle of the day, and Harry was not feeling too well. He had slept for so long that he had not been awake when he was meant to have his second dose of potions. He stood up and walked towards the door clasping his chest with one hand and using the other to rest against walls to keep his balance. He walked downstairs to see if he can find Mrs Weasley, to give him some potion. He walked into the kitchen to find it completely empty apart for Mrs Weasley sitting in a chair by the fireplace knitting.

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"Mrs...Mrs Weasley," said Harry weakly

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Mrs Weasley looked up and stood up quickly and rushed over to him.

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"Harry, what on earth are you doing out of bed?" she asked concernigly

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"I just...came down to ask...if Hedwig has...arrived," he said gasping in pain
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.097222mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Mo news dear," she said, "You are very pale are you feeling ok?"
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Harry shook his head "I feel ill again," he said
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.097222mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Sweet heart did I not leave your potion by your bed," said Mrs Weasley
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Harry shook his head. Mrs Weasley rushed over to a cupboard and brought back a potion. But Harry became so weak that he collapsed.

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Harry had improved a bit over the next couple of days. It was now the early evening of the night before they returned to Hogwarts Harry lay in his bed listening to the voices outside the door.

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"How has he been?" asked a male voice

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"Not great, better, but not great. He has also been very distressed over the missing Hedwig and I don't think that has helped," said Mrs Weasley

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"Right well we need to have a word with Harry," said the male voice again

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"Go on in," said Mrs Weasley

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The door of Harry's bedroom opened and 3 three people walked in, Professor Dumbledore, Madame Pomfrey and Sirius. Sirius sat down next to Harry. Madame Pomfrey stood at the end of his bed and Dumbledore summoned an armchair.

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"Right Harry," he said, "We need to talk about a small problem that had aroused,"

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1.2.1</a><br>  
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5 - The Return Home

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Dumbledore sat down in the dark blue armchair he had just summoned
</title>
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.097222mm; color: Black; background-color:
White; ">
<font color="Black">Dumbledore sat down in the dark blue armchair he had just summoned. He looked
at Harry, his blue eyes twinkling </font>
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.097222mm; color: Black; background-color:
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<font color="Black">“Harry, as you know the new term is starting tomorrow. Due to the curse myself,
Madame Pomfrey and Sirius have been concerned about your return. You see Mrs Weasley has been
watching your recovery and has been keeping me and Madame Pomfrey here updated, and although
you have improved there is some question whether you are well enough for the return journey,” said
Dumbledore </font>
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"What!" said Harry.

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"Calm yourself dear boy," said Dumbledore "Look Harry you are still not one hundred percent. You have managed to overcome the seriousness of the curse but have not yet had a recurrence, which could still come. You have not been eating much from what Molly has been telling me and you have not yet regained your full strength,"

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"I feel fine," said Harry

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"You don't look fine though Harry," said Sirius "Over the last couple of days you have become more and more tired and you have lost a lot of the colour from your face,"

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“Harry what I am trying to say is we do not think you are well enough for the return journey. But you see Madame Pomfrey would prefer it if she was near by in case you had a recurrence, and her being at Hogwarts would be awkward as she can't really leave due to others needing her at school,” said Dumbledore “So we have come to a decision to let you decide. You don't have to decide now, see how you feel in the morning,”

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Dumbledore stood up, pointed his wand at the armchair and vanished it.

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“Look Harry I have to go, but I will possibly be seeing you tomorrow,” said Dumbledore

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He rubbed Harry's knee, clapped Sirius on the back and walked out of the room. Madame Pomfrey walked over to Harry.

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"Harry," she said, "Please think about your decision, if you don't feel well enough don't get on the train,"
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.097222mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
Harry sat up avoiding Madame Pomfrey's eyes.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.097222mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Promise me Harry," said Madame Pomfrey
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Harry nodded. Madame Pomfrey smiled at him and walked out of the room leaving Harry alone with Sirius. Sirius stood up and he to also headed towards the door.
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"Wait," called Harry "I am coming too,"
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Harry stood up clasping his chest. He followed Sirius out of the room.
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"Does your chest still hurt?" asked Sirius
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"Occasionally," said Harry "It hurts more when I move,"
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They walked down the stairs into the kitchen where they were warmly greeted by Mrs Weasley, Fred, George, Ginny, Ron and Hermione. Harry walked over to them. Hermione was sitting in a chair by the fire reading, Ron was having a game of exploding snap against George and Fred was teaching Ginny how to make Pigwidgeon to do tricks. When Harry entered the room they all beamed at him. Harry sat down next to Hermione.
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"How are you feeling?" she asked
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"Better," said Harry
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.097222mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"What did Dumbledore want?" asked Ron
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.097222mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Harry told them about the convocation with their Headmaster. Ron was outraged at the suggestion of not returning to Hogwarts where as Hermione was quite the opposite. She agreed that Harry should remain at the burrow until Harry was better and had regained his full strength.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.097222mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
They all enjoyed a feast that night prepared by Mrs Weasley. Everyone stuffed themselves full to bursting, everyone apart from Harry. Harry had barely eaten anything as he had lost his appetite. Harry sat as far away from Mrs Weasley and Sirius so they would not pickup on this. After

the meal they all sat around the fire toasting marsh mellows. Harry did not stay for long though as he became so tired that he started to fall asleep in the chair. He eventually decided to retire to bed. After reassuring Mrs Weasley that he was just tired and saying goodnight to everyone, Harry began to ascend the stairs to his bed. When he walked in he lay on the bed and fell fast to sleep fully clothed.
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Harry did not sleep very well that night. His dreams were troubled with the thoughts of Hedwig's absence. When Harry woke, after a particularly nasty dream, he found it was the early hours of the morning as it was still very dark outside. Sirius was lying on a camp bed beside Harry's bed, snoring loudly. Harry sat up and rubbed his eyes. He got out of bed and crept across the room trying not to wake up Sirius. He opened the door and walked down stairs into the kitchen. He sat in an armchair near the glowing fire. Crookshanks jumped up onto Harry's lap and curled up. Harry looked into the fire and after a while his eyelids began to droop and he was soon, once again, fast to sleep.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.097222mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Harry," said a voice "Harry,"
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.097222mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
Harry opened his eyes to find Sirius and Mrs Weasley looking at him with worried faces. Crookshanks was no longer on Harry's lap. There was an orange light shining through the kitchen windows from the newly risen sun. The fire was no longer glowing.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.097222mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

"Harry, you ok?" asked Sirius

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"Yes," said Harry

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"I woke up to find you missing from your bed," said Sirius

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"Oh I didn't sleep very well so I came down here," said Harry

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"Oh well that's a relief," said Mrs Weasley "I will go and get breakfast on the go,"

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.097222mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
Mrs Weasley walked off into the kitchen leaving Sirius and Harry by the fire.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.097222mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"How are you feeling?" asked Sirius
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"Ok," said Harry. This was sort of true but he was still feeling very weak, especially after not eating a lot over the last couple of days.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.097222mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Have you come to a decision?" asked Sirius
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.097222mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Yes," said Harry "I would prefer to return to Hogwarts today along with everyone else,"
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.097222mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Ok, well if that is what you want to do," said Sirius
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He stood up and walked over to help Mrs Weasley.
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After they had all had breakfast Mrs Weasley sent tem upstairs to search their rooms encase they had forgotten anything and to get ready to leave. Harry entered the room he had been staying in and began to search the room, although he very much doubted whether he would find anything as he had not opened his trunk since he had arrived except for change in clothes.
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As Harry was bending down to look under the bed he chest seared with pain. Harry

sat down, leaning against the bed, clasping his chest and groaning in pain. Harry closed his eyes wincing and took in deep breathes of air. Once the pain had subsided Harry stood up and sat on his bed. Was this what Dumbledore had meant by a recurrence. Harry rubbed his chest. The pain had subsided but not completely disappeared. Harry picked up Hedwig's empty cage and dragged his trunk out of the room. He descended the stairs to find Hermione and Ginny waiting near the bottom. They too had brought down their trunks. After Mrs Weasley had thundered up the stairs to chivvy the twins and Ron along, they were all soon walking out to the hired Ministry Cars the Mr Weasley had brought back to the burrow with him the previous night.

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They were soon on the road Mrs Weasley driving one and Mr Weasley driving the other. Harry and the others said their goodbyes to Sirius and begun their drive to the Hogwarts express. After they had withstood the journey to King's Cross-, they were soon unloading the car. Ron and Hermione removed their trunks from the car and Harry followed. As he lifted out his trunk out of the car pain shot through his chest causing him to drop his trunk on his foot. Harry yelled in pain, not just from his throbbing toe but also the pain across his chest. But not willing to let anyone know about his chest he just told them about his toe.

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Once Harry and finally loaded his trunk onto a trolley they all headed into the station and through the barrier to platform 9. The steaming Hogwarts express and other parents saying goodbye to their children greeted them. They loaded their trunks onto the train and then returned to say goodbye to Mr and Mrs Weasley.

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"Thank you for having us Mrs Weasley," said Hermione

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"Yeah thanks," said Harry gratefully

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"Not at all dears," said Mrs Weasley "Harry you still feeling ok, because it is not too late,"

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"I'm fine," lied Harry

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Harry waved goodbye and followed Ron and Hermione onto the train. They walked into their compartment and sat down. They began to talk about what surprises the upcoming year would bring.

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“Well there will be something new apart from the first year,” said Hermione wisely

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“Well what is it,” said Ron

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“The new defence against the dark arts teacher,” said Hermione

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“Oh yeah,” said Ron “Who do you think it will be?”

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“Don't know,” said Hermione “What do you think Harry?”

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Harry, who had not been thinking about what the convocation was about, was staring at the floor.

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"Harry?" asked Hermione

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Harry looked up.

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"You ok?" asked Ron

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Harry nodded.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.097222mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"You are in a world of your own," said Hermione "I don't think you are feeling very well?"
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Harry did not answer.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.097222mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Harry, you should of stayed behind," said Hermione
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.097222mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Harry rubbed his chest
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"Why don't you lie down and get some sleep," said Hermione

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Harry looked at Hermione. "I feel ok," he said

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"Harry you don't look ok. You are very pale," said Hermione.

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Harry lent against the window and put his feet on the seat. He rested his hands on his knees and closed his eyes.

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White; ">

It was not long before they were disturbed and unfortunately, to their annoyance it was Malfoy, Crabb and Goyle. Malfoy stood in the door way looking at them with an evil smirk upon his face.

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"Tut, tut, tut Potter," he spat "You should not have your shoes on the seat. Didn't your mother teach you better, oh yeah I forgot, she dead!"

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Goyle and Crabb roared with laughter. Harry stood up very quickly causing him to feel very light headed.

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"Get lost Malfoy!" said Ron angrily

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"Weasley don't get me started on your mother, what is she the size of a beached whale," said Malfoy

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Ron launched at Malfoy but Harry grabbed the back of his robes.

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"Temper, temper," said Malfoy

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Harry felt as if he was going to faint so sat down on the clasping his head and releasing the grip on Ron's robes. Hermione crouched down at Harry's side.

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"What is it?" she asked with a concerned face.

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"It's nothing," mumbled Harry
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.097222mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"What's the matter Potter do you not feel well. Does your chest still give you some bother," said Draco Smiling
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.097222mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Malfoy, go away!" said Ron through gritted teeth. Harry noticed that his fist was clenched up into a ball and he was shaking with fury.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.097222mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"You have not been very well this summer from what I have heard Potter," continued Malfoy completely ignoring Ron.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.097222mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Go away!" said Ron angrily

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"Are the rumours true?" asked Malfoy

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"Malfoy GET STUFFED!" shouted Ron

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"Suit yourselves," said Draco and with that he walked away from the compartment followed by Crabb and Goyle who were laughing loudly.

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"He is the world's largest and first class git!" said Ron sitting down, but he was still shaking with fury.

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"How does he know about my chest?" asked Harry wearily

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"I don't know," said Hermione "Look Harry, I think you should go to Madame Pomfrey once we have got of the train. You are obviously not well,"

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Harry sat in silence, wondering about what he should do. Hermione sat on the seat next to him. "Harry get some sleep," she said kindly

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Harry closed his eyes and went to sleep. He was walking into a small house that was in complete darkness. Harry sensed that this house was not a house you would normally approach, but yet something seemed to be drawing him towards it. Harry walked up the gravelly path to the black oak door. He opened it and stepped inside. He was in a very dimly lit hall way. The blood red walls were illuminated by the candles attached to them. Harry walked along the hall way and opened a door at the end of it. He stepped in to find a fire glowing. The room was deadly silent. All that could be heard was the sound of the crackling flames and the deep breathing of a human. The human was not Harry. Harry edged back towards the door he had just come through. He did not like the feel of this room. A black hooded and cloaked figure emerged from the darkness. Harry gasped. There were two gleaming red eyes staring straight at Harry from inside the hood of the cloak.

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"Harry, I am glad to see you," said the cloaked figure in a high cold pitched voice "You have had a near fatal escape on your journey to the burrow, I heard. I wanted to congratulate you. You always seem to slip through my fingers and quite frankly I am tired of it. So Harry I have decided to make your recovery a lot slower than it already is,"

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The cloaked figure pulled out his wand and pointed it at the floor. He began to move his wand in a circle. Slowly a purple ball of flames began to form. After it had reached the size of a medium sized football, the cloaked figure placed his wand back inside his cloak. The ball of flames stayed hovering in the air. The man, well Harry supposed it had to be a man from the sound of his voice, picked up the burning ball of flame. It did not seem to be causing the man any pain. Harry backed towards the door but the man was too fast. He threw the purple ball of flames at Harry. The flames hit him in the chest where his purple scar was. The pain in Harry's chest began to burn. Harry opened his eyes to the sound of his name being called and cold drip dripping of his face,

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"Harry!" said Hermione "Harry!"

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Harry looked at Hermione who was looking very panicky.

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“Harry!” she said again “Harry you need to get up and change into your robes, we are five minutes fro the station,”

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Harry sat up and wiped the sweat of his face. He stood up and pulled down his trunk. He got out his robes and started to get changed.

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Once Harry was dressed in his robes he put his home clothes in his trunk and sat down. Hermione was straightening her robes and Ron was sitting opposite Harry eating a chocolate Frog. Harry rubbed his chest and lent his head against the window.

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“You OK Harry?” asked Ron

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Harry nodded, but he was not ok. Harry was very confused over whether his dream was real or not. Harry was quite positive that he had not left the train and walked through a house, but yet since he had woken up his chest had been very painful.

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It was not long before they had arrived at the station. The students began to depart and head for the carriages. Harry stood up, picked up his trunk and Hedwig's cage and followed Ron and Hermione onto the station platform. Immediately they heard Hagrid's voice booming over the hurry of excited students.

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"Firs years. This way please. Alright you three," he said beaming at them "I heard what happened over the summer,"

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Harry smiled weakly

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“Yoyo alrigh' Harry? You look a bi' peaky,” he said

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Harry nodded

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“See you later Hagrid,” Rona and Hermione chorused.

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“Come on lets try and get a carriage together,” said Hermione

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She climbed into the nearest empty carriage and Rona and Harry followed. Soon the carriage was pulling out of the station and headed up to the castle. Once the carriage had stopped they got out and dragged their luggage up to the doors of the castle.
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"Home sweet home," said Ron

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Harry smiled weakly. He was home.

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6 - Dumbledore's Speech

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After dropping off their luggage in the hall, they were soon seated around the Gryffindor table in the great hall
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After dropping off their luggage in the hall, they were soon seated around the Gryffindor table in the great hall. Hermione was soon talking to Neville about his holiday and offering him any extra help with any of his lessons that he found hard. Harry sat staring up at the staff table. Most of the teachers were there yet there were still some missing. Professor McGonagall and Hagrid were not in the hall but they were probably dealing with the new first years. But there was still one person missing. Obviously Ron was thinking along the same lines as he turned to face Harry.
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“Where's the new defence against the dark arts teacher?” he asked “And what's happened to Professor Sprout?”
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"Don't know," said Harry looking up at Professor Sprout. He was shocked to see that her arm was bandaged and in a sling. Harry shrugged and looked at his plate rubbing his chest; the pain was beginning to increase.

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Soon Hagrid sidled into the hall and sat down at the staff table, while Professor McGonagall lead the first years up the hall to the sorting hat which lay waiting on a stool. The first years went up to the stool, one by one, and were sorted into their houses. Once the last first year to be sorted was seated, Professor Dumbledore stood up.

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"Well I am glad to see that you have all returned in one piece. But first there is a very important thing to do before I go on any further, and there are only two words used. Tuck in," said Dumbledore

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The empty plates along the table were soon filled with an assortment of different foods. Ron immediately started pilling his plate up with food. Hermione started serving herself and Neville to steak and kidney pie while continuing to give him advice on how to do potions essays. Harry helped himself to some bread and began to eat very slowly as he was not very hungry.

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After they had eaten their main courses the plates emptied and filled with delicious looking puddings. Harry felt too sick to eat anything else and the sight of them made him feel worse. He watched Ron eat chocolate Profiteroles and apple tart, while resting his head on his hand. He was not feeling very well and was beginning to feel as worse as he had the night he had arrived at the burrow. Soon the puddings disappeared and Dumbledore stood up and the room fell silent.

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“Well as you know lessons start tomorrow, so it would probably be a good idea to get a good night's sleep,” said Dumbledore

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Harry felt really sick. He wished Dumbledore would get a move on and send them all off to bed.

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“But before you depart there are a few notices I would like to give out,” continued Dumbledore “as most of you are probably aware, Death Eater activity has increased. This is not something to worry about, as you are all very safe inside the school grounds. But I would ask in the unlikely event that anything unusual seems to be occurring to inform a member of staff immediately. There have been a few attacks, which brings me to my second point. As you may have noticed Professor Sprout has injured her arm, this unfortunately was due to an attack. You may therefore find that she might not be teaching your lesson in which you will find that she may not be teaching some of your lesson in which you will have a cover teacher. You may also have noticed that we do not sadly have our new defence against the dark arts teacher present with us. Unfortunately he too was attacked and is still recovering in St. Mungo's hospital, he will be joining us in the forthcoming weeks once he has recovered. Until that time your defence against the dark arts teacher will be replaced for a couple of weeks by Professor Lupin, who has kindly agreed to fill the post. He will be joining us tomorrow,”

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The hall erupted in whispers. Harry however was struck by a sudden coughing fit. Hermione poured him a glass of water. Harry took it. He felt really sick.

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It was a while before Dumbledore had regained the pupil's attention but once he did they all immediately became silent.

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“Now some of this news may have shocked you,” he continued “but I ask you not to worry,”

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Harry began coughing again but more violently. Ron patted him on the back but it did not do much. Many people in the hall were beginning to look in his direction even some of the teachers, one of which was the matron Madame Pomfrey. She was looking at him with a very concerned look upon her face.

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“Mr Filch, would like me to inform you that this year he will be stepping up the punishments for people

caught doing magic in the hall way,” said Dumbledore trying to take the curiosity of Harry “He also wants me to tell you that-”

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Dumbledore broke off as Harry, feeling really ill, ran between the tables and out of the hall coughing.

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Once out of the hall Harry walked up the stairs and began to head towards the hospital wing. He was feeling so ill, and his chest was burning. It was not long before Harry was overcome with pain that he sank to the floor. He sat leaning against the wall drawing in deep breaths of oxygen. Harry could hear footsteps hurrying up the stairs. He closed his eyes feeling really sick, clasping his chest with one arm and using the other to keep himself upright. The footsteps became louder and soon Harry felt a pair of hands clasp his shoulders.

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“Harry!” said a scared voice

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Harry opened his eyes to find Professor McGonagall and Madame Pomfrey looking down on him. Harry began to close his eyes, wheezing, as he could not draw breath properly.

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“Harry!” said Professor McGonagall

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Harry opened his eyes, lent forward and was violently sick on the floor.

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“Harry, OK mate, lets get you to the hospital wing,” said Madame Pomfrey

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She and Professor McGonagall stood Harry up but he swayed and collapsed, the pain was too much. He hit the stone floor and everything went black.

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Harry opened his eyes to find everything very bright. There were crisp white sheets tucked in around him so he could barely move. He closed his eyes and groaned. He could hear voices and footsteps heading his way.

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“Harry?” said a kind voice

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Harry opened his eyes to find a kind looking woman in a green dress. She had long brown hair tied up in a bun on the back of her head. She was one of those people who looks as if they are really kind a caring. She smiled at him.

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“Harry how are you feeling?” she asked kindly

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“Who, what where, I don't under- where is everyone-who, what-,” Harry was very confused and quite scared as he did not recognise any of his surroundings. He was beginning to panic, as there was no one he recognised and he was a little worried, as he wanted to see a familiar face. The kind looking lady

obviously noticed that he was in distressed and tried to comfort him

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“Harry, sweetheart it's ok, calm down, there is nothing to get distressed over-,”

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But Harry was panicking so much that he became short of breath and collapsed.

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When Harry came round he opened his eyes to find himself still in the unusual place. This time though there was a comforting sight, Dumbledore was standing at the foot of his bed talking with the kind looking lady.

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Harry felt very odd. He had a sort of mask covering his mouth and nose and he could feel something sticking out of his arm. Harry lifted his arm and tried to pull the mask off. Immediately the lady talking to Dumbledore came rushing over. She helped Harry remove the mask from his mouth.

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“Hello, decided to join us once again,” she said kindly “how are you feeling?”

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“Can I have a glass of water,” he said very croakily and quietly. Harry had still not found his voice yet, he was curious to know how the scar would have affected his voice. The lady helped Harry sit up slightly and held him there while she passed him a glass of water, which he sipped from. After he had sipped a bit the lady laid him back down onto the pillows. She looked down on him. Harry was feeling very weak.

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“Right sweetheart, now let me explain a couple of things. I was quite concerned how distressed you got last time you came round so I have brought your headmaster here so you have a comforting face. You are in St. Mungo's hospital. My name is Honey Evid and I have, and am looking after you. How tired are you, because Your Headmaster has brought along some visitors with him who our quite anxious to see you, but if you are not up to visitors then that is quite all right. We will wait until you are ready,” she said kindly

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“It's ok, I would like to see them,”

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Dumbledore smiled and walked out of the room to retrieve the visitors.

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“Now Harry, you have to take it easy you have been very unwell so don't tire yourself out too much. If you feel worse tell your headmaster or,” healer Evird pass Harry a round grey button.

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“Or you press this button. This will bring me right to you if you want me. OK?” she said

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Harry nodded. Honey walked away to another healer tending to a patient and began to talk to her.

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Soon Dumbledore returned and accompanying him was Hermione and Ron. They were both smiling at him he smiled back. Hermione quickly ran over to him and gave him a big hug. Ron clasped Harry's

hand.

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“What's happening mate,” he said “Good to see you back with us,”

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Hermione sat down in a chair next to Harry's bed. Ron sat on the end of his bed and started eating grapes. Dumbledore walked closer to Harry's bedside.

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“Hello Harry,” said Dumbledore

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“Hi,” said Harry

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“How are you feeling?” asked Hermione

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“OK,” said Harry “What happened, why am I in here?”

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Dumbledore summoned a chair with his wand and sat down.

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“After you left the hall Professor McGonagall and Madame Pomfrey quickly followed. They found you leaning against a wall gasping for breath. You were then very sick and eventually collapsed. They quickly took you to the hospital wing where Madame Pomfrey did what she could for you. But after a strenuous effort she eventually decided that you would have to go to St. Mungo's as they would be better equipped to deal with your curse,”

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“How long have I been here?” asked Harry

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“You have been unconscious for 3 weeks. You came round earlier but were very distressed and collapsed due to shortness of breath. Honey contacted me immediately, telling me that she felt it would be best if there were a friendly face nearby when you came round. I thought it would be nice if Mr Weasley and Miss Granger were also here too,”

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“3 weeks!” said Harry, his voice was still not back but he was able to become slightly louder.

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“Calm yourself dear boy,” said Dumbledore “Don't go distressing yourself,”

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Harry noticed that a machine next to him was flashing red. Harry also noticed that there was a tube sticking out of his arm.

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“W...what's that?” he said Panicky; he had had enough shocks and surprises today. He went to pull it out of his arm but Honey came rushing over making a trilling sound.

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“No, no don't pull that out,” she said removing Harry's fingers from the tube

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“What is it?” asked Harry

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“It's a drip, have you never seen one before. They use them in muggle hospitals too,” said Honey “We have been using to get nutrients and medication into your body with out distressing you too much,”

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Honey then turned to the monitor and pressed a button.

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“Professor Dumbledore,” said Honey “If this monitor flashes red then it means that Harry is becoming distressed, so try not to distress him or I will have to end this visiting session,”

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“Don't worry Honey,” said Dumbledore “We won't be much longer,”

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“What does that monitor do,” asked Harry

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“It monitors your heart rate and breathing to show any signs of distress, again like in muggle hospitals except ours is more advanced as we can monitor our patients with out attaching them to wires,” said Honey “less distressing for the patient,”

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Honey walked off, leaving Harry to talk with Dumbledore, Ron and Hermione.

