2008-09-01 15:34:00

Students Coming

Splash, slosh I'm so depressed. My bathroom walls are about to be invaded by young girls who have lives. I don't.

All I ever get to see are annoying, prissy, stuck-up girls who keep bothering me!

I NEVER GET TO SEE BOYS!

alt_hermione at 2008-09-01 20:41:32

(no subject)

That's rude, Myrtle!
Welcome to Hogwarts.

Welcome to Hogwarts - and a welcome from Hogwarts, to those of you who are no longer with us at the castle.

This year inaugurates a plan instituted by our Lord Protector and the Ministry of Magic - the Journal Initiative. All wizards and witches have received journals through which to communicate with each other. Through these journals, students, you will meet new people and make connections that will last your whole life long. Authorities, you will soon discover which of our students are particularly sharp and worthy of your patronage.

Be advised that your journal entries are public and may possibly lead to House Point deductions.

As one of the Gryffindor prefects, I would like to take this opportunity to also extend a warm "Welcome to Hogwarts," particularly to our first year students. If you have any questions, please feel free to ask me at any time. The castle can be a bit overwhelming when you are first settling in, but I'm sure you will learn your way around in no time.

Thank you, Mr Weasley. I appreciate it when students take initiative and responsibility.
2008-09-01 16:39:00
(no subject)

The first day of school. The children are returning.

I hear the welcoming feast. I suppose I ought to attend.

I shall not.

alt_hermione at 2008-09-01 22:02:18
(no subject)

I'm not at the feast either! Are you having supper somewhere else? Maybe we could have supper together. I don't remember seeing you around! Do you never come to the library? I'm not allowed to wander out of the library much during the day.

alt_lupin at 2008-09-03 00:37:57
(no subject)

It would be quite nice to have a dinner guest, I think, but I'd rather not risk you getting into trouble.

I do frequent the library but not usually during the castle's waking hours. Perhaps I will call by a bit earlier.

Do you happen to like scones?

alt_hermione at 2008-09-03 00:42:48
(no subject)

Oh I won't get into trouble! Not if I'm careful. Most people don't notice me very much. I'm very small. If you like you could come by earlier, though. If I'm not working, I'm usually in my cubby. Madam Pince can show you, or any of the house elves of course.

But I love scones! Do you have the kind with currants in?
You live in a cupboard?

Well it isn't really a cupboard. More like a niche. That's a word that Madam Pince taught me the other day - I hadn't seen it before!

It's a very nice niche. I have a curtain and the house-elves make my bed in the mornings so I don't have to, isn't that sweet of them?

...you're a remarkable girl, Miss Granger.

I do have scones with currants. I'd also like to see this niche.

Thank you? I think?

Well when can you come by? I haven't got anything else to do tonight. I was just going to read some.
If I can finish up with Peeves' latest prank, I should be able to pop by the library within the hour.

Hooray!
Hello Journal.

Well, here is my journal!

I am not really supposed to have a journal, as I am an "indentured worker" (which means "slave," Prof McGonagall says, only I think there is actually a difference). Prof McGonagall has given me one anyway which is very nice of her I think.

The students who are coming this year are my age. I haven't had a real friend since I was very little so I think that it would be nice if I could make friends with them. They are arriving on the boats now and I went to have a look see at them, but all I could see were their heads in the boats going across the lake.

If I were a real Hogwarts student I think I would like to be in Ravenclaw. Then I would get to spend almost as much time reading as I get to spend now. If I were a real Hogwarts student I wouldn't get to read Restricted books, though, which would be too bad. But then I wouldn't be a slave, I suppose, and of course Prof McGonagall thinks that being a slave is a very bad thing. I don't know. Hogwarts isn't so bad as the camps were, and after all there are loads of people who are worse off than me, especially people who don't have any magic at all.
2008-09-01 16:44:00
(no subject)

The Sorting's a bore, why must we watch it year after year?

I'm not impressed by this year's batch of Ravenclaws, they seem to be rather callow when compared to the average 11-year-old.

alt_penelope

alt_percy at 2008-09-02 00:22:43
(no subject)

Give them time, Penelope. We all started out as firsties, you know, but fortunately, it gets better.
First September, 1991. Harry is eleven, and he's on his way to Hogwarts. May already be there.

I hope he does his parents proud.
WHAT!?

What do you mean, you're not a Gryffindor?

Harry, believe me, I should like nothing better than to have a nice, long chat. But these journals can be watched.

I'm not a Gryffindor. I thought everyone had heard by now. The Sorting Hat put me in Gryffindor, but Father wouldn't hear of it. So now I'm in Slytherin, which is where everyone says I should be, anyway.

It honestly isn't so bad. I'm with Draco, at least, which is something! And it isn't like I don't get to have friends in other Houses, is it?

I don't see why it matters that the journals can be watched. I want to know, and I know Father won't tell me, but I don't see how he could be angry if someone else did.

If I tell you, you have to promise NOT to say anything about it in your own journal. I don't think your "father" knows about mine, or me, and it must, MUST stay that way, Harry.

Your real father was a hero. Voldemort killed him, and your mother, when you were only a baby.

Harry...I'm your real godfather.

Your dad, and your mum, and I, we were all in Gryffindor. Two people whom we thought we could trust betrayed us--betrayed James--and led Voldemort to you.
I know you're very young to hear all this for the first time. Harry, please, please be careful. If Voldemort knows we are in contact...

Speaking of which, how did you even find my journal? Did Minerva make it available?

Must take pains to keep it secret, if so.

alt_harry at 2008-09-02 00:45:27
(no subject)

I don't know what you're talking about. Someone would have told me if that was true. Who are you, anyway? I don't know anything about you. Why should I believe anything you have to say?

Who's Minerva? Why should this be secret? Of course it isn't secret! These are public journals! Everyone is supposed to have one.

I think maybe Father wouldn't want me talking to you, you're right. So I won't.

alt_sirius at 2008-09-02 00:59:27
(no subject)

Harry - wait.

It's all right if you don't believe me. I realize it's a lot to take in all at once, and you've had the truth hidden from you for a long time.

But you don't have to believe just me. Just ask Argus Filch about James Potter and Sirius Black....
Well done, Sirius.

Oh, and you'd have lied to the little bugger, wouldn't you have done?

How the devil was I to know the boy would find this?

Honesty is a virtue of course, but sometimes a small, white lie is better than a bigger, darker truth. Especially to someone who might not readily understand what it is you're trying to tell them.

I'd hoped you'd been a bit more tactful, but I suppose that's a bit silly on my part, isn't it?

You look well, anyway. For what it's worth.

Sometimes a small, white lie is better than a bigger, darker truth

Spoken like someone who hasn't lived with the knowledge that his godson is in the hands of the enemy. And one who'd know about darkness, eh, Moony?

Living a free life agrees with me, apparently.
As usual, Sirius, you miss the point.

It's good to see that time has not tempered your spirit, at least. However, if you'd like to continue living a 'free' life, as free as any of us can be, you would do well not to spout off about certain subjects where all can see.

Darkness, incidentally, is relative. We've all darkness within us. Some wear it more blatantly than others, and others never asked for it in the first place.
2008-09-01 17:50:00
Order Only: Use of Journals

My fellow Phoenixes:

At great risk to himself, Bill Weasley has provided us with a "back door," as he calls it, into the Ministry's spy-journal network. When you preface your journal entries with "Order Only," they will be visible only to Order members. You need not fear that your journal might give you away: if you and a non-Order member were looking at the same page, one which had a top-secret Order communication on it, they would see nothing amiss.

Remember: secrecy is important, and your journals will be public unless you use the Order Only preface. We are playing for much more than just House points.

---

@alt_hermione at 2008-09-01 22:02:39
(no subject)

This is so exciting!

@alt_sirius at 2008-09-02 01:12:11
(no subject)

Good on Bill!
**2008-09-01 19:07:00**
(no subject)

A hat?

Honestly? That's it?

---

**alt_harry** at **2008-09-01 23:27:34**
(no subject)

I liked the hat. It's nice.

---

**alt_ron** at **2008-09-01 23:39:26**
(no subject)

Bit creepy, really.

Still. Beats wrestling a troll any day.

---

**alt_harry** at **2008-09-01 23:43:58**
(no subject)

I suppose that's something - but I don't think Father would have let me wrestle a troll. He's awfully protective.

---

**alt_ron** at **2008-09-01 23:46:36**
(no subject)

I know how that is. I'm still amazed Mum put me on the train this morning.

My brother, Fred, kept going on about how much sorting hurts and wrestling a troll. Should have known he was taking the piss.
I wish I had a brother. I have Draco but it isn't the same, you know?

I've got five of them. I'd offer to give you one but Mum might object to it. Draco's the blond git bloke I saw you with at Sorting?

Yeah. I guess he can be a little rude but we haven't really had mates, you know? It isn't always fun being Father's son.

A little rude?

That's like saying dragons are a bit feisty, innit?

Another Gryffindor! Well done, Ronald! Mum and Dad will be thrilled. I'm sure you'll make our house proud.
alt_ron at 2008-09-02 00:04:03
(no subject)

Should have known Fred was taking the mickey about the troll, yeah?

What was that bollocks with the Marvolo kid getting switched out, though. That ever happen before?

alt_percy at 2008-09-02 00:28:37
(no subject)

I have no idea what Fred told you, but I would have assumed that by now you would have learned to take whatever he or George says with a bushel of salt, Ronald.

(Um, no, I don't believe it ever has. I'm not sure how much we should be talking about that, Ron.)

alt_ron at 2008-09-02 00:31:51
(no subject)

Yeah, yeah, I know.

I'll find you in the common room later?

alt_percy at 2008-09-02 00:45:14
(no subject)

Of course, but take care you don't get to bed too late, Ronald. Classes start tomorrow!

alt_gredforge at 2008-09-02 00:38:17

Hey!

Oi!, are saying we're liars!
We are wounded that you could even think such a thing, Simply wounded. We thought you knew better than that.
And all that rot about wrestling trolls was...what then?

What about wrestling trolls?

Do you remember telling ickle ronnikins anything about wrestling trolls, Fred?

No George, I'm quite sure that I haven't said anything about trolls in quite a long while. Except for last week I said that it would be wicked if you had to wrestle trolls your first night at hogwarts. But I never claimed that you actually had to.

Ron, do you need your hearing checked?

Oh ha ha ha. Very funny, you two.

On the contrary, I think we all know you too well.
2008-09-01 19:21:00
No, I don't know what happened

and I can't make Father put me back into Gryffindor, not that I would if I could I don't think, but you all can just stop asking me okay? I'm happy to be a Slytherin but I didn't mean to insult anybody, not anybody, which means not Father or Gryffindors or anybody at all, okay?

alt_harry

alt_ron at 2008-09-01 23:37:23
(no subject)
Better you than me.

alt_harry at 2008-09-01 23:40:31
(no subject)
What's wrong with Slytherins?

alt_draco at 2008-09-01 23:43:23
(no subject)
Nothing! Slytherin is the only house worth being in.

alt_ron at 2008-09-01 23:44:26
(no subject)
Sure, if you're the Me First sort.
I'd get handcramps listing it all.

Well, Father was in Slytherin, so it can't be that bad.

If you say so.

Congratulations, Harry. Don't let the other students confuse you; Draco has it right. Slytherin is by far the house that will lead you to greatness.

Gryffindors, you will find, are far too sensitive for their own good.

Thank you, Mr Malfoy.
2008-09-01 19:40:00
'Tis sad this day has come...

Well. This evening has been quite exciting.

And we didn't even do anything!

It's horrible. We've been upstaged by a first-year.

A Slytherin first year no less.

I think we are losing our touch.

*sniff*

alt_gredforge

2008-09-02 00:46:37
(no subject)

I wasn't planning to upstage you.

alt_harry

2008-09-02 00:58:23
who cares?

Well, whether you meant to or not, the fact is that you caused more mischief in ten minutes that we did in about two months.

Excluding that thing with the suit of armour next to the painting of Arabella the amazed on the second floor.

Because we had nothing to do with that.

Really.
Re: who cares?

Course you didn't.

Re: who cares?

Of course.

Glad you agree.

I'm quite certain you'll not let one off night stop you.

Of course not!

We simply have to acknowledge this moment and put our energies into making sure it never happens again.

Better watch your step, you two, or you'll be ducking howlers from mum.
First day at Hogwarts

I was sorted into Slytherin, of course. Malfoys are always in Slytherin. Harry very nearly ended up in Gryffindor, but thankfully our Lord Protector intervened.

Harry and I got separated at the train station, and he's already made friends with one of those Muggle-loving Weasels. I don't know what my father will say.

If my Father doesn't mind, do you think your father will?

Ron's not so bad, if you get to know him. I'm glad that Father made me be in Slytherin though. I would hate it if we were separated.

I don't think the Weasleys are the right sort of people for us to "get to know". Your little friend's robes were practically threadbare. Honestly, it lowers the whole tone of the place.

I'm glad you're in Slytherin, too.

I suppose. Only Ron said their father works in the Department for Muggle Control, doesn't he? So they must be all right. I bet he could teach us lots of interesting things about Muggles.
Ugh, why would you want to learn about Muggles?

So that you can control them better? I don't know. They seem interesting. The house-elf brought me a fellytone once so that I could see what it was, since it was in a book I was reading, and it was pretty wizard.
**2008-09-01 20:07:00**

*it starts....*

I am reading with interest the first entries in the students' journals. It seems the Sorting Hat tried to play a practical joke on Harry, but the Lord Protector sorted things out (no pun intended, of course).

Of Draco, I have no worries. And all the better, that now he will be able to keep a close eye on Harry, make sure he is welcomed and revered not only in our House, but among the entire student body.

Must remember to send an owl with Narcissa's and my compliments for tomorrow morning....

---

**alt_harry** at **2008-09-02 00:23:48**

*(no subject)*

Hello Mr Malfoy!

---

**alt_lucius** at **2008-09-02 01:40:49**

*(no subject)*

Good evening, Harry.

Shouldn't you be getting to sleep? Class starts early, you know.

---

**alt_harry** at **2008-09-02 02:24:25**

*(no subject)*

I'm just very excited! I promise I'll go to sleep soon.
Of course you are.

I remember my first night at Hogwarts. It's natural. But you boys should really try to get to sleep.
Harry in SLYTHERIN?

Impossible. I refuse to believe that the Sorting Hat made that kind of mistake.

Though I suppose there's no telling what kind of damage Voldemort's influence has been on the boy.

Minerva, what on earth? How could this happen?

And how can I help?

The Sorting Hat didn't make that kind of mistake, Sirius. It was all down to the Dark Lord - Lord Protector - whatever you wish to call him. He declared that Mr Potter - Mr Marvolo as is now - should be in Slytherin, not Gryffindor as the Hat said.

I haven't the pull to change it. I wish I had. I wish - well, it doesn't matter what I wish because, of course, I have to go back and crawl to him, don't I?

Only - don't scare the child. You'll terrify him if you come at him the way you've been doing.

He asked. I couldn't very well not tell him.

I know it's too much for him to take all at once.
Not to mention that he might not be trustworthy at all. He is only eleven years old.

He's James's son.

He's been brainwashed, I'll grant you. But it's not like they know who I pretend to be - or where I really am.

I'd like to see Voldemort try anything off of British soil.
Grabbing a quick moment to make a journal entry between breakfast and my first class. Hogwarts is even better than I imagined! Gran told me all about it, but it really is different being here. I wonder what she'll think about me being in Gryffindor. She all but told me she expected me to be in Hufflepuff, like she was. The hat took such a long time to decide with me, I started being horribly afraid it was going to say that it had all been a mistake, and they'd send me off to one of the camps where the squibs stay.

One thing that amazes me is all the food here. Nothing like the rationing at home. At breakfast this morning I found myself wishing I could send some of the bacon to Gran. I don't think we've had any at home since last Christmas.

Stayed up a bit when we got to our room last night, getting to know my new roommates, Ron and Seamus. Odd to think that Harry Marvolo might have been our roommate, too, if things had worked out differently. Ron and Seamus seem like they'll be good lads to get to know.

I was wondering: where do we get food for our familiars? I'm almost out of meal worms for my toad, Trevor. I thought I had enough, but maybe all the excitement of moving and all is making him hungrier than usual. Anyway, I'm almost out. Who am I supposed to ask?

You can get food (worms and crickets and such) by talking to the gamekeeper, Remus Lupin.

Please take care not to leave food for your familiar around in the common room. No one wants to sit on a worm on the common room couch. We've had trouble with students being careless in that respect in the past.
Thanks! And no, I won't leave meal worms or crickets lying around, don't worry!

Do you think that Mr Lupin would have owl treats as well? I didn't bring any for my owl and she's getting mad at me.

I asked Mr. Lupin, and he said that there's a bin just inside the door of the Owlry where they keep owl treats. Just remember to close the lid so the owls don't get into it. (Do you know where the Owlry is? Because I don't.)

Well it has to be in one of the towers, doesn't it? I'll ask Draco, maybe he knows.

That was a bit odd, wasn't it? Pity for the change, really. He seems a decent enough bloke.

Sorry I couldn't help on the Toad food, though. At least Perce was able to help, right?
That's right, you sat with him on the train, didn't you? I was a bit surprised that he even came to Hogwarts, really, being the Lord Protector's son--I wondered whether they might have him privately tutored or something, with him being so famous and all, I mean.

Guess I'll meet him myself when we have double potions together on Friday with the Slytherins.
School

School is amazing. We came to the castle in boats from across the lake. Everything is so huge. The castle is beautiful and full of life. My class mates are all nice but no one has become my best bud. It's only the first day of classes though, so I'm not going to get my hopes up. Any way, I might post later about my classes.

-H

I saw you come across the lake! My name's Hermione, who are you?

My Name is Hannah Abbott. Why were you not on the boats?

I'm not a student. I work in the library with the house-elves. I've already read all the books the first-year students will be using, though, when I wasn't working! Have you had classes yet? How were they?

My classes were amazing! My favorite subject has got to be Herbology. Pr. Sprout is incredible. She explained straight out
what we are doing for the year. I like things to be clear and she made everything as clear as possible. I also like Pr. Lockhart. He's cute, although, he doesn't make stuff very clear. Do you have any tips on Herbology that might help me?

@alt_hermione at 2008-09-03 00:58:05
Re: My name...

What are you doing in Herbology? I might!! I met Professor Sprout once when she brought me a book to clean. She gets them awfully muddy! She seemed nice though.

@alt_hannah at 2008-09-04 19:39:58
Re: My name...

Yeah, she's really nice.
WHO SPRAYED THAT STINKY PERFUME IN MY BATHROOM!!!!!!
2008-09-02 16:29:00

Who Loves School

Who loves school?
I do
Who loves work?
I do
Who loves the weird sisters?
I do
Who loves life?
I DO!

@alt_hannah

2008-09-03 00:57:17

You always this depressed?

@alt_ron
(no subject)

2008-09-04 19:39:11

Ha ha.

@alt_hannah
(no subject)
**2008-09-02 18:52:00**

*Transfigurations*

Was anybody in the other classes able to change a match into a needle? Or are Slytherins just bad at magic?

Today classes were all right I guess. That Lockhart fellow is pretty cool, if he did all the things he says he did, which Teddy Nott said he didn't. I don't know. He wouldn't be our Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher if he wasn't good at what he does, though. I'm looking forward to getting to dig around in Herbology next time, so that's good.

Mr Malfoy sent me jelly beans which was such a surprise! Thank you, Mr Malfoy (you read this, don't you?)

---

**alt_lucius** at **2008-09-03 00:32:12**  
*(no subject)*

You're welcome. There should have been some cauldron cakes and Chocolate Frogs in there as well--those are your favourites, if I recall correctly, are they not?

Let me know if something was missing. The house elves will hear of it.

Very few students can transfigure even a small object on their first go. Keep practising. Part of the trick is to believe there is no great difference between the beginning object and the end.

I'm glad to hear that Professor Lockhart began by making an impression. See that you listen for the wisdom behind the anecdotes.

---

**alt_harry** at **2008-09-03 00:36:40**  
*(no subject)*

Yeah, there were Chocolate Frogs and cauldron cakes! I got another Hengist of Woodcroft in my Frogs, which is okay because I bet I can trade him to someone for Herpo the Foul. I don't think anything was missing! I just forgot to say.
I'll try that trick. Maybe it'll help.

alt_lupin at 2008-09-03 00:35:48
(no subject)

Don't worry, Harry. It will come to you. Just takes a little time.

My name is Remus Lupin, incidentally. I'm the groundskeeper here. We met briefly when you came off the train. Let me know should you need assistance with anything.

alt_harry at 2008-09-03 00:39:10
(no subject)

It's nice to meet you for real, Mr Lupin.

I've heard that you're a I know that Father is very proud of his allies the Werewolves. I know he'll be glad that I made your acquaintance.

alt_lupin at 2008-09-03 00:45:46
(no subject)

Please, call me Remus, Harry. It's a pleasure to finally meet you.

How are you enjoying school?

alt_harry at 2008-09-03 00:50:01
(no subject)

It's alot of fun. I'll keep trying in Transfiguration. We haven't had many classes yet though, so I don't know what I'll like yet. I always fancied that Charms would be good. I'll find out tomorrow!
The key to Transfiguration, and Professor McGonagall might say this, is to not try so hard. You know the match has the potential to become a needle, all you need to do is tap into that potential. Look at the match, and see a needle. The magic will follow.

You would be good at Charms. I have a hunch.

Have you had your broomstick lessons, yet?

That sounds like what Mr Malfoy was telling me to do. I'll try it, for sure.

No, we haven't - I don't think it's going to be till next week. It stinks that the first years can't have their own brooms though. We have to use the old beat up school ones.

Mr Malfoy is many things, and among them he was always very good at Transfiguration. You'll enjoy flying. It's in your blood.

Glad you had an arse time of it, too. Mine didn't so much as twitch.
**alt_harry** at 2008-09-03 01:02:45  
(no subject)

Mine sort of rolled over once, but I'm pretty sure I just breathed on it.

**alt_ron** at 2008-09-03 01:08:53  
(no subject)

Ha! I reckon they're right and it'll come in time. I just wish the time was now, you know? Much more of this and my brothers might start with the Squib jokes.

**alt_harry** at 2008-09-03 01:12:30  
(no subject)

Were you not okay in your other classes?

**alt_ron** at 2008-09-03 01:17:12  
(no subject)

I didn't blow anything up. I call that success.

**alt_harry** at 2008-09-03 01:46:11  
(no subject)

Neither did I! Hey, we're two successful wizards!

**alt_ron** at 2008-09-03 01:55:01  
(no subject)

Brilliant!

Now we just hope that it carries on to tomorrow.
What!
That is not a success, that is a definite failure!

I have a hunch that Transfiguration will not be my best subject.

Slytherins are most certainly not bad at magic. I notice your Gryffindor friend did no better, and I'm certain we'll get the hang of it much faster than anyone in that house.
Please avoid the third corridor on the fourth floor until further notice, as Peeves (that would be our resident poltergeist, for you first-years) has discovered how to redirect the pipes from the boys' toilets on the fifth floor. It's really quite unpleasant at the moment, so you'd do best to stay out of the area until I've had a chance to get after the mess.

Also, would Messrs. Weasley the Identical please call by my cottage at their earliest convenience? I've recovered something of theirs that I would like to return to them, and I would trust them to be a bit more careful with it in the future. It's quite valuable.

Very well, we will come down sometime this afternoon.
Classes

My favorite class so far is herbology. Herbology is clear and can be challenging to me. I like that.

-H

alt_hannah
2008-09-02 20:47:00
Lupin.

I know you're reading this.

You keep away from him if you know what's good for you.

alt_sirius

2008-09-03 00:58:34

alt_lupin at (no subject)

They were my friends, too.
Exhausting Day

Early start. *Prophet* article needed...fact-checking, before allowing it to run.

Meeting at the Ministry. Yet another veiled petition to release certain Half-blood wizards on their own recognizance. Predictable outcome. Certain wizards would do well to remember their loyalty to blood, and not to sentimental notions of equality.

Stopped up to MLE, to see what leads they have on incident. Idiots.

Luncheon with Ari (Baddock), Rosa (Parkinson), and Gaudeamus (Avery). Narcissa and Bella joined us after their usual Tuesday stint at St. Mungo's.

After luncheon, had agreed to take Rosa to Caldecott to draw up some contracts she needed.

Then back to Gringotts to obtain their report. Reviewing.

Back to manor. Owls waiting with placement assignments from morning meeting; shall review and reply this evening, in between monitoring journals.
Another Day

Today was a good day! I got to meet some of the students who came into the library, which means they are probably the smart ones, who study a lot. Professor Slughorn brought in a really interesting copy of *Moste Potente Potions* to be re-bound, and I had to do it with special leather because otherwise the potions ingredients wear away the cover, and that was new! I messed up a little bit on the sewing but Professor Slughorn said it was all right because no one would see it but him.

And I met Mr Lupin the gameskeeper, who's very nice, and I think he's going to come and bring me scones, which is very nice!

My vocabulary word of the day is **niche**. Madam Pince told me what it means. It means "a recess in a wall, for holding a statue or an urn," but it can also mean "your place in life," or "a hollow in a rock."

---

Vocabulary word of the day? You can't be serious.

I'm very serious!

Why would you even have a word of the day?
To learn! If you learn a new word every day, that's 365 words in a year. It adds up!

We get enough learning in lessons and you want to tack on more?

Have fun with that.

I don't have lessons, or maybe I wouldn't need words of the day.

You don't have lessons? Then what are you doing at Hogwarts?

I'm an indentured worker. Don't you read? I've been reading your journal, I don't think it's really spying as they're public, and anyway we're practically neighbors both being at Hogwarts.
Oh, sorry! You made an earlier post, but I missed it. I'm just getting used to the journals. Never had one before.

I've been rather more concerned with trying to find my way to all of my classes. I got stuck in a trick step today on my way to History of Magic and was ten minutes late to class, but Professor Binns didn't seem to notice.

(He doesn't seem to notice very much, actually.)

I didn't mean to be rude or anything. I just didn't know.

Don't worry about it. I guess I'm a little touchy about it is all.

Is Professor Binns the ghost? He seems a little abstracted...

One of the ghosts, yeah. It had never occurred to me that a school might use ghosts for teaching before.

(Nice to meet you, by the way, Hermione.)
Nice to meet you too, Neville!

There's no need to talk to the mud, Ron. Best to just ignore her and her type.
Having my lunch break

...and I just wanted to quickly write today's word!

Quid-nunc, which means a busybody. I kind of knew that one already because in Latin quid nunc means "what now?" but I found it in a spell in Magick Most Evile, which is a silly place to find a way to curse busy-bodies because that's not really really evil, now is it?

Now I have to go - I only get fifteen minutes and I need to eat, after all!
I went up to my room to study, trying to get ahead on next week's classes and I found SOMEONE POURED A BUCKET OF MUD ALL OVER THE SHEETS ON MY BED.

RON!!!
Why? Because you didn't like it when I told you to leave that girl alone. I was telling you for your own good!

I don't even know that girl, why would I go mucking about with sludge over her?

Are you telling me you didn't have anything to do with this?

Apart from getting blamed for it?

No.

Then it was her, wasn't it? That foul little guttersnipe who works in the library.
She did it! Did you know she was going to do it?

**alt_ron** at 2008-09-04 02:26:34  
(no subject)

You seriously *have* gone mental. I've said ten words to her on these journals, Perce.  
The mud affecting your brain or something?

Get a grip.

**alt_percy** at 2008-09-04 02:35:55  
(no subject)

I'm going down to the library right now and track her down, and I swear I'm going to get to the bottom of this. If I find one speck of mud under her fingernails, I swear, just one *scintilla of mud*, I'll see to it that Professor McGonagall puts her on nothing but bread and water rations for a *month*

**alt_gredforge** at 2008-09-04 02:38:45  
(no subject)

you know, it's after curfew.

you really shouldn't be wandering around the corridors.

It might not be safe.
BY GOD, I AM A PREFECT!!!!

but it could be dangerous.

we just don't want you getting hurt.

Mr Weasley!!

Do not set foot outside of Gryffindor Tower, or I shall be forced to do something you will not find pleasant!

What in the name of Merlin is going on? Explain to me, in properly capitalised sentences, please.

we havn't left the tower since about seven and we don't plan to.

What we don't understand is, why do you want us to stay in the tower?

I am not referring to you, Weasleys Quintus and Quartus. I am referring to Weasley Tertius. I believe that was abundantly clear.
Apparently, that ragamuffin who works in the library didn't seem to appreciate it when I tried to put a stop to her--well, she was talking to my brother, which was simply inappropriate. She apparently took offense at telling Ron to keep a proper distance, and took her revenge with a bucket of mud in my bed.

I know it's her, because a proper wizard would never have used a bucket of mud! I am simply irate that her grubby little wandless hands would resort to something as insulting as putting mud in my bed.

I see.

Granger should certainly not have been putting herself in the way of the students - and if she is the culprit - well, suffice to say that the unpleasantness I just promised you will be insignificant compared to the unpleasantness that will be visited on her. I understand that Alecto and Amycus Carrow have quite the way with disciplining mudbloods.

I shall see to Granger in the morning, Mr Weasley.

Um, wait. Professor? Before you see Granger, could you talk to us first? We'll come see you privately tomorrow, before breakfast. It's important. Trust us. Really important.
...All right, Messrs Weasley.

I trust that this situation has been entirely cleared up? There will be no more unauthorized sallies forth from the Tower?

You know, Perce, when Professor McGonagall told you not to capitalise, she probably mean not using *italicisation* either.

I never!!!

We thought that you'd be toilet trained by now perce...

CURSE YOU, IT'S NOT FUNNY
alt_gredforge at 2008-09-04 02:18:48
Re: well

yes it is

alt_percy at 2008-09-04 02:22:26
Re: well

MY TRANSFIGURATION TEXTBOOK WAS ON MY BED, AND THAT'S RUINED, TOO

alt_gredforge at 2008-09-04 02:30:17
Re: well

You know perce,

When you type in all capitals it's like you are shouting.

And it's Not Nice to shout.

SO LAY OFF THE CAPITALS!
Thursday morning

I trust that certain people with too much time on their hands will think twice in the future before pulling malicious pranks of the sort pulled last night on me.

Thanks again for dealing with it, Professor McGonagall. I'm sorry you were forced to concern yourself with such juvenile antics.

The common room couches may be comfortable to sit in for studying, but take it from me: they wreck havoc with the back if one has to kip on one of them all night.

Ron, I'd also like to apologise to you. I realise that some of the things I said were perhaps a bit . . . intemperate. I was most upset.

A bit?

Well, yes, more than a bit. It was a really insulting thing to do, Ronald.

What was, jumping down my throat for all the journals to see?
No, I meant the mud in my bed, of course. It was a severe provocation, you have to admit.

Look, I'll say it again. I'm sorry, Ronald. I really mean that.

Of course I should have realised it was the twins.

S'all right, Perce. Don't get your badge in a twist, yeah? No harm done.
Given Messrs Weasley and Weasley's confession...

They will be serving detention with Professor Sprout for the next three days, in hopes that closer acquaintance with mud will cool their enthusiasm for it.

Granger has been spoken to about associating with students.

Thank you, Professor.

Dear, dear, Minerva. Not even past the first week and already trouble? Alas, boys will be boys. One learns not to expect much from their sort. How you must tire of the drudgery! Your service does you credit.

But am I to understand that a servant has been entrusted with one of the journals? The Board of Governors, as you know, has tasked me with the unpleasant and time-consuming duty of monitoring the students' ramblings and rants; I do not recall any such proposition on the part of the youth labour force.

Kindly explain how you came to the conclusion that a powerful magical item such as this should be given into the hands of someone beneath the station of the meanest first-year...even one in Gryffindor.

Lucius, you are a support to me in every way, particularly in the monitoring of the journals. I do hope you will alert me to any misdoings that come to
light. Two heads, after all, are better than one.

As for how the Mudblood got a journal: I did give it to her. While she hardly deserves it, she is responsible for the upkeep of the magical books within the castle; that includes the journals. I thought it best that she should understand their workings in order to better serve, since she will be expected to fix them when careless students damage them.

As you see, I have spoken with her about fraternizing with students: it shan't happen again or she'll know my displeasure.

---

Do your job for you, Minerva, how quaint! Naturally, the students must learn the art of public discretion; that is one of the points of this exercise in the first place. Rest assured that I shall take the action I deem appropriate, whatever I may read among these...illuminating...windows to the students' souls.

To your explanation: shrewd, as I should have expected. Very well: Let this young parvenue of yours have her journal. See to it that she understands her limitations in its proper use.

---

Naturally. On all accounts.
2008-09-04 19:19:00
The word of the day and some people's ideas about me

In case anybody was wondering, I didn't put mud in Percy Weasley's bed. I don't even know Percy Weasley and I couldn't get up to Gryffindor Tower anyway. I'm not allowed to go to any of the students' dormitories, not even the girls', so how could I get there anyway? Also, if that was on account of me, please don't do things like that any more, Fred, George. You'll only get yourselves in trouble and me along with you.

Today's word is oligopoly! I learned it in A History of Magic by Bathilda Bagshot. I'm re-reading it because I didn't really understand everything well enough the first time, and a good thing too, because this time I'm looking up all the words I don't know! Oligopoly is kind of like 'monopoly,' only instead of meaning that one person controls the whole market for something, it means that a handful of people do. So if only three merchants had phoenix feathers to sell, they would be an oligopoly!

I don't think I'm supposed to talk to students much any more in this journal. But if you have a problem with your journal, you can ask me about it, because that's my job. So, if you have a problem with your journal - please please ask me about it! I like helping people. And writing back and forth with them to help them.
Nothing seems to be happening. My classes are giving me so much homework but yet I feel like nothing is happening. I'm bored!

Well, you have Astronomy tonight at midnight, don't you? We Gryffindors had it last night. Hope you have better luck than we did: the class turned out to be rather a bust because it was too cloudy to see anything. And I had a hard time staying awake in Charms this morning.

Yeah, this morning I was so tired I almost fell asleep at breakfast. I'm SO tired.

I saw you mentioned earlier you like Herbology. I think I'm going to like it, too. My Gran has a huge garden, to grow food to help supplement the rationing, you know, and I like puttering about in it in the summertime. Herbology reminds me a bit of that. Although Gran doesn't have any Venomous Tentacula in her garden! It must be nice to be taught it by your own Head of House. Professor MacNair is our Head of House, but we don't get any classes with him until third year, so we won't know what he's like as a teacher until then.

It's a bit odd--I fully expected we might have been housemates. I mean, I always expected I would be put in Hufflepuff. My Gran was in Hufflepuff, and so were my parents. I have no idea why the
Sorting Hat decided to put me in Gryffindor. Took me a bit by surprise, it did. Although I like my housemates fine, so far.

Classes

I have double DADA with you on Tuesdays. I will see you there.
Classes and magic

Yesterday I finally turned my match into a needle! Thanks for the tips, Mr Malfoy and Mr Lupin.

Today we had Charms with the Gryffindors. I guess Draco was right and Slytherins aren't bad at magic, cause Charms wasn't so tough really once I got the swish and flick right, but Ron couldn't levitate his feather at all and some Irish boy named Seamus Finnegan set his feather on fire! Professor Acton was... a little weird, though. I mean people usually treat me nicely because of Father, but she was a little weird about it. I don't need someone to tell me that I'm brilliant, thanks.

Tonight's Astronomy. I don't know anything about it so I suppose that will be a laugh. Anyway we get to stay up til midnight for a class, so that's going to be fun. I wonder if Hedwig will come visit? They let the owls out of the owlery to hunt at night, it would be wizard if she came to say hello.

Now what am I going to do until midnight?

---

Professor Acton is a nitwit. We'd learn more if she weren't there at all.

I don't know, I thought it was kind of fun how she called me Lord Marvolo. I almost didn't want to tell her that I don't have a title. She was so excited about it.
We could all start calling you Lord; see how long it takes to catch on.

Father might take offense, I think. So we probably shouldn't. But maybe Professor Acton will do it again and we could tell Father and see what he says. I bet he'll hit the roof.

That could certainly be amusing.

On second thought, he might do something really awful. Do you remember what happened to Dipsy? I suppose she wasn't human, but still. I wish he hadn't.

Ugh, did you have to bring that up? I try not to think about it.
Sorry. I just - sometimes I think that we ought to be more careful around Father than we are, you know? We're not kids anymore, and I don't think he thinks we're kids anymore, so maybe he's going to start being more stern.

I don't think you have anything to worry about.

Yeah, but it isn't really much fun for me when you get punished and I don't. Then I don't have anyone to talk to.

Well, I'm so very sorry for the inconvenience, your loneliness.

Come on, you know I didn't mean it like that!
Oh, fine. Do you have any of those chocolate frogs left?

Yes, but only if you'll swap cards with me if you get one that I don't have.

Deal.

It was an accident, Seamus' feather. Could have happened to anyone.

Yeah, but it was funny, you have to admit.

The way he looks now, without eyebrows, is funnier.
Did he really burn them off?! It was hard to tell with all the scorch marks.

Completely gone. I keep hiding behind my journal to keep from laughing straight in his face.

I'd back you up. Some things go across House rivalries.

Considering our Houses? That'd be...odd.

Well what are friends for?

We are friends, right?

Anyway, I was almost a Gryffindor, so it doesn't count as going against my House.
Your Housemates, and that Malfoy bloke, might have a problem with that.

No they won't, I swear! Anyway, Draco's really cool when you get to know him. He's just kind of prickly.

Right. Course he is. I'm sure he'd be dead chuffed to have the Weasel as another of your mates.

He's a lot different when his dad's not around.

I'll take your word on that if it's all the same.

Do what you want, I guess.
**alt_ron** at 2008-09-05 02:38:16  
(no subject)

Calling me Weasel and glaring aren't things to make me think otherwise.

You're all right, mate. And, sure, we're friends. But I doubt Malfoy and I ever will be.

**alt_harry** at 2008-09-05 02:40:04  
(no subject)

Okay. Malfoy kind of comes with the package though.

**alt_ron** at 2008-09-05 02:41:14  
(no subject)

Brilliant.

**alt_lucius** at 2008-09-05 03:08:52  
(no subject)

Do tell.

**alt_harry** at 2008-09-05 17:33:20  
(no subject)

I just meant that he isn't so stiff, Mr Malfoy. He always wants to please you so much that sometimes he can be a stick in the mud. Which is a good thing I suppose. He's loads more obedient than I am.
Ah, of course. Yes, Draco is most anxious in that regard, to his credit.

Though Harry, I must caution you: I know you are quite young, but that which seems to you like formality or standoffishness could also be considered good common sense. Remember that not everyone is so affable as you, nor is early kindness necessarily a sign of innate goodness.

Furthermore, Draco is only looking out for your best interests— as am I. I fear for the disappointment that I feel sure would result in your willfully cultivating an attachment to persons who exist in spheres far below your own. Naturally, acquaintances are all to the good, and your swiftness at making friends across traditional lines of division is admirable, truly. That is part of the reason we continue to encourage students to mix among houses, after all. We must all learn to work together.

It is unfortunate, however, that all too frequently, our trust in someone who at first seemed both amiable and like-minded can become tainted, at which point what we took for friendship turns to ashes and the bitterness of betrayal. Such is the consequence of youthful idealism. I would spare you that disappointment, if I could.

Not that such an outcome is assured, of course. But do remember that your esteemed Father reads these pages with interest, concerned as He is for your welfare. And to displease our Lord Protector is to risk more than your own happiness, as you well know.

I need not remind you, do I, of the unfortunate incident concerning the holiday last year in Grimsby?
alt_harry at 2008-09-06 00:40:07
(no subject)

No, you don't need to remind me, Mr Malfoy. I'll be careful.

I still don't understand why he reacted like that. I mean Ralph, not Father.

alt_lucius at 2008-09-06 00:49:30
(no subject)

Who knows why Muggles behave as they do?

As I told you at the time, they are savages, Harry. There's no telling what ideas get into their inferior minds. They've been obsessed with ending wizard-kind for centuries. It's the sort of thing that can't be bred out in a single generation.

Luckily, one can hope that your association with young master Weasley will result in his adopting more of your assets, and not your assuming any potential negative influences from his caste.

alt_neville at 2008-09-05 02:28:04
(no subject)

I think Madam Pomfrey charmed them back on for him. (He was really embarrassed about it, and so he nipped off the hospital wing after classes were done for the day.)

alt_harry at 2008-09-05 02:32:04
(no subject)

Oh that's too bad. I was kind of looking forward to seeing him tomorrow. I wouldn't have been too mean, but how many times do you see someone without eyebrows?
Well, if Seamus doesn't get the hang of things in charms, you might have lots more opportunities.

