First of the month already - inconceivable. Usual accounts to attend to this afternoon.

This morning was the quarterly meeting for Purity Control, including both the Muggleborn Labour Committee and the half-blood placements. I don't recall the placements for students working out this late in the year before, but at least it's done now. There was some discussion of the reluctance of pureblood families to take on mudblood servants. Pointed out that for many older families, house elves are sufficient and less of a drain on capital resources; for others there is still a feeling that using mudbloods in place of house elves is nothing more than a bourgeois fancy. Warrington will be organising a plan to change the perception that mudbloods in the home are neither a passing fad nor a common and paltry substitute for a bonafide house elf. (Of course, efforts from the Division of Wizarding Communication will be instrumental, as well as other developments. But those cannot be rushed, whereas Wizarding Communication and in particular the Public Information staff may be utilised to achieve the desired shift along any timetable we choose to set.)

Saw Barty at the meeting and inquired after Regulus; he reports that all is well and that the two of them continue to find the arrangement acceptable.

Crispin's just brought in the post, which includes an answer for which I have been waiting, so that clears up one of the pending matters.

The Manor's grounds are looking somewhat bare now that they are put to bed for the winter, though this will naturally be corrected for Christmas. Narcissa's winter garden should be in bloom in time for the party and the holly bower (for the veranda doors off the main ballroom) is coming along well. I noticed it this morning only because there was frost on the terrace and I diverted to the windows on my way out to have a look at the weather. Nearly all the trees have their leaves down and the dwarfs have been over the place to collect them at least thrice in the past fortnight.

Speaking of preparations, I have offered to review the invitation list.
for our party at the Manor, as poor Narcissa is quite overtaken by preparations for the St Mungo's benefit and does not wish our traditional celebrations to suffer as a result. Will have Crispin cross-check the acceptances from last year so that the invitations may go in the post to-morrow or Wednesday.

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**alt_pansy** at **2008-12-01 20:09:12**  
(no subject)

I wouldn't want a mudblood in the house because ew. Professor Carrow's is always cringing and shivering and cowering. Who'd want to look at that all day? I like elves myself. They do what you tell them.

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**alt_lucius** at **2008-12-01 20:26:33**  
(no subject)

Yes, I am not certain that the Department of Purity Control has come up with a salient argument against 'Ew' as yet.

As for Professor Carrow's mudblood ... likely that has more to do with Professor Carrow, but I shall not go into further detail on that subject.

The primary advantage of house elves is that if they do their job properly, one does not see them at all. One cannot say the same of mudbloods, no matter they are suitably behaved or not.

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**alt_pansy** at **2008-12-01 20:33:59**  
(no subject)

See, that's how I like it. I don't want to see the elves or mudbloods or whatever. I just want them to do their jobs. Looking at mudbloods all the time would be weird. Harry's just sits there in the common room or whereever Harry is and he's just... there. And I can't come up with a better word than ew. Sorry.
While I would not particularly enjoy it, one might consider leaving half-blood students at Hogwarts, at least for the winter hols. There are several students who will not be returning to their families, for one reason or another. Such an arrangement would allow you more time to find placements for them all.

I am willing to give up the peace and quiet in my castle for the sake of the cause, naturally.

Not to worry, Minerva. My understanding is that there were only a few last-minute requests and the placement office had been dithering over which students would be best matched where. I think Warrington demanded that they be placed prior to today's meeting if for no other reason than to prove to the council that there is one more box ticked in his 'complete' column.

Excellent. I may yet hope to have a peaceful holiday, in that case. I am several months behind with the Proceedings of the Society for Metamorphosis and Transfiguration.

I believe I'll speak to Warrington to volunteer to be on his task force. Perhaps we might get some testimonials from some respected families who can report positive interactions with their mudblood servants. I have a few ideas of some we might approach, notes on particular cases that could be used for promotion, etc.

It wasn't clear to me whether he meant to spread the word about the
program through media outlets or brochures. I suppose both could be used.

alt_lucius at 2008-12-02 12:33:11
(no subject)

A little overtime to make up for holiday spending?
Well, it happens something Miss Parkinson said, of all things, has given me a few ideas of my own.

Perhaps I shall sit in on a few early sessions.

alt_pansy at 2008-12-02 01:50:19
(no subject)

Oh, and Lucius? Why would Rita Skeeter want to do an expose on my father?
And I thought mudbloods would turn on you. Sorry.
Fergus jumped up here.

alt_lucius at 2008-12-02 12:36:35
(no subject)

Because she is a vindictive sensationalist who thinks petty acts of mudraking shall set her ahead of her betters.

It is nothing about which you need concern yourself, Little Bit.
2008-12-01 17:30:00  
(no subject)  
I'm bored with chess. I don't think I want to play anymore. I suppose I'll catch up on my schoolwork next weekend instead.

Does anyone want to borrow my chess set for the rest of the tourney? They're quite good. Just don't listen to the king's bishop. He gives horrid advice.

alt_theodore

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alt_millicent at 2008-12-02 01:36:06  
(no subject)  
told you chess was dull. you shuld play exploding snap with me.

alt_theodore at 2008-12-02 01:37:23  
(no subject)  
Exploding snap gives me a headache.

alt_millicent at 2008-12-02 02:05:09  
(no subject)  
oh. we can play anything i dont care.

alt_theodore at 2008-12-02 02:12:44  
(no subject)  
I'll keep that in mind...
Teddy!!

What do you have to do that for? Now the Gryffindors are sure to win!

I just don't want to play anymore. I've done nothing but play chess for a month now and I'm bored. I miss reading books.

I've heard Ernie is really good. Maybe the Hufflepuffs will win and then nobody will be happy.

Except the Hufflepuffs!!

They're always happy so it doesn't count.

I spose. And they won't crows about it either cause they're so nice.
The girls are going to hate me for months now though.

i dont hate you teddy.

Thank you Millie.

It kind of serves you right cause you did quit early though.

They'll get over it I suppose.

I dont know I wouldn't want to be on Sally Anne's bad side! She always looks like shes planning something.
I think Pansy is more cross than she is.

Pansy is oft'n cross.

But you already beat Ron, you'll win the tourney if you each beat everyone else you play!

Now Ron can win it. He's better than me anyway.

And it's going to mess everything up to have you drop out or Pansy or anyone else, the schedule took me hours to set up. Please keep playing?

Unlike Teddy, I honor my commitments like a good Slytherin.
@alt_theodore at 2008-12-02 01:58:44
(no subject)

You wouldn't know a good Slytherin if it hexed you in the face.

@alt_pansy at 2008-12-02 02:00:04
(no subject)

I know enough not to let my fellow House members down when they've worked so hard to put something together.

@alt_theodore at 2008-12-02 02:01:32
(no subject)

That's hilarious coming from a blood traitor.

@alt_pansy at 2008-12-02 02:02:33
(no subject)

I bet you've been working on that comeback for days, haven't you?

@alt_theodore at 2008-12-02 02:09:48
(no subject)

About as long as you've been working on that one.

@alt_pansy at 2008-12-02 02:10:36
(no subject)

It's too bad you dropped out. I was curious to see you play Ron and how it turned out.
I did play Ron. And I won. And since I'm dropping out he can take the tournament as long as he wins the rest of his games.

No, I meant see you play him for the win.

But I played Ron already, Pansy. It's a round robin, you only play people once?

I'm never going to figure out this round robin thing.

It doesn't matter. If he doesn't want to play anymore it's fine.

I checked the book and in real tournaments if someone doesn't show up they just lose by default, so I don't have to rework all the matches so everyone has an opponent every time.

I'm glad you're still playing though, Pansy.
@alt_pansy at 2008-12-02 02:07:12
(no subject)

I'm glad I'm playing too! I'm learning lots.

@alt_theodore at 2008-12-02 02:00:17
(no subject)

I don't want to play anymore Sally-Anne, I'm sorry. I'm sick of looking at a chess board.

@alt_padma at 2008-12-02 02:14:21
(no subject)

I think he's just worried Linus will wipe the board with him and he can't stand to lose in front of anyone.

@alt_theodore at 2008-12-02 02:17:40
(no subject)

Yes.

@alt_pansy at 2008-12-02 02:29:26
(no subject)

I think you're right.

@alt_draco at 2008-12-02 02:20:47
(no subject)

I've been waiting for someone else to figure out it was boring.
Your father seems to like it well enough.

We should do something interesting instead. I'm not sure what though.

Do you want to go play something that isn't chess, then?

We could find Zach and play rummy again. Or my father sent me a Wizard jigsaw puzzle, but it shouldn't be too hard because it doesn't move as fast as some of the really difficult ones do.

We could try the puzzle, I'm better at them if I don't pay attention to the picture anyway.
I was quite relieved to wake up and realise it was Monday morning today. The children are back in their classrooms, so the havoc is once again contained rather than spilling out into corridors and common rooms.

I suspect it is all a consequence of the excitement on Saturday. I've seen my fair share of pranks over the years, and been party to more than one, for good or ill. It takes a degree of skill to bring off a perfect prank, but when done right it can be a thing of beauty, appreciated even by the mistfortunate target. Even the greatest pranksters get it wrong sometimes, though. Pranking the helpless ...

But enough about my school days. Some things are best consigned to history. Children have a great capacity for cruelty, but they do occasionally show the greatest of kindness too, even to those thought least deserving of it. Whether red hair is a factor or a coincidence, I couldn't begin to guess.

Who had red hair that you knew? Was it the Weasley boys' mum? She's always nice to me. Niceness runs in families maybe.

No, it wasn't her. It was just a girl I used to know. It doesn't matter now.

Oh.

Okay.
We've always thought that red hair was superior.

But...

Then there is Percy...

hmmm...
Percy Weasley is the cheapest "Prefect" in all of Hogwarts

That's two wagers, one for each Quidditch match, that he has lost and failed to pay off.

Fellow students, I'd not place a bet with Prefect Weasley if you ever expect to receive your winnings. You're more likely to receive an O from Professor Vector than you would receive your payout from the Prefect.

Can Weasley take points off of you even though you're old? I bet he will for saying that.

I mean, even though it might be the truth. I don't know.

I dunno, but it would be completely worth it if it means that he'd pay off my winnings. If not in butterbeer and chocolate, then in silver.

I'm at a loss as to how I can pay off the wagers until the next Hogsmeade weekend. Unlike Mr. Marvolo's servant, I've not been given clearance to nip down to Hogsmeade whenever I like.

Butterbeers and fudge are coming your way. As I promised. I keep
my promises. Next Hogsmeade weekend. Which is the last weekend of term.

Alt_penelope at 2008-12-02 03:41:56
(no subject)

Ah, well, so you are alive and aware of your responsibilities. So nice to know you keep your promises. I suppose I can wait until the next Hogsmeade weekend now that you've owned up to it all.
2008-12-01 19:46:00
(no subject)

If it's all the same, I'd rather not get any more post.

Thanks.

alt_ron

alt_harry at 2008-12-02 01:11:08
(no subject)

What?

Isn't post something nice to get? I always like it when I get a package.

alt_ron at 2008-12-02 01:22:14
(no subject)

If I got packages, maybe.

alt_molly at 2008-12-02 01:26:33
(no subject)

I'll send you some of your favourite macaroons, dear.

alt_ron at 2008-12-02 01:27:56
(no subject)

That'd be great, Mum. And tell Dad thanks loads.
Oh, dear, Arthur. It doesn't look as though he took your letter well.

Well, it had to be said, and once he's cooled down a bit, I hope he'll think it over and agree that he has to be more careful.

(You might also throw in some of your shortbread too, Molly, to sweeten his mood.)

What do you get? I'd've heard a Howler and anyway what've you done that's bad enough for a Howler?

Nah, not a Howler.

S'not important.

Okay.

I can send you packages if you want. The owl won't go far though. Just from one table to the other.
That'd be a sight.

Hedwig would probably flap around a bunch because she'd be too bored just flying between the tables. Feathers in the porridge!

Good way to win friends, that.

Well Hedwig doesn't care, she's an owl.

Just don't blame me if people start pelting you with dropped feathers.

Come on, when do I ever blame you for anything, Weasley?
alt_pansy at 2008-12-02 01:48:24  
(no subject)

I'm sorry. but you know, not ever getting any post isn't much fun either.

alt_ron at 2008-12-02 01:51:52  
(no subject)

Right now, I'd take it.

alt_pansy at 2008-12-02 01:53:33  
(no subject)

It'd be interesting if we could switch bodies, don't you think? And see what it's really like being another person.

Did you get a Howler? I didn't hear anything.

alt_ron at 2008-12-02 02:07:42  
(no subject)

That's just...uck. No thanks on the body switch thing. I like my, ah...yeah. Nevermind.

Nah, not a Howler.

alt_pansy at 2008-12-02 02:08:36  
(no subject)

Oh. Well, do you want a chocolate frog?
Wouldn't say no to one.

Okay! You know where.

But that's not being someone else. Being someone else would be if I was good at chess. At least, I think so. It'd be interesting though.

It would be interesting to see what other peoples' lives are like.

But what if you messed it up? Because you didn't know how to be them? It would be hard to be someone else.

Well, if you messed it up you could just say you hit your head and were acting a bit daft for a while there.
Oh! You could!
Do you think anyone would believe that?

They'd believe it of me, I think.

Oh.
That's because I think it'd be more interesting to be someone else than pretend. You could just switch journals with someone and pretend. But it wouldn't make you really anything.

It's okay, Megan, if you have something to say, say it. You won't hurt my feelings. Promise.

Pretending is nice, but then you have to come back to real life. And potions exams.

If I was a pureblood and a Slytherin, I wouldn't waste it like you. I wouldn't know how to be a Slytherin. Even a daft one. It makes me nervous just thinking about it. But I wish I was a pureblood. Then
I can't. I don't have anything to say. Not really. But I don't think I'd like to be someone else after all. I'd mess it up. I know I would.

I don't mind potions exams.

@alt_pansy at 2008-12-02 08:13:56
(no subject)

Then I guess it's just best that you be you. From what I can see, you're good at it.

Do you know where you'll be spending the holiday?

@alt_megan at 2008-12-03 05:56:18
(no subject)

It's not very hard to be me.

With my guardian. I've had a guardian since I was five.

@alt_pansy at 2008-12-03 05:59:52
(no subject)

Where does your guardian live?

@alt_megan at 2008-12-03 06:06:49
(no subject)

Lyme Regis. It's very windy there. Most of the time. And the beach is full of stones. My guardians house is on a hill, and it's quite grand.

Where do you live?
alt_pansy at 2008-12-03 06:08:01
(no subject)

That sounds lovely, though. I would love to see the ocean. I went once as a little girl but I don't remember much except a seagull pooped on my mother's shoulder.

alt_megan at 2008-12-03 06:13:13
(no subject)

Eew. And you want to go back? I've never seen a seagull poop on anyone! They just fly around, and sometimes if the wind is right it seems like they're floating. I like seagulls. I think it would be more fun to fly with wings.

alt_pansy at 2008-12-03 06:17:57
(no subject)

Well, the seagull pooped on Mum and she WAS going on about something silly so I actually had a sort of respect for the bird. Obviously he disagreed with mum.

alt_megan at 2008-12-03 06:23:01
(no subject)

Seagulls don't do that.

alt_pansy at 2008-12-03 06:37:21
(no subject)

Maybe it was an animagus.
**2008-12-02 01:50:00**

*(no subject)*

Another sketch complete and I dare say it's my best yet.

I am getting tired of tidbit, but I've set my sights on a new muse and who it is shall remain a secret. The muse itself should never take note of my intentions. I'm careful. And I'm silvery in the moonlight. Fey? Fay? Aha... that could solve one of my obstacles!

Oh, tidbit, remember this: Arbeit macht frei. There's your thought for the day.

Z-B (pigeons so far successful)
Enemies of the state
5 CC
Expand camps

---

**alt_terry at 2008-12-02 16:11:33**

*(no subject)*

boot will remember

and repeat it whenever master likes

except

boot doesnt know what it means

the picture is

---

**alt_amycus at 2008-12-02 19:21:47**

*(no subject)*

It's German. Ask the library mudblood to help you look it up.
yes sir

When you do, I'd like a 12-inch essay on the phrase and its use throughout history. I want a smart tidbit!
I got an owl at breakfast today and I've finally been assigned a foster family! I'm glad, because the holidays are almost here and as much as I like Hogwarts I'd rather not have to live here year round. My guardians will be Carter and Margery Stretton of Coventry Estate. Jeremy Stretton is one of the Ravenclaw Chasers, he's their oldest son, and then he has some younger brothers and sisters, they're all listed in the letter -- Philip who's six, Gemma who's three, and then there are twin babies named Marcellus and Valentina. The babies are really little, they were just born in late September.

I guess there used to be a city called Coventry where Coventry Estate is now, the letter says it's mostly farms with muggle labourers where they grow all sorts of things from barley to flax to sheep. It sounds like Mr and Mrs Stretton are terribly busy people. I hope I can keep from being a bother, I don't want to be in their way.

I'd have paid better attention at the last Quidditch match if I'd known I'd be living with a Ravenclaw Chaser's family.

Does anyone know Jeremy at all? Is he nice?

Well he's really good at Quidditch but that probably isn't very helpful since it doesn't seem like you're very keen on Quidditch.

I'm keen on Quidditch, it's just that everything moves so fast. I'm not even sure which Chaser was Jeremy, I was trying to watch what was happening with the Quaffle but I kept getting distracted by the Bludgers and I completely missed the part with the snitch that everyone was talking about afterward.
Well maybe if he is nice he can show you some things about the game. I guess it would be kind of hard to watch if your not used to it.

He's sort of ... well, he's .... You probably wont see him much so I wouldnt worry about it.

By the way, I'm mainly writing to make sure you saw that Linus says if Nott's not playing anymore, he doesnt want to play anymore either. I think Weasley should challenge Nott to a rematch, but that still leaves out everyone else.

If anyones still playing, Morag and I will come down.

Well without Teddy and Moon there's still Weasley, Longbottom, Bones, Hopkins, Stebbins, Macmillan, and Jones, as well as Harry, me, and Pansy, and you and MacDougal if you stay in. Unless there are Hufflepuffs dropping out too but they haven't told me if they are.

I'm game to play till the end! You know us Gryffindors, we're too stupid to know when to give up, even when we're losing.

Though Ron probably won't (lose, I mean. Much).
quit saying you're stupid! You're NOT.

I'm really sorry. I guess I really mucked everything up good and proper.

What? Why?

For the holidays. Because if I'd been good you might have been able to stay with me but now mum's off in Bath and I'm to spend the holiday with Mrs Black and she's very quick with her curses and it's just going to be miserable. I expect I'll have quite a few headaches by the time lessons start back up.

Well over the summer you'll be back with your mum won't you? Maybe the Strettons will let me come visit you for a bit then. But stay out of trouble won't you? Because Christmas with Mrs Black sounds horrible miserable unpleasant not as nice as Christmas with your mum.
You might be able to stay with me over the summer! I'll be very good.

This chess tournament is wizard. You're really good at organising things!

P.S. I could ask Mr Lockhart if there's a defence charm you can use against curses, do you think he'd mind? When he's done with the story he's telling about the lethifold, of course.

I don't think he'd mind... that's a wizard idea! I'm sure he knows tons of stuff like that.

Don't you love his stories? I could listen to him all day.

I do hope you have a jolly holiday, anyway. Everyone deserves to have a good time at Christmas.

Thanks Longbottom, I hope you have a happy Christmas, too.
Oooh, yours has other children. That sounds cheerful. And it won't be dull.

It definitely sounds like it won't be dull! And yes, Christmas in a house with other children sounds nice.
Nice lot you fell in wiv today.

Yer an eejit, Wagstaff. Been tellin you that for years, but do you listen?
Surprises

Uric the Oddball was a disruptive influence on Wizarding culture because of his

Oops! I started doing my revising for History of Magic in my journal instead of my parchment. I'm trying to get a lot of revising done today since the only class we have is double DADA with the Gryffindors. I like Professor Lockhart very much, but not because he's handsome although he is. It's the way he tells stories--I'd love to be able to tell stories like that someday. I used to think that I would like to have lots of adventures like he does, but now that there have been some real adventures here at Hogwarts I'm not so sure. They seem scary more than anything.

I've been thinking a lot lately about how sometimes things aren't the way you expect them to be at all. When we had our first flying lesson at the beginning of the year, I was so sure I'd do well right away because I'd ridden on loads of brooms with my dad. But it turns out that controlling a broom yourself is a lot different than just riding on one that someone else is steering. I was able to get my broom to jump into my hand right away but then it took off! I was just barely hanging on and Madame Hooch had to help me get down. I was really shaken up and worried that maybe I would always be terrible. So I owled Daddy for advice and he reminded me that you have to show a broom that you are in charge and really believe it. That helped a lot and now I think I'm quite good at flying for a first-year.

I didn't expect to do well at all in the chess tourney--I mostly said I'd do it because Sally-Anne convinced me and I wanted to make sure Hufflepuff was represented. I did lose really badly to Patil in the first round--she did some kind of mental series of moves and had my king in 4 turns! It was a bit rough standing around watching everyone else finish, but I have to admit it was clever. And Patil did me a favor in a way--I don't think I'll get fooled by that ever again. I just wish it had been somebody else. Then I played Weasley--I don't really know him except to say hello to in the corridor before class, but I'd heard that he was really good. And he was. I expect he could have finished me pretty quickly, but he played out a longer game and even explained a few times why a certain move was good or bad. A couple of times he told me to hurry up and move already but I don't think he was actually mad.
Up till then I was doing even worse than I'd expected, and I was feeling a little bit down but I didn't want to give up. Then I played Bobby Stebbins. Bobby usually beats me when we play in the common room because he's a very aggressive player and I'm a very careful one. But this time I decided to be more aggressive and I did some things that I saw Weasley do, and I won! Then I played Neville and that was a really good match! I think it could have gone either way but I was feeling quite excited from having just won the match against Bobby and Neville seemed tired from a couple of long matches. He thought he was moving his king out of check but he'd forgotten about my knight! I quite often forget the knights too but this time I didn't!

So I quite surprised myself by doing well after a bad start!

One nice surprise at Hogwarts has been the journals--I guess no one knew we were going to get them before school began, and I wasn't sure what to make of them at first. But I've decided that I really like them because I've talked to people who I might never have talked to without them like Harry Marvolo and Pansy Parkinson. I went to the Owlery after the chess matches to get my owl Valkyrie because Pansy had wanted to meet her. We met in a classroom that isn't used anymore and played some music for Valkyrie to see if she liked it. She did, except for Nine Inch Wands which made her fly around the room screeching! I've decided that I like Gary Grimoire a lot--some of his songs are like stories and some are like listening to a person's thoughts. None of my dormmates are interested in music except Hannah and she and I don't really like the same things. I had a good time and I hope Pansy did as well sometimes it's hard to tell! I can't wait to meet her Kneazle when she gets one! Even though it is kind of a horrid story about her cousin we both agreed that Piranhas Ate My Kneazle would be a good name for a band.

But there have been some not-so-nice surprises at Hogwarts too--like that troll at the feast and what happened to Harry Marvolo's broom and the Carr. I hope there aren't any more of those!

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alt-padma.livejournal.com at 2008-12-02 18:50:16
(no subject)

It's called a scholar's mate and it could have been worse; at least you didn't fall for a fool's mate. (Though honestly I thought everyone
knew how to evade either of them, except maybe Megan.)

My Dad says Gary Grimoire is murder to have in the studio. He has all sorts of demands like a certain label of tonic water and Bertie Botts' with all the flavours sorted out and then Dad says he takes potions that would have anyone else arrested. But he's got ever so nice a voice.

And I agree about Professor Lockhart's stories. I could just sit in his lessons all day and I think I'd learn a lot. I think he must have been an actor. He's just so ... dynamic.

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↑ alt-neville.livejournal.com at 2008-12-02 19:28:32  
(no subject)

Ron had to show me the fool's mate trick the first week we were playing chess together. I would have fallen for it, but but he was nice enough to explain how dunderheaded the move I was about to make was, and take it back.

↑ alt-susan.livejournal.com at 2008-12-02 22:19:59  
(no subject)

Weasley seems like he would be good at explaining things like that.

↑ alt-pansy.livejournal.com at 2008-12-02 19:36:48  
(no subject)

Your father's met Gary Grimoire? I LOVE his stuff!

And I, too, agree about Professor Lockhart. I'd love to just sit by the fire and listen to him tell stories.

↑ alt-susan.livejournal.com at 2008-12-02 22:16:51  
(no subject)

Well that's something at least. I just started learning from my mum and dad this summer--we mostly did the pieces and how they moved and we hadn't gotten into strategy yet really.

Your dad helps musicians make music? That sounds like it would be a marvellous job. I expect there are a lot of Charms and things
involved.