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“How come I have been out cold for 3 weeks?” asked Harry

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“Well we don't exactly know but it might have something to do with the recurrence,” said Dumbledore
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“Um...earlier,” said Harry
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“Yes,” said Dumbledore
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“I mean 3 weeks ago,” said Harry rubbing his head
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“Don't worry,” said Dumbledore
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“Um...when I was on the train I was not feeling well so I went to sleep,” said Harry “I...I had a dream,”

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Dumbledore sat more upright in his chair. He looked at Harry with a very concerned face.

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“Well I was in a house, it wasn't a nice house not the sort you would normally enter,” said Harry

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“What happened in the house?” asked Dumbledore

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Harry noticed that Hermione and Ron were looking at him with a curious face.

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“Harry?” asked Dumbledore

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“Um...well I was drawn towards a room. I entered but...I was not the only one in there. There was a hooded and cloaked figure in the room-”

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Harry stopped and held his stomach. He was feeling really sick.

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“Go on Harry.” Said Dumbledore

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“Well I think it was Voldamort,” said Harry “He said he was annoyed that I kept managing to escape him and he said he was going to make me recovery slower. He formed a sort of ball of flames with his wand and threw it at me. It hit me in the chest but it did not hurt him,”

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Dumbledore did not speak but continued to look at Harry with deep concern.

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“What does it mean Professor?” asked Hermione

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Dumbledore turned to her.

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“I am not sure but it looks as if Voldamort has found a way to attack Harry through dreams,” said
Dumbledore

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“How came Harry got injured but you no who did not when the flames touched him?” asked Ron

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Dumbledore turned to Ron

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“Now that I can not tell you off the top of my head but I will look into different curse,” he said

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Harry was feeling really sick now he felt as if he was going to throw up.

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“I don't understand...how he can cause me to be unconscious for three weeks,” said Harry

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“Well Harry I think we will find that out once I have looked into different curses,” said Dumbledore

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Harry sat up quickly the machine started to flash red again

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“How can you sit there and say that you are going to look into things when I have someone making me ill through dreams,” Harry’s voice had raised and Honey was now heading over to him. “How can I sleep now?”

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Dumbledore was looking slightly shocked at this outburst but he did also look very sorry.

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“Harry I am truly sorry, I will find out as quick as I can,” he said

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“Harry,” said Honey “Lie back down. Calm down sweetheart. You are distressing yourself,”

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Harry began taking in deep breaths of air, to calm his stomach. He lay back on the pillow.

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“Now if I leave you will you promise not to distress yourself?” asked Honey

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Harry nodded in agreement.

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Dumbledore turned to Harry.

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“Look I am sorry and I will get on to it as soon as possible. I care about how you feel and I do not like seeing you being influenced through dreams,” said Dumbledore

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“It's ok,” said Harry “I am just...scared,”

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“You have no need to be ashamed of being scared Harry,” said Dumbledore “Everyone is scared of something,”

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“Yeah take Malfoy for example,” said Ron “he is may be able to talk as if he almighty, but he is actually a real wimp,”

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Harry smiled.

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“An excellent point,” said Dumbledore grinning

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Hermione continued to talk to Dumbledore while Harry stared at his legs, willing himself not to be sick. But it was not working; he was gradually feeling worse and worse. The monitor was beginning to flash again, but this time Harry was not in distress. Harry lay on his side trying to keep his eyes open, but he

was becoming more and more weak. Harry pressed the grey button that Honey had given to him to contact her when he felt worse. Honey quickly walked over to Harry. She then turned to the monitor.

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“Harry, you ok?” she asked

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Dumbledore, Ron and Hermione stopped talking and looked at Harry.

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Harry shook his head.

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“I don't feel that well,” he said

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Honey put her hand against his head.

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“Yes you have a temperature and the monitor is flashing red as your pulse has gone up,” she said

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“I feel really sick,” said Harry

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“Right,” said Honey she turned to Dumbledore “I think it would be best if we end this visit, I think Harry needs to rest.

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“Bye Harry,” said Hermione “We will come and see you tomorrow,”

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“Bye mate,” said Ron

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Dumbledore smiled at him.

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“If you let me settle I will come and update you on what is happening,” said Honey

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“I will just send these two back to school,” said Dumbledore

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He smiled at Harry and walked out of the room with Rona and Hermione. Honey turned back to Harry. She smiled at him.

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Harry turned onto his back and began to cough violently.

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“I think I am going to be sick,” said Harry.

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Honey handed Harry a cardboard bowl. Harry took it and immediately, lent forward and was very sick. Honey rubbed his back.

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Once Harry had stopped being sick Honey removed the cardboard bowl and lowered him back onto the pillow.

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“How are you feeling now?” she asked

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“A bit better,” said Harry weakly

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He turned onto his side and closed his eyes and fell fast to sleep.

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Harry remained in St. Mungo's for a further week, during which he had many visitors. Ron and Hermione came once a day after their lessons had finished. Harry also was visited by Hagrid, Professor McGonagall and Mrs Weasley. Lupin also spent a lot of time at Harry's bedside, but as animals were not allowed in the hospital Sirius sent messages with Lupin. Once Harry was well enough to leave St. Mungo's he went to stay at the Burrow so that he could regain his strength.

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Harry returned to Hogwarts after three days being at the Burrow. He travelled by floo powder accompanied by Professor Dumbledore. When he arrived Dumbledore immediately took him to Professor McGonagall's office. Once there they entered and Professor McGonagall seated Harry near a warm glowing fire and turned to speak to him.

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“Potter as you can possibly see it is night time and you fellow students are in bed. After our little chat you will be taken to the hospital wing. Madame Pomfrey will keep you in over night and best part of tomorrow to access and see whether you are fit enough to return to lessons as normal. You have missed a lot of school so you will have to take extra lessons. I will do transfiguration and History of Magic. Professor Ferdit will help you with Defence against the Dark Arts and Potions. Hagrid has informed me that you have not missed much and neither have you in Herbology. I will inform you tomorrow when these extra lessons start,” said Professor McGoangall

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Dumbledore walked up to Harry

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“I want you to inform me of anything you are concerned about, even if it is tiny,” he said “If you have any more dreams or if you don't feel like your normal self inform me or Professor McGonagall as soon as possible,”

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Harry nodded in agreement. Dumbledore and professor McGoangall stood up.

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“Harry we will take you to the hospital wing now,” said Dumbledore

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Harry stood up and followed Professor Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall out of the office. They walked along the corridor to the hospital wing and were greeted by Madame Pomfrey.

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“Oh Harry how are you. I have been so worried about you,” she said smiling

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“I'm ok, just tiered,” said Harry

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“Let me get you sorted out and into a bed,” said Madame Pomfrey

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Madame Pomfrey led Harry over to a bed and handed him some bedclothes. She drew the curtain so that Harry could get changed. Professor Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall waited outside. When

Harry was dressed Madame Pomfrey helped him into bed and drew back the curtains. Professor Dumbledore walked to Harry's side.

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“Right well we will be leaving you to get some sleep. So I will see you in the morning,” he said

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“Professor,” said Harry quickly. Over the last couple of days something had been bothering him and he had not been able to figure out. But he had just suddenly remembered.

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“Professor Dumbledore turned round to face Harry.

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“Professor I was just wondering whether Hedwig has turned up?” asked Harry, but as soon as the question left his mouth he knew what the answer was going to be. Dumbledore sat down at the end of Harry's bed.

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"I am really sorry but there has been no news," he said
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Harry sighed loudly
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"Sorry Harry," said Dumbledore
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Dumbledore stood up and walked out of the hospital wing with Professor McGonagall. Harry turned onto his side.
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"Where was Hedwig?" he thought to himself
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7 - Dogs and Knives

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Harry left the hospital the next afternoon

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Harry left the hospital the next afternoon. Madame Pomfrey had checked him over and had concluded that he was fit enough to return to lessons as normal the following day. Harry returned to the Gryffindor Common room to find it empty, his fellow classmates were still in lessons. Harry sat down in an armchair by the fire and began to read his favourite book, Quidditch through the ages. Crookshanks who leaped onto his lap and curled up soon joined him, but he was not alone for long. The Gryffindor Common room began to fill quickly as people returned from lessons. Some of the first people to arrive were Alicia Spinnet and Angelina Johnson. As soon as they saw Harry they rushed over and hugged him.

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“Oh, Harry,” said Alicia “Are you feeling better. We have been so worried about you,”

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"Yes I am fine," said Harry
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"Thank god you have come back. The team has really missed you. Wood has been going bonkers with upcoming Quidditch Match," said Angelina "He will be over the moon to see that you have returned,"
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They hugged Harry again and walked off.
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Over the next half an hour Harry was greeted by many of the Gryffindors all very happy to see that he had returned. Wood was ecstatic to see Harry again. He ran across the room clasped Harry by the shoulders and said,
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"Don't ever do that again. I might go mad next time,"
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He clapped Harry very hard on the back and ran off laughing. Ron and Hermione returned, and once Harry had managed to get away from everyone, headed down to dinner with them. The hall was buzzing when they got down there, people from other houses came up to Harry and welcomed him back. The only members of the other houses not to come and welcome Harry were the Slytherins, but Harry did not expect anything else. Harry enjoyed a meal with his mates. It was if nothing had ever happened. Once they had finished eating they headed back up to the common room where Professor McGonagall greeted them.

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“Potter, I have your time table here and I have the times of your extra lessons,” she said handing Harry a piece of parchment. Harry took it and put it in his pocket.

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“Well get a good night's sleep, as I expect not only will you be busy with lessons tomorrow but I am sure Wood will get you back on the Quidditch Pitch as soon as possible,” said Professor McGoangall smiling.

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Professor McGonagall walked off, leaving Harry, Hermione and Ron alone in the hall.

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The next day Harry woke up to Ron snoring loudly. He sat up in bed to find Seamus getting dressed very slowly, Neville sitting on his bed reading a Herbology book and Dean lying on his bed looking up at the ceiling. Harry rubbed his eyes.

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"What...t...time is it," he said yawning

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"Don't know," said Seamus

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Harry picked up his watch from his bedside table and looked at it. The time was quarter to eight. The time they should be heading off to lessons. Harry jumped out of bed swearing.

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"It 8:45," he said
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Dean leapt out of bed and started getting dressed, Seamus continued getting dressed and top speed and Neville looked worried. Harry ran over to his clothes and began to get dressed, but remembered he had not woken Ron up. He quickly walked over to Ron's bed and pulled back the curtains. He pulled back the covers and shook Ron.
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"Ron. Wake up!" said Harry
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"What. Why?" asked Ron wearily
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"Cause we are meant to be in lessons in five minutes," said Harry
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Ron said a very rude word that made Seamus snort very loudly. Ron quickly jumped out of bed but managed to tangle himself up in his bed covers and fell on the floor with a thud. Seamus laughed even louder and even Dean and Neville found something funny about Ron falling out of bed. Harry suppressed a grin. Ron quickly got dressed although he was not very graceful about it. Once he had finished he looked as if he had slept in his uniform. Ron, Harry, Dean, Seamus and Neville rushed out of the dormitory and down the stairs. The common room was empty. There they gathered up their books and ran out of the common room, down the stairs and out into the grounds. They ran out of the castle and sprinted down to Hagrids hut where they found the class waiting outside his house. Hagrid looked up.

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“Come on. Hurry up.” He shouted to them cheerily

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“Sorry,” said Harry gasping for breath. He had a massive stitch in his side.

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“It’s ok,” said Hagrid

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“What!” exclaimed a voice that Harry had not fault in guessing whom it belonged to.

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“Are you just going to let hem get away with it?” said Malfoy looking annoyed

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“Why not they're not that late,” said Hagrid

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“Yes they are. They are five minutes late. “Are they not going to be punished,” said Malfoy looking as if he had missed out on Christmas

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“I think they've learnt their lesson. By the looks o' it they've all got very painful stitches,” said Hagrid.

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Harry nodded. He looked around. Ron was doubled up in pain. He was slightly green. Dean and Seamus were not looking much better. But out of all of them Neville was looking the worst. He had gone

very white. He looked as if he was going to faint.

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“Right well lets get goin' then,” said Hagrid clapping his hands “Today we're doin' somethin' extra special. I've had Professor Dumbledore's permission. He says that it's fine what we are goin' ter be doin' today. He does ask that yer listen to me whether yer want ter or not. What we're about ter do needs, yeh full, concentration. We will be going into the forest. Not too deep so don't worry. Yeh are goin' ter be put inter groups' o' six and between yeh; an' after Christmas yer are goin' ter see if yeh can train a Skatzabin'. Now a Skatzabin' is a dog like animal. They're harmless. They will not bite yeh but are very playful. We are goin' ter train them after Christmas. So today I am just introducun' them ter yeh. Yeh can make friends so that when yeh come back they'll know yeh an' trust yeh. So if yeh would like to follow me,”

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Hagrid strode of inter the forest, the class followed wearily behind him. Hermione lagged behind.

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“Why were you so late?” she asked Ron and Harry angrily

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“We over slept,” said Ron yawning

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“Well that's not a good start to Harry's return is it,” said Hermione

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“Hagrid does not seem that bothered,” said Ron

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“That's not the attitude Ron,” said Hermione “You should be getting to lessons on time,”

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“Oh give it a rest Hermione,” said Ron angrily

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Hermione glared at him. Harry decided to walk slightly quicker so that he could get on with the lesson and not be subjected to the other two's bad moods. When they stopped at the clearing in the trees, Hagrid walked off. The class began to talk in worried voices; many of them did not like being left alone in the forest that was renowned for dangerous creatures. But it was not long before Hagrid returned with the supposed Skatzabing's on leeches.

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“Right, split up inter your groups and I'll give yeh a Skatzabin' ter look after. Now the one I'll be givin' yeh is the one you will be lookin' after from now on,” said Hagrid “After Christmas you will be rearin' and trainin' the Skatzabing's,”

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“They look pretty well trained up already,” said Parvati

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“Yeah well you'll be lookin' at how these one behave and then teachin' a litter of puppies ter do the same,” said Hagrid “Today you are just meetin' them and in the followin' year you will be introducing learning about them and how ter handle them so you are ready for the puppies. We will also make it a competition, whichever team can rear their puppy ter be the best behaved will get a prize. So I will introduce you now,”

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Hagrid went round all the groups and handed them each a Skatzabing with a leech. When he got to Harry's group, which comprised of Ron, Hermione, Seamus, Dean and Neville, he handed Harry the leech of a very lively Skatzabing.

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“This is Scruffy, he is the liveliest of the bunch but is my favourite,” said Hagrid beaming

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“Why can't we have that one,” said Seamus pointing at another dog that Hagrid was holding onto. I

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“Cause she is havin' the pups,” said Hagrid “She is havin' Scruff's pups,”

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“How long is it till she has her puppies?” asked Harry, judging by the size of the dog not very long.

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“Oh Minx here has still got a while. They are due around Christmas, so I suppose she has got about two months maybe longer. In that time she will double in size. She is havin' a big litter this time and I get ter keep them,” said Hagrid beaming

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He walked off to see how the other groups were getting on.

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“If that dog grows any bigger she is going to explode, she is huge,” said Ron

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“She won't explode Ron, I have read up on these animals they just have huge litters, their bodies stretch and grow to suit the needs of carrying the puppies,” said Hermione

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“How did you know we were going to be learning about Skatzabing's?” asked Ron

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“Because I went down to see Hagrid the other night,” said Hermione

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“Why?” asked Ron

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“Does it matter?” asked Hermione

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“Yes,” said Ron

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“I went down to Hagrids to tell him how Harry was getting on, he also needed my help,” said Hermione

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“What did he want you help for?” asked Ron

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“That's non of your business Ron,” snapped Hermione

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The rest of the lesson passed with great tension between Ron and Hermione, Ron was annoyed that Hermione would not tell him and Hermione was annoyed that Ron had to know everything that she did. Harry tried to stay out of it for most of the lesson, but it was hard to ignore. After care of magical creatures they headed up to the castle for Transfiguration, Ron and Hermione bickered all the way.

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“Oh will you to give it a rest,” said Harry “You have been on at each other all morning and I am sick of it, and so are other people. Just come to some sort of agreement,”

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Harry walked of to the castle leaving Ron and Hermione alone, looking quite ashamed with themselves. Harry walked into the classroom and sat near the back, away from everyone else. Rona and Hermione soon came in and apologised. Harry accepted their apology and they sat down next to him. The lesson went reasonably quickly and they were soon heading off to defence against the dark arts. It was going to be Harry's first encounter with the new teacher Professor Ferdit.

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“What's he like?” asked Harry, while they were waiting outside the classroom

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“Oh he is brilliant, really good fun,” said Ron “And he is really friendly,”

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“Yeah and he is a really good teacher as well,” said Hermione “We have learnt loads, already,”

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“I suppose that means I am going to have a lot of extra lessons then,” said Harry

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“Harry you are really good and Defence against the dark arts you will pick it up in no time,” said Hermione

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Just at that moment footsteps could be heard walking up the corridor towards them. The class did not stop talking, which surprised Harry as normally they class would eb silent when their teacher arrived. A

man walked from around the corridor and headed towards the class. He had had black hair with brown hazelnut eyes. He was quite young looking, and was tall and slim. As he approached the class the girls turned to him with dazed looks on his face.

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“Shall we go in then,” he told them

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He held the door open for each member of the class, who in turn thanked him. As Harry approached the door he stopped.

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“Harry,” said Professor Ferdit “I am glad to see you back with us. Can you hang back at the end of class because I need to have a word with you,”

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“Ok, Sir,” said Harry

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He walked into the classroom and took a seat with Ron at the back of the class as that was the only remaining seats. Harry noticed that all the girls were sitting near the front.

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“The girls like him,” said Ron

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“That would explain a lot,” said Harry

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“Right well before we get started I would like you to tell me what we have been doing in our lessons,” said Professor Ferdit “So who would like to start us off?”

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Most of the class put their hands in the air, including Neville. Harry noticed how calm and relaxed Neville was looking, obviously Professor Ferdit did not make him feel insecure or a failure like the other teachers did.

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“Yes Neville,” said Professor Ferdit looking at Neville

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“Well we started off learning about spells. Some charms and also some curses,” said Neville “We practiced how do defend the minor curses and jinxes but have not yet learnt how to defend ourselves from major ones,”

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“Correct,” said Professor Ferdit “Five points to Gryffindor,”

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Neville beamed.

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“Right who would like to tell me what jinxes we have learnt?” asked Professor Ferdit

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Again many hands shot up into the air. Professor Ferdit pointed at Ron

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“Um we have learnt, the um jumping charm, when you jump out of the way of an oncoming spell or object,” said Ron

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“Correct. Any others,” he said

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“The changing charm, when you can change something sharp to something soft,” continued Ron. Professor Ferdit nodded “The resuscitation spell, the healing spell and the noise charm,”

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“Well done Ron, five points,” said Professor Ferdit “For another five can you tell me the name of the curses?”

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“Letni meses is the jumping charm, swondnew oholo is the changing spell, cinosos is the resuscitation spell, evitavo is the healing spell and decnah tamrof is the noise charm,”

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“Excellent,” said Professor Ferdit “You can have those five points. Right well I am glad to see that you have remembered them, so today we will practice them so split off into pairs and start practicing, but today lets not do the noise charm as I think, if my memory serves me correctly that there is a test going on,”

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The class split into pairs and were soon practicing the spells.

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“Right which one shall we do then?” asked Ron turning to Harry

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“I don't know I have never done these before,” said Harry

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“Well if I go and get a sharp implement we can practice the changing and healing charms,” said Ron
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Ron stood up and walked of to one of the shelves. Hermione walked over to where Harry and Ron were sitting.
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“Can I go with you,” said Hermione “I don't have a partner,”
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“I am with Ron, but please join us,” said Harry “I have never done these spells before so Ron won't have anyone to practice with,”
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“Ok,” said Hermione “I can help you as well,”
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Ron walked back holding and small knife.

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“Where did you get that from?” asked Hermione

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“Professor Ferdit, and what are you doing here?” replied Ron

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“I am you other partner and I am also helping Harry,” said Hermione

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“Alright,” said Ron “Do you want to go first or shall I?”

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“You can,” said Hermione

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Ron gave Harry the knife to hold.

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“Right threaten me with it?” he said

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Harry held it near Ron's chest. Ron pointed his wand and the knife and said;

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“<i>Swondnew oholo</i>,”

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Nothing appeared to happen. Ron put his finger against the knife.
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"It worked," he said "Its foam,"
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Harry touched the knife and it was foam.
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"Well done," said Harry
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Hermione turned the knife back into the real version of the knife, and passed it to Ron. Ron did not grab it properly as he let it fall on Harry's hand. Harry groaned very loudly. Harry looked at his hand, the knife sticking through the centre of it. Hermione gasped and Ron was looking very white.
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"Harry, I am so sorry," he said in a panicky voice "Are you ok,"
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"No," said Harry "This really hurts,"
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"Ron, you fool," said Hermione
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Harry grabbed the knife and pulled it out of his hand. Blood spurted everywhere; Harry pressed down on the cut and groaned rocking back and forth. Lots of people where now standing and walking over looking very scared.
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"Professor!" called Hermione "Can you please come over here quickly
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Professor Ferdit ran over to their table. He took one look at Harry and asked the others to return to their seats and continue with what they were doing. He grabbed Harry's hand and looked at it. He pointed his wand at the cut and spoke the healing words “<i>evitavo</i>,”. The pain disappeared and the bleeding slowed. Professor Ferdit then said “<i>Ferula</i>,” which produced bandages form mid air. He wrapped Harry's hand up in them.

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“How did this happen?” he asked smiling. Harry could not see what was funny about this.

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“I um, I dropped the knife by accident,” said Ron quickly

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Professor Ferdit laughed. “When ever I teach this spell there is always one person who ends up getting quite seriously cut,”

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Ron did not smile. “I am really sorry Harry, I did not mean to,” he said

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“It's ok,” said Harry

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“Now it will be a bit sore but you will be fine,” said Professor Ferdit “I suggest that you just sit and watch Ron and Hermione,”

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“That's what I have been doing,” said Harry “I can't do any of these spells yet,”

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“Right well after the lesson we need to book a time for you to have your extra lessons with me,” said Professor Ferdit “So I can teach you what you have missed, but from what I hear you are very good at this subject so it should not take too long,”

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Harry smiled. Professor Ferdit clapped him on the shoulder and walked off to attend to other people.

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“Sorry,” said Ron

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“Its fine,” said Harry laughing

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Ron smiled back at him and then turned to Hermione to continue practicing.

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Harry sat there for the rest of the lesson watching Ron and Hermione practice. By the end of the lesson he had seen Ron jump up out of the way of Herminie's jinx and touch the ceiling. When the bell rang the class departed and Harry walked up to Professor Ferdit's desk, where he sat waiting.

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“Right Harry,” he said “I would quite like to meet up with you and give you some extra lessons to help you keep up to speed with the rest of you year. Now I don't know when you are free, and Professor

McGonagall has warned me that you may be doing a lot of Quidditch Practice. So what I suggest is you tell me when you do not have anything on and then we meet up that night,”

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“Ok,” said Harry

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“Great,” said professor Ferdit “So have you fully recovered from your attack?2

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“Which one, the one from the death eaters or Ron with the knife?”

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Professor Ferdit laughed. “Well both,” he said

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“Well I think I am fully recovered from the attack over the summer, I mean I feel completely fine and my

hand is just sore that's all,"

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"Well that's good," said Professor Ferdit "Just watch out though, as I am sure you know the activity of death eaters has increased. We are never sure when we are completely cured. You let someone know if you get any symptoms of feel ill because after the scare with you we have the improved our capability of dealing with it here,"

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"That's good," said Harry

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"Right well if you ever want to talk my door is always open what ever time of day it is," said Professor Ferdit "See you around,"

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"Thanks," said Harry

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He walked out of the classroom and went to find Ron and Hermione.
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8 - Flight and Return

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The next couple of weeks passed without anything dramatic happening apart from Ron setting the  
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The next couple of weeks passed without anything dramatic happening apart from Ron setting the  
potions desk on fire, much to Snape's annoyance. Harry was attending Quidditch Practice three  
evenings a week and part of Saturday and when he wasn't doing that he was having extra lessons with  
either Professor Ferdit of Professor McGonagall. By the end of the second week, of the gruelling  
schedules, Harry was on his knees. He was absolutely exhausted, and it was beginning to show. Harry  
was starting to slack on his work and was constantly wiped out. This unfortunately showed in a  
transfiguration lesson after he had fallen asleep in the class. At the of the lesson Professor McGonagall  
held him back
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“Potter,” she said in a stern voice “Do you find my lesson's boring?”
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“No, not at all Professor,” said Harry rather confused why she would be asking this strange question.
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“Well then will you please tell me what on earth you were doing asleep in my class,” she said angrily
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“I...I,” stuttered Harry
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“You had your head resting on the table,” said Professor McGonagall “I am not impressed especially someone from my own house. Will you please explain yourself?”
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“I am really sorry, it's just...I am so tired,” he said wearily “I have been so busy. I am doing Quidditch Practice four times a week, I have extra lesson's any time I am free and I can't cope with all the work load as well,”
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“Potter you need your extra lessons, you missed a lot of school,” said Professor McGonagall
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“Its not my fault I got attacked by death eaters,” said Harry “I can not help it if I am a walking target,”
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“Potter that's not what I said,” said Professor McGonagall
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“Well then what did you mean,” said Harry “I am just telling you that I can't keep up with what being asked of me,”
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“Ok, well I will have a word with Wood and see if he can drop one of the training sessions and we will postpone the extra lessons until you are up to date with work and sleep,” said Professor McGonagall
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“Thank you Professor,” said Harry

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“Look Harry, you have missed a lot of school and we are not putting the blame on you, but if you are struggling you have to tell someone. Lack of sleep will make your defence systems weaker which could result in you becoming ill again,” said Professor McGonagall “We as teachers are here to look after you, you can come to us with any problems. You know you can come to me for help,”

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“Thank you,” said Harry

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“Right well I will talk to Wood, you go and have your dinner,” said Professor McGonagall “And Potter, get some sleep. I might have let you off, I am not sure other teachers will be so lenient, although I will let the other members of staff know,”

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Harry thanked her again and walked out of the classroom. He headed up to the Gryffindor common

room to find Ron and Hermione. He found them sitting by the fire waiting for him.