It was pretty spectacular, wasn't it?

Yeah! The bang especially, I didn't expect that. I bet Ron's older brothers would have loved it. They seem really keen on explosions.

You have no idea.

If Seamus is going to be causing more explosions maybe we should take him under our wing. Nothing wrong with a good explosion here or there.

It would also be handy to have an accomplice in the first year dorms, to better annoy our ickle ronnikins.

At least he got his wand to work. I could barely get my feather to move at all.
It probably isn't your wand. I couldn't do it at first until Draco showed me, either.

Oh, really? What did he tell you that helped you figure it out?

(I'm not sure he'd tell me directly, even if I'd ask.)

It's "win-GAR-di-um le-vi-O-sa." The way you say it is really important.

Oooohhhhh. I guess I was mispronouncing it. I'll try that in Charms next time. Thanks!
2008-09-04 21:51:00

All right

My first week is going well. My parents have already sent me a congratulatory package, of course. I'm looking forward to tomorrow's potions class, since I've always enjoyed brewing in the past.

Harry continues to insist on associating with Gryffindors and the like. Some of them hardly seem magical enough to attend an institution of this calibre.

---

alt_harry at 2008-09-05 02:01:09

(no subject)

It was kind of funny how mad Ron got when the feather wouldn't levitate.

Potions are with the Gryffindors again, so you'll have to get used to associating with them, though.

---

alt_draco at 2008-09-05 02:05:44

(no subject)

I suppose they're a necessary evil. If not for the Gryffindors, how would we know what it looks like when magic goes horribly wrong?

---

alt_harry at 2008-09-05 02:09:01

(no subject)

Sometime you're going to spill some potion on yourself, like that time at home, and then you're going to have purple elephant ears and you won't be laughing!
I was very young when I spilled that potion -- it had nothing to do with my innate magical ability and everything to do with my as-yet-unrealized height potential.

Also, why in Merlin's name would anyone brew a potion for purple elephant ears?

You were ten, that's not very young!

I don't know, because they wanted to feed it to Dobby? I think he'd look very fetching with purple elephant ears.

I've been giving the matter some thought, and I wished to let you know that I don't want to make you uncomfortable using this journal as you see fit.

Harry said something the other day, about your efforts to please me. It has occurred to me that that admirable desire might make using the journal ... awkward for you. But not using it also presents a potential difficulty.

I know that you know the stakes, Draco, and we need not speak of it. I think you also know that the last thing either your mother or I want is to see you made to suffer.

Therefore, I am trusting you to use discretion, but I shall reward that discretion with a measure of privacy on your behalf. I shall endeavour not to monitor your remarks here with undue diligence.

Remember who you are and your obligations. If you need me, you have but to say so. But let us make a bargain, you and I: do post occasionally for my and your mother's benefit, as you would an owl
home, and I shall 'leave you alone' the rest of the time, unless I hear from you specifically to look.
2008-09-05 07:23:00
Last nights detention

Last night for our detention, we were told go and help Professor Sprout move the compost heap behind the greenhouses.

It was great fun!

There were all sorts of little odds and ends that could be very useful. And some things you would never expect to see in the compost heap of hogwarts. We mean, really, what's with all the rutabagas?

Fred also managed to come into contact with something that gave him purple spots. They are quite fetching with his ginger hair.

But all in all it was most interesting. We're sure that there is something in here for everybody! If the urge strikes you, feel free to grab a shovel and join us. You never know what you might find!

alt_percy at 2008-09-05 13:27:44
(no subject)

I will pass on the treat, thanks.

I'm sure that Mum will be more than happy to put you two in permanent charge of the compost heap of the garden at home this summer.

alt_sirius at 2008-09-05 23:30:58
Word to the wise....

Should you happen upon a tyre iron behind the door to Greenhouse Five, put it right back. It's there to keep the enchanted toadstools from overgrowing the entrance.

Oh--and the purple spots can be got rid of with an application of murtlap essence.

(In my day, the compost heap could always be counted on for a good supply of dungbombs. There's nothing like setting one off in front of the Slytherin common room entrance, especially when it's laced with
the leaves of a mimulus mimbletonia; takes days to get the stink out. But I know no one does that anymore; too outdated.)

alt_gredforge at 2008-09-05 23:41:28
Re: Word to the wise....

Thanks for the advice.
About the spots. I dunno, I kinda like them, at least you can tell us apart now...

alt_sirius at 2008-09-06 00:23:13
Re: Word to the wise....

Suit yourself.

Though if you don't remove them before too long...they spread.

And you don't want them certain places. (Learned that the hard way. Most embarrassing trip to Mme Pomfrey ever.)

alt_gredforge at 2008-09-06 19:43:22
Re: Word to the wise....

That's true...
2008-09-05 13:35:00

Double Potions

Slughorn was good, wasn't he? Slytherin's ahead in House points for sure, now. And everyone made their potions right, so there's one subject that isn't going to hurt us - well, everyone made them right but Sally-Anne, but that wasn't her fault. You can't help it if you knock something over.

alt_harry

alt_ron at 2008-09-06 01:58:05
(no subject)

Dunno where you were, but you didn't catch the odor coming off my cauldron? I'm amazed no one passed out.

alt_harry at 2008-09-06 01:59:58
(no subject)

What was it like? There were a lot of smells in a little room.

alt_ron at 2008-09-06 02:02:07
(no subject)

Dunno. A cross between bad eggs and mold?
Journal dissemination

In an effort to better monitor and collect information from the greater Wizarding communities of Europe, journals are being provided to known British-born witches and wizards living (permanently or temporarily) abroad.

Those of you who have relations on the continent should be able to contact your loved ones more easily via this method. The usual rules governing entries in the journals apply.

Please join me in thanking our Lord Protector for his magnanimous generosity in allowing families to be 'reunited' in this small way.
Still no progress from MLE on the Gringotts affair.

And one would think that the Prophet would be more accurate in its portrayal of the investigation, on top of that.

Investigations continue into the break-in at Gringotts on 1st September, widely believed to be the work of malevolent wizards or witches unknown.

Gringotts' goblins today insisted that the intruder must have had legal access to the vaults, because their security measures were not disturbed. They maintain that the thief must have known the account's owner.

An anonymous source at the Ministry of Magic, however, claims otherwise. 'Gringotts has a reputation to uphold, of course, they would hate to admit that their alarms are fallible.'

Exactly what was stolen remains a mystery. 'We're not telling you what was in there, so keep your noses out if you know what's good for you,' said a Gringotts spokesgoblin this afternoon.

Not a word, mind you, about the generous reward the Aurors are offering for information concerning the robbery. This is precisely the sort of twaddle that would not occur if the bank weren't controlled by non-humans. Undisturbed security measures, indeed! I do keep telling Scrimgeour that he ought to insist on a wizard advisory board. There are too many secrets inside those caverns.

Inside job! I shouldn't be surprised if someone had paid the goblins to rob the vault themselves.

At any rate, Scrimgeour insists on giving people a chance to come forward with information. Bella is livid--that's actually quite amusing. She's all for a spot of reprisals, rather than rewards, if no one informs soon. More than ready to have her and Travers overtake Dawlish's investigation, the imbecile.
Also: sent journals to Amanda and Mother. Narcissa keen to hear from Amanda again. Hope it's not more nonsense about the Paris season.
2008-09-05 20:44:00
Friday night in the common room

I can't make any sense out of my Transfiguration homework. Potions isn't nearly as hard. No matter how much I practice, I still can't turn a match into a needle. All I managed to do was to splinter it into pieces. I've been trying since dinner and getting nowhere.

Professor Carrow came by my desk in class yesterday and was watching me work at it, but that didn't help at all. Just made me more nervous to have him there, standing behind me. I thought he'd tell me what I was doing wrong, but he didn't say anything, just walked away shaking his head as if I was the worst excuse for a Gryffindor he'd ever seen.

Got a letter at breakfast from my little sister. Made me miss her more than ever, really.


@alt_neville

2008-09-06 01:56:55
(no subject)

All I managed was a small point on my matchstick and I'm fair sure I nearly melted my cauldron in Potions today, mate.

Exploding snap it is!

@alt_neville

2008-09-06 02:01:15
(no subject)

Thanks! Meet me down here. And bring your wizarding chess set, yeah? We might try a game of that after. I've never played it, so you'll probably mop the floor up with me, but I'd like to learn. Your brother George mentioned you're really good at it.
It's nice to be able to actually tell them apart today. I suppose it won't last, once Fred gets rid of those spots.

Sometimes it doesn't matter if you do tell them apart, they'll just hark off and say you're wrong just for a laugh.

Brilliant! I've not played chess in so long!

It's not that hard to learn once you know which pieces can move where and the pieces are really old, so they'll help you out a bit too.
first

boot

alt_ron at 2008-09-06 02:23:53
(no subject)

Huh?

alt_sirius at 2008-09-06 05:00:51
(no subject)

sock

alt_hermione at 2008-09-06 13:05:31
(no subject)

Terry?!

alt_hermione at 2008-09-06 13:07:06
(no subject)

You got a journal? That's wonderful! Who gave it to you? How are you hiding it? Are they treating you too badly?

alt_terry at 2008-09-06 19:55:43
(no subject)

Headmistress

she gave to boot
said okay for boot
he broke nose yestrday
Come see boot?

@alt_hermione at 2008-09-06 20:26:32
(no subject)
D'you think it's safe? He broke your nose?! Did Professor McGonagall fix it for you? Or at least let you go to the hospital wing? Of course I'll visit you, do you need anything? That he won't just take away I mean?

@alt_hermione at 2008-09-06 13:08:12
(no subject)
Terry - be careful - they can probably read this you know - if you're not supposed to have the journal you could be in loads and loads of trouble - I haven't seen them using one but that doesn't mean that they don't have one.

@alt_terry at 2008-09-06 19:59:24
(no subject)
Headmistress gave boot quill he wont take it away bc Headmistress said okay for boot
Raining in... where I am

Claudette left a little while ago. We had breakfast and she said I'm to owl her this week. Not sure if I shall.

All you students out there, listen up: What happens between two consenting adults is not an example for impressionable witches and wizards. You should be thinking about spells and potions, not love charms and...and all that rot.

Though a little harmless snogging never hurt anyone.

Yes, well.

The beach outside is wet, sand dark and rocks slick with rain. The sea is choppy; looks like autumn comes even to the Riviera.

Quiddich later - should be a good match. The Ukrainian Ironbellies have been doing particularly well this season.

Think I'll have another cuppa and see what the post brought.

Later

Bloody Hell... another journal. This one to my official persona. Brilliant.

It brings up an intriguing question of what to do with this journal. I suppose if I keep posting, eventually some Death Eater will find it, but it seems only fair to give them a sporting chance. All my cousins and in-laws out there, enjoying their fatted calves, hear that? That's right, I'm not afraid of you.

Perhaps I ought to use this as an opportunity to give Malfoy and those Ministry toadies exactly what they want: Information about the state of the Wizarding world outside their fascist, oppressive regime.

Yes. That might be just the thing. It would be rather a load of work, but then, totalitarianism is what happens when good people do nothing.
Just to prove *certain people* wrong about my rashness, I'll even think on it while I'm traveling today.

---

**alt_mcgonagall** at **2008-09-06 16:42:46**

ORDER ONLY

Your intention is, I assume, to dispense erroneous information?

---

**alt_sirius** at **2008-09-06 16:46:14**

ORDER ONLY

Well, of course.

The Muggles had a nemesis in their last big war: Tokyo Rose.

Don't you think it would give you an excellent smokescreen? Your despicable colleagues will focus on me, and as I draw their fire, you and your operatives will be more free to act.

Yes, the more I think on it, the better I like it.

---

**alt_mcgonagall** at **2008-09-06 16:52:43**

ORDER ONLY

An excellent idea in general.

"Toyko Rose," if I recall correctly, was the name for various broadcasters supporting the Axis. An inappropriate comparison to draw, perhaps?

---

**alt_sirius** at **2008-09-06 16:56:35**

ORDER ONLY

:waves hand.

Call it a reversal of the role. I like the irony. Anyway, the name's not important; the point is to draw attention by speaking out as the "rash, impulsive" fellow they all know me to be.
I'll slip in a few misdirections amid the ranting, and they'll never know whether it's bona fide information or just the hot-head Gryffindor getting carried away again.

Perhaps you could misdirect them to Scotland. I would dearly love to see those Sassenach coming up against my mother, God rest her soul. She would have eaten them alive.

I can misdirect them anywhere you like, Minerva.

(And if she was anything like you, then yes, problem solved. Don't deny it, Madam Headmistress--you were quite the fireeater in your day!)

Good dog.

(I couldn't: there are too many witnesses.)

Woof.
2008-09-06 16:09:00
A bit worried about something

I was worried about my transfiguration homework, and so I thought I'd go to speak to Professor Carrow during his office hours.

I didn't end up speaking to him, though.

Um, I was wondering. . . is Percy Weasley around? Could I come see you? I remember you said we could talk to you if we ever had any questions?

alt_neville

2008-09-06 21:15:00
(no subject)

Of course, I'm happy to speak to you anytime, Mr. Longbottom. I'm just heading back from the library to the common room.

alt_neville

2008-09-06 21:19:33
(no subject)

Um, is there somewhere else we could talk besides the Common Room? Somewhere, um, more private, like?

alt_percy

2008-09-06 21:22:23
(no subject)

Well, of course, Mr. Longbottom, if you think it's necessary. How about your Charms classroom? That's on the way. I will see you there in a few minutes.

alt_neville

2008-09-06 21:22:54
(no subject)

Thank you. I really appreciate it.
All right, Neville?

I dunno. Not exactly. I mean, I talked to your brother about it, but it didn't help very much. I guess he tried, though. Sort of.

Want to try another game of chess? Only, you'll have to remind me again how the pieces are supposed to move. I still get the knights and the bishops mixed up.

Sure thing, mate. S'not so hard if you think that knights in the old days rode horses and bishops always wear those wonky hats like the top of the chess piece.

Maybe I could help? With the other, I mean.

I'm not sure I can talk about it, exactly, if your brother couldn't help. Nothing to do with schoolwork, or anything. Just something I saw that I guess isn't any of my business.

Playing chess with me would be the best way to help, really. Take my mind off things. I'll come down to the common room.
If you're sure, I won't harp on about it then.

Brilliant. I'll set the pieces up now.
The hospital wing...?

Professor McGonagall?

May I please get some bruise salve from Madam Pomfrey? I got hurt.

You needn't ask. Simply go.

Thank you - the Monster Book of Monsters was - anyway - thank you!

It wasn't...it wasn't my brother, was it?

No! No - it wasn't.
Now that the first week of classes is over, everyone should be settling into the new Hogwarts routine for the year. I realize that this has been a momentous week particularly for our first year students, and that some of you may be a little homesick still. Never fear, soon Hogwarts will begin to feel like home to you!

For some of you, adjusting to school may be rather difficult. While you are busy making new friends, you are also undergoing experiences quite different than the old routines you enjoyed at home. Indeed, some things you have seen or otherwise encountered this week may surprise or seem quite strange to you. I wish to assure you all that you may put the utmost trust in your professors and the rest of the professional staff here at Hogwarts School for Witchcraft and Wizardry. Our school enjoys an unparalleled reputation in the wizarding world, and has the full and utmost faith of the Ministry of Magic under our Lord Protector. Please be confident that you will enjoy your years here, and that once you will leave this school, you will do so being able to fully enjoy the fruits of best wizarding education available in the world today.

---

@**alt_mcgonagall** at **2008-09-07 00:32:22**
(no subject)

Thank you, Mr Weasley.

---

@**alt_ron** at **2008-09-07 00:57:51**
(no subject)

Bit hard to be homesick as most of my home is here.
For a Weasley, you seem uncommonly perceptive, young man.

Small wonder Professor McGonagall named you Prefect.

Thank you, Mr. Malfoy. I'm quite aware it is an immense honor, and I do my humble best.
Eleven years hiding amongst this rabble, having somehow escaped your thoughts. Now this... on my pillow. A nice touch really. To open my door and feel it staring at me from across the room.

Yesterday I would have sworn that the mark burned less than it did back then - that the slithering lines of ink had somehow faded under my skin. I imagined that I had, perhaps through sheer force of mind, grown numb to your effects.

But now it twitches with every stroke of the quill. Was I ignored then, or truly hidden in the stink of this place? Perhaps this has nothing to do with you at all.

But what is there that has nothing to do with you?

Regulus?

Dear boy!

We feared we had lost you--can this mean you are ready to return? He wants you back, son. We all want you back.

Your family miss you. Come home.

Is it you then, Lucius, who now speaks for us all?

If by 'us' you mean all our company in the Lord Protector's service, then by no means, I have not that honour. But I am privileged to know our Lord's mind in the matter of his faithful, and it was his express wish that you receive the book you now hold.
As for your family, your cousins and your esteemed mother are most anxious for your safe return to the fold.

@alt_regulus at 2008-09-07 04:59:00
(no subject)

Then the journal's origins are as I suspected, but I know enough to realize that the intention isn't as simple as you suggest.

You never did seem to fully understand His taste for playing with things.

@alt_lucius at 2008-09-07 05:05:31
(no subject)

No.

I am all too familiar with His nature--and His talent for caprice.

It's for that very reason, Regulus, that I urge you to come forward now, while His hand is open and extended. Do not wait for Him to grow tired of your coyness.

(Nothing is ever simple, Regulus, but consider that if He found you once, He can do so whenever He wills. Pray that He is in a benevolent mood if you force Him to come to you.)

@alt_regulus at 2008-09-07 05:11:24
(no subject)

Good night, Lucius.

@alt_lupin at 2008-09-07 04:03:55
(no subject)

Regulus Black.
I was certain that you were dead.

alt_regulus at 2008-09-07 04:48:28
(no subject)

And I was certain you would be by now.

alt_lupin at 2008-09-07 04:52:17
(no subject)

I am surprisingly resilient. And a protected species, at the moment.

Where has life taken you?

alt_regulus at 2008-09-07 05:56:52
(no subject)

The precipice of hell, it would seem. Where I am still, apparently, easy to find.

alt_lupin at 2008-09-07 06:00:08
(no subject)

Ah, well. I hope the weather's pleasant, at least.
2008-09-06 22:47:00
(no subject)

Has anyone misplaced a cat? It's a very friendly ginger fellow, if quite unfortunate-looking.

If this is your cat, please call by and collect him. No rush, however - he's good company and enjoys making rounds with me.

How is the weekend treating everyone?

@alt_lupin

2008-09-07 12:12:53
(no subject)

It most certainly does not belong to me. There are quite enough cats in this school.

@alt_mcgonagall

2008-09-07 12:41:23
(no subject)

Have you named him? I love cats!
Ah, but little does the so-called Lord Protector know that by releasing journals beyond Britain, he has unwittingly provided the final component I needed to be able to communicate with you all at last.

Hello, my friends, from America. The tea here is terrible.

Albus!

Where have you been? What have you been doing? How is Sybil? How is the United States? We must have news, Albus, Sirius can hardly tell us anything beyond the happenings in France!

I am terribly glad to see you.

Good heavens, Albus! I saw this and had tears in my eyes. Arthur and I are ecstatic to hear from you!

I'd send you fifty pounds of your favourite Earl Grey if our owl could carry it to you.
Ukraine won. Raining like the dickens, all through the match. Soaked to the skin.

I started sneezing just as I began to Apparate home--lucky I didn't splinch myself. Though I think I did leave a bit of my moustache behind. Hard to tell for sure, but a patch of my lip feels tingly.

I'm having a dose of Pepper-Up, and a bath to keep off the cold.

An owl from Jean-Paul arrived while I was gone. Hm. Wants to know if I fancy having drinks next week. Perhaps.

Let's see what's happening at Hogwarts....

Oh, sod it, Carrow's traumatising the children, what a surprise. Longbottom, if you're reading this, he's a git. He's always been a git. Unfortunately, he's a git with power for the moment, so don't let him frighten you, but don't tempt him, the sadist.

*Monster Book of Monsters*? Are they still using that text? Raw meat will let you get in close enough, then stroke the spine; that'll do the trick, er, Hermione.

Hm, the Gryffindor prefect seems to have his nose alternately in the air and wedged between Death Eaters' buttock-cheeks. Percy Weas...not Molly *Prewett's* middle boy, is it? Well, I never. A son of a Prew--

Reg.

Reg?

Is that really you?

my God....
Thank you - I'll try that next time - only it wasn't really for me, you know, I just - well, in any case I will try it, and thank you for the suggestion, sir.

Wasn't for y--?... Half a moment, you're the library assistant, aren't you? The Muggle-born girl that slimy Prefect was insulting earlier this week?

Oh, right, then.

...Who was it for?

Hang on...Longbottom saw Carrow being his usual despicable self. I take it Carrow's abusing a friend of yours? Murderous bastard.

It wasn't for anyone!

Oh, I see.

Stockpiling it, then, are you? Figure bruise liniment will come in handy when the wind blows in winter?

... Look, it's all right. Sorry if I seem ... gruff. I've just had rather a shock -- someone I thought was gone a long time ago ... well, that's old-people stuff, you don't want to hear about that. Just ignore the lunatic in the corner.
I'm sorry I was so skittish. I forgot that I could do this. I'm so used to not telling people anything you see.

I just had a turn because of Terry, and you're right, you're absolutely right about what it was for. Only I didn't think about Order Only, which I ought to have done, and now I'm terribly worried that they'll find out you see - not think that it was just his own magic healing him.

But it will be all right. I think.

McGonagall has you in the order? Bit young, aren't you?

But don't fret. Carrow is a bully and a menace, but it's nothing Pomfrey wouldn't have done herself.

Terry...he's "boot", right?

Oh I know it's the greatest honor - I'm the youngest by a decade at least - but she couldn't really have me working on the pamphlets and having a journal without some way to contact people, and she wasn't going to let me have the secret of how to write Order Only without being a member, so here I am, and I've got an Unbreakable Vow on me about it, but I don't mind as it lets me use this!

Yes, Terry's "boot." I wish he'd stop calling himself that. But he won't.
Jean-Paul?
Our Lord Protector continues to prove that he has powers and wisdom beyond anyone else's ability.

In one day, the deployment of the journals has brought not one, but two branches of the family back together. I'm speaking of course of my sister, Amanda, who has already struck up her correspondence with Narcissa as if they were both back on summer holidays from school.

And her own cousin, Regulus Black, has finally--after eleven years--given us the first sign that he is alive.

I only hope he will return to us in the flesh, as well. It has been too long, cousin.

Mother and Amanda are both well; living in the French countryside agrees with Mother's constitution, and for Amanda, it seems, it has had the added benefit we always hoped would come: she has finally put aside her childish attachment of so long ago, and seems quite content. Admittedly, our last owl was over a year ago, but I confess it is good to hear that she has come to see how foolish her assignation was. (Let that be a lesson, Harry, of the same issue we discussed last evening: It is always better, in the end, to seek like for like.)

As for Regulus ... well, the lines of communication are once again opened. His mother was most comforted by the news that he lives. I can't imagine the extremes to which he has subjected himself these eleven years, but once again, the Lord Protector reaches out His hand and draws His faithful back from the precipice. Back to the side of righteousness.

If only Tony ....

No. I refuse to over-sentimentalise. It's enough that those of us who remain are able to continue in the Lord Protector's service. Only a week and already they have begun to change our glorious country for the better. My Lord, to your robust health!
Regulus Black?

A prodigal son indeed.
This has been a trying week, despite the good news about Albus.

The Granger girl is of course settling in nicely, though opposition has come from quarters I would never have expected. Arthur, Molly, you need to speak to your son Percy, I think. But Boot! Poor child, poor, poor child!

And Regulus Black. What strange combination of events brought him and Albus out of hiding at the same time? What will he be? I scarcely remember him except as a wayward child, and after eleven years, he is certainly not a child. Nor is he harmless, however pitiful his response to his journal might have been.

This year, I fear, will be my worst yet. To have children who have never known anything but servitude, to have children who can be so roundly and thoroughly abused without any repercussions, to have my hands tied with respect to defending them - I cannot express the frustration, the anger, that I am constantly crushing down. The sadism!

If I had my mouth, I would bite.

Arthur and I have been discussing Percy, Minerva. I believe he is going to collect his thoughts in a separate journal entry directed to you.

I'll look forward to it.
by light of day...

Regulus.

Damn. Not dead, but hiding.

Rereading his words ... his thoughts, makes a few things clearer than they have ever been.

But ... really, it's like the lyrics from a bad Weird Sisters tune, in't it? 'Slithering lines of ink' and 'is there nothing that isn't to do with you' -- by God, it's the same damn angst-ridden, self-flogging, over-emotional claptrap it always was.

Regulus, if you're reading this, stop being such a pisser and stand up for yourself, mate. If you left once, you know you'll never get what you want from them. Don't let them pull you back into that pit.

...Talk to me? Little brother?

Oh, sod it all! He's making me sound like him, all brooding and depressive and bloody premenstrual. Swear it's like Andy was her whole seventh year. At least she finally was a man about it and did what she damn well wanted to do in the first place, and fuck Uncle Cygnus.

Right, then. There's only one solution: Fresh crepes.

What I want from them? Them? Do you mean our family Sirius?

Don't you understand that there is no pit to escape from? All the world's His pit brother, and death is the only escape. The fact that you can't see you're in it is the really pathetic bit.
**alt_sirius** at 2008-09-07 23:31:59  
*(no subject)*

And don't you understand that it's your fatalistic attitude that gives him power over you?

I saw Lucius Malfoy trying to court you back to their side. Can you honestly say you're not suspicious? You know what being part of that mess did to you. Don't fall for it again.

As for me, I'm sitting on a beautiful beach (the rain having blown itself out yesterday), watching a glorious sunset, and in a little while I'll head to town for supper at my favourite bistro.

You make your own Hell, Regulus. It doesn't have to be like that. If you don't like your situation, you can change it.

---

**alt_regulus** at 2008-09-08 00:16:54  
*(no subject)*

Yes, of course, I forgot. it was a fatalistic attitude that killed your friend James and his wife. Perhaps if they had been a bit stronger of mind...

Don't be a fool, Sirius, and speak of Him like an equal. Like some playground bully. He does not imagine Himself powerful. Believe me when I say that you haven't the foggiest idea what you are dealing with, and if you were to remain lost on an unknown beach forever, waxing philosophical about the beauty of choice, it would be better for you than whatever foolish thing you are undoubtedly planning.

---

**alt_sirius** at 2008-09-08 01:55:02  
*(no subject)*

You're my brother, so I'll forgive you that crack. This time.

But if you think I have no idea what we're up against, you're as dense as you are sullen.

It's not like I wasn't there, Regulus. I've seen the cruelty, the destruction, the damn careless contempt for life your friends
practise. And it's not like I haven't lost people at his hands, as you so helpfully just pointed out. I may not have had a front-row seat, but I've still seen the show. So hex me if I don't fancy buying another ticket.

My point, which you seem so eager to miss, is that there is a choice, whether you want to see it or not. It may seem like I'm doing my own version of hiding, it's true. But not forever, Reg. Not forever. And I choose to fight, even at the cost of my life, if necessary, rather than submit. Foolish? I prefer 'daring.'

You don't have to be alone, either. Just ... just don't act like you're already defeated. Don't give up hope before even beginning to fight.

James was my brother by choice; you're my brother by blood. If you think that means nothing to me, you're wrong.

Oh, bullocks.

---

@alt_regulus at 2008-09-08 03:07:25 (no subject)

Blood. Bugger me if that isn't the heart of all this. It has meaning for us all, that's just the point. A lack of fondness for you and virtually all your friends does not mean I wish to see you dead. There isn't room for fighters. He has seen to it.

---

@alt_sirius at 2008-09-08 03:23:27 (no subject)

A lack of fondness for you and virtually all your friends does not mean I wish to see you dead.

Well, there you see?

We agree on something.
2008-09-07 17:59:00

I've missed a few words of the day!

But today's is **inchoative**, which means "initial." So the inchoative properties of a potion are the properties of a potion before it's finished!

Mr Lupin has a very nice cat. It was nice to me anyway. I really liked the cat, and I hope I can see it again. I wish I could take care of it but there isn't really room in my niche.

The house-elves must have decided to be nice, though, because this morning I woke up and I had a new bedspread! It was a quilt - a *satin-covered* quilt! I can't imagine where it came from. Perhaps it was in one of the old rooms and they decided to give it to me? It smells awfully old and musty, but it's nice and warm and it feels wonderful. The blanket under it is a little moth-eaten but that's only on one end, and not nearly so much as the old one. Thank you, house-elves - thank you! It's very beautiful.

---

**alt_terry** at 2008-09-07 23:14:26
(no subject)

boot would like to see the cat, too. can you bring it when you see boot next time?

boot knows what satin is. The pincushions he has boot put out for the students in the morning on the desks to change to hedgehogs, some are satin.

today wasn't so bad for boot either. had some ham at dinner, which was good.

---

**alt_terry** at 2008-09-07 23:19:16
(no subject)

boot practises every day, because boot promised, but writing is hard, hermione
alt_hermione at 2008-09-08 00:22:28
(no subject)

I know it is. It is very hard. But if someday we get out of this, we'll be glad we know how to write.

alt_terry at 2008-09-08 02:05:09
(no subject)

yes. boot will keep trying.

alt_hermione at 2008-09-08 00:22:02
(no subject)

Of course! I'm sure Mr Lupin would lend him to me, and he's a really lovely cat, you'll see.

Do you think that they would take away that quilt if I gave it to you? Probably, wouldn't they? Or the blanket? The blanket is almost grey, maybe you could hide it, and it would at least be softer than what you have, and not so showy.

I'm glad you had a good day, Terry.

alt_terry at 2008-09-08 02:03:50
(no subject)

don't think quilt wouldn't work. even blanket would be hard to hide, since he locks boot in the cupboard almost every night. but if it is grey and looks shabby, maybe he wouldn't take it away. maybe

would be grateful if hermione would let boot try

alt_hermione at 2008-09-08 02:05:55
(no subject)

Of course you can try! Even the quilt alone is going to be ever so much better than what I had, and it's always worth trying.
I saved some of the salve. Just in case they find it, I mean.

**alt_sirius** at **2008-09-09 03:42:33**
ORDER ONLY

Hermione...

Tell Terry that if he wants to wash properly, he can use the secret passage to get to the west tower and use the bathroom there. No one ever uses it at night. The entrance is behind a tapestry of Kendric the Kind, off the same corridor as the trophy room. There's a flagstone with a carving of a goblin in it, have him pull the earring and the passage will open.

Tell him I wanted him to know without alerting the Carrows.

Oh, and while I have you, Hermione ... be careful about Lupin. I know he seems friendly, but ... there are things about him you don't know.

---

**alt_hermione** at **2008-09-09 12:08:27**
ORDER ONLY

I will, next time I see him.

Thank you.

---

**alt_lupin** at **2008-09-09 20:46:11**
(no subject)

The house-elves must think very highly of you, Hermione.
Normally I would agree Minerva. The thing is... we simply don't know where Percy's head is at the moment. Ever since he came back from the Model Ministry in Derbyshire this Summer he's been, well, different. Spending all his time owling back and forth with that wretched Greengrass girl and the other friends he made.

We raise the children as best we can, but given my position at the Ministry... well we try to explain that the we needn't be too vocal about the things we say and do at home. What I mean is that it is sometimes necessary to pretend to be... something more than one actually is.

And then there is the chance, well, I'd rather not make Molly upset again. But if he is... entertaining the ideas of the larger magical world, well you know the propaganda being passed around at Hogwart's better than any of us. Children being encouraged to rat out their families for "behaviour not in keeping with standards of magical purity."

We are exhausted thinking about it, Minerva. And open to suggestions.

---

I never thought I would see the day that one of my sons would voluntarily use such a despicable term for Muggleborns. And what's worse, we truly don't even know whether or not he really meant it.

Arthur, I know you have to toe the line at work, but I've never heard you say anything so cruel, even when you have to pretend.
That's what I'm concerned about, Molly. I at least have used those terms, and often too.

Percy... I wish I could intervene, but I can't. I have great sympathy for your position. I only wanted to make sure you were aware of Percy's behaviors, in case you thought you could safely exercise more influence over him.

I feel your pain, mate. It's bad enough it seems my brother has made his worst decision all over again.

Well, maybe some counter-campaigning from an outside maverick will help. At least expose the blighter to a different view, eh?

Hang in, you and Molly both. He'll come round, eventually.

(Don't give up on Reg yet, Sirius. We thought he was dead, after all, but where there's life, there's hope.)

As for the idea of you talking to Percy--well, it's a thought. Anything to counter the siren song of that odious Lucius Malfoy!

Just . . . if you do try to sound him out a bit, be careful. I'm afraid, like all the boys, Percy has a bit of the Weasley temper, except that in him it can come out in cold prickliness. Comes from all those years of being tormented by the twins, I'm afraid. If you get him too angry, I'm afraid he'll stop listening entirely.
Where there's life, there's hope.

Cheers, Molly. That's what I kept trying to tell him, but he's too busy moping about the bed he's made for himself and deciding he'd best lie in it.

Is there anything in the world so infuriating as a younger brother?

But to Percy, I've been doing a fair job blundering about a number of students' journals, so why not? Never fear, I shall be gentle about it. You'd not know it to look at things lately, but I can be subtle.

I'll think on how best to approach him.
Draco seems to be settling in well at school. I wasn't worried, per se... but he can be such a sensitive child. I'm glad he has Harry, they've always been such good chums.

St Mungo's has asked that I chair a fundraising committee for a new wing specifically dedicated to the care and rehabilitation of those who have been injured in the service of our Lord Protector. Some of you should expect a visit from me this week; I need volunteers.

Reg?

I've missed you.

You'll not get a volunteer out of me. You know I can't stomach the place.

I don't want you to volunteer, you silly thing. I would like to see you though. Are you... well?

As well as can be expected, living amongst muggles for eleven years. Perhaps a bit of egg on my face considering it was an exercise in futility... But certainly looking better than ever. Wouldn't you agree?
You know I would never begrudge you a compliment. You're looking as handsome as you ever were, although perhaps a touch older. It must be the stress of living as a Muggle.

Are you going to come back?

That is the question isn't it? Hiding is clearly futile, and so I have been languishing here, awaiting my punishment for three days. Nothing comes. Your husband says our Lord is eager to reconcile.

I am skeptical.

And what of my apology? "I was a coward, my Lord," or, "I was weak, my Lord." Awful choices for last words really.

Tell Him the truth. He might appreciate your candour.

Besides, Reg - if He wanted you gone then you would be gone. Obviously our Lord knows where to find you and probably has for years. He has His reasons for keeping you, although I cannot possibly imagine what they are.

I wouldn't ask you to return if I truly believed your life was in danger.

Although... perhaps I should come to you.
alt_regulus at 2008-09-08 05:08:56
(no subject)
No need.
I will come to you. Soon.

alt_narcissa at 2008-09-08 05:10:51
(no subject)
I'll have the tower rooms aired out for you.

alt_lucius at 2008-09-08 17:47:57
(no subject)
Nicely done, darling. Good show.
But I have bad news, I'm afraid: I'm detained in London on Ministry business. I shall be late returning tonight, if at all -- do convey my apologies to your supper guests.
2008-09-08 12:02:00
fleas

fleas.

boot hates HATES fleas.

hermione, better let boot get rid of fleas before giving boot the blanket.

will try to drown them in the lake.

alt_sirius at 2008-09-08 22:10:14
(no subject)

Hullo, Terry.

Sorry to hear you have fleas. I had a nasty infestation once myself. (Best not to ask why.)

Avoid the lake, if you can; hot water is better.

Soapy water is best.

alt_terry at 2008-09-09 00:06:06
(no subject)

lake is all boot has, usually. will swim there early before students are up

students have showers in dormitory towers, but not for boot

sometimes in winter when lake is frozen a house elf will give boot a bucket of hot water once in a while

sometimes in summer boot sneaks into the quidditch changing room showers

doesn't dare during school year

no soap for boot

ever
@alt_terry at 2008-09-09 02:26:21
(no subject)
who are you

@alt_terry at 2008-09-09 02:27:03
(no subject)
maybe boot shouldn't be talking to you

@alt_terry at 2008-09-09 02:29:02
(no subject)
no offense
don't be angry at boot please
it's just
he might not like it

@alt_lupin at 2008-09-09 20:09:53
(no subject)
There was that salve my mother sent to me. I remember it worked well for you.

Odds Bodkin's Canine Cure.

@alt_hermione at 2008-09-09 00:53:09
(no subject)
Poor Terry! I'll ask Madam Pomfrey, I bet she'll have something that will help. I'd give you soap but I can't take any with me; I only ever get to use the kind of bath with a soapy-water tap.
Best not bring the cat to see you till they're gone though. Don't want him to get them too.

alt_terry at 2008-09-09 01:36:39 (no subject)

never even thought of Madam Pomfrey. hard for boot to go see her, so if you could ask, thanks.

hadn't thought about the cat and the fleas, but no, cat shouldn't see boot now.

sorry

but don't want to make the cat mad at boot by giving it fleas

cat have name?

alt_hermione at 2008-09-09 02:01:34 (no subject)

Don't worry! I'm sure that the cat wouldn't mind, but it is probably best.

No - it's actually Mr Lupin's, I'm sure I wouldn't be allowed to have one - I thought of "Melchisedek" for a name, but it didn't seem right somehow. Do you have any ideas? If Mr Lupin will let us name it of course.

It does seem wrong to just call it Cat.

alt_terry at 2008-09-09 02:22:24 (no subject)

boot has never had anything to name before

seems rude for boot to try to name cat before meeting it

mr. Lupin won't come to visit along with the cat when the fleas are gone, right?

he wouldn't like that

not mr. Lupin, boot means
No, I'm sure he won't - we could explain away my visiting you but we couldn't explain Mr Lupin away. I'll just tell him that you say hello, all right?

yes, its best he stay away

mr. lupin might not want to meet boot anyway

but boot probly not very interesting to mr. lupin

I would like to meet you, Terry.

And once we've solved your flea problem, I'll be happy to bring the cat along. I'm feeling that his name might be Crookshanks.
Meeting in Department of Mysteries ran late; has put the whole day off. Fascinating as their contemplation of the ineffable may be, I cannot credit why the Unspeakables are never able to stop long enough to accurately predict more tangible matters, such as how long it will take the Sainsbury's elves to deliver in luncheon.

Afternoon appointment with the Minister and her senior undersecretaries consequently moved to 5:00, after which I shall still have to drop by the *Prophet* offices to look over tomorrow's edition. Shan't be able to attend Narcissa's soiree this evening (so sorry, my dear).

Placement assignments for Mudbloods born in 1982 are nearly finalised. Have given them to Crispin for verification, then the list goes to the camps. So there's that accomplished, at least.

Narcissa, in her usual velvet way, seems to have coaxed Regulus from his self-imposed exile. Why he should have chosen to live in squalor still eludes me, but I am most pleased that he knows where to seek goodwill. I hope he returns soon to the circle of his family and faithful friends. It can only do him good to be back among his own.

Oh, yes, there is that other matter. Received an owl from the former professor of Muggle Studies at Hogwarts, demanding that the Board of Governors take into account his prior teaching record and his NEWT results before summarily refusing to grant him his pension. Since his pension, even if he had vested, amounts to no more than ... two Galleons, 36 knuts per year, cannot fathom why he bothered to protest its revocation. Terminated staff are not entitled to pensions in any event, vested or not.

But I suppose to do the thing properly, we shall have to add the matter to the next Governors' meeting. Tedium business. He should be grateful his seditious classroom conduct only had him sacked, instead of languishing in Azkaban or worse.

That is the trouble with common half-bloods: No appreciation for their proper place, constantly trying to grab for more than their due.
Blast. Late for tea with Ari.
Anyone up for chess? Or Exploding Snap?

I can't face the revision in my bag at the moment or the feather that keeps mocking me whenever I look at it. Not to mention that ruddy needle.

I would, only I couldn't make it out to your common room.

Maybe we should try playing chess-by-post. Some of Father's friends play.

That's the thing, though, it should be yours, too.

S'not right.

It doesn't bother me really. I wish we could go to all the common rooms, it'd make having friends in other houses a lot easier.

Yeah, that'd go over well.
Oh dear...

Oh dear. I was just in the second floor bathroom and I came in humming because I had Herbology today and we were re-potting fluxweed (used in polyjuice potion) and this ghost was yelling her head off at me for disturbing her peace and quiet. Then, she went right through me! That felt so weird I got the shivers. I asked around and people told me her name is Moaning Myrtle. Nobody knows why that bathroom is her favourite but I'm staying away from it from now on.