If you can be nice so can I

```plaintext
alt-padma.livejournal.com at 2008-12-02 23:24:14
(no subject)

He's a producer with the WWN and he used to play in the orchestra, but not since he started producing programmes oh a long time ago.
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```plaintext
alt-susan.livejournal.com at 2008-12-03 15:25:20
(no subject)

Ooh, I love the WWN! Well, except when they play Celestina Warbeck. But that's alright too because my mum likes her, and if it makes my mum smile I can't really be too against it.
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```plaintext
alt-pansy.livejournal.com at 2008-12-03 18:08:16
(no subject)

That's wizard.
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```plaintext
alt-neville.livejournal.com at 2008-12-02 19:28:21
(no subject)

That game we had together was great. You're being nice. Don't think I could have won it. But yeah, I was pretty tired by then.
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```plaintext
alt-susan.livejournal.com at 2008-12-02 22:19:02
(no subject)

Yes it was quite fun! I think you can learn a lot about Chess by playing someone much better like Weasley or Nott or even Patil, but sometimes its most fun to play someone who's about the same as you.
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```plaintext
alt-pansy.livejournal.com at 2008-12-02 19:38:03
(no subject)

I loved meeting Valkyrie and it was interesting to see how she reacted to different music. She's so smart! I never thought of owls
having a lot of personality but she really does. I wonder, if I got a kneazle, if they'd get along?

And I think I want a shirt with Piranhas Ate My Kneazle on it. That'd be wizard, don't you think?

alt-susan.livejournal.com at 2008-12-02 22:23:14
(no subject)

I guess we'll have to find out when you get your kneazle. It could be another experiment!

Yes! That would be brilliant. I can ask my dad over hols if he knows how to get one made--he has to be in charge of getting shirts and things made for the Cannons so it seems like he might know.
master has assigned boot an essay to write twelve inches on the phrase 'Arbeit macht frei.' so boot is writing this because master told him to. boot will try to write bigger so that everyone can see it, because master said he wants boot to show that he is smart.

boot doesn't speak German so went to the library and asked for help. master told boot to ask hermione but she wasn't available so boot asked Madam Pince. (She didn't think boot should be in library looking at books but she let him once boot explained that it was assignment from master.)

the words in German mean 'work brings freedom' or 'work makes free.' boot thinks it is the idea that if you work hard and sacrifice then you will be rewarded with the best kind of reward at all: that you will be your own master and nobody else can tell you what to do. dont know who would give you that reward, exactly. or is it something you claim for yourself because no one can give it to you? also not sure exactly how it works. what kind of work would it be, that gives you freedom? is it any kind of work, like in the fields for masters, or putting out props for transfiguration classes? would it be work for the people who make you not-free in the first place? or is it working for yourself, your own purposes? is that what makes you so nobody can tell you what to do?

the phrase seems to have first appeared in 1872, when a man in Germany named Lorenz Diefenbach wrote a book and gave it that title. (He was friends with Joseph Grimm, who collected fairy tales that a lot of Muggles know.) The Hogwarts library doesn't seem to have a copy of Lorenz Diefenbach's book, and any way boot couldn't read German, but he found a general description of it in another book, which said, 'The main hero of the novel, through regular work, arrives on the path of virtue.' am not sure what the path of virtue means. something to do with being good. so if you're good, you can get to being free? is that different from being good at working? Like being a good servant?

this book also said that this phrase became popular with the Weimar government. (Didnt know what the Weimar government was, but Madam Pince knows all about it, and showed boot a textbook used for Muggle Studies.) the Weimar government used 'Arbeit macht frei'
as a slogan, starting in 1928, when they talked about having policies to stop unemployment to keep people working. The government that came after the Weimar government, the Nazi party, decided to keep using the phrase, too, when they seized the power to run the country. In fact, the Nazis put that phrase over the entrances to the camps that they set up to imprison people that they didn’t like. Like it was promising the people who came to those camps that if they worked hard, everything would be good for them. That’s why Madam Pince knew about it, because of course the Nazi party is what everyone learns about in Muggle studies, that Muggles are terrible and horrible because they did horrible things. Like the Nazis did. Putting people into camps. And killing them. The Nazis put 'Arbeit macht frei' over the entrance of their camps but it was a lie. Work in the Nazi camp didn’t make anyone free. They just died. That’s why wizards are better than Muggles because they would never do anything like the Nazis did.

Here is a picture of the words over the gate of one of those German camps.

![Arbeit Macht Frei](image)

This is written with boots own hand.
I don't recall asking for 5 inches of existential bleating about the meaning of work. Come to my room tonight and you and I will discuss, quite thoroughly, just what contexts the word "work" might encompass.

boot doesn't understand. master asked boot to write about 'arbeit macht frei' and 'arbeit' is the german word for work. boot was only trying to do what master asked???

And he did, but I don't appreciate your little excursion down Metaphysical Motorway.

what's 'existential'?

You'll find out.

Oh, my stars. Oh, he is a clever boy, but Carrow may beat the tar out of him for that. Minerva, have you seen the boy today? Is he still in possession of all his limbs?
**2008-12-02 19:42:00**  
*Is the moon turning to blood?*

Everything's at sixes and sevens. Now mudbloods are posting about German phrases?  


---

**alt_sinistra** at **2008-12-03 03:02:19**  
(no subject)

No Miss Parkinson, the moon is not turning to blood.  

However, it is currently a waxing crescent moon and just last night it was in conjunction with Venus and Jupiter. If you looked at it them right way they made a little face that looked a bit like this :) Or maybe it was like this (:  

Of course that's all moot really, as it was foggy last night and nobody round here saw anything besides fog. The fourth years were very disappointed.

---

**alt_pansy** at **2008-12-03 18:03:17**  
(no subject)

That was Venus and Jupiter? It was lovely, especially with the crescent moon.

---

**alt_harry** at **2008-12-03 03:13:19**  
(no subject)

I sure don't know.

---

**alt_pansy** at **2008-12-03 03:23:14**  
(no subject)

We are children and require a stable learning environment, don't you agree?
alt_harry at 2008-12-03 03:27:37
(no subject)

I guess.

What does that even mean?

alt_pansy at 2008-12-03 03:30:44
(no subject)

I don't know. Some stuff I overheard mum say to one of her friends. It's a sort of nonsense answer, to a nonsense situation.

alt_draco at 2008-12-03 04:13:39
(no subject)

Why do you read its journal? I never do.

alt_pansy at 2008-12-03 04:17:32
(no subject)

I forgot and so it showed up in here. You know you can filter it out but I just didn't think.

alt_zacharias at 2008-12-03 04:23:24
(no subject)

Who taught it to read and write anyway? Shouldn't that be against the law?

alt_pansy at 2008-12-03 04:24:26
(no subject)

I was wondering that myself.
I still don't understand why it has a journal either. Does anyone want to read what it writes?

I think the library one has a journal too.

Marvolo's has one too, but he doesn't seem as bad as the other two. More useful, at least.

Lucius says he can read and write, so I guess maybe teaching them is the in thing to do now or something.

Doesn't seem like a good idea to me, but what do I know? Dad says there are so many of them in the camps, I bet it would be really hard to keep them from teaching each other.

I don't see how you could really keep them from teaching, no, but really... how smart are they?
Smarter than your mate Boxhead Bulstrode is...

shut up or ill pound you

Boxhead Bulstrode? Hey, Mil, new nickname!

hes going to get a new nick name too. dead smith.

The Famous Cowboy, Dead Smith. Squaring off against the notorious outlaw Boxhead Bulstrode! In the wild west!

whats a cowboy?
A bloke who rides horses and shoots guns. And wears a big hat.

Really? I'd always thought maybe it was some sort of magical creature like a centaur only with a cow. It's what it sounds like.

A bloke who rides horses makes more sense, though. What kind of hat?

A cowboy hat?

Is that pointy like a regular hat or what? Does it have a cow on top for decoration?

Hm... it's sort of hard to describe. I will draw one for you. Or get Draco to, if he's talking to me.
Okay. Right now I think I'm going to try to go to sleep, though. Guten nacht.

I'm right behind you.

But check under your pillow. I think Fergus has a start on the giving season.

i know some german. guten tog that means good day.

and auf vidersien or whatever is goodbye.

okay bye

I'm not saying bye to you, Mil. I was just saying that goodbye in German is all I know. Work with me a little here.
oh sorry.
gazoontite is what you say after some one sneezes

Oh, that reminds me. Did you know cats have snot? Fergus does, and so does my transfiguration homework now. I hope Professor Carrow isn't too offended.

some times i think fergus is scottish for bad cat

I call him el diablo sometimes. My mum used to call our cat that. She said it's Spanish for devil.

mum said she was going to send him to the battersea dogs home but that was a muggle place and its not there anymore.

also hes not a dog.
alt_pansy at 2008-12-03 04:45:36
(no subject)

Just a mental cat. He's great, but you have to admit he's mental. Last night he walked around the common room for an hour with a box on his head.

alt_millicent at 2008-12-03 04:53:04
(no subject)

ive done that before. its fun.

alt_pansy at 2008-12-03 05:09:50
(no subject)

So is that where Ferfus learned it?

alt_millicent at 2008-12-03 05:14:43
(no subject)

probly. hes good at paying attenshun.

alt_susan at 2008-12-03 15:33:07
(no subject)

I thought. Well, lots of things are odd here. Maybe they will just keep getting odder until, I don't know, we're all wearing boxes on our heads or something?

alt_pansy at 2008-12-03 18:05:55
(no subject)

That'd be entertaining, to say the least. I love the mental image.
Music Friday night? Bring Valkyrie if you like. She's wizard. And so soft!

alt_susan at 2008-12-03 20:49:48 (no subject)

I'll be there! Actually, what you said about the shirts gave me an idea.

*Do you play any musical instruments?*

I'll tell you more later.

alt_susan at 2008-12-03 20:55:42 (no subject)

Sorry about the italics charm there.

alt_pansy at 2008-12-03 21:28:13 (no subject)

I don't play anything but I want to hear this idea! This sounds brillliant.
Order Only: Kingsley?

Kingsley, if you got my package with the journal and followed the instructions, you should be able to read this message by using the charm on your own journal. You can make your own journal entries using the enchanted quill, also enclosed—DON’T forget, whatever you do, to write "Order Only" at the top if you're trying to keep the regime from reading everything you say. That will keep your communications secure. It will make keeping in touch with you quite a bit safer than risking owl deliveries, and faster than relying on the code in the classifieds.

Now that we can be in better contact with you, I wanted to float that idea again that we've discussed a bit before, the Peacehaven Players. Peter Wilkerson, the Administrator of the Hambleton Camp, was moaning on again about being stuck in the wilds of Yorkshire with nothing to do but watch a lot of bleeding muggles. So I took a chance and told him that I knew a troupe of actors who might be able to come into the camp, do a bit of entertainment—and he took the bait.

Well? Shall we try it? You talked with Emmeline about the idea when we first discussed it, didn't you? She's between assignments and so would be available. I think Benjy might be game, too. Who else?

Tell me who you want me to get in touch with who could work with the troupe. How soon could you get something together to present? Two or three weeks, or would you need more time? Frankly, I think Wilkerson is desperate enough for entertainment that he won't be too picky. Give me a date, and I'll try to set something up.

Once you do get inside, try to speak with Miranda McGillicudy. She's the muggle in charge of inventorying supplies for the infirmary, and she's got a good head on her shoulders. You can trust her to give you a pretty accurate assessment of the camp's personnel.

I just put that and it makes everything secret? Mighty impressive bit of magic there.

I think the Hambleton camp would be perfect, really.
Talked to the others and they concur. We have some stuff ready to roll, so two weeks is plenty (Benjy keeps complaining about his memory and I keep reminding him that he does not need to smoke every plant he runs across). We do have the holiday coming up, however, so two weeks would put us in the thick of the season. That be a problem for the camp? It's certainly not for us... and if we're there as the New Year begins the holiday spirit will be flowing freely (you didn't think I did this for the pay, did you?) and people talk.

So keep me in the loop and yeah, this journal thing is all right.

---

@alt_arthur at 2008-12-03 14:59:55
Re: Order Only

I'll check with Wilkerson about dates two weeks out or thereabouts. I'm sure that won't be a problem for the camps.

What identities are you all using now? I want to make sure the names I give him will match your identity papers.

Oh, another thing about the journals: the commenting. As I said, put "Order Only" at the top of your journal entry. If you do that, then all the comments written in response will be protected by the lock, whether they actually say "Order Only" or not.

You CAN also put "Order Only" on a comment that you make to an unlocked post, and then only we in the Order can see it. Molly's done that a time or two to add some, er, pungent commentary on things that Lucius Malfoy has written--it relieves her exasperation a bit. But if you are commenting to an unlocked post, you have to write "Order Only" on EACH comment that you want to be protected.

Remember: one slip, and the game could be up. And Bill's life could be on the line if the lock is ever discovered by the enemy. So please be very careful.
Sorry for worrying you lot. I'm not dead, but it's quite hot at the moment.

Long story short: I was spotted in Prague. One of his foreign chaps, Karkaroff I think. Dunno for sure, didn't get a close look.

I thought I lost them, but a day later they were back. I shook them off long enough to transform and get away, but

Bugger

Be careful, Sirius - though you probably shan't get this message, shall you, because you're on the run again?

Damnation. WE don't have anyone in Prague who could help, do we, Minerva?

Except we don't know if he's there anymore.
With the current state of international affairs? We haven't anyone that Sirius isn't already intimately working with.
Here's hoping I don't muck this up. I don't know what to talk about here so I'll tell you about the muggle camps. I'm sure you've heard from Padfoot, but here's my take on it.

The camps at night are actually very pretty. We camp up on a hill, if we can, looking over the camp below. It's getting cold now, and a mist often hugs the ground. To me, it looks like the haze of a thousand shattered dreams, shimmering in silent witness. Yet, through that haze, lights shine. Pinpoints of light, appearing one by one as the day winds down. As the sky turns red in the west, the camps seem to come alive. It's a beautiful sight, but also slightly menacing. There's an undertone there, and it wakes in the dark, sacred night. It's a foolish man who fails to grasp that, and that will be his downfall.

Hitler, towards the end of World War 2, grew complacent, then delusional. The fact that the Germans were conscripting boys as young as 11 didn't deter him and we all know how that particular bit of history turned out. Everyone in Europe, by 1944, thought surely the war would be over by then. Hitler had been training officers to be administrators of the Territory: the territory in question being the United States.

I know a few Americans and I feel I can safely say that Hitler underestimated them, to say the least. That little stunt would have met with fierce resistance, the rebels cries of "Don't tread on me" echoing through the pages of history. Their will to live, and live as they wished, far exceeded the mad illusions of a megalomanic whose tenuous grasp on reality faded just a bit each day.

Look at London during the blitz. Londoners went about their lives, ducking for cover at night, but not changing their routines much. Their will to live, and the belief that things would get better, HAD to get better, kept them going.

Those liberated from concentration camps survived, despite desperate conditions that would take down you or I.

The human heart, and the human spirit, transcends magic. It transcends barbed wire and fences. It transcends you and I.
I look down at the muggle camps, those fortresses of misery and despair, and I want, with all my heart, to tell everyone there to keep fighting. Don't give up hope.

I meet so many different people. So many ways to live, but, in all the people I have met, they all have one common goal: just to live their lives.

The camps grow silent as the sky begins to lighten in the east. They're quiet during the day. The day, for the muggles in harsh sight of their captors, is a profane thing. Nights are sacred, born of mystery and the yearning to become something more, and to leave the world a better place than which we found it.

At night, I look at the stars. As the lights in the camps below glow with the warmth of humanity, the stars above glitter in cold silence. A cat may look at a king; muggles, mudbloods, halfbloods and purebloods all over the world look up and see the same stars.

People are destructible. To some, expendable.

But the human heart is not, nor will it ever be.

---

**alt_mcgonagall** at 2008-12-04 02:57:12
(no subject)

You're doing quite all right, Kingsley.

However, I wish that the goodness of the human heart would put food on the table at Moddey Dhoo. I suppose it does, in a way, but quite a round-about way.

---

**alt_kingsley** at 2008-12-04 04:29:08
(no subject)

It will take time, and it won't be easy, but I have to have faith that this will all change, and for the better, and everyone will have plenty to eat and be able to live and let live.
Boys: Charlie has confirmed the Stornoway Reserve plan for Christmas

Got an owl from Charlie this morning. After weeks of uncertainty about whether it would really happen on time, the construction crew at the dragon reserve at Stornoway in the Outer Hebrides actually managed to complete the second dormitory, and so there is room for Charlie to invite guests for the holiday. So, as we had hoped, Arthur and Ginny and I will be joining him for the week of Christmas. Xenophilius and Luna have already decided they'll move home again on the 21st. Xeno is fretting so to get back to his beloved press and counting the days down until he can start producing the "new improved" Quibbler again. It will be quite odd not to have them staying here after we come back with the New Year, but then, we'll still be seeing them practically every day since Luna will still be coming over to take her lessons here.

Boys, I've written to the Headmistress to add your names to list to the students who will be staying at Hogwarts for the holiday. I know it's not ideal, and we'll miss being all together as a family, but Charlie is so eager to show us everything about his life at Stornoway that we really do want to go. Ginny is quite excited, too. Never fear, we'll make sure you'll have all your packages to open for Christmas morning, as well as enough mince pies for all of you and any of your friends staying at Hogwarts, too.

Well, your mince pies will go a long way to making Christmas at Hogwarts feel like a proper Weasley Christmas. I don't mind, honestly, Mum. I got an owl from Charlie last week, so I know how much he's looking forward to Christmas with you and Dad and Ginny, and there'll be other years at the Burrow, of course. It'll also give me a chance to do some preliminary organisation of my notes in preparation for the O.W.L.s. And we'll have the common room couches to ourselves!
**2008-12-04 01:15:00**

*Music!*

I got a package tonight (thank you!) and there's SO much wizard music. So I'm thinking music party Friday night. Because if you haven't heard the Warlocks, you must! You'll LOVE them. So who's in? (Susan, you can bring Valkyrie and if Harry comes--though he doesn't like my anymore--maybe he could bring Hedwig and they can terrorize Fergus).

I think we need some stress relief. We could do it somewhere that everyone can get to. And it'll be a fun way to end the week.

Soooo? You in?

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**2008-12-04 13:56:05**

*alt_sally_anne* at 2008-12-04 13:56:05

(no subject)

I'll come!

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**2008-12-04 19:30:52**

*alt_pansy* at 2008-12-04 19:30:52

(no subject)

You'd better!

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**2008-12-04 14:21:53**

*alt_harry* at 2008-12-04 14:21:53

(no subject)

I never said I didn't like you Pansy. Ill come and Ill bring Hedwig.

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**2008-12-04 19:29:49**

*alt_pansy* at 2008-12-04 19:29:49

(no subject)

No, but you've been sort of... I don't know. Cool towards me. But come because it'll be brilliant and I love seeing Hedwig!
So am I invited or not?

Of course youre invited Draco. If I'm invited youre invited.

Of course you're invited! I just assumed you knew that you were. I just mentioned Harry because of Hedwig.

Well not very long ago you said to stay away from you and not talk to you or look at you, even.

I did, and I was really angry with you, but you were right. Don't get cocky because it won't happen again! (jk) I don't want to be a blood traitor.

Well good. I thought this time you might have meant it when you said you would be cross with me forever.
Can I come too? If Susan's coming?

Of course! Everyone is invited.

Thank you!

I'll definitely be there.

The Warlocks will change your life. Seriously.

Just so long as I live through it.
Not like we're taming dragons.
We'll do that in fourth year.

We do?!

Well sure isn't that what we keep you Gryffindor types around for?

Good answer!

We also have to fly hippogryffs.

P.S. Tell Neville about it too. I don't know anyone else in your house too well so invite someone if you want.
alt_ron at 2008-12-05 02:04:02
(no subject)

No worries. I'll drag him along kicking and screaming if I have to.

alt_pansy at 2008-12-05 02:50:29
(no subject)

Oh, gee. I'm flattered, I think. That I have to have people dragged kicking and screaming to be around me.

alt_ron at 2008-12-05 02:54:31
(no subject)

Bollocks to that, I meant having to drag him to a party, not to be around you.

alt_pansy at 2008-12-05 02:58:17
(no subject)

Just checking to be sure. It's nice to be prepared.

alt_susan at 2008-12-05 02:53:44
(no subject)

Where are we going to fit everyone? Since it can't be in anyone's common room.

alt_pansy at 2008-12-05 02:56:58
(no subject)

Maybe the great hall? Or there are some pretty big empty classrooms. Besides, I know the owls will want to fly around.
Though the Slytherin common room is pretty big. But I don't know if we're allowed to have people from other houses there.

@alt_sally_anne at 2008-12-05 04:02:05
(no subject)

We aren't. Anyway, the older students wouldn't be happy at all if we tried.

Maybe the Great Hall, though. Or an empty classroom, though that's not exactly comfortable for sitting around listening to music. It would be nice if there were somewhere we could all meet that would have soft chairs and things like that, but I think the Great Hall would work.

@alt_susan at 2008-12-06 01:57:59
(no subject)

You might not see this before the party starts but if you do see it remember to come talk to me about the idea.

Don't worry, I absolutely promise that it isn't anything a grownup would consider trouble. I just don't want to talk about it on the journals, because I want to surprise people and I don't want to look a fool if it doesn't
Abyssus abyssum invocat.
Disturbances

Does anyone know if the colder weather has changed the air quality of the castle? It seems awfully hard to breathe around here lately. Sometimes when I talk there's a sort of whistle in my words. And also, the back of my neck always itches. I asked Harry to look and he says he doesn't see anything on my neck but it itches like mad sometimes, it really does. Maybe it's the shower water that comes out of that gargoyle's mouth. That gargoyle looks like it hasn't been cleaned in centuries, and its teeth are practically black. It's a disgrace, really. Someone ought to speak to the house elves. Oh, I know Hogwarts is supposed to have the best elves in all the land but how often does an ancient castle really get a good, deep cleaning?

On the bright side of things, it's only fifteen days and a few hours until we leave for the holidays.

---

Dyou think you're getting ill? Don't cough on me if you are. Maybe you should go to the Hospital Wing.

No no, I don't think I'm ill. There's just something dirty about this castle. Because I feel much better when I'm outside, only we're not going outside much now because it's cold.

I could get Dennis to clean the showers if you like, I bet he'd like that.
Really? Well, there's an idea. Tell him to really get inside its mouth or snout, or whatever the part is that the water comes from.

Where *does* our bath water come from? You don't think it comes out of the lake, do you?

Not without being filtered it can't be!!

I'll tell him, he'll be happy to have something other than boring ol' laundry to do.

Even if they do filter it...that's where the giant squid does his *wee*.

Cheers for telling him, though. Tell him.

Oh, EW, Draco.

Do squids wee?
alt_sally_anne at 2008-12-05 02:11:01
(no subject)
I think all animals do.

alt_megan at 2008-12-04 19:01:49
(no subject)
I think so too. I hope it isn't the cold. It's going to be cold all winter!

alt_draco at 2008-12-04 21:23:45
(no subject)
You think so too what? That it's hard to breathe?

alt_megan at 2008-12-05 05:10:13
(no subject)
Yes, that it's hard to breath. And the air smells funny. Especially anywhere that's underground.

I thought it was just me. The air gets like that at home sometimes, too. My guardian notices too, but no one else does. She says we're both especially sensitive to the atmosphere.

I don't think that's bad. I've never got in trouble for it.

alt_draco at 2008-12-05 05:20:45
(no subject)
I am NOT sensitive!
Oh. But

I didn't mean you were. I'm sure you're not. Sorry.

All right.

Who are you again?

I'm Megan Jones. I know who you are!

Fergus throws up a lot but I don't think that has anything to do with you. The castle is rather draughty and dusty but you should go see Madame Pomfrey. Maybe you're allergic to something?

No one in my family is ever allergic, so why would I be?
I've heard of people getting allergic as they get older. I wasn't allergic to strawberries until I was about 5.

You have never had an asthmatic attack in your life, son. And the gargoyles are blackened iron (though having the mudblood clean more thoroughly is not a poor idea).

Go up to the hospital wing and ask Madam Pomfrey to verify that you have not been afflicted with an asphyxiating hex. If that proves, as I suspect, unfounded, then your mother recommends hot water with lemon to clear your throat.

(I don't have to remind you how hearing of you ailing in any way worries her; particularly when she is so occupied with preparations for two events in as many weeks! Do not be foolish when there is a Healer there to ensure you remain at your best. You have exams to get through, as well, and cannot afford to be ill and miss lessons or revising time.)

Your mother and I are both looking forward to seeing you home again soon.

Does asthma cause itchyness, though? Who would have hexed me while I wasn't looking? How dare they.

I'm sorry I worried mother, but I thought they might give me a nasty potion in the hospital wing, and I also didn't want to miss lessons. But I can go after supper tonight.
Very sensible to wait until you are free, as it is not life-threatening. And it's understandable to want to avoid potions, but there is more to Healing than swallowing something a little foul. To say nothing of the benefit of instantaneously feeling more the thing.

As to hexes, forgive me, but weren't you discussing a game in which the players hex each other unbeknownst? Perhaps someone decided to practise.

In eliminating the symptoms you may well discover their cause.

What did Madam Pomfrey say? If you don't mind me asking. I get itchy sometimes in the winter but it's my hands, not my neck, and they haven't been bothering me much so far this year.
2008-12-05 08:17:00

Package!

I got a package today at breakfast, I could hardly believe it. It's from my foster parents - well, from their assistant Curtis, really, he included a little note saying they thought I might like to share some treats with my friends, and I WOULD, it's wizard to have something to share, I'll bring it to the music party tonight.

There's a box of chocolate fudge, and then all these little jars of different kind of jam. One is called cranberry, the note explained they grow cranberries on one of the farms at the estate because they grow well, and then they transfigure them into other fruits for jam. Mrs Stretton is evidently very good at food transfiguration, the fudge is also transfigured, but the jars were orange marmalade and then strawberry, grape, red currant, and apple jam. And there's a jar of honey, and little biscuits and even a loaf of bread to toast to put the jam on. I think all the jam was cranberries originally but the honey came from their hives. And then some other sweets, too -- I'll bring the lot tonight but Pansy if you want to sample some of the fudge early let me know!

alt_harry at 2008-12-05 17:14:30

(no subject)

Transfigured cranberries? How is it?

alt_sally_anne at 2008-12-05 17:31:33

(no subject)

I tried the orange marmalade and I thought it was nice but I've never had any that wasn't transfigured so I wouldn't really know how close it was to the real sort. I also had some of the plain cranberry, it's really tart but a nice flavour. I've never had cranberries before. I reckon you've had real orange marmalade, you can try some of it tonight and let me know how close she got it if you want.
Do you want real orange marmalade? Mother sent some in my last package.

I'll try your transfigured jam to be polite.

Well thank you. I wouldn't mind trying some of your orange marmalade so I can compare for myself. The transfigured sort is lovely so if the real kind is even better I'd like to have some.

I think you got really nice guardians. That sounds perfectly splendid. I like jam. I wonder if most jam is transfigured from something odd. I've never seen a cranberry. I've seen strawberries. And elderberries.

I think you're right about my guardians. I never had jam much before I came to Hogwarts but I like it now. The cranberry jam is a really dark red, like strawberry but much less sweet.

Are you coming to Pansy's party tonight? I don't suppose you found anywhere good to hold a party when you went exploring last week? because house common rooms won't do. Maybe we could use an empty classroom.
Yes, I'm coming! Isn't Pansy going to have it somewhere that she wants to have it? Someplace that's good for music? I don't know what's especially good for music, but all we found really was classrooms. And hallways. There was a funny nook behind one of the statues, but I don't think it's big enough for a real party. But it had a really big fireplace!

I wonder why they don't have a first year common room.

Well, that was real decent of them to do. See? I bet you don't have anything to worry about--they're going to be really nice.

And yeah, I'm planning on coming to the party. Ron won't even have to drag me!

That's good to hear.

Of course I want some fudge! Silly. And now we have treats for tonight! I think it's going to be wizard and I'm curious to see who shows up.
Allergy tests

I went to the hospital wing last night and it was one of the worst things I've ever done. They listened to my breathing and said it sounded fine now but that if I had an allergy I would need to be tested. And I had to stay over night and Madam Pomfrey woke me up every half hour to drink a potion that had ingredients I might be allergic to, and then I was to sit back and wait to see if the ingredients made me change colour or cough or have a fit of some kind. So this went on until almost morning, and I wasn't allergic to wheat, eggs, shellfish, tree nuts, soy, milk, cat, or bees. I drank bees!

But I haven't an allergy to bees or any of the others. Which means that my father must be right and someone's been hexing me behind my back!

I don't know which if you is doing it, but you had better stop.

I thought I told you to have her check you for signs of hexing, and not for some heretofore undisclosed allergy. What was she thinking, putting you through a nonsensical ordeal when there is nothing wrong of that nature?

Well, it's done with now. And you're sure Madam Pomfrey found no hexmarks or any other evidence of sorcery?

Well she looked me all over and told me that I should try to be less nervous, but that if it would make me feel better she could test for allergies.

I guess if she'd seen hexing on me she would have said so.
You drank bees? I'm just glad you're not allergic to the Giant Squid.

We'll find out who's hexing you. I think you should talk to the prefects.

Will you be able to come tonight? It might help you feel a bit better.

I must've drank bees, how else would she know I'm not allergic to them? I know for certain she didn't sting me.

Oh, that means I've drank cat, too. *Ugh.*

Yes, I'll be coming, but I'm keeping my wand out in case anyone tries anything.

Come eat some fudge. It's pretty good and we know you aren't allergic to chocolate. That'd be horrid.

You drank cat? You've been around Fergus enough to know you're not allergic so it's too bad you had to drink cat.

I already know what I'm allergic to so I'm glad I didn't have to go through all that.

I'd be upset if I were allergic to cats, because I like them.

All right, I'll come round and get some fudge.
That sounds horrible Draco! And not very helpful either.

I can eat bees whenever I want to now, so that's nice to know.
I like Friday. All the worst classes are done for the week. All that's left are potions. I'm not very good at potions, but I don't mind potions at all. Not like some classes.

Does anyone know how to join the choir? Do you have to wait until next year? If you're a first year? Do you have to have your own bass toad? Do you have to try out?

I was going to write down something important about chess. Important for me, I mean. To remember. Whenever I play. So I don't make stupid mistakes. If we're going to keep doing the tournament. Loads of people have dropped out.

But I can't remember which thing I wanted to write down. It was either the thing about pawns capturing other pawns when it looks like they shouldn't, or about always making sure no one's going to kill the piece that says its going to devastate them next move. Because some of the pieces are quite stupid. Or maybe it was castling. I don't think it really helps after all. Even if its supposed to. Maybe I'm doing it wrong.

But! I figured out something important about charms too. To remember. But I don't know how to say it. It's to do with how you move your wrist. I think it makes some charms much easier. But probably everyone else already knew it anyway. So now I've got it too! Just like you lot!

---

Ask Ron about chess. He's really good at explaining things.
@alt_megan at 2008-12-06 03:10:33  
(no subject)

I know! Everyone says he's good. Good at chess, I mean, so of course he's good at explaining chess. But I don't really know Ron. Except from class. He probably doesn't like people he doesn't really know asking him about chess. I'm not good enough at chess to ask, anyway.

@alt_susan at 2008-12-06 02:51:43  
(no subject)

You like to sing? I didn't know that. So do I!

@alt_megan at 2008-12-06 03:04:20  
(no subject)

I don't know. I like to sing by myself. I don't know if I'd like choir. I've never done it. But I think it'd be brilliant to try. Maybe I'd be good at it.

If I find out how, do you want to try to be in the choir too?

@alt_susan at 2008-12-07 01:28:04  
(no subject)

I might, but I also have another idea, that I'll tell you all about later.

@alt_megan at 2008-12-07 06:57:18  
(no subject)

Oh! What is it? Is it a secret? I'll look for you later. Or maybe now. I do want to know.
Mister Boot will be in residence here for the next few days at the very least. He will need that long to recover from an infectious pneumonia that was taken root deep in his lungs and I must have him on hand to monitor his recovery.

I trust there are no objections.

Pneumonia! Poppy, is that really what's wrong with him, or is it Carrow again? How serious is it?

What do you think? Of course it was that miserable excuse for a human being.

When I woke this morning, I found the poor boy, still damp, asleep just outside my door. He was still shivering even as he slept.

I've managed to warm him and coax him into one of the beds, not the easiest task I assure you. Whether it's pneumonia or not remains to be seen, but he's not leaving my care for now.

I was afraid Carrow would whip him or hex him badly after that essay. You don't mention injuries, but you say it was Carrow--wait, why was he wet? What, has Carrow been dumping water over him or something?
alt_poppy at 2008-12-06 05:00:59
Order Only

I'm afraid your guess is as good as mine, Molly, but he is completely exhausted and he was wet when he got here. The why's of it, I haven't found answers to yet.

alt_hermione at 2008-12-06 14:57:34
Re: Order Only

May I bring him books? Could you hide them?

alt_poppy at 2008-12-06 15:01:17
Order Only

Of course you can, Hermione. The hospital wing is my province, the books you bring will be quite safe.

I daresay he could use a friend right now.

alt_gredforge at 2008-12-06 21:51:49
(no subject)

Would it be alright if we visit him?
Where Are You Lot?

Because Morag and Linus and Belinda wanted to come down, but we can't find you. I'm trying to listen for the music. Give us a clue? Or has the party already ended?

Go to the great hall. Follow the corridor to the left. You'll hear music.
Today I cleaned all of Master Harry's boots and shoes. Then I polished them so they are nice and shiny. But there are no more of Master Harry's boots or shoes left to polish. Then I cleaned Mr Draco's shoes and boots. I hope that was alright.

Really? Well...good.

Are they shiny enough for you sir?

Yes, but my laces are beginning to look rather frayed.

I will ask the house elves for some new laces for you then.

Good.
@alt_hermione at 2008-12-06 14:55:42  
(no subject)
You are very dedicated!

@alt_dennis at 2008-12-06 15:33:33  
(no subject)
All of us should try to be so dedicated Hermione.

@alt_harry at 2008-12-07 01:32:02  
(no subject)
I don't think I said thanks, Dennis.
So. Thanks.
**2008-12-05 21:26:00**

*A Party!!*

I just love Parties and I think it is Grand that we're going to have one tonight! Parvati and I are still trying to decide What to Wear. But we will come down Soon.

I hope Everyone likes the Weird Sisters because I am bringing my Whole collection! Their Music is absolutely brill for Dancing--and Kirley McCormick is ever so Fanciable, don't you think?