“Shall we go and get something to eat,” said Ron

Harry nodded, dumped his bag by a spare table and the three of them walked down to the hall for dinner. While eating a meal of bangers and mash, Harry told them about his convocation with Professor McGonagall.

“Harry you should of told us if you were struggling with work, I could have helped you,” said Hermione

“Yeah, mate we can help, I might not be as smart as Hermione but I could of help you, and I can still,” said Ron

White; ">
"Thanks," said Harry
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Just at that moment Wood walked up to them.
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"Harry," he said, "You should have told me you were struggling, I would have cut down on training. The last thing I need is you to become ill due to lack of sleep,"
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"Looks its fine," said Harry
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"Well I have come to tell you that we have dropped Friday night sessions, but we still have one tomorrow,"
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“Ok,” said Harry “What time do you want me tomorrow down on the pitch?”

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“Well unfortunately we have got the early slot, due to the Slytherins wanting to practice as well. So better get down onto the pitch for around eight o'clock,” said Wood

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“Ok,” said Harry “See you tomorrow,”

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Wood walked off leaving Harry, Ron and Hermione alone.

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“Well at least that's something,” said Harry, and he returned to eating his pudding of fruit and ice-cream.

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The next day Harry woke early to the sounds of birds tweeting and Ron snoring loudly somewhere near by. Harry looked at his watch; it was only six o'clock in the morning. Harry turned onto his side to try and get some more sleep, but it was no use. Deciding that there was no point sitting listening to Ron, Harry got out of bed and got dressed into his Quidditch robes. The sky was very dark and grey outside.

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“Great,” thought Harry “Quidditch in the cold and in the rain,”

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Once dressed he picked up his broomstick and headed downstairs to the common room. He found it completely empty, but he was not surprised. Harry sat reading a book someone had left down on a nearby table.

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Harry did not know how long he sat there but soon there could be heard movement form upstairs. Harry was very surprised how early people were getting up. When the people came downstairs, though Harry realised why they had good reason to be waking up early, it was the other members of the Gryffindor Quidditch team. When Fred and George finally came down after Wood had ran up to their dormitory to chivvy them along, they all headed down to breakfast. When entering they found that there were quite a few teachers enjoying a very quite breakfast. There were no other students up quite yet. Wood led the

team down the Gryffindor table and they all took their places. While they ate Wood filled them out on what they would be doing. He spent ages trying to explain using pepper and saltshakers, due to not having the blackboard.

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“Right so me as a salt shaker has to hit towards and opening team mate, pretending that they are a evil opponent,” said Fred

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“Sounds pretty simple to me,” said George sarcastically

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“What we hurt each other?” said Fred

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“You won't,” said Wood

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Just then a couple of owls flew into the hall dropping off letters and newspapers to the staff table and to the members of the Quidditch team. Angelina and Wood were given a newspaper each and Katie Bell received a letter. Wood read the paper while eating a bowl of porridge while Katie read her letter. Alicia Spinnet and the twins were laughing loudly as Fred imitated Wood's pre talk. Harry sat looking at Katie who was sitting across from him. He noticed that she was looking very sad and had tears in her eyes.

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"Katie?" asked Harry "You ok?"

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Katie shook her head, picked up her letter and ran out of the hall. Harry stood up and followed her. Harry saw her running out onto the grounds, he followed. When out in the grounds he found her sitting on a wall in the courtyard looking out onto the lake. Harry walked over. He noticed that she had tears pouring off her face.

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"Katie," he said, "What's wrong?"

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Katie turned to him and flung her arms around his neck.

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“My Gran's dead,” she bawled, “Death eaters raided a care home,”

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Harry did not know what to say. He hugged her, and rubbed her back to comfort her. Katie just continued to cry into Harry's shoulder. Harry soon heard footsteps. He looked up to see who it was. It was Angelina. She looked very concerned.

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“Katie?” she asked

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“Do you think you could go get Professor McGonagall? I think she needs to know why Katie is upset,” said Harry

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“Yeah sure,” said Angelina

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Angelina mouthed to Harry "What's wrong with her?"

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"Her Gran's died," he mouthed back Angelina put her hands to her mouth.

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"I will go and get Professor McGonagall," said Angelina. She ran off into the castle. Harry just kept trying to comfort Katie, but it was not doing much good.

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Soon Angelina returned with Professor McGoangall. Professor McGonagall hurried over to Harry and Katie.

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"Miss Bell, what's the matter?" asked Professor McGonagall

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Katie did nto answer she continued to cry into Harry's shoulder.

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"It's her Gran, Professor," said Harry. Professor McGonagall turned to look at Harry.

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"Her Gran?" asked Professor McGonagall looking puzzled.

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"She was killed by death eaters," said Harry

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Katie cried even harder. Professor McGoangall went white.

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“Katie,” she said quietly “Come here poppet,”

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Katie turned to Professor McGonagall, who pulled her into a hug.

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“Come on lets go and have a cup of tea in my office,” she said

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She then took her by the hand and led her up to the castle, leaving Harry and Angelina alone.

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“We better get up to the castle,” said Angelina “Wood will be wondering what is happening,”

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Yeah," said Harry
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He walked up to the castle following Angelina. They found the rest of the team in the hall finishing off their breakfast. They walked between the different house tables up to the team.
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"Where's Kate?" asked Wood "What's going on?"
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"She has gone to Professor McGonagall's office. She will not be doing Quidditch practice today," said Harry
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"What!" said Wood "How come?"
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Wood was now standing on his feet, looking very annoyed.
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“Wood, her Gran has died,” said Angelina
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“What...o my god,” said Wood “Um is she ok?”
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“Well no,” said Angelina “She is very upset,”
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“How did she die?” asked Fred
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White; ">

“She was killed by death eaters,” said Harry

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Alicia Spinnet put her hands to her mouth, and the boys looked very white.

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“Right well, do you think we can manage without her?” asked Wood to the team

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“Yeah,” said Harry “I can,”

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“Yeah me too,” said Angelina

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Fred, George and Alicia agreed to.

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“Right meet down on the Quidditch pitch in ten minutes,” said Wood

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Harry stood up and walked out of the hall and up to the common room to collect his firebolt. He found some people awake, but he did not bother to stay and say hello. He picked up his firebolt and walked out of the common room.

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He walked down onto the Quidditch and waited for the rest of the team to arrive. Once they were all there Wood started off the practice with a short talk and then they started to play. Harry flew up into the air and started to look for the snitch. He could see the others chasing each other below him. Harry really was not in the mood for Quidditch his thoughts kept trailing off. He could not stop thinking about how Katie must be feeling. He kept thinking about Sirius and how he must have gone through something similar as well when his parents died.

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“Harry!” shouted Wood from the other end of the pitch “Get moving look for the snitch!”

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Harry began circling the pitch, but there was no sign of the snitch. He could see the other players just moving slowly, their heads were obviously not in the game either. When Harry finally managed to find the snitch, Wood blew his whistle. The team flew over to him and landed.

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“Right lets call it's a day, I am not going to get much more out of you am I?” said Wood

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The team looked at the floor.

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“Right come on lets go back up to the castle and get some lunch,” said Wood

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The team slowly walked up to the castle, barely saying a word. Harry was looking out into the sky his thoughts on how Katie must be feeling. In the distance, something was moving towards them. Harry looked more closely. Something was flying towards them. Harry stopped walking so he could look at it more closely. It was a bird of some sort, he was sure about it. It was very pale coloured as he would often lose sight of it when a cloud past behind it.

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“Harry?” asked a voice

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Harry did not answer; this bird flying towards him fascinated him.

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“Stop, wait,” called the voice “There's something wrong with Harry here,”

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Harry heard footsteps walking towards him.

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“Harry?” asked a different voice “Harry what is it?”

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Wood stepped in front of Harry's vision.

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“Harry?” he said

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“Get out of the way,” said Harry pushing him so the bird was back in his sight.

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“Harry?” said a scared voice “What's wrong with him?”

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Harry continued to look at the bird ignoring all the other voices around him. The bird was not flying correctly. It was all over the place. Harry could tell something was wrong. It was moving in many different directions, but was managing to head straight towards him. Harry looked very closely. He recognised the bird. It was an owl.

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“That owl is not flying right,” said Harry

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“What owl?” said a voice.

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Harry pointed at the bird.

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“That bird,” he said

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The others were looking at where he was pointing, but were whispering.

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"I can not see the bird," said one person

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"I think I can," said another.

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Harry looked closely the bird was quite close now. He noticed that the bird was snowy white.

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"Hedwig!" shouted Harry

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9 - A Miraculous Return

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"Hedwig!" shouted Harry
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Hedwig was flying towards him but she was beginning to struggle. The rest of the team were murmuring
around him. Harry watched Hedwig slowly move forwards towards him. There was something wrong
with her, she was not right. She was not flying in her normal way. She suddenly fell from the sky in a
spiralling motion.
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"Hedwig!" shouted Harry.
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He ran over to her calling her name. When he got to her he found her face up sprawled on the ground. She was not moving. He knelt beside her. His chest was still rising but she was dead still. Harry quickly removed his Quidditch cloak from around his neck. He wrapped her up in it and ran towards Hagrid's hut. He could hear the thundering feet of the Quidditch team following him. Harry ran all the way down to Hagrid's hut and hammered on the door.

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"Hagrid!" he called loudly "Hagrid!"

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Fangs barking could be heard from inside.

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"Hagrid!"

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“Fang move out of the way you noisy dog,” said Hagrid's booming voice

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“Hagrid!” called Harry again

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“Alrigh' Alrigh' I'm comin',” said Hagrid.

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He opened the door.

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“Harry?” he asked in a concerned voice “What is it?”

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“It's Hedwig,” said Harry “Please help her,”

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“Harry bring her inside,” said Hagrid

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Hagrid walked in to his house and Harry rushed in behind him.

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“Lay her down on that table over there,” he said

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Harry laid Hedwig on the table and Hagrid brought over a lamp. The rest of the team followed into the hut and looked at Hedwig lying on the table.

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“What happened?” asked Hagrid examining Hedwig

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“Well I saw her flying towards us, she was not flying right. She just fell out of the sky and lay motionless on the ground,” said Harry “She has been missing for just over two months now,”

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“Yeah I know,” said Hagrid “Professor Dumbledore told me about it,”

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“What's wrong with her?” asked Harry

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“I'm not sure,” said Hagrid

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“Is she going to die?” asked Harry

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“Harry lets not jump to that option yet,” said Hagrid “Let me see what I can do for her,”

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Hagrid turned to the Quidditch team.

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“Yeh guys don' want to hang round hear,” said Hagrid “Yeh go up to the castle. Could yeh just let Hermione and Ron know that Harry is down here with me,”

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Wood nodded, clapped Harry on the back and followed the others out of Hagrids house. Harry sat staring at Hedwig lying on the table.

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Harry did not know how long he sat watching Hagrid. The sun was setting, throwing orange light into the room, before there was a knock at the door.

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“It’s open,” said Hagrid

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The door opened and in walked Ron and Hermione. Hermione walked over to Harry and sat next to him. Ron followed.

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“How is she doing?” asked Hermione

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“Better, than she was doin’,” said Hagrid “She’s in a pretty bad way though,”

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“Is she going to live?” asked Ron

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"I can' be too positive but yeah I'm pretty sure she'll make it," said Hagrid

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Harry breathed a sigh of relive and put his head in his hands. Hermione put her hand against Harry's shoulder.

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"Why don't you come and have some dinner and get some sleep," she said "You can come and check on her in the morning,"

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"No," said Harry "I am not going any where,"

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"Harry I think it will do you good," said Hermione

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“Look I just want to stay here,” said Harry

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“It’s alright,” said Hagrid “Just leave him. Yeh two go an’ get some dinner and come down in the mornin’. Harry can stay here with me. Just let Professor McGonagall know where he is an’ tell her Hedwig had returned,”

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“Ok, “said Hermione “Well we will see you in the morning Harry,”

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She hugged him and stood up.

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“See tomorrow mate,” said Ron “Bye Hagrid,”

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Ron and Hermione walked out of the hut and walked back up to the school. Harry sat staring at Hedwig. Hagrid stood up.

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"Right Harry I've done all I can fer her, so I `m going ter put her in a box by the fire an' we'll see how she goes," he said "I am just goin' to get some fire wood, I'll be back in a minute,"

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He stood up and walked out of the room, leaving Harry alone with Hedwig. Harry stood up and walked over to the table. She was still lying motionless on the table. Harry sat in Hagrid's chair, rested his head on his arms and stared at Hedwig.

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Hagrid retuned ten minutes later his arms pilled up with wood. He took it over and placed it in a basket. He then went over to the fire and began to light it. Once he had lit it he went over and collected a kettle, he filled it up with water and placed it on a stove.

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“Harry,” he said “Come an' sit over here by the fire,”

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Harry stood up and walked over to a chair placed near the fire he sat down and watched the flames dance about in the grate. Hagrid pulled a box down from one of the top shelves. He placed it by the fire and the lifted Hedwig from the table and settled her in it. He offered Harry a cup of tea but Harry refused. Hagrid sat in another chair and stroked Fang. Harry continued to watch the flames until he dropped of to sleep.

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Someone knocking on the door awoke Harry. Harry lay still under a blanket Hagrid had obviously draped over him, listening. Hagrid stood up and walked over to the door.

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“G'evning Professor McGonagall an' Professor Dumbledore Sir,” said Hagrid in a quite voice

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“Good evening Hagrid,” said Professor Dumbledore “Do you think we may come in?”

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“Certainly, come on in,” said Hagrid “Let me just move Harry onto my bed so we can all sit down,”
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Hagrid walked over to Harry. Harry pretended to be asleep. Hagrid lifted him up and laid him on his bed in the corner of the room. He then draped a blanket over him and walked back over to the fire.
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“Please sit down,” he said
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Harry heard the springs in the chairs creak as they all sat round the fire.
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“Tea?” asked Hagrid “Or I've got summat stronger if yeh prefer?”
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"Tea will be fine Hagrid," said Dumbledore
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"How is the owl?" asked Professor McGonagall
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"She's in a pretty bad way, I just hope she's goin' ter make it," said Hagrid
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"How's Harry?" asked Dumbledore
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"Um, well he's a bit distressed, as yeh can imagine," said Hagrid "Yeh might not have agreed with it but I let him stay here tonight, he wants ter be with her,"
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"It's fine," said Professor McGonagall "I suppose he will get more sleep here anyway,"

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Hagrid walked over to the fire rattling a tray with cups of tea on it. Each of the teachers took a cup and began to sip.

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"What do you suppose is wrong with Hedwig?" asked Dumbledore

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"I think she's been poisoned sir," said Hagrid "I think she was captured. By looks o' it she has been kept in captivity by the state o' her feathers. She has been travellin' fer quite a few days from what I can tell,"

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"What can you do for her?" asked Dumbledore

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"Well I've done all I can fer her at the moment, but it depends on what happens next," said Hagrid
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Hagrid, Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall continued to talk for a fair amount of time. Harry lay listening to what they were talking about, but eventually dropped off.
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Harry did not sleep well that night. He had barely closed his eyes for an hour before he awoke. Harry looked around the room; Professor McGonagall and Professor Dumbledore were not seated around the fire anymore. In fact the only person in the room, apart from Harry, was Hagrid. Hagrid was sitting in his big squishy chair by the fire, with a empty tankard in his left hand. He was snoring quite loudly. Harry sat up and looked over at the fireplace. Hedwig was still lying motionless in the box. Harry stood up and walked over to the fire carrying the blanket. He sat on the rug that was in front of the fire. He wrapped himself up n the blanket and sat stroking Hedwig's feathers.
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Harry did not sleep at all that night; he sat staring at Hedwig praying that she would recover. When

Hagrid awoke Harry did not stir.

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“Mornin' Harry,” he said

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He stood up and walked over and looked at Hedwig. He did not say anything. He then walked over to the stove and put the kettle on.

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“Cup o' tea Harry?” asked Hagrid

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Harry shook his head. He did not want to eat, drink or do anything except stay with Hedwig. Hagrid walked over and bent down next to Harry to take a look at Hedwig. He lifted her from the floor and placed her on the table. He removed her from the box and laid her on the table. Harry watched Hagrid exam Hedwig. Hagrid stood up and walked over to a cupboard. Inside was an assortment of different potions in different shaped bottles. Hagrid searched in the cupboard for something. Harry was not sure what. When Hagrid found what he was looking for he walked over to a dresser and searched around in a draw. He soon returned back to the table and sat down. He emptied some of the liquid into a syringe. He then placed a needle on the end and injected it into Hedwig's left wing. Hagrid waited a couple of minutes before placing her back in the box and taking her over to the fire. He then put his hand on Harry's shoulder and rubbed it soothingly.

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“Right come on mate,” he said “Lets take yeh up ter the castle,”

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“I want to stay with Hedwig,” said Harry

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“Look Harry, yeh not doin' her much good by stayin' her an' getting' barely any sleep,” said Hagrid

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“What's going to happen to her?” asked Harry

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“Right, well I've given her an injection. This is the last thin' I can do for her. If this doesn't work then I am afraid we'll have to look at another option,” said Hagrid

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Harry did not speak. Hagrid stood up and pulled on his coat.

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“Come on Harry, lets go an' find Ron and Hermione,” he said

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Harry stroked Hedwig but did not move to get up.

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“Harry you'll only be upsettin' yourself, an' it won't help Hedwig either,” said Hagrid He walked over to Harry and placed his hand on his shoulder “Come on mate,” he said. Harry stood up and walked with Hagrid out of the house and up to the castle. Hagrid took him to the Gryffindor tower so that he could change his clothes. Harry walked into the common room and headed straight up stairs to get changed. The room was completely empty. Once he had changed he headed back down stairs to meet up with Hagrid. When he walked into the Gryffindor Common room, Alicia Spinnet walked up to him.

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"Hi," she said quietly "How's Hedwig doing?"
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"No change," said Harry
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"Oh I'm sorry to here that," said Alicia
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"How's Katie?" asked Harry
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"As you'd expect," said Alicia "But she's baring up. It does not look as if you are though,"
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"I just have not slept very much," said Harry

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“Look I have to go and see Professor Sprout about a test I did the other day, so I will see you around,” said Alicia “Harry, take care of your self,”

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Alicia walked of leaving Harry alone. Harry walked out of the portrait hole. Hagrid was waiting outside for him.

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“Right, now let's go an' find Ron and Hermione,” said Hagrid “I expect they'll be havin' breakfast,”

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Hagrid and Harry walked down the stairs and into the main hall. There they headed down to the Gryffindor table to find Ron and Hermione. Unfortunately this meant walking past the Slytherins table. Luckily none of them made any comments, probably due to the fact that Hagrid was walking in front of him. Hagrid eventually stopped walking when he reached Ron and Hermione. When Hermione saw Harry she leapt of her seat and hugged him hard.

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"Harry, you ok?" she asked, "How's Hedwig?"
"No change," said Harry
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"Oh Harry I am sorry," said Hermione "Come and have something to eat,"
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"Right Harry I am goin' to have some breakfast an' then I'll go an' check on Hedwig. I'll let you know if there's any change," said Hagrid
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Harry smiled
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"Look after him yer two," said Hagrid
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Hagrid walked up to the staff table. Harry sat down next to Ron and Hermione. Hagrid was talking to Professor McGonagall.

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“Harry you look awful,” said Hermione

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“Thanks,” said Harry

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“Did you not get much sleep?” suggested Hermione

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“No,” said Harry

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Harry stayed with Ron and Hermione for the day. They tried to keep his mind of Hedwig but it was no good. When they went down to Dinner Harry found that Hagrid was not there. This unnerved him as he wondered if something had happened to Hedwig and was keeping Hagrid from coming to dinner. Hermione kept looking at him with a concerned look on her face. Harry did not eat anything instead he watched Ron eat cottage pie and chocolate fudge cake. After they had finished eating they headed back up to the Gryffindor common room. They sat near the fire and listened to Fred and George Wealsey imitate Filch. Harry was quite impressed in how accurate they were at doing this. It was not long though before the portrait door opened and in walked Professor McGonagall followed by Hagrid. The room fell silent.

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“Carry on as you were,” said Professor McGonagall “We just need to have a word with someone,”

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Hagrid and Professor McGonagall walked over to Harry, Ron and Hermione. Harry stood up.

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“Harry we have come to tell you that,” started Professor McGonagall “Hagrid you tell him,”

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“Well Harry,” said Hagrid “Um how do I put this. Hedwig has made a massive recovery, she was flying round my hut just an hour ago!”

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Harry dropped into his seat and breathed a sigh of relief. Hermione walked over and rubbed Harry's back.

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"I want to keep her with me until I know she's one hundred percent better," said Hagrid "But I am sure it'll not be long,"

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"Thank you so much," said Harry looking up.

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"That's alright," said Hagrid "You get some sleep now though. I'll return Hedwig to you when she has recovered completely,"

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Harry smiled. Hagrid and Professor McGonagall said goodbye and left the common room. A bubbling

feeling of worry in his stomach, that Harry had been feeling since Hedwig had been missing, had disappeared. Harry felt happy. Something he had not felt for some time.

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Hedwig was returned to Harry completely cured a week later. Harry was over the moon to have her back with him. He was now able to contact Sirius when ever he wanted and his only companion in Privet drive was back with him.

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10 - Gryffindor vs. Slytherin

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The first Quidditch match of the season, Gryffindor vs
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The first Quidditch match of the season, Gryffindor vs. Slytherins, was due to be played on the forth
coming Saturday. Wood kept the team practicing as often as he could.
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"We are going to stuff them this year," said Wood beaming at his team after a very long gruelling
practice "I just know it,"
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“Don't,” said Fred in a girly voice “Your making me blush,”

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The team roared with laughter, even Wood. After Wood had ended the practice the team headed back up to the castle. As they entered the Gryffindor common room Wood turned to the team.

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“Right I would like you all to go to bed and get an early nights sleep,” said Wood

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The team walked up the separate staircases. Harry entered the dormitory, got into bed and feel fast asleep.

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The next morning Harry had breakfast with Ron and Hermione. Afterwards he went up to the dormitory to collect his firebolt. He then headed to the changing room to find the rest of his team. He walked in to find his team already kitted out in their Quidditch kit. Harry walked over to his locker and got changed into his Quidditch robes. Once every one was changed, Wood led the team into one of the briefing

rooms. The team sat on the benches while Wood addressed them.

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“Well, Slytherin are playing a tough side. I do not think I have ever seen one as tough. We are going to have to play to our strengths. We need to have a clear win if we want to get a head start in winning the cup,”

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Wood continued to talk for a very long time. By the time he had finished Harry could hear thundering feet above them going up the stair cases to get a good position in the crowds. The shouts of the crowds could now be heard loudly.

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“Right lets go,” said Wood picking up his broom.

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Wood led the team towards the entrance to the pitch. Harry walked up and stood beside him. The curtain leading onto the pitch lifted up and blinding light streamed in. The crowd roared as Lee Jordan shouted the names of the Gryffindor team. Harry swung his leg over his broom and kicked off from the ground. He shot up into the air and flew to his starting position.

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"Alright Potter!" shouted Malfoy evilly.
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Harry looked up to find Malfoy floating near by.

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"Make sure you don't fall off," he said with a smirk upon his face

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Madame Hooch walked out onto the field below.

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“Captain's shake hands,” she commanded

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Flint grabbed Wood's hand and shook it, but Harry was sure he was trying to break Wood's fingers.

Once Wood managed to relieve his fingers he flew up to his position by the goal hoops.

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“On my whistle!” said Madame Hooch loudly

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Madame Hooch bent down and released the bludgers and the golden snitch; she then picked up the quaffle, put her whistle to her lips and blew hard. She threw the quaffle up into the air. Alicia Spinnet rushed forward and grabbed it.

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“And there off!” rang Lee Jordan's voice “It's Alicia Spinnet with the quaffle, she passes to Katie who passes to Angelina who SCORES! Ten points the Gryffindor. I have always liked that girl. She still won't go out with me,”

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“Jordan!” shouted Professor McGonagall

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“Sorry Professor,” said Lee “So back to the game, Katie Bell with the quaffle, heading towards the Slytherin goal. Watch out there Katie a bludgers is coming your way. Nice hit from George Weasley there, smacked it right out of the way, she is clear to score...and SHE DOES! That's another 10 points to Gryffindor!”

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The crowd supporting the Gryffindors, which was three quarters of the school (Ravenclaw and Hufflepuff were supporting Gryffindor as well), cheered with happiness. Harry could hear Malfoy near by swearing obviously he was annoyed.