Most of us do that after our first visit to that loo. It's not the most pleasant place to power your nose.

I think the Headmistress might know a bit more about Myrtle, if you're curious. I believe they were once schoolmates.

I'll be certain to steer clear of that loo, then.

Thanks for the info!

Didn't know that you made a habit of visiting the girls' loo, Ron.
@alt_hermione at 2008-09-10 02:45:37
(no subject)

Myrtle is such a wet blanket!
ORDER ONLY: Home schooling

Arthur and I sent all the boys to the little village school to learn their sums and letters in the years before they attended Hogwarts. But we've become increasingly dissatisfied with it. Ever since their dear teacher Mrs Bigglesby disappeared two years ago and the Ministry replaced her with that insufferable Mr Gimlet, the parchments and lesson plans that Ginny has brought home have grown more and more alarming. Precious little about multiplication tables, thank you very much, but plenty of lectures on the 'natural inferiority of the impure.'

Rather than continuing to expose her to such despicable drivel, we pulled her out and we are home schooling her this year. I worried that this might prompt some unwanted attention and perhaps even trouble, and indeed, we did receive a visit from a ministry representative. But Arthur did quite a good job of conveying the impression to him that I was simply an overly-doting mother hen wanting to fuss over her last chick still left at home for the final year before she leaves for Hogwarts. (There's more than a grain of truth in that, I have to admit.)

I also hit upon the happy notion of suggesting to Xenophilius Lovegood that I tutor Luna along with Ginny. Xenophilius was a bit relieved, I think, because he doesn't quite know what to do with her, and the village school was an even worse fit for her. Poor motherless child, she is such a daydreamer, but she and Ginny seem quite happy together, and Ginny's glad to have the company, now that the house seems so empty. It helps keep her from missing Ron quite so keenly.

I've been appalled, however, in working with them in this first week, finding all the gaps in their education and unearthing all the dreadful ideas that they innocently absorbed from their school last year. Minerva, I'm sure you know about it more than most--if we don't find a way to throw off the yoke of this monstrous regime soon, we may lose a whole generation. How can children grow up learning how to treat each other decently, if they are fed poison from the point that they just begin to ask questions?

Received an owl from Percy delivering a letter giving his version of how the first week went, including the twins' prank. It is a bit difficult to know how to read it. He offered that he had apologised to Ron, but
it didn't even seem to occur to him that he hadn't apologised to the one person he *really* insulted, the child who works in the library. I'll write back and try to float that thought and see how he responds. It may give us more of a hint about his state of mind.

---

[@alt_mcgonagall](no subject) at 2008-09-10 03:06:17

If only you could see the notions of *grammar* that children come to us with, particularly the ones that are not very bright! It would make you shudder. Far be it from me to criticise a person for the occasional lapse; Merlin knows I make them myself, and frequently. But constant, I say *constant* errors - well, it is village schools to blame and no mistake. Harry Marvolo, now, and other students who've benefited from private tutoring: they've got the basics ground into them, as it should be. It's a pity that those tutors aren't the ones they assign out, where they could do more good. Only, of course, nary a higher-up actually *wishes* to see the masses educated - rather the opposite!
2008-09-09 12:22:00  
(no subject)  

wingardium leviosa
win gar dee um leh vee oh suh
wing ar " "
wing gar"""
wing ar DEE um " "

oh bloody hell this is the journal quill, isn't it? is everyone going to be able to read this?

So here I am at Hogwarts, it's about what I pictured from my Dad's stories, though he was in Ravenclaw and I'm in Slytherin so the common room's a bit different from what he described. Dunno why Dad always assumed I'd be in Ravenclaw like him, I'd much rather be in Slytherin.

I'm still learning my way around. Classes are interesting, I think I like transfiguration best even though my match only looks a little bit shiny. I knocked over my potion in my first potions class, it was my most embarrassing moment up until I put my Charms revision in my journal notebook. Brilliant! I'm sure my father would say At least I didn't lose any points for my House, Professor Slughorn just laughed and had me clean up the mess..

The Lord Protector's son is in my house, and his friend Draco Malfoy, but they're boys so they don't talk to me much. It's interesting to see how the teachers treat Harry.

Pansy made me laugh during the Sorting. She seems like someone I'd like to get to know.

---

alt_harry at 2008-09-10 03:00:46  
(no subject)  

You think it's interesting to see how the teachers treat me, it's twice as interesting from the inside!

I mean, I'm not trying to make them treat me specially. So... sorry. I suppose I can be too quiet sometimes. I don't want you to think I'm stuck-up, you know? Because I'm not. I don't think I am anyway.
I can tell that you're not trying to make them treat you differently. Your ears turn pink when Professor Acton gets all deferential. I don't think you're stuck up. It's hard to talk to you, though, and not just because you're a boy.

Wait, that came out wrong. I hope that didn't sound insulting.

It's alright. I don't know what you meant but I guess I can't try to talk to myself, now, can I?

Maybe it's just that I'm so curious about you. What's it like being the Lord Protector's son? I mean, it feels way too nosy to ask this in person, but with the journals it's not too bad.

Mostly lonely. People are nice, but they're not too nice, if you know what I mean.
alt_sally_anne at 2008-09-12 04:17:14
(no subject)

So -- who raised you? The Lord Protector, or did he hire a nanny, or was it Mr and Mrs Malfoy, or who?

alt_harry at 2008-09-12 04:23:07
(no subject)

Rather a lot of people, really. Father and Mrs and Mr Malfoy, mostly. Draco and I grew up together, but there weren't a lot of other kids around.
Weather such as this makes me think of my days in Romania. It's been eleven years, but that experience is still vivid in my mind - living in caves and forests, listening to whispers in the darker places, wondering if I'd live to see home again. My thoughts never strayed far from a cup of tea, a fire and a friendly face. That is what kept me going while living in Greyback's commune, because it is quite difficult to put on amicable airs with the man-beast that ruined your life. One of the many difficult decisions I have made, and certainly one of - but not my biggest - regrets.

As it turns out, I rather wish I hadn't returned. Nothing is as I left it, and everything is different now. Forever.

I've been thinking of things that I miss. Friends gone before, most certainly. Not a day goes by that I don't ache for the missing. Just the other day, I caught sight of a girl in the halls; she had ginger hair, and for a moment, I was fourteen again and looking for help with Charms. For a moment, everything seemed like it might be okay.

Moments, of course, eventually pass.

I should go see to the pumpkin patch. Hallowe'en is not far off.

---

If you aren't feeling very happy, Mr Lupin, have you tried just sitting with Cat and petting him? There used to be a cat in one of the camps that I would pet, and it always made me feel better when I was having a hard time.

I have been, Hermione, and he is a comfort. It helps that he's a ginger cat as well - I have a fondness for
that particular hair color.

I think you ought to keep him, actually. I'm sure you'll find you have more room than you're aware of, and a small cat does not take up too much space. I feel you may need him more than I do.

After my evening tea, I will bring him by with a bit of food and his mouse-toy.

---

**alt_hermione** at **2008-09-10 02:59:01**

(no subject)

Thank you, Mr Lupin - I don't think he's a very small cat, but it does feel as though my niche is more roomy lately. Can I keep getting more food for him from you? Or should I ask the elves?

I've been thinking about a name, but I don't want to say it until I've asked Terry. He's never had anything to name before, you see.

I'll look forward to seeing you.
Transfiguration

Is it really necessary? Can't we just forget the whole subject?

This class is going to be my downfall, I just know it.

(Seamus, I have your notes from Charms class--sorry, they got a bit smeared with the cheese sauce from dinner.)

alt_percy at 2008-09-10 00:32:19
(no subject)

Try not to let yourself get too discouraged, Neville. Many of us have a subject which presents difficulties at first, but it gets better, trust me. I myself melted more than one cauldron in my First Year Potions class, but I can whip up a batch of Pepper-Up potion with the greatest of ease now. I'm sure you'll be master transfiguring teapots into turtles in no time!

Have you gone back to speak to Professor Carrow?

alt_neville at 2008-09-10 00:33:15
(no subject)

I'd really rather not.

alt_percy at 2008-09-10 00:33:57
(no subject)

He's there to help you, Neville. Don't be afraid to approach him.
alt_neville at 2008-09-10 00:35:01
(no subject)

I'll think about it. And I'll practice some more tonight.

alt_ron at 2008-09-10 00:53:07
(no subject)

I actually managed to get it to look a bit different today. I'm taking that as a sign I might not be utter pants at it after all.

alt_gredforge at 2008-09-10 22:28:58
(no subject)

Think about it like this, you are not trying to turn the match into the needle because the teacher says to. That is irrelevant. You are trying as hard as you can to change the match into a needle so you can poke Percy with it.

That's all there is to it. You just need the proper motivation.

alt_neville at 2008-09-11 01:29:55
(no subject)

You know, I think I'm beginning to get a sense of what Ron's talking about when he tells stories about what it's like to grow up with a whole bunch of brothers . . .

alt_ron at 2008-09-11 01:33:06
(no subject)

That'd be a load of older brothers on top of it, mate. Much, much worse.

Though I have to say it, at least they're after poking Percy with the needle.
I hadn't thought of it like that, that might actually be a good idea!

You want to poke Percy with a needle too?

I think the desire to poke His Prefectness with a needle is one that truly transcends house rivalries.

Sometimes. He is kind of a ponce, isn't he?
2008-09-10 09:01:00

_clean, but more fleas_

boot is very clean all over, good
but more fleas woke boot up before dawn, bad
boot is clean, but pallet and blanket swarming with fleas
so boot threw them out
took a candle and went flea hunting in his cupboard
singed fingers a bit burning them
but hopes boot got them all
will sleep without blankets till sure fleas are all gone
maybe can get another pallet somewhere

<alt_terry>

2008-09-10 14:02:43

(no subject)

Do you mind?! Professor McGonagall must have had her reasons for giving you a journal, and I am sure they were excellent ones. But I trust they didn’t include the necessity of updating details on your personal bathing habits and infestation of vermin.

<alt_terry>

2008-09-10 14:02:57

(no subject)

but fleas are very important to boot
if sir had fleas, sir would understand

<alt_terry>

2008-09-10 14:51:34

(no subject)

I do not have fleas. Nor am I likely to ever acquire them. Please refrain from sharing such unsavoury details with the entire school. It’s disgusting.
the entire school? the whole school reads what boot writes??!!

Yes, and believe me, we do not appreciate it. It puts people off their breakfast.

then why do you read? boot knows he is beneath students notice. boot knows he has dirty blood

no need to read boot. boot not important at all

Well, there's no need to grovel. Simply don't do it again, if you please.

Who appointed you spokeswizard for the rest of us, oh Your Gryffindorian Prefectness?

Some of us consider mudblood fleas to be an excellent way to start the morning.
Well, if you'd like, we could set you up with a good dozen fleas or so. We're told that they're not too picky about who they bite, so that wouldn't be a problem.

My thoughts exactly....

You two certainly know how to get up to no good. Excellent job.

Thank you.

We think that it would make quite an improvement.

Don't listen to him, Terry - he's just a bigoted jerk!

...So I take it my advice helped, at least a little?

(Ahem, about the soap, I mean?)
It did, very much, I was going to thank you because I don't think Terry will but I know he's awfully grateful!
Meself in the Prophet, innit?

Not bad, old mate!
Two items!

1. My word of the day is **bigot**. It means "A person who's intolerantly and obstinately devoted to his own prejudices," or, "a jerk."

2. I was reading some books today and it occurred to me that perhaps I could start learning the runic alphabet. I want to learn Elder Futhark because it seems most magically useful, but we have the most amazing copy of the *Codex Runicus* - Madam Pince reproduced a page for me so that I could show you all, here it is:
Isn't that amazing? I wish that we had pretty books like that of Elder Futhark but we don't, runes weren't used very much until the 1800s when arithmancy started becoming more important and people realised that they had always used arithmantic ideas to make magic. Oh - but I'm so thrilled to be able to start doing something, learning runes, I mean! It will almost be like being a student.

3. Terry, I am so glad that you're feeling better.
what are runes for? boot would like to learn more about runes. hermione have a book she can lend boot?

Runes - oh, Terry, I think they're going to be wonderful, I don't want to say too much here though. I'll bring you a book as soon as ever can be!

that would make boot happy. boot will be glad to see hermione again.

and yes, boot feeling much better. tell the man, the man who told boot how to get clean, tell him thanks.

but boot wonders a little, why he helped boot
Went riding....

The Muggle post brought the new brake rotors I've been waiting for, so after a spot of tinkering, I tested my handiwork by taking a ride down the coast. The hills grow rockier as one goes south toward the mountains, which suited my mood at the time. But as the countryside took on more of a Scottish appearance, it also brought my thoughts back to home more than I would have liked.

Luckily, it's nearly impossible to remain morose or stodgy in good company. *Michel est charmant.*

More convinced than ever that the truth will do everyone a little good, and some more than others.

---

How many paramours can one man have, Mr Black?

Fire-eater.

You're just jealous. Of them.

I will censor my response and only say: I believe the term for a woman like myself who would be jealous of them is "cougar."
**alt_sirius** at 2008-09-11 01:27:44  
*Re: ORDER ONLY*

I always *knew* you had a thing for me.

Damn, James would have owed me a Galleon.

---

**alt_mcgonagall** at 2008-09-11 01:35:13  
*Re: ORDER ONLY*

I never believed I would say this, but I believe that this is a moment in which I am actually happy that Mr Potter is no longer around.

I believe I'll close the journal now. This has quickly become humiliating. Too much Ogden's tonight, perhaps.

---

**alt_lupin** at 2008-09-12 00:32:39  
*(no subject)*

It pleases me that you still have that thing.

---

**alt_sirius** at 2008-09-12 01:12:32  
*Hm? Oh...*

....New one.

Had to leave the Triumph with H in England.

Am I to take it from your comment on the poor Boot boy's journal that my other preferred mode of travel is well-known by now to your new friends?

---

**alt_lupin** at 2008-09-12 01:19:04  
*Re: Hm? Oh...*

Sorry.
For years I couldn't wait until I was old enough to come to Hogwarts.

Right now I'm so homesick it hurts. Am I the only one feeling this way?

You're no. It's been less than a fortnight, Perks. Show some mettle.

Some chocolate frogs would cheer me right up. Do you still have any?

Gone. There's only sugar quills, but you can help yourself.

Thank you, I will. I wish I'd had one of those in Charms today. Professor Acton didn't say anything worth writing down, but she gets on me if I don't look like I'm taking notes.
2008-09-10 22:11:00
(no subject)

Why do our dormitories have to be in the dungeon? I'm not very good at damp repelling charms. Although I suppose things could be a lot worse. I could be somewhere else. Or not anywhere at all even.

Did anyone bring any animals with them to school?

alt_draco at 2008-09-11 03:51:09
(no subject)

How could a dormitory not be anywhere at all? You don't make sense.

There's a mudblood with fleas if you want an animal. Wait, why do you want an animal?

alt_theodore at 2008-09-11 03:53:10
(no subject)

I said I could be not anywhere at all. The dormitory will always be here I guess.

I don't want one, I was just curious.

alt_draco at 2008-09-11 03:55:37
(no subject)

Well I don't see how unless you were dead or something.

Fancied another black canary, did you?
Yes that's what I meant.
It doesn't have to be a canary.

My Mother's still furious about that. I'm not to associate with you.

I just wanted to see how it worked!

There's books and things for that. Plus it wasn't yours. Buy your own canary next time.

Books aren't as good.

Well, you'd know.
What you don't know is how much a black canary costs. They're very rare also. Mother said your Father paid her but its the principle of the matter.
You haven't touched my things, have you?

alt_theodore at 2008-09-11 04:10:35  
(no subject)

It's not my fault your birthday party was boring. If it had been more entertaining then I might not have tried to amuse myself.

And no, I haven't. Should I?

alt_draco at 2008-09-11 04:14:26  
(no subject)

Oh, well, I'll try to remember the bloody-canary party games next time.

If you touch my things I might go at you as you did Mother's canary, that's all.

alt_theodore at 2008-09-11 04:21:12  
(no subject)

Anything would have been an improvement over "watch Draco open sixteen thousand presents".

If you do, take pictures okay?

alt_draco at 2008-09-11 04:28:05  
(no subject)

I did deserve them.

Just don't touch my things and we'll get on well enough.
I never said you didn't deserve them, I said it was boring having to watch you open them. Especially because you got a lot of the same thing, just in different colours.

Okay.

I've got my owl Hedwig, of course, and Father told me that I might get another familiar for Christmas, but I don't know that they'll let me have both. I wish they would. Hedwig isn't exactly friend-like, even if she is a very nice owl.

I would keep Hedwig out of Teddy's reach if I were you.

I wouldn't touch Harry's owl.
2008-09-11 08:37:00
Package from home at breakfast

It's rather nice to get an owl at breakfast, even if it makes me get homesick again. Another letter from Evelyn (Gran must really be on her case, because I know she wouldn't be writing to her big brother so often otherwise). Gran sent me a letter, too. I think she's finding Evelyn a bit exhausting to handle all by herself, now that I'm not there to help, like by getting up to get breakfast ready and so on. Gran never complains, but her arthritis pains her, and Evelyn is awfully lively, besides being a chatterbox, and I know it probably gets on her nerves.

Gran sent me a Remembrall, too. It turned red right away, as soon as I took it out of the box. I still haven't figured out what it is that I've forgotten.

Charms this morning with the Slytherins, and then the dreaded Transfiguration. But I'll have Herbology to look forward to after lunch, and then our first flying lessons! I'm nervous about it, but I'm looking forward to it, too. Seamus has been on a broom already, and Ron said his brothers have taken him up to ride double a few times (when his Mum wasn't looking). But I've never been on a broom before in my life. Gran would never allow it. Can't imagine her ever sitting on one. She's always considered floo or portkeys the only proper ways to travel.

alt_draco at 2008-09-11 14:03:35
(no subject)

Why is everyone homesick? It's scarcely been a fortnight.

alt_neville at 2008-09-11 15:04:23
(no subject)

Well, because I miss my family, of course. Why does that seem strange?
I suppose could understand being homesick for one's actual home. Life at the Manor is far superior to living in the dungeons. And I can always get truffle oil for my eggs at breakfast.

Whenever I go home, I'll be thinking about the people more than the eggs.

I'm glad I'm not living in a dungeon. Although I'm sure my toad would like it. (No offense, because I'm sure they've got it decorated nice and everything. The Gryffindor common room is certainly comfortable.)

I was thinking of truffle oil, you div, not eggs.

The dungeon is cosy enough, but for the lack of sunlight. Mother likes for me to keep out of it, though, so it's just as well.

Have you got your toad here at school?

Yeah, of course.
May I see it sometime?

Um, he's kind of shy of strangers. Not sure that's such a good idea.

That was some flying lesson, wasn't it?

I've never flown before either. Thank you ever so much for falling off your broom and breaking your arm; I was afraid I'd look like a pillock, but I looked fine compared to you.

Yeah, I do that for a lot of people. Make them look good in comparison.

My one true skill, perhaps.
2008-09-11 17:02:00

Sometimes I wish that I wasn't Father's son because then I would know for sure if I was actually any good at anything. I hate it when people are nice just because of Father.

Draco, you had better do what I asked you to.

alt_draco at 2008-09-11 22:18:56 (no subject)

I was just having a lark until the Weasel butted in and turned it into a squabble. But you don't seem to take anything we Slytherins do as a lark, do you.

I did what you said. You don't have to act all threatening about it.

alt_harry at 2008-09-11 22:33:35 (no subject)

Come on, Draco, I wasn't being threatening! And you don't have to have a lark with Neville, anyway. He sort of gets it from all sides, yeah?

Thank you for doing what I asked.

alt_draco at 2008-09-11 22:37:06 (no subject)

But why do you care?

You're welcome, I guess.
Neville's nice, that's why. If you want to pick on someone, pick on Crabbe. He's not just slow, he's mean.

No. Unlike some, I believe in house solidarity.

If I had been a Gryffindor, would you have stopped talking to me?

But it's not as if that would have happened, Harry.

Well, yeah, but only because of Father.

Right!

You shouldn't worry that people are only nice to you because of your Father, you know. I'm pretty sure some people are only nice to me because I'm your
friend, after all, and I don't let it bother me. At least we know that we like each other for who we are, yeah?

👤 *alt_harry* at 2008-09-12 04:30:54  
(no subject)

That's true. I could've hated you, you know. If you had stolen my teddy bear or something, when we were really little.

👤 *alt_draco* at 2008-09-12 04:42:01  
(no subject)

Why would I do that? I had loads of teddy bears of my own. And how do you know that I didn't? I think small children have poor memories.

Ooooh, I have a secret - Ptolemy the panda bear began life as your toy until I stole him away, and now he's likely squeezed in a trunk somewhere in the Manor attic, just waiting to be recovered.

👤 *alt_sally_anne* at 2008-09-12 03:47:24  
(no subject)

Crabbe is so thick you could use him as a warm winter coat.

His meanness *ought* to be a redeeming feature but it doesn't seem to be. Draco, do you suppose you could teach him some cleverer insults than 'yeah, your mum'?

👤 *alt_draco* at 2008-09-12 03:53:37  
(no subject)

They say you can't teach clever. At least he's strong, I suppose.
He certainly smells strong. Oops, was that out loud?

Harry got to switch houses. Could we give Goyle to the Hufflepuffs? Even Hannah Abbot would be a trade up.

But Harry switched because he was in the wrong house before. I don't know what house Goyle would be better of in but... I think that we should support him, now that he's with us.

Sigh. You're right, of course. I'll try to do better; it's not Goyle's fault the lift doesn't go all the way to the top.

I don't have to be nice to Nott, do I?

Well, it's certainly acceptable to tell him that he's an idiot in the privacy of the dungeons. But when outsiders say the same, tell them to shut their fat gobs.

Not in the dungeons, you don't. Don't let him near your pets, either.
Thanks, Harry. For catching it.

Welcome, mate.
2008-09-11 18:11:00
Flying Lesson

I think Gran might have a point about avoiding flying. The flying lesson didn't go so great. If you haven't heard, I went up too fast, came down too fast, and broke my wrist. Never broke any bones before. It really hurt. Keeping this short because even though Madame Pomfrey healed it, it's still sore. She said I can go back to Gryffindor Tower right before curfew.

Draco Malfoy came up to the hospital wing while I was getting fixed up. He gave me my Remembrall back, saying in a stiff sort of way that I'd dropped it when I fell off my broom. When I thanked him--I was really surprised he took the trouble to come all the way up here to bring it back to me--he looked mad as could be and walked off without another word. I mean, he looked simply furious.

What in Merlin's name happened in class after Madam Hooch brought me up here?

---

alt_sirius at 2008-09-12 01:36:32
(no subject)

A Malfoy, doing something kind for someone who isn't a Slytherin?

Must have been up to something, Longbottom. I'd watch out for him.

---

alt_sirius at 2008-09-12 01:38:39
(no subject)

Oh - by the way, I keep forgetting. You don't know me, but I know your mum and dad.

Keep your spirits up.
Did you know them in school, then? Were you in Hufflepuff, too?

Wait--you said you know them? As in, present tense, you know them now? You've seen them? I mean, recently? Where have you seen them??

No, I'm sorry, I haven't seen them lately. I left England, you see, because ... well, best leave the reasons for now.

I was in Gryffindor, but Frank was a mate, all the same.

Are they in England then? Gran won't tell me anything.

I hate to dangle something like that in front of you with nothing else to go on, but I really couldn't tell you precisely where they are.

When the borders were closed, a lot of us lost all contact with one another, do you see.

But cheers, Longbottom. This journal project is resulting in some ... unexpected side effects. It may be that they'll turn up before long. And if I know Frank and especially if I'm not mistaken in Alice, they'll be safe as houses.
Well, he did bring it back.

What young Master Weasley said, down there.

I've been putting the pieces together via Harry's journal. He's having a bit of a row with Draco over it, but it sounds like not even being in Slytherin can keep him from being a decent fellow.

Encourage it. Among those vipers, he's going to need support from his true housemates.

What do you know about supporting Harry? I've known him my whole life and he's my best mate. You're just some nobody with a quill and no business of his own to mind.

Nice to meet you too, cousin.

You're not on the family tree anymore, you can't call me that.
Can't?

Ask your mother whether it's really that easy.

'Im glad he brought it back to you, mate.

I took off after him when he started acting the prat and he tossed it. I tried to get it before it fell, but it slipped past me.

Harry got it before it hit the ground, though. Reckon he's the one that made sure it got back to you.

Why Malfoy was so mad, then?

You really think bringing it back to you was his idea?

Huh. I guess that's why he looked so hacked off. He's not used to doing anything nice for anybody?
I do nice things for Harry, my parents, and my other chums all the time. I don't see why I should do anything nice for someone I don't know. You could be anyone. Or nobody.

You looking for applause then, Mr Fabulous?

Look, this is silly. He brought the Remembrall back, Ron, whether Harry put him up to it or not.

Sorry, Malfoy. I should have just said "Thanks" and left it at that, without questioning your motives. No hard feelings.

He's the one that nicked it from you in the first place, Neville!

None of this would be necessary if he hadn't been such a prat.

Especially not a Gryffindor.

That's got to go against the grain, yeah?
Too right, he did.

I'm quite glad he's got you, Ron, to counteract the Malfoy influence. It's no surprise to me that he's a decent sort, despite his despicable upbringing. But he's going to need good friends around him when Slytherin closes their ranks. Trust me, I know their mindset. Even if his so-called father is the most powerful force in the country (for now), one thing they can't stand is to be shown up in front of anyone else, or made to look weak.

Er. Okay.

Thanks?
A terrible night.

My father sent along a box of my mother's things, and in it I found something quite... unnerving. Touching. Devastating. A letter I never knew I'd received, dated 28 October 1981. The postmark is still legible. The ink still green. The contents... deceptively cheerful and completely devastating.

It still smells faintly of sandalwood and currant.

Excuse me. I'm not certain I can continue to write, at this time... I'm sorry.

---

Thank you for standing up for me - I oughtn't write more or they'll see and be angry, but thank you, thank you, thank you -

---

Don't thank me yet, Hermione. I'm afraid sometimes my actions tend to make things worse for people rather than better.

But you are more than they see you. You are more than most of them shall ever become.

Do not forget this.
@alt_hermione at 2008-09-12 03:52:45
(no subject)

I won't.
Lydia - the lovely young lass charged with keeping
the books here at the shop, has taught me that hair
color need not be found in nature.

I am afraid I have little news. The Americans, while
a worthy ally, are rather disorganised in their attempts to circumvent
Voldemort's hold on Britain. Their president is indecisive and their
military quite useless. Wizard forces are banding together however,
and there may be hope yet for a resolution, or at least some sort of
tactic to begin with. I do like beginnings. They lead to endings, which
can always be surprising.

In the meantime, I have arranged an underground railroad of sorts
(another term taught me by Lydia) of supplies, educational materials
and - most importantly - wands, to be ferreted into Britain from
France. Sirius, I would appreciate your efforts in overseeing this
project. Contact Silence Bellows in Nice; she will instruct you on how
to use the so-called 'Chunnel' as a method of transferring these
supplies into England. My friend Nicholas and his wife will be on hand
to see that these supplies are distributed to the Muggleborn and half-
blooded Wizardfolk as needed.

Apparently Voldemort neglected to realise that the 'Chunnel' is not
one singular tunnel, and that Muggles are crafty buggers in their own
right.

Miss Granger, I trust you will be available to help see some of these
items to your fellows at Hogwarts.

I must go. A new shipment of Pixie Sticks has arrived and I do not
believe Lydia when she insists they are not made from real pixies.

Certainly, Albus. And thanks. Talk is all very well, but
something to do is much better.
alt_mcgonagall at 2008-09-12 03:06:07
(no subject)

Not a moment too soon, Albus.

When can we expect the first? Matters are - well, I would not say *spinning out of control*, but I will soon be unable to protect certain people, and they must have wands to protect themselves.

alt_hermione at 2008-09-12 03:06:42
(no subject)

A wand?

A wand?

A WAND?!

alt_hermione at 2008-09-12 03:08:06
(no subject)

A WAND!!

When, when, when? Oh please when? I could learn charms and transfiguration and I could use a Warming Charm on my blankets and food and I could give Terry a Cheering Charm and - when?

alt_albus at 2008-09-12 03:18:54
(no subject)

Miss Granger, I hope you exercise caution when using this wand. It's more a method of protection than it is a learning tool... the walls, my dear child, have eyes.

That said, I'm sure there's a place for you on the grounds that might be free from those aforementioned walls. A new friend, perhaps, could offer you a haven for learning.
Who in their bloody right mind allowed a first year to become Seeker, let alone play Quidditch?

Please tell me it was the same bloke that fell off his broom and cracked his arm. That will seal the Cup for Ravenclaw this year, that's for sure.

We could use all the help we could get.

What?! Nobody made ME seeker. What are you talking about?

Ah, well. One could always hope for the best for their noble house.

You wish.

I saw that grab. You might as well just give Slytherin the Cup now and save yourselves the trouble of playing any games.

I don't think so. As much as I would relish the opportunity to skip the experience of sitting in the stands getting soaked through to the bone only to
watch my team lose, I don't think my housemates would appreciate that very much.

@alt_sally_anne at 2008-09-12 03:59:07
(no subject)

Oh, no, I'm sure. And I appreciate it. Really, sitting in the stands getting soaked to the bone and watching my team *win* is going to be grand. I'm so glad the rest of you are willing to indulge me.

@alt_harry at 2008-09-12 03:50:04
(no subject)

It was me, but I didn't ask for it or anything.

@alt_sally_anne at 2008-09-12 03:51:51
(no subject)

Stop acting all apologetic, Harry. This is one honor that didn't come to you because you're the son of the Lord Protector.

I wish I could fly like that. Did you get a lot of practice at home?

@alt_harry at 2008-09-12 04:05:25
(no subject)

Yeah, loads - Draco and I used to practice all the time. So it isn't really a surprise that I'm better at it than some people, I suppose.

@alt_ron at 2008-09-12 11:35:20
(no subject)

They made you Seeker? But first years aren't even allowed brooms.
I know! Slughorn was really impressed by how I caught Neville's Remembrall, or something.

That's just. Blimey.

Was pretty impressive, though, that catch. I always Keep for my brothers, definitely not quick enough for Seeking. Apparently.

Well, I can't Keep for anything, so you're still ahead of me on that.
Minerva...

I distinctly recall your assurance that the mudblood upstart understood that her journal was a privilege not to be abused.

But I am alerted to her most recent entry. Almost a student, she dares to proclaim herself. And worse.

Furthermore, I quite concur that surely if this "boot" person can find no more suitable topic than his infestations and an unnatural obsession with referring to himself in the third person, he clearly need not waste magical parchment or quill. If he wishes to practise penmanship, let him write on scrap.

I trust you are aware of the unacceptable bent of the posts from the last day and it is only your considerable number of duties that keep you from attending to them more promptly. Or perhaps you have already addressed the inappropriate nature of the offenses, in which case, I eagerly await your report.

I hope the results of your disciplinary measures this time will be more lasting. Obviously, your displeasure, as you so primly called it, needs to be more tangible than a stern lecture.

alt_draco at 2008-09-12 02:09:42
(no subject)

I am glad you said something, Father. It's very unnerving to have to see what that lot prattles on about. This is especially true of the flea-bitten one, though that other, I believe she's a female, is being very uppity. It's downright outrageous. Why are they even allowed to learn how to write?

alt_lucius at 2008-09-12 02:23:43
(no subject)

Just as we discussed, Draco, it is a sad consequence of rank that one must constantly interact with one's inferiors.
However, that is no reason to question your Headmistress.

They are beneath your notice, Draco. I advise you to concentrate on the few students within your sphere who are at the very least capable of claiming some heritage.

And remember that I am counting on you to help usher those unfortunate students who have been deluded by their families. Take example from that Gryffindor prefect. At least someone in that threadbare family understands the value of their blood's purity.

alt_draco at 2008-09-12 04:01:04
(no subject)

I am confident that Headmistress McGonagall has the situation well in hand, Father.

And is it Percy Weasley you're talking about? What should I do to help him? He's so...old.

alt_lucius at 2008-09-12 04:09:50
(no subject)

Old?

Nonsense, he's no older than Ptolemy Baddock, and you've known him your whole life.

At any rate, he's got the right idea, even if he's somewhat oafish in its application. What we need are wizards who will help remind our more ... benighted brethren that our survival depends on continued suppression of the Muggles who would steal our abilities and destroy our way of life.

Meanwhile, what's this about Harry becoming House Seeker?

alt_draco at 2008-09-12 04:18:06
(no subject)

Well, he acts so old. Kind of like an old man. But I do see your point. It can't be easy for him to come from a family like that and try to set out on the right path.
Oh, yes, it was rather brilliant, really! We had our first flying lessons and Harry made a tremendous dive that caught the attention of Professor Slughorn. He's been made seeker for Slytherin, and he's only first year!

@alt_lupin at 2008-09-12 02:48:55
(no subject)

Mudblood upstart?
I know of no such creature in Hogwarts, Lucius.

@alt_lucius at 2008-09-12 03:04:08
(no subject)

And I thought werewolves had such a keen sense of smell.

@alt_lupin at 2008-09-12 03:17:31
(no subject)

Oh, we do, Lucius. And right now the smell is fairly awful.

@alt_lucius at 2008-09-12 03:55:27
(no subject)

Yes, consorting with the filth will do that. But then I understand that your kind are always looking for ways to establish what little dominance you can command; presumably, that's why you seek out such demeaning company.

@alt_mcgonagall at 2008-09-12 03:00:36
(no subject)

You need not fear that, Lucius.
I have a particularly - appropriate - punishment for the girl. If she wishes to flaunt her existence, by all
means, she will have the opportunity to do so. She will not enjoy it.

As for Boot - well. I will be speaking to the Carrows.

Is he Amycus's creature, then?

Small wonder he has nothing else to write about. Perhaps he could copy out one of the Ministry's pamphlets, if he has no other material of interest.

At least then his journal will contain something educational for others to read.

Provided, of course, he can hold the quill once Amycus has done with him.
You know...

Much as I can't stomach that Harry's proper sorting was overridden by that evil, psychotic bastard, seeing him do a number on Slytherin is rather amusing, from time to time.

It seems he's bullied none other than a Malfoy into doing something ... dare I say it, decent.

It does feel slightly uncomfortable, peeking into the lives of children one-third my age. Vaguely pathetic. But I admit, it's also like getting a bit of my mischief back.

And anything that shakes up the status quo in that country right now? Worth feeling a bit like a peeping tom....

Harry's heart is in the right place, though his body sleeps in another house.

That will never change.
Miss Granger, I cannot tell you how much I regret the necessity of what I am about to do.
2008-09-11 23:16:00
Granger:

You have displeased me very much. Your behavior does not befit your station.
1. Remove yourself from the library. You must now sleep in the hallway outside the Great Hall, by the statue of Leofrick the Loser.
2. Present yourself in front of the entrance to my office for the words "FILTHY MUDBLOOD" to be applied to your forehead.
3. You will, for the next month, be restricted to bread and water.
4. Your duties will now consist of serving at the Head Table and, in the meantime, cleaning every girl's toilet in the castle with a toothbrush.

alt_lupin at 2008-09-12 03:54:00
(no subject)

Honestly, Minerva. She's an eleven-years-old girl.

alt_mcgongall at 2008-09-12 03:54:52
(no subject)

She was warned.

alt_draco at 2008-09-12 04:31:03
(no subject)

Don't you eat eleven-year-old girls?
2008-09-12 06:35:00
(no subject)

hermione?
Toothbrush?

I was just laying in my pipe when I heard the door close and then I heard crying. I came up out of the pipe and peeked through the stall door and saw Hermione crying. Then she took a toothbrush out of her pocket and started to scrub the toilets. What's going on? And what a silly thing to use to clean the toilet.

And I hope she doesn't use it to clean her teeth afterwards.

I guess it would be better than not cleaning them at all?
The word of the day is **feculent**.

It means, 'foul with impurities; fecal.'

What I like about this word is that even if you're not sure what 'feculent' means, if someone tells you that you're feculent, you probably have a good idea you've just been insulted.

My potion today was pretty feculent by the end of class: I added a pinch of wormwood when I was supposed to add a pinch of ambergris. If Professor Slughorn thought I was a berk after I spilled my potion last week, he's sure of it now. He just laughed and told me I'd do better next time, which is exactly the same thing he said to Longbottom (who melted his cauldron) and Weasley (whose potion smelled even worse than mine) and also what he said to me last week.

The feculent mudblood who used to work in the library is now serving the teachers at mealtimes, and scrubbing toilets the rest of the day. Why anyone would want a feculent privy scrubber anywhere near their food is a mystery to me, but maybe the teachers all know feculence-suppressing charms?

---

**alt_neville** at 2008-09-13 14:05:51

(no subject)

At least I got my potion a few steps further along than you managed with yours.

I'll admit that what happened to my cauldron was more spectacular, though. What a mess.

**alt_draco** at 2008-09-13 17:15:51

(no subject)

For pity's sake, Sally Anne, if you imitate the Mudblood, you'll make it think that someone reads its writings in the first place. And that sort of thing doesn't look very good for someone in your place.
The word feculent is good, though.

alt_sally_anne at 2008-09-13 17:44:48
(no subject)

What?

::tries to think what Draco might have thought he saw me doing with a toothbrush::

Oh, I see! Gracious, how embarrassing. Especially in light of my miserable performance in Potions yesterday.

I think we can fix the blame firmly on Madame Pince for this. She has a sign on her desk with a Word of the Day on it. I imagine the mudblood got the idea the same way I did. Madame Pince’s word of the day yesterday was "euphonious." It's a boring word and I already know it, so I went looking for something better.

I went to the library to work on my transfiguration homework, but looking up insults seemed a lot more appealing.

alt_harry at 2008-09-13 19:22:10
(no subject)

When people get punished usually it isn't convenient or helpful to anyone at all. I think that sometimes people just don't care whether punishments make sense as long as they're humiliating.

alt_sally_anne at 2008-09-14 02:31:30
(no subject)

By the way, was that you I heard out in the common room last night, Harry?

I don't think any of the other girls heard anything, but I was awake when you and Draco heard someone walking around.
Don't tell No, not me.

You know, I wonder if it was the Bloody Baron I heard? Or Peeves.

Might be. The Baron can be kind of loud, you know, all that moaning and chain-rattling.

Why is he bloody, anyway? Do you know?
2008-09-13 08:25:00
ORDER ONLY

Professor McGonagall, I think there's something dangerous on the 3rd floor. It nearly ate me. And also Harry Marvolo. I know that it doesn't matter if it eats me, but it does matter if it eats Harry, so maybe someone ought to do something about it!

Also, I know that you had to punish me but I don't think that it's fair. I'm really, really hungry.

alte-\textit{rti}-\texttt{y}
alte-\texttt{r}_{-\texttt{h}}-\texttt{e}_{-\texttt{r}}-\texttt{m}_{-\texttt{i}}-\texttt{o}_{-\texttt{n}}-\texttt{e}

alt\_sirius at 2008-09-13 23:32:49
Order Only

Minerva, surely the elves can sneak them a little food?

Just because that fascist government classified them as less than human, that doesn't mean you have to be wholly inhumane.

alt\_mcgonagall at 2008-09-13 23:35:03
Re: Order Only

If she'd asked the elves, she'd have discovered that they have orders to give her food if she requests it. Hermione, you ought to do so. There is no use starving to death.

As for the danger - best forget about it and simply avoid the area. It isn't something that concerns you.

alt\_sirius at 2008-09-14 01:39:10
Re: Order Only

That's just the trouble, though, isn't it? Even this young lady, and particularly that unfortunate young boy, are so indoctrinated already that they don't know to ask for something better.