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**alt_padma at 2008-12-06 02:38:23**

*(no subject)*

Ooh - Lav, tell Parvati she should wear her new clip and the red choli Mum sent her.

We're already on our way. Did Longbottom happen to tell you where everyone is?

---

**alt_lavender at 2008-12-06 02:42:01**

*(no subject)*

I'll tell her! She tried it on for me when it first came and it's ever so Pretty.

I think the boys are still in their dorm fooling around!

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**alt_megan at 2008-12-06 03:17:46**

*(no subject)*

Ooh, Hannah likes the Weird Sisters too! I'm not sure if I do. I'm still deciding. But I probably do!
alt_lavender at 2008-12-07 01:10:51  
(no subject)

I can't Believe that you never ever even Once heard the Weird Sisters before you came to Hogwarts!

What do you think of them now?

alt_megan at 2008-12-07 07:01:35  
(no subject)

I know! There's such a lot of things I'd never seen or heard. Before Hogwarts. It's so nice to be here.

I like them. I think. But I'd like to hear more. To be sure.
Order Only: Danger Past

Well, that was certainly an experience.

I'm in Ulm, first of all, and safe as I've a right to expect. Right after my last post--well, my last proper post, I should say--I headed to Czechoslovakia to try to take care of the Laszlo predicament. And as I started to recount a few days ago, I was spotted there by Death Eaters. I thought they must not have recognised me, but the next day, I caught them following me again.

I didn't want to break and run straight off, you understand. I was disguised as Henrich Laszlo and on the chance that they hadn't put two and two together, I wasn't about to give it away. I didn't want to lose the ground I'd been making, either--you've no idea how Byzantine the Czech wizarding government is. Having navigated somewhat successfully, I was loathe to abort the process.

Well, I don't want to bore you. The long and short is that they had seen through the disguise and a few days later they made their move. It was too public a place to Disapparate. Much as I hate it, it was the prudent thing, and I would have done if it had meant shaking them off immediately. I ducked into an alley for some privacy, where they set on me. Splendid duel; I left them smarting and got away long enough to transform and run, and I wasn't followed. Once again, I thought all was well. No such luck!

For weeks, they've been chasing me round the better part of eastern Europe. It seemed I couldn't run fast enough--and you know my problem with multiple Apparations. That didn't help a bit. Couple times I was sure they were going to catch me, but I managed to transform anyway and after that I stayed on the move.

I finally thought I was safely away, had put enough switchbacks, zigs and zags into my trail to last until Christmas, and as you saw, I risked transforming back to check the journals and let you lot know what I've been up to.

They must have put a trace on me before I transformed the last time, because they found me within a few hours of my taking human form and catching up on all the postings. This time, I didn't run and I didn't leave anything to chance; they won't be back again.
By then I was sorely in need of some rest, which I'm finding here in Ulm. I've been catching up on sleep (and other things) in what I hope is still a relatively safe area, mostly Muggle. I've also enjoyed the help of a quite accommodating young chap named Friedrich, who has been willing to let me remain a kept man for a few days. I've nearly had my fill of takeaway--and more than my fill of German telly.

Arthur, I hadn't seen your note about Molly's cousin until just a few days ago, but now that I've got the papers I needed from the Czechs, I can see whether he can be tracked down to lend a better paper trail to our poor departed Victor.

Meanwhile, all you lot, do be careful. I'm not sure if the spell they used to track me is something only the Durmstrang-trained bunch know or whether my beloved cousin has been teaching her assassins to track as well as they can curse or kill. I've been my normal self for over two days now and no one has come after me, so I am fairly confident whatever they did has not transferred itself to any other of Voldemort's agents on the continent.

Kingsley, old man, good to see you've made it back into England and with Polyjuice into the bargain! Is there anywhere in the next three days you particularly want our government friends to avoid? I'll point them in the wrong direction if so.

For now, though, I'm going to enjoy another few hours' sleep next to a warm, human companion. I don't reckon Friedrich would mind going out for brunch later. I think it's time to test the waters outside his flat.

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@alt_hermione at 2008-12-06 15:12:17
(no subject)

I'm glad you're all right Sirius.

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@alt_sirius at 2008-12-06 23:42:15
(no subject)

Thanks.

Tell your Terry I hope he mends soon. You know
we're doing what we can to improve things--not just for you two, but for all of the ones like you.

alt_mcgonagall at 2008-12-06 16:14:40  
(no subject)

We are all extremely grateful to hear from you - and to know of the tracking spell. It will certainly change my behaviour, not that I could ever trust much to Animagus transformations in any case, being registered.

I hope that you have ensured that this Friedrich chap is trustworthy. I do wonder sometimes about your proclivities.

alt_sirius at 2008-12-06 16:18:08  
(no subject)

Not to worry, Minerva: he's a Muggle. Can you imagine Karkaroff directing any of his lads to enlist a Muggle's help? Neither can I.

No, I chose this neighbourhood deliberately, in case I'm wrong about the tracking spell--whatever it may have been--and they do have some way to find me when I'm not transformed. If it's possible to draw them out without sending up a beacon, that's what I'm testing now. I figure in another day or two, if all's clear, I can head back into France and try to find Molly's long-lost, er, accountant.

alt_kingsley at 2008-12-06 21:42:53  
(no subject)

'Im working with Arthur on visiting a muggle camp he told me about, in two weeks. I have no idea of the mentality of those in charge, but, if all goes well, perhaps we can plant some seeds. It would, of course, be lovely to do so without Checkpoint Charlie hovering. But in the next three days we should, hopefully, be in the clear.

Be well, and safe, and happy. Is there anything you need that I can provide for you?
I should be asking you what I can get for you, mate, but as I've been a complete failure so far, probably best to leave it for now.

If you need some help creating a diversion, let me know - I think I can safely misdirect Cousin Bellatrix at least a few times if there's a major operation happening elsewhere.

Dare I ask whether you've had a chance, since getting back into Merry Olde England, to look up that lovely lady of yours? Or is my memory out of date?

I'm sure I'll be taking you up on your offer soon, so thank you.

And no, your memory is not out of date. Sadly, the lass in question and I have been apart for longer than either of really cares to think about. It's so hard, but we both keep telling ourselves it will be worth it. Yes, it's idealistic to believe, and I know that, but we *must* believe it, in order to do what we must in the days ahead.

So what about you? Anyone warming up those cold nights with you?

While we're relieved you're all right, your report is worrisome. If they were after you while you were disguised as Henrich Laszlo, do you think that identity has been compromised all the way up the line? While you may have shaken pursuit off for now, is it really safe for you to go back to customs and try to resurrect that operation, even if you do manage to get Henderson's help for the *bona fides* that Malfoy demanded? I'm worried that they might have aimed their wands at you because someone on Malfoy's end told them, *Henrich Laszlo is a
fraud.

Be very careful, and please report in regularly as you can.

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alt_sirius at 2008-12-07 02:45:52
(no subject)

I don't think that's what happened--I mean to say, I think either my disguise slipped and I didn't notice, or they had a Disillusion charm powerful enough to punch through my transfiguration. I changed my disguise slightly after I lost them the first day, you see, but they found me again. So there's another bit of intelligence: they might have ways of seeing through anything short of Polyjuice. Kingsley, you ought to be okay with stage makeup, though that doesn't hold up to close scrutiny.

Just in case, though, I shall owl Agatha and find out if she's had any hint of what you're suggesting. Marguerite might be persuaded to do a little snooping on our part.
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Terry is in the hospital wing.

He told me that Professor Carrow dunked him in a bucket of water, only I said that doesn't sound so bad, at least he didn't hit you or jinx you like he did that one time and so even if it was scary at least it's over now and it doesn't hurt any more. But it is actually worse because now he has something called aspiration pneumonia (Madam Pomfrey made sure that I knew how to spell 'pneumonia,' it isn't at all like you'd expect) and he has to stay in the hospital wing, only that doesn't sound so bad because now Professor Carrow can't dunk him in the bucket of water again, only Terry is very frightened and I'm not sure what of.

He won't ask to come stay with me in the library either, although I think that if Professor Carrow hates him so much he'd want him out of his sight, and he won't tell me why and I sometimes think he doesn't like me after all. But I know that isn't true. Anyway he has too much of a fever now to make a lot of sense. Madam Pomfrey says he will be alright though because mediwizardry is so much better than Muggle healing ever was. If Terry were a Muggle before the Lord Protector came they would have fed him moldy bread, which sounds disgusting, only they must have had a reason to feed people moldy bread. Madam Pomfrey said it worked sometimes but all the Muggle Studies textbooks I can read don't say that, they just talk about how mean it was to feed sick people mold. But they caught the pneumonia early so maybe that is alright.

I wish I could apologise to Terry because I yelled at him, and I know it was wrong but he didn't tell me about Professor Carrow dunking him and I went in to work in the hospital wing and he was there all wet with Madam Pomfrey and I couldn't help it because I wanted to know what happened! But he just kept shivering and crying and all.

I don't think I ever have thought that I was going to drown. I suppose it is very frightening. Terry was very frightened.

And now I am going to bring him some books so that he can read them while he is in the hospital wing and no one can see that he's doing it.
alt_mcgonagall at 2008-12-06 16:09:25
(no subject)

Excellent spelling of "pneumonia," Granger. "Aspiration," however, has only one S.

alt_kingsley at 2008-12-06 21:30:39
(no subject)

Not to scare you, little one, but Carrow's killed mudbloods before. I wonder if this was such an attempt that was, for some reason, aborted?

If you can get any details out of poor Terry, please keep us apprised?

alt_molly at 2008-12-06 22:25:39
(no subject)

If Carrow's killed before, I wonder if the boy knows it. If so, then no wonder he's so frightened. Aspiration pneumonia . . . that means pneumonia caused by something he was breathing in, doesn't it?

If it wasn't simply a matter of wetting the boy, if he was actually holding his head underwater long enough that he was forced to actually start breathing in the water . . .

Arthur, isn't there any way to break the contract that's given Carrow total power over the boy?

alt_arthur at 2008-12-06 22:29:00
(no subject)

No, Molly, I'm sorry to say it, but there isn't. Neither Muggles nor Muggleborn witches and wizards have any recourse under the law whatsoever if their masters turn abusive or even homicidal. The only punishment is a token fine, paid to the Ministry--for destruction of property--if a slave is killed.
Knowing Carrow, I have no doubt that the boy knows what's happened to his predecessors.

Oh, ugh, I hadn't even thought of that. But you're probably right.

There may be a point you can press him for further answers, Hermione, but I'd guess this probably isn't the time, as long he's feeling both sick and afraid. Maybe he would prefer to stay with you in the library, but if he fears Carrow as much as it seems he does, he might not want to draw Carrow's attention down on you. Perhaps he thinks he is protecting you by keeping you at arm's length?

So my advice to you is to not make any demands on him, especially since he seems to have just been through something harrowing, but simply be a friend to him. Visit him, bring him books, or whatever else you can to cheer him, once he feels a little better. Make sure he knows that you'd help him any way you can, and let the rest go for now.
I received the following from Lucius Malfoy on 4 December:

Draco's entry of to-day may well be down to pre-exam nerves. However it should come as no surprise that I have been paying attention to Amycus Carrow's reports as well, irregular as they are. Given Draco's post, in combination with Carrow's recent forays into the artistic world, coupled with Carrow's entries of 2nd December and 19th November (c.f., comments exchanged between myself and Amycus), I suspect that your Transfiguration professor is playing somewhat free with the by-laws regarding magical attacks against students.

You might wish to question him more closely - I'm sure you do not mind the opportunity to call him to task and remind him that the school is not a hunting ground. Regardless of whether he is tampering with Draco, specifically, his demeanour in the journals could be misconstrued.

I've heard from two other Governors that they've received concerned owls from parents since he began writing in his journal, and I imagine you have had correspondence as well. Nonetheless, I am sure I can produce additional complaints if it will aid you in impressing upon Carrow his duties and the limits of his jurisdiction over his charges.

If I may be of any assistance, please do not hesitate to contact me.

Ha! There is nothing I should like better than to go after Carrow. But - damnably - he seems to be as clean as a whistle. I cannot find any evidence of wrongdoing whatsoever, at least, not towards students.

Young Boot is another matter entirely.

In any case, Molly, you might want to observe your sons closely. Should they report any trouble with Amycus Carrow whatsoever, I want to hear about it. Perhaps we have some hope of ousting him from the castle, if Lucius will take my side against him. Only we must have
proof, which I daresay he is too clever to give us - the Lord Protector will persist in his strange affection for the creature.

---

@alt_kingsley at 2008-12-06 21:22:36  
(no subject)

WHAT did that man do to that poor boy? I doubt he's poisoning Draco--surely he's not that stupid--but then, reading his posts, I wonder about his state of mind (moreso than I ever have before).

Minerva, if there were some way I could make that poor boy just... I don't know, disappear from the castle, I would. Fake his death and have him join us or something. You know how awful it is to sit by and watch cruelty and injustice and not be able to do anything.

As of yet. Someday, Carrow will pay. I don't make promises I don't keep, so you take that one to Gringott's. And I hope Carrow pays at Terry's own hand. For Terry. And for all the other homeless, tempest tossed.

@alt_mcgonagall at 2008-12-07 03:32:58  
(no subject)

You are such an idealist, Kingsley - it's refreshing. Do keep it up. I need it - we all need it.

@alt_molly at 2008-12-06 22:13:09  
(no subject)

None of the boys like Carrow at all, but if I were to guess which would be most likely to run into serious trouble with him, it would be the twins. Of course I'll let you know immediately if I hear of anything suspicious.

@alt_sirius at 2008-12-06 23:38:46  
(no subject)

If you can keep Malfoy on your side about Carrow, so much the better. He seems to have Voldemort's ear; maybe he can convince him that Carrow's too much of
a menace to trust around children.

As for Terry, what are the chances that Kingsley's troupe could pass by Hogwarts and while they're there... I don't know if he could escape with them then or not. Hidden in the tiring house, perhaps?

If there's no legal recourse, Minerva, maybe you at least can demand that as long as Carrow is in the employ of Hogwarts, his servant will be expected to help on a general level? That would give you some power to determine the boy's workload, at least.

As for things here, Friedrich and I went to the Biergarten for an hour and then to a film, and nothing from the enemy front. I think tomorrow I'll bid him *auf Wiedersehn* and look up this Henderson chap.

---

**alt_mcgonagall** at *2008-12-07 03:35:16*
*(no subject)*

I don't know. I am reluctant to have such a thing occur. There would be an investigation, Sirius, and I cannot risk Veritaserum. You know that as well as I.

I shall do what I can for him, though; you know that.

---

**alt_sirius** at *2008-12-07 03:24:33*
*(no subject)*

Oi, Minerva - I've just had a thought. D'you think you could get me a sample of Malfoy's handwriting?

---

**alt_mcgonagall** at *2008-12-07 03:33:42*
*(no subject)*

Certainly - but what for?
alt_sirius at 2008-12-07 03:56:00
(no subject)

Trust me.

alt_kingsley at 2008-12-08 07:28:27
(no subject)

Oh, this should be good.
Well that was a wizard party last night, anyone who didn't come missed a really fun time. We listened to the Warlocks and Wand-ering and Bubbles Cauldron and the Weird Sisters too though I think Lavender would've liked it better if we'd listened to more of them. I think Wandering was my favourite.

The orange marmalade got completely finished off very quickly. Everyone wanted to try the grape jam, it tasted exactly like one of the purple Bertie Botts beans only as jam. I think Longbottom liked that one, he came back for more. The strawberry jam tastes a little strange, it's like strawberries at first but then after you finish the bite there's this funny bitter taste that makes your tea taste off, but everything else was good.

Just before curfew Professor Slughorn came in and we thought he was going to send us all back to our own common rooms but instead he said we had special permission to stay at the party for a whole extra hour! And then after we closed down the party Pansy and I stayed up way too late in our common room listening to more music. I'm so tired today. Which isn't good as the next bit of the chess tourney is this afternoon, if people are still playing. I reckon I'll bring the chess sets after lunch and see who comes.

It was a brilliant party! I liked all the music. I don't know if I liked any best. Maybe if I heard it again I could tell. I'd never heard most of it before. My guardian doesn't listen to music like that.

And I'm coming to chess. I hope most people do.
alt_pansy at 2008-12-06 21:18:23  
(no subject)  
I'm coming. It won't be pretty, but I'll be there.
I'm glad you came to the party! There will be plenty more chances to listen to music.

alt_megan at 2008-12-07 06:58:17  
(no subject)  
Oh! It can't be that bad.
I'm glad I did too! And I do hope so.

alt_lavender at 2008-12-07 01:07:43  
(no subject)  
There should Always be more Weird Sisters!!
But, yes, it was quite a Good party except for certain Stupid boys!

alt_pansy at 2008-12-07 21:42:24  
(no subject)  
Draco? Yeah. I grew up around him, so I've learned to defend myself. You should learn, too.

alt_harry at 2008-12-07 01:31:13  
(no subject)  
You know that marmalade did taste like the real thing, I wonder how they do it? Im glad that I didn't stay up with you and Pansy or Id be so knackered.
It was fun to taste all the different jams. My Gran usually doesn't have anything in the house but current jam, even though my little sister Evelyn likes strawberry. She tried making it herself last summer, because we have loads of strawberry plants, but it didn't turn out very good.

That marmalade was wonderful. I'm allergic to strawberries so I didn't try that kind, but everyone says it tasted strange.

It did taste strange. There was some left over and I tried it out again and it still tastes strange. I wonder if you're allergic to transfigured strawberries as well if you're allergic to the regular kind? What if someone transfigured strawberries into blueberries, would you be allergic to the blueberries? Do you know?

That's a really good question! I guess I could ask Lucius because he might know. I'm not about to ask Professor Carrow, sorry Fergus.
THAT went well. I think everyone had a good time and lots of people showed up, which was wizard. I wonder if Padma and Lavender and Parvati would teach me how to dress like they do? Even Ernie showed up and I think he's

Thanks to Sally-Anne we had food and Professor Slughorn showed up. I was sure I was in trouble AGAIN but he said we could stay an extra hour. I think we should have more parties like this.

I don't know what's wrong with Draco but I hope they figure it out soon. He did cheer up last night, though, and it was good to see. Hedwig and Valkyrie had a good time too (they kept flying low over people's heads) and they and Fergus terrorized each other.

There was lots of talk and lots of laughing and lots of music and I was sort of wishing I hadn't decided to have the party after all, because I'm not used to being around that many people, but I did and it was wizard.

Now I'm off to have my arse handed to me in chess.

So. Next Friday?

Parvati and I could Try! We just Love giving Fashion Advice!

I liked that jumper you had on last night.
Thank you! Mummy says that shade of golden yellow brings out my coloring—which is very important.

I don't think it would be a good shade for you though since you have dark hair. Red would look good on you even though it's a Gryffindor color—and you look nice in green but it makes you look serious.

What about blue?

It would depend on the shade. A light sky blue would be nice.

Thanks. I'll remember that when I get more clothes.

Nonsense, you can do jewel tones too. And what about pale green? That would look ever so nice and it might make your eyes look brighter.
Maybe you could ask for some as Presents? Since the Hols are coming up and all.

After she's been so much trouble she's lucky. When is your birthday, Pansy?

January 27, so not for a while.

Also, I like dark colours, especially purple. Red is my favorite, though.

I didn't even think of purple, but I could see it being a good color for you. I had no idea you had so much Fashion potential!

Lav, what if we meet Parkinson early next week before everyone else gets there and we can help her out.

Did she say for sure if she wanted to come? We should invite Daphne too!
Good idea! Daphne has that lovely robin's egg cardie. Maybe she could lend it?

You know how Daph loves that cardie though! But maybe if I let her borrow some of my new hair ribbons she would...

Well we don't have to go overbold. I just meant maybe Parkinson could try it on and see how she likes it.

Did you when Hedwig and Valkyrie flew at Fergus from opposite sides of the room?

The poor kitty didn't know which way to run!

That was so brilliant! It should teach Fergus a lesson (which means he'll vom in all our shoes tonight).
@alt_susan at 2008-12-07 01:44:36
(no subject)

Not my shoes cos I'm not in Slytherin!

@alt_pansy at 2008-12-07 01:51:51
(no subject)

It wouldn't be so bad if he'd go in the boys' dorm and vom THERE once in a while.

@alt_susan at 2008-12-07 02:07:51
(no subject)

Maybe you can encourage him to go over there some how.

@alt_neville at 2008-12-07 02:11:08
(no subject)

Made me glad I didn't bring my toad, Trevor. Don't know if owls eat toads, but would rather not find out.

@alt_pansy at 2008-12-07 02:30:55
(no subject)

I think that would put a damper on the celebrations, yes.

@alt_susan at 2008-12-07 02:35:29
(no subject)

Yea I dont think owls eat toads but better safe than sorry for sure.

I'd feel terrible if Valkyrie did eat Trevor.
I'll come! Hedwig liked it so much she was hooting all over the place.

She and Valkyrie were SO funny. Poor Fergus! We should get another cat there so he'll have a partner. I think Hedwig likes to fly but she seems to enjoying being around people too. I wonder if she gets bored.

Maybe when you get your Kneazle Fergus can hang around with it!

I don't know if Owls get bored but they are pretty smart so I bet they do sometimes.

Oooh, next Friday what? More music?

Absolutely.
alt_megan at 2008-12-07 21:31:21
(no subject)

Ooh, good. I'm so glad. Will we listen to all the same music again?

alt_pansy at 2008-12-07 21:50:31
(no subject)

I hope not! I've got lots more, and other people have music to bring as well.

alt_megan at 2008-12-07 21:52:48
(no subject)

Oh. I suppose that's good.

alt_pansy at 2008-12-07 21:55:45
(no subject)

Anything in particular you'd like to hear again?

alt_megan at 2008-12-07 22:12:24
(no subject)

I don't know. I can't remember the names of most of it. There was a lot.

alt_pansy at 2008-12-07 22:32:37
(no subject)

There was, wasn't there? but you'll learn who's who soon enough!
I will if we have music parties every Friday. If some of them repeat. But they have to eventually. Don't they? How much music is there?

Wicked party, Pansy! Count me in for next Friday, yeah!

Excellent. It was brilliant, wasn't it? Next time I'll tell the house-elves to clean up a bit and lay a fire, too.

That'll make it much cozier. It didn't look like that room was used much, I actually found dust in one of the corners.

Yeah, if it were cozier it'd be even nicer. I don't recall it being this cold this early on, do you?
pansys party was allright but i dont think i like music very much. its to loud and it hurt my ears. the jam was nice though even if the strawberry tasted a bit funny.

every one spent all day playing chess and i stayed in the common room reading a book that teddy lent me about some old king and his knights and it was good but i like storys about animals better. has anyone got a book about a unicorn?

---

alt_harry at 2008-12-07 01:42:30
(no subject)

No, unicorns are kind of girly.

alt_millicent at 2008-12-07 01:43:40
(no subject)

thats okay im a girl

alt_harry at 2008-12-07 01:50:31
(no subject)

Right but I'm not, so I dont have any books like that!

alt_millicent at 2008-12-07 01:52:13
(no subject)

what sort of books do you have? teddys books are all about welsh things and i dont know how to say lots of the words.
Well mostly school stories.

I have one but I'm not sure I want to lend it to someone who calls me a Muggle lover.

But at least you like animals...

you were nasty to me first bones

Maybe I was but you were been mean about something that couldn't defend himself.

i wasn't mean I just said it was funny. and it was. that's why every one was laughing.

Not every one. But alright maybe you didn't mean it in a bad way.

But what if someone, I don't know, charmed all
Fergus' hair off or something? Wouldn't some people think that was funny?

alt_millicent at 2008-12-07 02:25:33  
(no subject)

fergus is MY cat. profesor carrows mudblood has no thing to do with me. or you.

alt_susan at 2008-12-07 02:31:07  
(no subject)

Yes of course Fergus is your cat and he is a very nice cat too. So you wouldn't want someone to do something unpleasant to him when he couldn't do anything about it right?

alt_millicent at 2008-12-07 02:36:21  
(no subject)

bones my cat is nothing like a mudblood. you better be careful what you say becos you sound like a blood traitor

alt_susan at 2008-12-07 02:39:53  
(no subject)

But they are both animals right? Your supposed to be nice to animals, that's all I was trying to say. It was a hypothetieke just an example.

alt_millicent at 2008-12-07 03:48:01  
(no subject)

pets are diffrent.
I think I have some at home from when I was younger. I can loan them to you if you like?
Belinda and Morag and I met Lavender and Parvati (and Daphne) at Parkinson's little music party last night. It was loads of fun, even if Parvati wished more 3rd-years had been there. And despite Moon and Finnegan making fools of themselves! (Though Malfoy was really funny, did you hear the jokes he was telling, Lav?)

Perks brought some of the Strettons' jams and all and we got a couple tastes. But Perks! I dont really believe it but Stretton came and found me in the common room tonight. He asked me what I thought of you! I couldnt tell from his questions whether he was looking forward to having a foster-sister or not, but isn't it odd? I mean from what you said he already has more then enough sibs. Anyway I didnt know what to tell him, exactly, so I just said your teribly clever and sort of pretty in a peaky sad kind of way.

We had chess this afternoon, without Moon or Nott, and then halfway through, Hopkins quit as well. He was tired of losing, I suppose, and Perks had thrashed him rather soundly and then he found out his next match was Weasley, and he just said 'oh, forget it' and stalked off. Of course I wasnt supposed to play him today but it meant MacMillan and Bones didnt have anyone to play later. Oh and Weasley of course.

Im doing alright I guess, only I dont know what I was thinking when I was playing Marvolo. I let him take my bishop two moves earlier then I planned and Im not sure how that happened. I was so shocked when he said 'Checkmate!' I guess I was too distracted by Hopkins having a sulk like that. I didn't think Hufflepuffs were quitters.

---

Oh, Padma I'm Sorry--Parvati and I really Meant to stay Longer at the Chess Match and Cheer you on!

But watching people play Chess is like watching people Think--you simply Can't do it for long!

But you looked like you were doing Ever so Well when we Left!
Oh thats alright, really. I know its ever so boring to watch when you don't really know what's going on.

And I knew I'd lose to MacMillan and something would of had to be seriously wrong to lose to Longbottom or Jones. It's just Ha Marvolo that surprised me and it's my own fault for losing concentration.

I think that would be the most Fun kind of Match--where you aren't sure you'll Win or Lose!

You looked Fabulous in your choli lat

I meant to say "last night" but my Quill slipped.

Thanks - I loved your hair. Did Parvati plait it like that for you?

Yes! She's so much better at it than I am. I guess it's because she's been practicing on you all these years.
You could practise on her, we always did each others at home (I kindof miss that, actually). Sometimes Belinda let's me do hers but shes not as good so I'm getting use to doing it myself.

Maybe you and Belinda can meet Parvati and me somewhere, and we can all practice Together! I'd like to find out what I can do with different kinds of hair.

Parkinson's hair is shortish - what do you reckon we can do with that?

And I think jewel tones work for her complexion, don't you?

Well you can't really plait short hair--I think a Jewelled hairclip would look nice. And yes, jewel tones absolutely--because she is dark and pale and they would bring out the color in her Cheeks.

Daphne should come too! Her hair is so wild and curly that she really needs someone to help her Manage it.
Yes. Merlin knows Bulstrode doesn't know what to do with hair.

whats wrong with my hair? mum taught me how to do my own plaits before i came to school and i think i do all right.

If you say so. Have you ever done the plait where you add to the strands each time? You don't get so many wispy bits.

i dont know how to do that sort

Strangely enough, I do. I can show you.

Show me too, I've never been able to get it right when I've tried.
Of course. There's a trick to it and it's really easy.

Honestly that isn't like Wayne usually--either to play so badly or to quit.

I'm a bit upset at him actually since he did mess up my last round.

Well, it just meant you didn't have anyone to play, but you won by default.

I don't really care about that--I just think it's rude to leave early and mess up the order for everyone. I'd expect it of a Slytherin but...

I didn't think I'd beat you either!!
Well, well done, Marvolo!
I mean seriously, good on you. You really surprised me. I didn't think you'd see my bishop just waiting there.

It was luck really.

Hufflepuffs aren't quitters. Hopkins is just a prat.

He isn't always! Even though I'm pretty angry at him now.

He is most of the time.
But he's been different lately. Remember how he used to be so quiet, and nice? Now he's practically silent unless all of a sudden he goes off like a mad person. Something is going on and I'm going to find out what.

Maybe he's worried about exams?

Maybe. But I don't think...

Maybe his head still hurts.

I think it might.

Yeah your right Sue. We should talk to him or something, find out what's up. I think he's in the dormatory sulking.
**alt_pansy** at 2008-12-07 21:38:26
(no subject)

Sometimes crucio can kind of mess with your head for a while. Maybe that's it? I mean, is he acting mental?

**alt_susan** at 2008-12-08 03:12:58
(no subject)

He's definitely not acting like his usual self.

**alt_sally_anne** at 2008-12-07 05:38:28
(no subject)

Stretton asked about me? That's a little scary interesting. I suppose it makes sense he was curious. I sent Mr and Mrs Stretton a letter when I found out they were going to be my foster-parents and then of course I sent them a thank-you for the package yesterday but it would be a bit odd to send Stretton an owl over at the Ravenclaw table. At least I know who he is now, Siobhan pointed him out for me.

**alt_padma** at 2008-12-07 14:06:15
(no subject)

I know, I was really surprised, usually he's not, well, he doesn't hardly notice the firsties. But then Morag was elbowing me in the ribs and I looked up and he was standing over our worktable. At first I thought he was just coming to speak to me, and I was going to tell Lav because he Chases and you know shes ever so keen for Quiddich players (even though Stretton's not very good-looking), and here was one of our team crossing the room practically to come and talk to me! But then all he wanted to know was if any of us knew you.

He didn't really seem to want to stay for the answer, either, because almost as soon as I told him you were clever he said "ok, thanks" and walked away.
Most Hufflepuffs aren't quitters. I didn't quit. Even though I'm not very good. It's fun anyway.

It helps if you don't try to tell stories using the chessmen.

Oh! But I don't. Only stories that go with where they want to move. And tragedies are so romantic. Like the poor king when the queen has been killed. I always feel sorry for him.

I pay attention to the rest too, though. Tactics, and all that. Like when I had the knight attack two things at once. That was very clever of him, and I was very sorry he got killed almost right after.

Sometimes it helps to tell stories! That's how I started remembering the moves at first--but I found out that you can't really do that in a tourney because the clock will run out and you'll lose a turn.

I lost two when I was playing Ron!
Firstie Boys are Morons!!!

Seriously. Draco thought it was So Amusing to do Wingardium Leviosa on my hair ribbons and make them Levitate all over the Room, but I didn't think it was Funny! Especially because he let them Fall into the Marmalade.

Just so Everybody knows--my name is Lavender, or Lav if you are my Very Good Friend. It is not Lavatory or Loo, Thank You Very Much! That means you, Linus Moon!!!!

You made that Same Joke at Padma and Parvati's birthday party in the Spring and it was even Stupider this time!

I wonder when boys Change from moronic idiots to being Handsome and Charming? Does it happen in Fourth Year or Fifth Year?

Maybe I will ask Katie Bell, since she seems to Get On with lots of Older boys.

Oh, c'mon, he didnt do that on purpose - I saw Zabini ask him a question just as the pot of jam was being passed. And that joke he told about the rabbit and the djini was really funny, did you hear it?

Moon, on the other hand, was acting very oddly. Hes not like that in the common room, normally, so I dont know what he was thinking. Maybe he was out of sorts?

And I think it must happen round 6th year, that change. Look at the difference between Pennifold and that prefect of yours, Weasley's brother.
Maybe Moon gets Silly around lots of People? Some Boys seem to. Some Girls too really.

I think you're right about 6th year--Look at Roger Davies!

But some how I can't Imagine any Weasley being Charming!

Lav, Roger Davies is only a third-year. I know you fancy him but honestly.

His shoulders are so big I thought sure he was Older!

And Troy says there were some Weasley's before the lot we've got now and they were sortof charming.

Well I will take your word for it. Maybe we can watch Percy next year and see if we can see it Happening!
That might be asking a lot.

Hmm...maybe we should Choose someone else. It might not work on everyone.

Hey Lavvy arent I handsome and charming?!

No!! You are as bad as Draco! Who is not as funny as he Thinks he is!

Whatever do you mean, Lavenloo?

I thought you were a Gentleman!
I could have set you straight on THAT.

Well Mummy always says girls mature faster than boys. And now I'm sure it's True.

My mum says that, too. I think she's right.

I don't think he let them fall on purpose, but I can't be sure. Anyway, it was a brilliant party and I have no idea when boys change. Maybe they never do!

It was a brilliant party! And you were Brilliant to suggest it! Though I'm kind of surprised that you'd

Thank you, Lavender.
We should have played more Weird Sisters though! They are the Best to dance to!

Well, why don't you pick out music you'd like to hear for the first hour or such. Then someone else gets to pick. And we just keep sort of rotating round.

That's a Great idea! I had no idea you were so good at putting together Parties and things. Mummy always says its a skill that every proper young Lady should know.

Oh yes, my mum says the same thing. So she made sure I knew how.

I guess it is good practice for things like the St. Mungos benefit that you do when you are grown up and in Society.

Mummy is helping organize it and it sounds like ever so much Fun--but a lot of work too, for the Ladies on the Committee.
It is a lot of work! Mum always helps out every year and for six weeks I hardly ever see her.
I just found two seventh years at the top of the tower. They said they had come up to have a look through the telescopes as research for some essay 'the Astronomy professor' had given them, but neither of them were NEWT students, nor did they seem to realise that I am the Astronomy professor.

It wasn't that long ago that I had them in my classroom, am I really that forgettable? Surely not!

I don't remember sneaking up to the Astronomy tower for clandestine snogs when I was a student. We always went to Although I will admit I can see how some might find it romantic. But the next pair I catch doing it will have detention. I've got a lot of brass that could use a rather good polishing.

I recall sneaking up to the Astronomy Tower more than once when I was in residence at Hogwarts.

I recall that as well. You'd take anyone up there.

Not anyone.
Professor, what were they do--

Oh. OH.

Isn't it frightfully cold up there for that?
And will the brass be polished before our next lesson, because ew.

I'm sure we won't ever do anything that gross when we're 7th years. We will be Ladies.
**2008-12-06 20:36:00**

*Too bad*

Well I didn't win the chess tourney but I didn't think I was going to. I did better than I thought anyway. I can't believe I beat Patil (the Ravenclaw one).

How much have people been revising for that Potions test?

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**alt_millicent** at **2008-12-07 01:43:01**

*(no subject)*

what potions test?

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**alt_harry** at **2008-12-07 01:51:47**

*(no subject)*

The one Professor Slughorn is giving!! Right before we go home for the hols!!

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**alt_millicent** at **2008-12-07 01:53:30**

*(no subject)*

oh. im rubbish at potions.

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**alt_susan** at **2008-12-07 01:46:20**