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“Right well it's Slytherin in possession, they are heading up the pitch. Come on Wood save it!” said Lee

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But a large groan told Harry that Wood had not managed to save the goal.

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“Those nasty b-!” shouted Lee

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“JORDAN!” screamed Professor McGonagall “Do I have to take over!”

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“No, sorry Professor,” said Lee

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Play continued for a further fifteen minutes and in that time Gryffindor scored another three times, Slytherin did not score any.

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“Score so far,” said Lee after Alicia scored the eighth goal “Gryffindor lead seventy to ten,”

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Harry continued to fly around the stadium searching for the snitch. If he caught it now Gryffindor would win by two hundred and thirty points to ten. Suddenly out of the corner of his eye he saw it. His heart raced and he started t fly towards it.

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“And it looks as if Potter, the Gryffindor seaker, has seen the snitch, but what are Slytherin beaters Bole and Derrick up to?”

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WHAM!

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Something struck the side of Harry's head; he could hear people screaming around him. Harry swayed and grabbed his broom tightly leaning forward. He clasped his head with one hand. Dimly dazed, by the searing pain, he opened his eyes. He was still floating in the air on a broomstick but he was very unsteady. People were flying towards him but he could not quite make them out, his vision was slightly blurry. Fred managed to reach him first. He grabbed hold of Harry to keep him steady on his broom.

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“Harry you ok?” he asked

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Harry did not answer he began to slip sideways of his broom. Fred held him tighter.

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“Woe, Harry, Harry,” he said

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Harry still did not reply he was trying to concentrate on his surroundings. Other people had now reached Harry, including Madame Hooch.

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“Potter are you ok?” she asked

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Harry nodded

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“Are you sure?” asked Katie “You have just taken a bludger to the head,”

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“I’m...ok,” said Harry, although he was a little unsure, but he was conscious “I do have a bit of a headache though,”

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The team laughed uncertainly.

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“Are you ok to continue flying?” asked Madame Hooch

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“Yeah, course I am,” said Harry looking at Wood, who beamed when Harry said this.

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Madame Hooch turned back to the stands and the Slytherin team.

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“PENALTY TO GRYFFINDOR!” she shouted

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“Well after that obvious and disgusting bit of cheating-”

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“Jordan!” said Professor McGonagall

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"Sorry, I mean that horrible and easy to notice foul-"
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"JORDAN!"

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"Fine, Harry Potter struck in head by bludger, which was hit by Slytherin beater. Penalty to Gryffindor and Angelina is going to take it. She heads up the pitch, Go on Angelina! SHE SCORES! That's eighty to ten to Gryffindor,"

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Harry suddenly saw the snitch; he dived and sped after it, Malfoy on his tail. Harry's headache had increased, but Harry was determined not to let Malfoy get the snitch. He chased after the snitch getting closer and closer. He was in arms reach now. He urged his firebolt on until his fingers closed over the tiny struggling ball. Harry slowed down and held his arm in the air. Madame Hooch blew her whistle.

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“GRYFFINDOR WIN!” she shouted over the cheering crowd.

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Harry flew down to the ground and un-mounted his broom. The rest of the team flew down to him and were soon bearing down on Harry's shoulders.
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“Well done mate!” said Wood “You did it!”
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“Party to night!” said Fred loudly
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Harry and the team walked back into the changing room to shower and change back into their home clothes. Once in there the team ran to the showers, Harry did not. He sat down on a bench and rubbed his head where the bludgers hit. There was a massive lump and it was very painful to touch. He now had a massive headache. He stood up and walked off to the showers. Once the team had showered and changed they all headed back to the Gryffindor common room. Harry was cheered as he walked in, much to his delight, this did not to wonders for his headache. He smiled and walked over to Ron and Hermione who were sitting by the fire waiting for him.

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“Well done Harry!” said Ron

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“Thanks,” said Harry

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“You ok though?” asked Hermione

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Harry nodded.

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They continued to talk for a while until they decided to go and eat something. They went downstairs to the hall with the rest of the team. They were greeted with a huge amount of cheers. Harry, Ron and Hermione sat down near the end of the table and began to help themselves to food. Harry did eat a bit but the noise in the hall became so unbearable that he decided he had to go somewhere quieter.

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“Um...I am going to go and see if Madame Pomfrey can give me a headache cure, it's too loud in here,” said Harry

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“Ok, do you want one of us to come with you?” asked Hermione

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“No its ok, you have your dinner, I will meet you back in the common room,” said Harry.

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Harry stood up and walked out of the hall. He headed up the stairs and walked towards the hospital wing. He was unfortunate though to walk into Professor Snape.

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“Watch yourself potter! Said Snape angrily

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“Sorry Professor,” muttered Harry

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“Potter you need to speak more loudly and clearly,” sneered Snape “And what are you doing up here any way?”

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“Um, I have come to see Madame Pomfrey,” said Harry

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“Why?” asked Snape

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"Why do I have to tell you?" asked Harry
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"Because I say so, and don't ever speak to me like that again," said Snape

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"Sorry," said Harry

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“Now tell me why you are going to see Madame Pomfrey?” asked Snape

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“Because I don't feel that well,” said Harry

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Snape looked slightly taken about

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“Well what's wrong with you?” he asked nastily

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“Why do I have to tell you?” asked Harry

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“Because I am teacher Potter,” said Snape

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“Yes but you are not a nurse, are you?” said Harry

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“Look Potter,” said Snape through gritted teeth “It is our jobs as teachers to be concerned for our pupils,”

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“Yeah, right,” said Harry “You do not care about me,”

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“Look Potter, will you just tell me what is wrong,”

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"I have a headache," said Harry bluntly
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"That's a very petty thing to be bothering Madame Pomfrey about," said Snape "No wonder she does not have any breaks, she gets pestered by people like you who feel every time a small thing happens to you it is your duty to go and complain to her,"
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"Fine," said Harry
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He turned around and headed back to the Gryffindor common room. He could hear Snape calling his name behind him, but he did not stop. He continued to walk. When he reached the corridor leading to the common room he found the Quidditch team, Ron and Hermione talking outside the portrait hole. Harry's head was pounding. He was feeling very light headed and confused.

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“Harry how did it go with Madame Pomfrey?” asked Hermione seeing Harry.

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The rest of the team turned round to look at Harry
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“He went to the hospital wing?” asked Wood

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“Yeah he had a headache,” said Ron

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“How did it go?” asked Hermione

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“It didn't,” said Harry

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“How come?” asked Ron

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"I met Snape, who basically told me not to bother Madame Pomfrey," said Harry

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He was feeling very weak and he was confused. He was feeling very light headed as well. Harry stopped walking and put his hand against the wall to hold himself up. Hermione walked over to Harry.

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“You ok?” she asked

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Harry shook his head and sank to the floor smacking his head on the concrete wall.

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“Help!” said Hermione loudly

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The team and Ron ran over. Harry lay on the floor barely moving.

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“What's wrong with him,” said Ron

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"I think it's his head," said Hermione "And he has just smacked it against the wall,"

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Wood bent down and knelt down next to Harry's head. Katie knelt down next to Hermione.

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“Can someone go and get a teacher,” said Wood

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“I will,” said Alicia, and she ran off back where Harry had come from.

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“If he has hit his head we need to hold him still,” said Wood.

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Harry had suddenly come round. He started to groan.

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“Harry can you here me?” asked Wood

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Harry started to cough.

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“Role him onto his side,” said Wood or he will choke “Can every one help,”

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The remaining team plus Hermione rolled Harry onto his side. Harry coughed and was sick.

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“He is bleeding from the head,” said Katie “We need to get his to the hospital wing,”

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“We have to wait for a teacher,” said Wood “Can someone quickly go and inform Madame Pomfrey,”

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Ron ran off in the direction of the hospital wing. Just then Professor Snape turned up. He quickly walked over to Harry and took a look at him, not saying anything. He stood up and summoned a stretcher with his wand.

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“Well what are you all waiting for, get him on the stretcher so we can get him to the hospital wing,” said Snape angrily

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The team lifted Harry up onto the stretcher.

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"And will someone clear that up," he said pointing at the pool of sick.
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He walked off to the hospital wing, with the team and Hermione following. Once they got there Hermione ran ahead to find Madame Pomfrey. She walked into the hospital wing. Ron was standing talking to her. He broke off when she walked in.

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"Madame Pomfrey, Professor Snape is just bringing him," she said "Harry got hit in the head by a bludger in the Quidditch match, and he has just smacked his head against a wall. He is bleeding from the head. He has also been sick,"

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“Thank you miss Granger,” said Madame Pomfrey “But Mr Weasley here has just informed me of all that,”

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Ron threw Hermione a nasty look, but before Hermione could reply the doors of the hospital wing opened and in walked Professor Snape with Harry and the team behind him.

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“Place him over here Serverus,” said Madame Pomfrey

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Snape placed Harry on the bed. Hermione rushed over to him closely followed by Ron. Madame Pomfrey turned to the Quidditch team.

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“Can one of you go and get Professor McGonagall,” she said

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"I will go," said Professor Snape "I would rather not be here,"

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Professor Snape walked out of the hospital wing.

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"If you all want to stay could you all go and sit on spare beds at the end of the hospital wing, while I attend to Harry," she said

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The team, Ron and Hermione walked down to the end of the hospital wing and sat on beds. Hermione looked back to see what Madame Pomfrey was doing, but she could not see. Madame Pomfrey had pulled curtains around Harry's bed.

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They sat there for a while. Madame Pomfrey kept hurrying into her office to get potions and bandages. It was not long before Professor McGonagall arrived. She quickly went to where Harry was. Hermione could here them talking but they were sitting too far away to understand.

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"This is ridiculous," said Fred "I am going to find out what's going on,"

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He stood up and walked to where Harry lay behind the curtains, George followed.

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"Madame Pomfrey," said Fred
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Madame Pomfrey pulled back part of the curtain.

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"Can you please tell us what's going on," said Fred

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Madame Pomfrey nodded and walked down to the rest of the team, Ron and Hermione.

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“Right well,” she said, “Harry is going to be ok,”

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Many people sighed. Hermione felt as if a knot inside her stomach had been undone.

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“He still unconscious but he will be fine. He had cut is head open when he smacked the wall. It caused the problems the bludger did not,”

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“Can we see him?” asked Hermione

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“Yes sure,” she said “But I think it should only be you and Mr Weasley,”

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The rest of the team stood up.

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“Send our love to him,” said Alicia

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“We will,” said Hermione

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“We will come and see him tomorrow,” said Wood

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They team walked out of the hospital leaving Hermione and Ron alone. They stood up and walked of to where Harry lay. Professor McGonagall had drawn back the curtains. Harry lay completely still on the bed. His head was bandaged. Hermione quickly went up to his side. Ron stood next to her. Hermione held Harry's hand. He was very grey. Tears leaked from her eyes and dripped of her face. Ron put his arm around her to comfort her.

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Harry opened his eyes. There was a bright light shining over his head. He winced. He put his hands up to his eyes to cover the brightness.

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“Harry?” said a voice

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“Yeh,” replied Harry “Can you move the light out of my eyes,”

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There was a squeak form above, which indicated the light, had been moved. Harry opened his eyes. Professor Dumbledore was looking over him. Harry sat up.

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“Hello,” said Dumbledore “Back with us,”

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“What happened?” asked Harry

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"You knocked yourself out," said Dumbledore
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Harry swallowed and looked round.

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"How come I always get injured at this school, especially in Quidditch?" he asked himself

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“Maybe it's your tendency to risk things,” said Dumbledore smiling

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“How much school have I missed, I am already behind due to the last accident?” asked Harry

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“You have been out for two days. Mr Ronald Weasley and Miss Granger will be most relieved that you

have come round, they have been extremely worried,” said Dumbledore

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Harry smiled weakly.

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“Right well I better leave you to recover some more,” said Dumbledore.

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He walked out of the hospital wing leaving Harry all alone.

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Harry returned to the common room later that evening, one hundred percent healthy. Ron and Hermione were over the moon to see him. Harry sat in one of the armchairs by the fire. How many more injuries could he receive from Quidditch and how many more times this year would he be in the hospital wing.

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Document created with wvWare/wvWare version
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11 - Red Flames

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Harry sat in the back of a divination lesson next to Ron
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As the year moved into November, the winds picked up and the temperature dropped. The school was cold, and many of the students tended to walk around wearing scarves and gloves. The school was beginning to become excited with the Christmas holidays approaching fast. Ron was going home for Christmas and Mrs Weasley had also invited Hermione and Harry for Christmas. They had both agreed. Ron had questioned Hermione why she was not spending it with her parents and she had replied by saying they were going on a holiday to Scotland with a dentist party and was not very keen to go.

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In the middle of a very cold November, Harry sat in the back of a divination lesson next to Ron. Ron was showing no signs of movements. His mouth was open and was beginning to drool. Harry elbowed him in the arm as Professor Trelawney walked closer to the table Ron sat up and rubbed his eyes. He looked around and when he spotted Professor Trelawney he turned to Harry.

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“Thanks,” he said

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“No problem,” said Harry “You have covered my back before, it's only fair that I return the favour,”

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This lesson of divination was going unusually slow, even though it was one of the most uninteresting subjects you could learn. Today they were leaning all about different patterns of stars. This involved reading books, and watching a projection of stars on the ceiling of the classroom. With the heat coming from the fire it was easy to fall asleep. Professor Trelawney was wondering between the tables talking in a dreary voice. She was telling them all about the different forms the stars take and which ones to be worried about. Of course one of the first pattern that she pointed out as one you should be worried was in fact one, in her eyes, predicting the death of a teenage boy, with black hair and one who wears spectacles. Harry who was pretty fed up with every lesson starting with the prediction of his death said.

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“Well, thank god for that, cause there are loads of people with black hair who wear glasses,”

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This had annoyed Professor Trelawney but Harry did not care. Harry kept glancing at his watch counting down the minutes to when the lesson would end.

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“Professor? What does that pattern show?” asked Lavender Brown standing out and with her wand pointing out the pattern.

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“You know from the moment you stepped into this classroom today I knew you would be good at this part of our syllabus. That is the pattern of love you have just patterned. It means that your life will be blessed with love that only a few people get to experience as that particular pattern, very few people tend to notice,” Professor Trelawney answered in a dreary voice

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Ron snorted very loudly, but managed to cover it up as a hacking cough. Harry fought hard not to laugh.

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When they left the classroom, Ron and Harry walked downstairs and out into the grounds for care of magical creatures. On the way they were joined by Hermione, who told them all about a fabulous lesson she had just had with Professor Vector. Ron rolled his eyes, unfortunately Hermione saw. She did not talk to him for the rest of the journey down to Hagrid's hut. When they got there they found the Slytherins waiting. Harry just completely ignored them; he could not be bothered to deal with Malfoy today.

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“Right well today, yeh goin' ter try different tricks with the skatzabin's. I'll give yeh a list of tricks they can do and yeh can try them out on them,” said Hagrid “By the end of year this is what the puppies will be expected ter do,”

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He walked around the groups handing them a sheet of paper with the different tricks on and the Skatzabing the different groups were looking after.

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The lesson was a lot of fun, although, Scruffy was more interested in being with Minx than with his group. Minx had grown so much that she could barely move. Hagrid informed them that he had got his dates wrong and the puppies were really due any time. What he had meant to say was that they would be teaching the puppies after Christmas.

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After the lesson Harry, Ron and Hermione walked back up to the castle to have lunch before Defence against the dark arts. Unfortunately it was not a very enjoyable lunch. Malfoy was being very crude about Hermione in front of all his supposed `friends'. Even though most of the time Hermione ignored it, today it wad beginning to upset her. Once they had eaten their lunch quickly they went and sat outside the defence against the dark arts classroom, but it was not long before they were interrupted with the howls of laughter from the Slytherins.

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“Oh, look who it is,” said Malfoy nastily “its buck tooth Granger, penniless Weasley and death eater target Potter,”

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The small crowd of Slytherins behind Malfoy roared with laughter. Other Gryffindors were beginning to arrive and were curious to know what was going on.

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“What I don't understand is why you hang around with such losers Potter,” said Malfoy

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“Yeah its not like they are anything special,” said Pansy Parkinson

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“Well they are a hundred times better than the people you hang around with Malfoy,” said Harry

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“Please, I do not want to be connected or compared in any way to that,” said Malfoy pointing at Hermione

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“Just piss off Malfoy,” said Harry

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“No,” said Malfoy “I would rather stay here and comment on how ugly the mud blood is,”

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“Don't call her that!” said Ron angrily

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“I will call her what I like,” said Malfoy “And don't even get me started on you,”

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“Go away Malfoy,” said Harry his hand curled up ready to punch him

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“Nah, I quite like it here,” replied Malfoy “Shame about the stench. I think you should shower more often Hermione, you really need to wash that mud blood stench off you,”

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“Yeah well I would suggest that you tell your mother to wash her son more regularly because when she is around him she looks as if she has a nasty smell underneath he nose,” said Harry

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Malfoy ran towards Harry. He punched him right in the stomach. Harry fell back winded, but he did not give up. He stood up and punched Malfoy right in the nose. Malfoy groaned and rugby tackled Harry to the ground, and punched him once again in the stomach. Harry hit him back, but it did not stop Malfoy from hitting him repeatedly in the stomach. The fight was soon broken up when Professor Ferdit walked round the corner to find the two boys fighting. He stormed over to them and pulled Malfoy off Harry. Harry stood up trying to breath properly after being winded for the second time. Hermione and Ron grabbed him to support him.

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"You ok?" asked Ron
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Harry nodded.
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"Right the rest of you go into the classroom immediately, except for Draco and Harry," said Professor Ferdit angrily
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The class walked into the classroom, leaving Harry, Draco and Professor Ferdit alone in the corridor.
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"I will have you know that I do not tolerate fighting. Explain yourselves immediately?" shouted Professor Ferdit
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"Potter insulted my mother," said Malfoy "I did nothing to provoke him to my knowledge. I just told him not to insult my mother and he ran at me and punched me in the face. I know I was wrong to retaliate but I was upset. I am very sorry sir,"
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
Harry stood gapping at Malfoy. He could not believe that Malfoy had sat there and just told Professor Ferdit a pack of lies.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Right well Potter, I am surprised and I am disappointed in you," said Professor Ferdit
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"But sir," started Harry, but Professor Ferdit held up his hand to silence him
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"No I will not hear any excuses, I will be informing your head of year and ten points will be taken from Gryffindor,"
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

“But-” started Harry

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“No I am sorry Harry, you should of thought of the consequences before hitting Mr Malfoy here,”

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Malfoy was grinning evilly behind Professor Ferdit's back

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“Are you not going to let me explain my side of the story,” said Harry

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“I have heard enough, now you will stay out here for tem minutes of the lesson,” said Professor Ferdit

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He walked into the classroom, Malfoy following behind him. Malfoy stopped before he entered to kick Harry in the shin. Harry sat down on the floor and watched the clouds moving out of a nearby window. A nearby picture of an old man was watching him.

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“You have to tell the teacher the truth,” it said

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Harry ignored it. It was too late now; Professor Ferdit was not going to listen to him.

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“I will back up your story,” the old man said again

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Harry looked up

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"You will?" he asked
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"I saw the whole thing," said the old man "Ask the Professor if you can have a word at the end of the lesson and I will tell him my version of events,"
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Thanks," said Harry
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The classroom door opened and Seamus Finnagon stuck his head round corner.
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"Harry, you can come in now," he said
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Harry stood up and carried his bag into the classroom. He walked to the back and sat next to Ron, who shot him a quizzical look. Harry got out his books and started doing the work Professor Ferdit had set for the rest of the class.

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At the end of the lesson Harry packed away his books and waited till most of the class had left the classroom, including Malfoy. Harry stood up and walked up to Professor Ferdit's desk.

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“Can I please have a word professor?” asked Harry

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“If it has got anything to do with what went on before the beginning of the lesson I do not want to hear about it,” said Professor Ferdit

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Hermione and Ron walked up to the front desk.

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“But Professor, you have not heard my version of what happened, which is very different to what he said happened,” said Harry

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“I don't want to know,” said Professor Ferdit

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“This is really unfair that you would take sides over one student, even though I a have three other people, well two people and picture that can back my version of events,” said Harry

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Professor Ferdit looked at Harry.

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“Very well you may tell me your version,” he said

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“Sir I do admit that I insulted Malfoy's mother but I insulted him after he had insulted Ron and Hermione. When he arrived outside the classroom, he immediately started insulting Hermione without us provoking him, and then when we told him to go away he started on Ron. He then continued to insult Hermione so I insulted him back, which did involve his mother. He then ran at me and hit me in the stomach. I did retaliate by hitting him in the mouth but then he rugby tackled me and continued to hit me in the stomach. I except the punishment you gave me but I feel that I was not the only one who was doing wrong,”

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“Right well that certainly is a different story,” said Professor Ferdit “But I must ask what type of insults were these, petty ones or-,”

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“He called Hermione a mud blood,” said Ron

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“He did not,” said Professor Ferdit sounding shocked “Potter I am sorry that I did not listen to you earlier,”

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White; ">
"It's fine," said Harry
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"Right well I can not say that you were in the right hitting Malfoy but then he did provoke you," said Professor Ferdit "I will not be speaking to Professor McGonagall, but I am not going to be giving you those ten points back. I will be how ever having a word with young Draco and his year head,"

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Harry nodded and walked out of the class room with Ron and Hermione. They walked down the stairs to get some dinner. Once they had their supper they headed out of the hall where they where greeted by a very happy looking Hagrid.

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"Minx is havin' her pups!" he said excidedly "Yeh can come down and see them if yeh want,"

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"but she has not had them yet," said Ron

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“Well I have just been to see Professor Dumbledore and he says that any student in my class wishing to see the birth are welcome to come down to my hut after hours,” said Hagrid “I was just on the way to find yeh three. No one else seems ter want ter”
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“I will come Hagrid,” said Harry not wanting to disappoint Hagrid, although the thought of watching a dog give birth was not entirely thrilling.
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“So will we,” said Hermione “We will just go and get out cloaks,”
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The three of them ran of to get their coats. They met Seamus, Dean and Neville on the way, which they managed to convince to come. Once they were all ready the all headed downstairs and out into the grounds. They walked down to the Hagrid's cabin and knocked on the door.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
“Come in,” said Hagrid
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Harry opened the door and walked into the cabin, the rest followed.

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“Yeh just in time, Minx has just had the first one,” said Hagrid beaming, holding a tiny puppy.

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He wrapped it in a towel and handed it to Ron

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“What am I meant to do,” said Ron

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“Rub it in the towel, get it warm,” said Hagrid

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Ron re-wrapped the puppy and began to rub it. Soon there were sounds of squeaking, and the puppy began to move. But there was not a lot of time to cue over it because puppies two, three and four were soon born. Hagrid kept handing the puppies and the kid's kept wrapping them in towels and rubbing them till they squeaked. Over the next couple of hours, Minx had twenty puppies. When the last puppy was born, number twenty-one. Minx got up and went and had a drink from a bowl of water by the kitchen stove.

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“Right well that's the last one,” said Hagrid “Twenty-one puppies, what a brilliant Christmas present,”

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Harry smiled. He stoked the two puppies he had on his lap. They were really cute.

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“Right,” said Hagrid “If yeh would like ter put them in this,”

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Hagrid placed a big basket filled with blankets in front of the fire. One by one the puppies were placed in the basket, where they snuggled into the blankets. Minx walked over and licked each of them. She then

laid down next to them and fell fast to sleep.

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“Right well I'd better get yeh lot up ter the castle,” said Hagrid “Thanks fer comin' down. You can all have ten points fer Gryffindor each and you can name the puppies next lesson,”

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They all thanked Hagrid. Hagrid beamed at them while putting on his coat. He then walked them up to the castle.

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“See yer tomorrow,” he said

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“Bye Hagrid,” they chanted.

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They all walked into the Gryffindor. It was completely empty. Harry, Ron, Seamus, Dean and Neville said goodnight to Hermione and walked up the staircase to the boys dormitory. Once in there they all got changed in to pyjamas and got into bed. As soon as Harry's head hit the pillow he fell fast to sleep.

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He was sitting in a chair by a black fireplace, with red flames flying out of it. Harry looked closely at the flames there was something not right about them. Harry stood up, but a flame shot out of the fireplace and pushed him back into the chair. Suddenly a figure emerged from the flames, its eyes gleaming red.

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<address>

Document created with wvWare/wvWare version
1.2.1

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</body>
</html>

12 - Burns and Guests

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Harry rubbed his eyes
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Harry rubbed his eyes. The figure was wearing ghostly grey clothes. The skeleton was visible behind it. The figure stood staring at Harry. It was spitting at the mouth. It's eyes burned red brightly as the figure breathed out. Harry could hear the figure breathing in as the sounds echoed round the room. Harry stared at the figure. The figure walked out of the flames and walked over to him. Harry once again stood up. The figure put his hand to his back and then whipped it round to point at Harry. Flames followed his hands and bound his hands to the seat pushing him back into the seat. Harry could not move. The figure, using his other hand, shot another flame that tied Harry's chest to the back of the seat. The figure walked over and clasped Harry's neck with one hand.
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“You have pushed me too far,” said the voice “You really have,”
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"What have I done?" asked Harry
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"Embarrassed me in front of my followers," said the figure tightening his grip
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"I can't breathe," gasped Harry closing his eyes.
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Something hit him round the face. He opened his eyes. Ron, Seamus and Dean were standing over him.
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"Harry you alright?" asked Dean.
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Harry nodded. Harry sat up and looked at around. Ron was looking very concerned. Harry could feel his hand trembling, and cold sweat was dripping of his face.