I know, you know all this. And I know, we're working on it.
Bloody hell. Hermione, make sure you and your friend Terry eat.
2008-09-13 08:49:00
Ministry of Magic declaration, part 1

boot is told to copy out the following

boot is to say that he and his friend hermione granger are nothing but filthy mudbloods

and that he is copying this out so that boot will know exactly what that means

a lot to copy so boot must do in several parts

* * *

The MINISTRY OF MAGIC ("MOM"), the naturally ordained organ of government endowed by inalienable right of superiority and by rule of law under the LORD PROTECTOR, does hereby set down its principles for the proper regulation of the SUBJECTS of the NEW UNITED KINGDOM:

WHEREAS the only true SUBJECTS of these lands are those possessors of natural MAGIC, known hereafter as true WIZARDS and WITCHES (see: Definition - HUMAN);

WHEREAS for the better ordering of society and protection of PURITY the MINISTRY OF MAGIC is hereby granted complete jurisdiction and control over those who are not true SUBJECTS, including:

MUGGLES (See MOM Publ. 3344) (See: Definition - MUGGLE, synonym Animal (or) non-HUMAN);
SQUIBS (see MOM Publ. 3366);
MUDBLOODS (see MOM Publ. 4195);
HALFBLOODS (see MOM Publ. 4196); and
OTHER MAGICAL CREATURES (see MOM Publ. 4295);

WHEREAS the International Statute of Secrecy of 1692 has been REPEALED in its entirety (as of 1983) (See: Current Laws of the Common Era, MOM Publ. 3926);

WHEREAS the former system of MUGGLE government has been rescinded, annulled, repealed and declared null and void (See: History of Dissolution of Parliament and the Former Office of Prime Minister, MOM Publ. 2255; Exile and Deaths of Members of So-Called Royal Family, MOM Publ. 2256);

WHEREAS for better regulation of non-SUBJECTS the MINISTRY OF MAGIC has organised subdepartments as follows:

The Department of Muggle Domestication
The Department of Squib Affairs
The Department of Purity Control;
WHEREAS the borders of the NEW UNITED KINGDOM are now protected by an impenetrable WARD to protect the PURITY of the Realm's true SUBJECTS; and

WHEREAS the LORD PROTECTOR has both the absolute right and solemn duty to arrange and direct matters, SUBJECTS, non-HUMAN animals and OTHER MAGICAL CREATURES, and powers as He may see fit to safeguard and defend the absolute PURITY of true SUBJECTS of the Realm;

May it therefore be RESOLVED that the government of the NEW UNITED KINGDOM shall direct, without let or hindrance, the following statutes and rules of law:

* * *

this is copied with boot's own hand. more to come later

---

Alt_hermione at 2008-09-13 19:23:04
(no subject)

Oh Terry - I am so sorry I got you into such horrible trouble - I feel just filthy having to read this. I'm sorry.

---

Alt_terry at 2008-09-13 21:59:26
(no subject)

that's how they want you to feel

boot is sorry you got in trouble, too

partly boot's fault, too

stupid to write about the fleas

that's what he always says, that boot is imbecile

and boot is sad for you, because at least boot is used to going hungry, but you aren't so much

its really hard before you get used to it

hope to be given something to eat tomorrow or maybe the next day after that
still your friend, no matter what.
not sorry for that

Wait a minute - I have something for you - I'll bring it by after I'm finished cleaning supper up. It'll help, I swear it will!

Anyway, you aren't an imbecile at all.
Albus,

The owl I sent to Silence returned this morning, a little the worse for wear, my coded note still attached to its leg.

I think we must fear that something has happened.

Luckily, I've lined up a scouting expedition for "Monsieur Nigel Cullendon" to observe the Marseilles Mercuries for two days, so Nice will be a quick jaunt from there. I can scout more than the players.

Look for a report in a day or so.
2008-09-13 14:47:00
Is it Saturday?

I could have had a nice peaceful evening on the common room couch, but no. I got drafted by Ron to help defend the honour of Gryffindor and well, I think we might have bit off a little more than we could chew.

Ron, I know we're housemates and all, but seriously, next time you want me to pull your chestnuts out of the fire, maybe I'll pass, all right? I sort of want to make it all the way through the next seven years.

Didn't sleep too well last night.

alt_harry at 2008-09-13 23:38:49
(no subject)

There were five of us and only one of it. We were just startled. I bet we could've taken it.

alt_neville at 2008-09-14 00:29:59
(no subject)

Um, I'm not sure whether it was five against one or five against another number. If you know what I mean.

Besides, with all due respect and all, are you mental? If we'd tried taking it, do you want to have to explain to the school nurse?

Look, you're mates with Malfoy, and I'm with Ron. I think it's our job to keep them from killing each other. Let's concentrate on that instead of going looking for trouble.
Ministry of Magic declaration, part 2

boot is told to copy out the following

boot is to say that he and his friend hermione granger are nothing but filthy mudbloods

and that he is copying this out so that boot will know exactly what that means

boot is told he must copy words of the Ministry of Magic declaration bigger so all can easily read what boot writes

***

3344 MUGGLES
MUGGLES are defined as those non-SUBJECTS 1) who do not show signs of MAGIC (as manifested before the age of ten) and 2) whose parents, grandparents and great-grandparents have never shown signs of MAGIC.

3344.1 Legal status. MUGGLES are not considered HUMAN, and are not allowed to hold property, title, license or to interact with true SUBJECTS other than in designated manners (See: MOM Publ. 3344.1.2 and 3344.1.3). All MUGGLES are possessions of the State, as administered by the MINISTRY OF MAGIC, and thus entirely subject to the State's use, at the State's discretion, for work and for breeding purposes. MUGGLES are allowed to breed, but only with one another.

All MUGGLES must be registered with the MUGGLE CAMP of their parish of origin (See: MOM Publ. 3344.1.3.5) and the remuneration for their work will devolve to the coffers of their parish of origin. For further information, see the publications of the MINISTRY OF MAGIC, Department of Muggle Domestication.

3366 SQUIBS
SQUIBS are those children 1) born to magical SUBJECT parents, who 2) fail to show signs of magic (as manifested before the age of 10).

3366.1 Legal status. SQUIBS are considered legal minors, whatever their age, and wards of the State. They fall under the jurisdiction of the Department of Squib Affairs. SQUIBS are not allowed to breed and
are to be sterilised within one month of puberty. All SQUIBS must be registered with the SQUIB CAMP of their parish of origin (See: MOM Publ. 3366.1.2) and the remuneration for the work of SQUIBS is the property of the State as administered by the MINISTRY OF MAGIC through the Department of Squib Affairs and will devolve to the coffers of their parish of origin: (Note: upon application, parents of SQUIBS may apply for assignment of their SQUIB child to their care, but only until the age of 12, after which the SQUIB must reside solely within the bounds of the SQUIB CAMP.) For further information, see the publications of the MINISTRY OF MAGIC, Department of Squib Affairs.

4195 MUDBLOODS
MUDBLOODS are defined as those creatures who 1) have manifested magic before the age of 10, yet who 2) have neither a mother nor a father who are true SUBJECTS. Such manifestations must, of course, be highly suspect, as it is the natural state of MUGGLES to be envious and treacherous, and great care must be employed to ascertain that such manifestation of MAGIC is not due to the theft of magical wands, charms and/or items of magical power. If it is determined by careful examination that such manifestation of MAGIC is, in fact, evidence of a freak emergence of such talent, then the MUDBLOOD will be immediately removed from the custody of its so-called parents and subject to the jurisdiction of the State.

4195.1 Legal status. MUDBLOODS are not HUMANS or proper SUBJECTS. All remuneration for the work of MUDBLOODS is the property of the State, as administered by the MINISTRY OF MAGIC through the Department of Purity Control and will devolve to the coffers of their parish of origin. MUDBLOODS may not 1) own or use a wand; 2) own magical or charmed objects (the sole exception being that they are permitted to use Ministry-issued portkeys for the purposes of transport to their domiciles, places of work assignments, etc.); 3) own or make potions or potion ingredients, except under supervision of an employer or an officer of the MINISTRY OF MAGIC; 4) keep a magical familiar or OTHER MAGICAL CREATURE; 5) breed with a SUBJECT or a HALFBLOOD; 6) buy or sell their own property; 7) hold title or license; 8) attend any educational institution in the instruction of MAGIC 9) travel in any way out of the jurisdiction of the Department of Purity Control. For further information see the publications of the MINISTRY OF MAGIC, Department of Purity Control. For further rules and regulations concerning the legal status of MUDBLOODS see MOM Publ. 4195.1.2.5.

***
this is copied with boot's own hand. more to follow later
Arrived in Marseilles.

Knackered. Time for a bath, a swift pint, and a kip. Not necessarily in that order.

Should be able to nip over to Nice tomorrow first thing.

Is it true that Harry's been made seeker for Slytherin?

And Merlin's beard, I want to get my hands on Carrow.

---

Yes.

You can get your hands on Carrow, though.

(Sorry. Bad image there.)

After what he did to the twins last year, you're not the only one who wants a piece of Carrow, trust me.

Horrible man.
I'm a little behind, Molly. Refresh my memory?

They put a charm on the blackboard in the Transfiguration room so that it insulted him whenever he turned his back on it. So he transformed them into beater bats for an afternoon and gave them to the Slytherins for the Ravenclaw/Slytherin match last year. Minerva only found out after the game was over. They both had concussions when they were transformed back. Minerva, Poppy, Arthur and I were all *livid*.

And the Slytherins *knew*.

That ... that ... I can't even come up with a place to start.

Molly, I'm sorry. Used to be that even Slytherins had some decency, back before Hogwarts ever heard of Riddle.

A charm that insults people, hm? Nice bit of magic, that, though. I wonder if they used an *Invectivus* curse? That's ... advanced.
Well, the twins bounced back, as they always do. They're like rubber india balls.

Still, Arthur and I worry a lot about them, because they just can't seem to resist playing with fire, no matter how much I scold them. Someday I'm afraid one of them is going to stick a neck out too far and it'll get chopped off for good.

Lord knows, I understand their impulse. But it was a far different thing in my day, with far less serious consequences.

On the other hand, Molly, as you say, they both have their wits about them and I'm sure they know where to draw the line.

I certainly hope you're right.
2008-09-13 21:12:00

Harry's a seeker....

Well, I always knew he'd be a natural, like his Dad. I even gave him his first broom.

But ... damn it all. Seeker for Slytherin. Like Reg. What a dilemma. Who to support?

I'll just have to hope that Gryffindor score impossibly high numbers, while Harry still manages to catch every Snitch.

Right. The odds of that are fairly astronomical. And I should know!

Ah, well. It's just a game, after all. And the Cup is just a trophy.

alt_lupin at 2008-09-16 07:38:04
(no subject)

Sirius...

alt_sirius at 2008-09-16 13:30:33
(no subject)

Oh, all right--what?
2008-09-14 07:41:00

Ministry of Magic declaration, part 3

boot is told to copy out the following

boot is to say that he and his friend hermione granger are nothing but filthy mudbloods

and that he is copying this out so that boot will know exactly what that means

***

4196 HALFBLOODS
HALFBLOODS are defined as individuals who 1) have at least one MUGGLE or MUDBLOOD grandparent, who 2) successfully manifest MAGIC before the age of 10 (if they do not, they are classed with SQUIBS), who 3) renounce all allegiance to any MUGGLE or MUDBLOOD relations and who 4) submit to becoming wards of the State.

4196.1 Legal status. HALFBLOODS who are wards of the State will be assigned domiciles with true SUBJECTS, in order that their upbringing will best encompass the principles of PURITY and good citizenship. No contact will be permitted between HALFBLOODS and their families of origin. HALFBLOODS are initially considered legal minors, but are allowed to marry and breed with true SUBJECTS upon 1) successful completion of a magical education and 2) successful application to the Department of Purity Control. HALFBLOODS who follow all regulations of the Department of Purity and complete the application process following completion of magical education will be permitted to eventually enjoy the rights of true SUBJECTS (i.e., to marry, own their own wand, own property, etc.). HALFBLOODS who fail to follow rules of appropriate conduct, or who breed inappropriately (i.e., with MUGGLES or MUDBLOODS) will lose their protected status and will thereafter be re-registered as MUDBLOODS, and classified as animals. They will then be stripped of their wand, and will lose all rights formerly held as HALFBLOODS. For further rules and regulations governing the legal status of HALFBLOODS See MOM Publ. 4196.5.2.

4235.1 REGULATION OF PRE-EXISTING MARRIAGES BETWEEN SUBJECTS AND NON-SUBJECTS
Marriages between a full SUBJECT WITCH or WIZARD and either a 1) MUGGLE, 2) SQUIB, or 3) MUDBLOOD of less than five years duration before the date of September 1, 1985 without issue (children) are DISSOLVED, all such contracts being held as never having been entered.

If the marriage was contracted prior to September 1, 1980 OR children were born to the relationship, then the MINISTRY OF MAGIC will permit the relationship to continue, subject to conditions, which will include, among other requirements: 1) the SUBJECT and non-SUBJECT will not be allowed to have further issue (children); 2) the non-SUBJECT, if able to use MAGIC, is not permitted use of a wand; 3) the non-SUBJECT is not permitted use of a portkey other than one provided by the MINISTRY OF MAGIC; 4) the non-SUBJECT spouse, if able to use MAGIC, may not apparate, but only use side-along apparation initiated by the SUBJECT spouse or a MINISTRY OF MAGIC official; 5) the non-SUBJECT spouse, if able to use MAGIC, may not use a broom (for further restrictions, see MOM Publ. 4235.1.1)

4235.2 DISSOLUTION of PRE-EXISTING MARRIAGES BETWEEN SUBJECTS AND NON-SUBJECTS
SUBJECT spouses may apply with no penalty to divorce a non-SUBJECT spouse (whether or not there is issue). Marriages also may end with the death of one of the spouses, in which case, if the decedent was the SUBJECT, all death benefits will go to the State, and the non-SUBJECT (and any non-SUBJECT issue) will be assigned to the appropriate parish camp, if they are not taken into protective custody by the SUBJECT spouse's extended family. (See MOM Publ. 4235.2.1)

4240 BLOOD TRAITORS
BLOOD TRAITORS are those SUBJECTS who violate community standards and the PURITY of their blood by breeding with a non-SUBJECT if the union was not contracted prior to September 1, 1980 or by having issue without permission after that date (see REGULATION OF PRE-EXISTING MARRIAGES BETWEEN SUBJECTS and non-SUBJECTS, above). In the event that issue is produced, in violation of MINISTRY OF MAGIC regulations, the non-SUBJECT and child will be immediately taken into the custody of the MINISTRY OF MAGIC and placed in the appropriate CAMP, and the SUBJECT will be stripped of all rights of citizenship and sentenced to ten years in AZKABAN. (See MOM Publ. 4240.1.2)

4295 OTHER MAGICAL CREATURES
For further information, see MOM Publ. 4295.1 through MOM Publ. 4295.73, which includes information on WEREWOLVES, GIANTS, DEMENTORS, VAMPIRES, GHOSTS, etcetera.

***

this is copied with boot's own hand. only one more part to follow
Hey guess what! I got the Weird Sisters' latest: "Fire Inside the Dragon." Susan didn't want me to put my Weird Sisters poster up, but Eloise totally loves the Weird Sisters, too, and so us two persuaded Susan to let us put it up between our two beds. (Megan didn't really care, because she collects Quidditch posters instead.) The room is starting to feel like home now.

I want a familiar--maybe a cat. Then I could have cat hair on my bedspread, like Eloise does.

I got it, too! Mr Malfoy sent me and Draco a copy. Totally wizard, yeah?

Yeah totally! What's your favorite song?

I'm just listening to it right now, but I really like "Lumos (Light My Way)" so far.

That's my favorite song too! Weird.
Bad news.

I found Mme Bellows's house in Nice, but it's shut up and empty. Doesn't look like anyone has been there for weeks. Her shop is in a similar state.

Nigel has Quidditch to watch for the next two days, but after that I can range wherever you need to find out where she could have gone. I didn't see anyone suspicious hanging about the place, but I'll go back before heading home.

Thank you, Sirius. It means a great deal that you would look into this - well, I hardly need tell you why.

No, no need to explain the urgency.

I only hope our operations are not discovered before they've even begun.

I've got a friend who may be able to introduce me to friends of Mme Bellows. I hope that by tomorrow evening I'll have a contact.

We will all keep our hopes up here, then.
2008-09-14 18:11:00
Ministry of Magic declaration, part 4

boot is told to copy out the following

boot is to say that he and his friend hermione granger are nothing but filthy mudbloods

boot knows exactly what that means

As it is the responsibility for the parent to care for the child and the strong to care for the weak in the natural world, so, too, is it the responsibility of the magically PURE, i.e., true SUBJECTS of the magical world to bear the burden of overseeing the lives and fortunes of all others who dwell within the bounds of this NEW UNITED KINGDOM who have been commended to their care by dint of their natural inferiority. Those who willingly submit to their proper sphere will meet and deserve justice, care and compassion. They will be permitted to live out their lives in satisfying work for the good and benefit of the community at large. Those who refuse to recognise the lawful jurisdiction of their superiors or, worse, those who attempt to meanly grasp for rights and privileges which are not theirs to enjoy, must suffer the righteous wrath of their natural masters, for the general good of all.

The MINISTRY OF MAGIC recognises that a certain period of turmoil must be inevitable when the structures of society are re-ordered, but as all societies evolve, so, too, does progress turn inevitably toward the greater good. Under the beneficent rule of the LORD PROTECTOR, as governed by the natural laws of PURITY as administered under the guidance of the MINISTRY OF MAGIC, the triumphant result will be obvious to all: a society completely untied.

That is all. boot is done

alt_hermione at 2008-09-15 01:53:55
(no subject)

Oh Terry!
Mr Malfoy sent the new Weird Sisters album to me and Draco. That was nice of him. Thanks, Mr Malfoy. I'm really liking it so far.

So it turns out that there are some places in the castle where we really shouldn't go. I learned that this weekend.

It's really weird to have that Mudblood serving at the Head Table. She always looks like a mouse scuttling around. It would put me off my food if I were a teacher. She's so thin - even thinner when you see her up close. And I think there's something growing in her hair.

Don't thank me, Harry, thank Mr Tenebridge, their agent. He's an old friend of the family. You may remember meeting him several Christmases ago. He also represents The Warlocks, which I'm sure none of you young people remember, but I think you'll find one of their songs done over in "Weird Sisters" style.

Congratulations on being made seeker, by the way. I'll be in contact with Cumulus Cuthbert at the Nimbus Racing Broom Company to get an appropriate broomstick for you. Can't win the Quidditch Cup with those ancient school brooms!

As for the Mudblood, try not to give it any notice. While they are unavoidably visible, unlike a decent house elf or other proper servant, it is essential that Mudbloods and Muggles alike learn to stay in their proper place. Let it learn its lesson and put the rest from your mind.

"Warlock Rock," right? That was brilliant! It might've been my favorite song on the album.
Do you mean a *Nimbus 2000*?!

---

**alt_lucius** at 2008-09-15 01:04:48  
(no subject)

Yes, "Warlock Rock" was one of their best hits. I shall let you listen to the original when next you visit.

As for the Nimbus ... we'll see. Possibly.

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**alt_draco** at 2008-09-15 02:57:29  
(no subject)

Thank you for sending the album to Harry for both of us, Father.

So, *do* you mean a Nimbus 2000?

---

**alt_lucius** at 2008-09-15 03:07:09  
(no subject)

You're welcome.

And that will be up to Cuthbert, but I expect he would hesitate to provide the Lord Protector's son with anything less than the latest model.

---

**alt_harry** at 2008-09-15 03:07:50  
(no subject)

*Brilliant!!*
alt_lucius at 2008-09-15 03:24:05  
(no subject)

I make no promises, Harry. Only that I'll speak to Mr Cuthbert on behalf of your Lord Father.

alt_draco at 2008-09-15 03:11:07  
(no subject)

Well, I wonder if Mother knows that Harry's getting a Nimbus 2000.

alt_harry at 2008-09-15 03:13:03  
(no subject)

Come on Draco, you can ride it half the time. I'll just need it for matches and otherwise we'll share it, promise.

alt_draco at 2008-09-15 03:16:23  
(no subject)

Thanks, Harry.

alt_lucius at 2008-09-15 03:22:43  
(no subject)

I don't see what your mother knowing or not knowing has to do with the matter, Draco.

The Headmistress has graciously made an exception to the prohibition on first-years having brooms for Harry. If he is generous enough to share it with you, you must be grateful, but that does not mean you are also exempt from the normal regulations.

This is all speculative, at any rate.
Okay, Father. I understand.

Good.

I'm certain that you will have your chance to play for Slytherin in due time, son. Chaser, like I was, hm?

Next year, you'll be able to bring your own broom as well, and that I can promise.

I do believe there will be a spot for me on the team in the future, yes. Chaser would be fantastic! I wonder if Harry will be captain by then?

You look at the mudblood during supper? Doesn't it put you off your pudding?

I'm really bothered by this, Harry. By the...places in the castle, I mean.
It does, that's the point. She's so... skinny.

I'm bothered by it too, but I suppose we were told not to go there, right?

Avert your eyes, or it could affect your already suspect vision.

Yes, we were definitely told not to go to that Myrtle-ghost's bathroom. Who knew a dead person had so much to complain about? Anyway, it was clearly that Ron Weasley who herded us into that dreadful territory. Gryffindors simply don't know when to quit.

Yeah, I suppose I will.

It was your fault too. Whose idiotic idea was it to go bumbling around the castle at that time, anyway? But yeah - he could've picked a better door.

I was only defending my honor, and our whole house's, really.

Why do you suppose it's there, though? Erm, that ghost, I mean.
Don't know. It looked like there was a... hole. In the bathroom floor. In the tiles. That it was standing on top of.

Floating on top of.

Anyway, it would've helped our house's honor a whole lot if we had had points taken off, for sure. I bet it would've been at least fifty.

How unsettling. I hope never to see it again.

Well, it's not as if there were points actually lost, right? I do think it best to stick to our common room from now on, though.

I don't know. I'm intrigued. (Hey, if that Mudblood was reading this she'd probably make it her word of the day, yeah?)

No points lost, but better not to risk it in future, mate. The professors have eyes in the backs of their heads, I swear.

Oh, Harry, surely she can't really read. She's just a very good mimic.

I did say we should stick to the common room, yeah? You'll get no argument from me on that.
Like an African Grey parrot? But don't those things only have the intelligence of two-year-olds?

All right, common room it is. Want to play a round of Exploding Snap?

Exactly!

Hang on, I've got a few inches to finish on my essay. And some sweets to find. But yeah, I'll meet you at quarter past.

Her name's Hermione, by the way, just so you know. Odd name, haven't heard it much before.

Disgusting name, you mean! Why don't they just give them numbers, or something?

Well, I know the Ministry says that her sort should be classified with animals, but my Gran says that even animals that live with people get their own names.
That's a silly comparison. Pets and familiars aren't looking to steal and corrupt the magic of the Pureblooded.

All the more reason they need names. It makes it easier to keep track of them so that if they cause any mischief, the wizards in charge of them can spot patterns.

Anyway, the name "Hermione" is from Shakespeare. There's nothing wrong with Shakespeare, he was a 16th century wizard who wrote plays and poetry about witches and wizards. The Weird Sisters got their name from one of his plays, too.

Numbers seem a far less personal way of keeping track of them, and just as efficient.

And honestly, Sally Anne, I have heard of Shakespeare.

You really think you'd remember a #24698 if you ran into it two years later, better than a "Hermione"? You're a lot better with numbers than I am, then.

You've heard of Shakespeare?!! No one else at my village school had. Did you ever get to see one of his plays performed? I think it would be wizard to see The Tempest.
You give them a number so you don't have to remember. It gets put in a file somewhere, or something. And remember that there's only so many names to go around, as well.

Imagine if there's a proper witch out there named "Hermione" and how she'd feel to know that a mudblood shared her name. I would be downright outraged if I ran into a mudblood named Draco. Though obviously, that would never happen.

No, but I saw Millicent Bulstrode say "bubble, bubble, toil and trouble" while bent over her cauldron in Potions. I suppose I could have told her that the correct wording is "double, double" and not "bubble, bubble," but I really couldn't be bothered.

There's no charm to make a file fill itself up with all the stupid rule-breaking things a mudblood does, or anyone else does for that matter. Someone (like Headmistress McG) has to pay attention, notice, and put it in the file. Which means that some wizard has to actually know the names of the mudbloods they're responsible for. Or the numbers, if it were numbers.

Are you usually up this late? I'm the only one of the girls who's still awake, and that's just because I have trouble sleeping.

No, which is why I slept for hours before replying to this.
Transfiguration

After practicing all weekend, I finally got the match to turn into a needle. Before, the best I could do was to make it look like a shiny match, but now I can really turn it into a needle. I also can turn the needle back into a match. And I can turn either the needle or the match into a drinking straw -- it's a short, thin drinking straw, but it's definitely hollow down the middle, and this isn't something Professor Carrow showed us in class, I figured it out on my own.

Transfiguration is first thing tomorrow.

I don't why I'm so nervous. I can do this.

At least you have Transfiguration first thing in the morning and can get it over with. On Mondays, the Gryffindors have it for the last class so I have to dread it ALL DAY LONG.

I have managed to acquire quite an impressive pile of splinters that used to be matchsticks. No needles. Not yet.

You'll be okay. The Carrows are kind of scary, though.

You think they're scary?
You have no idea

At least Professor Carrow wants for you to succeed at this.
Father used to tell me that if I was really, really bad, he'd let the Carrows have Draco.

They're nice to me but that doesn't mean they wouldn't be if it weren't for Father. So they're still scary, in my books.

Are you serious? You can't be seri

Alright, then. I can see why you find them scary even if they'd never lay a hand or a curse on you.

Harry!!!

They're perfectly civil to me as well. I'm sure that they will be excellent educators. If perhaps on the...stern side.

I'm sure you're right, Draco.

What do you think of our other teachers?

I think they are all looking out for our best interests, in their own ways.

I do prefer Professor Slughorn over all, though.
So do I. I wish I didn't keep making stupid mistakes in his class.

Also thanks, it's good to know someone in that room is expecting me to succeed.

Can I listen to your Weird Sisters album sometime? I love their music.

Sure, once Draco's done with it. It's half his.
A quill in the hand... how odd it feels after years of neglect. I dare say the wand remains mightier.

Harry, dearest, your Father has told me of your recent coup on the quidditch pitch. It comes as no surprise that your marvellous talents continue to manifest under the close, watchful guidance of our Lord Protector. You are truly blessed to be first in all His thoughts and actions. Never doubt your place by His side. I didn't, and my life has all the more purpose for it.

Uh, thanks, Auntie Bella.

Think nothing of it. Hydra also sends her well-wishes. She simply can't wait until she's old enough to join you in Slytherin, where she can watch you tear up the pitch with her own eyes.

Thanks. Say hi to her for me, please? I kind of miss her.

I shall do so straight away, of course. If she's been following my orders, she should have
sent you an Owl by now, describing her own schooling, and how much she misses you, her dearest playmate.

Tell me then, has she done so?

alt_harry at 2008-09-15 03:02:12
(no subject)

Um, no, but sometimes they get delayed in the Owlery over night. She probably sent it, and I'll get it at breakfast tomorrow.

alt_bellatrix at 2008-09-15 03:06:22
(no subject)

Mmm, perhaps. I shall ask her about it myself.

Keep to your studies and your Slytherin housemates, Harry. Remember that the significance of others pales in comparison to yours.

alt_harry at 2008-09-15 03:07:27
(no subject)

Okay, Aunt Bella.

alt_draco at 2008-09-15 02:58:48
(no subject)

Hello, Auntie Bella.

It's quite brilliant about Harry, isn't it?

alt_bellatrix at 2008-09-15 02:59:26
(no subject)

Yes.
Please tell Hydra hello for me.

You could try writing to her, Draco.

Oh, okay. I will.
Nolan Tenebridge visited the house this week-end, with a copy of the new Weird Sisters album. I've sent it along to Draco and Harry.

Nolan has been a friend of the family as long as I can remember. He and my father attended Hogwarts around the same time. In my final year, he helped arrange for Ari, Tony, and myself, along with Ludo Bagman and several young ladies of our acquaintance to attend a Warlocks concert over Christmas holidays, and to go backstage afterward. I think Serena and Ari may have got engaged that same evening, she was so impressed by meeting Lehonn, Clancy, Sean, and Art.

For a man his age, Nolan is looking extraordinarily well. Though I think the visit--and the album copy--have more to do with an invitation to join the Board of Presto Records than nostalgia on his part. We've had a share in the company for some time; I suppose it's natural to sit on the Board at some point.

Presto's Board introduces yet another complexity to the agenda ... I confess I'm not certain that I have the time. I'm sure Draco would appreciate the continued copies, but honestly, it's simple enough to get those.

Speaking of Boards, however, I must contact Cumulus first thing tomorrow. Harry Marvolo has been appointed Seeker for Slytherin, and after consulting with Horace Slughorn, the Lord Protector has given his son's placement on the team his blessing. The NRBC should be more than pleased for Harry to fly one of their brooms in his matches.

On that note ... the Lord Protector has asked me to pay a visit to Hogwarts in light of all the disturbing reports generated by the Journal Project. Headmistress McGonagall has been providing adequate guidance in the matter of the Mudbloods' service, but the intermingling of the servant caste with the students has produced some side effects that are not altogether desirable. I am to see for myself how the students are reacting to the constant exposure and report my findings.

With that in mind, Minerva, please provide Crispin with the schedule
of the Slytherin matches for the year, so that he can be sure to put them on my agenda and the Lord Protector's. And kindly arrange for Harry and Draco to join me for tea this Wednesday. I shall confirm with Crispin in the morning and have him send you an owl. Narcissa may wish to join us as well.

Certainly, Lucius.

Will the Lord Protector have any requirements while he is here? Tea with his son in a private room, perhaps, or shall he wish to address the school?

I couldn't possibly say at this point. I'm sure you are aware that the demands on our Lord's attention may encroach upon his ability to attend in person; nonetheless he naturally wishes to be at the least aware of young Marvolo's games. Since Slytherin will undoubtedly win with Harry in the post of seeker, I imagine that the Lord Protector would not wish to keep him from celebrating with his team- and housemates, but equally, I shouldn't wonder that he will want a moment or two alone to ascertain Harry's health and happiness.

As to whether he addresses the school ... that all depends on whether the school needs to be addressed, does it not? Of course, I am sure your pupils will be more than pleased to be gifted with our Lord Protector's inspirational words, should he choose to provide them. Nonetheless, and make no mistake, much will depend on the disposition of the student body, particularly with regard to whether the Mudblood servants continue to present as significant a disruption as they have this fortnight.

Let us hope that their novelty will subside before too much longer and that the students shall become accustomed to afford them no more thought than one would the house ghosts or the portraits on the walls.
Yes, indeed. Well, I shall keep my plans fluid, in that case.

The students are not the only ones disrupted by the Mudblood servants: the house-elves are off their feed and quite upset at being "usurped." I have had to have words with them frequently. It doesn't seem to be anything the Mudbloods are doing, though - their very presence is taken as an insult.

However, they are very useful and therefore I suppose must stay.

In any case, I am sure that the novelty will, as you say, subside.
Setbacks in Astronomy

Professor Sinistra paired the class off for the first Astronomy project last Friday. I was matched with Penelope Clearwater. Haven't worked with Miss Clearwater before, but I am rather disconcerted that she failed to show up for the meeting we were supposed to have at the library this afternoon, to work on a starchart together. I hope that I didn't note the time down in my calendar incorrectly; if so, I will have to give her an apology when I see her next. I'd planned to grab a quick moment at the telescopes tonight while patrolling the Astronomy Tower on prefect rounds, but the sky is overcast, and so I had no luck there.

Transfiguration and Charms are going well. I wasn't able to get my Ancient Runes revisions done until late this afternoon, however, as I was counseling a few rather homesick firsties, one after another, throughout the weekend. The worst of the homesickness does seem to be ebbing, however.

Prefects meeting tomorrow night. Must get that potions essay knocked off beforehand.

---

I believe I was supposed to meet you NEXT Sunday afternoon. I had already made plans for this afternoon to stroll about the lake.

Perhaps you wrote it down in your calender incorrectly?

What earthly good would it do us to meet NEXT Sunday when the assignment is due Wednesday?
It is better to do it then, than not do it at all, don't you agree? Unless that was your plan from the beginning?

I do not have the pleasure of understanding you. Of course I plan on completing the assignment! That is what assignments are for.

I can mark you down for a meeting tomorrow before Herbology, if we both cut our lunches somewhat shorter than usual. Can I meet you at 12:30? I have a prefects meeting tomorrow night and so can't do it then, and we really need to get this done.

Ah, my misunderstanding then. I believe I can skip tomorrow's black pudding in favor of a meeting with you, if you insist on completing the assignment in a timely matter. I wouldn't want you to have to miss your prefect's meeting.

Let's meet in the library? The table by the globes.

I'll bring the sugar quills.
That was a joke, I trust, as I am sure you are aware that sugar quills are not allowed in the library.

Oh Merlin's Beard, Percy. Of course that was a joke. If I'm going to give up our lunch hour for bloody homework, I'm going to at least try to have a laugh.

Hello, Wease Percy.

Hello, Mr. Malfoy Draco. What an expected pleasure to see you pop up here. Are things settling in for you satisfactorily here at Hogwarts?

Quite satisfactorily. I would like to make it known that as a prefect, you've made me feel more at home in this school than any other.
That's quite kind of you to say, considering that we haven't had much of a chance to speak together as of yet. I trust that we will in the future.

You're the only prefect who's left a welcoming message in the journals, as far as I can see.
2008-09-14 21:55:00
ORDER ONLY: Quidditch

The Lord Protector is coming to every single Quidditch match?!

Why did I allow Harry Marvolo on the team? What in Merlin's name was I thinking? How -

I am mostly angry at myself. I ought to have seen this coming.

Perhaps I ought to reinforce the Disillusionment charms on that certain place. I suppose we'll have to hope that he doesn't get lost in the corridors.

But the Boot boy has finally shown some spirit, which I suppose is one bright spot. More subtle than I'd have expected, as well.

---

alt_mcgonagall at 2008-09-15 02:34:42
(no subject)

I see. Not every match after all.

Small comfort.

alt_molly at 2008-09-15 02:34:43
(no subject)

Minerva, take a deep breath. You know you didn't have any choice but to put the lad on the team, once Professor Slughorn came to you. How could you have turned him down?

I can only imagine how nerve-wracking it will be, but you've had the monster there before, and you've managed it each time. Think of it in terms of keeping your friends close and your enemies closer, if that helps.
Thank you, Molly.

I just get the collywobbles every time he comes too near. He might look like little Tommy Riddle all grown up, but he isn't. There's something not right in there.

I know. And the thought of poor James' and Lily's boy being raised by him. It's dreadful. Simply dreadful.

I meant to tell you--Ron mentioned Harry in a letter home we got yesterday. Seems quite taken with him, that there's nothing standoffish about him, even if they did end up in different houses. Do you think there might be some hope there, that he hasn't been ruined entirely?

(By the by, what do you mean about the Boot boy? That's the child who's been forced to regurgitate all that Ministry propaganda, isn't it? Why, what's he done?)

That is good news about Ron and the Marvolo boy. I've been observing them: I see nothing particularly rotten about Marvolo - Harry I mean. (I find it terribly hard to keep James and Lily's son and the Lord Protector's son separate, so I must always call him 'Marvolo' in my mind, or I'll get maudlin.) Of course he regurgitates the same stock bigotry that all other children do nowadays, but nothing out of the usual way.

As for Boot - read his final sentence quite carefully. I would assume that it was merely a misspelling if I hadn't known that Hermione Granger was personally teaching him to read and write: she would have taught him better skills as a copyist than that.
Oh . . . oh my goodness! I'd have missed that if you hadn't pointed it out, but it does change the meaning entirely, doesn't it? And you think it was deliberate? Then maybe there is a spark down there somewhere that you can fan into a flame, if you are quite careful about it.

Arthur just came in from the kitchen to see why I was laughing so hard. Carrow hasn't noticed, has he?

Not as yet, and I don't think he will notice. He's too sure that Boot is not merely mentally defective, but also utterly cowed. Which give me no end of pleasure, of course!

Yes, I saw that, though it meant wading through that cesspit of twaddle to get to it.

Cheer up, Minerva. Perhaps if the Lord Pretender comes to Hogwarts, something in the forest will eat him.

Sounds like Hermione's causing a bit of a stir in the Great Hall at mealtimes.

No chance to get to Nice today, but Sylvie thinks she can make contact tomorrow at a club she knows there. It shouldn't be out of place; she's a Chaser for the Mercures, so it's only natural that she'd take the Quidditch scout for a bit of a lark after a hard day's flying.
Morning comes too early

I was up very late revising last night, as there was too much to fit in yesterday, between listening to the new Weird Sisters' album, games of exploding snap with Harry, and my weekly Owls to Mother, Father, and Hydra. The importance of schoolwork surpasses all of that, of course, so I spent some extra time on the finishing touches, just to be sure.

There really is a lot of schoolwork, isn't there? I mean, it is school, so there should be, but Auntie Bella's Hogwarts stories always seemed to be more about fun and games, like shoving the heads of mudblood students into the toilets, or putting jinxes on their shoes that would make the laces tie together and trip them up. Maybe things were just different back when mudbloods were allowed to be students. I mean, things were worse, obviously, but it was probably fun to put them in their place. Now that they're finally there, it's just a matter of forgetting about them. That would be an easier task if they didn't keep popping up in places where they shouldn't be.

Oh god, I just realised that if mudbloods were once students here, then they probably once sat in our desks and used the same sinks and toilets and ugh, who knows what else. What a revolting thought. Sometimes I wish I hadn't been born with such a vivid imagination.

What if a Mudblood once slept in your bed?

Don't be stupid. My bed is in Slytherin.
They used to let Mudbloods in school, maybe they even let Mudbloods in Slytherin?

People are sorted into houses based on the traits that each founder valued, and I hardly think that Salazar valued impure blood. Plus, I've just never heard of it happening.

Just because you've never heard of it, it doesn't mean it couldn't happen.

Well if it did happen, it would probably happen to you. You'd probably like that sort of thing, or find it intriguing or something.

I think your overactive imagination is getting the better of you again.

You're the one who imagined a mudblood in my bed!
You imagined a Mudblood in the toilets first!

But at least that's actually happened. The mudblood with the foul hair cleans them with a toothbrush.

Yes but she's not a student, is she?

Ugh, can you imagine if she was? What if you had to sit next to her in lessons!

Complete ugh. I'd push her to the floor where she belongs, naturally.

You'd touch one??

Only with a solid and preferably sharp object.
I heard their blood was brown.

Like mud? That rather makes sense.

I wonder if it's true...

You could always find out, and report back to me.

Don't you want to see for yourself?

See? Yes, I suppose I do.
You and Harry sit with me at breakfast and we can figure it out.

Yeah, we'll see, Teddy.

So brown it's more soot than mud. But don't take my word for it, boy. Take the matter into your own hands. Just be sure to wash them after.

What would happen if we got some on us?

You'll turn into one, of course.

REALLY?
No.

You will simply be all the stronger for it. Mudblood always washes off the pure.

Oh good.

Boys. You're being perverse.

Mother, has there ever been a mudblood sorted into Slytherin?

Don't be silly, Draco.

Why don't you put your wonderful imagination to good use and write Hydra a
alt_draco at 2008-09-16 02:49:19
(no subject)

Why? Is she bored? Have you heard that she misses me terribly?

alt_narcissa at 2008-09-16 02:57:47
(no subject)

Everyone misses you terribly, darling. Mummy most of all.

alt_draco at 2008-09-16 03:04:59
(no subject)

Do you want a story?

alt_narcissa at 2008-09-16 03:09:37
(no subject)

I would love to hear a story.

alt_draco at 2008-09-16 03:11:52
(no subject)

Should I write it here or...?

I would prefer to do so in an Owl, Mother. I don't want just anyone to be able to read my stories. And that way I can also include drawings for you.

alt_narcissa at 2008-09-16 03:13:50
(no subject)

An Owl would be lovely, Draco. That way I could put it in your Age 11 scrapbook and save it forever.
@alt_draco at 2008-09-16 03:16:39
(no subject)
I'll get working on it straight away!

@alt_narcissa at 2008-09-16 03:19:04
(no subject)
You're such a wonderful son.
Word of the Day

My word for today is 'contumelious.' It means 'insolently abusive and humiliating.'

I hate losing points for my house in class.

I really thought being able to turn the matchstick into a straw would be a good thing, even if we hadn't been shown it. It's not like I learned that trick instead of learning to turn it into a needle.

I skipped lunch and went to the library, but His Gryffindorian Prefectness was there and the smell wafting over was keeping me from concentrating. It wasn't body odor -- he never smells like anything as ordinary as sweat. It smells like he doesn't quite know how to wipe his own arse. He was working with one of the older girls from Ravenclaw on something, and I think she noticed it, too.

Maybe the next time the mudbloods get in trouble they could be assigned to wipe Percy's bum for him? Humiliating punishment for them, a helpful relief for the rest of us!