*(no subject)*

I've been revising rather a lot--not as much as Ernie though--cos potions is my worst subject and I really don't want to have to show Mum and Dad a poor mark.
I don't know about other people but I've been revising loads. I'm going to win those points for Hufflepuff.

Good for you cos I know I won't. I just don't want to get a P or T!

It would be wizard if you or Ernie got them though.

You can revise with me if you want. I don't know how good of a teacher I'd be but you might pick something up at least.

That's marvellous of you Zacharias! I try to pay attention during lessons but there are just so many ingredients and steps that my mind just drifts off and thinks of something more interesting.

I feel badly about it too because Professor Slughorn is such a nice teacher.

I bet you had no trouble believing you beat me. That was a pretty lame performance, even for me.

I can't believe I beat Megan Jones.
**alt_megan** at 2008-12-07 07:02:21  
(no subject)  
But everyone beat me.

**alt_draco** at 2008-12-07 03:51:27  
(no subject)  
Not enough.

**alt_harry** at 2008-12-07 03:55:35  
(no subject)  
Want to really get down to it this weekend then?

**alt_draco** at 2008-12-07 03:57:48  
(no subject)  
Yeah, and hopefully there won't be so many parties and chess and things to distract us.  
God, girls are so *mental*.

**alt_pansy** at 2008-12-07 21:29:41  
(no subject)  
Oh, you had fun, Draco, admit it. Everyone loved your jokes.

**alt_sally_anne** at 2008-12-07 05:30:23  
(no subject)  
I've been revising some but Draco and Pansy are both better at Potions than me, if anyone's going to win the points for Slytherin House I reckon it'll be one of them.
Also the problem with revising is that I can already remember what pickled beetle eyes are for and what powdered asphodel smells like and so on. It's the part where you actually make the potions I sometimes have trouble with, and I don't know how I'd revise for that, knock on Professor Slughorn's door and ask to borrow the potions classroom some evening for extra practise?

@alt_pansy at 2008-12-07 21:30:05
(no subject)

That's not a bad idea...

@alt_pansy at 2008-12-07 21:31:04
(no subject)

I've been working on it every night. Some nights more than others. But now the chess tournament is done, I plan to really get down to it. You're welcome to join me if you like. I'm pretty good at potions.

@alt_lavender at 2008-12-08 02:21:04
(no subject)

Do All of you really revise this much? I think my eyes would fall out of my head if I did as much as you lot.

@alt_harry at 2008-12-08 03:33:26
(no subject)

I talk about revising more than I actually do revise I think.

@alt_lavender at 2008-12-08 03:36:30
(no subject)

That makes me feel Better! Parvati and I somehow always end up doing it in our Room the night before.
Katrina is always yelling at us to go to bed already but then she is a Swot.
Over breakfast this morning, Narcissa expressed agitation over the final organisation for the St Mungo's gala. There are two musical sets to co-ordinate - one for the string orchestra and one for Solstice Night, who have agreed to play - all the refreshments being laid in, and more auction items are arriving each day. She told me that she was tempted to install herself in Kensington for the week simply because staying at the Manor is proving difficult. Too many decisions require her personal attention and she cannot be constantly popping back and forth.

When I asked why she did not go ahead and do so, she fretted about being able to keep up with preparations here. I knew she has been driving herself trying to ensure that all is perfect for Draco's return, but I had not realised until this morning how the strain of these two events back-to-back has been distressing her.

I proposed a solution, albeit not perhaps a perfect one. If she will leave me with a list of everything she needs accomplished in the next two weeks, I will see to it that things do not fall behind while she concentrates on the benefit. (It shall have to be a detailed list - she knows from experience that I am not ideally suited to plan entertainment, nor do I have her mind for anticipating the needs of a hostess.) Then she shall have six days afterward to put the final touches on our humble gathering before Draco comes home and the guests descend. (With any luck, she shall not then have to repair anything I have done incorrectly, either.)

As much as I dislike tasks for which I am not equipped, she was so relieved by my offer that I wished I had thought to make it sooner. It will mean a little rearranging of my timetables for the next week, but that is a small price to pay to ease her mind. I have promised to lunch with her throughout the week, both so that she shall not feel alone and rattling in all of Kensington, and to ensure that our Christmas party will still bear the stamp of her particular skills.
**hospital wing**

hermione brought boot his journal

but boot doesn't know what to write

not much happens in the hospital wing

but that is all right since boot wasn't able to do much

trying to sleep in a bed is strange

shaky now, boot thinks he will lie down again

try to see if he can sleep this time

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**alt_hermione** at **2008-12-08 03:47:48**  
(no subject)

How are you feeling?

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**alt_terry** at **2008-12-08 04:14:04**  
(no subject)

madam pomfrey says boot is better, but not sure if can go back to regular duties tomorrow. she says boot is eneemic, too [probably not spelled right. means something with the blood]. still feverish, some, and very tired. cant sleep

wonder how long madam pomfrey will let boot stay
Has been a lot quieter than I expected. Most of the employees are heading home for the day when I arrive in the changing rooms to put on my coveralls. It's almost like swimming upstream just to walk in the door, but once I find my locker to stow my robes, it's almost eerily silent. I start my cleaning rounds in the loos, probably my least favourite part of the day, although I do enjoy the sound of my voice echoing off the walls when I start humming. Once the toilets are sparkling clean, it's onto the offices I go.

I wonder if there is some sort of desktop psychology handbook out there. It's amazing to notice the differences between the workspaces of various Ministry officials on Level 3. Some extra-tidy, some just downright slovenly, and everything in between. You can't even come up with any conclusions about the type of person drawn to work in one department or another: Muggle Domestication, Purity Control, Muggleborn Labour, etc.

The offices are mostly deserted and dark by the time I arrive, but not always. I've run into two of the workers so far: Mr Warrington and Mr Weasley. Even though their desks look much alike (piled high with files and rubbish), they're like night and day in temperament.

My first encounter with Mr Warrington frightened me rather badly: he threatened to use the Cruciatus Curse on me when he couldn't locate his records of last week's new placements, saying that I had misplaced them. I had just started cleaning his office a moment before and had gone no where near his desk. Fortunately he found what he was looking for after about two minutes of rifling through the mess on his desk, and snarled at me to keep my filthy halfblood hands away from his stuff.

I was fortunate that it was Mr Wesley's papers I managed to splash when I took a flop over my wash bucket. He must have heard me swearing rather loudly, as he came running down the hall to make sure that I was okay. I was no more bruised than usual, but I felt terrible over his drenched file folders. We talked for a bit, and I found him to be very friendly. He even offered for me to come and say hello on nights when he's working late, which seems to be more often than not. I'll take a friendly face over snarls any night.
The end of my work day comes when it's time to do the corridors on my way out the door. There mustn't be a speck of dirt or grim left on the floors or the walls, and all refuse must be vanished. By this time of the night, I'm completely knackered and glad to be done.

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@alt_mcgonagall at 2008-12-09 03:44:41
(no subject)

It sounds as though you are doing your level best in a job which barely utilizes your many talents, Miss Tonks, and for that I must salute you.

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@alt_sally_anne at 2008-12-10 04:53:15
(no subject)

Mr Warrington called you. Isn't Mr Warrington

Did all the half-bloods in your year have so much trouble finding good jobs? Or did you have particular trouble because of your father, name, hair, some other reason? If you don't mind me asking.

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@alt_nymphadora at 2008-12-10 14:24:51
(no subject)

I was the first, although I heard that Francis Thompson is helping his uncle stock the shelves of Gladrags in London. I haven't a peep from Gertie van Giessen, although she said she was going to try to head to the Netherlands to live with her old great auntie Ingrid.

Don't you worry, it doesn't do any good anyway. I'm sure there will be more jobs available when you finish school.

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@alt_sally_anne at 2008-12-10 16:32:41
(no subject)

I hope so, there are a lot of half-bloods in my year. Me and Jones and Finnegan and Hopkins just for starters but I know there are others because I've noticed others who don't ever get owl post either.
2008-12-08 22:03:00
Order Only: Attention, Kingsley

I've finally gotten an answer out of Wilkerson: he would be willing to have the Players perform on December 20 and 21. Will those dates work for you? Can you do two shows each of those days? What shall I tell him you'll be performing? He'll put you up the day before as well, so you can spend a day looking over and rehearsing in the space in which you'll be performing. I think there might be a few administrators visiting from some of the other camps on the 21st, which would be ideal; it'll spread the word about the Players and possibly get you into a few more camps. Do you need anything from me, in the way of supplies, etc?

Don't forget: I also need the current aliases you'll all be using to give to him, for the security lists. I'm assuming none of you will be polyjuiced either, correct?

alt_kingsley at 2008-12-09 20:01:25
(no subject)

Arthur, you are a lifesaver. Those dates are perfect, and two shows a day will be fine.

As to what we'll be performing, we've worked up some variations of Beedle's tales, and, depending on the audience, we can change some of the dialogue to perhaps supplant the brainwashing that goes on. We shouldn't need much in the way of supplies, but if you or Molly have some spare scarves, those would be lovely, as it's getting cold and, well, this job doesn't pay well. But it's a higher salary that I draw upon in the end.

Let me check with the others as to names we'll be using (Emmeline suggests Donald DeFreeze for me; she thinks she's funny). No polyjuice this round, unless you think it's necessary.

What's the mood out there? And in this camp in particular? Grim? Hopeful? Resigned?
'Donald DeFreeze' is amusing, but I wouldn't count on all Deatheaters being entirely ignorant of history, so I wouldn't advise it.

I also think it best not to use polyjuice. After all, we are hoping that this will be a long term operation, so if one or more of you assumes a different face now, it might be necessary to keep using that persona if, say, an administrator who sees the show at Hambleton asks you to perform at a different camp--and really, could you guarantee a steady supply of hair from a secure source, or a steady supply of polyjuice? Then too, the one hour that the potion lasts before requiring a re-dose is quite limiting. No, best to save polyjuice for the one-off quick jobs, and start to build long-term false identities--with your own faces--for the individual players.

As for the mood in the camps . . . well, that's sometimes a bit difficult for me to get a reading on with my visits, since they're generally quite short, and it's part of what I want you to find out. Sirius' Grim Truth posts are causing a bit of a stir, I think, but perhaps you might be able to gauge that a bit better. The news about the executions over the Guy Fawkes events, on the other hand, have caused some mutterings and sullenness. You may find that the people you try to tap for information may not be very forthcoming at first. It will take repeated visits--as I said, I'm hoping this may become a long-term project, and you can build a network of information by using the troupe, but it may take a while before people trust you. I am sure I do not need to warn you to not make any promises you do not keep, nor to do anything to expose the people you will meet to any kind of repercussions from the regime. They have been treated abominably, and doublecrossed too many times by their captors to be very forthcoming to most wizards. Some are beginning to warm up to me, though, and I hope, with my recommendation, they will warm up to you, too. Use that famous charm of yours, Kingsley, and I hope all will be well.
I will certainly send you some scarves, Kingsley, and gloves and hats, too, if you need them. I have lucked into a good supply of wool this fall, and so it's no trouble at all. Expect an owl with a package by the end of the week.

Molly, you are the best. I'd kiss you but I rather think Arthur might object. Anyway, anything you can make will be most welcome. I still have that jumper you made me years ago. Wonderfully warm. Emmeline keeps trying to steal it!

Beedle's tales?

Be careful, Kingsley, and make sure the versions you present aren't the pro-Muggle ones.

I remember hearing about the warty cauldron when I was...oh, about four? Scared me so bad I wouldn't go out on the square for a week for fear of the Muggle kids in the neighbourhood. (Of course, that was probably my mum's plan.)

I was at Hogwarts before I knew that the version she told me and Reg wasn't what Beedle actually wrote.

Oh, no, no pro-Muggle stuff. The good thing about the tales is you can take the basic story, and then adjust it to your needs. So we can make them pro- or anti-muggle as needed. We always do the anti-Muggle ones. Maybe after several visits to the same camp, after we've done a lot of sleuthing, we might add a hint here and there.
But in this world you can't be too careful.

I'm sorry it doesn't look like you'll be in the country for the holiday. It'd be nice to lift a pint or two with you. I know you have stories to tell.
Monday

Got taken by surprise by homesickness tonight, brought on by a letter from Evelyn. Missing her something awful, glad I'll be seeing her again soon when I go home for the holidays. She sent a sketch that was really good of her cat, Fitzwilliam, licking a paw, and she even got Gran to charm the sketch so it moved. Evelyn's always been great at sketching.

I remember when I went away to Hogwarts, one of the last things Gran told me before I got on the train was, "Well, maybe you'll finally find something you're good at, Neville." I hoped I would, too. I mean, everyone in my family thought I might be a squib, always said I was probably going to be a late bloomer. I just hoped I'd find something. Maybe I'd be a Potions swot, or good at Charms or something. Like the way Ron's good at chess, or Sally-Anne Perks at Transfiguration. Or even Malfoy's good at drawing.

All I seem to be good at so far is getting stuck in trick steps or falling off my broom. Not quite what I had in mind.

Think I'll go see if someone wants to play Exploding Snap.

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@alt_pansy at 2008-12-09 04:53:44
(no subject)

If it helps, I don't know if there's anything I'm good at, except for acting mental.

@alt_sally_anne at 2008-12-09 04:56:12
(no subject)

You're good at being kind Neville and that's worth a lot

Could I see the picture your sister drew sometime? Do you know the charm to make it move?
Sure, I've got it in my bag, and I'll show you next time I see you. I'll ask Gran about the charm, in my next letter.

What do you mean "even Malfoy's good at drawing"? I'm good at potions, too. And loads of other things.

You're good at telling jokes. That's why you're fun at parties.

Didn't mean it like that, that you weren't good at anything else. I meant that you're especially knacky at drawing. And you are, as I'm sure you know. I especially like that drawing you did of Professor Acton. I bet my sister Evelyn would like to talk sketching with you when she comes to Hogwarts.

Do all siblings draw? Ernie's did too! It must be nice to have siblings.

Maybe you'll be good at something else. We haven't got to everything yet. Not for years and years.
Greetings, British Wizarding World.

And to you elite who used to (still?) call yourselves Death Eaters: sorry to disappoint. I’m not dead yet.

That’s right. Your Lord Pretender is looking everywhere for me, has many of you searching high and low. Everywhere but in the places where you should be looking, that is. Frankly I’m quite flattered. To think that he’s gone to so much trouble over only a couple of little minor addresses! Amazing over-reaction, if you ask me, but then he always has been given to dramatics. If my words are so false, then ask yourselves why they frighten your leader so?

Well, at any rate, they haven’t caught me, and I don’t intend they will anytime soon. Meanwhile, I see that Bonfire Night raised a bit of a stir and the horrid business at Cherwell has been shifted to my shoulders—by the very men responsible for it in the first place. And most lately there have been some ‘examples’ made of a few rabble-rousers in the camps. These executions are a deplorable commentary, not on the evil of your so-called council, but on the complacency of the ordinary wizard. Yes, I mean you. All of you reading. All of you who do not speak out against the reinstitution of human slavery. All of you who do not act when children are savagely punished by sadists and the Unforgivable Curses have become commonplace. All of you who willingly give up your rights to free speech and free thought, who swallow your good sense in order to cower before the pallid face of hypocrisy, who ignore hundreds of years of peace in exchange for a few brief moments of life in open control.

If you can look in your mirror and honestly tell yourself that the government is right, that Muggles and Muggle-borns are somehow less worthy than yourself, that they have any less right to a life free of subjugation and humiliation, if you can look into the eyes of your loved ones and say with no tremor in your voice that Muggles are no better than animals, that they deserve their fate, or that they should be forced into lives of servitude, if you can do that, well, then you may be beyond saving yourselves. But if there is the least ounce of empathy in your being, if you possess the faintest glimmer of shame at the treatment these ‘lesser’ castes receive, then you cannot stand silent and still while atrocities continue to grow.
Even now, at Hogwarts, certain ‘professors’ hold their positions solely as a means to terrorise their pupils, while others have made travesties of their subjects. How many of you fear for your children’s education with them at the helm? How many of you look at their ilk and wonder how it is they are not called disgraces to the name of wizard?

The answer is not pleasant, but it is true: they are there because the Lord Protector cares only to raise a generation of toadies, blindly following his edicts and ignorant to the real problems faced by his untenable social order. He allows sadists and fools to teach your children because they will keep them from questioning too closely. Keeping everyone else busy and occupied helps, too. And this time of year is perfect for it. The season of Christmas is approaching, and I see from much of your writing that you are all preparing for the pleasantries as your means permit. But amid the bustle, I ask you to pause and think about the things they would rather you not consider. I ask you to pause in your scurrying about laying in the pudding and the goose and the presents, and think about the true lessons and spirit of the festival. It’s not just a time to gather our loved ones and neighbours to us. It’s not just about our gifts to our own, but the affirmation of generosity and graciousness to all—and that includes halfbloods, Muggle-borns and Muggles alongside ‘purebloods.’ We cannot put them down just to build ourselves up.

My friends, everyone wants success and prosperity. That’s part of the human condition. But doing so at the expense of other lives brings with it a terrible price. I know you’re afraid to speak, afraid to act, while you are not sure whom you can trust. But you must make a start before it is forever too late. Start in your homes. Start with those closest to you. Let them know, privately if you can, how you really feel. Especially in this season, the time of year when tradition encourages us to remember those less fortunate, to give to loved ones and neighbours, do not allow the lies to cloud the Grim Truth. Do not allow your fear to silence your hearts.

The responsibility lies with each and every one of us. Waiting and hoping, keeping silent, is not enough.
alt_mcgonagall at 2008-12-09 04:35:19
ORDER ONLY

The Lord Protector is given to dramatics, isn't he? Both amateur and professional, if you will.

alt_sirius at 2008-12-09 04:57:21
Re: ORDER ONLY

Heh, he is that.

I hope this will encourage a few more letters for you, Minerva, to help do something about Carrow.

I've left Ulm and I'm going to stay on the move a bit, just to make sure this latest post doesn't cook my goose for me. I'll check in at the latest when I reach Le Havre.

alt_pansy at 2008-12-09 04:51:51
(no subject)

You're Mrs Black's son.

alt_sirius at 2008-12-09 04:58:08
(no subject)

Don't let her hear you say that.

And aren't you forbidden to talk to me?

alt_pansy at 2008-12-09 04:58:54
(no subject)

I'm to stay with her over the holiday. She is angry a lot.
Well, I'm very sorry that you're being sentenced to that. And yes.

She sure likes the cruciatus curse, doesn't she?

The Cr...? I daresay she cast it once or twice. But it was illegal when I was a child. (Not that that would have mattered.) And honestly, you really probably ought not to talk to me. I'm a dangerous criminal, remember?

Don't talk to him Pansy! You'll get in. He's not worth the ink.
**2008-12-09 07:19:00**

*Madam Pomfrey?*

madam pomfrey says boot is better and can go back to his duties tomorrow

was wondering. boot wants to ask, could . . . could boot maybe be allowed to sleep in the hospital wing at night, instead of the cupboard? even if the *neomonia pneumo* pneumonia is over?

not a bed, even. bed is too good for the likes of mudblood. just a corner. boot could stay behind a screen so the students would never even see him. dont even need a pallet or a blanket even.

just a corner somewhere

please

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**2008-12-09 19:37:55**

*alt_amycus* at 2008-12-09 19:37:55

(no subject)

Now, tidbit, why do you want to stay in the hospital wing? It's depressing, and I miss my tidbit! I've got something special for you I think you'll love.

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**2008-12-09 20:58:11**

*alt_terry* at 2008-12-09 20:58:11

(no subject)

master doesn't have to miss boot. boot would be very happy to serve master in the evenings just the same always if he could be allowed to sleep in the hospital wing at night. will be back in the class room at dawn as usual, too.

master doesn't

please don't

master is very kind to think of giving boot something special but its not master doesn't boot is sure he has everything a mudblood needs now anyway
I won't have you in the hospital wing bothering Madame Pomfrey. You've already taken up far too much of her valuable time. End of discussion. Am I making myself quite clear?

but boot wouldn't yes sir

but boot will be back serving master tomorrow

Of course that's not possible, Mister Boot. You're healed and there's no logical reason for you to remain in the hospital wing.

I trust that's not what you will tell him personally.

Of course it isn't. Although I cannot speak with him tonight, I will be telling him tomorrow that the doors to the hospital wing will remain open in the evenings after I turn in.

If he can get away, a bed will always be made up for him.
Re: Order Only

Well, that's something, at least, if you can convince him to actually sleep in it. Although I doubt whether Carrow will allow him to get away in the evenings to use it very often, poor boy.

Order Only

I hate to say it, but that may not be a good idea. I thought he wrote something not too long ago about waking to find Carrow standing over him. If he ever spot-checks the lad, and finds him out of bounds, the boy could be in for as severe a thrashing as Carrow can manage.
2008-12-09 17:54:00
(no subject)

I got a letter from Auntie Brunhilda today. She's been very ill and doesn't think she'll be able to visit for Christmas. I don't see how she knows she won't be coming to our house for Christmas when it's ages away yet. That's a very long time to be sick.

Next Friday morning before we leave we're having a Potions exam. I'm actually really nervous about it. It's my best and favourite subject and I want to do well. I've memorised everything but even if you've memorised something it doesn't matter if you can't actually make the potion.

2008-12-10 02:11:41
(no subject)

Me too cause we get to make potions not very often in class. And it seems a waste to do them on your own lots, plus I can't ever remember the spell to make the fire go.

2008-12-10 02:13:51
(no subject)

Have you been revising?

2008-12-10 02:15:38
(no subject)

Trying to! Only it doesn't seem to sink in as much as it ought. Maybe I ought to drag my cauldron out. Do you remember the fire spell?
Of course, I said I memorised everything, didn't I?

Meet me in the common room and we can figure out what to do. Bring Draco too.

Okay.

I've got plenty of supplies at least. And a cauldron.

Everyone has a cauldron.

Yeah.

Um, sometimes I can be stupid.

Only sometimes.
Well that's good to know because otherwise it would really be over for me and that potions test.

I'm sorry your aunt is ill, Teddy.

I expect you'll come in first in Potions but if you don't it will be someone else from Slytherin I'm sure.
I received a letter from Alice today. I was a bit worried since we hadn't seen any journal entries from her or Frank for awhile, and it's as I feared: her pregnancy really has laid her low, poor thing. She did have such trouble with nausea in her first trimester with Evelyn, and reading between the lines, it sounds as though she's having an even harder time this time. Well, they do say that the worse the nausea the less of a chance of a miscarriage, so that's one crumb of comfort. I am going to send her a good supply of raspberry and ginger tea, which should help. And Frank, of course, is taking over much of her work at Moddey Dhoo, which is keeping him almost too busy to breathe.

They are all doing well for the most part, although Alice complains that the rats are even more of a problem than last winter (I will also be sending along advice on some good rat repelling charms). The children are staying healthy, thank goodness, and getting quite excited about the upcoming holiday. Oh, and Minerva, Frank asked me to pass along his thanks for the shipment of herbology textbooks--how clever of you to wheedle the Board of Governors into paying for an updated edition, just so you could send the previous edition to Sanctuary. Several of the students are actually doing first year work--easier to do in that subject without a wand, of course, but Alice also sent along essay examples from a couple of students are who are studying elementary potions (the theory, anyway), and I must say, I am impressed. For the most part, of course, they are mainly laying the groundwork with preparatory schoolwork, i.e., tutoring them in simple maths, teaching the younger ones their letters and such, and will wait on their launching their magical education until the oldest reach the age of 11--HOPEFULLY there will be a source of wands by then!

Frank added a private postscript, after taking the letter from Alice to mail. He is worried about her health, of course, although he is trying to put the best face on things. Minerva, if you could include some observations you might have about their boy Neville in your next missive, I think that would also be very appreciated by both of them. I think, with the new pregnancy, their other children are on their minds a great deal.
Of course I shall include information about Neville, Molly. I frequently wonder if it isn't somehow possible that he should get to see, or at least know about, his parents - but of course it would be too dangerous. At least he has his grandmama to comfort him.

As for wands - well, you shall have to ask Mr Black about that, when he can catch a breather. But it seems less and less likely. I wish Albus
Defence, exams and holidays

Today I asked Professor Lockhart how soon he thinks they'll catch that horrible Black fellow who keeps invading our journals.

He said they were sure to find him and if he was posting to say that they haven't yet, it must be because they came close. He said that if he weren't teaching, he was sure he'd be able to discover Black's hiding place in a trice.

But my brother says Black's a dangerous criminal and he wants to kill the Lord Protector. Professor Lockhart must be very brave if he would go after someone like that single-handed! But then I guess he's done so many brilliant things that catching Black seems like its not much of a task.

I don't know why everyone is so worried about Potions when we've also got Charms and Transfiguration and Herbology to get through, too. I mean, Potions is basically following recipies, but Charms and Transfiguration really take concentration.

Morag and Belinda are getting much more excited about Christmas than their exams. I'm just looking forward to going home for a bit, even if Haruman will probably call me 'Parvati' just to be annoying and Sanji will not want to let me or Parvati out of his sight.

Lavender, did your mum talk to you about maybe sleeping over during the holidays? Mum mentioned that you might want to and that it would be okay with her.

I don't think they'll ca

I think you're right that he wouldn't say 'you didn't catch me!' if they hadn't almost caught him.

He writes like he's not actually here, in England I mean. Or Scotland either for that matter. He says 'you' instead of 'us' in places where it doesn't make sense. If he's not anywhere here that must make it harder to catch him though of course they will eventually.
At least if he's not here he can't turn up here at Hogwarts. I felt much better when I realised he must be writing from somewhere very far away.

**alt_sally_anne** at 2008-12-10 05:03:40
(no subject)

Though perhaps that's selfish of me. If he were close by he'd be much easier to catch. But I want him to be far away so he can't so he won't because he makes me nervous.

**alt_padma** at 2008-12-10 15:24:15
(no subject)

I asked my brother (Mum just told me it was a long time ago but wouldn't give me any details). He says he can remember that it was about ten years ago, it was in all the papers, that Sirius Black went mad and tried to destroy the Ministry or something. There was a big fight and he got away and no one knows where he went but he hasn't been in England ever since.

I'm not sure how he got a journal, then, but maybe the Lord Protector planned to trick anyone like him into writing in their journals so they could be tracked and caught.

He's completely mental, though, Haruman says, and now he's trying to make people hate the Lord Protector. But it won't work, will it? Because things are getting much better. Haruman says soon there won't even need to be rationing anymore, and look at New London and everything.

**alt_sally_anne** at 2008-12-10 16:36:15
(no subject)

I think you're right about the journal being a trick, and that was very clever of the Lord Protector and Magical Law Enforcement even though I don't like it when he writes something and it appears in my journal. I reckon it'll be worth it if when they catch him.
Even if you follow the instructions for making a potion really carefully it can still end up botched, and its mad, because you stare at your cauldron wondering why its wrong when you've just done everything the instructions said. Mother says that just looking at a potion the wrong way can make it go bad.

I think maybe its one of those things where it's easier to do it if you are certain you can do it. Like flying, right? When you show the broom your in control it does what you want ever so much easier. When you just beleive you know how to make the potion, it just works better.

Was your mum a really good Potioneer? My brother's brilliant at potions, but he hates having to make them for his Healing programme.

Maybe that's my problem, I knocked over my cauldron on my very first day and I've been worried ever since I'll do it again.

Mum's given me money to go shopping for clothes. But I don't know what to buy. Do you have any suggestions? I think everything I own is dark colours and it gets boring.
With your colouring? You should definitely look for jewel tones: ruby and jade and royal blue. I don't think you can do eggshell, which is a bad because it would make your hair look dark. You could do baby blue, but I don't know if you like pastels. Pink, maybe, if it's not too pale.

Tomorrow night Parvati can do your colour chart.

What's a colour chart?

Well, it tells you what colours match you, not just your looks but your personality, and your sun sign and all that.

We got a book about them a couple years ago, for our birthday, but she's much cleverer at it than I am. She remembers the wheel better, since I don't think either of us brought the book with us. (We'll bring it back after the holidays, though!)

This sounds intriguing.

Can she do anything with my hair?
Your hairs' a funny length. We could maybe pin it back with a clip. It's too short to plait and I think pigtails are for babys. You might grow it longer, then you can do more.

How do you know how to plait, by the way, when your hairs' so short?

Mum's hair is long and I used to plait hers.
2008-12-10 20:44:00
(no subject)

I've been revising for the potions exam but not as hard as I probably could. Pansy, Draco, and Teddy are all better at Potions than I am so it seems to me that if anyone's going to win the fifty points for Slytherin it will be one of them. And I'm not worried I won't do well enough to keep up my own marks.

But I was polishing one of the mad chess sets this evening and thinking about the tourney. Everyone knew that either Teddy or Ron would win it but people entered anyway and played their best. So I put my name down for some time in the potions classroom to practise over the weekend. But not during the chess tourney, because we still have one more day. Without Teddy, Hopkins, and Moon you'd think I could switch things around so that we could get through the last rounds faster but I couldn't see a way.

I did talk to the house elves though and they said they'd do a second smaller cake for the second-place winner too.

I think polishing the mad chess sets every day is helping a little. Not that we should try using them on Saturday in the tourney mind you but it makes me hopeful. I'm going to ask if I can take the mad chess sets with me over the holiday when I'll have more time. I could play chess games against myself and see if being played with every day helps them to act less mad.

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alt_pansy at 2008-12-11 05:03:48
(no subject)

I've made cards with potions ingredients on one side and the other is all the information about it. Because if you know what the ingredients do, you know what to use depending on what kind of potion you want to make. I've been studying for about a month and I can make all the potions we've made this term, but I plan to practise more this weekend.
Maybe you could test me with your cards? because I think I already know them all, it's the actually putting them into the cauldron and turning it into a potion that never works as well for me as for you. I'm not hopeless at it, my potions turn out okay, but they're usually not quite the right colour and sometimes they smell off.

See, the thing you have to know is how the ingredients react. Like beetle eyes bind with lacewing flies but if you add antimony they don't. Once you know why you're doing what you're doing, then you have it. And you're not bad at it, you know.

I know that beetle eyes bind with lacewing flies unless you add antimony but I think when I try to add antimony I usually get in a bit too much or I stir too fast or too slow or something. If I could make potions on paper I'd be brilliant at it.

There is so. much. to. remember. And all the detail.

You'll be brilliant at making potions, you'll see. Just have to get used to it. And be thankful that you didn't shower your class with a yellow potion smelling of wee. (I refer you to the Goyle Incident)
Well there is that. But I'm always worried I'll knock over someone's potion and they'll be angry at me.

alt_padma at 2008-12-11 20:36:14
(no subject)

Oh, we are going to continue playing, then? I wondered because it seemed like everyone else thought we were done.

I still haven't played against everyone and I'd like to see how it goes.

As for Potions, I dunno, maybe it's just something my family are good at. My brother's wizard with them and he brews all the time in his Healing programme, and my mum brews for the business, so there's always something going in a cauldron at home. Mum'll ask me or Parvati to give things a stir for her now and then, too.

alt_sally_anne at 2008-12-12 04:51:32
(no subject)

There's an afternoon's worth of rounds left. You're supposed to get to play Ron and Harry and me I think. I want to finish it up if people aren't too busy revising.

alt_megan at 2008-12-12 17:42:49
(no subject)

Oh. I forgot there's chess still. Will it mess it up so very much if I don't play chess this weekend?
alt_sally_anne at 2008-12-12 21:19:06
(no subject)

No more than it messed it up when Teddy quit. Or Moon or Hopkins.

alt_megan at 2008-12-12 21:38:09
(no subject)

That didn't mess it up too much. Did it? I'd probably lose anyway. I'll come if anyone I'm playing wants me to. But I really need to revise.

alt_megan at 2008-12-12 03:38:24
(no subject)

What are you going to do if you get them fixed? Then you'll have to play with them forever. To keep them from going mad again. Do you like chess that much?

alt_sally_anne at 2008-12-12 04:52:40
(no subject)

Well they'd been sitting in a closet for a really long time. If they start to really work properly I was thinking that maybe we could put a set in each common room so that people without chess sets could use them. If they're sitting out and not hidden away people will use them.

alt_megan at 2008-12-12 17:42:19
(no subject)

Oooh, that's a good idea! I think. I suppose it'd be nice to be able to play chess without having to borrow a set. But they might get hurt, sitting out all the time. Or be in the way.
The moment is nearly upon us!

I hope you're all revising hard for your potions exams!

Older students will know what's the what by now, though any questions do come and see me.

For the first years, I'll explain how the exam will work in your lessons on Friday. The potions classroom, and potions storeroom, will also be open this weekend for anyone who want to have a bit of a practice. Sign up sheets are on my desk now.

Professor, can you tell us what's going to be on the exam so I don't have to study?

Your exam will cover all the topics we've covered so far this year, Miss Clearwater, and a little revision from last year.

Thank you, Professor.
Potions

Okay, here's what I have done. I've made cards with one side listing the ingredient and the other side all the properties of that ingredient and what it's used for. Because if you know what the ingredients do you know what to use for what potion. I can make all the potions we've done this term, but I plan to practise more this weekend. I've also created a chart that shows the relationship between the ingredients, so you don't blow up your potion, Crabbe-style.