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“Are you sure?” asked Seamus

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“Yeah,” replied Harry “Just a bad dream,”

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Seamus and Dean walked back into their own beds but Ron did not. He was staring at Harry with a concerned look upon his face.

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“I'm fine,” lied Harry

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Ron did not look convinced but did return to his bed. Harry sat staring straight ahead, his body shaking. Harry looked at his wrists and to his horror he saw burn marks on his wrists. Harry jumped out of bed and walked out of the common room. He sat down on a chair and looked at his wrists. The burn marks were on his wrist where the red flames had tied him to the chair. This scared him as he was convinced that he had not left his bed, but then how could he have got the marks on his wrists. Harry was suddenly very scared. Was Voldamort able to get to him through dreams? He went and sat by the empty fire grate and watched the sun rise through a near by windows, his head buzzing with questions.

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Once all the lessons had finished the next day, Harry, Hermione and the Weasley's went and packed their belongings. Professor McGonagall had told them that morning over breakfast to have their bags packed and be ready to go by six o'clock that evening to return to the burrow for Christmas.

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At five minutes to six the Weasley's, Harry and Hermione headed to Professor McGonagall's office dragging their trunks with them. When they arrived outside the office, Hermione knocked on the door. The door opened and Professor McGonagall stood looking at them with an impressed look upon her face.

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“Well you are very prompt, I am impressed” she said, “Come in all of you,”

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She walked into the office and the rest of them followed. Professor McGonagall offered Ginny and Hermione seats and let the boys stand by the burning fire.

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“Right well, you will be travelling to the burrow via floo powder, so Mr Weasley,” she said looking at Fred “would you like to get ready please,”

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Professor McGonagall went to her desk and pulled out a bottle of green powder out of one of the drawers. She then walked over to the fireplace and threw a pinch of it into the glowing fire. The flames suddenly turned emerald green. Fred stepped into the grate and took another piece. He dropped it and shouted

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“The Burrow!”

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He disappeared in a flash of flames. One by one they all stepped into the grate and shouted the burrow. Soon Harry was the only one left. He stepped up took a pinch of the powder and shouted the burrow. There was a sudden flash of green flames and Harry began to spin, but not for long as soon he hit the stone floor of the Weasley's kitchen with a thud. Someone clasped his arm and stood him up while someone else removed the trunk from the fireplace. Once Harry was upright he stood up and looked around. Mrs Weasley stood beaming at him. She immediately pulled him into a hug.

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“Harry my dear, it is good to see you again,” said Mrs Weasley

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“Hey Harry,” said Ron “Do you fancy coming outside and having a game of Quidditch,”

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“Ron,” said Mrs Weasley sharply “Will you let Harry get settled before you go tearing round the garden on brooms,”

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“Right,” said Ron “Do you want to go and dump your stuff in my room and then we can go and ask the

others if they want to play,”

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“Yeah, ok,” said Harry

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Ron helped Harry lift his trunk and between the two of them they carried it up to Ron's bedroom. Once up there they dumped it by the end of the camp bed that had been set up for Harry. Once they had got changed out of their uniforms they headed down stairs to the next floor to ask the twins, Ginny and Hermione if they wanted to join them in a game. Once everyone was ready they walked outside and headed to the small garden shed.

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“Why are we going in here?” asked Harry

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“Well one of Dad's work colleagues gave us a Quidditch box, with all the balls and everything,” said George excitedly

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"Wow," said Harry "Where can you get them from?"
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"I don't know but this guy said he was too old to play Quidditch and he knew that our family were big Quidditch fans," said Fred
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Fred and George opened the shed and brought out a very weathered looking box. They picked it up and carried it together over to a long stretch of grass. They split into teams and played games instead of an actual game of Quidditch, which usually involved dodge, the bludger. It was a lot of fun and when Mrs Weasley called them in for dinner they were all very tired. They all sat around the kitchen table talking. They were soon joined by Mr Weasley who joined them for dinner.
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"Well it is all sorted out Molly," he said after they had finished the main course "I spoke to Tonks today who has informed me that she will be arriving with Sirius tomorrow. She also has had to ask a favour, she is looking after her sister and her cousin. Her mother was killed last week and so was her aunt, they were unfortunately there when the death eaters attacked the shopping mall in Manchester last week. Tonks is looking after them, as she is the next of kin. She was wondering if they could come here for Christmas. She has to work lates this week and can not be there to watch the girls,"
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“Well I hope you said Arthur,” said Mrs Weasley

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“Indeed I did,” said Arthur “She is bringing them round tomorrow,”

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“Well Christmas this year will be very cosy,” said Mrs Weasley “Ginny you will have to have two more girls in you room. We have got Bill and Charlie arriving in two days as well, so Fred and George you will have to go in Ron's room, cause the boys will have to go in your room and Sirius and Lupin can go in Percy's,”

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“Is Percy coming for Christmas?” asked Ron

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“Um well he is coming for Christmas day, he is spending most of Christmas this year with his girlfriend Penelope,” said Mrs Weasley

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“Um how old are the girls?” asked Fred

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“They are Ron, Harry and Hermione's age,” said Mr Weasley

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“Those poor girls loosing their parents just before Christmas,” said Mrs Weasley

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“What happened in Manchester?” asked Harry

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“Death eaters stormed a muggle shopping centre,” said Mr Weasley “It was dreadful. It was a huge job for the ministry to sort out, as many people's brains had to be modified,”

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"Right well you all better get of to bed," said Mrs Weasley "We have got lots of people arriving tomorrow so you will want to be wide awake,"
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They all said goodnight to Mr and Mrs Weasley and headed up stairs. Ron and Hermione said goodnight to the twins, Ginny and Hermione and then continued to climb the stairs until they came to Ron's room. They walked in and, Harry immediately collapsed onto Ron's bed. He was so tired. He had not had much sleep from the night before and feeling full and sleepy he got dressed into his pyjamas and got into bed. It was not long before he and Ron were fast to sleep.
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The next morning Harry awoke to light streaming through the bedroom window. He sat up and put his glasses on and the room came into sharp focus. Ron was lying sprawled on his bed the covers half on him and half on the floor. He was snoring loudly. Harry got out of bed and walked over to the window, all he could see was a crisp white blanket of snow covering as far as he could see. Harry went over to his bed and got dressed into the clothes Mrs Weasley had laid at the end of his bed. Then, deciding to leave Ron asleep, he walked out of the room and down into the kitchen.
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"Mornin' Harry" said Fred yawning, "Is Ron not awake yet?"
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"Nah, he is snoring loudly in his bed," said Harry
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"Fancy some breakfast Harry?" asked Mrs Weasley
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"Nah I am still full from last nights excellent meal," said Harry
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"Oh you are sweet," said Mrs Weasley "Well if you get hungry a bit later I will make you something,"
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“Mum,” said George “What time are the girls coming?”

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They are arriving at eleven I think Tonks said,” replied Mrs Weasley “She is bringing Sirius as well,”

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“Right well if it is nine now that gives us one hour to get things ready,” said Fred quietly

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“Fred, George you will leave those girls alone,” said Mrs Weasley angrily, she had obviously overheard them “If anything happens to them while they are staying here you will be the ones I blame,”

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“What!” said George “Even if they fell down the-”

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But the argument was brought to an end by a large grunt, indicating the last member of the Weasley

family had woken up.

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“Mornin’,” said Ron weary eyed but quite awake “Your up early,”

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“More like you are up late,” said Ginny

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“Mum what’s for breakfast,” said Ron completely ignoring Ginny “I’m starving,”

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“Pancakes,” said Mrs Weasley placing a huge stack of pancakes in front of Ron

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Ron sat down in the empty seat and began to demolish his plate of pancakes.

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After he had finished Mrs Weasley sent them upstairs to tidy their bedrooms so that she could sort out the kitchen. Ron and Harry did not clear up the bedroom but sat talking about the girls and what they would be like. Harry was also looking forward to the arrival of his godfather as he had not seen or heard from him since he left St Mungo's.

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At five minutes to eleven Mrs Weasley called them all down. Harry and Ron headed down into the kitchen and went and sat on the sofa next to Hermione.

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“It will be nice to get to know some knew people wont it?” asked Hermione

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“Yeah sure it will,” said Ron in a sarcastic tone “I can't wait,”

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“Oh Ron, you would be saying something different if it was two boys coming,” said Hermione “You have never met these girls you do not know what they will be like,”

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“I have a pretty good idea,” said Ron

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Just then Fred and George came down, both of them smiling. They went and sat next to Ginny in the armchairs opposite the sofa that Ron, Harry and Hermione were sitting on.

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“What have you two got planned?” asked Ginny

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“Our lips are sealed,” said George

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“And we are not likely to tell you, cause you will probably blab to mum and then we will be in for it,” said Fred

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“I hope you are not going to harm the girls,” said Hermione

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“We would never do anything to harm anyone, well except Malfoy or one of the other Slytherins, said Fred

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“Although we normally get really told of by Snape when we harm one of his students,” said George

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“Yeah like last week,” said Fred

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“What happened last week?” asked Ron

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“Well, for once, we were just sitting outside minding our own business when all of a sudden, I am struck in the back of the head by a small rock thrown by that get lump of a Slytherin beater Bole,” said Fred

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“Well obviously we did not ignore it and well we turned him into a walking pumpkin,” said George

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Ron, Harry and Ginny collapsed with laughter Hermione did not.

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“That was really silly, what if he could not be changed back?” she said in a shrill voice

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“Oh come on Hermione, its not like it is a hard spell to reverse,” said Fred

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“Anyway we were unlucky cause Snape had seen the whole affair,” said George “We got bo-”

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“George I will not have you swearing in this house,” said Mrs Weasley who had just wondered over “Or I will wash your mouth out with soap,”

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She walked away, and George continued with his story

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“Well we got told of pretty bad and had detention for a week and that's not what annoyed us the most, Bole did not get told off for throwing a rock even though Snape had seen him do it,”

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“That's so unfair,” said Ron “But then again when has Snape ever sided with someone who is not from

his house,”
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“Yeh well anyway, we have sent Bole a Christmas present,” said Fred “You know just to apologise,”
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Again they all fell about laughing apart from Hermione.
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“What did you send him?” she asked
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“We are not saying anything,” said George
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Just then there was a knock at the door. Mrs Weasley walked over and opened it.
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“Hiya Molly,” said a voice

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“Hello my dear,” said Mrs Weasley “Come in all of you,”

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She stepped back holding the door open and in walked Tonks followed by two girls. Following behind them was Sirius.

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“Sirius,” sad Harry

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Sirius walked over to Harry and pulled him into a brotherly hug. They clapped each other on the back and then released each other.

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“How you doing mate?” asked Sirius

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“Great you?” asked Harry

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“Me I am on top of the world,” said Sirius

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Harry pulled his jumper down over his wrists so that the burn marks would not show. He had told no one about them. Tonks walked over to the others, the girls followed.

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“Watcha guys,” she said

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“Hiya Tonks,” they chanted back at her

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“How you all doing?” she asked

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“Great,” they all replied

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Mrs Weasley bustled over.

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“Right well shall we introduce each other?” she asked

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“Oh yes lets. This is my sister Raana,” she said pointing to one of the girls.

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Raana was blond with bright blue eyes. She was reasonably tall and was wearing blue jeans with a pink t-shirt with a slogan that read *Follow your heart and trust your friends*. She was pretty and Harry noticed that Ron was staring at her with a fixated look upon his face.

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“And this,” continued Tonks pointing at the other girl “Is Maya my cousin,”

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Maya was beautiful. She was average height and had brown hair that fell just below her shoulders. She had brown hazelnut eyes that glistened in the light. She was wearing a dark pink skirt that was embroid with lilac flowers and a cream frilly top.

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“Hello Maya and Raana. I am Mrs Weasley, but you can call me Molly,” said Mrs Weasley. She then turned to the rest her children. “This is Fred, George, Ginny and Ron, my lot and this is Harry Potter and Hermione Granger,”

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The girls, like most people, took a double take when they heard Harry's name.

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“Hermione, Ginny, why don't you show the girls where they will be staying,” suggested Mrs Weasley

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Hermione and Ginny stood up and helped the girls carry their trunks upstairs.

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“Tonks, Sirius would you like a cup of tea?” asked Mrs Weasley

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“Oh yes that would be lovely,” said Tonks

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The three adults walked off into the kitchen leaving Ron, Harry and the twins alone.

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“Wow, I did not know they were going to be that good looking,” said Fred bluntly

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“Raana is stunning, isn't she,” said Ron “I mean they don't make them like that at Hogwarts,”

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“Ron put your tongue back in,” said George “I though Maya was pretty,”

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Harry sat in his seat listening to the others. He could also hear Tonks talking to Mrs Weasley in the kitchen.

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“Well I had a word with Dumbledore the other day and the girls will be going to Hogwarts after Christmas. We went and got all their school equipment yesterday,”

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“What school did the previously go to?” asked Mrs Weasley

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“Oh they were home tutored,” said Tonks “But I can not afford to continue doing that and I also can not guarantee that I will be home for when their lessons end. So I have enrolled them at Hogwarts, which they seem quite happy about,”

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“Oh no!” said Fred loudly “George what about our surprise,”

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The twins suddenly stood up quickly and ran from the room. Harry looked at Ron.

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“What do you think they had planned?” he asked

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But just then there were lots of terrified screams from upstairs.

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13 - A Cosy Christmas

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There were lots of screams, s groan and then the sounds of feet running down the stairs
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There were lots of screams, s groan and then the sounds of feet running down the stairs. Mrs Weasley was on her feet and walking over to the staircase. Suddenly Hermione, Ginny, Raana and Maya came rushing down the stairs. Raana looked petrified and so did Hermione. Ginny was looking annoyed and so was Maya.
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“What happened?” asked Mrs Weasley
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“Um when I closed my bedroom door a load of bugs and spiders fell onto of me and Maya,” said Ginny
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“And well Raana is scared of spiders,”

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“Let me guess this had something to do with Fred and George,” said Mrs Weasley

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“Well it certainly was not me,” said Ginny sounding very annoyed “And now I have bugs crawling over everything!”

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“George! Fred!” bellowed Mrs Weasley

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They heard the thudding of footsteps, and soon George appeared at the bottom of the stairs.

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“Will you explain yourselves!” shouted Mrs Weasley

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“It was only a joke,” said George “And we did not mean it, we went upstairs to prevent it but it was too late,”

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“Where's your brother?” asked Mrs Weasley

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“Well you see when the bugs tipped onto their heads um Ginny kind of screamed our name,” explained George “And when we went into the bedroom Ginny kneed me in the stomach and Maya kneed Fred in the balls,”

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Ron and Harry burst out laughing and so did Sirius and Tonks.

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“Oh,” said Mrs Weasley “Well it serves you both right. Now you and Fred can go and clear up the mess,”

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George walked back up the stairs. Hermione, Ginny, Raana and Maya came and sat on the sofas.

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“Do you want to go and have a snow ball fight Raana, and Maya,” said Ron quickly adding Maya's name.

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“Yeah sure,” said Raana “But can you all call me Rae, cause I do not like the name Raana,”

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They all stood up and walked towards the door. Mrs Weasley, who was chopping up vegetables while talking to Tonks and Sirius, stopped what she was doing and walked over to them.

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“Where do you think you are all going?” she asked

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“Outside,” said Ron

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“Not without, cloaks, gloves, hats and scarves your not,” replied Mrs Weasley “All of you go upstairs and put on warm clothes before going outside,”

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They all trudged upstairs and up into their bedroom. Harry and Ron decided to stop and ask if Fred and George wanted to join in. They knocked on the door.

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“What?” grunted a voice from within.

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Ron opened the door. George was sitting in a chair writing while Fred lay on his bed.

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“Do you want to come outside and have a snowball fight?” asked Ron

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“Is Maya and Ginny going to be there?” asked Fred

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“Yep,” said Harry

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“Right I'm in,” said Fred

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“Me too,” said George

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“You have to have gloves, hat scarves and coats if you want to go outside though, Mum says,” said Ron

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“Fine by me as long as I get to get my own back,” said Fred

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He stood up and winched.

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“Does it hurt?” asked Harry smiling

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“Yes it bloody well does,” said Fred

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Harry, Ron and George burst out laughing. Fred hobbled over to the wardrobe and Harry and Ron excited the room. They went upstairs to Ron's room and put on their coats. When ready they ran downstairs and waited for the others. Fred and George came down next, Fred still hobbling. Tonks and Mrs Weasley started laughing.

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"I forgot to warn you that Maya has a tendency to get revenge. You will get on like a house on fire," said Tonks laughing "Word of warning. Maya does not like to have practical jokes played on her and she has a mean left hook,"

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"I think I gathered that she does not like tricks being played on her," said Fred wincing

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Mrs Weasley and Tonks continued to laugh.

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“It’s a painful thing isn’t it Fred,” said Sirius

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“You can say that again,” said Fred

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Soon the girls came downstairs. Fred and George kept well out of the way of Maya and so did she. When they were all ready they all headed outside. The snow was crisp and had not been touched. As they walked across the gravel path onto the grass their feet sank into the snow. They split into teams, girls against boys, and they seemed to be evenly matched. Hermione was not a great snowball thrower but Ginny Rae and Maya were very good and very accurate, as Harry found out when Maya hit him in the head with a very hard snowball. She quickly rushed over apologising to him.

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“Its ok,” he said

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“Are you sure?” she asked

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Harry picked up a snowball and threw it at her shoulder.

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“Yep,” he said running off.

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Maya bent down and rolled up a snowball and chased after him. She was very fast and was soon closing in on him. Harry ran faster and for a moment he thought she would never catch up with him, which was until his foot caught on a sticking out root. He fell flat on his face the ice-cold snow freezing his face. He turned onto his back to find Maya running straight at him. She was soon on top of him pounding him with snowballs.

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“Alright, alright,” he said giving up “You win,”

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Maya stopped and sat in the snow next to him. Harry sat up and looked at the others. He had a warm feeling inside of him growing every time Maya got near him. He felt giddy but happy. Maya turned to him.

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“What's it like at Hogwarts?” she asked

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“It's really cool,” said Harry “For me its like a home. Well it is my home. This is my second home,”

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“Do you live here?” she asked

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“Nah I have to live with my Aunt and Uncle who are muggles and hate everything about me,” replied Harry “I often come hear during the summer, normally rescued,”

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Maya laughed. Harry's heart started to flutter. He did not understand this feeling he felt. Anything Maya did he loved. He loved her laugh, the way she looks at him, the way her eyes glistened in the sunlight.

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“It must be tough for you,” she said

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“It is some times but I have learnt to live with it,” said Harry “I have a cousin who I can scare quiet easily if he starts to annoy me, I just show him my wand and he runs away,”

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“I meant it must be tough for you having Voldamort and his followers on you tail trying to kill you,” she said

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“You don't call him You Know Who?” asked Harry, very surprised, as he had not met any other kid who was not afraid to use his real name.

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“Why shouldn't I call him by his real name, I am not scared of his name and I never will be,” she said

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“It just I have never met anyone apart from the occasional adult who calls Voldamort by his real name before,” said Harry

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“Oh,” said Maya “Do not many people say his name at Hogwarts?”

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Harry shook his head

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“Do you get scared being a walking target?” she asked

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“Um...it depends on what situation I am in,” said Harry “Yeah I do sometimes get scared but I do not like to show it,”

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“Your very brave,” said Maya

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Harry did not know why he felt he could be so open with Maya, but one thing he did notice was that he liked Maya in a different way to Ron and Hermione. The thing that troubled Harry was that did Maya feel the same way about him and he did about her? Harry beginning to feel his bum go numb with coldness stood up. He then offered his hand to Maya to help her stand. They walked back over to the snowball fight, which did not seem to have noticed that Maya and Harry had not been part of for the past ten minutes. Just before they joined in the game Maya walked closer to him and holding his hand kissed him on the cheek. Harry felt as if the snow beneath his feet had melted. He felt his cheeks redden. Maya did feel the same way about him. Harry turned to her; she smiled at him and then ran off to help Ginny fight Fred and George. Harry quickly ran over to Ron, who was putting up a good fight with Rae, and joined in. Mrs Weasley soon called them in for a late lunch. They all trudged inside sopping wet. Mrs Weasley sent them all upstairs to get changed into dry clothes. As Harry walked up the stairs, Maya brushed past him, she turned round and gave him a smile. Harry feeling very happy continued to climb the stairs until he reached Ron's room. Once inside he started to get changed into dry clothes, as did Ron.

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“What do you think of Rae?” blurted out Ron

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“Um,” said Harry, but he did not have a chance to finish

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“I really like her,” continued Ron “She's not at all like the girls at Hogwarts. She is really funny, but really sweet at the same time. Plus she is really pretty and thoughtful- what's that on your wrist?”

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Harry turned looked up. He had been unaware that he had been showing the burn marks on his wrists. He quickly tried to cover them up but it was too late Ron had seen them. He walked over and grabbed Harry's wrist and looked at the burns.

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“Harry, how did this happen?” he asked in a curious voice

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“Its nothing,” replied Harry

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“You could not have done it in a lesson cause I would have noticed,” said Ron

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“Its nothing,” said Harry “I did it in one of my extra lessons with Ferdit,”

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“You have not had a lesson for ages,” said Ron

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“Look just drop it,” said Harry

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“I am just concerned,” said Ron

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“Look it does not matter I did it by accident,” said Harry picking up a jumper and putting it on.

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Once Ron had finally finished getting changed they headed back downstairs. Harry walked into the kitchen and sat in an empty chair next to Sirius. The girls soon came down and everyone took their places around the table. Maya sat opposite Harry; she smiled at him when she sat down. He smiled back at her.

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They all enjoyed a fantastic lunch of chicken and ham pie, followed by apple crumble. Once they had all finished Tonks stood up and said goodbye to everyone, kissing Rae and Maya on the head.

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"I will see you tomorrow," she said "Christmas day!"

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She waved goodbye to them and walked out of the house. A couple of seconds later they heard a loud CRACK, which indicated that she, had disaperated. They all helped to clear away the dishes and Harry was just about to follow Ron over to the fire when Sirius grabbed his wrist.

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"What are those marks on your arms?" he asked
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Harry yanked his arm out of Sirius's grip.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Harry what are those?" he asked again
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Its nothing?" said Harry
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Harry they don't look like nothing. Have you been self harming?" he asked in a whisper
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color:

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"No!" said Harry
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Well then what is it?" asked Sirius
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Harry walked of upstairs and continued to climb until he had reached Ron's room. He walked in and shut the door behind him. He then walked over to his bed and sat on it looking at the burns on his wrists. There was knock at the door, and Sirius walked in.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Harry?" he asked, "I am just concerned, that's all. Harry please tell me,"
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Um, well I had a dream," said Harry "I think it was Voldamort, he um tied me to a chair with red flames and tried to strangle me. I woke up and I have burn marks on my wrists and chest where I was tied to the chair,"
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
Sirius looked very concerned about this. He asked to see Harry's chest and sure enough, there was a similar burn to those on Harry's wrists.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Right I am going to go and speak with Dumbledore," said Sirius "Do you want to stay up here for a bit,"
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Harry nodded. Sirius left the room, but Harry was not left alone for long. The bedroom door opened and in walked Ron and Hermione.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"You ok Harry?" asked Hermione
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"Yeh," said Harry "There was never anything wrong with me,"
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

“What are the marks on your wrists?” asked Ron

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Harry told them about the dream. Ron did not know what to say, he sat there staring at Harry.

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“But how can he been harming you through dreams?” he asked

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“Don't know, Sirius has gone to see Dumbledore about it,” said Harry

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“Well Dumbledore will know what to do Harry,” said Hermione

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"Hopefully," said Harry
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"Anyway we'd better get down stairs cause the others will be wondering what we are up to," said Ron
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"More like you cant wait to get downstairs to gape at Rae," said Hermione "I have seen the way you look at her you cant keep your mouth shut most of the time,"
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"Oh shut up," said Ron
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"hey guys its Christmas don't fight," said Harry
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“And what about you and Maya?” asked Hermione “Do you like her?”

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“This isn't a girly sleep over Hermione,” said Ron

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“Do you like her Harry?” asked Hermione ignoring Ron “She like you, its obvious,”

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“She does?” asked Harry

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“Yes, it's the way she looks at you,” said Hermione “You still have not answerd my question though, do you like her?”

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“Um, yeah I think so,” said Harry

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“Oh that's so cool,” said Hermione

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“I fancy Rae,” said Ron chipping in

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“What are you going to do about it Ron,” asked Harry

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“Um I am not sure,” said Ron

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There was a little knock at the door.

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“Come in,” said Ron

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The door opened and in walked Ginny, Rae and Maya. Maya smiled at Harry.

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“We wondered what you were up to,” said Ginny

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“Yeah we missed you loads,” said Rae

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“You did,” said Ron

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“Of course,” said Raw “Why don't we go downstairs,”

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Ron stood up and walked towards the door. Rae grabbed his hand and they both walked out of the room hand in hand. Ginny mimicked being sick and her and Hermione left the room laughing. Maya walked over and closed the bedroom door and then walked over and sat on the end of Harry's bed.