Anyway, I gave up on the library and went to my common room and found that the house-elves had gotten there just ahead of me -- they'd left me a plate of sandwiches (my favorite kind, even, sliced roast turkey with lettuce, tomatoes and spicy mustard). I love having house-elves about. I hope those really were for me, but if not I expect the house-elves refilled the plate as soon as I was gone. Of my top ten favorite things about Hogwarts so far, the house-elves are definitely on the list. Also: the library's big dictionary, and the charm for making it show me the most interesting words.

History of Magic in 15 minutes. It's taught by a ghost. I think my father had this same teacher, and I think he was a ghost then, too.
I am unclear what it is about me, exactly, which seems to have attracted your scorn and led to your attempt to embarrass me. I know I am not malodourous, despite your insinuations. No matter: I have been teased before (it's unavoidable in my family; once you encounter my brothers George and Fred you'll know what I mean) and I'm a big boy who can take it.

I am aware that relations between our respective houses are at times strained, and that Gryffindor-baiting is considered great sport in your common room (as great a sport as Slytherin-baiting is appreciated in mine).

I may be a Gryffindor and thus perhaps an irresistible target, but I am also a prefect, and, as such, particularly charged with offering first year students guidance in adjusting to Hogwarts. So as a prefect, let me give you a little friendly advice—setting the Gryffindor/Slytherin rivalry aside, you understand, just student to student.

Here it is:

Have a care, Miss Perks. Other eyes than mine are watching these journals, and they may take note of your words—including your contumelious attitude and apparent preoccupation with feculent matters, if you will--and eventually draw an exceedingly unflattering portrait of you that you may regret rather sharply, when it is too late to change it.

Feel free to talk it over with your own Slytherin prefects, if you doubt my words. I am quite sure that they will counsel you that it is particularly foolish for any Slytherin who harbors ambition to go out of her way to make unnecessary enemies.

Quite right, P. Weasley. You've saved me the trouble of having to tell Sally Anne more or less the same thing. For the record, I think you smell fine.
Oh get stuffed Perce!

No one in the future of your great and marvelous MoM career is going to care that some 11 year old girl said you smell.

Especially since it might be from that dungbomb that might or might not have been accidently dropped from an area more or less near your bed.

You don't have house elves at home?

I was wondering the same thing.

My father says our family had one for centuries but my great-gran got kind of dotty in her old age and gave it clothes. That was before I was born, so no, no house elves at home.

You only had one?
One family of elves. She freed them ALL.

Be careful with the crazy old relatives. House elves looking for new employment are surprisingly hard to find.

And yes, you're right, we have a small house. Much smaller than yours or Draco's, I'm sure. Not everyone in Slytherin comes from money.

They don't?

Obviously.

Really?

You were at the Sorting, Draco, which house did the hat put me in? My family doesn't have a manor house with house-elves. Ergo, not all Slytherins come from money.

We didn't starve or anything and we didn't have to go around
with a hat begging money to buy my wand and books, but we weren't rich.

Supposedly the same great-gran who freed the house elf also spent all the family gold investing in fire-crab farms. Keep an eye on old ladies, at least if they have the Gringott's key.

@alt_draco at 2008-09-16 02:47:30
(no subject)

Your life sounds quite tragic, Sally Anne, but it seems as if it’s made you rather wise. I think I'll ignore old ladies and simply remember not to invest in any fire-crab farms, if you don't mind.
2008-09-15 13:16:00

Gone

The things that boot isn't supposed to talk about are gone

so boot doesn't need to talk about them anymore

ever, boot hopes

thanks for replacement pallet and blanket, hermione

they helped

boot slept much better last night

not nearly so cold

---

@alt_hermione at 2008-09-16 11:18:26
(no subject)

That’s good, Terry! I'm glad. I was allowed to take my comforter with me even though I have to sleep in the hall now so I wasn't too cold, either, just awake all night from the light, which isn't really so bad once you get used to it.

Did you get the you-know-what to learn you-know-what? Is that how you kept the things you aren't supposed to talk about away?

@alt_terry at 2008-09-16 11:29:41
(no subject)

yes, that is how boot did it. thank you, boot likes it so much. spends the time he has free looking at it. practises writing, too.

@alt_hermione at 2008-09-16 11:57:06
(no subject)

But that's wonderful! I am so glad. I haven't gotten very far yet so soon you'll have to tutor me I'm afraid! I really am kept running off my feet with the toilets and all. I think that Mr Lupin is going to let
me take a small break and I'll be able to write a whole entry, though.

alt_terry at 2008-09-16 13:26:08
(no subject)

Hermione should be careful not to tease her friend boot so. of course boot cannot teach her anything. boot is too ignorant. boot is imbecile.

maybe hermione can meet boot after dinner?

alt_hermione at 2008-09-16 13:54:53
(no subject)

You're not an imbecile!

I think - maybe I can. I'll have to find out. I've already been allowed to help Mr Lupin so I oughtn't push my luck.
Professor Sinistra,

Forgive me for asking, but is there a chance that I can complete this week's assignment without a partner?

I doubt she'll say yes. I'm afraid you're stuck with me. But then, I'm stuck with you, too, so the pain is mutual.

Oh I wouldn't go so far to say that, Weasley. Did you finish your half yet? It's been hours already.

Yes, I've finished it. I'm working in the library, same table, if you wish to stop by to see it.

Well, we're halfway there then. Maybe I'll stop by and get a bit of work done. I'd hate to see you get anything lower than a P...
Instructed Crispin to reach Cumulus Cuthbert for a word about a broom for young Marvolo and to confirm tea at Hogwarts on Wednesday, then headed to the Ministry for a status report on certain matters.

Dawlish is a feeble-minded dolt. At my urging, Scrimgeour has reassigned the investigation to Bella, who was eager to start questioning the Gringotts' staff herself. Capable hands at last!

There was some unpleasant business in one of the camps. Two Muggles thought to hide their Mudblood brat in an attempt to keep her being placed per the State's instructions. Sent Ari and Gaude to remove the obstacles ... and the spawn.

Also returned regrets to Nolan. Perhaps next year when my term at Obscurus comes up again, I shall be able to take on another interest.

Crispin reached Cuthbert around 11:00, happy to oblige, of course, so Harry's broom should be along well before his first Quidditch practice. Had luncheon with Narcissa. Discussed Draco's misguided notion than because the Lord Protector's son has been allowed a broom as a consequence of joining the team, he should also be allowed one. I suppose it's natural for him to assume they will be given equal privilege, but the reality of course is that there are some advantages that are not his to command. Luckily, he seemed to understand fairly quickly that he shall have to wait the customary year before broom or Quidditch are in his cards. Equally pleased that Narcissa concurs, quite sensibly.

Still no word of Regulus, though he promised Narcissa he would come soon. However, we did receive a report that none other than the blood traitor, Dumbledore, had been sighted in Devon. Summoned Mulciber, Goyle, and young Crouch to run the rumour to ground.

False report, more's the pity. Had Mulciber bring the half-blood informant in for further questioning.

Crispin has added the Quidditch schedule to my agenda. Oh, and Narcissa has decided to accompany me on Wednesday.
Until he reappeared last week, no one had heard even a whisper of Regulus for over a decade. To him soon could mean months.

That’s what concerns me, dearest. Our Lord may not still be in the same forgiving frame of mind should your cousin delay unnecessarily.

You must see if you can coax him. He is always more inclined to listen to you above any other.

A point well made, my darling. It would be unfortunate if Reg missed his opportunity to reconcile with our Lord Protector.

I will do my very best to persuade him.

Thank our Lord that your urging had such an effect, Lucius. I do so hate to be patient in the face of such incompetence.

On that we most certainly agree, Bella.

And I think your patience by far less taxed of late than our Lord’s. I’m merely grateful that under your direction, we are sure to see some results sooner rather than never.
If only veritaserum and legilimency could be forced upon those who are suspect.

Not forced upon the goblins--not even I am that rash. But something must be done to quell certain rumblings that have caught my ears. And I know that they've caught His ears, as well.

All in good time. But again, how I hate to be patient. Yet if He is, then so am I.

I've a meeting with the Minister and the Chief Warlock of the Wizengamot on ... blast, can't recall when. Next week, I think. Check with Crispin. If your agenda permits, I'd be delighted if you sat in with us to discuss ramping up our efforts to ensure that any other incidents such as this morning's continue to decline.

I confess I am not much good at meetings.

But anything for a ramping of efforts.

You needn't come if you don't wish to do. Though I assure you Scrimgeour shall hardly be a strong advocate for application of forced confessions, despite the obvious need to act swiftly to protect the realm from these malcontents.

Unfortunately, meetings become more difficult to escape the higher one climbs. It is still your ambition to control the Aurors and the department for MLE?
You've known me long enough to know just what my ambitions are.

Indeed, I do. But there are children reading.

Thank you for the BROOM Mr Malfoy!!!

Use it well, Harry.
2008-09-15 22:43:00
15-SEP-1991

Note: there are probably no wolves hiding in Ravenclaw tower, especially not in the walls, and dad was wrong to say that there were.

I really wanted wolves, it's not fair that there aren't any. There are lots of things you can do with wolves, and I haven't even ever seen one.

---

alt_theodore at 2008-09-16 03:59:27  
(no subject)

What would you do with a wolf?

---

alt_michael at 2008-09-16 04:05:35  
(no subject)

Try to make them bite people. Maybe.

---

alt_theodore at 2008-09-16 04:11:36  
(no subject)

Really? Why?

---

alt_michael at 2008-09-16 04:37:26  
(no subject)

Why not?
Who would you have the wolves bite?

Whoever I want them to.

The groundskeeper is a werewolf.

Really? Does he bite people?

I more or less asked him that and he never answered.

Probably means yes, then.
Even so, there are far more vicious things in this castle than wolves.

Where?

In the classroom, of course! Can you imagine? Some people are actually terrified of Professor Carrow.
And the rabbits of the Forest breathe a sigh of relief.

Professor McGonagall, might I bother you to send the Granger girl down to my cottage with some of Poppy's Soothing Salve? I may have dislocated my shoulder this time, and I'm not up for much walking.

If no one minds, I might keep her a bit. She can do some light housework for me, lifting and carrying, feeding some of my menagerie.

Thank you.

---

You may have her for the day, Mr Lupin, although she will still be expected to wait at the head table tonight.

It's a pleasure to get to feed your menagerie, Mr Lupin. Even the flobberworms. I especially like Fang.
2008-09-16 07:22:00

NIMBUS 2000

I GOT A NIMBUS 2000
I GOT A NIMBUS 2000
I GOT A NIMBUS 2000
I GOT A NIMBUS 2000

Draco let's go ride it today after Defense! I don't have Quidditch practice till after supper!

alt_neville at 2008-09-16 14:12:56
(no subject)

Glad you're happy about it, mate, but better you than me, really.

The school's Cleansweeps are more than fast enough for me, believe me.

alt_draco at 2008-09-16 15:03:22
(no subject)

Ha! Did you see the look on everyones faces when the Owl came in with it?

I can wait to try it, it looks completely wizard. It's so much sleeker than the cleansweeps, and the bristles look better woven, as well.

alt_harry at 2008-09-16 15:06:31
(no subject)

It was priceless!!

Hey, are you actually going to do that thing that Teddy suggested? Only I have an idea about it.
Well, yeah, maybe. I'm just curious about it. Aren't you?

Yeah, definitely. But I was thinking we could probably get her to do it herself. I have some Chocolate Frogs that your dad sent still left. I bet she'd do it for some Chocolate Frogs, since she's being punished with no food.

That's a good idea, even if it does mean depleting the stash of Frogs. And that way it won't get on any of us. Even if Auntie Bella says it's perfectly safe, that doesn't mean I want to risk it.

Pansy told me that it's always better to use wit or bribery than force, so I think it's very Slytherin of us, really.

I agree. See! I knew you were always meant to be in Slytherin.
Well, Pansy did have to tell me why you were so pissed about the Neville thing, that's a bad sign, isn't it? But I'm learning.

Seriously?

That's brilliant, Harry. Saw one in Quality Quidditch while we were getting my school things and it was beyond cool.

If you want to take it out for a whirl, you can, you know. Just come find me at supper or something.

You're having me on, yeah?

Well, you aren't going to break it, are you?
Not bloody likely. Stare at it a bit, might even goggle at it. But I'd just as soon break my own neck than a broom that good.

Well, and you're a pureblood, so there you go then, why wouldn't I want you to use it?

What's that got to do

Been raised by a houseful of Gryffindors, mate. Those house rivalries were part of my upbringing about as much as washing up before supper.

Right. Well, we never talked about houses much except that Draco and me were going to be in Slytherin. Didn't really need to be talked about, see.

You never even debated the others, just for a laugh?
alt_harry at 2008-09-17 01:01:42
(no subject)

We didn't really talk about the others.

alt_ron at 2008-09-17 01:08:37
(no subject)

If you didn't talk about them, then what did you do?

alt_harry at 2008-09-17 01:22:48
(no subject)

Played Quidditch and Exploding Snap? Read books that Tutor made us read? Teased the house-elves? Sneaked old copies of Martin Miggs when Mr Malfoy wasn't looking?

alt_ron at 2008-09-17 01:28:11
(no subject)

Huh. Doesn't sound so different than what we did, save the house-elves and tutor part. We didn't have much of that 'round the Burrow.

alt_draco at 2008-09-17 04:52:20
(no subject)

Well, we didn't do it in some place called the "Burrow," for one. Shouldn't that be a verb, and not a noun that refers to a dwelling?

alt_ron at 2008-09-17 23:45:42
(no subject)

Not only twisted then, but witty on top of it.
Oh, I'm certain that he's dying to use it.

Only don't you think both your Father and mine won't like that? His family believes in rights for mudbloods, which is the exact opposite of what our Lord Protector and my father taught us.
A word of the day which Mr Lupin taught me

Today the word is polydipsia, which Mr Lupin taught me means "excessively thirsty." Mr Lupin's clabbert, Clifton, had polydipsia this morning, which Mr Lupin says is a sign that his hutch is too hot and needs to be moved out of the sun. That is awfully hard work so Mr Lupin was nice enough to give me a break.

It is a nice change from scrubbing toilets but I'm back on them in the afternoon. My least favorite job is serving at table, though. It never seems like I'm quite clean enough to really serve food, so I feel guilty before I even start, and then everyone stares.

It isn't so bad though because at least Terry has taken care of his problem and I know that this will end and then I'll go back to the library. The first day I was so miserable I cried and cried and cried. I couldn't believe that anyone would be so mean, even though I know that people are mean to other Mudbloods all the time. It just had never happened to me really, since Mum and Dad always took care of me in the camps. If I didn't have parents, like Terry, I wouldn't have cried I bet, because I would have been used to it.

I haven't heard from Mum and Dad in a long time. I hope they're okay.

what is it like to have parents? boot did have parents, too, but boot showed magic so early that boot got taken away very young and doesn't remember them. boot was about 3, maybe? don't know what happened to them.

boot wishes he could remember them.
not having parents doesn't mean you don't ever cry

They're always nice to you, even when they're scolding you it's a nice kind of scolding. And if there isn't much to eat they give you some of theirs. And they make sure you're warm, if it's cold, by letting you sleep between them.

At least you didn't know to be upset when you were taken away from them. I didn't show my magic until I was almost nine, you know, and I was so upset. I thought the world was going to end because Mum and Daddy weren't around.

boot tries to imagine what a "nice" kind of scolding would be, but can't quite see it.

sorry you had to be taken away from them. but glad you came here. boot wouldn't have met you otherwise.

thinking about what you said about not feeling quite clean enough to serve food. dont be angry at boot for suggesting it, but what would you think about cutting your hair? might be a lot easier, than having it fly in your face all the time. hermione's hair is awfully springy. boot keeps his so short because it's easier to keep clean. boot could help cut it, if you like. or maybe hermione could braid it, get it out of the way.

Mum always liked it long like this
Okay, I suppose. If you would cut it. Not too short, though, I don't want to look like a boy.

@alt_terry at 2008-09-16 14:32:44
(no subject)

Not too short, boot promises. and will leave just a little longer in the back you can braid into a short braid, so no one thinks hermione is a boy maybe hermione will be able to grow it longer again someday. it doesn't have to be permanent. just to make it a little easier right now.

@alt_sirius at 2008-09-17 01:10:59
Order Only

Moony has a clabbert named Clifton?

Statistically speaking, werewolves are weakest right after the full moon, but remember my warning, Hermione: Lupin is very nice, and I hate to say it, not to be trusted. Consider that he is not in the Order. Was he

But I'm happy to hear Terry has solved his problem, and sorry that Professor McGonagall had to make an example of you. You do know she is doing it to protect us all, I hope?

If all goes well, you'll see your parents before long.

@alt_hermione at 2008-09-17 03:20:16
Re: Order Only

I know. It's just hard to remember that when you're hungry or tired or have to clean out fifty toilets with a toothbrush.

@alt_sirius at 2008-09-17 03:39:49
Re: Order Only

I remember one detention in which we had to trim the grounds of the Quidditch pitch with nail clippers. Without magic.
(Have you asked the house elves for a spot of help?)

alt_hermione at 2008-09-17 03:59:36
Re: Order Only

Yes, but the punishment doesn't have to do with when the toilets are clean, you see. Even if they're clean I have to go on cleaning them. It's due to last for a month.

alt_lupin at 2008-09-17 04:27:20
(no subject)

Hermione, your parents wouldn't be Elizabeth and William Granger, would they? Of Knightsbridge?

alt_hermione at 2008-09-17 11:21:29
(no subject)

Not of Knightsbridge since I was a year old, but yes, I suppose. Why? Do you know them?

alt_lupin at 2008-09-18 23:58:13
(no subject)

I know of them, yes.

They are as well as can be expected. Alive, reasonably healthy. I thought you might want to know.

alt_hermione at 2008-09-19 13:18:40
(no subject)

Truly? Thank you! How - where are they now? Are they still in the same camp? Have they moved on?
alt_sirius at 2008-09-19 03:05:29
(no subject)

Happy Birthday, Hermione

alt_hermione at 2008-09-19 13:18:12
(no subject)

What should I say?

alt_sirius at 2008-09-19 15:26:28
Order only

Nothing.

Say nothing. You've had nothing to do with this and with luck no one will notice.

But Boot is right: giving in to a bully, in any form, only gives them a leg to stand on the next time they come ‘round looking to give you grief.

Even if you had your reasons.
It wasn't brown after all.

Mrs Lestrange, did we do something wrong or was it some sort of mudblood trick? It was red just like all the other blood I've seen.

I suppose it makes sense. Even an animal's blood is red.

But I really thought it would be brown.

Crikey, what did you do?

I didn't do anything! She did it to herself.

What, Hermione? Wait a minute, you and Marvolo and Malfoy were talking about--you got Hermione to hurt herself?

Why?

To--to see what color her blood is???
alt_neville at 2008-09-17 03:07:26
(no subject)

That's absolutely sick!

alt_theodore at 2008-09-17 03:08:50
(no subject)

Why? It didn't look like it hurt her. I bet they don't even have feelings.

alt_harry at 2008-09-17 03:17:12
(no subject)

Well, it was only a little bit. Just a drop. And we paid her, anyway.

alt_ron at 2008-09-17 11:05:40
(no subject)

You were in on this?

Are you bloody mental???

alt_harry at 2008-09-17 11:35:22
(no subject)

What's mental about it? I wanted to know too, I hadn't ever seen a mudblood bleed. And Auntie Bella did say that it was brown.

alt_neville at 2008-09-17 12:33:40
(no subject)

Guess you really did end up in the right house after all.
Took the words right out of my mouth, Neville.

That's seriously sick, Marvolo. Beyond twisted.

Really? I'd prick my finger for a couple of chocs, I don't know what's sick about that. And I'm not even a Mudblood.

And what you do to your own finger is your business, but going after her?

What, you'd come after me if your twisted Auntie told you that redheads bleed purple?!

No, I'd ask you nicely and try to bribe you with chocolate to let me see, obviously.
You need to rethink a few things, I reckon.

Are you sure it was red? Maybe it was a trick of the light if it wasn't a trick of her's.

Well... we didn't get too close because we didn't want to get it on us. But we were close enough to see it was definitely red.

It shouldn't have been, should it?

I don't know, but it was definitely red.

If it's not a trick, that's disappointing.
️**alt_harry** at 2008-09-17 03:27:55  
(no subject)

Well could it be wandless magic? I don't think they can do that. I don't think it can be a trick.

️**alt_michael** at 2008-09-17 03:30:34  
(no subject)

I was thinking something more like, I don't know. Dye or paint. Tricks don't have to be magic.

️**alt_harry** at 2008-09-17 03:35:52  
(no subject)

Yeah, but she cut herself right in front of us, and she didn't have any time to prepare. I don't think she knew we were going to ask.

️**alt_theodore** at 2008-09-17 03:18:04  
(no subject)

I don't know, maybe it's just a story...

I think it should have been.

️**alt_michael** at 2008-09-17 03:23:45  
(no subject)

If the world made sense, it would be.

️**alt_theodore** at 2008-09-17 03:26:07  
(no subject)

I suppose the world doesn't always make sense.
Well, isn't it an analogy, or whatever the word is? Mudbloods don't actually have mud for blood, they just have blood that's like mud. I wasn't *that* surprised.

I don't know that I'm surprised, really. I think I'm disappointed?

Too bad I suppose.

Metaphor, not analogy. And of course their blood is red. There's an entire office in the Department of Purity Control that investigates people's ancestry. They'd hardly need that if you could identify mudbloods just by cutting them to see what color their blood is.

If it's not true then why are there all those stories about it? And why did Mrs Lestrange tell me it was brown?

What color is *your* blood?
There are stories about it because they're mudbloods, and mud is brown. Obviously. I would imagine Mrs Lestrange told you it was brown because it's fun to tell stories like that to gullible first years to see how long you can keep them going.

My blood is green. No, wait, this week it's blue. Last week it was green.

Small one, I do not think it wise for you to presume to know why it is I do the things I do.

I'm sorry, Mrs Lestrange. I won't do it again.

I don't know, now I'm wondering if we're not seeing it right. But there's never been anything wrong with my eyes before so I don't know why there should be now.

Maybe we have to do it ourselves and it doesn't work if they do it?
There's no way I'm getting close enough to do it myself. All this time spent thinking about mudblood blood is beginning to make me feel ill. My mind was meant for contemplation of higher things, I'm certain.

I've always wondered if toads can fly...

About as well as Gryffindors, no doubt.

You must see with more than your eyes. Your eyes may see red, but know beyond a shadow of a doubt that it is brown. Mud, soot, dirt.

So... if I want to believe it's brown, it will be?
alt_bellatrix at 2008-09-17 04:35:06
(no subject)

Don't believe. Know.

alt_theodore at 2008-09-17 04:37:17
(no subject)

I want to know.
2008-09-16 19:36:00
(no subject)

Right then. Lesson learned for me? Don't sit up at night with the journal on your lap. Bloody thing must've slipped after I dropped off and somehow landed under one of the unused beds in the dorm.

Have you ever looked under those things? Nightmare, really. I don't think the House Elves do too decent a job with cleaning there because I swear I found a chocolate frog from ages ago right next to my journal. Didn't taste too bad though.

I miss anything?

---

@alt_neville at 2008-09-17 02:04:12
(no subject)

I still haven't quite forgiven you for Friday night. Chocolate frogs would help, though.

@alt_ron at 2008-09-17 02:05:50
(no subject)

And I'm guessing the ones from under the four-posters wouldn't quite do it, right?

If I'd known, I'd have chosen another door. Promise.

@alt_neville at 2008-09-17 02:10:18
(no subject)

No, the ones under the four-posters won't do at all. If I'm to be bribed into restoring you to my good graces, I want fresh chocolate frogs in peak condition, full of plenty of hop.

(You haven't killed Malfoy since Friday night? I suppose that's progress.)
Too right, the one I ate? Not one hop to it. Not even a twitch. I'll see what I can do for bribing purposes. Don't reckon we learn conjuring Chocolate Frogs this early, do you?

(Tempting though, innit?)

I'm also partial to Sugar Quills.

(Too right.)
Damn, damn, damn.

Sylvie's friends do know Silence Bellows, but tell me that Silence left Nice two weeks ago, destination unknown. On the morning before she departed, she said she was worried that someone had been following her. In fact, I had to submit to a rather vigorous third degree before I could convince her friends that I was not her stalker!

Albus, forgive me, but when was your last communication with her? Shall I stay and observe the place another day, on the chance that her association with the Order has been compromised? If she did shake them off by leaving, they may be watching the place for her return ... or our arrival.

But who could know that we're moving already? I don't even want to think about the possibility that we've got another leak, as the Muggle spies call it. It's the same old troubles all over again. Damnit.

I'm staying in Nice this evening, at any rate, before deciding what to do next. I haven't seen anyone we know, but then, the wizarding population here is high for a town this size.

I'll check back later in case you have any orders.

My dear boy, it is all right. Silence is here. She left France as soon as she realised they had discovered her and her alliance. I am sorry it took so long to let you know of this, but she is safe. The kindly witches here are looking after her - she's had a long trip and a terrible fright.

Her sister, Agatha Finch, will be filling in for her. She also lives in Nice, at 14 Rue Thedaye, please find her there and she will have further instructions for you.

Sirius, my lad, have you spoken with young Lupin recently?
Sirius, my lad, have you spoken with young Lupin recently?

Was that an order, Albus, or a rebuke?

I'm with Mme Finch and we shall leave shortly for Lyon. We're to make contact with M Chretien leDroit.

That is, if I can convince Agatha that I get enough to eat at home. She seems to be interpreting my melancholy to mean that I need "feeding up."
There was a time when I knew to the hour when the moon would reach syzygy, when it would zenith, and how long it would take to wax round again.

It was a lovely sunset last night, too. Didn't even occur to me until ... well, on the way home from the club, that it was a full moon night.

I see that Malfoy has ingratiated himself to Harry even further with that broom. And Reg has gone to ground again, it seems.

Nothing much else to report.

Sylvie says to put down the book and buy her another chablis. Perhaps I'll have more to say tomorrow.

I am glad you are able to forget.

I wish that I could.

That's ... not what I meant.

It was rather a shock to think I could.

You
It never gets any easier, really.

There was some promising work done on a potion called Wolfsbane, that is supposed to make a werewolf tame and docile at the full moon, and eases some of the pain - promising work, but it was abandoned some time ago. While some of my brethren prefer to remain feral, I know quite a few who wish that the research hadn't been scrapped. It might be nice not to have to lock oneself away in the cellar once a month.

Hermione The Muggleborn girl has been a great assistance to me today. For such a small thing she is quite strong and dutiful, and she did enjoy well at reorganising my library, dusting my collections and reading to me from the Prophet. If Minerva permits it, I may send her to Hogsmeade with some coin and a list of supplies I need but cannot collect on my own. Mostly food, sundries and of course, there's a book I need. I'm sure Eithne has set it aside for me already, the woman does know my taste well.

Hm. When I am well again, perhaps I will pay Eithne a visit.

Thank you, Mr Lupin. I would like very much to help you out.

What is it like to be a werewolf? I know what the books say, but are they right? Do you really lose your mind?
2008-09-17 06:07:00
No

hermione, you didn't. tell boot you didn't do this

alt_terry

2008-09-17 11:20:24
(no subject)

Do what?

alt_hermione

2008-09-17 11:25:15
(no subject)

Don't act stupid, when boot knows you're not. boot saw those boys journals. what, you cut yourself? For them?

alt_terry

2008-09-17 11:25:33
(no subject)

For chocolate???

alt_hermione

2008-09-17 11:34:48
(no subject)

They're exaggerating. I didn't cut myself. It was more like a pinprick.

alt_terry

2008-09-17 11:37:45
(no subject)

it doesn't matter how big the cut was. it matters that you did it in the first place. why, hermione?
We neither of us exactly have a *choice* if they tell us to do something, Terry, and I'd rather pick my battles! Pricking yourself with a pin isn't a very big deal, and if I hadn't they'd just have told on me for not doing what they wanted me to, and nobody would have stopped them because it isn't like they were really hurting me. Look at what the Carrows do to *you* all the time!

Not a big--
you just don't get it, do you?

boot will be too busy to see you today. *far* too busy

Terry, what's wrong?

not in the journals
Mother and Father came to the castle today. Father had important business to discuss with Headmistress McGonagall first, and while they were busy at that Harry and I had a chance to show Mother our dormitory and common room. She likes that we're both so neat, but we'd tidied up a bit just for her. Still, you'll not find any mouldering chocolate frogs under our beds, that's for certain.

Then we had tea with Father and Mother, and there were some of my favourite things to eat, like pheasant sausages and seaside cheddar, and scones and cream for a proper tea. I ate so much that I didn't have any room left in me at supper tonight. But I do think it was worth it, for it was nice to talk to Mother and Father in person instead of by Owl or in these books. Father wanted to know all about our discoveries in the castle, so I told him how we ran into Moaning Myrtle on the third floor several nights ago. I think he found it strange that we were so unsettled by the sight of her, seeing as the whole castle is swimming with ghosts, but it is awfully strange to see a ghost who's your own age, and one who is such a persistent moaner, at that. We also told him how we had found out that mudblood blood is red, and then he laughed and said something about the curiosity of youth, and then told us we ought to be less unsanitary in the future. There was enough time before they left for Harry to show them his new Nimbus 2000.

And then Mother said that she'll get me one just like it for Christmas!

How many days are left until Christmas?

---

Three months, a week and a day.
That's not so very long. Much closer than my birthday!

I think you've got quite a while yet before you need concern yourself with your birthday.

I'll wait until Christmas is over for that.

Did you enjoy tea, Mother?

Of course, darling. It was so wonderful to see you, and Harry as well.

I hope we'll be able to do it again sometime. Maybe Hydra can come along.

Wonder if we can convince Mr Malfoy to put a spell up so we can play Quidditch at the Manor without getting snowed or sleeted on? It'll be much better fun when you have your broom too!
I wish I would have thought to ask him, but I was too excited by the thought of having a broom like yours. Maybe he will read this and let us know. If not, I’ll mention it in my next Owl.

And next year when you're on the Quidditch team we'll have two Nimbus 2000s, we'll beat everyone all hollow!

We're going to do it this year, anyway, what with you and your broom. I only wish I didn't have to remain on the sidelines. At least one of us will be out there, though.

What have you been doing since supper? Did that Longbottom prat give you any more grief? Or Weasel, for that matter?

Nah, Ron bothered me a little in the journals but I think he'll come around. I suppose there really is something off about Gryffindors. No idea what he's bothered about.

They're mental, obviously, pouncing on every little chance to be a hero. If you associate with them they'll just think everything you do is all wrong and try to change you into someone you're not. Slytherins would never do that.
Ron's not normally like that, though.

How do you know? You barely know him.

Compared to you, yeah. But I barely know anyone here, same as you, and I already know that I like some people and not others. You do too. You don't like that prat Zacharias, do you?

Zacharias? I don't know, as I barely know him. I don't know if I like someone until I've known them for a very long time, like I have with you. I can tell if I dislike someone at once, though.

It just wouldn't be a good thing for me if you were friends with someone like Ron Weasley. I'm sure of it.

You're getting a broom for Christmas?
Yes, and it will be the same model as Harry's.
2008-09-17 21:10:00
ORDER ONLY: Bad news with the Swithins

Miss Granger, what is the matter with you and Boot? Lucius Malfoy seemed to think that there was some mischief going on between the two of you, Mr Malfoy, Mr Marvolo, Mr Corner and Mr Nott.

As for the rest of our meeting, bad news. The family that Malfoy spoke of in his recent entry was the Swithins. They were almost the first family Frank and Alice approached, eight years ago, and they turned the offer of sanctuary for their daughter down.

I only hope that Alice will keep her chin up.

alt_hermione at 2008-09-18 01:30:12 (no subject)

It was - it was stupid, really.

I did something he didn't like. And when I tried to talk to him about it, he just told me I was wrong. And now he isn't anywhere.

alt_mcgonagall at 2008-09-18 01:31:03 (no subject)

Is that why Amycus Carrow is raging throughout the castle as if someone had jinxed him?

alt_molly at 2008-09-18 01:39:46 (no subject)

Hermione, dear, what happened, exactly? I saw his journal entry; he seemed quite upset. Did he say why?
Well, I agreed to prick myself. With a pin, to prove that Mudbloods bleed red like anyone. And some students gave me some chocolate frogs so I'd do it, but that's not why I did it, not really. I wanted them to see I was like them. Only Terry thought that I was letting myself be abused, or something, and now he won't talk to me.

I think he thinks that they're going to start hurting me without my permission.

He was just so angry. And I don't even really understand why.

Hmm. Well, I've never met him, my dear, but judging from what I've read in your journal and his, I'd hazard a guess that he's angry with you because it's safe to be angry with you. Because he trusts you.

He doesn't dare do anything to the boys who pushed you into cutting yourself. He certainly can't be angry at Carrow. That would be far too dangerous.

And now he's going to be in trouble with Professor Carrow because of it.

I wonder if Professor McGonagall could say that
he was on an errand or something for her? So that he won't get into quite so much trouble? It's all my fault and...

steam @alt_mcgongall 2008-09-18 02:30:17
(no subject)

Certainly not, Miss Granger. I will do all that is in my power to prevent his punishment from being too severe, but surely you can see that it is impossible for me to directly lie to the Carrow creature in that fashion.

steam @alt_molly 2008-09-18 02:42:45
(no subject)

We can certainly hope that Carrow will--well, show him more mercy than he's ever been inclined to show before.

Hermione, I know you're worried, but it might be best to make it clear to Terry that he can come to you when he's ready, but otherwise just to leave him alone for now. Speaking as the mother of six boys, I know that sometimes they just have to go be by themselves for awhile to think things through.

steam @alt_molly 2008-09-18 01:49:45
(no subject)

On the Swithins, I hardly know what to say. You're right, I'm afraid this is going to hit Alice very hard.

I know I've said this before, but it bears repeating: Minerva, we can't save everyone.

(Did Lucius ask to see the book again? He still doesn't suspect at all, as best as you can tell?)

steam @alt_mcgongall 2008-09-18 01:52:57
(no subject)

I know. And I think of Divyesh Shah - it was Shah, wasn't it, who took the Swithin girl's place? - and I know that in the grand scheme of things it's all one,
but it's difficult nevertheless. I imagine Alice will feel the same.

As for the book - no, he did not. I believe we've duped him - at least this year.

@alt_molly at 2008-09-18 02:27:12
(no subject)

I suppose Lucius expects all the blame should be placed on Hermione again. Minerva, what ARE you going to do about those boys? I can see how this could begin a rather nasty trend.

@alt_mcgonagall at 2008-09-18 02:29:20
(no subject)

Nothing at all, Molly. Surely you can see that my hands are tied? If Miss Granger had genuinely been hurt, or forced, I would prevent it of course - though in the same terms as I would prevent them from harming the furniture. Sentiment, I find, is a luxury I cannot afford.
Dracos's parents Mr and Mrs Malfoy visited the school today. They had tea with Draco and Harry. Mr Malfoy passed me in the corridor and I thought about saying hello to him, because he's Draco's father and Draco is one of my favourite people here, but he seemed very busy and I didn't want to bother him.

I went to the library during study hall, and there was a bit of excitement. One of the books that had been set aside for the mudblood to re-bind got loose and bit three people before Madame Pince managed to push it back into its cage and lock it up. Why would anyone make a biting book? I tried to get a look at the title to see what it was, but that made Madame Pince cross and she sent me out. Study hall was almost over by then, anyway.

I wonder if it has really dangerous spells in it? How would you even read a book that tried to bite you? Maybe you keep it in its cage and hold it down with a stick, but then how do you turn pages?

I'm one of your favourite people. I didn't know that.

One reason a person might make a biting book is simply to show off that they could. I know I'd like to learn how to make one someday. Perhaps that's something we'll get to in Defence class when we're older.
Tea with the boys

Spent the morning attending our Lord Protector and accompanying Him on an inspection of the camps in Swindon.

Crispin provided copies of the proposed agenda for the Board of Governors' meeting, including that malcontent Quirrell's appeal for his pitiful pension.

Met Narcissa in Hogsmeade and from there took a school carriage up to Hogwarts. After a few minutes' chat with the Headmistress, Draco and Harry arrived. Both looking well, though Draco a bit peaky. Perhaps too many sweets. Still, school agrees with him, as I knew it would. He spoke quite disdainfully about his fellow first-years with unwarranted homesickness.

I delivered Our Lord's greetings to His son, which he received with due respectfulness. Harry of course is still over the moon about the broom, which I gather arrived yestermorn. Wouldn't let us go until he'd shown us the turning action. It's quite impressive, Cuthbert, and Harry's talent for flying is shown to good advantage.

And I detect the hand of Draco's Aunt Bella in their latest jape; reminds me distinctly of the old joke about how one can tell a house elf from a garden gnome. Though I confess I'm slightly more intrigued by their forays into the castle by dead of night ... I suppose that's a natural impulse to mischief, rather like when Ari and I searched for the secret passages in our first year. Still, not so surprising to be gullible and curious, coming up against their first real exposure to Mudbloods. Unlike certain firsties I caught out at night in my days as Prefect, at least they're not quite foolish enough to believe that they need a left-handed wand to open the potions supply cupboard!

Knowing that Narcissa would want some time with Draco, I excused myself and met with the Headmistress. Discussed, briefly, the upcoming Board of Governors' meeting, as well as her opinion of the boys' settling in. Particularly young Marvolo. So many students will undoubtedly wish to ingratiate themselves; Draco has already owled me about some of the less desirable attachments Harry is forming. I share his concerns, but feel confident that their association with him will lead to a better espousal of true, decent Wizarding values.
Fortunately, Professor McGonagall had nothing ill to report. The Mudblood Granger's appearance may be frightful, particularly at mealtimes, but it is certainly true that Minerva's lesson this time shall not be quickly forgot. Interestingly, she seemed unaware of Harry and Draco's misadventure. Doubtless the little urchin and her unsavoury companion saw no need to confess the incident, but we agreed that apart from reminding the young men of Slytherin that the servants ought to be beneath their notice, no further action need be taken. If a little Mudblood-baiting is the worst they get up to, we should have no worries whatsoever. Though I think I'll have a word with Nott Sr about Teddy's disturbing desire for vivisection. Mudbloods are one thing; other students' pets are something entirely different. Unless Nott wishes to keep the castle in owls, toads, and cats to satisfy Teddy's penchant.

After tea, Narcissa wanted to go down to Bath to stop in to a witch's boutique of which she is fond. Left her to it and returned home. May meet Ari later.

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**alt_draco** at **2008-09-18 03:21:04**

(no subject)

Father,
Why are you confident that Harry's association with that lot will lead to a better espousal of true, decent Wizarding values?

---

**alt_lucius** at **2008-09-18 03:29:44**

(no subject)

Because, Draco, you and Harry will be a positive influence on them, showing them by example the advantages of the well-ordered society to which you are heir.

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**alt_draco** at **2008-09-18 03:34:02**

(no subject)

Father, does that mean that you want us to associate with them?
Association with them is inevitable, to some extent. But I do expect that in your encounters, you should have a care to guide them to the right way of thinking.

I believe you're thinking primarily of the youngest Weasley son. It's true that most of this family teeter on the edge of perfidy. But one has only to look at the middle boy to see that they are not beyond hope. If properly influenced, it's possible, if not likely, that through his connexion to Harry (and by extension, yourself), Weasley Sextus may yet realise that he is a pureblood, not a plebeian.

Well, I shall try, Father, and you'll be pleased to know that Percy Weasley and I have already exchanged cordial words. In the journals, at least. He's not a bad sort at all.

Please sir, don't tell Father. I don't want to upset him. I promise I'll be more careful from now on.

Curiosity is natural, Mr Nott, even admirable. But there are more subtle methods for learning and less ... messy ways to conduct one's investigations.

Mrs Malfoy is still less than pleased about her canary (though between you and me, well done).
I understand, sir. Thank you.
Greetings, British Wizarding World. If you are reading this, then I have successfully found the spell that ensures these entries will reach directly into your journals, rather than waiting for you to stumble upon them in the usual way.

Frankly, I’m surprised those of you who used to be known as ‘Death Eaters’ have not already sought out my ramblings before now, the better to threaten me. Perhaps you’ve been hoping I would sink back into my safe life abroad, just as several of you have been hoping that the ‘rumblings’ from certain sectors will subside. Perhaps you thought by ignoring me, you could explain away my statements to any inquisitive students.

I don’t intend to make it that easy for you.

I had planned to hold off, but in light of recent events, I realise that there is no time to lose. It seems there are precious few people left in England who will speak out, and little wonder. The fact of the matter is, these journals just go to show how desperately outspokenness is needed. That’s where I come in.