So if anyone wants, they're welcome to look at my stuff. I've been studying for about 3 weeks. My notes are colour-coded, so if you want to learn about, say, love potions, that'd be in pink (though we haven't learned those. It's just an example).

Music party Friday night! after the exam. I think we'll need it.

The exam's next week Pansy, not tomorrow! And then we leave on the train for the holidays right after lunch, there won't be time for a party that day.

Oh... what did I say? This Friday? Whoops. I'll go fix it. Thank you.
2008-12-11 20:50:00

Mathematical variants in potionsmaking

Sally was talking earlier about how she has trouble when it comes to preparing them. So what if we timed thousands of wizards and got the average of, say, 1 counterclockwise stir. Of how long the standard (by which all texts will be written to that standard). THEN you create a spell that times the actual wizard's time against the predetermined mathematical standard and compensates for it? I was thinking like an equation such as Aurelius Assisi's from 70 AD when he was studying Imhotep's pyramid theorem that said all things being equal, you can build on mathematical coordinates from other pyramids to create them exactly one like the other. Well, some scholars say it doesn't cite Imhotep its just that he was old and had a small seizure while writing.

What do you think? Professor Slughorn, thoughts?

alt_megan at 2008-12-12 03:33:00
(no subject)

What? I don't understand any of that. Is this going to be on the potions exam? Am I going to fail the potions exam? I don't remember learning about Egypt in potions at all. Oh dear.

alt_zacharias at 2008-12-12 03:41:38
(no subject)

I don't think any of that is going to be on the exam. Pansy's just copying stuff out of books to look clever. She doesn't know what any of it means.

alt_megan at 2008-12-12 03:44:07
(no subject)

Oh. Oh! Good. I was worried. Thank you.
The strain of studying is clearly taking its toll on me.

It's awfully nerve-wracking. All the exams coming up.

But we've got some stress relief tonight!

We do?

Music party, silly!

Pansy I read that in one of the books I was looking at you are not fooling me!

You're going to get creamed on that test and you know it!
**alt_pansy** at 2008-12-12 03:46:49
(no subject)

Oh, Harry. Is that a challenge? Care to make it interesting?

**alt_harry** at 2008-12-12 03:51:32
(no subject)

No I just think you dont know what you're talking about. Cause I dont and I dont think you're any better at potions than me!

**alt_pansy** at 2008-12-12 03:53:50
(no subject)

I didn't think you would.

**alt_harry** at 2008-12-12 04:11:22
(no subject)

What?

Pansy, come off it, that's mean. I mean it. Stop being such a swot!

**alt_pansy** at 2008-12-12 04:22:44
(no subject)

Tell me what you're doing and I will.

**alt_harry** at 2008-12-12 05:06:37
(no subject)

Nothing!
You are up to mischeif. Bad boy.

Huh?

What does a single counterclockwise stir have to do with making a potion? Or pyramids, for that matter? Assisi wasn't a Potioneer, either; he was an Arithmancist. Stop copying out of books, that's plagiarism. You can get detention for that, Parkinson.

I'm writing in here, not writing the authorized biography of Our Lord. What does it matter if I plagiarise?

It matters because you're asking Professor Slughorn to say whether your right or not and that's disonest if you just copied it!

Not really. I'm asking his thoughts on the theory.
That almost made sense Pansy.
Almost.

Yeah?
Go me.

Huh?!?!?

Yeah, I don't get it myself. It's from a potions text I ran across.

Thoughts, Miss Parkinson? My thoughts are that this level of potions theory is something we will discuss when you reach your NEWTs and understand the words rather than copying them out of a textbook.

It's a pretty interesting idea, though, don't you think? Is it something that they're working on? Or would it even make a difference?
Your commitment to learning is commendable, Miss Parkinson, as is your passion for the theoretical aspects of the subject, which are often overlooked in favour of the more colourful and occasionally explosive elements.

However this level of theory, as I said, is more suited to NEWT level understanding, not least because of the role of arithmancy, which you have yet to begin studying.

I don't believe the Ministry are currently undertaking any work in this area. You have at least five years in which to learn the best way to stir your potions - you will have to take my word for it, I'm afraid, but most witches and wizards do master it in the end. A spell would therefore seem unnecessary, as well as potentially having unforeseen side effects, as the interaction of spells and potions is often wont to do.

If you are genuinely interested in this, I can lend you an introductory text on potions theory. It won't answer the questions you've asked here, but it will start to lay the foundations for your later learning. It's no easy read, however, and I wouldn't normally recommend it for anyone below third year, so do think carefully about whether you're really ready and sufficiently interested. If not, we can return to this in a few years time.

You've been doing this a bit longer than I, so I'll take your word for it. I do wish I didn't have to wait to take arithmancy, though.

Thank you for answering my questions, Professor, and for being so kind when Mum fell ill.
A bit longer, yes indeed! You're most welcome, my dear. My door is always open.

Arithmancy is a complicated subject. I'm sure when the time comes you'll enjoy it greatly, but the foundations of your other subjects must be in place first or it won't make a shred of sense!
Okay I'm here what do I do now?! Where should I start?

Find a book that tells you how to stop it. It's orange!

Well I have the text but what other books?! There's a whole section!

A book that fixes these things when they go all wrong!

OKAY so let's think about this calm and cool like Father says to do, right? I have one book and it talks about opposites and how you can use them. So what's the opposite of orange? Whatever it is we should put that in. I think. I'll keep looking
Purple is the opposite of orange but I think it should be cold. We've tried snow. What else is cold? Mint? Mint is cool.

Have you found anything else? It's getting worse!

Cucumbers! Cucumbers are cool. Could you get a house elf to bring you cucumbers?

Forget elves, where's Dennis!?? Oooh, ice mice, I've got some of those under my bed somewhere unless Fergus took them.

I dont know where Dennis is Im a little busy right now!! Good thought about the ice mice though. I'm looking up cool plants.

Flem, right? If youre flematic you're cool?

Aloe! Aloe fixes burns right?
Draco went to get the ice mice and tell Dennis to get cucumbers.

It's getting really bad, Harry. It's not the same shape anymore...

Has it gone white? I think it's a really bad sign if it goes white. I've found something by Avicenna that maybe will help. It's about humours.

Have you tried charming it?!

It's yellow now. That's bad. Orange to yellow means white is next doesn't it?

And I only know warming charms! It's already warm enough!

I think the charm is 'infrigare' but I don't know. I'll try to look it up where is the textbook? I don't know what isle it's in since we don't have charms essays

Well except that one time and I didn't do very well

Okay found it, looking it up!!
We're about to try the ice mice.

Harry, if this doesn't work, I.. well, you can have my Christmas presents, all right?

No one is going to get killed over this okay the incantation is 'frige' its a cooling charm

How does it look?! avicenna is not helping what were we making again? i mean what was it for? i need to look it up but i cant remember its name

I don't remember what it was! Harry the ice mice turned it foamy. It's foamy and yellow and shaped funny.

You can have my chess set but give my books to Michael please. Ravenclaws like books.

Draco's trying the incantation.

Well I dont remember either, so what am I supposed to be looking for!!

Stop that because if you two are in trouble I will be too and there isn't anyone I want to give my stuff to
except Ron and then no Slytherins would go to my funeral. 
tell me how it goes ill keep looking. There must be 
something about mix-ups somewhere. A book about mixups.

@alt_draco at 2008-12-12 03:12:13
(no subject)

The incantation didn't work...

and it's white! Definitely white! Oh no oh no

@alt_harry at 2008-12-12 03:16:36
(no subject)

What's going on?!

@alt_harry at 2008-12-12 03:17:58
(no subject)

Draco what's going on????

@alt_harry at 2008-12-12 03:18:41
(no subject)

Teddy what is going on

@alt_millicent at 2008-12-12 02:55:29
(no subject)

what are you doing?
Nothing!

NOTHING

NOTHING GO AWAY

fine i didnt want to know any way

The house elves say cucumbers are not in season
Master Harry

WHAT ARE HOUSE ELVES GOOD FOR ANYWAY
alt_dennis at 2008-12-12 03:14:50
(no subject)

I can bring some cucumber soup though it stores well.

alt_harry at 2008-12-12 03:17:20
(no subject)

Maybe that would help or maybe it's too late? I don't know!

alt_draco at 2008-12-12 03:17:23
(no subject)

NO ONE WANTS SOUP NOW

alt_millicent at 2008-12-12 03:26:07
(no subject)

i would like some soup
not cucumber though. have you got any tomato?

alt_draco at 2008-12-12 03:27:25
(no subject)

Why are you asking me about soup right now?

alt_millicent at 2008-12-12 03:28:39
(no subject)

cos you said no one wanted any and i do
alt_dennis at 2008-12-12 03:28:58
(no subject)

There is lots of tomato soup Miss Bulstrode if you want some

alt_millicent at 2008-12-12 03:32:13
(no subject)

bring it to the common room. and bring toast too. with butter.

alt_michael at 2008-12-12 03:09:39
(no subject)

What's going on? Why am I being given books?

alt_theodore at 2008-12-12 03:10:31
(no subject)

Nothing is going on. But in case I die you get my books. And Harry gets my chess set.

And Draco doesn't get anything because he's going to die with me.

alt_harry at 2008-12-12 03:12:06
(no subject)

NOTHING

alt_draco at 2008-12-12 03:14:37
(no subject)

Because you're a reader, very clever and all - bye now
WHAT IS GOING ON?

NOTHING GO AWAY

DRACO!!!!!!

I DIDN'T FIGURE OUT IT WAS YOU RIGHT AWAY
SORRY!!!!

It's okay! We fixed it!
Sort of...

Should I come back?
@alt_theodore at 2008-12-12 03:24:15  
(no subject)

Yes.
We have to figure out what we should do with the... thingy.

@alt_harry at 2008-12-12 03:28:37  
(no subject)

Okay just let me put these back.

@alt_neville at 2008-12-12 03:25:15  
(no subject)

Is it always this way when you get a bunch of Slytherins together?  
And they talk about Gryffindors doing weird things . .

@alt_pansy at 2008-12-12 03:25:59  
(no subject)

Be afraid. Be very afraid.

@alt_pansy at 2008-12-12 03:35:04  
(no subject)

WHAT are you doing?
alt_millicent at 2008-12-12 03:37:48
(no subject)

NOTHING

alt_pansy at 2008-12-12 03:47:31
(no subject)

OH AYE

alt_sally_anne at 2008-12-12 04:47:00
(no subject)

Let me know if you find out alright?

alt_neville at 2008-12-12 13:11:29
(no subject)

I'll want to hear all about it, all right, Sally-Anne? It's so nice to see someone else besides me bolluxing up things with potions.

alt_megan at 2008-12-12 03:35:45
(no subject)

Are you going to fail potions too?
Long session for the Council

Despite promising Narcissa that I would take things in hand for our family party next week-end, much of the last two days has been spent with the council. The Lord Protector is most distressed that Black's recent post has managed to Confund several unsuspecting wizards, who had to be brought in so they could be clarified.

The council have been discussing ways to address the problem and bring Black to justice. Some favoured instructing the Department of Mysteries to find an immediate way to block his entries to keep law-abiding witches and wizards from being exposed to his perverse writings. A faction argued that we might instead use his posts to pinpoint him - or his followers - and thus close in on him by small steps. Personally I would rather see the latter used in a more expeditious manner. Have asked Hopkirk to concentrate her Aurors' efforts on rooting out any true collaborators among those who have honestly fallen prey to his insidious heresies.

With that set in motion, gave the whole day over to-day to catch up on the details of the celebrations. Quickly lost patience for it, but at least accomplished the most pressing portion of tasks. Crispin worked his way through the contacts left on the agenda and thus ensured additional progress.

One meeting I could not postpone this week was a conference with the Minister in which she added her recommendations to those of the council. Following this interlude, I impulsively invited Miss Robins to tea, in order to obtain a female opinion on a number of decisions. Found her input both cultured and insightful (for the most part) and it served not only to illuminate the tasks still to be completed, it provided a modicum of tolerance to return to the process.

The responses have been arriving at the Manor, meanwhile, and the number of guests appears slightly larger than last year's (to say nothing of those staying over either there or at Kensington. Ari and Pandora cannot be expected to transport themselves and the children in Pandora's growing state). Must remember to have the elves check the larder stock for breakfast next morning in addition to the refreshments on Saturday evening.
Shall you have the same outdoor fairy lights as last year - the ones along the ha-ha? So clever - and makes things much safer if one enjoys walking the grounds at night.

Yes and additional entertainment on the pitch. I have also devised a night-flight course through the gardens. 'Ware the hinkypunks.

Lovely! I simply cannot wait. One does crave the company of adults when one spends one's whole life in a school.

Oh, but you have Carrow to keep you company, I daresay.

(I've made sure to have a bottle or two of your preferred label, Minerva.)

And what a joy he is.

(Very thoughtful!)
I've seen Miss Robins. She's very pretty.

Have you? I was not aware you and she had ever been in the same place.

Are you certain you are not mistaken?

I don't think so... wasn't she at a luncheon this year? This past spring?

I admit that reading this makes me quite sick with nerves. For one thing, I worry about the danger that might befall anyone who reads Sirius' journal entries and decides to act in ways that the regime might think needs 'clarifying' (now there's a euphemism). But what could be worse—oh Arthur, you and Bill are quite, quite sure that they'll never find the 'Order Only' lock, if they start examining the spells that animate the journals closely, in an attempt to exclude Sirius' entries?

It would be foolish, of course, to assume that the lock could never be broken. Expect the best, plan for the worst. But I firmly believe Bill's one of the very best wizards at crypto-charms out there. Filius wouldn't have taken him as an apprentice otherwise.
I know you'll worry anyway, Molly dear, but trust me: Bill has the best chance of anybody of keeping himself above suspicion in whatever investigation that the Ministry may launch. In fact, if we can manage to pull the right strings, he may be the consultant running the whole thing.
Report from last night's Prefect Meeting

As you all know, last night at our weekly Prefect meeting, the Prefects held a formal debate on the resolution which was raised and discussed at our previous meeting. We appreciate the care and consideration which many of you gave to the written comments that were passed along to the various prefects. We heard from thirty students in all, from all four houses. The arguments on each side were thoughtful and reasoned, and they were explored last night in a rigorous debate.

To refresh your memory, the Resolution read as follows: Be it RESOLVED: That the Head Boy and Head Girl of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry are authorised to administer the Cruciatux Curse to students when necessary to enforce the student Code of Conduct.

In the end, after both the Affirmative and the Negative teams presented and argued their cases, the matter was put to a vote, and the Resolution was PASSED, with 14 in favour, 6 opposed, and 4 abstentions.

The result of the vote has been reported to the Headmistress, and the policy, we assume, will be implemented once the Headmistress and the Board of Governors indicate their approval.

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@alt_pansy at 2008-12-12 03:58:56
(no subject)

And who do the Head Girl and Boy have to answer to when they do use it, then?

@alt_percy at 2008-12-12 12:40:59
(no subject)

I believe if there is any question about the use of the curse, the Head Boy and Head Girl will be answerable to the Head of House of the student who received it, or, if the case truly seems troubling, the Headmistress.
But the deed is already done in that case.

Thank you for telling us Percy.

You are welcome, Mr. Marvolo. As you know, I argued against the Resolution, but I have to bow to the will of the majority, and I hope the Head Boy and Head Girl, if they do employ the Curse, will do so with careful discretion.

I can imagine that the Board of Governors shall allow this to be implemented on a trial basis. Provided the privilege is not abused, it should be enacted as a permanent modification to the jurisdiction of the Head Boy and Girl.

(I can think of a number of students whom I should dearly have loved to Cruciate when I was Head Boy, but of course, no self-respecting officer would be so ruled by personal bias.)

Since the Head Boy and Girl are also by default over the age of majority there should not be a conflict with the standards of magical law. I am sure the Headmistress shall henceforth weigh the ability to wield this power as part of her considerations in choosing future Head Boys and Girls, as well.

Currently, however, I am more interested in why the current Head
Boy has not investigated the to-do in the Slytherin first-year boys' dormitories. He is a Slytherin, is he not?

**alt_mcgonagall** at 2008-12-12 05:05:41
*(no subject)*

I am quite certain that Professor Slughorn has his Slytherins under control, Lucius.

**alt_molly** at 2008-12-12 13:08:16
*Order Only*

If only someone had Mr. Malfoy under control.

Oh, Minerva, how awful that this passed. Although it does give me some hope that Percy argued against it.

**alt_molly** at 2008-12-12 12:44:13
*(no subject)*

I must admit I would have liked to have heard that debate. I am sorry that the vote came out the way it did.

**alt_percy** at 2008-12-12 12:56:34
*(no subject)*

I did my best, Mum, but yes, I'm rather sorry, too. We really did wrestle with the question very hard, and with a great deal of integrity, if I may say so. I was quite proud of my fellow Prefects. I'm sure that several of those who voted 'Aye' weren't much happier about it than me. I truly don't think, judging from what the Head Boy and Head Girl said on the Resolution, that the privilege is likely to be abused in any way.

Well, I am sure that the oversight of the Heads of House will be extremely helpful, too. We will just have to see how it goes. It is a very difficult ethical question.
Yes, ethical questions like this one can be very difficult. Thank you for your leadership in taking the Negative case, son. I am sure that you gave that side of the question the best defence possible, and your Mum and I are very proud of you.

Thanks, Dad.
2008-12-11 23:14:00

*Cruciatus.*

As the moot of prefects has seen fit to allow the Head Boy and Head Girl the Crucius curse, I shall not stand in their way.

I shall be watching *most carefully* for signs of any one abusing this power; I am still unconvinced that it is appropriate to encourage such abilities in children. I suppose, however, that the Head Boy and Head Girl have proven themselves, and that they shall be adults soon enough, and then they will be expected to deal with such difficult matters daily.

I do wish that Marius Flourish would take some Pepper-Up potion or similar. He was hacking throughout our Lord's meeting on Textbook Procurement and if I become ill due to his refusal to employ modern healing techniques, I shall be quite put out. All we need is an epidemic of some kind to make the schoolchildren truly enjoy their exams.

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2008-12-12 04:47:14

**(no subject)**

Now, Minerva, the Head Boy and Girl are over the age of majority by the time they attain their office. Nevertheless, I heartily agree that the power to cast a spell may tempt one to administer it precipitously. I am sure that the Governors shall wish to see the results of this decision in action before allowing it to be added on a permanent basis.

And of course, you and the professors must include your students' ability to use the curse with restraint when you are deliberating over whom to appoint.

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2008-12-12 04:57:06

**(no subject)**

I imagine that the ability to use the curse with restraint will be one of the most major qualifications for the position in future.
And what a splendid addition to their curricula vitae that will be.

Oh, Minerva. That we should live to see the day that students should be expected to do an Unforgiveable--because that's showing leadership.

I still have a very bad feeling about this Profe Minerva.

We must hope that we've taught our children well, I suppose.

I know you have. I'm not so sure about myself.

It means a great deal to hear you say that, Aurora; you do have a touch with them. Perhaps it's the age: I feel quite ancient some days.
I may have a touch but I don't know if anything I say really gets through. I think they just like me because I'm so young. It doesn't mean they're learning anything. Especially not the things they truly need to know.

Perhaps that's the case. It is difficult to know. Their marks ought to show if they're learning something, however - their marks and their behaviour.

In that case, they're perfect.

Happy to hear it.

Have you ever cast it? Have you ever had it cast on you?
I would not presume to make policy about something which I did not know intimately, Miss Parkinson.

I'm very sorry that you have.

No need to be sorry. Such is life, Miss Parkinson.

So if they can cast it, and they do, what's to stop them? Do they have to seek your approval first? In which case, why give them the permission? I don't understand.

The circumstances surrounding each use shall be carefully examined after the fact, Miss Parkinson. Should any excessive or unfair cursing be discovered, the curse's use shall be discontinued.
Thank you for the clarification.

It is the challenge of democracy, is it not, Minerva, that sometimes things go other than we might have hoped.

However, I'm sure both Ned and Sarah will comport themselves with the maturity and good judgement that precipitated their nomination as Head Boy and Girl.
Oh dear

Oh dear oh dear oh dear oh dear. I don't think I'm ready for exams. Next week! And I wrote down everything I need to go over. And I put it in order. And scheduled each thing for the weekend. To look over everything. And when I'd got everything on the shedule it went to next Tuesday.

And I think I've lost some of my notes. I was walking down the corridor with them. And Peeves jumped out at me! I jumped to the side and they all went flying. And people trod on them. And they're all out of order. And I hurt my ankle, just a little. Perhaps it'll get worse and I'll have to skip exams.

If it does, I'll probably get in trouble for hurting my ankle.

But I do have a time for potions practice on Sunday. I signed up right off. Does anyone want to practise with me? I promise I'll be very careful and completely steady and not nervous at all by then. I'll be done with all of transfiguration and charms by then. That's planned for Saturday. After I made the schedule that didn't work, I just wrote down a list of what I don't understand, and that fit. But there's much more than I remember not understanding.

I'm going to fail. What happens if you fail? Do they throw you out?

I'm also nervous about Christmas. I wonder if my guardian will be happy to have me back. Now that she's got used to me being gone. And I've got used to being here.

Oh dear. I thought writing would help me consentrate. But it hasn't.

Why didn't I do more sooner?

You are not going to fail. Stop thinking that, or you will. I'm having trouble getting my potions to come out clear when they're supposed to be clear, and cloudy when they're supposed to be cloudy. Mine seem to do the exact opposite of what they should, which someone
said is fitting for me. But I'm getting better and maybe we could practise together on Sunday?

alt_megan at 2008-12-12 21:26:49
(no subject)

I'm not going to fail? Oh, I do hope your right. I should keep telling myself that. But there's so much I don't quite have right. And sometimes I look at things I really do know. I just stare at my notes. And I can't make heads or tails of them. It's really hard to stop thinking I could fail.

Did they really? That wasn't very nice of them to say.

Oh, do you really want to practise together? That would be lovely.

alt_susan at 2008-12-13 22:00:06
(no subject)

I had an owl from my Mum and she said she would be glad to write to your guardian to see if you can visit, for a day or two at least.

So we dont know for sure but I hope you will be able to come!! Mum is very good at talking to people and making them feel comfortable.

alt_megan at 2008-12-15 01:44:40
(no subject)

That's brilliant! I'd really like to visit you.
2008-12-12 11:39:00
(no subject)

As soon as I find out who sabotaged my cauldron I am going to kill them.

alt_zacharias

alt_ernie at 2008-12-12 20:38:13
(no subject)

Unbelievable! Someone's trying to sabotage Hufflepuff so we don't win the points in the Potions exam!! I'm going to hide my cauldron in the somewhere secret!

Any suspects? I reckon Theodore Nott was looking a bit shifty earlier.

alt_zacharias at 2008-12-12 21:08:04
(no subject)

I had just got that cauldron broken in too, it was perfect! I can use a school cauldron until I go home next week, but I hate them because they're dented and old. Potions never turn out exactly right.

Nott always looks shifty. All of those Slytherins do. I bet it was one of them. Or maybe a Ravenclaw. They probably hate that you and I are doing so well in our lessons.

alt_ernie at 2008-12-12 21:44:10
(no subject)

I bet your right! The Ravenclaws are really competative about exams!

Or it could've been a Gryffindor - melting someone's cauldron is just the kind of thing they'd do as sabotage, and they had potions this morning, so they were in there before us!
Zach! That's completely not true and you know it!
No Ravenclaw would ever do anything so...so underhanded!
You take that back!

I will not! Just try and make me.

If you think it was deliberate and sneaky you know which House to go looking in.
You take that back about Ravenclaws or I'll tell everyone what you said last summer about Mrs MacDougal.

You Ravenclaws can be just as deliberate and sneaky as the Slytherins, I've seen it. In fact, you're doing it right now because I don't know any Mrs MacDougal and you're just making up lies because you're a sneaky lying Ravenclaw.
I wouldn't be surprised if you were the one that melted my cauldron!
As if anyone in Slytherin thinks they need to go sabotaging HUFFLEPUFFS to beat your score on the potions exam. Least of all Teddy. I reckon he could beat the lot of you with the rustiest school cauldron out of the storage closet.

If no one's scared that Hufflepuffs will win the exam, why did Zach's cauldron get melted??

dont talk about him like that. teddy isnt shifty.

Yes he is. Look the word up and voila, there be Teddy.

shut up pansy. you dont even know him.

I know that if Fergus ever goes missing, you should ask Teddy why.
Oooh, don't do anything that'll get you in trouble.

It's really awful if someone did it on purpose. And they should get in trouble. Loads of trouble. And their house not allowed to win the potions exam.

Watch out, Megs - they might go after you next!

Oooh, do you think so?

But I'm not going to win the potions exam. I think I'm safe. But you should be careful, Ernie. Just in case. Do you think someone could melt a cauldron by accident?

Well they might be going after all of us, to put our whole House off before the exam!

I suppose it could be an accident, I don't know. Maybe it got hit by a curse or something, or someone spilled a melting potion on it? But it seems awfully fishy for something like this to happen so close to the exam, and when Zach's being revising like crazy!
I hope not!

You're right. It does seem funny. And Zach's really good at potions! So it's bad for us no matter what. If it's someone on purpose, that's awfully unfair.

This wasn't an accident! This was a deliberate act by someone who wants to knock me out of the competition.

Nobody cares about fair play anymore.

That's why when they find out who did it, they shouldn't let anyone in their house win. That would be fair!

Well no, that's not really fair.

Making whoever did it use a school cauldron would be fair.

If they're still alive, anyway. I think I still want to kill them...

It's not? Even if someone did it so someone else in their house would win?

I suppose that's sort of fair. No, it's your cauldron. So you get to decide what's fair. So that's fair.
I don't think you do. Not really.

**alt_zacharias** at **2008-12-12 23:46:43**
(no subject)

If they did it so someone *else* in their house would win and not them? Who would do that?

If it was a huge Ravenclaw plot then yes I could see not giving them the points. But one person shouldn't ruin it for everyone.

And I think I do.

**alt_draco** at **2008-12-12 22:33:43**
(no subject)

Well I don't think anyone should win in your house since *your* in it. How do you like that?

**alt_megan** at **2008-12-12 22:52:31**
(no subject)

But I didn't do anything! Whoever melted Zach's cauldron did.

**alt_draco** at **2008-12-12 22:55:40**
(no subject)

Yeah well even if a Slytherin did it, or a Ravenclaw, or a stupid 'puff, the rest of the house shouldn't be punished for it, that was my point.

**alt_megan** at **2008-12-12 23:09:18**
(no subject)

None of us would have done it. We want him to do good.
Oh! You're right. Sorry. I shouldn't have said that. Even Zach agrees, and it's his cauldron. Perhaps they should take away points from whoever did it. They've got to do something.

@alt_draco at 2008-12-12 22:16:29 (no subject)

Was your cauldron very nice and quite expensive?

@alt_zacharias at 2008-12-12 22:35:34 (no subject)

Yes, it was.

Why?

@alt_draco at 2008-12-12 22:54:06 (no subject)

Well someone poor, with a second hand or cheap cauldron probably ruined it.

@alt_zacharias at 2008-12-12 23:49:52 (no subject)

Why wouldn't they just take it then, instead of ruining it?

@alt_draco at 2008-12-13 03:28:48 (no subject)

Because if you saw them with it you'd recognise it, of course.
Wait, wait... what happened? Your cauldron got melted? How on earth does THAT happen?

I don't know, but I bet someone in your house does.

Why are you assuming it's a Slytherin?

Ugh--that's dreadful. People can really be horrid sometimes!
Don't forget--Music party tonight! Who's coming?

Maybe someone can explain to me tonight why my potions keep turning out slightly cloudy when they're supposed to be clear? It's quite annoying.

---

Oh! That's what you meant. I forgot. I really should do schoolwork. But I want to come. It was such fun last time. Perhaps I can come for the late part. Do you think we'll get to stay late again?

You have to let your brain rest so all the knowledge can soak in. You'll go mental if you don't.

And then I really would fail. Everything! Susan said that too. So really it's good to come to the music party! Isn't it? But probably not chess. That's just more thinking.

There is no thinking allowed tonight. We shall get in touch with our babbling baboon sides and behave like the wild monkeys adults believe us to be.
Oh! We will? Okay. I think that will be fun! I think. As long as we don't get in trouble for it.

If anyone gets in trouble, it'll be me. That's become my specialty.

It's important to be good at something, even if it's not something you want to be good at.

But if we're all there doing the same thing? We'd all get in trouble. Perhaps we could be very well-behaved and proper baboons. That would still be fun. And not thinky.

Everyone wants to be good at something. Something good. But you're really good at loads of things. And clever too.

Proper baboons? I'm guessing that would entail NOT flinging poo at one another?

Eew.
alt_ernie at 2008-12-12 21:45:55
(no subject)
I'll be there!

alt_pansy at 2008-12-12 22:01:51
(no subject)
I was hoping you would be
Excellent.
I wanted to go to Pansy's party last night but I was too tired after my detention. And I have to do it until the hols, which isn't that long I suppose. But the wankers in fourth year who were hexing Wayne got loads more and they deserve it to.

I can't believe they would do something like that to someone in their own House!! And not just once either!

No wonder he was acting so odd. I would be too if I was getting hit with Stinging Hexes (and other worse ones) every night.

Professor Sprout says I should have come to her instead of trying to help Wayne hex them back, but Wayne and I both thought that would be grassing and nobody wants to be a grass-up.

She says it's not grassing if people are getting hurt and that trying be mean back to that person just makes things worse. But I don't know if I always agree any other Heads of House feel the same way.

Well at least I know where I'll be when I'm not revising--in the greenhouse, or sleeping.

I just hope Professor Sprout doesn't want any Venomous Tentaculae replanted in the next week or so. And I hope Mum and Dad won't be too disappointed in me when I come home.

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† alt-pansy.livejournal.com at 2008-12-13 22:34:27
(no subject)

There will be other parties, but you were missed, so I hope you can come once the holidays are over.

† alt-susan.livejournal.com at 2008-12-13 22:38:53
(no subject)
Well I will have finished my detention by then, so I ought to be able to come.

I'm not sure that talking to people has worked awfully well for me lately though.

![alt-pansy.livejournal.com at 2008-12-13 22:40:46](no subject)

So just talk to me, then. Oh, and I have some treats for Valkyrie.

![alt-susan.livejournal.com at 2008-12-13 22:44:50](no subject)

You really missed Alright. We could always talk about music.

And that was marvellous of you to get Valkyrie owl treats--you'll be her new favourite person!

![alt-pansy.livejournal.com at 2008-12-13 22:46:39](no subject)

I like her a lot! I never thought that owls could have personalities but they do, don't they?

Are you looking forward to the holiday?

![alt-susan.livejournal.com at 2008-12-13 22:51:11](no subject)

They do! Valkyrie is mostly nice and good-humoured but sometimes a bit moody--I never thought of it before but I suppose she's rather like me.

Yes! I love the hols and I can't wait to see Mum and Dad and my brothers and sister again. Even though their pests I really do miss them sometimes.

![alt-pansy.livejournal.com at 2008-12-13 22:58:23](no subject)

Sounds like you have a good time at the holidays! Do you see all your family?
I haven't got a lot of relatives that are living--but we see my Auntie Mina who's like part of my family even though she isn't my real Aunt.

Sometimes we see my Mum's brother and his family but not as often.

I think it would be grassing you're right. Anyway it's just one detention.

Well actually it's a whole week of detention. But you're right it's not so bad.

Well but you only got it once, so it only counts once, no matter how much of it there is.

Oh, you mean for House points and such. That's true.

I just wish people would stop being horrid--first this happened and now somebody's melted Zacharias's cauldron.

Well and with your parents.

Yeah, that's really bad for Zach.
Yea I dont think theyll be too upset since I was trying to help Wayne but I bet theyll say I could've handled it better.

Grownups always say things like that.

I dont understand why people have to be mean for no reason.

Yeah Father always says he's dissapointed in me when things like that happen. That's the worst, I think.

He says

I suppose he has very high standards for you and all.

I suppose.

I'm sorry you got detention. It was really nice of you to try to help Wayne. Did you think it would work? They're fourth years. Fourth years are so far ahead of us. They're almost old enough to be prefects.
Eggs, ick. And salads

boot has been trying to think of more small things to write about

it is hard. sometimes have written about things, thinking that they are so small, they wont get boot into trouble. but somehow he still gets into trouble anyway. like when he talked about getting rags for his feet, and that led to master giving boot so he tries to think of things even smaller

eggs should be safe to talk about. madam pomfrey says boot must eat more eggs, because of the anaemia. and green salads, for something called folate, which boot needs to make good blood. boot doesnt want to be ungrateful, but boot hates eggs. and boot is not a rabbit. well, he was a dog once. but never a rabbit. boot ate mostly just porridge for years, before coming to Hogwarts. so why does he need eggs and salads now?

boots mouth is sore and his lips often crack and bleed. boot thinks its the cold, but madam pomfrey says its the anaemia, too. dont understand how green salads and eggs can make a difference.

Salad is nasty, but why don't you like eggs? And even salad can be nice for a change. Porridge is boring you know.

its just--eggs remind me of what it's like when someone has sicked up.

(sorry. know that sounds nasty)
as for salads, boot isn't used to vegetables. but madam pomfrey says he should eat them.
It's going to be the hols soon and all the students will be going home. I'll still be here of course and I'll really be able to get some work done on the Lord Protector's book. I spend a lot of time drawing the same pictures again and again because I want them to be good, and fortunately I'm becoming a lot better at it. When I've made something good I will ask Madam Pince to use a spell and copy it here. Not that anyone wants to read what a Mudblood writes I know but maybe it would be nice for Headmistress McGonagall to be able to see what I'm making for her.

I was thinking about this time of year in the camps. I am much warmer now than I ever was then. We were lucky because we didn't have to go out to work outside the camps proper, but it was still very cold, in every camp I ever remember being at. Some of them are very different than others because different Muggle buildings are different but they were all cold.

Here I don't have to go out into the snow. I'm grateful for that. Mum liked to talk about how we should be grateful at Christmas. Last year it was harder to be grateful than this year because Mum and Daddy weren't there. I have more things to be grateful about now even though they aren't here, because of course I have everything in Hogwarts, which is lovely. Mum said things that make me think that when she was my age she had things like there are in Hogwarts, only she is a Muggle so I don't see how she could have, but I suppose things were very different then.

I think I might ask Madam Pince if I can put some fir branches over the doors in the library where they won't get on the books. When I was little Mum couldn't always get holly or mistletoe but she would always find something evergreen to put up somewhere, which I think must be something that Muggles learned from wizards because they're magical too, aren't they? Anyway they look very pretty against the snow.
boot was so surprised last year, when he saw how they decorate the castle for Christmas. never had imagined such a thing. Wait till you see it, Hermione. The Great Hall looks so beautiful, with all the trees they bring in and make beautiful. boot never ever saw anything close to it in the camps. and the food they serve at Christmas is so good, too.