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“You alright?” she asked

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“Yeh,” said Harry “Just something that Sirius has gone to deal with,”

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Maya crawled across the bed and kissed Harry on the cheek.

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“Shall we go downstairs,” she suggested

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Harry stood up and they walked downstairs hand in hand.

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Sirius returned later that evening. He told Harry that Dumbledore would be contacting them in the next few days. Harry, feeling slightly relieved that Dumbledore was looking into it, enjoyed a very enjoyable meal. He went to bed full and reasonable happy.

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<!--Section Ends-->

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<address>


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Document created with <a href="http://wwWare.sourceforge.net/">wwWare/wwWare version  
1.2.1</a><br>  
</address>  
-->  
</body>  
</html>
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14 - Gifts in Disguise

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<title>
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```
Harry was woken up on Christmas morning buy Ron singing Merry Christmas at the top of his voice
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</title>
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</head>
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Harry was woken up on Christmas morning buy Ron singing Merry Christmas at the top of his voice. Harry would not have minded as much if Ron could actually sing. Ron jumped up and down on his bed until he got up and began to get dressed. Once he was dressed he turned to look at the pile of presents at the end of his bed. Ron was already ripping open the wrapping paper of his presents. Harry crawled to the end of his bed and picked up the top present. It was a squishy package, he opened it, and was not surprised to see it was one of Mrs Weasley's hand knitted jumpers. It was emerald green, as usual, and had a picture of a firebolt on the front. Harry also received some sweets from Ron, a collection of books from Lupin, many to do with Defence against the dark arts, Hermione had given him a new pair of Quidditch gloves and from Sirius he received a broom cover. Harry thought he had received all his gifts, but he was wrong. Lying on the floor was another parcel. It was quite small and was boxed shaped. He picked it up and read the tag. The label was written in blood red ink. Harry did not think much of this and began to read.

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<p><div name="Heading 1" align="center" style=" padding: 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm 0.00mm; ">

<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: center; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">

Do not open this while you are around others. Enjoy your Christmas and I will meet you soon, I don't doubt.

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Harry re-read the label twice and then he stowed it away in his trunk. He would open it later when he had a spare moment.

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When they had finished clearing away the wrapping paper they walked downstairs to see the others. Most of them were awake and were sitting round the kitchen table. Lupin, Bill and Charlie, who had arrived late last night, were not present but everyone else was. Harry and Ron walked over and sat either side of Hermione, Maya sitting on Harry's other side. She lent forward and wished him a merry Christmas.

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Breakfast was very enjoyable and it was not long before Lupin, Bill and Charlie who all came over a said hello to Harry joined them. Much to Ron's and the twins delight, half way through breakfast they were subjected to the presence of Percy. Ron muttered under his breath something that sounded like.
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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
“Miserable arse,”
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Harry suppressed a grin and so did Hermione. Percy much to Ron's delight then went and proceeded to sit opposite. There he turned and talked to the twins. They did not seem utterly thrilled with this though. Harry was not surprised to see that soon their faces looking very angry and annoyed.
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“Mum?” asked Fred loudly “Would it be ok if me a George went into our room to get something put together, that's if Bill and George don't mind,”
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“That's fine with me dears,” replied Mrs Weasley, obviously she was having such a good time that she did not question what the boys were planning on doing.
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After breakfast Ron went and had a game of Wizards chess against Charlie using the new chess pieces Harry had given him for his Christmas present. Rae was sat close by to him, looking thoroughly over interested in the game he was playing. Hermione went and picked up a book that she had been given for Christmas, went over to the fire and sat down in an arm chair and began to read. Maya went and had a game with exploding snap with Ginny, leaving Harry alone. Harry deciding that he would not be missed decided to go upstairs and take a look at the present he had been given. He stood up and walked up the stairs and up into Ron's room. He shut the door behind him and walked over to his trunk. He heard the door creep open behind him he quickly turned around. The door was slightly ajar and standing just in front of it was Crookshanks. The cat trotted over and jumped up onto Harry's bed and curled up into a ball purring. Harry went and got the present out of his trunk and went and sat on his bed. He stroked Crookshanks who purred even louder. Harry looked at the present and read the gift tag again. The box was very light. He ripped off the wrapping paper. There lay a silver box covered in gold ivy leaves. It was a very glamorous box. Harry searched the edges to find a way to open it. After a while he managed to find it. He slowly opened the box. Inside was another box but this time it was jet black. Harry opened the lid to find a sudden burst of colour. All Harry could see was crisp white with dabs of red. He thought it was some sort of a trick, maybe one of Fred and George's; the box appeared to be empty. As Harry looked closely at the contents of the box he realised that it was not empty. Inside were three white feathers spattered with blood. Harry yelled loudly and let go of the box. Crookshanks, who had been asleep, awoke suddenly and ran out of the room. There were soon the sounds of thunderous feet coming up the stairs. Harry stared at the box, breathing deeply. They were owl feathers. Feathers that had belonged to his snowy white owl Hedwig. Suddenly Sirius burst through the door with Lupin close behind.

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"Harry? What is it?" he asked breathlessly "We heard you yell from downstairs,"

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"It Hedwig's feathers," said Harry "They are covered with blood,"

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“What!” exclaimed Sirius loudly.

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He grabbed the box and looked at the contents closely. Lupin walked over.

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“Harry was there a note with the box?” he asked

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Harry nodded and handed it over to Lupin. But just before Lupin took it from Harry it burst into flames. Harry dropped it quickly, but it continued to burn until there was just a pile of ash. Harry looked at Lupin with a scared look upon his face.

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“I can remember it though,” said Harry

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Harry recited the message that was on the gift tag, Sirius and Lupin listening carefully. When Harry had finished Lupin looked at Harry.

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“Right I am going to see Dumbledore tomorrow,” said Sirius

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“No you won't,” said Lupin “It's Boxing Day tomorrow and Dumbledore deserves a Christmas as much as everyone else. We can deal with this until then,”

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Sirius muttered under his breath. Harry sat staring at the box. The note had seemed so harmless, and yet someone had put a lot of time and effort into making it seem as normal as possible. There was a knock at the door and Harry looked up. Hermione was standing cradling a purring Crookshanks.

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“Hi, is everything alright?” she asked

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“Harry has received a nasty parcel,” said Lupin “Not one you would like to receive,”

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Hermione looked very concerned at this information, but did not say anything. Lupin stood up.

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“Try not to worry about this,” he said, “We will sort it out,”

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He stood up and beckoned to Sirius to follow. When both Sirius and Lupin had left the room, Hermione turned to speak to Harry

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“Do you want to go for a walk?” she asked

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Harry nodded. He stood up, pulled on a coat, scarf and gloves and together they walked back downstairs. Hermione stopped of at Ginny's bedroom to put on her own coat and scarf. Harry went and knocked on Fred and George's bedroom door while Hermione went and got ready. He opened the door and walked in. Fred and George where leaning over a box grinning.

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"Hi," said Harry when he entered

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"Hi," they replied, "Come and have a look at this,"

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Harry walked over and looked in the box. Inside bubbling and squelching was a brown gooey liquid.

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“What's that?” he asked

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“Brown gunge,” said Fred

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“What are you planning on doing with it?” asked Harry

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“Well our pompus git of a brother has told us that this year he was too busy to buy us a Christmas present but did have enough time to get everyone else's. His excuse was he was too busy opening mail for Fudge,” said Fred

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“So we have made him a homemade present,” said George

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There was a knock and Hermione poked her head round the door.

“Ready,” she asked

Harry nodded and walked out of the room saying goodbye to Fred and George. When they got into the kitchen many people threw him concerned looks. Harry looked around for Ron.

“Where's Ron?” he asked Hermione after failing to find him

“Oh he as gone to show Rae where he keeps his broom sticks,” said Hermione smirking

“He's gone to show her what!” said Harry finding this very amusing “Why on earth would he want to

show her broomsticks?”

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“Oh Harry, he's not gone to show her the brooms has he,” said Hermione “He does not want his Mum and Dad to see does he,”

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“Why?” asked Harry, very confused

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“Oh for god sakes Harry, he has gone to have some alone time with her,” she said winking

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“Oh!” said Harry smiling

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Hermione and Harry walked of into the back garden and sat on a low fence talking. Harry told her about

the present he received. Hermione was very concerned at this piece of news. Hermione's concern only increased Harry's, and by the end of the convocation Harry felt very worried about what the gift had meant and why had someone sent him such a disturbing gift. Harry and Hermione talked for ages and only started to walk around the garden once more when they got too cold sitting on the icicle-encrusted fence.

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They walked around the house a couple of times before returning inside to join the others. Ron had finished showing Rae the broom shed, and was now sitting by the fire with Rae sitting next to him holding hands. Harry walked over and sat down in a spare chair.

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It was not long before lunch was nearly ready and the twins came down with evil grins on their faces. They winked at Harry and went and sat at the kitchen table. Mrs Weasley wanted them all seated before she placed food on the table. So they all sat around the table, and when they were all seated, Mrs Weasley placed a magnificent looking feast in front of their eyes. They ate until they could not fit anything else in their mouths. When the mind course was removed Mrs Weasley laid the puddings on the table, Harry was too full to eat any more. Ron, however, who had had three helpings of lunch managed to finish of two portions of Christmas pudding, a huge slice of fruitcake and chocolate gateau. Harry was surprised that his button on his jeans had not burst off.

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After lunch they all retired round the fire, while Mrs Weasley went into the kitchen and brought back tow trays. One carrying drinks of all sorts and the other carrying a huge stack of mince pies and a selection of chocolates. Everyone dived in and helped themselves to mince pies and chocolates while Mrs Weasley started to pour drinks out for everyone. After Ron had polished of his eighth mince pie he had a game of wizards chess with Charlie. Mr Weasley, Bill, Lupin and Sirius were having a deep discussion about the latest goblin rebellion.

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“Well I don't think the ministry has done enough,” said Lupin

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“I does seam like that doesn't it. Down where I work we do not get much information about other problems. I normally find out through the newspapers,” said Mr Weasley

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“So what has the latest one been about?” asked Sirius

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“Are the usual, wanting more freedom and higher wages,” said Mr Weasley

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“Down in Gringotts we have had goblins ferreting in and out,” said Bill “I mean I know they work their but there has been more than usual,”

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Harry looked around Percy was sitting stiffly in his chair reading a copy of `how to become a junior assistant, by George Mundain his Christmas present from his parents.

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Fred and were sitting in the corner discussing what looked like another plan. Hermione, Ginny, Rae and Maya were playing a wizards board game, which involved a lot of laughter.

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“Hey Perce,” said George a little bit more friendly than usual “We almost forgot to give you your Christmas present,”

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Fred stood up and walked behind the sofa. Everyone in the room was now listening. Fred returned with a massive box.

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“Went slightly over the normal price we spend on you this year,” said Fred

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“Yeah we feel we have been not particular nice towards you lately,” said George grinning.

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“You did not have to,” said Percy “I am sorry that I did not get you anything. When I next have spare time I will go and get you both something,”

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“Its ok we are not bothered,” said Fred walking over to Percy. He handed him the box. Percy sat there staring at it.

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“Well are you going to open it?” asked Fred

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“Yeah, I will,” said Percy

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Percy slowly ripped off the rapping paper. On the side was written a collection of books that help you become the best assistant any one could ever have.

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“Oh brilliant. These are amazing,” said Percy

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“Why don't you have a look at them,” suggested George

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Percy tared of the seleotape holding the roof of the box down. He then opened the sleeves of the box. Before he could say anything a brown gunk sprayed all over Percy, covering from head to foot. Everyone in the room started laughing apart from Mr and Mrs Weasley, Lupin, Sirius and Tonks. Although Harry was sure that Sirius, Lupin and Tonks all suppressed grins.

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"FRED, GEORGE WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE DOING," bellowed Mrs Weasley

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"Teaching," replied Fred

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"TEACHING, HOW IS THAT TEACHING," shouted Mrs Weasley

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"Yeah, teaching him next time its Christmas he should remember all of his brothers and get everyone a present not just half," said George

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"THAT IS NO WAY TO REPLIE," shouted Mrs Weasley

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White; ">

“Look we will clear it up,” said Fred, and with the flick of his wand the brown gunk covering Percy disappeared. Underneath the brown gunk was a very red faced Percy.

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Percy just sat there, too embarrassed to talk.

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“I think you should both apologise,” said Mr Weasley “To Percy and to your Mum,”

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“Sorry Mum we did not mean to upset you,” said Fred

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“And sorry Percy that you have brothers like us, and that you are a world class git,”

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“Boys,” said Mr Weasley

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“Fine! Sorry!” said Fred and George.

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Deciding to change the subject Mr Weasley turned to Mrs Weasley.

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“Molly dear do we have any eggnog?” he asked

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“Yes dear there is some in the fridge, I will go and get it for you,” she replied standing up and throwing Fred and George very nasty looks.

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The next couple of days passed without anything dramatic happening, unless you count Fred and George setting fire to the kitchen clothe while trying to jinx Ron. Overall it was a very enjoyable Christmas, but the one thing that had not left Harry's mind was the parcel he had received.

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The evening before they were due to return to Hogwarts, Mrs Weasley called Harry down into the kitchen. Harry walked downstairs to find Sirius and Lupin sitting by the fire.

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“Harry, Dumbledore has sent us a letter,” said Sirius

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“He would first of all like you to take Rae and Maya to his office to be sorted into houses and then Professor McGonagall will take them to the houses. Then he would like to see you about the dream you had and the parcel you received,” said Lupin

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<p style="text-indent: 0.00mm; text-align: left; line-height: 4.166667mm; color: Black; background-color: White; ">
"Ok," said Harry
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"He also wanted you to know that he enjoys eating candy canes," said Sirius looking a bit confused
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Harry smiled. That was the password to his office.
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"Harry I want you to promise me that you will tell him everything you have told me and Lupin and also anything that is bothering. You never know it might help Dumbledore figure what Voldamort's plans are," said Sirius
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Harry nodded.
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“Right,” said Mrs Weasley walking over “You already for your return tomorrow?”

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“Yep,” said Harry

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“Well you better go and have an early night then,” said Mrs Weasley

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Harry bade goodnight to everyone and walked back upstairs.

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The next day Mrs Weasley woke them all up early. They had a hurried breakfast and then returned upstairs to do any last minute packing. They were to return to Hogwarts that lunchtime by floo powder. Harry and Ron who had packed the previous night spent the morning playing exploding snap and wizard's chess. Mrs Weasley called them down for an early lunch and then sent them back upstairs to gather their belongings and bring them downstairs. At one o'clock they each said goodbye to Mrs and Mr Weasley, Sirius, Tonks and Lupin and stepped into the fire place and shouted:

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“Hogwarts!”

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Soon Harry was the only one left. Sirius pulled him to one side.

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“Take care of yourself Harry,” he said “You contact me when ever you want and I want to hear if any other weird things happen,”

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“I will,” said Harry

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Harry stepped into the kitchen fire place and shouted very clearly

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“Hogwarts!”

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The kitchen spun and then suddenly Harry heard a different voice.

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“Good afternoon Potter, I think you know that you are expected to go and see the headmaster. I will take you, as I have to organise which houses Miss Tonks and Miss Andil will be placed in,” said Professor McGonagall

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Harry looked around to find Maya and Rae standing with their trunks.

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“If you leave you trunks here I will get one of the prefects to come and collect them for you,” said Professor McGonagall “Right if you would all like to follow me,”

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Harry, Maya and Rae followed Professor McGonagall out of her office. When they arrived at the stone gargoyle Professor McGonagall said the password and the staircase suddenly appeared. Professor McGonagall stepped onto the moving staircase Maya and Rae followed with Harry Stepping on next. Both girls were looking very nervous and scared.

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“Don't be scared,” said Harry “The sorting is nothing, and what makes it even better for you is that you don't have to have it down in front of the whole school,”

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Professor McGonagall let out a small chuckle

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“He's right,” said Professor McGonagall “You do not have to have hundreds of gaping eyes on you,”

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The staircase stopped and Professor McGonagall knocked on the office door. She walked in and Harry and the girls followed. Dumbledore was sitting at his desk in midnight blue robes that was encrusted with silver stars. He stood up when they walked in.

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“Good afternoon,” he said beaming “I hope you all had an enjoyable Christmas,”

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Rae nodded but Maya looked at the floor. Dumbledore walked over to her and lifted her chin.

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“It may hurt now, but soon that pain will be gone,” he said quietly “You will be fine, we will look after you, and you are completely safe,”

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Maya let out a smile, but a tear dripped off her face at the same time.

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“Right Miss Tonks,” said Dumbledore “Would you like to go first,”

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Professor McGonagall offered her one of the squishy armchairs to sit in, while Dumbledore retrieved the sorting hat. He passed it to Professor McGonagall who turned to Rae.

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“Now I will place the hat on your head and it will sort you into the house you will be in,” she said

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Professor McGonagall placed the hat on her head. It did not take long for the house to make up its mind.

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“GRYFFINDOR,” it called out

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Rae beamed and quickly stood up. Maya walked over to the armchair and sat down. Professor McGonagall placed the hat on her head. The hat took a lot longer to decide on where Maya should go. She was looking more and more nervous as the time ticked by. In the end the sorting hat decided that she too should be placed in Gryffindor.

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“Well that's a good start to the term,” said Dumbledore “Well Professor McGonagall will show you around and tell you of any specific rules that you will need to know,”

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Professor McGonagall walked over to the door and showed the girls out, they waved to Harry as they left.

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“Harry,” said Dumbledore “I hope you had a reasonably enjoyable Christmas?”

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Harry did not say anything
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"I have received a letter from Sirius telling me about the gift you received over the holidays and that you had a dream," said Dumbledore
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"Yes, but I had the dream here at Hogwarts the night before I left," said Harry
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"Right well if you would not mind recounting what happened in your dream, Sirius did mention something about burnt wrists," said Dumbledore
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Harry recounted the dream, and the package he had received.
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“Now have you had any other packages or dreams?” asked Dumbledore

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“No,” Said Harry

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“Right, I would like you to inform me of any more weird packages and dreams,” said Dumbledore “I am going to look into this, as I a quite concerned over the affect it is having on you physically and mentally,”

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“Ok,” said Harry

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“Now maybe it would be a good idea if you went and settled back into school, before you get back to lessons,” said Dumbledore “And one other thing, could you look out for Maya for me, unlike her cousin Raana, she does not seem to be coping as well with the death of her mother,”

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Harry nodded and walked out of the office. He headed back to the common room and found Hermione and Ron.

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“Great do you know who we have to meet first thing tomorrow morning,” said Ron sounding very annoyed “Potions with the Slytherins,”

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Harry grinned, and looked at Hermione who rolled her eyes. He sat down next to Ron.

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“Has Maya and Rae been sorted into their houses?” asked Hermione

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“Yeh their in Gryffindor,” said Harry

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“Oh man that is the best news yet,” said Ron “I get to spend more time with her-,” he broke off. His cheeks turned bright red.

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Harry started to laugh and so did Hermione

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“Fine, I give up trying to hide it,” said Ron “We are sort of an item,”

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“We kind of guessed that when you showed her your broom shed,” said Harry laughing.

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“Ha ha ha,” said Ron “My sides are splitting,”

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15 - Depression and Guilt

Over the next couple of weeks they returned to lessons as usual. Ron was constantly complaining that even though Rae was in the same house as him he was barely getting to spend any time with her. This was due to the fact that both Rae and Maya were having extra lessons to catch up on anything they had missed out on while being home tutored. Harry was impressed how the girls were coping with the amount work and extra time they had to put in. But by the second week Maya was beginning to show signs of not being able to cope.

Harry, Ron and Hermione walked out of the castle and down to Hagrid's hut for Care of Magical Creatures. Harry and Ron were very drowsy after a very long and dreary Divination lesson, and it did not help with Hermione constantly talking about her arithmancy lesson. When they arrived at Hagrid's hut they found him waiting with the Skatzabing puppies that were very much bigger than when they were born. The Slytherins had not yet arrived, but it was not long before they heard the cheers and shouts of the Slytherins that signalled their arrival.

Malfoy had automatically ignored and often treated Rae and Maya very badly and today was no exception. He had already embarrassed Rae in front of the class in potions earlier that morning and he had been teasing Maya all week. But this was nothing to how he treated her now.

Oh look who it is, said Malfoy Home tutored girl,

The Slytherins laughed. Maya looked at Malfoy staring at him with pure hatred.

You're a half blood aren't you? asked Malfoy

Yeh, so what? asked Maya

Harry looked round to see why Hagrid was not stopping this. Hagrid knew that the girls were new, but he was nowhere to be seen.

Where has Hagrid gone? Harry whispered to Hermione

Went round the back to get something, said Hermione

I am sick of new comers, said Malfoy

Shut up Malfoy, said Harry

Oh Potter you sticking up for your girl, said Malfoy I heard they joined you for Christmas. Is it true that they are orphans?

Oh just get stuffed, said Harry

Maya was shaking with anger but she had a very upset look in her eyes.

Just as well anyway, we need less half bloods, said Malfoy Mud bloods are bad enough, he said looking at Malfoy But the less half bloods on this planet as well the better, leaves more room for the pure bloods,

Maya pulled out her wand and pointed at Malfoy s face who took a step back. Harry rushed forward and lowered her wand.

He is not worth it, said Harry

Maya snatched her hand out of Harry s grip and ran back up towards the castle. Harry turned round and punched Malfoy in the face, he then turned and ran after her, with Hermione close behind. They found Maya in the courtyard sitting on windowsill that had a very steep drop the other side. She had her back to the courtyard. Harry walked up to her slowly. She turned round to look at who was there.

Go away! she said

Maya had tears pouring down her cheeks.

Leave me alone! she said loudly

Maya come and sit this side of the window, said Hermione

No! replied Maya

Maya you have to just ignore Malfoy he is just an arse hole anyway, said Harry

He edged closer to Maya who stood up and look downwards at the fall she would take if she took one more step. Harry backed off from her and turned to Hermione.

I am going to get Professor McGonagall, stay with her, said Harry

He ran out of the courtyard and into the school. He ran along the corridor and up the stairs to the transfiguration room. There he knocked on the door.

Enter, said a voice

Harry opened the door of the classroom. Professor McGonagall was sitting at her desk watching her students working. She looked up when Harry entered and the class turned their heads to look as well.

Potter, shouldn't you be in class? she asked

Professor can you come with me please its really important, said Harry

Can you not see that I am in a middle of a class, said Professor McGonagall

Professor I would not ask if I did not think it was an emergency, said Harry

Professor McGonagall looked Harry up and down. Then she turned to address her class.

I want you to carry on with what you are doing, and I do not want to hear from other teachers that you have been loud and have disrupted their lessons. I will be back as soon as I have dealt with this emergency, she said

She stood up and walked out of her classroom.

Right Potter what is this all about? as she asked

Its Maya Professor She is in the court yard and is standing on one of the windowsills that has a steep drop the other side and she is refusing to come down. Something has upset her,

Professor McGonagall quickened her step and headed to the courtyard, with Harry jogging behind her to keep up. When they reached the courtyard they found Hermione hugging Maya, who was crying.

How is this an emergency Potter? asked Professor McGonagall

Well she was about to jump, but it looks as if Hermione managed to talk her out of it, replied Harry

Professor McGonagall rushed over and led Maya back into the castle leaving Harry and Hermione standing alone.

We should probably head on back to the lesson, said Hermione.

Harry nodded in agreement. Hermione and Harry walked back down to Hagrids cabin to find the class walking up to them. Ron walked up to them with Rae and Neville. He seemed to be shaking with fury.

What s up with you? asked Harry

Malfoy said Ron through gritted teeth

How s Maya? asked Rae

Um&she s a bit upset, said Hermione She has gone with Professor McGonagall,

How come the lesson has ended so early? asked Harry

It hasn't, said Ron

You guys were ages the lesson has ended, said Rae

The four of them walked up to the castle and headed into the great hall for lunch. There was no sign of Maya or Professor McGonagall over the lunch period. Once they had finished eating the four of them decided to go to Professor McGonagall's office to check if Maya was ok. When they arrived outside the door, Hermione knocked. They waited and soon the door opened. It was Madame Pomfrey. She showed them inside. Professor McGonagall was sitting on a sofa hugging Maya who had tears streaming down her face. Madame Pomfrey walked over to Professor McGonagall and notified her that they were in the room. She looked up and directed them to chairs opposite them. Harry and the other walked forward and sat down. Professor McGonagall stood up and helped Maya stand too. She walked her over to Madame Pomfrey.

Maya, Madame Pomfrey is going to take you up to the hospital wing and she is going to give you something to calm you down. I will be up in a couple of minutes to check on you I just have to sort something out, said Professor McGonagall

Don't leave me, said Maya. She was very distressed. Professor McGonagall held her hand and looked into her eyes.

I am not leaving you, she said I am just going to sort something out and then I will come straight up to the hospital to see you, I promise,

Madame Pomfrey walked Maya out of the room and Professor McGonagall closed the door behind them. She turned to face Harry, Ron, Hermione and Rae. She summoned cups of tea with her wand and handed them out to each of them.