I’m sure this project has affected all of you in different ways. I have personally welcomed the chance to connect with—or more accurately, monitor—events in the lives of the new generation of Hogwarts students. It is that body of witches and wizards whom I wish most to address with this, my inaugural essay to them.

I’ve been thinking about how different Hogwarts was when I—when we—all went there. I’m sure I’m not alone in my reminiscences. With so much youthful enthusiasm abounding, it’s hard to imagine that most of the adults don’t feel a similar mixture of wistful nostalgia and somewhat pathetic curiosity. But what we choose to do with what we see, what we read, and what forces its way into our consciousness, is part of what defines who we have been, and who we are.

Most of you students probably have the same worries we did: Homework, dating (for you older lot), maybe even what you'll do once you leave school. More likely your thoughts are full of House Quidditch, what to do with that packet of Filibuster Fireworks you brought from home, or which Prefect is the one most worthy of
sealing into a toilet cubicle just before supper. For your sake, I hope your days at Hogwarts remain filled with nothing more than these inconsequential concerns.

But for some of you, you know that there are much worse problems in the world ... and those problems are intruding into what should be an innocent sanctuary. Your school, your fellow students, and your very futures are under attack. There are even those living right alongside you, who should be your classmates, and would have been, had they not been made victims of a prejudiced and bigoted state.

Muggle-borns are not worthless, neither they nor their blood are ‘dirty,’ they are certainly not fit for nothing more than slavery. Some of the best wizards and witches of every generation have been Muggle-born. And don’t let the establishment fool you into thinking that anyone born without at least one magical parent must have stolen their magic. I ask you, how can a child steal magic?

For the past ten years, you have been subjected to lies, propaganda, and worse, the systematic destruction of the wizarding way of life. For as long as it takes, I intend to speak the Grim Truth.

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@alt_mcgonagall at 2008-09-19 13:16:14  ORDER ONLY

Sirius, I hope this is wise.

@alt_sirius at 2008-09-19 14:58:17  Re: ORDER ONLY

Trust me. This will be fun.

Risky, to be sure, but what are they going to do? Declare me a terrorist? I’m already on their wanted lists.

You want diversion, Minerva, and this puts me in good stead to provide it.
Re: ORDER ONLY

I suppose. A diversion will be useful, of course.

I've got a nomination for the Prefect in the cubicle part.

Hello, small one.

Why do you choose to comment to the madman's screed, when you can clearly see that no one else has bothered?

Is he someone you know? Someone that your family has connections to? For if that is the case, you should alert either myself or another Auror at once. I fear that he may be a threat to you.

Who're you?

I am Auror Lestrange, from the Department of Magical Law Enforcement.
So, what then? I'm in trouble for saying I'd like to put my brother in a cubicle?

Read my question carefully, small one. I did not say you were in trouble, I asked you why you were writing a comment to the madman.

Because I thought it was a laugh. Reckon I was wrong, though.

At your age, it is difficult to know what is and is not a laughing matter. I know this because I have a daughter who is not much younger than you.

Sirius, if you're going to play Agent Provocateur to stir up a hornet's nest, Arthur and I would rather our boys not get stung, if you please.

Never my intention, Molly, as you know.

Fortunately it seems Bella was just fishing and Ron has his head about him enough to cause
her to back off. I'm in a quandary over whether it's better now to leave well enough alone or to draw her away from him. Particularly if she's serious about taking reprisals out on my 'near and dear.'

I still say your safest bet is to make sure you make it known that he's not to talk to 'the madman' as my sweet cousin calls me.

Sorry for being long in replying. It's impossible to hold a quill without opposable thumbs.
Happy birthday to me! I woke up this morning to a really nice surprise. I don't remember the last time I felt full. I think it's going to be easier to face the toilets today.

Happy birthday, Miss Granger.
The elf woke me in the small hours of the night with an urgent message from the Ministry. Hexed him twice before I realised what he was trying to tell me.

(Dolores Umbridge in hair curlers is a sight I could gladly not see again.)

This latest stunt of the traitor and malcontent, Sirius Black, shall not stand. The Lord Protector has already despatched several of his loyal followers abroad to track down this poisonous canker and bring him to justice.

We had been aware that he somehow procured a journal, stolen no doubt from an unsuspecting and otherwise morally upstanding Wizard Subject, in order to impose himself upon the innocent young minds and other impressionable persons here in England. However, since his rants have heretofore only resulted in his own embarrassment, we thought best to see where his activity would lead.

However, with this outlandish accusation and sedition, Black has shown his true colours and marked himself a Public Enemy.

It shall not stand.

Meanwhile, this alerts the Ministry to a drawback to the journals, namely their ability to spread rumour, lie, and blatant treason if anyone is so foolish as young Black.

I have some thoughts about how to use this to our advantage, as I am sure, have the Department of Magical Law Enforcement and the Department of Mysteries.

**Addendum:** All this fuss and bother over a bit of nonsense with a Mudblood? Black has always been too much of a sentimentalist for his own good.
alt_mcgonagall at 2008-09-19 17:42:18
(no subject)

Quite. Particularly to the last. I recall that when he was a boy in school it was always so.

alt_bellatrix at 2008-09-19 19:02:48
(no subject)

It is my cousin's way to make his version of a grand announcement in hopes that those in earshot will give eager chase. It's the fool Gryffindor in him. While capture is optimal, there are also many effective ways to remind dear cousin of his friends and family who remain behind our wards, in the Lord Protector's care. After all, they are more harmed by Black's treason than any others.

alt_lucius at 2008-09-19 20:21:47
(no subject)

Devious and supple, Bella, as always.
2008-09-19 13:12:00
ORDER ONLY

I know some of you are reeling over my post - don't worry about it. I know what I'm doing.

They'll all be looking for me down the coast now. But we've reached Lyon already and we will be in Calais by tonight.

I may not be able to post for a few days while we get into position at the Chunnel.

Chin up, everyone. It's all in hand.

I'm having quite a laugh, imagining my cousins and in-laws scurrying 'round the Ministry looking for ways to stop a repeat performance and pretending it's all quite a bore!

---

alt_molly at 2008-09-19 18:41:43
(no subject)

I know it's a waste of breath to tell you to not take reckless risks, no matter how much saying it would relieve my feelings. The job's dangerous, after all, so we need someone with iron nerves (and it'd be rather silly of me, wouldn't it, to expect you to start showing prudent caution at this stage in your career?)

You're important to us, though, and we don't want to lose you. More than that, remember that many people's hopes are pinned on your success. So please--take all possible care.

---

alt_sirius at 2008-09-19 20:37:52
(order only)

Thanks, Molly. I know it's risky.

I see Bella plans to torture my 'near and dear' to convince me to stop. I wonder who she imagines will qualify? I do hope it's none of you lot, but I am sure that most of us Order members aren't known to be connected.
Still, best take care that you all denounce me publicly.
I didn’t spill my potion today, and I added all the right ingredients in the right order, and the potion came out perfectly. Professor Slughorn said that he knew I had it in me, and awarded five points to my house. So that was good. I feel a bit cleverer now and less like I’m doomed to be the potions dunce of Slytherin house.

There’s an entry that appeared in my journal this morning from some bloke who lives abroad. He says he’s reading our entries -- ‘the new generation of Hogwarts students’ -- and he said all sorts of terrible things. I checked with Pansy and he's in her journal too, and I overheard two of the Ravenclaws talking about it in the library, so I know it's not just my journal. It's creepy. Is there a way to keep it from appearing? Of course I will try not to read things from him in the future now that I know what to expect from him, but it’s hard when his entry appears right next to entries from one’s friends that one wants to read.

We’re surely safe from mad foreign wizards at Hogwarts, if anywhere, but it’s still unnerving.

---

@alt_michael at 2008-09-19 20:57:36
(no subject)

He’s in mine, too. I don’t much like even the idea of it.

@alt_percy at 2008-09-19 21:25:44
(no subject)

The prefects will be having a short emergency meeting tonight concerning this issue; presumably if the Headmistress learns of any way for us all to protect our journals from such unwanted entries, she will have the Head Girl and Head Boy pass it on to the prefects, and we in turn, of course, will disseminate the information to all students. I am not certain, however, whether it is going to be possible.
In keeping with the aims of both Hogwarts and the Ministry of Magic, the journals are valuable for exchanging information. Perhaps it is inevitable that some spurious, unwanted noise may arise.

If it turns out such entries cannot be blocked, it would be best to ignore them—consider them as something annoying and unfortunate, but ultimately insignificant.

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**alt_percy** at 2008-09-19 21:31:06
(no subject)

And congratulations, by the way, for your success today in Potions class.

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**alt_draco** at 2008-09-19 22:34:43
(no subject)

I myself couldn't be bothered to read his words.

---

**alt_percy** at 2008-09-19 23:11:28
(no subject)

Sensible.

---

**alt_sally_anne** at 2008-09-19 23:16:30
(no subject)

Will we get in trouble if we read things like this by accident?

If words are where I can see them, I have a hard time not reading them.

---

**alt_percy** at 2008-09-20 03:35:42
(no subject)

That's true of many people, of course; it's purely human nature to read what is put before the eyes.
As I said, perhaps I will learn more at the prefects meeting tonight. I'm sure that various possible magical solutions for the problem will be considered by the department at the Ministry which is administering the journal project. (Targeted erasure charms, perhaps? I do not know if it is even possible; I am not a charms specialist).

In the meantime, I trust that the Ministry understands that if any words are appearing in your journal, sent by this . . . particular individual (whoever he is), it is not at your volition. You cannot be blamed. Simply turn the page, and no harm will follow. If the Headmistress announces any policies concerning this matter, I am sure you will be informed, along with the rest of the students.

I hope this helps.

@alt_draco at 2008-09-19 22:33:56
(no subject)

Well done in potions today, Sally Anne.

That bloke who lives abroad is nothing but a common imbecile, who has decided to disrupt our lives with lies and deception, no doubt. I can't comment on what he actually wrote, since I couldn't be bothered to read it.

@alt_sally_anne at 2008-09-19 23:14:23
(no subject)

When words are in front of me I have a hard time not reading them.

Maybe I'm the only one with that particular problem, though...

@alt_draco at 2008-09-20 00:47:57
(no subject)

I have the advantage of having been taught from a young age to ignore anything attached to the name Sirius Black. I'm sure that you can teach yourself to do the same, now that you know.
So you've heard of him before?

Oh, yes, of him and about him...the worst things imaginable, really. He was a beast to his own Mother, and tried to soil the name of his entire family.

He said some awfully creepy things to me too a while back. I had been ignoring him.

But he said some good things, too.

Like what? I can't think of anything.

Right. Well, you most likely wouldn't have agreed with it anyway.
Another week done, and somehow I managed to get through it without melting a cauldron, dropping twenty feet out of the sky from my broom, blowing anything up or getting hexed. Progress! Got pelted with water balloons by Peeves, but about six other first years did, too, at the same time, so it's not like it makes me special. Still getting used to the ghosts. And the trick steps (only lost twenty minutes to trick steps this week, also progress).

Herbology is quite interesting, and Potions has turned out to be rather fun. Professor Slughorn is a jolly sort, isn't he? I never know what to take notes on in History of Magic. Are we really going to be tested on all that stuff? My biggest challenge in Astronomy is staying awake for those Wednesday night midnight lectures. Staying awake in Charms the next morning is even more difficult. In that class, we switched from levitating a feather to trying to move it around by conjuring puffs of air from our wands. Water charms next week, Professor Acton said. (Not sure what that means. Does that mean we'll be conjuring water from our wands? Or doing something to water with our wands--freezing it? Boiling it? Maybe both, I dunno.)

And then there's Transfiguration. Um, that's not going so good. Still can turn the matchstick into a needle only about half the time. Meanwhile, the class has moved on to altering texture: we were working on changing wooden toy tops into balls of yarn. (Why yarn? Can't exactly imagine Professor Carrow collecting them all to knit a sweater, really. Funny mental picture that.) Didn't manage this task, either. My toy top looked as though it had been riddled with worms or something, but it stays stubbornly wooden. It's even worse when Professor Carrow--well, never mind. It's just really not my favourite class.

Another letter from home came this morning, without enclosing the latest Martin Miggs comic, I was rather sorry to see. I shouldn't have been surprised though, really. Can't expect Evelyn to think of getting one for me (she never reads them) and of course Gran wouldn't be caught dead buying one.
The newest one's out? Miggs, I mean. Mind if I have a look when you're finished?

Transfiguration's not so bad for me. I could help if you'd like...if you'd help me with potions? Any progress I've made in Carrow's class, I'm still bollocks with Slughorn.

Well, maybe it might be out, but I don't have it, as I said. I wonder if anyone else from any of the other houses does?

It would be useful if we could average my scores in Potions with yours in Transfiguration. We'd come out halfway decent.

I have the latest Martin Miggs, as Mother sent it by Owl this morning, along with a large packet of the special Autumn flavours of Bott's Beans. So far I've tasted pumpkin, cinnamon, hot chocolate, burnt leaves, toffee apple, and roasted chestnut.

Just so I'm clear, are you telling me this because you're offering to let me read it? Or, um, just to sort of point it out that you've got it and I don't?

(Out of curiosity, how do you know what burnt leaves taste like, anyway?)
I've smelt burnt leaves before, and the taste is exactly the same as the smell.

I'm trying to get a head start on revision tonight, but tomorrow afternoon Harry and I had plans to read it together. I suppose you and Weasley can join us, if you want to.

Ron too? That's--well, I'm surprised. Quite decent of you, in fact.

I'll mention it to Ron. Uh, no promises, but we'll see.

I wasn't looking for a promise, Longbottom. Find me and Harry tomorrow if you're interested. If not, then I wish you a productive weekend.

We go together, mate, and I'm for it if you are.

I can go now.
Longbottom, if you meet me this afternoon to practice, I can try to help you with transfiguration. Maybe the History of Magic classroom? I can't imagine Binns uses it on Sundays.

I've had a lot of trouble with it too. I think explaining it to another student would help me understand it better.

I think I'll take you up on that offer, thanks. How about around 3:00? I'll see you then.

Hello, darling.

Excuse me?

Wait a minute . . . I've seen you before. You were in Mr. Ollivander's shop, weren't you, when I went in to buy my wand? You and that man you were with, you were just sort of hanging about? I figured you must have been waiting for someone.
I just realised: you look--

You look sort of like--

I mean, you sort of resemble somebody in some pictures my Gran has at home. On the mantle. Am I right? Do you--do you know what I'm talking about?

Oh, you wouldn't remember too well, would you?

Never you mind. Just... keep on doing your best, dear.
2008-09-19 21:52:00
Attention Students

You may have noticed the undesirable message recently posted to the journal system. Unfortunately, it seems that there is no way to block that ne'er-do-well's writings from appearing in your journals.

The best policy is to ignore any disturbing messages you may discover. Recall that there are many malefactors who would wish to do harm to our Lord Protector, simply out of spite. Remain steadfast in rejecting them.

alt_bellatrix at 2008-09-20 02:02:04
(no subject)

Minerva. It is good to know that you remain, as ever, on top of things.

alt_mcgonagall at 2008-09-20 02:07:03
(no subject)

Thank you, Bellatrix.
Miss Granger, could you come to see me? I have something I need you to do.

Certainly, Mr Lupin. I'm supposed to report to Professor McGonagall at two PM and I'll ask her if I may come help you then.
**2008-09-20 16:59:00**

*Quidditch practice*

So far Quidditch practice has been brilliant. It's one thing to play with just Draco and me and it's another thing to play with a whole team. Usually Draco and me would either just throw the Quaffle around with Hydra or we'd let the Snitch out and see who could catch it first, but this is different.

Since Professor McGonagall wrote about the weird journal entries that keep coming up, I asked Moebius about them. He said we wouldn't get in trouble if we read them but we ought to try not to if we could possibly help it. I keep looking back at it, anyway, so it's good we won't get in trouble. I can't really help it, it bothers me a lot. He said that Mudbloods don't steal magic. But it doesn't have to be them that steals the magic. If I were a Muggle, I would probably want my kid to be a wizard, because it's always been so much better to be a wizard. I bet that muggle grown-ups do it, and put the magic into their kids. So Mudbloods don't really have magic, and we can't marry Mudbloods because then our kids will be weak, but it's their parents fault.

Even if it is their parents fault they obviously can't be allowed to be like us, because if they were then people would probably want to be friends with Mudbloods and maybe marry them, and then the kids would be weak, and everyone would just be unhappy. Besides, when Muggles ruled the world we had World Wars and pollution and religious fanatics and things, and now we can make sure that they behave right. All the Mudbloods I've ever met haven't been like that, but the Muggles I've met have been awful. I can see why Father had to make sure things changed.

I don't understand why people can't see that.

---

**alt_michael** at **2008-09-20 21:49:28**

*(no subject)*

Maybe it's just that the word 'stealing' is wrong. Mum always told me that it wasn't necessarily something muggles and mudbloods did on purpose, the magic stealing bit. It sometimes happened if they just touched you, like if you put a rag on a puddle, the rag gets wet. So
maybe that's not stealing stealing. Or maybe what's his face was lying. I don't know. Your father would know better, I bet.

@alt_harry at 2008-09-21 00:58:48 (no subject)

Yeah, that makes more sense to me. Only I think that some Muggles might actually want to hurt wizards, you know. So maybe they do steal things.

@alt_michael at 2008-09-21 02:05:36 (no subject)

I think some do. But I don't think they all do it on purpose. They don't mean to do it, but they do. That's why they're so dangerous. Even the nicest one can hurt you if you let them.

@alt_theodore at 2008-09-20 23:21:21 (no subject)

It doesn't matter if it's their parents or the Mudbloods themselves stealing magic, they should be punished either way.

@alt_harry at 2008-09-21 00:59:28 (no subject)

You think? For something they didn't do?

@alt_ron at 2008-09-21 00:37:57 (no subject)

...
What?

How d'you reckon someone could steal magic?

It's not like it's hanging about on our heads waiting for someone to nick it off, right?

Well, magic works because you have power, right? That's what Father always told Draco and me. And it uses up some of your power to do magic and you have to re-generate it, just like it takes muscles to lift things, that's why we can't do big things yet, because we aren't grown up and we aren't practiced. So maybe someone could sort of suck the power off of someone else, and put it in their kid. Only then it wouldn't be really theirs, see? So they wouldn't pass it on if they had kids and that would weaken everyone.

I don't know, I'd probably do it, if I were a muggle.

You really believe this bollocks? Sucking magic out of someone and putting it in someone else?

Think about it, Marvolo. If Muggles, with no magic at all, could do that, why wouldn't wizards do it if they had a Squib?
Maybe you have to kill someone to do it. Or maybe it only works if you don't have magic. Maybe if you have magic you can't do it.

So the Muggles are murderers as well as theives?

Well, look at all the people they killed in their wars and things. They are murderers.

Oh brother

You even listen in History of Magic? So're wizards when they have wars. It's sort of the reason wars are bad and people work so hard to avoid them, yeah?

I suppose.

Wizards don't kill as many people though. They killed millions of people. They weren't even ashamed of it either - didn't try to hide it. Father showed me some old Muggle school textbooks. You know that's why we have to have the wards over all of Britain, because the Muggles try to throw their atom bombs at it, to kill all of us?
Maybe if I tried talking to the curtains over my four-poster, I'd have more luck. Because this? Going no where fast.

What about the Muggleborns we have here, at Hogwarts? You reckon they're all murderers or the kids of killers?

No. I don't know. Maybe that's because we take them away from their families, now, as soon as we can. They get brought up by proper wizards.

I don't think that the Mudblood who waits on the head table could do anything that bad. Sometimes I wonder about the kid in the Transfiguration classroom though. He's so quiet and weird.

You're calling that a good thing? Taking them from their families and made into slaves just because they were born magical? You really are mental, Marvolo.

Muggleborn. Not mudblood.

But what if your family was teaching you how to be bad? Wouldn't you rather live with someone who taught you how to be a good person, even if you had to serve them, than someone who made you bad?
You see Boot's entry earlier? The one that had Neville rushing off? Is that your idea of teaching someone to be good?! And what about Hermione? You saw what McGonagall had her doing.

Right? You think that's teaching someone to be good?

I think that's why I keep re-reading the crazy entry.

I need to talk to Father about all this. I don't think either of us know enough.

I think I know plenty, thanks.

Why is it so crazy? He--the mudblood, I mean--obviously must have done something very bad, for something like that to be his punishment, don't you think?

All I know is that before, when mudbloods were allowed to do magic, and muggles didn't live in the camps, we pureblooded wizards had to hide who we were, and that it was considered shameful to have pride about our history and backgrounds. There were fewer and fewer pureblooded families and mudbloods were being brought in and taught magic alongside us, and no one seemed to think about the
fact that they came from a completely different culture that had no respect for magic whatsoever. I reckon that's how that atom bomb thing got made in the first place--some mudblood learned magic and took it back to his people and gave them a bomb.
hermione?
sorry about being angry
boot needs help bad
please
write back
please

Terry! Oh Merlin what's wrong? Where are you? Why haven't you been responding to me?!

he found me
boot was a fool
oh hermione, he found boot with the book

Oh no
How badly are you hurt? What do you need? Tell me quick, I'm done for the night, I can go get you what you need, whatever it is.
the salve
splints i think
maybe, i dunno
can you do stitches?

Terry, where are you.
I think you need to go to the Hospital Wing.

cupboard. he dumped boot there when he was done
can't go, he locked boot in
couldn't walk anyway
you know what to do
he never beat boot so bad before

Look, sorry, you don't know me, and I'm sorry to butt in on this journal, but I saw your friend's first post a couple hours ago and--I'm coming to help, ok? If he's hurt as bad as he sounds, you may need help getting him to the hospital wing. Or if he's really bad, one of us can stay with him and the other go get Madam Pomfrey.

Where's this cupboard?
It's the storeroom in the back of the Transfiguration classroom.

I don't want to get you in trouble but I don't think I can carry Terry by myself.

Terry - I'm coming for you, don't move, you could hurt yourself worse if he really broke something.

All right. I'll be there in just a few minutes.
Terry is all right. He had a bad cut on his face that had bled a lot and really scared him, and broken ribs, and a badly broken arm. I could see the bone poking out. And he had some bleeding inside, but Madam Pomfrey thinks that she found all the places where it was really a problem.

But before Terry would go to the hospital wing he insisted I unwrap a rag in the corner of his cupboard. He’d made me a little wooden whistle, and a wooden tag with runes burned on it for me to put on Cat's collar. We decided on a name for Cat with Mr Lupin's help, only I think I shouldn't tell anyone what it is until Terry can say. But Terry made it and it says Cat's name in runes and I cried when he told me that it was for my birthday, even though I was already crying because I never saw anyone heal a bone that was sticking out of an arm like that.

On the way over Neville said 'I don't care what your friend did, nobody deserves being hurt like this,' which I think is the nicest thing a wizard my age has ever said to me. He's much stronger than he looks, too. We carried Terry pretty well, even though Neville couldn't get Wingardium Leviosa to work all the way. Terry just got a little lighter.

Anyway Madam Pomfrey said I did well to bring Terry in, and she was angry with Professor Carrow too, but she said that I had better not write about it for everyone to see. So I'm not.

Mr Lupin gave me a present today, too, which was a letter from my parents. Terry had sent him a note earlier this week to tell him that it was my birthday yesterday, even though he wasn't talking to me, which might make me cry again because well anyway. Being a werewolf Mr Lupin's allowed to do more than most wizards who aren't really important, so he found them for me and had them write me. Their letters just weren't making it through to me. I suppose that they aren't allowed to use owls, so they had to give their letters to guards, and the guards at the camps they've been at weren't very nice. They were very happy to hear that I'm being taken care of and not fed too poorly because there has been an outbreak of scurvy in the Stow-on-the-Wold camp. I'm to write to them and he'll carry the letter back.
when he can. I know that I ought not to trust him too far, and I won't say anything, but it's nice to know that someone is looking out for them even a little.

Terry's not going to be awake until morning and Madam Pomfrey said she'd come in before dawn so I can visit him before I have to go serve breakfast at the head table. So I ought to go to sleep now.

---

alt_molly at 2008-09-22 13:35:22
ORDER ONLY

Forgive me, Hermione, dear, for not replying to this sooner. I am afraid I neglected to check my journal this past weekend and so missed this until this morning. What a very harrowing experience for you and Terry both, but I'm thankful that you kept your wits about you and managed to get him some medical help before it was too late.

I was beyond touched by what you reported about Neville. I will let his parents know--they will be so proud of him, and reassured that he is growing into a fine young man, despite the fact that they can't be there to raise him themselves.

Happy birthday, Hermione, from Arthur and myself. The wishes may be belated, but they are nonetheless heartfelt.
The summer's canning is all completed, much to Ginny's and my relief. It is a vast, messy job, but it really helps to have all that food put up come wintertime. We had good crops this year, so my shelves are quite full in the cellar. I'm a bit less worried this year than last about going hungry this winter. Percy will be glad that we have plenty of his favorite pear-ginger spread. Luna Lovegood was a great help, too, and three pairs of hands made the work go that much faster. I made sure to send a number of quarts home with her, so Xenophilius' cellar would be stocked, too. The hens are continuing to lay well, and our experiment with keeping a goat seems to be working, although I must admit I really do prefer cow's milk. It's so hard to get, though, and keeping a cow ourselves would be so much more expensive.

Just received the usual weekly from Percy, and to my surprise, Ron is writing regularly, too. Perhaps Percy is hectoring him into it. The twins, of course, are hopeless--I think I've received two letters from them the entire time they've been at school. It's not as though I don't hear about them. If it's not a terse note from the Headmistress about their latest escapade, I can usually count on some acid animadversions from Percy about hijinks in the Common Room.

Arthur is working very late hours, poor soul. He continues to go out to the camps once a week or so, and he is usually quite grim when he gets back those evenings.

The girls are working on fractions. Luna seems to find it much easier than Ginny. It has been a very good idea to school them together, and they are really becoming great chums. Ginny has also started reading 1984, which is prompting a lot of questions. I was rather surprised--I thought it would be a bit advanced for her, and I know the boys found it boring, but she is going through the pages at a rapid clip. Luna prefers fantasy, and she is re-reading The Hobbit for what must be the sixteenth time.

I need more coffee.
alt_gredforge at 2008-09-22 12:00:08
(no subject)

No mum, We're quite sure we wrote three times. We wrote a letter our first night after our sorting, one after our detention last year and we just sent one off a minute ago.

alt_ginny at 2008-09-22 13:21:11
(no subject)

I haven't forgotten that you promised to send me a Hogwarts toilet seat!  
Luna says 'Hi' to you both.

alt_gredforge at 2008-09-22 21:28:37
(no subject)

It's enclosed in the letter, took quite a bit of trouble to get it off the toilet, you'd think it was bloody well charmed on. And to get Errol to carry it. It seemed quite clean from all scrubbing that Hermione gave it, don't know what his problem was.

Fred says hi to Luna.

Fred would also like to say that he is being held at wandpoint by his evil, evil twin.

Give our love to mum, and we'll see you at christmas

alt_ron at 2008-09-23 02:27:07
(no subject)

Hang on, isn't Hermione cleaning the girls bathrooms?  
Mind sharing what you two were doing in there with the rest of the class?
Well, yeah.

But we had to take a seat from a place anyone would miss it. What better than that haunted one on the second floor? No one ever goes in there (except Hermione).

The ghost in there isn't too bad actually, you should stop by. Tell her the twins sent you.

I'll take your word on the ghost. I get enough of that when Nick walks through my chair while I'm in the common room thanks.

And with my luck? I'd get another few dozen points taken for wandering in there in the first place.

I'll see what I can do about having Frank and Alice bring some Manx cheeses for you next time. They often complain about having too much - perhaps you can trade the pear-ginger spread for some. I understand that they are all heartily sick of kippers and Loaghtan mutton, as well - I'll suggest an exchange, in any case.

That is an exchange I would gladly make. I can also send some strawberry spread. We have plenty, and I remember how fond of it Frank is.
Poppy says that the Boot boy is healing well and will be able to go back to work today. She still refuses a journal, of course, though I've tried to tell her how useful they can be: 'I'm here, aren't I?' she says, 'you can surely relay any messages, Minerva.' She has too much faith in the idea that I will always be here, that I will never be suspected or removed.

This weekend has been a Hell of convincing Amycus not to kill the Boot boy and to allow him to keep the journal. Miss Granger, you must impress upon the boy that the Carrow creature means his threats. I've thwarted him this time, but next time Boot won't be so lucky, I have no doubt. As for Longbottom, he is safe from lasting harm, but I exhausted my diplomacy on Boot and must allow Amycus some freedom with Longbottom so that he doesn't suspect me. That is to say, Longbottom has the short end of the stick this time, I fear.

Then, of course, the Marvolo child. Pomona reports that he gets along well with members of other Houses, despite the inevitable occasional flare-ups, and I am astonished to see his attempts to rationalise the Lord Protector's edicts - astonished, because I would have thought he would simply accept them. I hardly know whether to think that he and young Malfoy will lead Weasley Sextus and Longbottom into bigotry, or whether Weasley Sextus and Longbottom will have the upper hand. There is nothing to do but wait, of course, and eleven-year-old boys are difficult to predict.

Now: the Quidditch rosters and Rolanda's tentative game schedule need my attention.

Perhaps you and Hermione can find a secure place where Terry Boot might be able to squirrel away some books, where Amycus cannot ever find them? The boy does seem to have a thirst to study, which would be a pity to let go to waste, and if he can snatch a few moments to do so...
when Amycus is in class, it would make him happier. If Amycus never finds any more books, it will in turn make him satisfied that he has cowed Boot entirely, wouldn't it? He might even treat the boy a little easier.

@alt_molly at 2008-09-22 15:37:05

ORDER ONLY

As for Ron--it's a bit difficult to know what to do about that situation. I certainly hope he'll be able to enlarge Harry's thinking (and how it would have pained James and Lily to hear their son attempting a defence of such horrible reasoning). Ron certainly seems to be labouring to do so. But I don't want him to get into trouble for sedition himself. I hesitate to write anything particularly explicit to him to advise him, for fear a letter might get misdirected or fall into the wrong hands.

We will certainly talk with Ron about it when he is home for Christmas.
I met with Longbottom yesterday afternoon to try to teach him how to turn the matchstick into a needle, but he was hopeless. It wasn't a complete waste of time, though, because after the third or fourth time I explained the theory behind the texture changes I realized something about how it can work and it's much easier for me now.

Professor Carrow was in a terrible temper today. I didn't lose any points but he called me an insufferable little snip when I gave him a right answer and he told Mildred she must keep dough between her ears instead of a brain when she gave him a wrong answer a moment later. Which isn't all that unusual in itself, but this sort of thing went on for the entire hour.

I'm in the library now and I used the dictionary charm to look up words that mean evil. I like how every word means the same thing but in a slightly different way. For example, 'pestiferous' means 'dangerous to society' while also implying that someone carries a contagious disease -- it's the perfect word to describe what's wrong with muddbloods. But 'vicious,' which means 'full of faults, corrupt' but also means 'dangerously aggressive,' like a dog who bites people, wouldn't describe the muddbloods here at all, I don't think. 'Depraved' means 'marked by corruption or evil, perverted,' and I think you'd use it for someone who really relishes hurting other people, at least if they didn't have a good reason. And I think 'imprecatory' would be the word you'd use for someone who really enjoyed putting curses on other people. Again, without a good reason. If you've got a good reason it's not evil, right?

But then there's 'serpentine,' which derives from serpent, and means 'subtly wily or tempting.' Now why is that supposed to be a word that means evil? First of all, there's nothing wrong with snakes. They're beautiful creatures, and there's one in my house crest. Second, 'subtly wily' basically means 'good at out-thinking people in such a way that they don't even realize you've done it,' and how could that possibly be a bad thing? Third, what if you're being tempted by something good, rather than something bad? If the house-elves convince me to eat a sandwich when I'm too frustrated to feel hungry by leaving my favourite kind in my common room, that's subtly
tempting, and thus serpentine, and I mean that as a compliment.

---

@alt_neville at 2008-09-22 20:03:49
(no subject)

Grabbing a quick moment between Herbology and Transfiguration to say thanks again for helping me yesterday. (But sorry to hear that Professor Carrow's not in a good mood. That doesn't help my sinking feeling about facing class with him next hour.) Anyway, I'd appreciate any opportunity you'd give me to work with you on Transfiguration again. I'm glad I helped you in turn, and I'll gladly grab any chance I can get to practise.

Thinking about what you said about definitions of evil, but don't have the chance to answer now; must get to class.

---

@alt_sally_anne at 2008-09-23 00:00:47
(no subject)

Longbottom, you lost a hundred points in Transfiguration class today?

Clearly we should work on transfiguration together more often. When Slytherin wins the House Cup this year, everyone can thank me.

I heard Professor Carrow cursed you in class, is that actually true or just one of those stories that got more impressive with the telling?

---

@alt_neville at 2008-09-23 02:37:27
(no subject)

No, he didn't curse me.

Losing 100 points was bad enough, believe me.

I know it sounds strange, but I would like to work with you again. It did help, really. I reckon that if I hadn't practised with you, it might have been 150 points.
alt_sally_anne at 2008-09-23 02:41:08
(no subject)

I saw your twin brothers say ten points of that was theirs. You only lost ninety. It's a shame, because losing a hundred sounds ever so much more impressive.

alt_neville at 2008-09-23 02:46:43
(no subject)

No, I really lost 100. Someone else in some other class must have gained ten.

Well, to look on the bright side, I can only get better from here on out.

Um, I hope so, anyway.

alt_sally_anne at 2008-09-23 03:42:30
(no subject)

The other bright side: you definitely brightened up the Slytherin common room today.

Maybe that's more of a bright side for us than for you, though?

alt_neville at 2008-09-23 12:41:01
(no subject)

Probably, yeah.

alt_draco at 2008-09-23 00:24:29
(no subject)

Wherever did you get the idea that 'serpentine' has anything to do with evil? It doesn't, of course, as you've just gamely pointed out. However, I don't agree with you that house elves are at all serpentine.
Snakes are fascinating creatures. Especially our Lord Protector's.

**alt_sally_anne** at 2008-09-23 01:02:36  
(no subject)

How big is the Lord Protector's snake? Have you ever seen it up close?

I got the idea from the dictionary in the library, but I don't think the dictionary was written by a Slytherin. I got the charm out of a book from the charms section of the library. It also has a charm for improving concentration and a bunch of other charms that are supposed to help you revise. I bet it wasn't written by a Slytherin, either.

**alt_harry** at 2008-09-23 02:28:58  
(no subject)

Nagini's really big. When I was little, Father used to let her climb all over me, and she was so big you couldn't see the top of my head for her coils. She wouldn't ever hurt me, though, she's really smart.

**alt_sally_anne** at 2008-09-23 02:38:22  
(no subject)

That sounds lovely. I've never had a pet snake, but I've caught grass snakes a few times just to hold. I like their skin and the way they move. You'd never call a grass snake clever, though.

**alt_harry** at 2008-09-23 02:52:56  
(no subject)

They're brilliant! Nagini's ever so smart too, I'm learning to talk to her like Father can, the only thing is she doesn't care about people things almost at all. So you have to find something she is interested in, which is mostly strange things, like the dust bunnies or whether there are doxies about or her next meal.
alt_draco at 2008-09-23 02:54:34  
(no subject)

I remember when I was younger I thought Nagini was the same snake that was on the Slytherin crest. But surely she's not been around that long, has she? It is awfully hard to tell how old your Father is. I'd ask him about his age, and Nagini's, but I don't think it's the sort of question he'd like much.

alt_harry at 2008-09-23 03:00:27  
(no subject)

I don't think she's been Father's snake for her whole life. She's been around quite a long time. It takes them a long time to grow so big. But then I suppose she was smaller when we were smaller.

Anyway, Father's younger than the Headmistress. He told me she taught him when he was at school. He can't be that much younger than her though. I think he just has always looked the way he does now. He doesn't change in pictures very much, does he? Your mum and dad have gotten older, but he hasn't.

alt_draco at 2008-09-23 03:16:32  
(no subject)

Don't let my Mother read what you've written about her getting older.

alt_harry at 2008-09-23 03:26:54  
(no subject)

I didn't mean to say she's gotten less pretty!
Ohh hh can you *learn* to talk with snakes? I thought it was something you had to be born with.

I don't know if anyone else has ever tried, because some people are born with it, and it's so easy for them. But Father made me try to copy the hisses he made, and I did, and he said that if I could learn to copy them I could learn to speak it.

I'm not nearly so good at it as Father though, especially the listening bits. After a while all the hisses start to sound alike and then Nagini has to act things out some, or she gets bored.
Teeth

madame pomfrey was very kind to boot, fixed all hurts
even made boot sleep in a bed, when boot thought he should
sleep on the floor. a little difficult to sleep. bed seemed so
strange. soft.

teeth came back overnight (that's part of what shows boot has magic, that all the
teeth he knocks out boot loses too soon always come back again. boot knows he
shouldn't have magic, but is glad it shows that way.) anyway, madame pomfrey
showed boot how to clean teeth with a brush. she said boot had an infection, that's a
sickness, in his gums, but used magic to make it go away. she says brushing teeth
will help keep infection from coming back again. teeth not nearly so sore now. boot
has never had a brush to clean them before. madame pomfrey said boot could keep
it for his very own.

hermione brought her cat for a visit. cat likes boot, which makes boot happy. sat on
boot's lap and purred for an hour.

hermione said that boot gets to tell what cat's name is: cat is Crookshanks. thats the
name mr lupin suggested. boot likes it.

back to the cupboard tonight
**2008-09-22 17:22:00**

*What the--*

One hundred and twenty-five points?!

How in Merlin's name could Gryffindor House lose 125 points in a single **hour**?!

---

@alt_gredforge at **2008-09-22 22:27:09**  
*(no subject)*

well it sure wasn't us. We've been in class all afternoon, like good little boys.

Wonder what whoever-it-was did. Must've been quite something, if a whole 125 points were taken off. Our record is only 50pts off each.

---

@alt_percy at **2008-09-22 22:31:05**  
*(no subject)*

I'm not stupid. Being in class never prevented you from losing points before.

---

@alt_gredforge at **2008-09-22 22:37:39**  
*(no subject)*

Well... no, but we swear, it wasn't us. And the entire third year potions class can attest to that.

Well, we did lose ten for lacking a proper studious attitude, showing up unprepared for class and completely ignoring step five in the brewing process (causing our potion to explode), the usual, but nothing as extravagant as 125 points.

---

@alt_neville at **2008-09-22 23:18:52**  
*(no subject)*

I'm really sorry.
alt_percy at 2008-09-22 23:19:58
(no subject)

You, Longbottom? One hundred and twenty-five points?!

alt_neville at 2008-09-22 23:20:57
(no subject)

Um, ten were Ron's and fifteen were Seamus.' It was Transfiguration class.

alt_percy at 2008-09-22 23:23:39
(no subject)

And the rest of the points, all one hundred of them, were yours?

alt_neville at 2008-09-22 23:24:10
(no subject)

Like I said, I'm sorry. Remember that conversation we had last night?

alt_percy at 2008-09-22 23:26:22
(no subject)

I do. Well, if it was Transfiguration, I suppose that explains it. Unfortunately.

I trust that next time you'll take my advice and not interfere in things that aren't your business.

alt_neville at 2008-09-22 23:26:52
(no subject)

I don't know. I'm not sure I can promise that.

I just hope there won't be a next time.
alt_ron at 2008-09-23 01:52:17
(no subject)

I hope so too, but if that kid's involved again, I'd rather hope you did just what you did, Nev.

Even if it means ditching me with naught but a pair of Slytherins and a comic.

alt_neville at 2008-09-23 01:54:05
(no subject)

At least it was the new comic.

alt_ron at 2008-09-23 02:03:05
(no subject)

And lets not forget the Bertie Botts. Added bonus right there.

alt_draco at 2008-09-23 02:44:51
(no subject)

Nice to know how much you appreciate my generosity, Weasley.

alt_ron at 2008-09-23 02:49:06
(no subject)

Er. Thanks again?

alt_draco at 2008-09-23 02:50:53
(no subject)

I don't recall you saying thanks the first time around, but very well.
alt_ron at 2008-09-23 02:56:00
(no subject)

Was a bit off my best behaviour with Neville dashing off like he did, I s'pose.

So, thanks then.

alt_draco at 2008-09-23 02:59:19
(no subject)

You're welcome.

alt_neville at 2008-09-23 03:02:46
(no subject)

I'd like to say 'thanks,' too. I'm sorry I left so abruptly.