boot is glad that you are here for Christmas this year and can see it for yourself. it will make Christmas

alt_hermione at 2008-12-14 04:55:39
(no subject)

Is it? Sometimes the guards had trees in their houses for Christmas. I got to go in one once when Mum was doing a bad extraktion, because they couldn't get hot water other places and she needed things to be clean. It had fairy lights and little glass bobbles. That was what Mum said they were like when she was a girl. Is that what it's like?

I can't imagine that it could be any finer than Halloween though.

What sorts of food is it? Pumpkin pasties? Will we get some do you think? I mean they will let us sit in on the feast, won't they, like at Halloween, even though it isn't exactly a normal meal?

alt_terry at 2008-12-14 05:00:06
(no subject)

they have not just one Christmas tree, they have something like a dozen of them around the Great Hall, all decorated, and really tall. and holly and fir around all the doorways and bannisters. and they serve all sorts of good food, like roast goose, with chestnut stuffing. you never tasted anything so fine. boot also tasted mince pies for the first time at Christmas last year.
**alt_hermione** at 2008-12-14 05:01:55  
(no subject)

What's in a mince pie?

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**alt_terry** at 2008-12-14 05:14:24  
(no subject)

It's kind of hard to tell, but wasn't really sure. But they're sweet, and full of things like raisins and other dried fruit. Apples, too, maybe. Boot is looking forward to trying them again.

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**alt_neville** at 2008-12-14 20:10:50  
(no subject)

Will you have any chance at all of seeing your parents over the holidays?

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**alt_terry** at 2008-12-14 20:13:29  
(no subject)

Mudbloods don't have parents, Mr Longbottom. Not exactly.

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**alt_neville** at 2008-12-14 20:15:24  
(no subject)

I don't quite get what you mean, when you say that. Everyone has to come from a mum and a dad, right?
Well we come from them, but we don't really have them any more. We don't live with them.

Mudbloods get taken away from the people we were born to, because they're supposed to have stolen the magic that mudbloods show. they always told us in the camps that the regime must be our parent now.

How old were you when you got taken away from your mum and dad, Terry? If you don't mind me asking?

I don't think we're supposed to talk to students, especially not about ourselves. I don't want you to get into trouble.

Well, I don't want to get you in trouble either, so I won't ask any more questions, if you don't want me to.

If any one asks, I just asked to learn a bit more about the camps, all right? I mean, I suppose this is stuff we would end up learning in muggle studies eventually anyway. I'll tell 'em you weren't complaining or anything, or saying anything bad at all.
All right.

boot is told he was three when it happened.

had a small silver baby spoon with initials engraved on it. for awhile. it was the only thing boot had from his mum. but boot lost it, or maybe someone stole it at the camp when boot was about five or so.

No.

I'm really sorry. Hope it helps a little, that at least you can remember them. And that, well, Christmas at Hogwarts will be really nice for you.

It does.
The chess tournament is officially finished. Congratulations to Ron Weasley, who won the tourney, and to Ernie Macmillan, who came in second. I hope you both enjoy your cakes, they looked really nice when the house-elves sent them up, especially the icing roses.

Thank goodness that's over with. If I take it into my head to organise a chess tourney next year I want Pansy to slap some sense into me. Or at the very least I'll do it with eliminations so we can get it all done in one day. I had no idea how much work this would be and I think even the people who stayed until the end were pretty tired of it today.

The music party last night was fun except for the shouting. Smith obviously thought someone in Slytherin melted his cauldron on purpose, he started glaring at us as soon as he arrived, and he and Macmillan had all these whispered conversations where it looked like they were trying to decide whether I looked more suspicious than Pansy. He was friendly enough at chess today though.

Well, the tournament was fun, and thank you for arranging it. It looked like an awful lot of work, though. And even if I didn't win, I got some of the cake, because Ron's brill like that.

And I'd like to state for the record that I had nothing to do with Smith's cauldron. Even though I bet I'd be voted Most Likely To Melt A Cauldron, if anyone ever took a poll.

Yes but Smith is dead set on believing someone did it on purpose. I could imagine you melting a cauldron by accident but not to sabotage someone right before exams.
alt_pansy at 2008-12-14 21:02:16
(no subject)

I don't know why Smith's just automatically assuming it's a Slytherin. He kept giving me these dirty looks, too. I would hope I have more going on in my life than to melt a cauldron. Please. I have hobbies already.
2008-12-14 01:07:00

Successful, but tiring

The last of the guests have departed or been shown to their bedrooms for the night.

Rousing success, one of Narcissa's best triumphs. If I kept accurate count, the evening raised at least 10,000Γ for St Mungo's - before including the collections from the roulette and the additional funds from the dinner served this afternoon.

Young Rookwood should be able to give a full accounting to-morrow. However, we shall have a few people still here for breakfast and so it shall have to wait until they have been properly sent off. And we must sleep in order to host them adequately in the morning!
I can't sleep. I'm having nightmares and Mrs. Black hurts me and I just want this holiday to be over. I know I've been bad but why do I deserve Lucius knows best.

Mum. I miss you, mum.

I think I'll spend this time revising for Potions. I want to make Professor Slughorn proud.
2008-12-14 17:36:00
(no subject)

Zacharias I'm the one that melted your cauldron. It was an accident! I thought it was a school cauldron and I was making a potion that was too difficult and I did it wrong and it started to melt and I couldn't figure out how to stop it.

It wasn't sabotage, I swear. Just an accident. You can use my cauldron for the exam and I'll use a school cauldron. And I'll buy you a new one over hols and bring it when we come back.

I'm really really really sorry.

2008-12-14 21:14:11
(no subject)

alt_pansy at 2008-12-14 21:14:11

How on earth do you melt a cauldron? That's some special talent right there.

2008-12-14 21:18:16
(no subject)

alt_theodore at 2008-12-14 21:18:16

I don't know, I don't even remember what potion we I was making. But it was an OWL level potion and I did something wrong.

2008-12-14 21:22:28
(no subject)

alt_pansy at 2008-12-14 21:22:28

I know you're smart and all that but an OWL level potion? that's either very ambitious or very stupid. Or perhaps a bit of both. what were you trying to brew, polyjuice or something?
alt_theodore at 2008-12-14 21:32:15
(no subject)

No, it wasn't Polyjuice. I can't remember what it was.

alt_pansy at 2008-12-14 21:43:40
(no subject)

Sure you don't.

alt_theodore at 2008-12-14 21:49:13
(no subject)

Oh go away, Pansy.

alt_pansy at 2008-12-14 22:02:09
(no subject)

So if you're really really really sorry, why wait two days to tell the truth? Instead everyone was all shirty with one another Friday night.

You have a bright future ahead of you in diplomacy.

alt_theodore at 2008-12-14 22:07:34
(no subject)

Because I was scared, that's why.

alt_pansy at 2008-12-14 22:11:56
(no subject)

You. Scared.

Right.
He's telling the truth Pansy except it wasn't just him. It was me too.

Um Teddy if you want I'll pay for half of the cauldron for Zach.

Thank you Harry.

I'm sorry I told, I know we agreed to keep it a secret.

It's okay.

I suppose I should confess that I was involved too.

I still want to know what you lot were making.
No you weren't. Why would you say you were? You weren't.

Well... it was only because you asked me to help when it started to go wrong.

You weren't at fault at all.

I know. Thanks

So THAT'S what you were up to.

I shall leave all disciplinary decisions up to Professor Slughorn, but - Mr Nott, why in the world didn't you use your own cauldron?
I was making more than one potion at the same time Professor. I should have been more careful, I'm sorry.

Did all the school cauldrons miraculously disappear?

I thought it was a school cauldron, Professor! It was left out on a table!

Very well, Mr Nott. Perhaps you'll be more careful next time.

I will Professor, I promise.

i believe you teddy
Thanks, Millie.
Hark! The herald angels sing

I've made a start on the Christmas decorations today. It's terribly tiring, I must confess, especially so soon after the full moon, but the children are off on Friday, so it's now or never. The Christmas decorations were always one of my favourite things about Hogwarts when I was here, although I never quite appreciated how much work it entailed for our caretaker. It's only when you walk from end to end via every little nook and cranny in the place that you realise just how large it truly is.

Well, the Great Hall is done, at least, although I may make a few tweaks here and there before the Christmas feast, for those of us who are staying. I should be able to get most of the rest done over the next few days.

Hermione, there are a few little bits and pieces left over, which I won't be able to use anywhere else. If Madam Pince wouldn't mind a bit of colour in the library, and you'd like them for your niche, do come and fetch them.

Thank you!! Madam Pince says it's alright so I'll come by and get them!

I'm glad they'll be put to good use.

The Great Hall looks really grand! Makes me almost wish I was staying for the Christmas feast (well, almost!)
Thank you, Neville. I hope you'll have a chance to enjoy them in between your exams.
I told everyone it wasn't a Ravenclaw!
2008-12-15 21:15:00
(no subject)

Well I think I did alright on the Charms exam. I was able to answer all the questions on the History of Magic exam but I'm not sure I actually talked about the right bits.

alt_sally_anne

Transfiguration tomorrow. And Herbology. I probably ought to go revise like everyone else but I don't think it's going to make much difference at this point, I either know it or I don't. I've been reading that book I borrowed from Bones instead so I can give it back to her before we all leave for the holidays.

alt_harry at 2008-12-16 03:48:22
(no subject)

I think I did rather well on Charms actually, but History of Magic was a bust. Too many goblin rebellions.

alt_sally_anne at 2008-12-16 04:12:05
(no subject)

You might have been able to keep track of the goblin rebellions better if you hadn't napped through half of Professor Binns' classes. Not that I blame you, he's dead boring.

alt_harry at 2008-12-16 04:15:17
(no subject)

I mean he's dead, that's nearly the definition of boring, unless you were killed by something interesting which he wasn't, just died.

Anyway you can't tell me you can keep track of them can you?
I actually made up a song to the tune of the Twelve Days of Christmas to remember the different rebellions.

I think I'd get it stuck in my head and then I wouldn't be able to remember anything for Charms, that kind of thing never works for me.

And yes, this is why Milli says I'm a swot with swot gravy plus extra swot on the side.

no its coz you are a swot, swot

So how did you do on your History of Magic exam, Milli?

real good thanks!
Said like a true swot.

Did you do the Goblin Rebellion essay, then? I did the Statute of Secrecy one - it seemed like it would be more interesting. Although I dunno, Professor Binns seems to sort of like the Statute, but then I guess it was going when he died, so maybe that's why.

I think I've got that wrist flick down - I practised on Linus's rat a few times (well, we all did) and I really think I got its nose to turn up more like a cat's.

So now I think I'm going to bed. Mum always says a good night's sleep is the best thing before an exam.

Yes I did the Goblin Rebellion essay. I'd gone to the trouble of making up the song, it would've been a waste not to use it.

Your mum's right but I had trouble sleeping last night and I feel like I'm going to have trouble sleeping tonight too.

I did the Statute of Secrecy one. There are too many goblin rebellions and I can't keep track of which is which. Goblins get angry, they rebel. Rinse and repeat. Over and over.
Order Only: The Grangers, and other concerns

I've seen your mum and dad, Hermione, and they've given me a letter to you which I will forward to Minerva, and she'll see that you get it. They are doing as well as can be expected. They've had enough food, and no major illnesses, and their work is keeping them extremely busy. Whenever they come into a camp, there's quite a queue out the door for their services.

I've been thinking a bit about that, actually. The camps are fearfully short of medical workers of all kinds: healers, doctors in all specialities, nurses, health aides. Your father did mention that they really do have a pressing need for assistants, but he cannot find anyone who has had the proper training. And how are more to be trained, when every medical and dental school has been shut down? Not to mention the terrible dearth of the sorts of medical supplies that Muggles use.

I've been hearing, here and there, some rather interesting rumblings along these lines from some of the chaps in the Department of Muggle Domestication. And I've had some of those little clues dropped that suggest that there may be a few sympathetic ears in that department for some of the Order's views.

James Prescott, for instance. I've mentioned him before: he tried, in a rather indirect way, to thwart Rookwood's request for Muggle test subjects last year for the Department of Mysteries. Without much luck, unfortunately, but he did try. When I stopped by the Department this past week, one of Prescott's assistants, young woman by the name of Norma Brownmiller, was working on a report about the drop in educated practitioners in certain fields (due to the death toll of the last decade, especially people who were targeted because of their education): people like the engineers who build bridges, for example, or who run electrical plants or wastewater treatment facilities. I found it extremely telling, that Prescott gave Ms Brownmiller the assignment to investigate the matter in the first place. Most of the superior snobs running the Ministry haven't given a moment's thought to what will happen in thirty or forty years when the few Muggle doctors left to treat the Muggles (and keep epidemics partially in check) finish dying off and there's no one to replace them. Or bridges and building structures start failing, or motorways begin collapsing.
and there's no one left alive who has been trained to know how to fix them. But Prescott has given it some thought—a lot of thought—and Ms Brownmiller's figures get more and more hair-raising, the further out in time they are projected. 'It takes perhaps a generation to break a culture, Weasley,' Prescott told me, as we were looking over the charts. 'And once that information is lost, I'm not sure we can get it back.'

'And the alternative would be . . . ?' I said, letting the statement hang there suggestively.

He looked at me sharply, and hesitated, wondering, no doubt, how much I could be trusted. He took his time rolling the chart back up, still staring at me, and then apparently made up his mind. He leaned forward and said, low in my ear, 'that we make bloody well sure the information is not lost.'

So. Definitely there is something there worth cultivating.

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👩‍💻 alt_hermione at 2008-12-16 04:37:30
(no subject)

Thank you Mr Weasley!! I can't wait to get it!! I'm so glad they're all right.
2008-12-15 23:00:00
Exams

Chars was fine and History of Magic was fine too I suppose. There are too many Goblin Rebellions. Also Professor Binns talks really constantly and its hard to pay attention, But, I think I did pretty well considering all that.

The Great Hall is really pretty and Im sorry that I can't stay to see it when everything is all lit up and full of food for the feasts and so on. I bet it's like Halloween only better. But things are also pretty at home and at Malfoy Manor too. I'm to be allowed to spend a lot of the hols with Draco which is nice. I was a little worried that we wouldn't get to because it's our first year at school but it seems not. So that's good.

Let's see what else? There was shepherd's pie tonight and I like shepherd's pie. No one has really gotten in trouble over Zach's cauldron. I overheard one of the seventh years say "boys will be boys" and maybe that's what Professor Slughorn thinks because he hasn't talked to me about it. But Teddy and me are going to pay for it, anyway. And I think Teddy's going to lend Zach his like he said, which is probably fair.

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@alt_millicent at 2008-12-16 04:40:57
(no subject)

sheperds pie makes me sick the juice looks like runny bogies

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@alt_harry at 2008-12-16 04:41:39
(no subject)

I didn't say you had to like it Millicent I just said I liked it.
Charms and History of Magic....

I'm sure I did fine on both, but on Charms, what did everyone else put down for Question Three?

I said 'Biting Hex.'

(And for History of Magic, did anyone else write about the Statute of Secrecy and why it was ultimately wiser to repeal it? Or did everyone write about the Goblin Rebellions for the essay?)

Linus, Morag, and Belinda and I are revising for Transfiguration tonight. I'm not fussed about Herbology, too much, but I have a little trouble with the mouse thing Professor Carrow showed us way back in October.

---

I did the first goblin rebellion because it was the only one that I knew for sure what order it came in.

I said stinging hex, why'd you think it was biting?

I thought about stinging, but I thought biting was more like the affect of an insect.

Because of the inkantincantation?
alt_padma at 2008-12-16 04:47:55
(no subject)

Well, like a muski mosquito flea. Or ants. They bite.

But then bees sting. So I dunno. I'm sure you won't get points off, or anything.

alt_harry at 2008-12-16 04:48:20
(no subject)

I hope not!

alt_megan at 2008-12-16 18:08:14
(no subject)

I don't remember which one was question three. Or what I put.

alt_pansy at 2008-12-16 22:21:19
(no subject)

I said stinging hex but once the exam was over, I wondered if that was right. However, I remember mum telling me once that on a test, the first answer you put, even if you aren't sure of it, is the one that you should stick with.

alt_sally_anne at 2008-12-17 02:01:55
(no subject)

That's a good rule of thumb unless it's a teacher who likes trick questions.
Yeah, there's nothing to help you manage professors like that.
I think if I try to put one more bit of information in my head it will explode.

Which, on one hand, would mean no crucio Christmas.

But, on the other hand, it'd be a big mess.

I'm torn.

I hardly think such melodramatics are appropriate or warranted. You are not being shipped to outer Mongolia, nor shall you be abused like some Squib daughter in a bedtime story.

If you simply behave and are properly respectful to Mrs Black, you shall have no need to endure any magical punishment.

I'm just a small child. We're prone to melodramatics. Besides, I'm stressed! Professor Carrow's exam was harsh.

Is she that bad? I barely ever met her.
She's bitter. But I would imagine that, with all she's been through in her life, with a son turned criminal, that it's understandable.
We're putting the finishing touches on our shows, and I'm curious to see what this particular muggle camp is like. Many of them are overcrowded, groaning under the weight of the collective misery within. It's cruel and it's heartless, and once in a while I wonder if we'll ever make a difference.

I have to keep believing that we will. That we will forge on, and even if we do not see the Promised Land, perhaps someone afterwards will walk our path and find easier travel in the paths worn through time.

Going to New London serves as a cautionary tale. There is none of the vigor and bustle of a healthy, thriving city. The few wizards out on the street are miserable creatures, scuttling away and avoiding eye contact. There's no hope. No expectations. And, most importantly, no desire on the part of so many to see how life can be, but only in a concerted effort. Once we're deprived of something we hold dear, time will erase it, perhaps as a sanity measure.

So what I hope we can do, with our performances, is bring hope. We can't, and won't, rail against the Fourth Reich. But. We can make people laugh, and we can make them smile, and we can make them forget, for a while, their cares.

They'll look back and remember a time when there was laughter in their life. Life isn't perfect, but neither muggles or wizards have the monopoly on maltreatment of their others.

Remember, the surest way to corrupt a youth is to instruct him to hold in higher esteem those who think alike than those who think differently. (Hermione, there's a quote for you to look up)

Blessings, love and laughs to you all.
I'll look it up for sure Mr Kingsley!!

It's a good quote. And just call me Kingsley. I'm not sure I'm a mister. Makes me feel old!
The Hogsmeade weekend was not as fruitful as I had hoped. One butterbeer does not equal four as I reckon it. I seem to have missed getting my Honeydukes chocolate as well. I suppose one is better than none, although it's a far cry from the actual number owed to me.

Still, it's always nice to see some new scenery every so often, even if it was blocked by Percy Weasley's head. His company made for an interesting afternoon.

While I will admit the justice of your observation that four butterbeers were not paid, you must also admit, in all fairness, that you failed to bring along three other friends to help drink the butterbeers. I don't think you would have been good for much Saturday evening had you attempted to drink all the butterbeers yourself.

But I would not be adverse to divvying out those butterbeers on future Hogsmeade weekends. (And we both forgot about the stop at Honeydukes to get you your fudge, so we'll have to take care of that on another weekend, too). I, too, found our conversation was quite absorbing, once we actually got it going.

Good luck on your remaining exams.

I couldn't get anyone to come with me. Everyone in Ravenclaw Tower was worried about exams and decided to stay in to revise. Hearing about your brothers makes me glad I'm an only child.

I suppose I could get used to you owing me, even if it's just a few butterbeers and some chocolate. Although I'd still prefer the silver.
Well, done with the one I was really dreading the most.

I lived through it.

I think.

(Sally-Anne, I'm glad you made us go over the stuff on texture so many times. That part I got right at least. Maybe? Except I thought it was hardly fair to have all those questions on scales versus fur. WE NEVER EVEN DID SCALES.)

He mentioned something about them one day when we were gathering our books and stuff to leave. And thanks to Sally-Anne, I feel really good about the texture stuff too.

I'm ever so Glad that I'm naturally good at the practical bits of Transfiguration, because I'm sure Parvati and I didn't Revise enough for the multiple choice bits. But we Practiced turning dour hair ribbons into Loads of different things and I'm sure that helped.

You should have said, Lavender! Belinda and Morag and I would have met you somewhere. Between the three of us, we had nearly everything written down (except things he never said, like that turtle thing).

It's the practising that helps most, though. I just can't imagine anyone getting ALL those questions correct!
I'm glad the extra practise helped you, it definitely helped me. Especially because I didn't remember what he'd said about the scales, but I did some extra reading last month when I was trying to explain the fur changes to you. And one of the books had a good explanation of scales vs fur, I wish I'd shown it to you now.

Well, the stuff you told me about fur really helped when I was trying to answer those questions.

Don't know if I've said it enough, but yeah, loads of thanks for all your help in Transfiguration.
One was easy and one hard, so maybe that balances?

Then there was Transfiguration. Loads of people were really worried about this one. And it really was nearly as difficult as I expected. But it was far more ... er, random. Not that I'm complaining! I mean, Professor Carrow does tell us that one never knows what life is going to throw at us. So I guess we should of been prepared for anything. I think the extra practice really payed off, though, because I know I did really well on the spellwork. Maybe not as well as Sally-Anne, but My textures were fine and my kitten's nose was perfect, I thought. (The multiple choice, though! I remembered most of it. I don't think he told our class about the fire crab and the scorpion, but I knew that story already. Though of all things, I wasn't sure what that question about his servant's essay was doing on there! I just said 'I didn't read that because a mudblood wrote it.' I hope that was alright to say.)

Oh! And I got an owl from Mum. All about the St Mungo's benefit party at the Malfoy's and there's a picture of Mum and Dad. They look smashing. I recognise the entrance hall from the picture in the Prophet. It's ever so grand!

Mum says Dad did fairly well at the roulette but then spent it again at the auction. He got a custom set of robes for Mum, to be designed by Madam Malkin, that he says is for her birthday, and which she says is just ridiculous. There were sooo many people there! I've been collecting the articles from the papers. You can just see my Mum in one of the photos.

But it sounded like they had a marvellous time. Lav, did your mum write about it? D'you and Parvati want to meet later after dinner and see the letter? We can revise for Defence if you want. I've got Professor Lockhart's library--at least that's an exam where we know all the answers and where to find the questions!
I did get an owl from Mummy! I meant to write All About It, but I've been ever so tired! Parvati and I have been up late every night, trying to finish our Revising at the last minute!

Mummy said it was worth all of the Hard Work to see how Beautiful everything was, and she sent me pictures from the Prophet of the Best and Worst Dressed! I'll have to show them to you.

Oh, yes! Some of the photos were clipped out of the common room copy before I could get to it.

Mummy also said that you and Parvati might come Visit for a few days! I simply can't Wait!

And I suppose your mum and dad and brothers are coming to our Twelfth Night party?

Yes, I think so! Is that going to be before we come back? I really liked last year's. But I guess we might have to miss it?

We should think about what days you want to spend at our house and which ones to spend at your house. If we work things right, we might be able to be together one way or another for most of the holliday!

Was Mrs Higgs on the worst-dressed list? I bet she was. The Prophet said Celestina Warbeck was there - I have to see what she was wearing!!
I couldn't believe was also surprised by the question about the mudblood's essay, I think your answer must have been alright.

I suppose. But then it could be one of those trick questions.

It might have been a trick to mark down the people who actually had read the essay.
The Herbology exam went fine, everything we were tested on was in my notes. Transfiguration -- well like Patil I was really not expecting questions about the mudblood's essay. I don't know what Professor Carrow will make of my answer. Probably nothing good. The one that really threw me was the question where he asked about the historical alchemical theories behind transfiguration. When I checked my notes after the exam I realised that he had talked about that the same day he cruciated Hopkins on a day when I was distracted. I read up on a lot of theory trying to explain things to Longbottom but the alchemy stuff I found was so outdated I didn't bother with it much.

All my spellwork was perfect just fine, though.

I'm not fussed about Defence tomorrow. Anyone up for Exploding Snap?

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Defence wasn't too bad, yeah? Just more of the same as always.
2008-12-16 21:19:00
What?

master put a question about boot's essay on the students Transfiguration exam? really??

boot sort of would like to read what students said about it.

alt_terry

alt_pansy at 2008-12-18 01:48:40
(no subject)

I said basically what you said about the meaning of the words, and how they were used at the entrance to concentration camps on the continent. You did a good job on that essay.
It is fortunate that the season has blessed Him with good cheer, for I do not think that He would ordinarily allow an investigation like this to stagnate for so long. Happily, I made new ground earlier this week. All thanks to a goblin named Griphand or Hookgrip or somesuch, and a collection of blades meant to be worn like a set of claws, known simply as the Cat Gauntlets. A Belgravia townhome for one Mr. and Mrs. Greaves was got in exchange - more than they could hope for, given that they're childless and nearly old.

Hookgrip was cooperative enough, though in a decidedly goblinish way. True Owner indeed! Goblins do have their quaint ideas about ownership. Perhaps I do as well. I shall ask my Lord in our next vis-à-vis, and show him my new Cat Gauntlets while I am there.

I have other news to tell Him, and while it preys on me with urgency the Lord has requested that He be disturbed as little as possible in the coming days. His reaction to Hookgrip’s revelation was very mild, so I cannot imagine that reports on my personal life should rate an interruption. I do not know what He is working on, alone in His palace, but if it is important enough for Him to seclude himself during this festive time of year, then it must be very important.

Still, He shall be at Cissy's party. I think I will visit her today to assist her in the planning. Perhaps Hydra would like to come along. She does so love to play with Draco’s toys when he’s not there to stop her.

Excellent news on the investigation! Small progress is still progress.

Narcissa was only saying last night that we ought to have invited you, Rodolphus and Hydra for supper, especially given the occasion. Reflecting her own preferences, of course, she wanted to assure that you three had time to celebrate privately, and as it was, I did not arrive home until after eight o'clock.
Shall we expect all of you this evening, then?

(And yes, it is not so much cheerfulness, but He has been growing most ... distracted of late. I hope that His son's return will shake Him from His pre-occupation. Perhaps His mood will lighten still further at the week-end and then your news will be more welcome.)

If I am reading into things correctly, the progress could be quite big. But again, I must speak with Him in detail before I know that for sure.

Expect us this evening, yes. And you ought to warn Cissy that Mother might drop by unannounced. She said something to me about checking up on the decorations.

Certainly - on both counts. And so much the better, if the dam should break at last.

You are just as like to see Narcissa before I do, but by all means, thank Druella for her vote of confidence.

Thanks are lost on the woman - believe me.

Hydra plays with my toys when I'm not there?
She does.

Do you object, Draco?

I suppose not. But she wouldn't break anything, would she?

Of course she wouldn't.

Cat Gauntlets? They sound quite diverting, Bellatrix. Do they retract, by any chance?

They do retract, though it seems that it takes a rather sensitive touch to work them properly. I've been experimenting with them this afternoon, see if I can make them behave.

Best to do that before taking them into sticky situations. It would be quite horrible to expect them to extend and have a malfunction.
Exams and other things

Exams: I didn't fail charms. I'm sure of it. Even if I can't remember what I put for the biting hex question. Unless it was the stinging hex question. I still didn't fail.

Other things: I didn't act like a baboon at Pansy's party. Everyone was already acting like wolves.

Exams: I don't think I failed History of Magic. But I'm not sure of it. But I liked all my answers. But I may have left something out.

Other things: I skipped chess. But I came to watch the very end. It's fun to watch! And I ate a piece of Ernie's cake. It was very good. Thank you, Ernie.

Exams: I didn't fail Herbology. I think. But I'm not sure. One of the questions was hard. It was the long one.

Other things: Pansy's really good at potions. We practised together, it was lovely. Perhaps some of her being good at it rubbed off. I wish I could be more like Pansy, except I mean because she's so serious and clever. She probably thinks I'm silly.

Exams: Transfigurations next. I'm nervous. Nervous nervous jittery oh dear so nervous. But I'm trying really hard not to think about failing.

Don't think about failing. Think about what you do know, rather than what you don't know. It's all in your head, see. And if you can, listen to some music before the exam. Classical is good. For me, it kind of wakes my brain up and also makes me relax. If you're stressed during an exam, that's not going to help you out.

Though Professor Carrow's exam was beyond anything I've ever experienced.
I'm trying not to. I wish I knew what happens if you fail. I keep thinking of things. I dreamed about it last night, and my guardian was there. They were going to feed me to werewolves. I don't think that's really what happens.

Listening to music is a good idea. Something not too loud. And not surprising. Thank you.

I think I failed. I couldn't think of anything.

I doubt you failed. That's just stress talking. Maybe you did and maybe you didn't, though you seemed to know what you were talking about this weekend. In any case, it's done now. I can pretty much guarantee that you won't be fed to werewolves.

I know. I mean I know about the werewolves. It was really scary in my dream. Especially when my guardian just watched. But as soon as I woke up, I knew it was a dream. I thought really they might not let me come back to school.

I really don't know how I did. I can't remember anything except staring at the question about fish and all I could think of was how fish eyes look. All googly. And that wasn't the answer.

I did finish everything.
That fish question made me loopy too. I finally just scribbled something and moved on.

And it's good that you finished. I've heard of people who didn't.

I've never seen a werewolf, though. Have you?

Sod it, we forgot to go look this month. The full moon was last week. I suppose it was too cold to be much fun anyway.

It is. But there's always next month! I forgot too. But you know how I forget things sometimes.

Oh, but I'm sure you got it right.

Oh! Really? Maybe I wasn't worst. If I'm not worst, I couldn't fail, could I?

No. Not a werewolf with wolf teeth for eating people. They looked like big dogs with really long teeth in my dream. And they howled. I've seen the werewolf that's here, when he's not a wolf.
I actually asked Professor Slughorn about this months ago and you don't get expelled if you fail an exam. If you fail everything you might have to repeat the year but that doesn't happen very often. He said that the exams and marks are to let you and your guardian know how you're progressing and what really counts are your OWLs. Except he wouldn't tell me what would happen if you failed all your OWLs, he just laughed and told me he was certain that I wouldn't.

Definitely no werewolves though. But we have to 'successfully complete a magical education' and I think that means we really do have to pass our OWLs to become subjects and I don't know if failing them all means they take away our wand and... And OWLs are years away so Professor Slughorn is right, there's no point worrying about that yet.

Oh! Really? You just have to do it over? That's-- I suppose that'd be embarrassing. But not nearly as bad as some things I thought of.

Of course you're not going to fail anything.

OWLs are years away. I don't even know what to worry about, with OWLs. They've got to be much harder than our exams now. I don't have any idea what we'll have learned by then. But they're so far away. If I fail them after that long, I'll deserve it.

What did you scratch out?

He said every few years there's someone who has to do a year over. So yes it would be embarrassing but not as bad as being expelled.
What I scratched out - well the rules say we have to complete our magical education to become subjects. You and me, I mean. And the other halfbloods. And I expect that probably means we HAVE to pass our OWLs, at least some of them.

But they're years away.

alt_megan at 2008-12-17 03:08:57 (no subject)

Oh.

Five years is a long time. But I should remember that. In case I ever don't work as hard as I should. If I remember that, I won't do that.
Have instructed Crispin in no uncertain terms to deny all further requests for interviews on behalf of myself or Mrs Malfoy. She was already exhausted from the effort of organising the benefit and now is full-bore involved in planning our personal holiday party. The rest of the committee and representatives from the hospital may provide adequate information for the *Prophet*'s purposes, at any rate. No one needs another photograph; and if one more gossip or fashion columnist attempts to ask Mrs Malfoy her opinions of the robes, hats, shoes or jewels worn Saturday, she shall not be held responsible for her actions! (Or so she claimed when she asked me to throw up a barrier between us and the press for the remainder of the year.)

Rookwood the younger has completed his tally for the Fund and saw to it that the last purses have been distributed. I was close on my estimate of the proceeds; if anything, a little under. It should be more than enough for St Mungo's to annex an entire block of old Muggle buildings, should they so choose.

Naturally, I have been asked to sit on the planning board; declined at least until after the holidays. It is simply impossible to take on any other projects at the moment. There's the upcoming matter I have been discussing with Nott and Warrington, as well, and I do not know that I shall be able to stretch myself beyond that.

Draco returns in two days. I think that may be the only thing keeping Narcissa from taking to her bed and declaring her own holiday to recover from the benefit gala, cancelling our celebrations! But the tree in the Grand Salon is perhaps our best yet and the grounds, so barren just two weeks ago, now are festive and festooned. It was certainly the right decision to ensure planning progressed while she was occupied with the other arrangements.

However, there is still much to do, and no time for giving statements if we are to accomplish it!
Ah, but the young witches must have something to coo over, Lucius. Consider it a public service. Elsewise, Amycus' cauldrons would go unscrubbed and the greenhouses unweeded - there would be so few detentions for reading fashion rags under the desks and so on.

Phaedra preserve us. Still, they do need to sell copies; you are correct. I've a suspicion one issue of *Witch Weekly* alone could supply you with enough workforce to turn out the entire castle, from armoury to owlery.

Nonetheless, even without such temptation, I'm certain they can find other ways to melt said cauldrons and fall prey to the perils of the greenhouses, astronomy towers, and all the rest of it.

End of term getting to your nerves, Headmistress?

Quite. It seems that the end of the winter term is always the worst - children are, if anything, more excited for Christmas than summer.
Order only: A birthday present for myself!

(Aside from a lovely time with Marguerite, that is. Thirty-two! I never expected to see thirty.)

At any rate, that is not what I wanted to tell you all. I have finally, I think, broken our streak of poor luck. Marguerite is a wonder. She dropped off a little envelope on my behalf about a week ago, following which I waltzed in with the papers I've been collecting on our part.