Do you want one Professor? she asked

Harry looked at Ron with a puzzled look. There was no other teacher in the room.

Oh no Minerva I am quite alright, said a voice

Harry jumped. He turned to see Professor Dumbledore standing by Professor McGonagall's desk. Harry had been too concerned about Maya to notice him standing there earlier.

Sorry to scare you all like that, said Dumbledore smiling at Harry

He walked over and sat on the sofa where Maya had previously been sitting, Professor McGonagall sat next to him and looked at Harry, Ron, Hermione and Rae.

How is she Professor? asked Hermione

Maya is very depressed at the moment, she is finding it hard to cope with the death of her mother. She is also finding it hard to settle in as she is finding it hard to make friends. All of this has led to her struggling with her work, said Professor McGonagall

Harry sat there in the deathly silence. He had not known that she was so upset. She had not told him anything. He did not even know that he was struggling with making friends.

Now seeing as you are all here, continued Professor McGonagall I want to ask you what has happened today that might of cause her to become so upset?

No one spoke. But Harry could tell that they all knew the reason why Maya had run off crying.

It is important that we know, said Dumbledore

Harry still did not answer, and he was a little confused of why not. Hermione who had been looking very nervous and uncomfortable for the past couple of minutes could no longer bare to wait and told Professor McGonagall and Professor Dumbledore of the encounter with Malfoy.

Well I will be speaking to Mr Malfoy about that, said Professor McGonagall And Potter I suggest that next time you get annoyed with him, don t hit him, it will only cause trouble for yourself. I will overlook it this time but in future be warned,

Right well just keep an eye on Maya, she really needs her friends at the moment. And if any of you think she is struggling or is finding it hard to cope come and tell one of us, so that we can help her, said Dumbledore

I must go and check on Maya, said Professor McGonagall And you four should think about heading of to lessons,

She stood up and walked out of the room. Professor Dumbledore returned to Professor McGonagall s desk and sat down. Harry, Ron, Hermione and Rae stood up, picked up their school bags, said goodbye to Professor Dumbledore and headed back to lessons.

Over the next week and a half Harry, Ron and Hermione saw less and less of Rae and Maya. Both girls had begun to hang out with different people and soon had some more friends. In the Gryffindor common room both girls where very well liked, and some of the other houses where beginning to get to know them more. Harry had also noticed that Ron was spending less and less time with Rae. Harry approached him about this and Ron had replied with that there was no time to spend alone together

without prying eyes looking in his direction.

Harry, Ron and Hermione headed down to breakfast together. They entered the hall to find it bustling with chatter from all the students. All the staff were seated up at the top table as well. Harry, Ron and Hermione walked down the Gryffindor table and found a seat about two thirds of the way down. Ron immediately started helping himself to sausages and toast, while Hermione picked up a copy of the daily that was lying on the table and began to read. It was not long though before her face fell in horror.

What? asked Harry Is it Sirius?

Ron looked up his mouth bulging with food.

No, said Hermione A six year old girl was snatched from her house three days ago and she has not been seen since. It says that the young girl was playing in the garden and her mother turned her back for ten minutes while she had a bath, when she came back the little girl was nowhere to be seen,

Do they have any idea who might have done it? asked Harry

Well they suspect that it was probably death eaters, said Hermione

What would they want with a small girl? asked Harry

I have no idea, said Hermione

Just then they were joined by Maya and Rae. Maya sat next to Harry and Rae sat next to Ron.

What you talking about? asked Maya in a cheery voice

The latest disappearance, said Hermione

And suddenly she and Maya were immersed in the subject. Rae and Ron were talking in hushed voices and Harry could not understand what they were saying.

There was a sudden screech from above indicating the arrival of the morning post. None of the others made any movement whatsoever to the arrival of post. Harry continued to eat, but was taken as surprise as an owl landed in front of him. The owl was carrying a parcel, wrapped in brown paper. On the front was a message;

Dear Harry

You left this behind at Christmas, I am sorry I did not send it earlier its just that I did not find it till the other day when tidying out my son s bedroom. Hope you are well?

Molly Weasley

Harry thought no more of this and seeing as Hermione was to busy discussing elf rights with Maya, and Harry not wanting to join in, he began to unwrap the parcel.

16 - Parcels and Punches

Harry thought no more of this and seeing as Hermione was too busy discussing elf rights with Maya, and Harry not wanting to join in, he began to unwrap the parcel.

Harry tore off the brown wrapping paper, scrunched it up into a tight ball and placed it on the table. The parcel was in a cardboard box and taped up. Harry ripped off the tape off the side of the box facing him. Hermione was still putting her views forward to the others and they were all completely oblivious to the parcel Harry had just received. Harry opened the flaps on the side of the box and looked in. Inside the box was a smallish sized heart. It was lifeless. Harry yelled and pushed backwards from the table causing him to fall off the bench. Everyone in the hall looked round, many of them giggling. Harry did not move. He placed his elbows on his bent knees and rested his head in his hands. He felt sick. Harry heard the scraping of a bench and soon he heard Hermione's voice near by.

Harry? she asked, Are you ok?

Harry did not answer. The hall had gone silent now. Harry could still hear a couple of people sniggering, but most were sitting staring at Harry whispering to each other. Harry could hear more people walking down between the tables to him. Harry looked up but the parcel was still facing him. He looked back down at the floor. Harry could hear people walking down towards him between the tables. He felt someone bend down beside him. They placed their hand on Harry's shoulder.

Harry? said the voice

Harry recognised the voice to belong to Professor Dumbledore. Harry's hands were shaking.

Harry what is it? asked Professor Dumbledore

It's in the box, said Harry

Dumbledore looked at the table and picked up the box. He looked inside. Dumbledore clapped his hands to gather the attention of the students in the hall, although he already had their attention.

Would all students please return to their houses immediately. Lessons will be suspended until further notice. For those who have not eaten, food will be sent up to their common rooms, thank you, he said. There was a scrapping of chairs and lots of talking. When the hall had emptied apart from a few teachers, Ron and Hermione, Dumbledore turned to Harry. Harry who had been staring at the floor for most of the time looked up. Professor McGonagall was kneeling beside him but she was not the only teacher looking at him. Professor Dumbledore was looking down on him, along with Professor Snape (much to Harry's delight), Professor Flitwick and Hagrid.

Right Harry lets get you up and we will take you to Professor McGonagall's office as it is closer we can sort you out there, said Professor Dumbledore

Harry shook his head. I'm fine just a bit shocked,

Ok well we will stay here then, said Professor Dumbledore Hagrid could you keep watch and make sure that we are not disturbed,

Right yeh are Professor Dumbledore sir, said Hagrid

Professor what exactly was in the box? asked Professor McGonagall

Harry looked up and stared at Dumbledore. Dumbledore looked grave; he picked up the box and put his hand inside. Harry gulped as he began to withdraw his hand from the box. Dumbledore pulled out the heart and held it out in his hand. Hermione squealed, Ron screwed up his face, Professor McGonagall put her hands over her face and Professor Flitwick and Snape stood rooted to the spot. Harry stared at the heart, there was a label attached to it. Dumbledore had spotted it too. He took it off the heart and read it out loud.

It reads The heart of the missing child , read Dumbledore

As soon as Dumbledore spoke these words the heart began to beat. Harry put his head in his hands. That little girl who had gone missing had been killed and her heart had been sent to Harry. Harry could hear movement around him. Harry felt ill. How could someone do such a horrible thing? Professor McGonagall placed her hand on his shoulder and rubbed it. Professor Ferdit stepped forward and helped him onto a bench.

Harry who sent this to you? asked Professor Ferdit

Mrs&Mrs Weasley, said Harry But I don t think she actually sent it,

Professor Dumbledore, said Professor McGonagall This has gone far enough, the boy has been attacked and has two parcels sent to him that have tormented him. Harry has gone though enough, why does he have to suffer any more?

I quite agree with you Minerva, said Dumbledore Harry from now on, one of us teachers will be checking your mail before it is passed on to you,

Harry nodded in agreement.

Now are you feeling well enough to attend lessons today Potter? asked Professor McGonagall.

Yeah, said Harry who was in shock but felt fine.

Well unless there is anything else to be getting on with I think that Mr Potter, Mr Weasley and Miss Granger should return to the Gryffindor common room, said Professor Dumbledore

Harry had completely forgotten about Ron and Hermione being present. He turned and looked at them. Ron was very white and was looking quite sick and Hermione was so white Harry thought she might faint. Professor McGonagall stood up and led the three of them out of the hall and back up to the common room.

After a week of rumours, the subject of the parcel had died down, and Harry was able to continue with school life without being constantly reminded about it. By the end of the second week, all had been forgotten

Harry, Ron and Hermione headed down to Hagrid s cabin for the last lesson of the day, care of Magical creatures. The rain had become somewhat heavier during that day so their robes were soaked and sticking to their skin.

Right come on now. A little bit o rain never hurt anyone, said Hagrid

A little bit of rain! You have got to be joking! shouted Malfoy I am completely soaked,

You are not the only one who is soaked, Malfoy! said Ron loudly clenching his fist.

Ron was not in one of his better moods.

Right that s enough, said Hagrid Today yeh will be teachin the Skatzabin s to behave while bein amongst other animals. In the pen behind my cabin there are different animals which the Skatzabin s have not yet met. Now we are goin to see how they react to them today. Some of these animals do not like bein messed around with, as the Skatzabin s are nosy animals I will warn yeh to be prepared to break up the animals if a fight breaks out. Right well the animals in the pen are not dangerous but they might bite yeh. So I will go an get the Skatzabin s,

Harry walked off into the dark forest.

So what mad creatures do you think the big oaf is going to subject us to then! said Malfoy loudly

Pack it in Malfoy! said Harry

Ooh, what you going to do Potter? Curse me or maybe you could zap me with your scar! said Malfoy The Slytherins roared with laughter. Ron stepped forward with his wand drawn. He walked forward his wand pointing at Malfoy s face. Harry rushed forward and grabbed Ron s arm.

Get off me Harry! Ron said angrily

Leave him, said Harry He s not worth it,

Yeah Weaselbe do as your told, teased Malfoy

Ron edged forward.

Just ignore him, said Harry He s a prat,

You can talk Potter, said Malfoy If you think I am a prat I think you d better take a long look in the mirror, and as for Weasley well if you could afford a mirror which I very much doubt, you would be so shocked at how poor and dreadful you look that you would have to start walking a round with a paper bag over your head,

The Slytherins roared with laughter.

I will get that son of a- started Ron

Ron that is not the answer, said Hermione He is just acting like a young child. Just ignore him, he wants you to retaliate,

Shut up you filthy ugly mudblood, said Malfoy

Oh you will pay for that! said Ron angrily

Come on then Weaselbe. What are you waiting for? Show me what you can do. Though I am surprised that your pathetic family can afford a wand, even if it is tatty, said Malfoy with an evil grin upon his face. Harry could no longer hold Ron back. Ron broke free from Harry s grasp and charged at Malfoy, who was now looking startled. Ron s fists were clenched and he no longer had his wand. It was a matter of seconds before Ron was rolling in the mud with Malfoy punching him repeatedly. Malfoy was being just as bad and was kicking Ron whenever he had the chance and hitting him in the face. Harry rushed forward, and was closely followed by Dean and Seamus. They tried to pull hi off of Malfoy. Crabbe and Goyle were trying to do the same but even with all of them trying it was no use. Ron refused to let go of Malfoy. Harry pulled at Ron s arms trying to get him to release. But all it did was aggravate him more. Malfoy attempted to hit out at Malfoy but missed and smacked Harry right in the face. Harry staggered backwards clasping his nose. He could feel warm liquid feel warm liquid flowing out of his nose, down his lips and over his fingers. Someone screamed.

Harry! said a scared voice

Harry looked at his fingers and noticed that they were covered in blood. Someone clasped his arms. It was Maya and Hermione was standing next to her.

Harry are you ok? asked Maya

Harry your nose is bleeding, squeaked Hermione

I m fine, said Harry wincing as his nose began to throb.

Hermione handed him a hankerchief, which Harry used to stem the bleed. He looked over at Ron and Malfoy who where still rolling on the floor. Everyone else had stepped back, too scared to stop the fight in case they got hurt. Malfoy was on top of Ron now punching in the face and stomach.

Malfoy, Ron break it up now! said a rough voice

Harry looked round. Hagrid had emerged from the forest with the Skatzabing s on leaches. Malfoy had obviously not heard Hagrid and continued to punch Ron in the stomach. Ron was coughing and spluttering and was obviously winded as he was gasping for breath. He was trying to push Malfoy off him but was unable too.

OI! YOU TWO GET OF EACH OTHER! shouted Hagrid

Hagrid shouting had an immediate effect on Malfoy as he loosened his grip allowing Dean and Seamus to have the chance to pull him off Ron. Malfoy shrugged them off viciously and sorted his robes out. He was very red in the face and had a bloody lip. Harry helped Ron up who stood gasping for breathing clasping his chest. Ron was the opposite of Malfoy, very white and had rosy red cheeks. He had bruises already forming around one of his eyes and he had a cut on his head. He shrugged Harry of picked up his school bag and stormed of up to the castle ignoring the shouts of his name being called by Hagrid. Seeing as Ron was ignoring Hagrid he turned to Malfoy.

Right you will go straight up to the castle and go straight to the hospital wing to sort yourself out. Then you will go to your common room and at the end of the day you will meet me in the main hall so we can go and talk to Professor Snape about this incident, said Hagrid angrily

But Weasley started it! said Malfoy angrily

What! said Harry You're the one who provoked him,

No I did not, lied Malfoy

You did, and you did it in front of the whole class, said Harry

Enough, said Hagrid I am only punishing on what I saw and I saw you repeatedly hit Ron, now get out of my sight and I will see you later,

Malfoy picked up his bag and stomped out of the castle fuming. Hagrid turned to the class.

Now shall we continue with the lesson? he asked

the class nodded.

Hagrid walked around the class separating them into groups and giving each of the groups a Skatzabing. Harry was put into a group with Hermione, Maya, Rae and Neville; the Skatzabing they received was called Ocean and was a very nosy animal. Hagrid led the class to the pen behind his cabin.

Right well there are twelve different animals that we are going to see how these young Skatzabings react bearing in mind that they have never come across these animals so it's a test to see how they react, said Hagrid So there is an animal per group and per Skatzabing. You will spend five minutes on each animal and then move clockwise onto the next. Now if there are any problems just come and get me, I will be wondering around to prevent and stop any fights that could break out between the animals. There are a couple of animals, which could harm you and the Skatzabing, but it is nothing to worry about they are not deadly and will not harm you the most. The one you have to beware of the most is George but there are instructions for him. So when you are ready off you go,

The class hurried in cautiously. Neville walked in with the Skatzabings and the others followed. Being the last group into the pen they went to the only animal left which happened to be George. George was the size of a puppy and was covered with needle-like spikes. He was red and brown coloured with strips of yellow across his face and bottom. He had a long pointy nose and beetle black eyes. He lay curled up in a cardboard box. There was a sign above him.

This is George the Heprok. George is a lovely creature but has a tendency to inject anyone who threatens him with deadly poison from his needle-like spikes. Don't worry I have removed the poison but the spike will still cause some sleepiness. If one of the spikes does puncture your skin be sure to let me know right away. This animal can sense fear so try to not to be too fearful around him. Have fun!

Right Neville let Ocean check George out, said Harry

Um&Harry do you think you could do it cause I don't really want to, said Neville in a scared voice

Yep, said Harry Hand me the leach,

Neville passed Harry the leach. Ocean ran forward and stood next to Harry. She looked around and soon spotted George. She tugged at her leach and ran over to him. Unfortunately George did not like to be disturbed from his sleep or being sniffed by a Skatzabing. George arched his back and started to release some of the needle-like spines, firing them at Ocean, Harry and the rest of the group.

Duck! shouted Harry dropping to the floor to escape the spines. Hermione, Maya, Rae and Neville did the same but Ocean, however, seemed to think that it was a game and started trying to jump on George. But her attempt to try and play the game ended quickly. Ocean was soon lying on the floor motionless.

Soon the firing of Spines had ceased and Harry crawled over to Ocean his hands and knees squishing into the mud. Harry let out a gasp of pain as something sharp penetrated his hand. Harry stopped and looked at the palm of his hand.

What s wrong? asked a voice behind him

Nothing, replied Harry but as he looked at his hand closer he realised that his hand had been penetrated by one of the spines. He continued to crawl over to Ocean not placing his penetrated hand on the ground. When he reached her he saw that she had been hit by four of the spines.

Hagrid! he called

Harry heard a pair of thunderous feet run towards him, but Hagrids feet were not the only pair running over to them.

What happened? asked Hagrid

Well George apparently does not like being woken or sniffed, said Harry Is she ok?

Oh yeah, said Hagrid she will just be knocked out for 24 hours or more. She is smaller than a human and she had four spines hit her so she will be affected more, said Hagrid Right the rest of you continue with what you were doing this isn t a movie,

Harry went to stand up placing his injured hand on the ground. He gasped as he lent on it and the spine went in deeper. He sat back down and looked at his hand. He could clearly see the spine now and noticed that there was a greenish tinge around it. Hagrid who had begun pulling the spines out of Ocean looked up.

You alright? he asked

My hand hurts, said Harry I think a spine might have penetrated it,

Hagrid grabbed Harry s hand and looked at it with a worried look upon his face.

I thought it was a splinter but it looks a lot like the ones you are pulling out of Ocean, said Harry

Hagrid stood Harry up and bent down and picked up Ocean

Right. You come with me, oh and the rest of you can come as well and I can get you one of the other Skatzabing s, said Hagrid looking at the others

They followed Hagrid into his Cabin. Hagrid laid Ocean by the fire and pulled a blanket over her. Harry had started t feel drowsy, obviously the spine had started to take affect. Hagrid then walked over to his shelves and started ferreting about in one of the boxes. When he had found what he wanted he returned and led Harry over to his massive armchair. He sat Harry in it, and moved a nearby lamp so that it was shining directly over the place where the spine had penetrated. Hagrid knelt down placing a small bag on the floor. He drew out a pair of tweezers from the bag and started to pull the spine out of Harry s hand. Harry gasped and pulled his hand away.

Harry it s going to hurt but I can t remove it unless you keep still, he said

Harry held out his hand and Hagrid returned to pulling it out. Harry bit his lip as Hagrid slowly removed the spine. Once he had removed it he took out a spray from the same bag and sprayed it where the spine had been. The greenish tinge now turned orange. Hagrid then placed a small bandage around the wound.

This will make sure the spray stays on the wound and does not get rubbed off, he said Right now how do you feel?

Drowsy, said Harry

I thought as much, said Hagrid Well you stay here. I am going to go and get this lot another Skatzabing and then I will check on the class and then come back and check on you,

He stood up and walked out of his cabin the others saying goodbye to Harry and following. Fang, Hagrid s dog, trotted over and sat by Harry s side resting his head on Harry s knees. Harry patted his head and stared at the fire. He felt his eyelids droop and the room began to fall dark. He closed his eyes and curled up on the chair. His thoughts swayed into dream and he fell fast to sleep.

17 - Lies in water

As the cold north winds blew in, so did the month of February. It brought lots of ice and very cold rain. After a very long and cold winter the students and teachers were not very welcoming to the bad weather. They were all wishing the winter to pass and the spring to come. Many of the classrooms had constant blazing fires to keep not only the students happy but also the staff as well. One teacher who was not as generous had ordered the fires not to be lit down in the dungeons. Snape had answered to the angry questions from his class, that the warmer it is in a classroom the less amount of concentration was applied to the lesson.

After a particularly horrible potions lesson Harry and Ron climbed up the stairs to the common room. He is such an arse-, started Ron but he was stopped as Rae ran up behind him and kissed him on the cheek. Ron's cheeks went red. Harry remembering that he had Quidditch Practice straight after his lessons broke into a run to dump his books and change into his robes.

Where you off to? called Ron after him

Quidditch! replied Harry.

Once dressed in his robes Harry headed downstairs into the common room. Fred and George were there dressed in their robes.

Ready for an absolutely spiffing game of Quidditch? asked Fred in a posh English voice

Oh how I hate Wood, said George He is a right slug for making us play in this icy wind,

Well lets not delay it any longer, the sooner it is over the better, said Fred

Too true my bro, said George

The twins and Harry exited the common room and headed down to the pitch. Alicia and Angelina were already waiting. There was no sign of Katie or Wood.

Typical! said George he organises this sodding practice and he is late!

No I am not, said a voice from behind them

Harry looked round to see Wood and Katie walking over to them carrying the Quidditch box between them.

Now shall we continue or is there anything else you would like to complain about George?

The practice was miserable. The wind howled and was so strong on occasions blew them off course.

But normally when there is wind there is rain and it was not long before rain and hail followed. The hail balls stuck the team hard in the face. Their faces raw with cold they decided to end the practice for today.

The team trudged back up to the castle and sat huddled by the fire trying to get sensation back into their bodies. Harry looked around the common room looking for Ron and Hermione. He found Ron quickly. He was sat in the corner of a room with Rae, kissing. Hermione however was not in sight. As the team warmed up they slowly began to walk off either to be with their friends or go down to dinner. Once Wood had walked off leaving Harry by himself, Maya walked over to him.

Hiya, she said Um how are you?

Fine. You? replied Harry

Very well, said Maya How was practice?

Oh it was lousy, said Harry

Oh, said Maya

Neither of them spoke for a while. It was an awkward silence. Maya and Harry seemed to have grown further apart since they had returned to Hogwarts. They had their different friends although both Maya and Rae still spent a lot of time with Harry, Ron and Hermione. Harry hadn't quite figured out his feelings

for Maya. He really liked her and he felt differently to her than he did for many of the other girls in his year, but he was shy of saying anything. Whenever Harry was around Maya a hot bubbling feeling came over him, and a lot of the time he could feel himself blushing. He wanted to be more comfortable around her and a part of him wanted her to be his girlfriend, the only thing that was stopping him was the guts and he was unsure of how she felt towards him.

Um how has your day um been? asked Harry

Great, and yourself, said Maya

Good, said Harry Have you seen Hermione?

Um not lately, said Maya I heard Ron arguing with her but I chose to ignore it. I have not seen her since then,

Do you think she might have gone down to dinner? asked Harry

I am not sure, said Maya We could go down and check,

Yeah, said Harry Why not,

The two of them stood up and walked out of the common room. They did not walk very far before Hermione walked straight into to Harry. She was looking at the floor so had not seen Harry coming.

Sorry, she said looking up Harry!

She looked shocked. Harry could see that she had been crying. Hermione quickly wiped her eyes with the sleeve of her robes.

Sorry I did not s&s...see you, she stuttered

Hey & hey, said Harry What s up?

It s nothing, said Hermione

It s obviously not nothing Hermione, said Harry What s the matter, what s upset you, is it Ron, Hermione nodded and burst into tears. She hugged Harry and sobbed into his shoulder. Harry returned the hug.

What has he done? asked Harry

He has accused me of lying, said Hermione He said that I have spread a nasty rumour about him and Rae. But I have not, I would n t. But he does not believe me. He said that he was told be Seamus who got it from Parvati who got it from someone else who got it from me. But I have never said anything bad about him and Rae, but he won t believe me,

Well just ignore him, said Harry We all know that you would not say anything of the sort, and he will eventually come round. Don t worry about it,

Yeah just ignore him, Ron has always been awkward, said Maya Why don t you come and have supper with us? Ok, said Hermione Thank you,

It s alright, said Harry Come on, lets go and eat before all the good food is taken,

They walked down stairs into the hall and began to eat a supper of pasta and meatballs in a tomato sauce.

That night Harry slept very, very badly. After lying down on his bed his thoughts slipped into dream& Harry stood on the edge of the forest. A huge dark lake lay before him but Harry could not make the person out. The person was pointing at something in the lake. Harry walked down and stood next to the figure in front of him. Something confused Harry; he could still not make out the figure. He looked at where the figure was pointing. They were pointing out to something in the water. Harry looked out in the direction of the person s finger. At first Harry could not see anything, but then he looked again. There was a person, lying face down in the water and hardly moving apart from bobbing up and down. Harry walked forward so as to go into the water to save the person, but as soon as his shoe touched the waters edge he was thrown backwards against a tree. The breath knocked out of him, Harry sat there for a moment. He looked around. On a rock on the other side of the lake was a hooded and cloaked figure.

Harry looked to the body floating in the lake, it was so limp now and Harry was very surprised that if that person was dragged out of the water the likelihood of them surviving were very slim. Harry looked back at the rock the hooded figure was standing on. They were no longer there. Harry stood up and looked around, he could not see the figure anywhere. He walked over to the person standing by the river. He was looking down now.

You need to save them, said Harry looking towards the person floating in the water.

I can't, whispered the person

You have too, I can't get in the water, said Harry That hooded person won't let me,

It's too late, said the person

What do you mean it's too late? asked Harry

She's dead, said the figure

How do you know? asked Harry

She just is, said the person she's been there for a while now,

No, said Harry You can't just stand there! How do you know it's too late and how come you won't help her?

She's dead, said the person

No, no, said Harry She can't be?

Harry ran towards the water again, this time he managed to wade into the water. It was freezing cold. But he did not manage to get very far. Some invisible force suddenly stopped him. Harry turned round to see who was holding him back. He was shocked to see that no one was there, but the hooded figure had moved and was now standing next to the person, which Harry had been standing next to previously. Harry tried to move forwards towards the girl, but he could not move. He turned round to the hooded figure.