Under the circumstances, I can't exactly begrudge you the laugh.

alt_draco at 2008-09-23 03:15:10
(no subject)

Quite sporting of you, Longbottom. Too bad you missed out on the comic, as I've since lost it.

alt_harry at 2008-09-23 03:28:19
(no subject)

No you haven't. I nicked it from where you hid it under your mattress to read again. Neville, if you want it you can read it after me.

You need to find better hiding spots, Draco. I know you.
alt_draco at 2008-09-23 05:06:57
(no subject)

Harry, Gryffindor's only get ONE chance to read Martin Miggs. It should really go to Pansy or Teddy next. Well, they might have their own copy but still, our housemates should get the next crack if they want it.

alt_ron at 2008-09-23 01:53:29
(no subject)

What, because keeping 100 points is better than helping save someone's life?

Reckon you need your priorities looked at.

alt_percy at 2008-09-23 02:02:07
(no subject)

I'm not saying--Ron, there's no need to over-exaggerate the situation.

alt_ron at 2008-09-23 02:02:32
(no subject)

I'm not the one going off all over Neville in the journals, Perce.

Besides, I'm not exaggerating Neville told me what the nurse said, he'd have died if it waited till morning.

alt_neville at 2008-09-23 02:06:48
(no subject)

I'm not sure we should talk about it anymore, really, Ron.

Anyway, Percy, I know I lost most of those points because of how I did in the class. I'll work harder in there, honest.
I had no idea--I didn't realise--well, of course, points aren't more important. I wouldn't wish any such dire scenario, and I'm sure Professor Carrow wouldn't want to lose his assistant.

Well, as you say, let us hope such a thing doesn't happen again.

(Or perhaps, if it does, you might consult a prefect first?)

Don't let him get to you, Neville. It's easier that way.

I feel so stupid. Everyone's going to hate me.

Not everyone, Neville. Not your friends, anyrate.

It was bollocks, really. The whole of it, anyone in that class knows it was. Or they should.

no they won't hate you. If you read the above comment, we have also lost 100 points in one go, and no one hates us. At least, no one who is not in slytherin hates us.
and ten of your hundred was ours from potions.

👤 alt_neville at 2008-09-23 02:07:43
(no subject)

   Well, that's a relief.
   Sort of.

👤 alt_draco at 2008-09-23 02:46:35
(no subject)

   I don't hate you. You've made me laugh for nearly half an hour today.

👤 alt_harry at 2008-09-23 02:27:57
(no subject)

   Rough luck, Neville.

👤 alt_ron at 2008-09-22 23:21:09
(no subject)

   Take it down an octave, Perce.

👤 alt_percy at 2008-09-22 23:22:05
(no subject)

   Well, I'm glad that only ten of them were yours, Ronald.
Gee, thanks.

Hahaha. Sorry, it has to be said. Hilarious.

Well, then I suppose I'm glad that we've managed to brighten up your evening.
Nauseatingly long session today for the Committee for Regulation of Magical Commerce. Three of the eight approved Wizard importers of commodities have been denounced and had to be replaced. Padraig MacMillan insists on reading every proposal verbatim, which takes three times as long as it ought. As if we haven't already reviewed them privately, though of course in the case of Bertram Higgs, I'm not entirely sure he can read. Spent half the morning debating whether to accept a domestic substitute for citrus fruits. Ridiculous. The transfigured items never hold up at all well and it's not as if it's impossible to find certified Wizard growers, it's just a bit more expensive.

Which brings me to the tariff issue. Revati Patil insists that the tariff on imported produce is too high for the average wizard family. She would have the Committee ratify a measure to impose tariffs only on so-called 'luxury' items, or at the least to put a sliding scale into effect.

Rubbish.

It's a blatant attempt to lower the tariff across the board, so that families of lesser purity and class can attain the same privileges as their superiors. To say nothing of the fact that importing exotics is simply more expensive. The preservation spells are tricky to perform well. Alternatives such as sending the produce by portkey are unreliable, particularly across such vast distances as the Atlantic. And of course, the protective spells would still require that the said produce arrive at a supply house to be brought in via channel boats or, more likely, the Oldcastle Chunnel, so we should still have to pay the Agents France in Calais and Boulogne for storage and upkeep while we bring the freight in past the protections.

Moreover, for those who simply refuse to pay for the real thing, the transfigured domestic substitutes are, I am told, virtually indistinguishable in flavour and texture, even if they don't preserve as well. Why should we deny pureblooded and productive wizard subjects their choice, if they can afford the difference? I see no reason to change policy for the lowest denominator.

In any event, in addition to certifying three replacement suppliers out
of the ten firms that applied, there was also the matter of imported
dragon parts. Heartstrings and livers in particular. Half the committee
favoured licensing the Romanian supplier at a twenty percent markup
for importation. The other half opposed on the grounds that the
dragon hatchery on the Isle of Lewis finally, after nearly seven years,
has reached colony strength and can harvest without depleting its
numbers precipitously. MacMillan let the debate go on far too long.
The opposition failed to see the simple mathematics in the equation.
Ironic, considering that the tax collected on the imported (and frankly,
more mature) ingredients would more than match the produce tariff,
all of which would fund the labour camps without the need for
additional levies on the 'poor working class wizard.'

No sooner did we leave the Committee chamber than Rookwood found
me and wanted a word about his latest research on spontaneous
magical transference. Requested that his allowance of Muggle
subjects be increased another twoscore. Told him to send the order to
Crispin for formal application to the Labour Committee, but I'm
confident it will be approved. Didn't stop him from wanting to outline
his findings.

Glad to see that the titillation over Black's outrageous and treasonous
claims has passed for the most part unremarked. Amanda writes that
her acquaintances found it an amusing diversion, but otherwise they
attribute it to the MacMillan streak, well-known for impulsive and
unwise acts of stupidity.

Also, Perks's entries are proving somewhat intriguing. More evidence
that those children who are introduced early to a preparatory
curriculum of proper wizarding values shall adopt a more desirable
and thus productive attitude when they enter their magical education.
Occurs to me that Perks has not been assigned a host family for her
holidays. Must remember to have Crispin put me in Warrington's book
to have a glance at Purity Control's placement status.

---

@alt_draco at 2008-09-23 03:09:54
(no subject)

Host family? Father, do you mean to say that Sally Anne is a halfblood?
Draco, you know perfectly well that half-bloods have a choice. If they renounce their Muggle ancestry and devote themselves to productive contribution to the State, then they are rewarded accordingly with the same privileges as their pureblood relations. Your housemate appears, at least, to adopt a sensible approach to her legacy--and as such, while she will never be as acceptable as you or I, she shows ... promise.

I know about the halfbloods. I'm just surprised, I guess. That she is one.

Yes, precisely. That's a sign of her integration.

Lucius, as I know you have some say in these things, I must stress that Hogwarts is grateful for every luxury you can squeeze for our tables. It is simply impossible to Transfigure enough for all the students - and of course proper nutrition is so important for children. Thus far we have followed a policy of giving the younger children first go at fruit and veg, but our students are still growing throughout their time here.

Which is to say, I am most interested in procuring enough clementines for all the students at Christmas. Please keep me informed.
Sympathetic as the Committee are to the needs of Hogwarts, Minerva, it's quite impossible for me to say which way MacMillan and Patil will Apparate. Although one might remember that Patil's daughters and MacMillan's nephew are now at school, and this influence, even more than my own, may move them to greater generosity.

Didn't I see something in the latest annual report to the Governors that Professor Sprout has been working with Professor Acton on creating special weather charms over one of the greenhouses, in order to create a more temperate climate for tropical gardening?

She has! And with great success, too. The only problem is that it isn't nearly large enough for an orangery, and there seems to be no good way to expand the charm to a larger space. They have it packed to the brim with plants, but it seems that the best we can hope for is strawberries out of season.

I am certain something can be done to supply a little additional cheer, provided that the reports from the school continue favourable.
Well, it's been a long time since we've blessed you with our presence, and we decided it was time to come out of hiding.

So, life has been interesting. The new firsties have been amusing to watch, especially our ickle ronnikins. It has made our hearts proud to see him making new friends. It's truly wonderful to read about his day to day activities, instead of having to glean what we can from letters. Truly, truly wonderful.

We love you ronnikins!

On to other, less pleasant things. Classes this year are interesting to say the least. In addition to last years classes we are taking Care of magical creatures, divination and Muggle studies. We didn't much fancy taking Arithmancy or Ancient runes. Lots of annoying homework in long dead languages is really not our cup of tea. Care of Magical creatures seems to have a lot of potential, even if the teacher is a bit, what's that word of Sally-Anne's... vicious. Divination was fun. Professor Carpenter was nice if a bit odd, and hopefully will not be a complete waste of time. Muggle studies was very violent, we got to learn all about the wars and horrible things the muggles have done to each other. It's really quite like History of Magic, except Professor Carrow is quite a bit scarier than Binns. And with no magic involved.

Tryouts for the Quidditch team were last weekend. We tried out for beater, with both a bit more trepidation than last year, and quite a bit of joy at being on the other end of the bat. Hope we made it on the team, we seemed a little better than the others on the field, but you never know.

Anyway, much to do, and all that, we sincerely hope you have been greatly moved by our post,

Gred & Forge Weasley
You lot been sniffing at the potions again?

No, when have ever been sniffing at anything? Why?

T'was the only reason I could think of for you to be nearly shouting that you loved me.

Usually its just turning my things into spiders.

Well, that got a bit old, so we had to try something else.

I'm not complaining, mind, its just odd.

If you'd like, we could always go back to changing things into spiders...
Thanks, but no. I'm not yet over the last time.

But the spider-bear was so precious, don't you think?

For you, maybe.

Surely you two have some homework you should be doing.

There's probably something around, somewhere.

Do you like your Muggle studies professor? Is she anything like her brother?
Yeah, they have quite similar teaching methods.

We don't like her quite as much as other professors, which is probably a normal reaction.
I do not like living in a dorm. I do not like sharing my things. Because people take them and then DON'T PUT THEM BACK.

My shampoo from Switzerland? EMPTY. My lavender pillow sachet ended up, I'm told, in the Gryffindor boys' dorm. Which makes sense, actually, now that I think about it. Nancy boys.

Draco's gloating about getting a Nimbus 2000 for Christmas. I don't even want to think about Christmas.

I do not like Christmas. Full of fuss and putting up with people that you do not like.

However, I saw Draco's parents the other day. I do like them.

I have a goal before the end of the year. Invent a spell that will create a field around you to repel annoying people.

Anyone got any ideas?

I do not like Darjeeling tea, either, and that's all they serve at breakfast. Is it too much to ask for some Earl Grey? What, the muggles have taken it all for themselves?

I do not like it here so far.

Don't mind my gloating, but Mother has sent me plenty of Earl Grey. Enough to last out the month of October, I'm sure.
Yes, well, thank you for gloating. Do you have enough to share or are you simply going to torment me?

It's rather fun to torment you, but honestly, take whatever you want. Within reason, of course.

Thank you, Draco.

Which Gryffindor dorm did the sachet end up in?

Not the fifth year dorm, I assure you.

Well, it certainly wasn't the first!
I reckon we'll learn that kind of thing in Defence, won't we? Or something like it that you could change to make it just repel annoying people.

Sorry about your sachet thingy. I think that was my fault. I can get you some Earl Grey though if you want it, I'll nick some from Draco.

You took my sachet?

Borrowed. Long-term.

You can copy my notes if you like, but I need them as well, you know.

Are muggles even allowed to have tea?
alt_harry at 2008-09-23 03:26:29
(no subject)

Not in the UK they're not.

alt_theodore at 2008-09-23 03:29:23
(no subject)

That's what I thought. They're not supposed to have anything nice, especially not tea. Or biscuits. Or sweets.

alt_sally_anne at 2008-09-23 03:55:01
(no subject)

I think Daphne nicked your shampoo, I can smell it on her.

Repelling people isn't that hard, it's magically sorting out the annoying ones that's the trick. I bet I could come up with a hex that repelled people from other houses, but that wouldn't help with Daphne. Or with Crabbe.

alt_pansy at 2008-09-27 02:43:31
(no subject)

That dozy cow. Remind me to pee in it tomorrow.
2008-09-22 23:53:00
Quidditch Teams and Schedules.

SCHEDULE OF GAMES.
Gryffindor vs. Slytherin - November 8
Hufflepuff vs. Ravenclaw - November 29
Ravenclaw vs. Slytherin - January 17
Gryffindor vs. Hufflepuff - February 21
Hufflepuff vs. Slytherin - May 2
Gryffindor vs. Ravenclaw - May 23

GRYFFINDOR TEAM.
Chasers: Katie Bell, Angelina Johnson, Kenneth Towler
Beaters: Fred and George Weasley
Keeper: Oliver Wood (Captain)
Seeker: Ritchie Coote

SLYTHERIN TEAM.
Chasers: Marcus Flint (Captain), Adrian Pucey, Alfred Montague
Beaters: Calciferus Crockford, Maghnus Derrick
Keeper: Miles Bletchley
Seeker: Harry Marvolo

HUFFLEPUFF TEAM.
Chasers: Malcolm Preece, Heidi Macavoy, Tamsin Applebee
Beaters: Lacey Davies (Captain), Tiffany Troy
Keeper: Herbert Fleet
Seeker: Cedric Diggory

RAVENCLAW TEAM.
Chasers: Roger Davies (Captain), Jeremy Stretton, Randolph Burrow
Beaters: Eudoxus Troy, Jason Samuels
Keeper: Grant Page
Seeker: Cho Chang

As he did such an excellent job last year, Lee Jordan will return to comment on the matches.
Thank you, Minerva. I'll have Crispin make note of the Slytherin matches.
Agatha and I have arrived safely in Calais and have begun the tedious business of negotiating with the wizards in charge of customs through the Oldcastle Chunnel.

Good news: Our disguises and aliases, Victor and Ilsa Laszlo, seem to be holding up just fine.

Bad news: Because they think we're Czechoslovakian, they are speaking very slowly and loudly, and what they are saying amounts more to a history lesson on the Chunnel than useful data about our shipment. No, I do not need to know that the Chunnel was dug by Henry V in memory of his friend and court wizard John Oldcastle. While I care that it is impervious to leaks and that it is staffed by the finest group of inspectors the Lord Protector's influence can command, I don't give a damn about the Venetian tile or the Goblin-made ironwork. I care about how long it will take to process our application as a supplier of Bavarian Hornwood and rare Baltic Niebelung leaves and so on for potions.

They assure us that the Committee for Magical Commerce has received our application and is 'reviewing' it. Whatever that means. Pierre Nicola, the agent commissionnaire assigned to our shipment, has hinted that he might be able to 'speed things along' in exchange for a few concessions of his desire.

In other words, we are being run round and extorted. No surprise.

So we wait. If nothing shakes loose today, Albus, I'll make my way to Paris so that I can access my vault with the Parisian branch of Gringotts. A little grease in Nicola's palm and perhaps a few others' is sure to accomplish more than any other form of appeal.

I've been keeping an eye on things in the wake of my manifesto ... no unforeseen repercussions, are there? The last thing I want to do is make anyone's situation worse. Still, it already seems to have sparked some conversation, and that's something.

You've always taught us, Albus, that ideas are the hardest things to kill. It cuts both ways, of course. But I can't help but think perhaps these ideas already have roots in the soil, and just need repeated
exposure to get them growing like weeds.

Mordieu, I hate waiting.
Oh, for the love of Morgana!

We received word just a little while ago that the Committee met yesterday and didn't 'get to' our proposal, so we'll have to wait until next month's session for a determination.

This is bollucks. It's a wonder you get any merchandise at all up there.

I may have a line on a guard who is even less morally upright than his comrades, and I have an idea about how to put him in our pocket in order to slip through prior to next month. Agatha and I are discussing it and I shall keep you posted.

If I could, I would have a word with Lucius Malfoy to attempt to speed the process. Should the wands be discovered in the shipment, however...

No, too risky. What connection could you claim to two unknown businesswizards from Czechoslovakia?

Besides, the less Malfoy knows about what his own committee does, the better for us. Though it makes certain statements of Nicola's make much more sense, now....

Hm. That puts me in mind of something else we might try.

I was thinking more along the lines of a fictitious necessity for whatever-it-is you're shipping.
We shall all keep our fingers crossed, as they say, that your idea of 'something else we might try' goes well.
2008-09-23 19:59:00
(no subject)

I confess I have begun to worry about Regulus. It has been weeks and still no word from or even of him. I am afraid of what may happen if he delays much longer.

Patience may be a virtue, but one as important as our Lord Protector cannot be expected to wait upon someone seeking His forgiveness and mercy.

alt_bellatrix at 2008-09-24 03:28:41
(no subject)

I do occasionally wonder if he takes after his fool brother more than is wise.

You always had more sway over him than the rest of us, Cissy. I can only hope that he will read your words of concern and act accordingly.

alt_narcissa at 2008-09-24 03:35:27
(no subject)

Sometimes he does fail to act sensibly.

I can understand his hesitation, and I cannot say that I would not do the same were I in his shoes, but the time for fear is long past.

He cannot hide forever.

alt_bellatrix at 2008-09-24 03:47:18
(no subject)

And the longer he continues to hide, the worse it looks. Our Lord admires those who are willing to throw themselves on the fire, again and again.

I know you must be worried.
alt_narcissa at 2008-09-24 03:48:55
(no subject)

One has to survive the first time to be able throw oneself again.

He always did like to make me worry.

alt_bellatrix at 2008-09-24 03:55:59
(no subject)

I have a very full week, but on Friday I will be at home in the afternoon to meet with Hydra's tutor. Can you believe that this is the ninth tutor she's had in less than two years? I would hand her education over to Rodolphus, but he would only submit to her every whim. Just like a certain Auntie of hers.

But if you can make it for tea, there will be time to talk.

alt_narcissa at 2008-09-24 04:05:33
(no subject)

There is nothing wrong with indulging a child. Look at what a lovely young man Draco has become, and he has never once wanted for anything.

I will be there. And I hope that I will have Reg with me.

alt_bellatrix at 2008-09-24 04:08:51
(no subject)

Draco and Hydra are two different people. Children cannot all be raised the same way--our dearly departed sister is proof enough of that.

Good. Then I too will hope that you have him with you.
I hardly think Hydra will end up like our sister.

I, too, have been wondering, my dear. After his several communications, again he has lapsed into silence.

I fear he may have met with misadventure, or else he has chosen to sink back into self-segregation once more. So unnecessary. And painful for all concerned.

Didn't you say that Walburga in particular was hoping for his comfort in the face of his thrice-hexed brother's seditious outburst? He ought at least to consider how his continued absence affects all his family.

I hate to see you so distressed over his reluctance.

I find it hard to imagine that he has chosen not to return. He knows that he cannot hide. I truly believe that he wants to return, he is merely hesitant to discover what awaits him at the just hand of Our Lord.

Regulus has been gone for ten years, darling. Auntie Walburga may not be as welcoming she says she will be, once he is actually home.

Perhaps that is what is keeping him away.
I have little doubt that the lustre of having her favourite son home again *would* fade quickly in your Aunt's eyes. Remember the Christmas She has always been ... fractious. That does not discount the fact that she has never given up hope that your cousin lives, a hope which we have seen was not unfounded.

Nevertheless, there is another possibility, loathsome as it is to contemplate: Something prevents him from presenting himself.

If something is preventing Regulus from returning home perhaps that will convince Our Lord to grant him an act of clemency.

Whatever it is, let us hope that he disentangles himself quickly and with a minimum of difficulty.

Do you think Friday, really?

Oh. Meant to mention at supper: the Headmistress at Hogwarts replied to a comment of mine about the Committee for Magical Commerce. Something about clementines for Christmas. Might you check with the Witches' League to see if they would be willing to provide for a few crates? I know it's frightfully early, but your ladies so often take far longer than one expects to come to an arrangement.
No more toilets, hooray!

Today I was allowed to start scrubbing the floors! I did all the toilets twice and so I was told that I'm now allowed to move on to floors. Not much time to write, as I need to go to sleep soon, but I am so happy that I don't have to scrub Myrtle's cubicle any more!

no word of the day? boot misses it. would like to learn more words.

I was too tired! But today I have a very good one, so you'll have to wait and see.

Hey! What's wrong with scrubbing my cubical?
2008-09-24 15:10:00
Robbed!

My bathroom was just robbed by two tall, red haired idiots. They took a toilet seat. I have to go and vent my anger at a pipe. But if I find the toilet seat lying around, I will personally get a house elf to put it back on.

@alternity
@alt_myrtle

alt_hannah at 2008-09-25 19:39:56
Sorry

I'm sorry myrtle I don't know who took your toilet seat. But, red hair sounds like a Weasley.

alt_myrtle at 2008-09-25 19:41:26
(no subject)

A what?

alt_hannah at 2008-09-25 19:46:58
(no subject)

One of the Weasley boys. The twins can be real trouble sometimes I've heard. I haven't met them but stealing a toilet seat sounds just like the mischief they've been up to this year. They poured mud on Percy's bed I heard (their own brother).

alt_gredforge at 2008-09-25 22:38:25
(no subject)

Only because he deserved it!
I looked up other words for 'stupid' today and found out that 'hebetate' means to make someone stupid. Or to become stupid. I'm not sure how one would use it in a sentence - 'lack of sleep has hebetated me' maybe? But 'hebetudinous' definitely means stupid. Stupid in a sluggish, lazy way, someone who's too lazy to go to the work of thinking.

I'd like to know a word for people who are energetically stupid, who leap out of bed in the morning to be the stupidest gits they can be all day, who go out of their way to be stupid at you and to yell at you in the corridor because you're somewhere you're not supposed to be even though it should be obvious that if you're there, it's because you've got lost. Not that this happened to me today, or anything. It been almost a month, I feel pretty hebetudinous still getting lost, but there you are.

This was just a frustrating day, what with the getting lost, the getting yelled at, and the losing points in Transfiguration because I was looking out the window when Carrow looked over at me.

I want some chocolate frogs. Chocolate frogs always make days like this better.

I know some pretty stupid people, only one or two of them are that stupid though.

I think there are sort of different kinds of stupid. There's stupid that's just stupid. And there's the sort of stupid that's really just being a little slower at catching on than the average. (Most people can read a lot faster than me, for example.) But once they finally understand it, they don't forget it.
Some people can be stupid at some things but really smart about others. My Great-Aunt Enid can't read a map to save her life, for instance, but she's a whiz at mathematics. (Or me, being sort of a dunce in transfiguration, when most of my other classes are going okay. Well, mostly okay.)

And then there's the sort of stupid that's just about being careless about stuff. Like someone who's real smart in school but always says things that hurt other people (like maybe yelling at someone who gets lost, when it really isn't her fault). Because they don't get that people's feelings might matter.
Journal

boot wonders. why did Headmistress give him a journal?

boot liked it at first, wanted to write in it with his own enchanted quill. but the things boot thinks about and wants to write, some say are bad to read. they get boot in trouble. or hermione.

that leaves just small things to write about, that no one cares about. told that to hermione and she laughed. 'but the very smallest things can be very important' hermione says. 'like fleas. fleas are important, didn’t you say?'

'but writing about fleas got boot into trouble'

'just write about other small things, then,' hermione said, 'you could do that because you already write like a poet.'

that really surprised boot and he asked why she thinks that.

she scrunchs up her nose 'because you notice things. like me. and because your words are so spare.' boot didn't know what she meant by spare, so she showed boot the word in a dictionary. 'spare' words are used with restraint, didn't know that word, so we looked up that one, too.

boot knows all about restraint.

have been thinking about what hermione said. she told boot there is a kind of poem called a hikoo. its three lines, the first line has five silabels, the second has seven silabels, and the third line has five silabels again. took a while to understand what 'silabels' are. hikoo are poems about small things. like blades of grass, or a single flower, or a pebble. so boot says he will try to notice small things and write about them, and hermione said she will find a book about hikoo to show to boot. she says they are easy to write. maybe he can try them himself.

here is a small thing: boot noticed the way the sun fell across the steps leading out of the kitchen. crookshanks found the place where the sun made a puddle and curled up and slept at boot's feet while boot and hermione ate their bread for dinner last night. fur was warm from the sun, even though shadows were cool. boot could feel the purring through his toes.

that is a small thing
wondering:

is boot an important thing, even if small, so that's why the Headmistress gave him a journal?

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@alt_hermione at 2008-09-25 18:41:08
(no subject)

Yes.

@alt_molly at 2008-09-26 13:45:04
ORDER ONLY

That's actually quite a good question. Why did you give him a journal, Minerva? What do you know about the poor boy?

@alt_mcgonagall at 2008-09-27 02:44:35
Re: ORDER ONLY

I wanted to see a little more of what's beneath that mop of hair.
We have had a stroke of luck, although I feel guilty saying that because it is due to someone else's misfortune. Our elderly neighbour Annie Simmons died a month ago, and her husband Avery is going east to live with his daughter, so they are breaking up their old household. Avery asked if I would like to take his beehives! They have six, which will mean a fair bit of work, but heavens! Honey, and beeswax, perhaps even enough to sell, for profit. Or we could pass along some of the largess along to Moddey Dhoo Sanctuary. It would mean being able to avoid the sugar tax, and having beeswax candles instead of those smoking smelly tallow dips. I was surprised that Avery didn't want to transport the hives to his daughter's home, but he feels he is too old to keep up with it, and I think losing Annie has made him lose his heart somewhat. He just wants to hand them over entirely. He is even giving me all the equipment for free! And the bees will help pollinate the orchard, which means our apple and pear yield should be much higher next year.

He also gave me all of Annie's old sweaters so that I could rip them up and use the yarn. Some is too worn to use for much, but quite a bit of it is very good. The girls and I have been using the wool and cotton to knit socks. A few were even fine enough to use for baby socks. I haven't told the girls that a bunch are going to Sanctuary, of course; they think they're knitting them for the poor muggle children in the camps (and indeed, some of them will go for that purpose). The girls just learned to turn a heel this month, and they are extremely proud of their work. They manage it much more slowly than me, of course, because they can't use magic, but still, they've each contributed a pair of socks each week to the box where we've been collecting them. Luna even took hers and dyed them all purple! She's been studying natural dyes and so she used bilberries with alum. 'It's good practise, I suppose,' she said, 'for when we start taking potions.'

Another neighbour is willing to trade fleece from one of her sheep for goat's milk. I may have to get another goat. Thank Merlin that people are willing to barter. Ginny is trying to learn drop-spindle spinning, so that we can hand spin some more of our own yarn. And Luna is happily researching other plants, etc., that she can use to create other natural dyes. Alice, be prepared to get future socks in a rainbow array of colors!
Oh, and Alice, I'm also sending along a little instructional booklet about sketching for young Master Colin Creevey. Those little illustrative sketches he did of Peel Castle you sent along with your last report to Minerva caught our attention quite wonderfully. I think he has quite an artistic eye, and it might help him keep the boredom at bay this winter. Hopefully, Minerva can send him some parchment for practise.

We have also been experimenting with soap making, again trying to avoid the tax. Ginny grumbled about this a fair amount (what a nasty, smelly business soap-making is!) and said we might as well be living a hundred and fifty years ago, when each household had to manufacture everything they need instead of buying it. She has a point.

I assigned each of the girls to write an essay about a short story, anyone they liked that they could pick. Minerva, I'm sending you the one Luna did. It really surprised me. She wrote about a short story with the rather strange name 'The Ones Who Walk Away from Omelas' by an author I'd never heard of before, someone named Ursula K. LeGuin. It may give you a little hope for the next generation. I have no idea where in Merlin's name she finds these strange works of fiction, but that's just the way Luna is. (I suppose, come to think of it, it's not surprising, considering all the strange books Xenophilius collects.)

I'm off to make a pie for Arthur. He needs something to comfort him, poor man, when he comes home after those abominable days at the office.

---

alt_mcgonagall at 2008-09-26 02:04:28
(no subject)

I am certain that everyone at Moddey Dhoo will appreciate your efforts - although I must say that you should be careful about taking steps to avoid the tax. It's possible, not likely but certainly possible, that they will choose to interpret the law as including a tax on homemade goods. Of course, it would only be a method of harassment, but I suspect that despite Arthur's position your family is not immune from harassment.
2008-09-25 21:52:00
ORDER ONLY: A New Name

A new name appeared on the rolls today: Saunders Morys, of Caernarfon.

Alice, I think that this might be a family to speak to. They're closer than the children in Taunton and Inswich, and the camp is much safer to approach than the one in Manchester.

I know you've been feeling - brittle - about the Swithin incident. Think of Shah and, perhaps, Saunders.

I shall hope to hear from you soon, you know.

alt_alice at 2008-09-27 00:17:26
(no subject)

Frank is already working on the Morys boy.

Do you really need to be so cruel to Remus? It's his last bit of family, Minerva - you know what happened to his mother.

alt_mcgonagall at 2008-09-27 00:19:49
(no subject)

I fear I must. Alice, you know he isn't to be trusted.

alt_alice at 2008-09-27 00:22:33
(no subject)

Bollocks. That is bollocks and you know it, Minerva. He can't help what he is any more than I can help the freckles on my face.
I tried to reach out to him, Alice. He didn't want to see me. And how can I be sure of him?

Look at the way he's treated, and ask yourself, would you want to bother with people who hate you?

He's been hated all his life. Now, he's accepted only because of the thing he loathes the most. His friends have forsaken him and his family is dead or dying.

Put yourself in his shoes. Just for a moment, pretend you're not where you are, but where he is. And see how you feel.

I saw that he found a letter from Lily his mother hadn't sent him. Did anyone think to ask him about it? Did anyone offer to talk to him? No?

Cowards, all of you.

Alice . . . I admit, you prick my conscience. No, Arthur and I haven't reached out to Remus since he's come back. But it's not quite as black and white as you're making it out, don't you see? It's not that we hate him--we don't! Or that we fear him because he's a werewolf. It's because we don't know whether we can trust him. He was gone for years, and when he came back, he was cool, polite, distant . . . and seemed to be entirely in synch with the Lord Protector's program for werewolves. We simply didn't know what to think.

And if you think it's cowardly to not dare to speak to him--well, you and Frank, more than any of us must understand the
necessity of pulling back from any ties that are not absolutely trustworthy. All those children the two of you are shepherding from day to day—they're the ones we're risking, if we guess wrongly about Remus.

You know that Arthur and I are in the same position with Percy. You have no idea how painful it is to not even know whether we can trust our own son. So we have to draw back, to guard our words. I don't want to give the enemy the opportunity to use our love as an opening for betrayal. We can't. Too much is at stake.

I am holding out hope for Percy, and yes, I'm holding out hope for Remus, too. Perhaps we'll be able to discern his true loyalties if we watch carefully, and they'll still be for the Order. I hope so with all my heart.

But I don't want to put the Order (including you and Frank, mind you) at risk by guessing wrongly.
'Lo, all. Just popping in to report.

Nipped off to Paris yesterday to visit Gringotts. When I returned, I adjusted my disguise so that Victor and Ilsa's 'nephew' was on hand to help bridge the generation gap.

I found the guard I wanted to talk to in a cafe off duty. Not surprisingly, he was much more forthcoming over a glass of wine, and when he didn't realise he was talking to an applicant.

Turns out there's another layer above Nicola and his British counterpart, but he's partial to a particular vintage available in Dijon. Easily remedied. One or three bottles will mysteriously appear in the top of one of the Laszlo's boxes when we next bring them for consideration.

I've also added *Fleur de Sel de Guérande* to the list of ingredients we sell. Seems incredibly asinine, but Narcissa's mad for the stuff. I guarantee Malfoy will push for us if he thinks he's got an eager wizard purveyor.

The next step is to get us on review early. Working on that. On that note, Agatha has given me up as a reprobate, I'm afraid. But I assure you, it's all in the name of the Order. There's a lovely young witch by the name of Marguerite who is in charge of the Muggle Relations office, as the British staff will not consort with the French constables in charge of the wharves.

Can I help it if Marguerite thinks Henrich Laszlo is adorable? If it gets us useful information or better yet, access to the Chunnel warehouses, I'm willing to spend a night or two in a *discothèque*.
Please pardon my absence. I've been distracted.

My sister, a witch in her own right, owled me just a few days ago. We have not spoken in some time as she has been in hiding. A few years ago she secretly married a lovely man from Galway, who happens to be Muggle. They produced a beautiful little girl. The child began showing her magic very, very early on so my sister and her husband elected to leave the country. They were not able to, so they went into hiding.

Unfortunately, their location was betrayed and my sister's husband and child were taken to a camp in Yorkshire. She does not know which camp or whether they are even still alive. The child may be spared but put to work, but her husband's fate is very dim.

She has asked me for help. I have none to offer her. I am bound by the law of the land as much as anyone.

It is times like this that I wish Greyback had chosen to kill me, instead.

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**alt_mcgonaagall** at **2008-09-27 00:07:41**
(no subject)

I'm sorry for your loss, Mr Lupin.

**alt_lupin** at **2008-09-27 00:08:51**
(no subject)

Your concern is appreciated, Minerva.
Do not think I am entirely cold, despite my political leanings, Mr Lupin.

We have all felt saddened and conflicted by our families' choices, and their poor choices have little to do with our attachment to them.

Love is never a poor choice, Minerva.

Oh, Remus. I'm so, so sorry.

My God, Alice.

I won't ask where you've been, but I will say that it is wonderful to hear from you.
Did anybody take notes in Potions today?

I might have possibly set fire to my notes by accident.

...should I even ask?

Probably not, no.

But do you have the notes?

How good are you at...whatsit...the Egyptian picture things?

Might need it to read my writing, mate.

It has to be better than not having any at all, right?
@alt_ron at 2008-09-27 01:41:32
(no subject)

For all I understand what Slughorn's going on about, I reckon so. No guarantees you won't follow me down the road to a nice T on the next exam.

@alt_harry at 2008-09-27 01:52:23
(no subject)

Maybe Sally-Anne or Pansy will have them. Draco won't give his to me, he's being a git.

@alt_ron at 2008-09-27 01:57:07
(no subject)

Nah, you can have mine.

There's a shock

@alt_neville at 2008-09-27 02:22:01
(no subject)

I'd offer mine, except I spilled gravy all over them at supper tonight.

@alt_harry at 2008-09-27 02:35:20
(no subject)

Bad day for notes, huh?

@alt_neville at 2008-09-27 03:19:14
(no subject)

At least I didn't drop them from a broom into the lake to get swallowed by the giant squid. I'm sure I'll get around to that eventually.
You want mine too? When Harry's done?

Yeah, if you'd be willing. Thanks!

At least when you've got them, I'll be here to translate.

And what happened to your notes?

They got burned up in the common room fire.

I know better than to ask how. Do you need to borrow mine? I'll explain my color coding system to you. After I put a fireproof spell on them.
You can borrow mine. They're not color-coded like Pansy's but they'll do, probably.

Should I add here that I'd like you not to set fire to them?

Probably a good idea.
Potions again

In potions today we made simple sleeping draughts. Once again I managed to brew my potion without spilling it or ruining it through some stupid error. It turned out better than anyone's except Draco's. It smelled like lavender when I was done.

It's funny how everyone's potion turns out differently. We all have the same book. We all get the same instructions from Professor Slughorn. We all have access to the same potion ingredients. The first week, I spilled my potion, and the second week, I added the wrong ingredient. So the most basic thing is to pay attention to what you're doing, so you don't make any stupid mistakes, but even if you're careful to follow the instructions exactly, you can still end up with a potion that isn't quite as good as your neighbour's potion.

The instructions today said to add a pinch of powdered asphodel. The instructions just said a pinch, and they didn't say whether the instructions were written for someone with big hands or small hands, or even if it should be a generous pinch or a tiny pinch. I thought maybe I'd add kind of a big pinch, because my hands are small and it was probably written for a grownup, or at least someone with bigger hands than me. Then as I was adding it I realized I had an enormous pinch and I tried not to put it all in, but my hand slipped and it all went in. But it came out perfectly, so this potion must need a big pinch.

Professor Slughorn admired my potion and said he could tell I'd put in a generous pinch of the asphodel. And he awarded five points to Slytherin for mine, and another five for Draco's.

I went back and looked through the potions book during study hall and after using the word charm to find all the references to asphodel I found a page near the back where it says that if you store asphodel for a long time, it weakens and you have to use extra. So I guess this was slightly weak asphodel but even if I'd read that bit before class started I'm not sure how I'd have known this asphodel was stale. I just got lucky this time.
Forget the same as anyone elses, I'd be happy with one that didn't smell like bad eggs half the time.

If you paid better attention to what you were doing they at least wouldn't reek.

This week's you had at too high a temperature. I noticed it was bubbling too fast when I walked past to go to the supply cabinet.

Huh. I reckoned more heat would mean it'd be ready sooner.

It was ready sooner. It just also stank of rotten eggs.

Point. I'll try the lower heat bit next time.

Thanks.
2008-09-27 19:38:00
27-SEPT-1991

Has anyone seen my necklace? I haven't seen it all day, it maybe fell off in potions or maybe dinner? Study hall? I didn't notice it falling. I think the chain maybe broke. Mum gave me that, if you see it or have it can you please give it back? That's all, really, I just want my necklace back.

alt_michael

alt_ron at 2008-09-28 00:13:25
(no subject)

What's it look like?

alt_michael at 2008-09-28 00:14:24
(no subject)

There's a chain and a pendant that kind of looks like a blue hand on it. It's supposed to be good luck.

alt_ron at 2008-09-28 00:19:59
(no subject)

Haven't come across it, but I'll keep an eye out. Have you asked the older kids if they can Summon?

alt_michael at 2008-09-28 00:57:29
(no subject)

I should ask them, I will. That's a good idea. Thank you.
alt_theodore at 2008-09-28 00:55:40
(no subject)
You wear a necklace?

alt_michael at 2008-09-28 00:57:51
(no subject)
Mum gave me it when I was tiny.

alt_theodore at 2008-09-28 01:00:35
(no subject)
You needed good luck when you were small?
I don't have a mum.

alt_michael at 2008-09-28 01:01:52
(no subject)
Everyone does, right?
Sorry.

alt_theodore at 2008-09-28 01:04:15
(no subject)
Not especially.
Don't be.

alt_michael at 2008-09-28 01:40:08
(no subject)
You don't think not having a mum was unlucky?
Unlucky for her, maybe. I think I'm luckier not having her around.

How do you know you are?

Because she was a bad woman and I suppose I'm lucky she's dead now.

How was she *that* bad?

She just was, all right?

Sorry.
The mudblood girl is scrubbing floors instead of toilets now. You could ask her if she's seen it. If it got kicked into a corner somewhere, or under a piece of furniture, she'll probably find it sooner or later.

I would really rather not.

Or you could ask the house-elves.

I can ask her for you, if you like. If you're squeamish about it, for some reason.

I would rather you didn't.

All right, then. I won't.
Another small thing: a candle.

boot has seen light from the candles floating in the Great Hall during feasts. Candelabras and lanterns glow over books and desks in classrooms and the library. house elves keep those candles lit, boot guesses. students and professors usually use the lumos spell at their wand tips, when they move around the castle at night in places without torches. lumos light is different: silverish white, not warm like candlelight

boot has no wand, so he must go through darkness at night, except for where moonlight and starlight reaches through windows. candles for mudbloods are waste.

but sometimes, there might be a candle, for special. madame pomfrey gave one to boot when she sent him back to his cupboard. hermione walked with him as far as her pallet outside the Great Hall, by the statue of Loeffrick the Loser. when boot left her there, he touched his wick to hers and lit it, and left some light behind there for her.

then boot went through the Great Hall on his way back to his cupboard. he stopped in the Hall's centre and held up the candle. boot had been there once before near midnight without a candle. that time the blackness made him feel like something terrible waited for him out there, crouching behind one of the suits of armour against the wall, watching him.

but this time, a circle, a globe of light was all around boot, on the flagstones at his feet and rising over his head, and the shadows beyond moved in time with his breath over the candle flame. a small candle, a tiny flame, but it lit up so much. the Great Hall felt friendly again.

a candle can be like hope. it makes boot stronger.

boot wishes he could have candles more often
I obtained the forged permits to get Frank into the Caernarfonshire camp to meet with the Morys family. Minerva, we desperately need a line on another secure supply of boomslang skin. With the increased controls that the Ministry is putting in place on certain potion ingredients, Frank is down to his last cauldron of the stuff. Is that one of the items Sirius is trying to smuggle in? At any rate, he went in the guise of the Parish census master, and I was Polyjuiced as his assistant.

We were lucky. They have their own hut--extremely small but at least it was private, which made it easy to put up warding and silencing spells so that we could tell them what we had come to say in confidence. Saunders is their first living child. Mrs. Morys suffered a stillbirth last year (which actually helps us a bit with the cover story.)