And now look what we've just intercepted:

Dear Mr Malfoy:

Thank you for your letter dated 10 December, in which you brought to light Mr Laszlo's communication with you during the previous weeks. We have reviewed Mr Laszlo's file per your instructions in that letter and agree with your assessment that he has provided adequate credentials to resume operations within the Protectorate. Commensurate to the information he made available to you, he has proven to our satisfaction that the incident of 14 November, 1991 was the isolated and unfortunate result of the actions of Mr Victor Laszlo, now deceased. Mr Laszlo's physician, Zelkjo Slobodanovicz, has certified that prior to his demise, Mr Laszlo was afflicted with a rare and irreversible strain of Jarvey Pox. This disease, as you may be aware, renders the victim unable to suppress 'socially inappropriate or derogatory' remarks, and in particular actions which would ordinarily be considered unacceptable or unwise. In other words: he was barmy.

Mr Henrich Laszlo having thus procured your permission to proceed with the application on file, we shall not gainsay the word of the Committee for Regulation of Magical Commerce. He is hencewith authorised to act as the managing agent and his goods, with the exception of
the confiscated materials, shall be remanded to the customs agents in Dover for distribution according to Laszlo Limited's prior instruction. There shall be no need to go through the re-application process, nor the additional quarantine of future shipments. Naturally, Mr Laszlo further agrees to all conditions, limitations, restrictions and requirements set by the Committee, including audits, inspections and other Quality Assurance measures at the discretion of the Ministry for Magic.

We trust this concludes the business to your satisfaction.

Best Regards,
Pierre Nicola, etc.

Hah! I'll be revising this before allowing it to go on, of course. There's no sense in bothering such a busy man as Mr Malfoy with the knowledge that he 'authorised' the Laszlo documents in the first place, or that his letter greased the skids for us to sail through this time. The version he'll receive will merely state that owing to the exhaustive nature of our proof, the agents saw fit to provide all the credentials we need.

This way the goods they've been holding for two bloody months will be available in London before Christmas. Sadly, we're still at square one with the wands. But at least Laszlo can now import!

I do think we ought to be circumspect for at least a month's worth of shipments. Lull them into calm and forgetfulness.

I knew there was a good reason I've practised my forgery all these years. And thank Merlin for all those long-winded posts of his; made it easy to copy his style!
What an excellent birthday present for you indeed, Sirius!

Of course you know why I shan't be able to send you an actual present - but I did raise a glass to your health, young sir. (Young sir. I feel quite ancient hearing you say "thirty-two.")

Hah - well, don't worry, I'm sure that if we were all together we'd make the rafters ring.

And I've no doubt that you hoisted one, old girl. As if anyone could think you old!

Flatterer!

Wonderful news! Here's to Laszlo Limited: may it enjoy long and VERY lucrative success!

Thanks, Molly. It's about time I did something useful instead of cocking everything up as usual.

As to it being lucrative: Any idea whether Dumbledore's mate Flamel will be able to receive the deliveries on the other end? That was originally the plan; I don't know as it's changed.
How very clever of you. Excellent! Well, now, you've reversed the usual custom, haven't you: we're supposed to be giving presents to you, not you giving presents to us! But I daresay that the news that Laszlo Limited will be an authorised importer is the best present the Order has received this entire year.

Since we can't be with you to celebrate the occasion, Molly and I will raise a glass of her excellent cider in a toast to you and in honour of your birthday. Thank you, and well done!

It's all right, Arthur - I'd rather this than any other present. And it's not as if I shan't be celebrating on my own.

Happy birthday! I didn't know that it was!

No reason you should, but thank you at any rate.

What a wonderful birthday present! You are, as always, one smart cookie.

I don't know when I'll see you again, but I'm owling you your birthday gift. I hope you like it--it's something I make rather
a lot use of.

Here's to you, my friend. A votre sante!

alt_sirius at 2008-12-18 04:59:49
(no subject)

Bonne chance, mon ami! Et je vous remerci.

I hope your owl can hit a moving target. I'll be off from Calais tomorrow. Not sure where yet.

alt_kingsley at 2008-12-18 05:48:04
(no subject)

Otis rarely misses the mark. Be safe!
the gentle people of the village greeted me with garlands of flowers

Wow, I finally have time to write here. I've been revising like mad the last couple of weeks, so I don't fail the exams. Everytime I picked up this journal to write something I thought about how much revision I had to do and how I could be doing some instead of writing and then I had to go and revise! But it's okay now - I've done Charms (ok), History of magic (ok), Herbology (ok), and transfiguration (aagh!! Really hard! But I think I got most of it, with a bit of guessing here and there!).

Defence against the dark Arts was today. That was okay too. I've been reading Professor Lockhart's books over and over - I can almost recite Wanderings with Werewolves by heart!!

Tomorrow is Astronomy. I've got loads more notes to go over tonight for that. I can't wait to go home for Christmas. No more exams!

The chess tourney was wizard too. I came second, because Nott dropped out, and got a cake! We all had some to help us revise the other day. It was really nice. Thanks Sally Anne!

You can recite Wanderings with Werewolves by heart? That's quite precious, Macmillan.

I can almost recite it. And if it means I pass the exam, that's fine with me!
But can you recite it while wearing lavender robes?

Do you think I'd get more marks that way??

Actually...with Professor Lockhart you just might.

How can you stand to read those things so much? They're a little girly aren't they?

Not at all. Professor Lockhart is just very much in touch with his feminine side.

No they're not! Professor Lockhart is not the least bit girly! Besides it takes a real man to express himself and not be afraid of wanting to look good. (That's what Witch Weekly says anyway. I'm not sure what they mean)
alt_lavender at 2008-12-19 22:12:39
(no subject)
I don't think that MacMillan has the Colouring for them though.

alt_ernie at 2008-12-19 21:56:17
(no subject)
Its like reading the Standard book of Spells or the beginners Guide to transfiguration - you have to read it for school, so you just do. Anyway, they're not girly, they're about adventures and fighting werewolves and vampires and stuff! What kind of girls do you know who fight vampires?

alt_harry at 2008-12-20 00:18:43
(no subject)
Right except all the girls fancy him because of it.

alt_pansy at 2008-12-18 01:46:28
(no subject)
Thank you for sharing your cake, Ernie! I hope your holiday is brilliant.

alt_ernie at 2008-12-19 21:57:18
(no subject)
Thanks. I hope yours is not as bad as you okay too!
I love the section where he talks about the significance of flower lore!

And the bit in *Travels with Trolls* where he describes the native costume of the Manchurians is utterly fascinating!

Uh.. yeah. I like the bit where he's fighting the vampires! That was wizard!

I didn't think the defence exam was too hard either. I wish exams were over. Now that the bad ones are done, I keep having to remind myself to keep revising.

They were all okay in the end. I did loads of revising, but I think it was worth it. Hope you have a good hol! See you in January!
Almost done!

Only Astronomy and Potions left. Two of my best subjects!

The Defence exam was so much fun! It was more like one of the quizzes in the Prophet than an exam. (Although maybe Professor Carrow's was more like the Prophet crossword.) I've never taken an exam when I was so certain about every answer.

And now only Astronomy and Potions. I'm not sure I'll be perfect, but I'm sure I'll be alright on both. I have a little revising, though, so Morag and I are asking for some snacks (I mean, if the Slytherins can get food, so can we!).

I can't decide whether it's better to memorise the movements of the constellations or to just focus on the maths. Morag's more worried about the ingredients lists.

They'll be very happy to bring you snacks, too. Sally-Anne and I nearly always have something before bed.
I can't believe the Term is finally over! No more revising for me--on to Parties and Presents! And of course spending time with my Family and my best Friends!

Who are sitting next to me right now.

Parvati and Padma and I have eaten All of our sweets from the cart, and done all of the Quizzes in *Witch Weekly*, and now we are Bored!

Come talk to us? Well, unless your name is Zacharias Smith!

Sorry Zach--Padma's still in a Strop.

---

Well, that's only because Zacharias Smith the most loathsome, horrible, lying, *impossible* little toad there ever was!!!!

I don't know how you can still like him when he'd go accusing innocent people of melting his cauldron...and then not even apologise!

But it's ok, I know we're going to have the best holiday ever!

Zach can be a Stupid Boy sometimes but he is still my friend. Besides, Ms. Smith is practically Mummy's Best friend, so we almost *have* to get on.

He does need to Apologise to you though--no one should say that sort of thing to my friend!
Well, maybe you can remind him who Morag is, while your at it.

If he's going to be at your parent's party, perhaps we can Make him see reason.

I wonder if anyone else is writing in their journals when they're in the same compartment?

We can Try! I think now he is just being Stubborn to be Stubborn. He knows you would never really do a horrid thing like sabotage someone's cauldron.

I was hoping that someone else might be Bored too and decide to read their journal, but it is bit Funny I suppose.

Why, I could reach out right now and poke you or something!

Ouch!

I miss you and Parvati already!
You know, some of us get sick when we write on the train.

It was probably Wise of you not to do that--I'm sure your seatmates were Grateful.

Draco was sick so I thought it wouldn't be nice to be writing while he couldn't.

That was very Gentlemanly of you Marvolo!

I saw a lovely royal purple jumper. Do you think it would go with my colouring?

Oh, yes! Have you been out Christmas shopping?
I have looked but I wasn't sure what colours and such to buy, and you and Padma were both so good at telling me what I should wear. So I thought I'd ask before I bought anything. Mum gave me money, so I need to spend it!

See I simply Knew you could learn to be Fashionable!

I can only learn if you teach me, because you always look so smart.

Mum sometimes uses a personal shopper so I do think you can make a living at it. What an interesting job, too, don't you think? I'd be pants at it but it'd be wizard for the right person.
That's good to Know! Or maybe I could own my own Clothing shop--Madame Malkin's is so *old fashioned*!

Oh yes! Because you could also help people like me and people would know that if it's in your shop, it must be in season.

That would be Grand! But what if I meet my True Love and he wants me to be an Ornament to Society?

Well, perhaps you can convince him to let you have a little hobby? All of the women of society could come get dress robes from you, and that way no one would show up in the same robes as another, because they'd have you to keep track of this.

Perhaps! Unless he turns out to be Very demanding! Some men are, Mummy says. But Daddy isn't.

You are very clever, Pansy, even if you are Odd. But you are getting less Odd, which is good.
Ah, but my being odd is what makes me interesting. Nothing's worse than being boring.

Do you think people who are out of school can get jobs teaching other people how to be Fashionable? Because that is what I would like to do.

If I don't get Married first of course.
2008-12-19 19:24:00
Home again

Well Draco and I are at Malfoy Manor now for the first bit of the hols. Its very cheery and I like the fairy lights so much. And it snowed on us a little bit even so maybe we'll have a white Christmas.

And I don't think I failed my Potions exam!

alt_harry

alt_lucius at 2008-12-20 00:49:54
(no subject)

Speaking of Potions, Harry, perhaps you and Draco would be good enough to step into the library and explain this business abut the cauldron. Smith's, was it?

alt_harry at 2008-12-20 01:29:46
(no subject)

Yes sir.

alt_pansy at 2008-12-20 01:40:34
(no subject)

I hope you have a very nice holiday.

alt_harry at 2008-12-20 02:55:52
(no subject)

Thanks, Pansy. Youll be at Mr Malfoy's party though even though you have to spend Christmas with Auntie Walburga?
alt_pansy at 2008-12-20 03:00:29
(no subject)

I'll be there! It should be fun, don't you think? Last year I snuck sips of

alt_harry at 2008-12-20 03:09:32
(no subject)

I dont know. There's just a lot of people there who you're supposed to talk to and not enough people our age. But if you're there it'll help and of course Draco always is.

alt_lavender at 2008-12-20 02:21:02
(no subject)

A white Christmas would be Brill! When I was small my big brothers used to take me sledding if it snowed during the Hols when they were home from Hogwarts.

Now that we're older it would be ever so much Fun to have a sledding party!

alt_harry at 2008-12-20 02:57:08
(no subject)

Thanks Lavvy!

alt_lavender at 2008-12-20 03:02:34
(no subject)

You and Draco would be Invited--but only if you Promise not to make fun of my name!
I suppose I could stop for one day.

My uncle Rodolphus calls his brother Rabastan "Raz." Lots of people have nicknames.

Do you?

My name is too short for a nickname.

Not at all, Drake.

Ew, no, I don't like that at all.

Dray, maybe.

No, I don't like that either.
Drake's good. He can be Drake, or Drakey-doodle. there we go. Drakey-doodle.

It's got a good beat and I can dance to it.

I'd come up with a nickname for you but seeing as your name is Pansy I don't think I'll bother.

Though Pants would work well.

Drakeypants. It's fun to say, but Drakeydoodle is more playful and fun.

Whatever you say, Pants.

You're so funny, Doodle.
Doesn't that make him your uncle too?

I suppose but I've never called him that. Everyone calls him the Raz or the Razzer.
12 Grimmauld Place is aptly named.

I miss you already Pansy.

I miss you too! I'm kind of surprised at how much, really. but did you see Professor Lockhart had some spinach or something between his teeth? You'd think he'd spend 15 minutes preening before class and wouldn't let something like that happen. All the girls seem to go moony over him. I don't know why.

Did you see that Ernie gave me a piece of his cake that he won? I wish he'd. I think he's

I still want a kneazle. And I've already saved some pocket money. But I don't know how much they cost. Or a crup! But I think crups are a lot more work than kneazles like you have to walk them and stuff and I don't hink you can have them at school anyway.

I meant to ask you this and I never did. Have you ever been anywhere outside of Our Lord's Kingdom? I don't think I know anyone who has.

There's this house elf here and he's a trip. I don't know if elves get into potions or they're just naturally kind of out there, but he's so grumpy. He mutters stuff when I walk past him. "There goes Miss Parkinson, the blood traitor. Hmph. Not good enough to tread upon the carpets of the most noble and ancient house of Black. Disgrace to her name." Then he'll bow and saunter off. I've never run into
one like this. So I order him around now as much as I can because I know he hates me, if that makes sense to you and I think it does.

What are the Strettons like?

alt_susan at 2008-12-20 02:28:38
(no subject)

I thought house elves were supposed to serve you? That one sounds a bit mean and I didn't think they were allowed to be mean.

Isn't there a shop in Diagon Alley that sells pets? Other than the Owl Emporium, I mean. Maybe you could go there and ask how much Kneazles cost.

alt_pansy at 2008-12-20 02:32:00
(no subject)

He is mean! I'm certain he wees in the tea. Because he's always shifty when he gives it to you and it smells strange.

I didn't think they were allowed to be mean either but someone needs to teach this one his place.

Diagon Alley. Of course! Maybe after the first of the year.

alt_susan at 2008-12-20 02:45:00
(no subject)

Ugh! That's a horrid thought! But perhaps he simply doesn't know how to make proper tea?

Can't the lady you're staying with say something to him? My family doesn't have an elf, but my Auntie Mina does and I'm sure she'd never allow Binty to be rude to a guest. Well, unless the guest was rude to Auntie Mina first. Binty is very protective.
Will you have enough Money to get your Purple jumper and save for a Kneazle too? Pets are lovely but they can't make you look Pretty, you know.

You're absolutely right. But yes, I'll have enough to buy some new clothes and to save some towards my un时尚able animal as well.

I noticed that about the spinach too! It was hard not to as he smiles so much.

I think you have to have a permit to own a kneazle. Or maybe you don't anymore? But that book of Susan's, the Kneazle's Gift, talked about kneazle permits a little bit at the end.

I've never been outside the Protectorate. Other than my home village, I've been to London, Hogwarts, the village where I went to school every day, and Coventry.

The house elf calls you a BLOOD TRAITOR to your FACE? You never see the house elves at Hogwarts unless you go looking for them, are house elves in peoples homes usually less shy? I'm sure they don't usually insult people or wizards wouldn't want to keep them!

I forgot to ask you how you liked the book! The Kathleen Stuart one you lent me was wizard!
I liked it a lot, do you have any more by that author? I think my favorite bit was when she first gets her wand and learns how to cast her first spell. Although the bit at the end where she goes back to see some of the people who were mean to her was good too, though I was a bit disappointed she didn't really turn them all into squirrels the way they were afraid she would.

Well, he mutters as he's walking past. Or if I walk by he's muttering it. Elves don't do subtle very well.

Good thought on the permit. I must investigate.

That's Kreacher. He's ancient and pretty mental.

He's mental all right. Does he mutter things to you?

Not the same things he muttered at you.
Well of course not! He knows you've never questioned our Lord's Wisdom. I have. I won't again, because Auntie is making sure I learn about all the wonderful things He's done for us.

How did the house elf even know about that? He doesn't have a diary does he? Or did he eavesdrop? That doesn't seem like good behavior for a house elf.
Coventry Estate is big. We got here from King's Cross by floo and so all I've really seen is the house but it's big and very beautiful, everything is clean and orderly like at Hogwarts.

I have my own room here. Mrs and Mr Stretton wanted to have tea with Jeremy so Mr Morrison their assistant showed me where I'd be staying. It overlooks the west garden and it shares a WC with the babies, Marcellus and Valentina. Mr Morrison told me Mrs Stretton hopes that I'll be willing to help out with the babies a bit, like a real older sister. She's run off her feet and exhausted with the two babies and all the work of running the estates, so of course I said I'd be glad to help. I had dinner down in the kitchen with Mr Morrison. The Strettons don't have elves, they have muggle and mudblood servants to do the cooking and cleaning, but the food still tasted nice.

Mr Morrison said that I didn't have to wear my school robes now we're at the house, but I didn't have anything else to wear. My trousers were short on me even before school started and I've grown some since September and now they hardly come past my knees, and my jumper isn't any better. He said 'oh' and then one of the servants came by while we were eating dinner with a tape measure to measure me, and as I was sitting down to write in my journal she knocked on the door with a box of clothes. They're all the same colour, sort of a dark grey, but everything fits, and there's everything from knickers to jumpers to pyjamas. So I changed and put away my school robes and I went to thank the Strettons, but the door of the dining room was closed and I didn't want to be a bother, so maybe I'll write a note and leave it for them instead.

I borrowed some of the mad chess sets over the holiday, Professor Slughorn gave me permission, and I gave sets to Pansy and Ron Weasley and Longbottom. We're all going to use them during the holiday to see if they get any less mad if they're getting played with each day. I set out my chess set when I packed away my robes, and listened to the pieces talk to each other for a little while but that was all. I was too tired to actually try to play a game.

Mr Morrison is a halfblood too, he said his foster family was
I miss my

I'm sure my holiday will be very nice. I'm so glad to be staying with the Strettons. They are fine, upstanding wizards and I expect I will learn a lot from them.

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alt_pansy at 2008-12-20 02:46:11
(no subject)

I miss you.

Maybe you should leave one of those wonderful folded paper things you make with the note? They're quite lovely.

alt_sally_anne at 2008-12-20 02:54:42
(no subject)

I miss you too.

I want to make origami animals as Christmas presents for them so I'm not sure I want to leave one with the note. It's not much of a present but there isn't anything else I know how to make.

alt_lavender at 2008-12-21 03:07:35
(no subject)

Dark grey isn't your best Colour I don't think, but I suppose it's better than having no new Clothes at all.

I simply can't Imagine!

alt_sally_anne at 2008-12-21 03:25:53
(no subject)

I think dark grey makes me look peaky, but it's still nice having something that fits properly.

I tried to transfigure some of the knickers to make them other colours, I thought if I could learn with the knickers I could maybe try on the jumpers next. I was trying for blue because that seemed like it ought to be easy, not too far off from grey, but it
came out yellow. I tried again and they just went back to grey. I meant to check today to see if the Stretnons have books about transfiguration in their library but I didn't have time.

What colours do you think would be nice on me?
2008-12-20 00:51:00
(no subject)

Auntie Walburga's telling me the funniest stories! About when she was young and what they did to Muggles.

alt_pansy

2008-12-21 02:03:22
(no subject)

How fun!

You're probably at Draco's parents party right now and won't see this for hours but you'll have to tell me all about it, was it wizard?

The babies are cute but they really do throw up a LOT. Also, they stayed up really late last night. Really late even for me.

alt_sally_anne

2008-12-21 20:20:10
(no subject)

what storys?

alt_millicent
Mother and Aunt Bella and Nanella want me, Harry, and Hydra out of the way while they finish getting things ready for the party tonight, so after breakfast they sent us to the conservatory to put together a giant gingerbread house! The walls are taller that I am, and sort of heavy, so we've been using *wingardium leviosa* to get them upright. I might need to find a sticking charm, though, because the icing sugar isn't really strong enough to hold everything together. It is good for sticking peppermints and sugared jellies on for decorations, though. The jellies are nearly the size of quaffles! Hey Harry, maybe we should save one and practise with it once I get my broomstick?

It's a good thing I haven't an allergy to sugar, otherwise I'd be very sick by now. Speaking of, I can breathe much better now that I'm back at the manor. Seems I was right after all and that castle air is all mouldy and bad for the lungs.
You are diabolicle.

Ill stop...

This is all the fault of Pants.

shud i call you Doodle Draco?

No.

we have a ginjerbread house too but its smaller.
You could cast an engorgement charm on it and see what happens.

But only if your parents have a camera handy so you can take a picture and the rest of us can see.

ooooooh good idea
Mum has had us cooking all day. We've got the curry on and we just finished rolling sweet dough in sesame seeds for dessert. We still have to make the naan, but the dough is rising now so I had a little time to see what everyone else is doing. Tomorrow the whole family is coming over to see me and Parvati and we're supposed to be the hostesses. It's not that I mind, but we brewed Potions just yesterday (and I KNOW I did REALLY WELL) and now it's like we're brewing all over again. I guess if I'm going to be a Potioneer I'll have to get used to it!

Sanji keeps asking when you're coming, Lavender! He doesn't understand that you've got Christmas and we don't. Everyone in his village school has been talking about presents and he wants some, so if you have extra sweets, bring them so he doesn't make a noosance of himself.

Oh! And the most important part! I think Haruman has a girlfriend! But he doesn't want Mum to know. When you come, we'll have to see if we can figure out Who She Is!

Sanji is quite Sweet for a little boy! Tell him I say hello.

Yes, we should most Definitely try to solve the mystery of Haruman's Girlfriend!

Tibs hasn't got any girlfriends because he's much too serious. Dio's had Tonnes but he never brings them Home. It vexes Mummy no end.
I never wrote in here last term but Mr Rosier thinks I should write a little so I will. He says its alright if I say I miss my mum, because she's a good, loyal subject. Only Ireland isn't safe right now. And that's why the Ministry says I need a foster home while I'm at Hogwarts.

I didn't know what to expect when I got off the train at King's Cross. I knew Mr Rosier is very important and he's Malfoy's Draco's great-uncle but that's all I knew about him. I didn't know how I'd recognise him. But it was okay, he knew what I looked like and found me on the platform.

He's old and he lives alone. Except for the house-elves. His wife died years ago and his son was killed by enemies of the Lord Protector.

He said he's wanted to have a son again for a long time, only he's been waiting for the right boy. He showed me my room. Its not his real sons old room because that's kept the way he left it. This room is big and overlooks the garden and he had the elves decorate it all in Gryffindor colours and put up pictures of Ireland to make me feel at home. We were hardly there an hour before we had to get ready for the party at Malfoy's Draco's Mr and Mrs Malfoy's house.

There were other Hogwarts students at the party. But I felt like I should stay with Mr Rosier. So mostly that's what I did. The decorations were wizard. There were fairy lights and a big gingerbread house and all the food was nice except the caviar. I didn't much like the caviar. Mr Rosier said its an aquired taste.

After dinner Mr Rosier went to the library where all the grownup men were. Mr Rosier chose a book for me to read. I was afraid it would be deadly dull but it was a book about Quidditch. So that wasn't so bad.

We're home now and Mr Rosier said I should write in my diary a little and then go to bed. So now that I've written a little I'm going to bed.

It's very quiet in here. No Ron snoring.
Seamus, I'm so awful sorry that you weren't allowed to come home with me for the hols like we'd planned. It was rotten that they told you at the last minute that you couldn't go. Evelyn and Gran were real disappointed, too, but they said that they hope you have a good time with Mr. Rosier, even if you can't spend it with us. Well, Gran said

Wow, so you were there at Malfoy's house? I expect it was pretty amazing (well, except for the caviar), from what Gran said (not that she's ever been there, but she knows some about the Malfoys).

Wait, I thought you told me that I was the one that snored.

And I'm sorry that you miss your mum. At least

Its not so bad here with Mr Rosier. You have Evelyn and your Gran and Mr Rosier didnt have anyone at all.

He's taking me to Diagon Alley today so I can buy presents for my friends.

You both snore. You snore louder but not all the time. Ron snores every night.

You'll be getting an owl from me with presents, too! We went to Diagon Alley yesterday; I'm sorry now, because I might have run into you there if we'd gone today.
Oh. So that's why you didn't talk to any of us all night.

I was wondering.

I thought Gryffindors were supposed to be brave.

Well there were a lot of people, I think I'd have been scared if I didn't know anybody. And Finnegan doesn't. But he ought to be a Gryffindor, yeah.

There are different ways of being brave, and Seamus is! Some just aren't real obvious. I know he really wanted to come home with me, but he didn't complain a bit when he was told he had to go spend the hols with someone he'd never even met.
I wasn't scared. My foster father said he wanted me to stay by him so I did.

Its not as if you talked to me either Malfoy Draco.

Why was Pansy calling you Doodle all night? Is that your new nickname?

So your new nickname is Pants, then?

If I tell people to not call me doodle they'll obviously just do it more.
You were around all of the adults. Who wants to talk to them when they're all together like that?

**alt_padma** at 2008-12-22 04:15:36  
(no subject)

You could say it's to do with your drawing. That at least makes it sound a little better.

I asked my aunts today at our party about nicknames. Aunt Miki said Uncle Revik's nickname at school was 'Bats' but that's because he was a Beater.

**alt_draco** at 2008-12-22 05:40:12  
(no subject)

I don't plan to say its got anything to do with anything.

I was going to suggest "Loz" for Lavvyloo, before Pants butted in.

**alt_padma** at 2008-12-22 04:16:20  
(no subject)

Did the grown-ups talk about anything interesting? Sometimes when they forget there are kids around they talk different.

**alt_seamus** at 2008-12-22 04:39:05  
(no subject)

Nothing all that interesting. They're worried about how alot of the older pureblood families won't hire mudbloods. So they talked about ways to get people to try having them as house servants. And then they slagged on this one clerk at the ministry. I think he's the son of someone important so they couldnt just sack him. But he loses files and sends people to meetings in the wrong place.

And then they switched to complaining about the cost of lemons.
2008-12-21 12:59:00
Christmas partygoing

I am quite ill today.

The Malfoys' party was lovely, however. Lucius was kind enough to put me up for the night.

I cannot remember the last time I had eggnog with real nutmeg; and in the morning the elves did miraculous things with omelets, or so I am told; I was not in a state to enjoy it, being, as I have said, ill.

alt_harry at 2008-12-21 18:13:43
(no subject)

I always like the omelets at Malfoy Manor.

It was nice to see you Headmistress.

alt_lucius at 2008-12-21 18:40:16
(no subject)

I'm sorry to hear the, er, restorative I had the elves send up didn't do more to ease your discomfort, Minerva.

It was lovely to see you outside of working conditions, however.

alt_mcgonagall at 2008-12-21 20:08:56
(no subject)

Lovely to see you as well, Lucius. We shall have to do it again sometime - at Hogwarts, perhaps?

I have often noted that such restoratives do not work particularly well for me. I imagine that would be some higher power's way of telling me not to overindulge; of course, I am quite stubborn enough to ignore it!
Well, the holidays are made for excess. Fear not - you were far from the only one to overdo it. We found Draco and Hydra both asleep on the landing hours after they should have gone to bed!

At least no one was ill during the party this year.

Oh, dear. Too much, er, eggnog, I take it?

Well, at least you will be well-taken care of at the Malfoys, if not exactly comfortable with the company. Hope you're on your feet quickly again, Minerva.

Fortunately it seems to have passed off a bit - but yes, Molly, you know me too well.

The Malfoys' party is the least of my troubles; once the Lord Protector had gone the atmosphere was almost cheery; it's not all Death Eaters, you know, and even Death Eaters can be pleasant among themselves. Although I did need a nip, or two, or three to fortify me both before and after the Lord Protector's visit.

I will never, never, never get used to that feeling that I am being probed and questioned and poked at, and to knowing that it's sheerest animal instinct that makes him unable to break through.

Talking of that ... d'you suppose that's a natural effect of the Animagus transformation, or something altogether separate?

Might be useful, if it's innate to the mind of an Animagus.
Pleasant Death Eater seems like a contradiction in terms, but I wish I could say I didn't know what you mean.
Alone at Last

All the guests have gone; Young Marvolo left with Our Lord last evening; even the Lestranges and Druella have departed. It seems as if we are only beginning the holidays now.

We shall have to make the most of the quiet these next few days before Draco goes to Buckingham on Wednesday. Narcissa and I are quite looking forward to Christmas Day with the Lord Protector and his closest associates, although it would have been equally pleasant to keep Draco with us throughout the holiday. It is only natural that the boys should wish to spend Christmas Eve together.

The demands of the party grow greater every year - this year, there seemed to be more guests than ever. It was especially good to see Narcissa's uncle looking so well. I believe he is looking forward to his role as a foster-father. After what happened to Evan, he deserves some happiness.

Though this has been an exhausting two weeks, it is always worth the trouble to see so many of our true subjects enjoying each other's company and prosperity.

It was a wizard party, Lucius! The Manor looked ever so beautiful and Our Lord Himself wished me a Happy Christmas! I couldn't believe it. I was very honoured.

You should be, Little Bit. I am glad you had a good time.

Walburga says you have been behaving yourself. I trust it's not as horrid as you feared?
I was talking to her last night about coming for tea, perhaps Tuesday, to see how you continue to get on.

Walburga has the most interesting stories! I've learned all about her ancestors and we stayed up late last night as she told me about when she was in school. I had a sip of her gillywater, but I don't like it much. I like port (as you know).

Tea would be lovely. Kreacher's quite mental, but he lays a very nice cream tea.

Mrs Black, or Aunt Walburga, Pansy. (And you are much too young for more than a sip of wine.)

I call her Auntie Walburga. We talked about what I should call her.

(and all I had was a sip)
We're back in the house for a few hours and Mr Morrison said I should go have a lie-down if I wanted one, and I'm very tired but naps are for babies and sick people. I decided to just come up to my room and shut both the door to the corridor and the door to the babies room.

They never sleep, they NEVER sleep, and even when they sleep for a few hours I keep lying awake thinking they'll be awake again as soon as I go to sleep and so I can't sleep then.

Today Mrs Stretton needed to go to the farm where they grow barley. She had some things to do in the distillery and she needed me to hold the babies while she worked. Valentina was being good today but Marcellus was only happy if he was being walked. So I took him for a long walk and that was rather nice, I could see all the fields with the barley cut down and harvested. There were just a few muggles out and they were all working hard except for one that looked up and stared at me. It made me nervous even though I have magic. I've never seen so many muggles before, there are thousands here working on the estate.

There is a big fence at the edge of the barley field, I walked far enough I could see it.

And then I walked back and Mrs Stretton was cross because Valentina had woken up while I was gone and been difficult. But Marcellus had gone to sleep. Mrs Stretton has travel cots that are charmed to float along after her so I put Marcellus down and after we arrived at the next farm I took Valentina for a walk. This one has a cloth mill instead of a distillery where they take the flax and hemp and make thread. This time I took Valentina for a walk but I tried not to go as far and I kept coming back to check on Marcellus because I didn't want Mrs Stretton to be cross again.

The muggles here all dress alike. They all wear yellow, Mr Morrison says it's to make them easy to see if they're somewhere they shouldn't be. The last factory we went they were sewing yellow clothes, Mrs Stretton checked the inventory and said they could start packing the boxes when they'd finished.
My feet hurt and my legs are tired. I'm not used to long walks anymore, I don't get to walk as much at Hogwarts as I did before I came.

Oh bother I hear crying

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**alt_draco** at 2008-12-21 20:45:51
(no subject)

So they dress muggles like hufflepuffs?

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**alt_millicent** at 2008-12-21 20:49:10
(no subject)

good one draco

---

**alt_sally_anne** at 2008-12-21 20:52:20
(no subject)

It's more an orange sort of yellow so it's not exactly the Hufflepuff colour, but yeah, pretty much.

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**alt_millicent** at 2008-12-21 20:48:56
(no subject)

too bad perks.

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**alt_pansy** at 2008-12-21 22:57:38
(no subject)

I hope you start getting some sleep! I can't imagine having to deal with two babies and nappies and all that.

I hope this holiday goes by very quickly.
alt_susan at 2008-12-22 02:07:40
(no subject)

That sounds tiring. I was five when Peter was born and I can remember trying to keep Eddie and Carrie amused so Mum could tend to him when he fussed.

I don't remember what she did to make him stop fussing, but I can ask.
2008-12-21 15:24:00
(no subject)

Im at home now and london is all slushie. I got in it up to my ancles. then there was slush in my shoes.

dad and mum put up ornaments and they are nice.

Dad said that hed get me a new eegal fether quill since i lost mine, but i have to wait til christmas

alt_pansy at 2008-12-21 23:16:36
(no subject)

I hope you have a very happy Christmas. What does Fergus think about the snow?

alt_millicent at 2008-12-26 19:16:30
(no subject)

he dosnt like it he looks outside and runs back in
Yesterday Mr Rosier took me to Diagon Alley. He said I should buy presents for Draco, Pansy, and Hydra. I'll see them at the party at Mrs Black's house. Not the Mrs Black that Pansy's staying with. Draco's grandmother. That's on Boxing Day so I won't send those gifts by owl. I bought presents for my mates from school as well. Those I can send by owl.

Today we didn't have anywhere to go so he let me explore his house. My families main house is big, but it has people everywhere. This house is big and very quiet. There are house-elves, but you don't see them unless you want to. There's a long hallway with pictures of all the Rosiers. It goes back for centuries. Some of the pictures talk but not all. There's one of a woman who married a muggle, and her portrait is still there but they hexed it to get rid of her mouth so she can't say anything. She still looks at you, though.

There's a room with tables and chairs and games to play. The weather today was too nasty to go out flying, but there's a room on the side of the house with a door that opens to the outside. And it has brooms. Including some really wizard ones. Also practice quaffles and bludgers and snitches. Mr Rosier says when the weather improves I can borrow any broom I like to go flying.