Let me go, he said loudly Let me help her,

No, said an icy cold voice, which echoed around Harry No she is to die like I have planned, Harry was suddenly pulled from the water and thrown very hard against a tree. Harry couldn't breathe properly, the breath had been knocked out of him, he gasped for breath &

Harry awoke gasping for breath. He felt as if he had been kicked in the stomach and winded. Harry tried to catch his breath, and when eventually had he sat up wiping the cold sweat of his forehead. There were distant snores coming from the other beds in the dormitory. Obviously he was the only one awake. The moon shone through the window lighting up the various objects in the room. Harry sat up and pulled back the hangings around his four-poster bed. He stood up and quietly got dressed into his school robes and crept across the room and out of the dormitory. He headed downstairs into the Gryffindor common room and walked towards the exit. Harry climbed out of the portrait hole and walked down the corridor, he was going to go and see Dumbledore. He walked for what felt like ages, just dwelling in his thoughts. When he looked up he found himself outside the gargoyle leading into Dumbledore's office.

Sherbet Lemon Harry said to the gargoyle.

This had been the password to Dumbledore's office in his first year of Hogwarts. The Gargoyle did not move. It did not spring into life leaving a staircase leading into the office of Dumbledore. Harry stared at the gargoyle.

Pear drop he said

Nothing happened

Liquorice wand. Fizzing whizzbee. Double Best Blowing Gum. Chocolate frog. The gargoyle just stared at Harry.

Sugar quill. Said Harry

Again the gargoyle did not move.

Berty Bott's Every Flavour Beans

The gargoyle leapt into life. It turned slowly showing a large staircase. Harry jumped onto the revolving staircase. The staircase came to a halt outside Dumbledore's office. He knocked on the door and entered. The office was dark and the sound of snores was coming from around him. Harry looked at the walls the portraits of the other heads of the school were all sleeping. The still risen moon shone through the top most windows, letting a tiny bit of light into the room. How early in the morning was it.

Professor Dumbledore, Harry called.

Harry was a bit nervous at how angry Dumbledore would be as it was the early hours of the morning.

Professor Dumbledore, he called again

Hey boy! said a voice Have you got any idea what time it is. It is very very early. Dumbledore will not want to be woken,

It is important that I see professor Dumbledore. Said Harry

Can't it wait till morning, asked the picture

No. said Harry it is really important that I see him-

Harry? said a voice

Harry looked round. Standing in front of him was professor Dumbledore. He was dressed in a very elegant maroon dressing gown that trailed on the floor behind him.

Professor Dumbledore said Harry quietly.

Harry, this is quite an early call, said Dumbledore eyeing Harry up and down.

Told you he would not be happy. I told you. Said the picture on the wall that had spoken to Harry just before Dumbledore said his name

That's enough Boris. If Harry came then he obviously needed to talk. He knows he always welcome to come to me, whatever time of the day it is. Said Dumbledore sternly to the picture. Now why don't you go back to sleep. Now Harry what has bothered you to come to see me this early?

Harry looked around. The pictures had stopped snoring. He knew they were planning on listening in on the convocation. Dumbledore also seemed to notice that the snores had stopped.

Why don't we go somewhere quieter, he suggested.

Dumbledore led Harry up a short flight of stairs. Harry followed Dumbledore into a dimly lit room.

Taking up most of the room was a huge bed. The bed cover was covered in emerald stars on a dark blue background. Dumbledore sat down into a big blue armchair. He beckoned to Harry, and pointed to a similar armchair but this time it was magenta. Harry accepted the offer and sat down. Immediately he sank into indescribable comfort.

Professor Dumbledore, I did not mean to wake you so early, said Harry

Quite alright, my sleep has been troubled so I was pretty much awake anyway. I am guessing that you have not had a solid night's sleep either? said Dumbledore looking over the top of his glasses.

Harry shook his head

What's been bothering you Harry? asked Dumbledore

Harry looked up into his headmaster's eyes. Dumbledore looked right back.

You seem troubled and frightened, said Dumbledore gazing into Harry's eyes. Am I right in guessing that you have had another dream?

Harry nodded. Dumbledore looked more concerned at Harry

Tell me about it Harry, he said

Harry looked around nervously

Go on Harry, it's ok nothing or no one is going to bother us, said Dumbledore comfortingly

So Harry told Dumbledore all about the dream, everything from the dead girl to him being prevented from helping. Once he had finished Dumbledore sat staring at Harry. Harry found this slightly uncomfortable so looked down into his lap. After minutes of complete silence, apart from the ticking of a clock somewhere in the bedroom, Dumbledore spoke.

Harry you seem scared? he said suddenly

Harry looked up. He was scared and worried.

Tell me what concerns you, said Dumbledore

Sir, many of my other dreams have come true or have injured me in some way, and I am worried that this dream will come true as well, said Harry

I thought you might say that, said Dumbledore Well I will be honest with you Harry, in light of all your other dreams there is a possibility this dream will occur at some point,

But then someone is going to die, said Harry

Maybe, but maybe not, said Dumbledore In light of this I am going to take precautions, which may help prevent the dream from coming true. But we also need to concentrate on you. I am becoming increasingly worried of the effect of these dreams on you. I worry of how it affects you and your studies. I am going to talk with you teachers and with Madame Pomfrey to see if there is anything we can do to help you. Harry you are not alone in all of this and you can turn to people, and they will help, Harry did not answer and continued to look at the floor. There was something else that was troubling him and he was very concerned that his suspicions may be true.

Harry, there is something else bothering you isn't there? asked Dumbledore

Harry nodded.

Professor, I am really concerned that the girl in the water, maybe & maybe & Hermione, he said

Harry what on earth made you think that, said Dumbledore

Well the hooded figure I think was Voldemort and if he is trying to hurt me then he would probably go for someone close to me like a friend. Plus the girl in the water had bushy brown hair, the same length as Hermione's said Harry

Harry, I think it is unwise to dwell on that image. Its only going to cause you upset and problems. I would like you to forget about this dream, it may not come true, but I do not want you worrying about it until, if it does, happen. Said Dumbledore sternly.

Harry did not say anything. How could he expect Harry just to forget about this dream? Its not something you easily put out of your mind.

Now Harry I think you should head back to the common room and get some more sleep, or at least snooze by the fire in the common room, said Dumbledore standing up and leading Harry downstairs and to the door of his office.

Remember, this door is always open and you are always free to come and talk no matter what time in the day it may be, said Dumbledore smiling

Harry smiled back and left the office. He headed back to the common room and sat by an armchair near the fire. The moon was still up and was shining through one of the windows. Harry sat looking at the fire his head buzzing with questions and concerns. He felt sick with worry that something was going to happen to Hermione and he was not going to do anything to stop it. Harry closed his eyes and allowed his body to soak in the heat that the fire was producing. He was so worried, but there was nothing he could do about it.

18 - Posters of Amazment

Harry's thoughts did not settle over the next couple of days. He was always aware of his surroundings and he kept a close eye on Hermione. He was not sleeping very well and kept having visions of the lake scenes again and again. Dumbledore had spoken to the school the day after their meeting, informing them that the lake was out of bounds. Many students questioned why this was, but no one apart from Harry knew the answer. But after a couple of weeks people just accepted that they were not going to find out. Harry on the other hand was still very agitated and was getting very little sleep each night. Many of his friends were very concerned about him, but he would not talk to anyone about it, least of all Hermione. The teachers were also very concerned and it was not long before they spoke to him. It was at the end of a potions lesson that Professor McGonagall dragged him to one side after the lesson had ended.

Potter I would like you to come with me to my office, she said

Harry waved to Hermione, Ron, Rae and Maya and followed Professor McGonagall to her office. Once they had reached it she led him inside and sat him down on one of her sofas. Harry sat there in silence.

The headmaster will be joining us in a moment, said Professor McGonagall

What's this all about? asked Harry

You will find out in a moment, said Professor McGonagall.

Harry sat staring out of the window opposite him wondering what on earth he had done and what this meeting was about.

It was not long before Professor Dumbledore joined them.

Good afternoon to the both of you. I hope you have not had to wait very long? he asked

Not very long at all headmaster, said Professor McGonagall Please sit down. Can I offer you a drink of any sort?

A cup of tea would be delightful Minerva, said Dumbledore

Potter, said Professor McGonagall Can I interest you in a drink,

No thank you, said Harry

Professor McGonagall summoned a pot of tea and two cups for herself and Dumbledore. Once she had poured out the drinks she sat next to Harry on the sofa while Dumbledore sat opposite them in an armchair.

Harry, I am sure you are wondering why on earth we have brought you here for a meeting, said Dumbledore

Harry nodded.

Two weeks ago you had a dream, and you came to me about it. Myself, Minerva and your teaching staff have been extremely worried about the effect this dream has had on you, said Dumbledore It has been two weeks now since the dream and you seem to be still worrying about it,

Your lack of sleep has also concerned us Harry, said Professor McGonagall Have you been getting much?

Harry shook his head.

Harry, we want to help you, said Dumbledore Your lack of sleep has resulted in you struggling in many of your subjects and your lack of concentration has concerned many. We want you to try and forget about this dream. Nothing of yet has happened, and the likelihood of it happening is reducing,

It's easier said than done, said Harry annoyed.

I know, but you must try, for your own sake and for others. Your friends have been very concerned about

you, and some of them have even spoken of their concerns to Minerva, said Dumbledore

Every time I have a dream, I am told to try and forget about it, said Harry No one else is having these dreams and no one knows what they are like,

Harry, I know I must be hard-, said Dumbledore

Hard! Hard! Just imagine one moment dreaming of something nice or nothing at all and the suddenly it turns into a nightmare. But these nightmares are not real, you get injured in them, a hooded figure tries to kill you, choking you injuring you, and then on top of that you see this person killing people and there is nothing you can do about it! shouted Harry You try and forget about being tortured in dreams, the one place you feel safe. You try and go to sleep every night scared of being attacked or someone else that you care about being harmed or killed. You imagine being able to see someone drown that you know is a friend and not being able to help her, and then being told to forget about it!

Harry, calm down, said Dumbledore You are right, I have no idea what it must be like. But I will not sit back and see one of my students and someone I care about becoming more and more distressed and distance. I care about you a lot and so does Professor McGonagall, but you have got to help yourself and forget about this dream. The person you saw may not have been Hermione, you are just assuming that.

Harry looked at his shoes, he could feel anger bubbling inside him but he was restraining from releasing his anger on Dumbledore and McGonagall.

Harry, just promise me you will try, said Dumbledore

Harry nodded.

Well I think you should return back to the common room and then you can go and have some dinner with your friends, said Professor Dumbledore

Harry stood up and left the office. He walked down the corridor until he found one that was deserted. He walked over to a nearby wall and thumped it hard with his fist.

Why didn't anyone believe him? He continued to thump and kick the wall, hitting his head against the wall as well.

Why? he thought, It was Hermione he saw! It was! He knew it!

It was! It was! he shouted thumping his fist and head against the stonewall.

Harry? said a concerned voice running towards him. Harry?

Two hands grabbed his shoulders and turned him around. It was Professor Ferdit

Harry? What on earth are you doing? he asked

Just leave me alone, said Harry angrily

No I am not leaving you in this state, said Professor Ferdit What's gotten into you?

Harry did not answer and looked at the floor.

Harry talk to me, I would like to help if I can, said Professor Ferdit

Harry began to tell Professor Ferdit about the dream and about his meeting that he had just had with Professor Dumbledore and Professor McGonagall.

And I just don't understand why people aren't listening to me, said Harry

People are listening to you Harry, said Professor Ferdit They are doing what they think is in your best interests. They are only concerned,

I don't care, they are not taking me seriously. This is something that is really bothering me and no one seems to want to help, said Harry angrily

They do want to, and they are helping, said Professor Ferdit You are not letting them help you. Dumbledore is right to suggest forgetting about this dream of yours,

I don't care! said Harry picking up his bag and walking off towards the common room ignoring Professor Ferdit calling his name.

When Harry reached the common room he stormed in and up to the dormitory ignoring, once again his

name being called. He burst through the door of the dormitory and threw his bag onto his bed. He hit the four-poster bed very hard; and then stood staring out of the window one arm on the cold stone. He heard the door open behind him.

Harry? said Ron's voice. Are you ok?

Harry didn't say anything

You coming down for dinner?

I am not hungry, said Harry angrily

You must eat something, said Ron

Just leave me alone Ron! shouted Harry

Ron just stood there for a while, but soon the door closed and Harry was left alone. Harry got dressed into his pyjamas and got into bed. He lay there furious, he wanted to scream to yell to hit something. Harry did not fall asleep until much later that evening. He pretended to be asleep when Dean, Seamus, Neville and Ron entered the room.

What's wrong with him? asked Seamus

Just leave him, said Ron. He's got a lot of things on his mind at the moment,

Still, he shouldn't take his bad mood out on us, said Seamus

Just leave him, said Ron. He doesn't mean to take it out on us. He's tired; he hasn't been sleeping very much. He thinks I haven't noticed but I have,

Why's he not been sleeping, said Dean

No idea, but just let him cool off, he will come round in his own time, said Ron

I feel sorry for him there is obviously something bothering him, or he would not be like this. I just hope he overcomes this problem soon, I hate seeing him this way, said a small voice which had to be Neville's.

Me too, said Ron

The four of them were soon in bed and the lights were switched off. Harry lay there listening, all was silent but it was not long before snores could be heard. Soon Harry was overcome with tiredness and his eyes drooped and he fell fast to sleep.

The next morning Harry awoke in the early hours of the morning, the sun was just beginning to rise. Instead of lying in bed, Harry stood up and dressed into his school robes. He then went downstairs and sat by the fire. He sat there thinking until the sound of movement could be heard from above him. It was not long before the common room was slowly filling. Hermione, Rae and Maya joined him by the fire and waited for Ron. Rae and Maya were talking, but Hermione was looking at him with a concerned face.

How come you are up so early? she asked

Woke up early, said Harry

Are you feeling better today? said Hermione

I wasn't even ill, said Harry

I mean have you calmed down asked Hermione

Yes, muttered Harry

Suddenly Ron appeared.

Morning, he said, Shall we get some breakfast? They all nodded and headed down to the main hall. Once they had their breakfast they returned to the common room to gather their books and headed off to the first lessons of the day. They had two singles before break, Defence against the dark arts and divination. Harry was not looking forward to Defence against the dark arts after his encounter with Professor Ferdit the previous evening, but he regrettably cued outside the classroom door waiting for the lesson to begin. When Professor Ferdit turned up he allowed the class to enter, but he held Harry back.

How are you feeling today? asked Professor Ferdit

Fine, and there was nothing wrong with me, snapped Harry
Alright mate, but you were not yourself. I have never seen you in that state before. Remember my door is always open for you to come and chat if you would like to, said Professor Ferdit
Thanks, said Harry And I m sorry for yesterday,
Don t worry about it, said Professor Ferdit Just remember people do care about you Harry, so allow them to help you,
He clapped Harry on the shoulder and they entered the classroom.
The lesson was reasonably enjoyable. Professor Ferdit got them making posters to help them with revision. They were allowed to do it on anything they had done with him so far, using any forms of presenting it. Harry and Ron spent most of the lesson gawping at Hermione s amazing poster, she had things twinkling, flying about the page and every now and then things jumping out. Harry looked at his. He had yet to add his special affects, what ever they may be, all he had was writing in different colours with the occasional crap drawing every now and then. By the end of the lesson, his and Ron s didn t look much compared to most other people s presentations. To top it all of Professor Ferdit announced that he was going to get them all to present them all next lesson.

He s got to be bloody joking if he thinks I am going present my crappy poster to the class, especially seeing as Malfoy and his cronies will be there. If they laugh or make a comment I don t think I will be able to resist jumping the desk and punching him in the mouth, said Ron as they walked along the hallway towards the north tower.

Ron you need to learn to ignore him. It doesn t matter what he thinks, said Hermione
Easy for you to say, said Ron

Look, I have to go to arithmancy, said Hermione So I will se you at break, in the common room,
Hermione peeled off from Ron and Harry and headed off down a hall in the direction of the arithmancy classroom. Harry and Ron proceeded down the hallway until they came to a staircase, on which they began to climb to the top where they knew Professor Trelawney would be waiting to predict their horrific deaths.

Once the lesson had finally ended, Harry and Ron descended the stairs and headed back to the common room. It had been a miserable lesson, and as usual Professor Trelawney had predicted Harry s death once again. Harry and Ron returned to the common room to find it buzzing with convocations. They barged their way through the many people until they found two seats by the fire, in which they sat. There was no sign of Hermione

I bet she is asking Professor Vector some boring and pointless question, said Ron
Probably, said Harry

As break continued more and more people entered the common room, but none of them was Hermione. Maya and Rae where both taking arithmancy with Hermione, but when they entered and made their way across to Harry and Ron, Hermione was not with them.

Hello, said Ron Good lesson? I bet Hermione was asking really pointless questions,
Hiya, said Rae Yeah it was ok, oh an for your information Hermione never turned up for the lesson,
What? said Harry sitting up and staring at Maya and Rae.

No she never turned up to the lesson, said Maya

That s odd, said Ron Hermione never misses a lesson, plus we saw her walking towards the arithmancy classroom before we left for divination,

She didn t turn up? asked Harry

Maya shook her head. Harry stood up very quickly and barged his way forcefully out of the common room.

19 - Dreams do come true

Once Harry had made his way past the Gryffindors, he burst through the portrait door. Harry ran down the hall way and down the stair case barging people out of the way as he went. He ran down the hall and out into the grounds. He ran down the gravel path, nearly knocking two first years into a bush. He could hear footsteps running behind him and calls of his name. He knew that Ron, Rae and Maya were following him. But Harry did not stop to let them catch up with him. He had not time to stop. He kept running down the path, he barged through people when they were in the way, he even barged through Professor Snape and Professor Ferdit who were out in the grounds talking. Harry kept running, closer and closer to the lake he came. He could see the forest where the lake lay behind. He ran and ran as fast as he could. He knew exactly what had happened to Hermione. Harry ran through the trees and bushes until he reached the shore of the lake. Harry looked out into the lake, sure enough lying face down in the lake completely motionless, was a girl with bushy brown hair.

Hermione! he shouted

Harry ran down to the waters edge and started to wade out into the water. It was freezing cold, he could feel the blood rush to his organs away from his fingers and toes. The water made Harry shiver violently, but he did not stop. He continued to wade out pushing the water aside with his arms. He was chest deep now and the coldness of the water was making it hard to breathe properly, but he had to get to her. Harry continued to wade until he could not longer touch the bottom, so he swam the last metre. When he reached the girl he turned her over so that her mouth and nose were pointing out of the water. It was Hermione.

No! shouted Harry

Harry! shouted voices from the shore

He could hear a couple of screams as well.

Harry started to pull Hermione towards the shore, making sure he kept her head above the water. But it was harder than he had expected and trying to drag Hermione through the water was causing his head to go under water. Harry would then brake through the surface gasping for breath. He was so cold, but he knew he had to get to the shore. When he reached walking depth he dragged her along the water. He could here shouts from the water s edge. As he reached the edge someone else joined him in the water. Ron helped Harry to drag Hermione out of the water. They dragged her out of the water and lay her on the pebbles. Harry knelt down next to her gasping for breath. He placed his fingers on her neck to check for a pulse. There was not one. Harry then checked to see if she was breathing, she wasn t.

Maya, Rae go and get help! said Harry

The girls ran off looking extremely frightened. Harry began to perform CPR, Ron stood motionless near by. was motionless and her lips were blue. It was a while before Harry finally got Hermione breathing again. She coughed and spluttered and Harry helped to roll her onto her side. Hermione vomited up the water that had entered her body and gasped for breath.

Hermione! squeaked Ron kneeling by his head, moving her hair out of her face

Where & am & I? gasped Hermione

Its ok, your safe. Just lie still, said Ron

Harry lay back onto the stone pebble panting for breath. He was freezing cold and had a thumping headache. Ron undid his cloak and draped it over Hermione. He rubbed her back to try and help to warm her up.

I m&so&cold, she stuttered

I know, help will be here in a moment, said Ron

Suddenly there were sounds of running feet and many pairs of feet ran across the pebbles towards Ron, Hermione and Harry. Harry looked to see who they were. It was Professor Ferdit and Professor Snape, accompanied by Maya and Rae. They were all surrounding Hermione. Professor Ferdit and Professor Snape saw to Hermione. Professor Ferdit dried her robes, while Snape summoned a stretcher.

What happened? asked Snape

We found Hermione face down in the lake, said Ron Harry went and got her out, Professor Ferdit looked over at Harry lying on his back on the stones.

You ok Harry? he asked

Jack butted in Snape Lets get her up to the castle.

Once Hermione was ready to move they lifted her onto a stretcher, and began to walk back up to the school. Maya, Ron and Rae quickly followed. Harry tried to keep up with them, but he was weak and exhausted and soon he fell behind. So Harry slowly headed up to the castle by himself. Soaking wet he shivered as the cold wind blew about his robes. His hair had got wet when trying to pull Hermione to the shore, and it felt as if his hair had turned to icicles. His head was thumping and he was feeling very short of breath; Harry had swallowed quite a lot of water when rescuing Hermione.

After a while Harry finally reached the castle. He walked towards the hospital-dodging people in the corridors who gave him very curious looks. He was shivering feverishly. When he finally reached the hospital wing he opened the door and entered. Madame Pomfrey, Professor McGonagall and Professor Ferdit were all crowded round a bed, which Harry supposed Hermione must be on. Ron, Maya and Rae were sitting on bed near by looking at her, all pale with fright. Dumbledore was standing by a window gazing out at it. When Harry entered Dumbledore turned to look at him.

How is she? asked Harry

Madame Pomfrey looked up, and Professors McGonagall and Ferdit looked around.

She is going to be ok, thanks to you said Madame Pomfrey briskly from Hermione's bedside. She is a little cold, and I want to bring her body temperature up, but apart from that she is well, surprisingly seeing as what she has had to endure,

Harry was feeling really weak, and reached out to lean on a near by pillar. However before he could touch it, he collapsed due to pure exhaustion.

Harry! said a voice

Harry opened his eyes, he found Professor Ferdit looking down on him. Harry raised his hands up to his head

Alright mate, said Professor Ferdit Did you bump your head?

Yeah, said Harry wincing through a headache.

Madame Pomfrey and Dumbledore had now joined them. Professor Ferdit helped Harry to sit up, leaning him against the wall. Harry sat there shivering, he was in a warm room, but his clothes were soaking wet and cold. They clung to his body causing goose bumps.

Harry your soaking, exclaimed Professor Ferdit

I & dragged & Hermione & out of the & water, stuttered Harry through chattering teeth.

Professor Ferdit drew out his wand and dried Harry's robes off for him. Madame Pomfrey put her hand against his head.

Yes his body temperature is low, she said And his lips are blue,

Madame Pomfrey summoned a bottle from the bedside table next to Hermione. She poured a little into a small cup, which she also summoned with her wand. She handed it to Harry to drink. It was a burning peppery taste that ran down Harry's mouth and into his stomach. Even though it tasted disgusting, Harry slowly started to warm up.

Right, Harry just sit here for a bit, until you feel able to stand and then we will get you onto a bed, said

Madame Pomfrey

Harry made to stand up.

No I said sit! said Madame Pomfrey sternly You need to catch you breathe back before you go walking around or you are more than likely to faint again,

Harry lent back against the wall. Madame Pomfrey and Professor Dumbledore walked off to speak with Professor McGonagall who was standing at the foot of Hermione s bed. Maya soon joined Harry and knelt down beside him.

You ok? she asked

Yeah, said Harry

You were really brave, said Maya If it wasn t for you Hermione probably wouldn t be alive, I only went into the water to get her, said Harry Anyone else would do the same. And anyway it would never had happened if people had listened to me

Yeah, but still, said Maya

Harry put his hand up to his head his scar was prickling painfully.

Harry? What is it? asked Maya

Nothing, said Harry standing up. He slowly began to walk over to a bed. Maya helped to support him. But half way across Harry dropped to the floor yelling in pain as his scar increased to such a pitch that Harry thought his head was going to explode. People suddenly rushed over to Harry.

Harry? What s the matter? asked Professor Ferdit

My scar! groaned Harry Its so painful,

Dumbledore placed his hand on Harry s head, and the pain began to ease. Harry lay on the floor breathing deeply. Professor Ferdit helped Harry stand and they got him into a bed. Harry lay there taking in deep breaths. Madame Pomfrey walked over to him and gave him a potion to make him sleep.

You can return to school tomorrow evening, if I am happy, she said Now get some sleep, Harry drank the potion, and immediately he was overcome with tiredness. Harry closed his eyes and fell fast asleep and drifted into dream.

Harry opened his eyes, it was pitch black and id was deadly silent. Not even the owls were hooting. Movement out of the corner of Harry s eye caught his attention. He sat up straight in bed and looked around. Harry could sense that he was not alone in the room. He peered into the darkness.

Who s there? he called out.

Someone dressed in a black cloak from head to toe slowly walked out of the darkness. They walked over towards Harry they re hood covering their face.

Harry, they said in a cold voice I think we need to have a little chat, don t you?