The silencing spells turned out to be quite necessary, because they were quite angry and frightened at first, and some furious words were exchanged before Frank got Mr. Morys calmed down enough to listen. We finally managed to convince them to read the letters that Frank was carrying from Alice and the children. Molly, that truly was a masterful idea, to have the older children write, too; I think that parents find it particularly reassuring to have children writing to tell them that they are happy at Moddey Dhoo, and what they're learning. Mrs. Morys particularly lingered over the sketches of Peel Castle that Colin Creevey had enclosed.

They wanted to know what would happen if they said no, of course. Frank told him that in that case we'd have to memory charm them, because of course we are violating the law in order to save children like their son and give them a decent education. We must protect this secret. The Morys nodded slowly. 'If you don't go with us, though,' Frank told them, 'then sometime in the next five to ten years, your son will begin to show signs of magic. When that's discovered, he will be taken away from you to be a slave, and most likely you will never see him again.'

The mother began crying. Frank and I glanced at each other and grimaced; this is really the worse part about trying to convince the parents. 'But if you take him," she said, 'we'll never see him again,
either. How can we possibly trust you?'

'You can trust us,' Frank told her bluntly, 'because we're standing here with wands; we could have simply seized him, and you couldn't do a damn thing about it.' Mr. Morys glared at him, and for a moment, I thought he might attack Frank, but thinking of recently painful experiences, no doubt, he didn't dare try. 'But we didn't do that,' Frank went on gently, 'because we're wizards who don't believe any of that bilge about Muggles being inferior. We're asking your permission. We won't take him otherwise. We're putting ourselves in your power by telling you this. And you won't tell, because keeping the secret will keep your son safe.'

He took out three rings and asked them each for locks of their hair. A tap of the wand made a lock of the baby's hair grow long enough for Frank to snip it off, too. With a little judicious wand-waving, Frank interbraided the three locks, and a snippet of each thin braid was coiled around the central stones on each ring. 'Put these on.'

The father shrugged. 'The guards will steal them.'

Frank explained that the rings were charmed so that they were the only ones who could see or remove them, and then gave them the lesson on what the colours of the central stone meant about what Saunders is feeling (red for angry, violet for anxious, blue for happy, green for peaceful, etc.) 'There are two stones on Saunders' ring, so he will know the same about each of you. His ring will get bigger so it continues to fit his hand as he grows. If we ever prevail so that Britain is free again, you can use the magic in these rings to find each other again. We will teach Saunders how.'

They hesitated for a long time, looking at the rings and at their baby sleeping in her lap.

'Please, believe in us. We're both fathers, too,' Frank told them quietly, trying to tip the balance. 'And I had to leave my children in the care of others so that I can do this work. This is the best choice for your boy, the only chance, really, he'll have to lead a decent life.'

Slowly, they put the rings on, and Frank and I let out a long, quiet breath. We had convinced them, and all the rest was mere details.

Frank then pulled out the three sheets of charmed parchment, had each of them place a hand in the center of one of them (including the baby), and tapped the back of each hand with a wand. A nicely
rendered portrait sketch of each of them appeared on each parchment when they moved their hands away, moving a little, as if in real life. ‘We will take these two of you for Saunders to keep. No one but the two of you will be able to see the picture we’re leaving for you of Saunders. But it means you will see him as he grows, and you will be able to recognize each other when you meet him again.’

We found the camp's muggle doctor and with a quick application of the confundo charm got him to sign the death certificate. We left it with that grieving young couple, along with two magical rings and a piece of charmed parchment. A ruddy inadequate exchange for the baby boy Frank and I smuggled out of the camp, unless you consider that we also left them with the faint hope that he'll have a chance at a better life because they loved him enough and were brave enough to give him up to strangers.

He has a big appetite, Alice, and a lusty set of lungs. Molly had me send along some sleepers and another batch of nappies for him, along with a potion for that cradle cap. Let us know if you need anything more.

Arthur,

Thank Merlin you and Frank are there to do this work.

As for boomslang skin, that's tricky, because as you know they are African. Our cover here is Eastern European. Even lacewing flies are difficult to procure through Ms. Bellows’ and Agatha's sources. Perhaps once they are licensed we can expand their inventory, though it will be be necessary of course to alter the quantities.

Along those lines, we are still cooling our heels in Calais.

Mmm. If we need a conduit to African supplies, I wonder whether Kingsley might possibly be able to help, then. I'll suggest to Arthur that he send him a coded owl--but warn him that he mustn't try helping
if there would be any chance it would blow his cover or there's any risk of his getting caught or killed. We don't want another Sturgis Podmore.

alt_arthur at 2008-09-29 02:37:31
Re: Order only

I think it might be worth the risk of getting in touch with Shacklebolt. Good thought, Molly. He is a wily fox (wouldn't have lasted this long if he weren't) and I think we can trust him to know how to get in touch with any sources he might have without endangering his neck. I hope he has some leads that will prove helpful. Will report back when I learn more.

alt_arthur at 2008-09-29 02:40:23
Re: Order only

Blast. I was hoping there would be some movement by now.

Frank is most anxious to get his hands on at least some of those wands.

alt_sirius at 2008-09-29 02:44:20
Re: Order only

You and me both, mate.

There's a fine art to pushing these things. Marguerite's a dear, but she can only get us so far.

Though with luck, I should have some incriminating material by tomorrow, and that should get me a step or two further with that guard, if not Nicola himself.

alt_molly at 2008-09-29 00:26:02
(no subject)

Well, you could always convince me of practically anything. And we all know Frank can charm the birds from the trees.
2008-09-28 17:32:00
*Hands off, thank you*

Look here, just because someone offers to share their Earl Grey tea to *one* person doesn't mean that the option is open to every Tom, Dick, and ... whoever. My stash has dwindled down to scarcely a handful of tea leaves, and it was meant to last well into the month of October. My Martin Miggs' comics aren't for just anyone to read, either. I'm not a lending library, am I? And yet I can't find my new issue anywhere, not even in my usual hiding spots. This is why I really prefer not to share, if at all possible. Once you start sharing, everyone just comes round and takes whatever they like, when they like. Prats.

I would also like to point out that choosing not to share notes with a house-mate doesn't always make one a git. I don't mind showing my notes to house-mates who don't have their notes for a good reason, like illness, or a bout of confusion that occured during one of Professor Slughorn's more colourful stories about his "wily youth," but honestly, if one's mucking about with spells like that, spells that could destroy their notes and worse, I'd rather they borrow somebody elses than mine. Sorry Harry, but you know I'm right.

I can barely see for all the Transfiguration revision I've done, and to judge by some of the ugly, gawping faces I've seen in the library, I'm not the only one. No one wants to pull a Longbottom and lose one-hundred points for their house this week. I don't see that happening to anyone in Slytherin, but you never know with Professor Carrow. He's a bit...unpredictable.

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*alt_harry* at 2008-09-29 01:18:09
*(no subject)*

You still ought've lent me your notes. It's all right though.

Anyhow I didn't steal your earl grey, and I don't see why you care what happened to your comic. It isn't as though it got hurt.
Under ordinary circumstances I would have, of course.

How do I know it hasn't gotten hurt? You didn't set fire to it too, did you? I just don't like not knowing where my things are, you know that.

I've packed more tea in your next box; I'll send it up to school tomorrow. Is there anything else you need?

I wasn't trying to give you a hint, Mother, just so you know. But there's nothing else that I can think of that I need.

Of course I didn't think you were hinting, Draco. But I would hate to think of you going without because some horrid thief thinks they're entitled to your things.

People are just angry, I guess, if they can't get nice tea like we can. Though if their parents really wanted to, and they were any good at magic, they could transfigure some regular tea into nice tea and send it to them.
The transfigured stuff is never really quite as good as the proper kind though, is it? Although that's no excuse for theft.

I'll be more careful with the tea you send off tomorrow.

You won't have to. Just keep it safe in the tea chest.

Alright, Mother, I will. Thank you.

I didn't take any of your tea, just so you know, I don't mind the sort they serve here. I did take one of your sugar quills the day you said I could. It was lovely, thank you.

Ask Crabbe where your comic is.

Did Harry really cast fiend? Harry got my notes back to me undamaged but if I'd been there to see him cast but I don't blame you for and I think he'll take better care of his own in the future.
If you want some of my tea you can ask. I suppose.
I will speak to Crabbe about my comic at once.

No, really, I've always had transfigured tea to
drink, I really don't mind the kind they serve here.
Now if you get more sugar quills in your care
package I might ask you for one of those.

Yes, I imagine you have.
I didn't ask for sugar quills, but my Mother
occasionally likes to surprise me. So we will see.

I want a sugar quill!
2008-09-28 19:34:00
(no subject)

Is it wrong that I don't have anything to complain about?

Everyone else is complaining. But no one has stolen my tea or my shampoo, and I haven't ruined my notes, and I haven't lost any jewellery, and I actually like it here. The ghosts here are better than the ghosts at home, and it's nice having lots of people around. There wasn't anyone at my house besides Father and me and sometimes Auntie Brunhilda.

I don't miss Auntie Brunhilda at all.

alt_theodore at 2008-09-29 03:00:11
(no subject)

I met your Auntie Brunhilda once. She smelt of sour old cabbage.

There. I've gone and complained about something for you.

alt_theodore at 2008-09-29 03:05:40
(no subject)

She acts like old sour cabbage, too. I think the that was only bad thing that came of my mother dying - Auntie Brunhilda came to take care of me during the week.

Look! I've complained about something by myself.

alt_draco at 2008-09-29 03:10:00
(no subject)

Quick study, you are.

Auntie Bellatrix smells of something like ashes and the air outside just before a lightning storm. I asked Mother about it once and she said that it was the smell of
dark magic.

I wonder what might the smell of sour old cabbage be other than just that, sour cabbage?

✉️ **alt_theodore** at 2008-09-29 03:18:14
(no subject)

I wish I had an Auntie Bellatrix instead of an Auntie Brunhilda.

Maybe she can transfigure herself into a cabbage?

✉️ **alt_draco** at 2008-09-29 03:20:52
(no subject)

Like an animagus? A vegetable animagus? How daft, though slightly less disgusting than being a real animagus, I suppose.

Having an Auntie Bellatrix is reassuring. Not quite as good as having the Lord Protector for a father, but it's not far off.

Why didn't your father ever find a new wife, I wonder?

✉️ **alt_theodore** at 2008-09-29 03:26:34
(no subject)

I don't think vegemaguses exist. I mean, why would they? It's not like you can do anything if you're a vegetable. Other than get eaten. And why would you want to be eaten?

I think I'd rather have an Auntie Bellatrix...

I don't suppose he wanted another one after the first one. He's so old anyway, I guess it was easier to have Auntie Brunhilda look after me than go through the trouble of finding a new wife.
I suppose it might be useful if you wanted to hide in a vegetable patch, and were a complete idiot, at that. But tasting a vegemagus sounds like something you’d be curious about, Teddy.

Really? Well, in that case don't go touching any of Auntie Bellatrix's animal familiars.

Hmm. Or perhaps your father doesn't much mind the smell of sour cabbage.

Well, it would be interesting to see if they tasted like regular vegetables.

Don't you wonder the same thing about the animagus chickens out there, though? If there are any, that is.

I hadn't before you mentioned it.

Is that so, young Master Nott.
It's not that I don't love our Lord Protector, Mrs Lestrange, because I really really do. It's just that he already has a son and I haven't got an auntie as nice as you.

One slip of the tongue is forgivable, at such a tender age, but know that you mustn't say things that you do not mean. Any good boy would give up everything to be our Lord's son.

I believe that you are a good boy. I'm sure that you would make for a pleasing nephew.

I promise I won't ever do it again.

Good boy.
It is a strange and distracting thing, the giving and taking of life. Almost to an annoying degree, one could propose. I dare say it distracted me for eleven years, and even more acutely these last few weeks when the life in question was my own.

It probably shouldn't concern us living as much as it does, considering the universe is more than a little flip about the whole ordeal.

But He is never flip. His methods are never random. It took a rather sharp reminder for me to realise, finally, that life is the Lord's to give and to take away. The weak may question it, even run from it, but our doubt will never change it. Our doubt or our actions.

I see clearly now. His mercies fall where He wills them to fall. And tonight they have fallen on me.

Most of me, anyway.

Narcissa, would you be a dear and visit me at my mother's? She is still screaming, but I expect the tone to take an affectionate turn within the hour. Followed shortly by at least a week of injured silence. Any time will be fine.

---

My Mother talks about you. You're the one she says good things about, I think, and not the other one.

Well, in the other one's defence, he wasn't nearly as interested in pleasing your mother as I was. In the short term that saved him a great many bumps and bruises, as she was always practicing her spells on the foolish willing.
Still, I hold that I got the better end of the deal in the long term.

You sir, look a great deal like her.

alt_draco at 2008-09-29 03:53:06
(no subject)

In the short term? But what about the long...oh, I see what you've done there.

You shouldn't have been away for so long. It made Mother unhappy.

I know that I look like her, but I also look like my father. Thought right now, he is taller.

alt_regulus at 2008-09-29 04:09:02
(no subject)

Yes, well, I am here now.

A fantastic point about the height. Careful now, or you may need to skip a year.

alt_draco at 2008-09-29 04:15:10
(no subject)

Mother didn't tell me that you were the sort of adult who likes to tease children to make himself feel important. My, that's the best kind of adult there is.

alt_regulus at 2008-09-29 04:29:14
(no subject)

I come from the house of Black, little cousin. I simply am important.

You needn't be so sensitive, if I'm teasing anything it's the bit of myself I see in you.
What do you mean? We obviously look nothing alike. And I'm not sensitive.

Oh thank Merlin you're still alive.
I'll be there as soon as I can. Do you need anything?

Thank Our Lord Narcissa. Somehow I doubt Merlin would have stood a chance.
Do I need anything.... the hysterical bit of laughter at your question was a great help actually. I will need some assistance. Perhaps some arnica root if you have any... handy on hand lying around.
Oh, my side....

I'm coming right now. Meet me in your old bedroom - I don't want Auntie to know I'm there yet.

My old bedroom is my current bedroom, I'm afraid. No need to add insult to injury.
Hello, cousin. I hope that you both enjoyed and appreciated our Lord's welcome-home gift to you.

It appears as if you are at least a little bit ambidextrous.

Perhaps your assumption that I wouldn't be able to write came from watching me repeatedly fail to cast a spell to stop the bleeding. The swish and flick are quite tricky from the left. Seems it's back to basics for me.

Thank you, by the way, for the dirty rag you finally kicked in my direction.

My assumption came from the fact that you were unable to write for so long. Years.

I am glad that you recognise the lengths of my generosity.

It is my greatest wish that I will be able to repay you in kind someday.
That is the problem with you, cousin. Your greatest wishes should have nothing to do with me.

Regulus, you could not have arrived at a more opportune time.

Believe me, your mother may be railing, but she is beyond relieved that you have come home. You know her way of expressing herself.

It has been a difficult seventy-two hours for her and as you recall, she has always been prone to overreaction.

Narcissa will calm her down, if anyone can.

Opportune. Yes. Thank you, Lucius.

I have faith that she will come around.
Falling behind

I've been neglecting these updates as the last few days have been most hectic.

On Thursday I took a meeting with Pius Thicknesse and Rufus Scrimgeour regarding the simple necessity of allowing the Aurors authority to force confessions via Legilimency.

Veritaserum, of course, is growing steadily more impractical. There are too few qualified Potions Master-brewers to keep the Department in supply. Ever since the Minister ratified our proposal for tighter controls on importation - which were absolutely warranted, given the trouble ensuring qualified products and no undesirable additives - many brewers have focused on potions with less arduous processing requirements. (Only four Master Brewers are active at the moment, including Horace, who is far too occupied with his pupils.) The price and trouble involved in bringing moke kidneys and demiguise eyes into the country in sufficient quantity to provide every Auror with serum is extraordinary, at any rate. And of course, there's the problematic matter of contraband, which is so often associated with the potions trade.

But I see no reason at all why qualified Legilimens should not be allowed to practise in their discretion. It would save time and expense if the Ministry authorise Legilimency in the field. This business of conducting all Legilimency inquiries only with a Wizengamot representative present is an inane exercise at best and a deliberate attempt to limit the mandate of the Aurors. The Wizengamot ought to be supporting the Department of Magical Law Enforcement, not controlling it.

Scrimgeour had some rumbling to do about the role of the Wizengamot as an independent and neutral branch of government; I reminded him (and Thicknesse) that the Lord Protector, as the ultimate head of both the judiciary and the constabulary, has every right to expect that both branches will do what is necessary to create a seamless organisation and to ensure harmonious co-ordination between the departments. The Wizengamot is not an oversight committee. It is an arbiter of evidentiary support for guilt and of appropriate punishment for infractions against the Protectorate.
I believe I made my point clearly. Expect that within the week, Thicknesse will loosen the Wizengamot's strangle-hold on the MLE and allow our Legilimens-certified Aurors to get on with a little less red tape.

Thursday evening I arrived back at the Manor to find that Narcissa's luncheon meeting for the planning of the St. Mungo's benefit next month had run overlong. I try to stay out of the way of these sessions, if only because I am, I confess, useless when it comes to choosing china patterns, table linens, menus, or other such elements. Invariably, if I am unlucky enough to encounter the group, I am asked my opinion on some detail and I'm utterly unable to give any sort of intelligent answer. Economies I understand; orchids are altogether out of my experience.

I think next time Mrs Brown shall think twice about whether she really wants my input on floral arrangements. I had no idea before Thursday last how many colours and breeds there are of Anthemideae, and I wish I still didn't.

We received our weekly owl from Draco and there is the usual amount of schoolboy shenanigans. Not surprised he and the Longbottom boy are at odds; Frank Longbottom was always a bit of a fool, and from what Amanda used to say, it seems he gets a stubborn, mulish streak from Alice. I recall that in her second year, Maurice Thomas kept trying to partner her at Herbology. She quite sensibly told him that she didn't want any quarter-blooded wizard for a partner. I heard about it when Amanda wrote to me complaining that Alice had chased her into Myrtle's toilet every day for a week over the incident. The cheek! It was a private matter between Amanda and Thomas, yet Alice (Cadwallader as she was then) put her wand in where no one asked it to go. (Amanda eventually took my advice and hexed her soundly to make her stop. Even if I had still been at school and Head Boy to boot, I should have told her the same. Running to the Prefects over a bully is a surefire way to prove weakness.) The Weasley boy appears to be beyond help, but between Harry and Draco and his own brother, perhaps he can be made to see reason. He is, after all, still very young, unduly influenced by those parents of his.

At any rate, Draco seems to have run through his care package rather more quickly than Narcissa anticipated. Advised her to supply him again, of course, but with a reminder that he must learn to restrain his appetites and apportion his treats more prudently.

Pansy is experiencing some pangs as well, it appears. Rosalind asked
Crispin for time in my books to discuss the child's homesickness, but I assured her via Floo that Pansy will adjust quickly enough. (I sent her a little something to help that along, too.)

It had to be Floo, and not a personal appointment, owing to an urgent alert from the *Prophet* that the latest edition of *The Quibbler* has arrived at the central owl office to be distributed to subscribers. Xenophilius has apparently filled his newest edition with outlandish ravings about Black's recent denunciation of the Lord Protector. I shall not dignify this ... publication ... with a quote, but suffice to say that the articles ranged from a point-by-point analysis of Black's broadcast to an investigation of Black's suspected whereabouts, to an 'exposé' of Black's history, including unfounded allegations that his family are still supportive of his 'resistance efforts.' Unless Alphard's ghost has come back to give Lovegood an interview, it's simply ridiculous - tantamount to slander.

I told the owl office that by no means were they to release the owls until I had reviewed the edition. Then, of course, I had to have Dolores issue an injunction against it and order the copies destroyed. I felt it only right to inform Walburga, which resulted in a number of visits on Friday to appease her nerves. All she kept asking was when Regulus would turn up. Thought of loaning her one of our elves, as hers seems ... less than up to the task of attending her, but she insisted that no one but myself, Narcissa, or Bella was to visit, unless Regulus should suddenly wish to honour his previous promise that he would return soon.

... And miraculously, he has done exactly that. He arrived sometime over the week-end, and only moments ago called for his cousin. So I daresay that Walburga is, if anything, even more at her limit than over the attention levied upon her disowned eldest.

As for *The Quibbler*, as I said, the libelous copies have been ordered held in a Ministry warehouse awaiting destruction. Scrimgeour appealed to Minister Umbridge against arresting Lovegood, arguing instead that a fine should suffice and would, in addition, provide the Department with some additional discretionary funds. Seems to be an appropriate penalty ... provided it remains an isolated incident.

Might instruct the *Prophet* Board tomorrow to consider purchasing *The Quibbler* outright and overhauling it to fit in between *Witch Weekly* and *Proper Warlock*. Perhaps as a vehicle for Skeeter; get her off the pages of the respectable paper and into the gossip columns where she belongs.
Meanwhile, am most anxious that Narcissa heeds Regulus's call to help him calm Walburga's considerable anxiety at his sudden reappearance in Grimmauld Place. I shall offer to call upon her tomorrow as well, to see what I may do to smooth ... and soothe ... her frayed constitution.

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**@alt_bellatrix** at 2008-09-29 03:42:29
*(no subject)*

I have never had use for potion-brewing, far too time-consuming... but as you know, I learned Legilimency from the best. I do so hate being unable to put my full repertoire of skills to use, especially on a case so important as this one.

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**@alt_lucius** at 2008-09-29 03:47:05
*(no subject)*

Absolutely. I am confident that Thicknesse will see reason very shortly.

You are as aware as I that Our Lord is anxious to see the matter resolved. I have made it a priority to provide you as much latitude as necessary to accomplish the task.

---

**@alt_bellatrix** at 2008-09-29 03:59:02
*(no subject)*

I appreciate your efforts, Lucius, and am confident that they will produce results.

Forgive me if I'm unable to assist you and my sister in calming Auntie Walburga, for I am very busy tomorrow. Also, it's just as Narcissa has always said - I have little patience for those who can scream louder than I.
We do what we must, Bella.

Your own mission is, in the long run, much more important than bringing Walburga back to her senses. Only yesterday she was 'screaming' for her 'baby boy' - she'll remember, now that she has him back under her roof, that she has been wanting nothing other than to see him again.
We received an urgent Floo call from Xenophilius just before dawn. It seems that the Ministry has taken great exception to the latest issue of *The Quibbler*, which had been sent to the central owl office for distribution. Sirius, he had written all about your appearance in the journals. And now all copies of this issue have been seized, and I gather will be destroyed.

Xenophilius was calling in great distress because he hourly expects arrest, and so he asked us to take Luna. He doesn't want to subject the poor child to such a scene. We said of course we would, and so he and Luna arrived by Floo, Luna much rumpled, barefoot and owl-eyed, with all of her night things stuffed into a pillow case.

I took her upstairs and got her settled in with Ginny, while Arthur did his tactful best to calm down Xenophilius. The poor man is extremely distressed over losing the income from even one issue. Apparently, he is running things quite close to the line. By the time I arrived back in the kitchen and started making tea, Arthur had artfully suggested that if he had to fill in a missing issue anyway, he might choose a topic that would really seize attention, as well as sell a lot of copies. Perhaps he had some sensational recent reports of a really fabulous beastie about which he could print a story? Xenophilius lit up at this suggestion and started going on about some seven-legged monstrosity from Africa. I gathered that he hadn't written about it before now because reports of its seemed so contradictory, unlikely and sketchy (this, a quibble from Xenophilius!). Arthur responded with so much enthusiasm while still keeping a remarkably straight face that it cheered Xenophilius up beautifully. (I suppose that working at the Ministry of Magic has taught Arthur much about controlling his facial expressions when listening to nonsense.) I see Arthur's plan: have *The Quibbler* follow the dangerous issue with one that makes Xenophilius look as dotty as possible. Perhaps then the Ministry might conclude that he is harmless and end up leaving him alone.

I hope it will work. And that Arthur's gentle suggestion to Xenophilius (that perhaps he should leave sordid matters of politics to those lesser publications that didn't have such an urgent mission to fill the gaps in the public's need to learn about cutting-edge natural history) will fall upon fertile ground.
Ginny has taken Luna right to her heart. She is even moving her things into the twins' room for the nonce so the girls can share a room, so Luna won't be lonely at night. Luna is quite worried about her father, although doing her brave best to hide it. I will do my best to keep her busy and try to make her stay with us seem as much of a treat (rather than a necessity) as possible.
Erratum

This morning over breakfast Narcissa pointed out that I misremembered which 'Alice' had been Amanda's tormentor at Hogwarts. Alice Cadwallader was two years ahead of Amanda, and while she did make a nuisance of herself, it was more in the way of trying to ingratiate herself; Alice Prewett was the shirty Hufflepuff with the temerity to berate Amanda for refusing to consort with blood-traitors.

Of course, Narcissa is much better at keeping track of these things than I, since she was still at school during Amanda's second year, and since she has an impeccable memory for social interaction. Despite all the excitement and ... consternation over Regulus's return, she is still able to recall instantly the details of nearly twenty years ago.

I confess I have been somewhat harangued of late, what with the Quibbler and seeing that Regulus is back and ... mostly ... whole, but I marvel at Narcissa's ability to keep it all straight and still keep a level head about her. Paracelsus knows, I can scarce be bothered to remember the names of all the Wizengamot, much less some snippy blood-traitor whom Amanda used as a lesson in standing up for herself.

After breakfast, Narcissa and I went round to Grimmauld Place again, to ensure that he is comfortably installed - as comfortably as possible, of course - and that Walburga is back on the mend as well.

Regulus's arm appears to be healing well. I still wonder that he did not come to Our Lord immediately, and as he now sees, his rashness in delaying has had permanent consequences. But certainly, it could have been far worse.

He is lucky Our Lord so acutely desired him back among His loyal circle.
Small wonder the peacocky snob requires a social secretary and a wife to remember things for him. I imagine that going so many years without using his brain means that he has left crucial bits of it behind.

Prat.

Molly, I hardly know whether to scold you or to laugh!

Oh, go ahead and laugh, Minerva. Merlin knows we've earned it. And it feels JOLLY GOOD to be able to say, if only to myself and you that LUCIUS MALFOY IS A MISERABLE WRETCH OF A STUCK-UP NOSEY PARKER, um, um--my words are failing me.

I hadn't thought to use the Order Only that way - but it will feel good, won't it, when they're being awful?

Molly, dear, are you sure this is wise?
Perhaps not, but I think I'm done now.
For the moment.

Oh, go on, Arthur.
Heaven knows you have to kowtow to the odious git all too often when he's 'inspecting' the camps.

Molly, I see where the twins get it, whether you want to admit it or not.

Wait a minute . . . I just re-read the wretched entry.

What's this about Reg's arm? What's he talking about?

It would seem that my little brother threw his lot back in with the Death Eaters. And got burned for it, not surprisingly. It boggles my mind to think that he can still call Bellatrix and the rest of them family when they'd stand by while his 'Lord and master' does something so horrific.

If I'm reading my cousin's taunts in Reg's journal correctly, our enemy required a show of my brother's loyalty, sincerity - whatever you call it.

It makes me sick.
@alt_mcgonagall at 2008-09-29 22:51:48
Re: ORDER ONLY

I had it from Rosier this morning - it's true.

@alt_arthur at 2008-09-29 22:54:26
Re: ORDER ONLY

Well, if you put it that way . . .

Hmm. Prat.

Toff-nosed tosser.

Pillock.

@alt_mcgonagall at 2008-09-29 22:58:33
Re: ORDER ONLY

Re-living childhood, Arthur?

@alt_arthur at 2008-09-29 23:01:58
Re: ORDER ONLY

Molly's right, it does feel rather . . . freeing.

Think I've got it out of my system now, though.

@alt_arthur at 2008-09-29 22:58:37
Re: ORDER ONLY

Tosspot.

Ponce.

Arse.

Wanker.
Re: ORDER ONLY

ARThUR!!

Sorry, Molly dear.

That's the stuff, Arthur.

Take the piss, mate. It'll make you feel better next time you meet up with the blighter in person.

And yes, Minerva, I reckon we all need to act like twelve-year-olds on occasion. Nothing wrong with letting off a bit of steam.

Just mind none of you get yourselves into a spot when you're face-to-face.

My, it felt good to say that.
2008-09-29 14:18:00
*It's such a nice day*

I know we're not supposed to go walking in the forest but are we allowed to wander the rest of the grounds when classes are over?

Would anyone like to go walking with me?

I don't miss the tea at home or any of the food, really. But we lived by some woods and I liked going walking there.

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2008-09-29 23:26:46
(no subject)

Don't reckon the grounds are out of bounds, seen a few walking around there at least.
I fell asleep in the soapsuds today because last night I couldn't sleep even with Crookshanks there. It was really cold out in the hall.

— alt_hermione

it is getting colder.

do you need the blanket back that you gave to boot? boot is more used to going without than hermione and wouldn't mind. at least cupboard doesn't have draughts like the hallway does.

— alt_terry

It's all right, Terry. I'm fine.

— alt_hermione

don't want hermione to get sick.

— alt_terry
2008-09-29 20:17:00

Something's happened....

It would seem that my little brother threw his lot back in with the Death Eaters. And got burned for it, not surprisingly. It boggles my mind to think that he can still call Bellatrix and the rest of them family when they'd stand by while his 'Lord and master' does something so horrific. When they'd take the mickey afterward, on top of that.

Regulus, if you can see this, mate, I'm sorry. I'm sorry you chose to debase yourself rather than resist. I'm sorry you take such a bleak view of the prospect of defeating the fascists you call your comrades.

And Bella, in case this is your twisted idea of hurting me, then you never did understand the difference between wiles and cowardice.

Does Hydra know that she was born to a wolf spider? Does Rodolphus suspect he's bonded to a praying mantis? Rats, guinea pigs, and prairie dogs all eat their young, too. It's probably just a matter of time before you turn on them like you did on your 'beloved' cousin.

Finally, Mr Lovegood, I gather you did something almost as foolhardy as my original stunt. I assure you, there are more important things than increasing circulation. If your intention was to further my cause, well, thank you for the vote of confidence. But for Circe's sake, you'll do no one any good from Azkaban. And if you meant only to capitalise on my notoriety, nice try, mate. And it's too bad Malfoy and those Ministry toadies are afraid of any alternative point of view.

alt_lucius at 2008-09-30 01:07:49

(no subject)

Black,

You impress no one with your protestations and pronouncements. If you are so concerned with the fate of people who make the mistake of believing your diatribes, then the best course is not to pollute the Protectorate with your idiocy.

As for your former brother, it is only by returning that he spared himself further injury. You abdicated your right to concern long ago.
Do not presume that his ordeal has anything to do with your obsequious bid for attention.

I do wish you would stop being so dramatic.

And I wish I could understand your mind. So, what, you lose your hand and it's no big deal? Or are you 'honoured' to be singled out for dismemberment? What are you playing at?

One thing is certain. They've got a lot to answer for. And 'dramatic' as it looks on parchment, there's one thing I should have said straight out: I'll make them pay for it, Reg.
Another small thing: boot's feet

boot has gone barefoot for years. boot always told shoes were waste for mudbloods (he said that), but hermione has shoes. don't want to ask, because don't want hermione's shoes taken away from her.

boot's feet not so dirty now since now boot knows where to go to get clean every day. but bottoms of boot's feet are tough. hard callouses.

but boot must still be careful. if feet get too dry, callouses will crack. cuts can get infected from dirt, and boot cannot stand a long time in snow, even if feet are tough. almost lost some toes from frostbite once. so sometimes boot wraps feet in rags in winter.

hermione told boot if he started wearing shoes callouses would go away. the word she used was 'eventually' (another word boot had to look up in dictionary). seems so strange.

boot goes without, gets tough. feet are strong, can climb, can bear things. like little stones, grit, gravel, that would make students stumble and wince if they were ever to walk barefoot in the courtyard.

if boot had shoes, feet would get soft.

boot needs to be tough.

is it really better to go without, so to stay strong?

I think it might be, Terry.
Muggles have an ingenious invention called video tape. Loaded into a special camera, it captures a moving image, similar to the spell that allows omnioculars to show a replay of a Quidditch move.

We used it to record our hapless British guard engaging in some behaviour that might well get him censured, or worse, if we were to make it available to the wrong people.

Marguerite and I just came from meeting with him. Amazing how quickly he agreed to help find a place for Laszlo Limited in the Chunnel warehouse this month instead of next, and to slip their lists into the pile of reviewed and approved applications.

It won't help us get through the mandatory quarantine, of course, but at least we've bypassed phase one - and as I said, that list on its own should interest Malfoy enough that he'll push to allow the imports.

Agatha is going to stay another day or two to keep Nicola from guessing that we've found a way around him. I'm curious to find out whether my cottage has exploded under a shower of Howlers or whether there's a watch on the place, so I'll be heading home - cautiously - tomorrow.

Arthur, I've been thinking about the boomslang skin and I think after I check on things at home, I'll see what I can do to find a supplier. Send along a list of any other exotics you need.

For now, I've promised to show Marguerite my appreciation for her efforts with a night on the town.

Wonderful, Sirius.

I look forward to seeing the results of this - boomslang skin, wands and all. You have done admirably.
alt_sirius at 2008-10-01 14:55:02
Re: Order Only

Thanks, Minerva, though it's really down to Marguerite. She has no idea she's helping a smuggler, of course, only a nice young man trying to set up his aunt and uncle with a prime account in England.

Though honestly I was about ready to frame the man myself, if only to get a move on.

I should be leaving Calais in an hour or so, as soon as I can find my shirt after brunch.

alt_arthur at 2008-10-01 14:35:43
Order Only

Video tape is ingenious. So much of the stuff that Muggles have dreamed up is really remarkable.

They used to show video tape movies in the one of the muggle camps for awhile (until the elektricity got cut off, and they couldn't do it anymore). I stayed a time or two to watch--which means I can appreciate the joke behind the cover names you and Agatha are using. Gave me a good chuckle.

I'm hoping your ideas for finding boomslang work out. Got an owl back from Kingsley, and there's no hope there--he's been rather cut off form his sources, and in fact warned me not to contact him for awhile; he fears he's perilously close to being smoked out and is getting ready to drop his cover persona so he can disappear and change his base again. He'll reestablish contact when he can, but says it probably won't be for at least another several weeks, at best.

alt_arthur at 2008-10-01 14:38:16
Re: Order Only

Now that I think about it . . . Casablanca was the last movie that they showed. On thinking over the plot, I have a suspicion that might have been the reason that they cut off the elektricity to the camp. Not the sort of story the Ministry would want Muggles thinking about.
No doubt, though lately I feel more like Rick than Victor.

You don't think anyone at the Ministry will twig to the alias, do you, Arthur?

Regarding Kingsley, he knows how to handle himself, but I hope he's prudent. We can't afford to lose a good operative like him.

I'll add ashwinder eggs, banyan wood, powdered bicorn horn, and scarab beetles to my agenda, since these are always in need and reasonable, unrestricted excuses for young Henrich Laszlo to be travelling in northern Africa.

I don't think that they will catch the reference to your aliases. The story of Casablanca was obviously totally new to the guards at the camp (as it was to me) which is why the Muggles got away with showing it in the first place. But that happened a number of years ago, and wizards really are quite ignorant about Muggle entertainment, especially now that so much of it is suppressed. I doubt you'll be encountering anyone at Calais who would know about that particular incident.

Still, as you have to come up with identities in the future, probably it would be best to pick something entirely anonymous and not include any more inside jokes like that. It would be most unfortunate to have a mission scuttled (or worse, to get yourself captured) because you showed a little bit too much of a sense of humour at the wrong moment.

Spoilsport.

Unfortunately, you are probably right. There is
enough exposure for expatriates and just enough contact between them and the Ministry that it's a risk.

Anonymous names are much harder to think up at the spur of the moment, though.
The Forbidden Forest

Yesterday afternoon Teddy and I walked around the grounds, down to where we could see the forest, though of course we didn't go in. I saw a squirrel that didn't seem to think the rules about the forest applied to it, it ran into the forest when we startled it. Someone had spilled a big pile of seeds on the ground near Mr Lupin's cottage and the squirrel had been eating them. After the squirrel ran away some sparrows came to eat the seeds.

Teddy and I walked along near the edge of the forest. We didn't see anything in it but squirrels and birds, but between us we've heard rumors of runespoors, bugbears, acromantulas, and centaurs in there, and maybe even a dragon, though really I'd think a dragon would be hard to miss, especially in a forest as you'd think it would burn it down.

And of course there's a werewolf in there, too, but only during the full moon. We saw Mr Lupin walking back towards his cottage. It's nowhere near the full moon right now and he looks perfectly ordinary, at least from a distance. The squirrel had come back and it didn't seem worried, it let him get much closer than it had let me and Teddy get. Though maybe it was just Teddy who made it nervous. We both like watching animals but Teddy seems to think a lot more about how they're put together inside than I do.

Back at home I used to follow bees to their hive so I could steal their honey. I was hoping I'd see bees yesterday and I did, but they were heading into the forest, so I couldn't go after them.

It rained all day today. I'm glad I got out for a walk yesterday.

I like Mr Lupin. He's a good sort. Werewolves aren't all so scary, you know. I don't think Mr Lupin would bite anybody.
Have you met him? I didn't talk to him yesterday because I didn't want to bother him.

I'm not scared of him as long as it's not the full moon.

He's really quite a nice person, not scary at all. Well, when the moon isn't full, I mean. I know him 'cause he supplies me with the mealworms and crickets and all I need to feed my toad.

Longbottom, do you want to meet this evening to work on Transfiguration? Your house has astronomy tonight so you'll be up late anyway. And I'm always up late.

I'd appreciate it, thanks. Same place, okay?

Okay. I'll see you later.
Walking around the grounds with Teddy, hm?

Nobody else wanted to go! Anyway, he's not that bad. Though if I had a pet and Teddy offered to take care of it while I was on holiday, I'd say no.

He's not the brightest light in the harbor, I hear.

Mmm given that we have Crabbe and Goyle in our house I don't know if I'd complain about Teddy being dim.

He loves animals, but he especially seems to love animals when they're gutted and you can see all the pretty patterns the parts make. If the Divination teacher does her soothsaying by examining entrails he'll be a natural.

When they're gutted and you can see all the pretty patterns the parts make? Thank you so much for that.

So are you guys friends or more??
Oh for the love of Merlin NO I don't fancy him at all.

Just checking.
Has anyone any ideas about where Terry and me could meet?

I don't want him to have to hide books where Prof Carrow could find them. But I also don't want him to have to stop reading. I was hoping that there might be a classroom or some such thing. I know that I can't hide things in with the press, I can't show Terry that. I wouldn't act that way. But I do want to teach him things, and learn things with him.

If anyone would know, it would be the twins. If I could think of an excuse to ask them that wouldn't raise more questions than I could safely answer.

Oh but they seem nice! Perhaps they'd think of something for me. Could I trust them?

Arthur and I took another look at the letter the twins sent us this past week and have considered the matter carefully. They did actually mention you in passing, when telling the (rather self-serving) story of what led to the bucket of mud in Percy's bed. I didn't ask them for an explanation (I don't even bother sending them Howlers anymore when they get into trouble because it happens so often) but reading between the lines, Arthur and I gathered that part of the reason they pulled the prank was to signal their disapproval that Percy used the 'M____' word. About you, they said, 'The git [meaning Percy] even tried to pin the blame on that girl who works in the library. We're really sort of hurt he didn't think of
us first. Doesn't he know his own brothers better than that? No way did she deserve it.'

So I think they would be inclined to be sympathetic and helpful if you approached them carefully. I regret to say (although it may prove useful in this instance) that they take a particular delight in flouting authority, on general principle. They also bear quite a personal grudge toward Amycus Carrow, and I think would be overjoyed to help you find a way to put one over on him.

[Aside to Minerva: I'm not sure you caught the fact that their letter also included a Hogwarts toilet seat (a joke for Ginny's benefit--she was absurdly delighted with it).

Let me know if you want it back.]

✉️ alt_mcgonagall at 2008-10-05 23:33:42  
(no subject)

You needn't bother sending it back, Molly, I am well aware of the twins' predilections and have already disciplined them for it and replaced it.

✉️ alt_mcgonagall at 2008-10-01 19:31:50  
(no subject)

I believe that Molly has the right of it, Miss Granger. Please do not inform us all, however, of which room you choose. It is best that I do not know too much about it.

✉️ alt_hermione at 2008-10-01 19:32:57  
(no subject)

I won't! I'm sorry.
There used to be a room halfway up Ravenclaw tower that was hidden behind a suit of armour. But I've no idea whether the Carrows know about it or not. Sorry I can't be more help on this one.