Mr Rosier was happiest about showing me the library. He had the house-elves move all the books he thought a boy might find interesting to one book-case, and there's a complete set of the Young Merlin adventures, with at least ten I'd never even seen before. And I'm a little old now for the Murgatroyd Mysteries but there were a bunch I'd never seen before of those too. He also pointed out where he keeps the books on spells. He has a bunch on the Dark Arts. He took one down and added it to the shelf of my the books that were set aside because I might be interested. He said it was a good introductery text for a curious young person. Not that I should be learning Dark Arts. But if I wanted to know a little about them he said knowlege is never a bad thing.

I don't think he thinks much of Professor Lockhart.

Anyway, he said I could read any book in the library that looked interesting. Not just the ones on my shelf. But if I take down one of
the other books he said I should tell him what I'm reading. He said that some books leave out important things. Like for instance he told me a story about a student wizard who learned a spell to transfigure brooms (ordinary sweeping brooms, not the kind that normally fly) to carry water but didn't know how to make them stop.

I promised I wouldn't do anything mad like that. Mr Rosier said I shouldn't be afraid to make mistakes. If you never make a mistake you're not really testing yourself. He said that since I'm a Gryffindor, if I make a mistake it should be a really glorious mistake.

I asked him if he'd heard about Nott melting Smiths cauldron. He said that was exactly the sort of thing he was talking about.

To read in my room tonight I took up one of the Young Merlin books and also the book on Dark Arts. Its called 'Spells of Power: an introduction.' I read the first bit. The wizard who wrote it was in Gryffindor when he was at Hogwarts.

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@alt_harry at 2008-12-23 22:55:06
(no subject)

I like Mr Rosier, he's always awfully nice. I read Spells of Power a little bit but I think I was too young. Maybe I ought to read it.

If your going to be coming to parties with the Malfoys from now on then maybe we ought to be chums more.

---

@alt_seamus at 2008-12-24 03:17:28
(no subject)

Spells of Power gets more interesting after the first chapter. He starts talking more about the actual spells. Instead of just giving reasons why a wizard might need that sort of magic.

Mr Rosier says I'm to be his son and he's going to take me anywhere he'd take a son. And then he laughed and said there are places he wouldn't take a boy my age but perhaps when I'm older. But definitely parties. I'm glad there will be other boys there, you and Draco I mean.
Looking forward to it then

I didn't get to talk to you at Lucius' party. Happy Christmas!

Happy Christmas, Pansy.

Glad its working out so well with your foster father, and that your having a good holiday.

That's really wizard about being able to read all the Young Merlins. I read all the ones I could find, which weren't very many (the bookshop near my home wasn't particularly good about carrying boys books). I really liked that series. Somehow I never got around to reading the Murgatroyd Mysteries, though.

Right now I'm reading Young Merlin at Stonehenge. I'd heard of this one but I'd never got to read it. Next I'm going to read Young Merlin and the Crisis in Brittany. I'd never even heard of that one.
The Stornoway Dragon Reserve

Well, we are finally here at Stornoway, on the Isle of Lewis (or Leòdhais, as the locals called it--if there were any locals left). We originally thought we would be arriving on the 20th, but at the last minute Charlie sent us a Floo call asking us to put off our arrival until today--I think they were worried about putting some finishing touches on the construction of the new guest quarters. Well, whatever the problem might have been, I can see no sign of anything not being in a perfect state of readiness. Because the construction has just been completed (everything smells of new paint and sawdust, under the smells of the holiday greens), the dragon handlers are able to invite guests for the first time, and, like Charlie, they are all obviously bursting with pride to show off the Reserve.

We had hoped to spend the day seeing the dragons and then doing some sight seeing on the island, but we had a bit of a bobble with our plans. We had arrived by Floo rather than trying to bring Ginny by side along apparition. Well, all the fires here at the Reserve are fueled by peat, and the combination of Floo powder with a peat fire can cause unpleasant effects for some people. Poor Ginny was one of the unlucky ones, and no sooner had we arrived than she was quite overwhelmingly sick to her stomach, and continued queasy for several hours afterwards. Charlie felt dreadfully about it, but there's no way of predicting in advance which people react badly.

I was surprised by how few people there are here. There are other handlers, of course, about five to each dragon, so that's about sixty. There will be more handlers arriving next April, Charlie says, when a new clutch of eggs is expected to hatch. The staff to look after the Reserve, other than handlers (administration, etc.), is quite a skeleton crew, although Charlie says they do also see periodic visitors from the Ministry. I wondered whether they would use Muggles for food service and janitorial staff, but the dragons don't like them, and very few survived anyway so most of that work is done by house elves.

Assuming Ginny is feeling better tomorrow, we will probably spend the morning at the dragon compound, and then we'll visit the Callanish Stones in the afternoon. It seems quite peculiar to not be preoccupied with preparations to serve Christmas dinner at the Burrow. What a novelty to have someone else serving the meals!
2008-12-23 17:55:00

wizard!

Draco I have the most wizardest thing to show you ever, when you get here!!

alt_harry

alt_pansy at 2008-12-24 03:38:55
(no subject)

Can you tell me?

alt_harry at 2008-12-24 13:52:27
(no subject)

No, of course not!

alt_lucius at 2008-12-24 20:10:30
(no subject)

No peeking at your presents before Christmas, Harry! Surely you can wait another few hours ....

alt_harry at 2008-12-24 20:47:20
(no subject)

It isn't a Christmas present - but I'll wait, Mr Malfoy.
**2008-12-23 21:39:00**

(no subject)

Well, Auntie and I had tea with Lucius today and it was very nice. Kreacher may be mental but he knows his cream cakes.

I hope that next year mum will want to be with me for Christmas, however, although I keep hoping that every year.

And I was laying listening to Nine Inch Wands last night. I had tucked one of the pawns from my chess set under my pillow because it helps them not be afraid (the other pieces gang up on them and tell them how useless they are and not to eat paint chips anymore) and thought of a good name for a punk band.

Dueling Hermafroditites.

Although I had probably better be quite sure what a hermafodrite is. It sounds like a snail. (I asked Auntie what it was and she threw her shoe at me and said I was an inpertinent girl)

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@alt_sally_anne at **2008-12-24 05:51:09**

(no subject)

Is it a hermafrodite or hermafodrite? A hermit is someone who lives alone, so maybe that's what the 'herm' part means, and 'ite' sometimes means a kind of rock, like malacite or stalactite. And a 'ford' is a place you wade across a river. I don't know how you'd put those words together so they made any sort of sense though.

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@alt_sally_anne at **2008-12-26 05:17:12**

(no subject)

Pansy thank you for the jumper! It's beautiful and I love it.
I'm glad you like it! I thought that light green would look really pretty on you, and I have that cute striped skirt that would work with it (the one you like to borrow).
Snow

It snowed this morning in London. Looking at the street it struck me, as it always does this time of year, that without all the Muggle traffic, the streets remain clean for much longer. There is the passage of an occasional Ministry car or private vehicle, for those who do not Apparate, but by and large it looks much as it must have done in my grandfather's day.

Ari has taken the family to Cardiff for the holiday, so we were not on for tea to-day. Instead, I am free to pay a visit to Walburga to see how she is getting on with Pansy. The Minister was kind enough to send a basket of fruit - real, of course - that ought to be perfect for sharing.

Crispin printed up notes of thanks for all the others who have sent presents, here or to the Manor. More arrived this year than we can possibly use ourselves, I am afraid, particularly as so many of the boxes contain chocolates or other sweets. Gave Crispin his pick of the parcels for his nephews, in fact. (I wonder that Dolores' basket did not contain chocolate packets and biscuits - usually it does. Somehow I detect Miss Robins' hand in that.)

Packages from Amanda and Mother arrived through the Ministry channels to-day, as well. Their gifts went out ages ago, but Amanda only wrote last week to say they had received them.

Only one meeting to-morrow, thank Merlin, and then Narcissa and I shall take Draco to Buckingham. Afterward, we intend to make the most of a Christmas Eve with no one else in the house!
I borrowed one of the mad chess sets to try to play with it over the holiday, I meant to play a game with myself every day but it hasn't always worked out. I've played part of a game at least, or something.

Today I had a few hours to myself in the evening and I started working through a chess puzzle. And all the black pieces started fighting with each other. It started with the queen complaining that the queen's side knight wasn't doing a proper job of it. I think he'd taken an opposing piece but she thought he hadn't brandished his sword as much as he should. He called her an interfering old noserag, which is a pretty disrespectful way for a knight to talk to the queen, and the king must have agreed because he started shouting at the knight and that whole side of the board blew up, all the pieces shouting at each other. Meanwhile the white pieces just sat there and stared, they didn't know what to think. There was a white pawn that was right where the queen could get it and the black queen was so angry at the knight she didn't even notice. I think the pawn was relieved anyway.

It's why I took them on holiday, I guess, to try to get them to behave properly. Maybe now they've had a big row it'll be out of their system and they'll be less cross with each other? We'll see.

I miss Hogwarts.

Mrs Stretton has been so terribly busy partly because of all the orders coming in for Christmas parcels. Mr Stretton is pleased at how well the orange marmalade is selling, I guess I wasn't the only one who thought it was nice. This afternoon I minded Gemma as well as the babies. She's funny. Mrs Stretton was working downstairs so I just had to keep them all out of the way, which was good as it was raining outside again and would have been nasty weather for a walk. I wish we'd get some snow like everyone else seems to be getting. Anyway I read Gemma stories from their library and then we went to a big room where she played on a toy broom. I hadn't had dinner with the Strettons before, I've been eating my meals down in the kitchen or in my bedroom, but Gemma insisted I come tonight so they had the servants set a place for me and we all sat down together. It didn't last long though, Mrs Stretton is so busy, and she had me put Gemma and Philip to bed.
Mr Stretton says it's alright with them if I use my wand to perform charms, which is good, I'm supposed to have their permission to do magic outside of school. In the library today I looked up some charms that might come in useful.

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**alt_harry** at 2008-12-24 20:57:40  
(no subject)

If you get real good at sticking charms maybe you could help me with something?

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**alt_harry** at 2008-12-24 20:58:15  
(no subject)

I mean I don't even know what kind of charms your doing, but you could be doing sticking charms, and if you were, maybe you could help me.

Because I'm not so good at sticking charms.

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**alt_sally_anne** at 2008-12-25 02:58:42  
(no subject)

I wasn't doing sticking charms but I can do them, at least the simple sort. The permanent ones are harder. Why, what are you trying to stick?
2008-12-24 02:22:00
(no subject)

Muggles. Mudbloods.
I am the devil, come to do the devil's work.
Happy Christmas, all.

alt_amycus

alt_arthur at 2008-12-24 15:27:35
Order Only
And isn't THAT a lovely Christmas greeting for us all.

alt_hermione at 2008-12-24 20:56:28
Re: Order Only
He's terrible, Mr Weasley.
Bill, there's something I'd like you to follow up on, and Minerva, this may be of interest to you, too.

Molly passed along the official explanation of why we were asked to delay our coming to the Reserve by a couple of days: because the guest quarters weren't yet completed. Charlie tells us, though, that this excuse is rubbish. The quarters were more or less ready a week ago. Charlie wonders whether somebody in the Ministry didn't want any outsiders here at the Reserve around during the Solstice. When I asked him why on earth that would matter, he told us about a visit by three rather mysterious chaps from the Ministry who arrived the afternoon of the 20th and then spent the entire night out at the Callanish Stones. Didn't even ask to see any of the dragons, which seemed quite odd, Charlie thought. Almost dodgy.

Charlie also mentioned that all of the dragons have been becoming increasingly surly for the past week, but it really peaked during the Solstice (you'd think that dragons are buggers all of the time, but I guess a dragonman can tell; Charlie said it was definitely was more than usual). He also said that the dragons have been attracted to the Stones in the past week, frequently flying over them when let out of their cove in the mornings and roaring a lot.

Well, when I asked Charlie what he made of all this, he became quiet for a moment, and then said that we might think he's mad, but he believes that the dragons can sense ley lines. And he had one other interesting tidbit to report: he overheard a snatch of something one of the three visitors said to the Reserve's head administrator when they left, something about, 'we'll report that the wards are secure again for now. See you again at Litha' (Litha, of course, being an old word for the summer Solstice).

The three mysterious visitors gave their names as William Green, Mark Foster and George Fitzgerald. Now I'm wondering whether they might have been false names. Green's the tallest of the three, with deep-set eyes, drooping shoulders and a black hair and mustache, about forty or so. Fitzgerald is younger, perhaps thirty, but seemed to be the spokesman. Walks quickly. Hair blonde, with very light blue eyes. Foster had red hair--about the colour of Ron's, Charlie said--but
not very many freckles. A mole over the left corner of his mouth. Bill, do you recognise the descriptions? See if you can find out anything about who the blighters might have been and what their business here was--but carefully, without drawing attention to yourself, if you please. Don't take any risks. Now I'm wondering whether they might have been Unspeakables (in which case, of course, you'll probably come up with scratch, I'm afraid).

The wards . . . could they have meant THE wards? The bloody wall that's keeping us all prisoners here? If so, it's the very first hint we've ever had of how they're being maintained.

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@alt_mcgonagall at 2008-12-24 21:05:51
(no subject)

I'll have a think about it, Arthur - surely I've seen them if those are false names; I can't imagine that there are so very many loyalists that would be placed highly enough to know those details. It would be terribly suspicious for me to pry, however.
the castle is so different with most of the students gone. boot gets to sleep as late as he likes instead of getting up early to put the props out for class. boot can walk down the center of the corridors without worrying about being in anyone's way, instead of sidling along the walls or waiting for the time when students in class. there are a few students staying, like always. Some of the older ones are spending a lot of time in the library, studying for NEWTs or OWLs, maybe. but not all of them. so quiet, but thats nice. And the castle is so beautiful, with holly and pine cones and juniper and pine branches up everywhere for the holiday.

Yesterday Mr Fred and George Weasley convinced some of the house elves into letting them borrow some of the big trays from the kitchen. (boot is sure the Messrs Weasley could talk anyone into anything.) They were using them to slide down the hill behind the Owlry! They even talked boot into going down the hill with them a time or two. it was so much fun! Surprised at how fast the trays got going. ended up in a snowdrift, laughing hard. And then there was a snowball fight afterwards. boot hasn't laughed that hard for a long time. When they said it was time to go back in for hot chocolate, boot thought they'd leave him alone, but they made boot come back with them to have hot chocolate with them, too. boot has spent a lot of time with Hermione, although she's still working on that copying project. thats all right because we just sit together while she works. havent seen much of master. heard he's going with his sister to London directly after the Christmas feast, so he wont be here for Boxing Day. he wont be taking boot with him.

There are feasts both tonight and tomorrow for Christmas. Even mudbloods will be allowed to be in the Great Hall. boot remembers the crackers at the Christmas feast last year. he'd never even seen a cracker before coming to Hogwarts, and remembers how the 'bang' when one is pulled apart made him jump.

boot is glad to be at Hogwarts for Christmas.

I'm sorry I haven't been with you as much as I ought, Terry! I know I've been distracted. It's just so lovely to really get down to business without students being loud and distracting all the time!
Are you excited for the feast tonight? I can barely wait!

-alt_terry at 2008-12-24 21:51:39
(no subject)

yes, boot can hardly wait. Not just oranges but candied oranges. And roast goose and mince pies. Wait till you see! It'll be grand.
A candle in the window

My Gran has been reading bits aloud each night from *A Christmas Carol* to Evelyn and me. That's something she started a few years back. The first year I remember I was bored with the story at first, but I got really interested in it toward the end. Now I look forward to hearing the story each year.

Last night, she was reading the bit near the end of the Spirit of Christmas Present's visit, when Mr Scrooge sees the two ugly children under the Spirit's robe. I nicked the book off the shelf to copy down that part:

They were a boy and a girl. Yellow, meagre, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in their humility. Where graceful youth should have filled their features out, and touched them with its freshest tints, a stale and shrivelled hand, like that of age, had pinched, and twisted them, and pulled them into shreds. Where angels might have sat enthroned, devils lurked, and glared out menacing. No change, no degradation, no perversion of humanity, in any grade, through all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so horrible and dread.

Scrooge started back, appalled. Having them shown to him in this way, he tried to say they were fine children, but the words choked themselves, rather than be parties to a lie of such enormous magnitude.

'Spirit. are they yours.' Scrooge could say no more.

'They are Man's,' said the Spirit, looking down upon them. 'And they cling to me, appealing from their fathers. This boy is Ignorance. This girl is Want. Beware them both, and all of their degree, but most of all beware this boy, for on his brow I see that written which is Doom, unless the writing be erased.

When I heard her read that part, I was just thinking, *I've seen children like that*, remembering some of the kids I've seen in the street, when suddenly Gran put the book down. Evelyn and me looked each other and then looked at her, surprised that she'd stopped, and I suddenly realised she had tears in her eyes. We didn't know what to
think. I mean, Gran never cries, not ever! She looked at Evelyn and me, and said, real fierce-like, 'Now you listen to this part. Listen, and don't you forget it.' So we promised that we would, and she finished the chapter, up to the point that the last Spirit comes. That part always gives Evelyn the shivers. Gran'll read the rest of it tonight, after we come home from services and put the lit candle in the window, where it burns all night long. Gran always insists on doing that every year on Christmas Eve. When I asked her why, she said it's for those travelling on the road, who need the candle to guide them home. It wasn't until this year that I realised who she meant.

Happy Christmas everyone.

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alt_sally_anne at 2008-12-26 04:51:05  
(no subject)

My mum read me that once

Thanks for the Chocolate Frogs, Neville. Since you'd enchanted them to run different speeds I set them running races across my desk and ate the loser each time. The fastest ones get melty the longer you let them run and that slows them down, so the final winner (which I haven't eaten yet) was in the middle of the pack when I started them racing. Some of them left little chocolate footprints on my desk.

alt_neville at 2008-12-26 17:03:22  
(no subject)

Well, I wanted to give you something to show I'd at least learned something in Transfiguration.

Thanks for the origami dragon. That's really clever, the charm you put on it to make it move like that. I wish you could have seen Fitzwilliam's (my sister's cat) reaction, we laughed ever so hard. Jumped right up in the air and bounced backwards with the hair up on his back, hissing, when the dragon arched its neck. So you see you did a really good job with that charm that even Fitzwilliam thought that a paper dragon was a threat!
Alright now I think I definitely have to make one of those for Milli, or at least Fergus, it would be a wizard cat toy. Just so long as I don't use fancy paper, I don't have much of that and Fergus would shred it once he'd got over being startled, I think.

Happy Christmas Mr Longbottom.

Happy Christmas to you, too, Hermione. I'm glad to see you had a nice one.

Tell Terry hello from me.

You're a softie Longbottom.

Yeah, and happy Christmas to you, too, Bulstrode.
alt_susan at 2008-12-27 02:35:01
(no subject)

I love that story too! I'm always so glad when Tiny Tim doesn't die. But that part that your Gran read is kind of scary.

We always light candles in the windows but I never heard the thing about them being for travelers. I always thought they were meant to make the houses look happy when people walk down the street.

alt_seamus at 2008-12-28 03:38:29
(no subject)

Happy Christmas Neville.

I actually had a really nice time with Mr Rosier. I'm glad your having a nice holiday with your Gran.
Happy Christmas everyone!!

I got to the platform on Friday and Laurie and Pip were there with mum and Laurie kicked me right in the knee and ran away. It's like I never left! Hogwarts is great and all that, but home is best!

Dad's got to do a round at St Mungos, and then he's going to pick up granddad, but mum's been up for ages cooking the dinner and Laurie's been up for HOURS, running around and trying to get into the presents! Mum says we can't have them until dad comes home with granddad, but Laurie's never been very good at waiting for stuff!

Better go - he's trying to climb up the Christmas tree now!!

---

How old is Laurie? He sounds like my brother Eddie only a bit younger maybe. I'm glad to be at home with my brothers and sister too. Sometimes it really is like I never left but other times its, well, different.

He's six. He's a bit wild, but sometimes he's really funny too.

Are you having a good holiday?

My brother Peter is six too! He's more of a quiet sort though. Eddie is the wild one--I can't believe he's going to be at Hogwarts next year because he is still much too silly if you ask me. But he's good fun!
Yes, it's been a wizard holiday. I've been so busy doing things with the family that I've hardly had time to look at the journals. I forgot how crowded it is here though.
Greetings, British Wizarding World, and Happy Christmas!

Forgive me, I can’t suppress an ironic smile over that phrase: Happy Christmas. Perhaps many of you are so occupied slicing into your puddings and opening packages that you have not spared a thought for how singularly unhappy Christmas is for the vast majority of souls living in Britain. If you have, thank you, and I hope you continue to let the thought propel you through the year to come.

But tonight I don’t wish to upset your celebrations with dire pronouncements of poverty, disease, abuse and the loss of vast amounts of knowledge that accompany the oppression of Muggles and Muggle-born citizens. Instead, I’m simply going to tell you a Christmas story.

Once upon a time, there was a very old, very proper family of purebloods. For generations they had protected their reputation and made sure that their sons and daughters married only other witches and wizards as pure as their own family - even when that meant that occasionally, cousin married cousin. Now and again one member of the family would rebel, but any such action would more likely than not result in the family turning its back on the lone dissenter.

Into this family were born two brothers. One was the darling of his parents' eye, but the other seemed out of step with his relatives. It wasn't all too obvious at first. As youngsters, both boys played together, fought occasionally and neither of them thought much about how different they were.

Then the older boy went to Hogwarts. And when he was Sorted, although nearly his whole family expected him to join their ancestral House, he was placed elsewhere. It was a great shock to everyone, first and foremost himself. But it was no particular tragedy, since his new roommates quickly became his best mates.

The younger brother followed him to Hogwarts where he was Sorted 'correctly,' living up to his parents’ expectations. They held him up to his sibling as an example of what a wizard should be. This was none too satisfactory, for either of them, putting a strain where none should
As time passed, the elder brother grew closer to his new friends, and more and more estranged from his family. His beliefs grew more and more to resemble his friends’ and he began to see that his family had been wrong about many things they had always taught him: wrong about the intrinsic value of blood, wrong about the importance of class, wrong about the direct proportion of happiness to solvency and wrong about the things that make life worth the living.

It was Christmas during his fifth year, and both brothers were home for the holiday. The family had just enjoyed their traditional holiday feast, including a fine goose that the house elf had roasted to perfection, and were sitting down to the pudding. The youth’s father even offered him a glass of sherry as a sign of his impending majority. But either the spirits loosened his tongue, or the spirit of the season filled him with too much sympathy for those less well off, for when the topic turned to the question of blood, he could remain silent no longer. He said something, perhaps impolitic, but no less true, and before he knew it, his parents had ejected him from their home and hearth with no more than the robes on his back and the wand in his hand. On Christmas Day.

Standing in the square, he tried to think of what to do. He was too young to Apparate, and he could hardly arrive unannounced at the homes of any of his friends, no matter how close he considered them to be. Before he could even stick out his wand-hand for the Knight Bus, the door of his house opened and a figure came out into the snow. It was his uncle, a man who rarely spoke, but always listened. 'That was a brave thing, my boy,' he said proudly. He pressed a few Galleons into the lad’s hand. 'Here. This ought to get you through the holiday, at least, and then when you are back at Hogwarts, we can determine the best plan for you for the summer holidays. This time next year, you'll be of age and can do what you wish.'

'Uncle, I don't need—'

'This is not charity,' his uncle assured him, 'but a reward for speaking the truth. Especially around those we love, and at times when we are pressured to get on together, it is difficult to choose what is right. Your mother was wrong, and you said so. You may find that being your own man is worth the occasional price.'

'The price of being homeless on Christmas?' the youth asked bitterly.
His uncle smiled. 'I think if your friends are any friends at all, they will understand the circumstances.'

Leaving him thus surprised to find that not everyone in his family disagreed with him, his uncle winked and went back inside. As he watched his uncle go, he caught a glimpse of a face looking out at him from the window. His brother was watching. The young man could not decide whether his brother looked upon him with contempt ... or envy. They watched each other for a few minutes, but neither moved toward the other. At long last, his brother withdrew from the window, but did not emerge through the door to say goodbye.

Shivering with the cold, the youth took his uncle's advice and summoned the Knight Bus. When he arrived at his best mate's home, apologetic and a bit bedraggled, they assured him that they didn't mind in the least. They made a place at the table and continued to do so for countless Sundays and holidays to come. In time, he came to think of them almost as his own parents to replace the ones he lost on that Christmas night.

And although it pained him to turn his back on his blood, he realised the Grim Truth: That to do otherwise – to betray his true friends for the sake of his lineage – would consign him to a far worse fate than disownment. He would be turning his back on his own heart. He also realised another truth: That a family that expects its members to follow blindly in the steps of oppression and to ignore one's innermost convictions, is really no family at all, but a prison of its own kind. For all the world, he would not have traded places with the brother he left behind. In many ways, his uncle had been right, and breaking free was perhaps one of the best things he ever could have done.

This Christmas, remember that family comes from two places. And blood relation may not be the most important, or even the dearest, factor in choosing where and how you keep the holiday.

But whichever way you keep the season, remember too that this Yule, this closing of the year, celebrates that even in darkness, we can be in light. That even in the coldest time, we can find warmth – the warmth of kindness and generosity and love.

Happy Christmas.
I hope you had a happy Christmas this year!

And I'm glad your story wasn't all sad. There are a lot of sad stories and this year I am only thinking about the good ones.

No, not all sad. But without sadness, we wouldn't recognise the good times as easily, either.

I'm glad you had such a 'cracking' time at your little celebration with Lupin - please don't feel guilty about that! He always had a good sense of how to cheer others up. As I said, I do believe he's trying, in his way, to make things more palatable, it's just.... Well, he seems not to be on anyone's side, if you understand me. And that in itself is a very unsettling thing.

Right. Definitely too much rum in the eggnog.

Hello, dangerous criminal.

You're the older brother in the story, aren't you? I'm sorry that happened to you. If I could run away from this place, I would, but, like you, I've nowhere to go.

I figured out the answer to a question I asked you once.

Hullo, rabble-rouser.

So you think you've figured things out? Clever girl. But best you keep your head down. Wouldn't want
Mr Malfoy to devise an even worse fate when as it is, you can be out of it soon enough. If that's what you want, that is.

Unlike certain miscreants, Miss Parkinson shall learn the lesson you obstinately ignored.

Blow your wind all you like, Black. Soon or late, we will bring you to justice.

Pansy.

What have I told you about entertaining this fool?

I want to go see mum.

Not with such an impudent attitude as that.

You may owl your mother at any time. Do not let your imagination run away with you; you are not a prisoner and the arrangement is both temporary and for your own good.

This is Black's influence. You are far too easily swayed by his sentimental falsehoods.
I miss mum is all. And she hasn't owled back so I want to be sure if she's okay.

You would always have been welcome, announced or otherwise.

I'm not so sure about always. I mean to say there were a few times back then when you had good reason to refuse to see me. And that's leaving out how the rest of your family may have felt. But...it's good of you to say it.

Moony, I

I'd feel better if I knew what your game

Happy Christmas, I suppose, Moony.
Mr and Mrs Stretton take Christmas Day off from work so they didn't need me caring for the babies so I had the day pretty much to myself.

For Christmas Pansy sent me a beautiful jumper, it's light green, ever so much nicer than grey, and it's soft and warm and I put it on as soon as I opened it and I've been wearing it all day. And Longbottom sent me chocolate frogs, only he'd made some of them run faster and some slower. So I made them run races and ate the loser each time.

The food was lovely, there was turkey and roast potatoes and plum pudding for dessert.

I folded paper animals for everyone as a gift, with a charm on them so they'd make noises and move a little. Gemma liked her little paper dragon, she tried to bring it along to dinner and she kept making it roar at Philip. I don't think anyone else

It finally snowed here today and I went for a long walk by myself. I think I can finally do a proper warming charm, and it's a good thing because I reckon I would've got frostbite if I hadn't warmed my feet up when I did. The fields were beautiful all white and clean looking. I wish I could have gone walking in the woods but I walked and walked and just kept passing farms. On the way back I heard some of the Stretton's muggles singing and stopped to listen. One really couldn't say they sounded good because after all they were muggles, but it was a change of pace so I listened until my feet got cold.

Pansy I wish you could've come walking with me today.

I'm sorry you couldn't spend Christmas with someone who you know. (Well, aside from the Strettons, of course, who you've just met.) But at least the food was lovely. Hope that the rest of your holiday is a bit more like... well, a holiday.
Well today was busy but interesting.

i dont like turkey
i like dragons will you make me one

Do you eat goose at Christmas then?
It's paper folded up in the shape of a dragon. I could make one for you when we get back to school if you'd like.

I hope you got to have a nice rest Sally-Anne. You sounded awfully tired earlier.

The babies are sleeping better now and so am I.
Today was busy but interesting.
I haven't written because I kept starting and then stopping again, because I didn't know how to say it. And then I realised that I had to put this under Order Only, or else everyone would be in the most awful trouble imaginable for me having written it. So here it is.

On Christmas Eve there was almost nobody in the castle and so Terry and I were happy because we knew we'd get a lot to eat at the feast, because the elves always cook too much! There were so many good things and it wasn't even Christmas Day yet! I had ham and duck and I'm sure there were other things too. And something with figs, and cookies with pepper in them, which one of the elves told me were German and they had gotten from an elf that they knew in the Black Forest!

And most of the professors left so there were just a few people, and Mr Lupin looked down at me and Terry and invited us to come up and sit, and Terry was too afraid of being punished to do it, but I did, and the big fire was dying, and we sat and there were still crackers left, and Mr Lupin put a paper crown on my head. And there were wonderful little toys in the crackers too! So I played with them, even though I'm really too big for toys, but Mr Lupin was playing too so it was all right. And we talked almost all night, because the next thing I knew there was the Headmistress, and I thought for sure I was in trouble, because I know that I'm not supposed to sit at the table, even if she is awfully nice to me (sorry Professor McGonagall, but sometimes you can be very frightening!) and I know I'm not supposed to trust Mr Lupin either.

But she told us that she had come back from church, and she taught us a song that I had never heard before, at least not exactly like, and the end of it went like this, because I was singing it all the next day, and I found a book in my niche on Christmas that had the song and lots of others too, only I can't sing them properly because I don't know the tunes:

For lo! the days are hastening on
By prophets seen of old,
When with the ever-circling years
Shall come the age foretold,
When the new heaven and earth shall own
The Prince of Peace their King,
And the whole earth send back the song
Which now the angels sing.
And I thought that sounded quite lovely, the whole world singing the same song. Only I don't know any of the other songs in the book except one that a lady in my camp used to sing and she'd call it the Old Hundreded, but she was always talking to herself and she was a Muggle anyway.

Anyway then on Christmas Day I had presents, and I gave them, and it was wonderful - but more important Terry and I finally got to be together and we didn't sit at the table but the elves were ever so clever; they wrapped up a big box as if it were a present and two littler boxes so we were able to eat on them instead of on the floor! And that was so lovely especially since at Christmas Eve I had gotten to sit at the table like a student.

And there's more to say too but I can't think of it - oh I am so excited. Madam Pince told me that to-day I could work on whatever I wanted to work on, so I'm going to re-read *Hogwarts, A History* and maybe the new *Ars Alchemica* and get a dictionary and look up my list of words which is very long by now because I haven't looked any up in ages!

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Regarding Remus Mr Lupin, it's not that he is a bad sort or would mean you any harm, Hermione. I...don't believe that's the case at all. The danger with him is that he does seem so harmless, but he's not. Believe me. It's all right to treat him cordially, especially if Professor McGonagall doesn't mind, provided that you be careful not to be seen as too familiar with him in public. It's hard to explain properly, what to look out for.

I guess curiosity is one way to put it. If he seems overly inquisitive, wanting to know whether you (or Terry) know anything about what we're doing, like the resistance - that's something I should tell Professor McGonagall right away, if I were you.

You see, a long time ago, we thought we could trust him. And then it seemed we were terribly wrong. Now I'm not at all sure, but better
safe than sorry.

Sorry. I'm probably not making sense. Too much of that fine birthday present from Shacklebolt, I expect.

Of course I wouldn't tell him anything! I would never.

It's all right you're making good enough sense for me.

I am glad you enjoyed the book, Miss Granger.

Very much!!

If you like I shall teach you some of the tunes, someday, perhaps over the summer hols when some of the more odious professors are gone. I don't know all of them myself.
When talking about the Christmas spirit, they often leave out one charming little detail about Christmas traditions: family arguments. What great fun those are.

I think this was the first year I've made it through all of Christmas Day without arguing with Barty. Staying far away from the kitchen and the parlour helped with that, and I had resolved to follow that tactic next year. Things might have turned out differently if I continued that plan for Boxing Day Brunch as well.

I suppose it was bad timing - if that owl with my holiday pay packet from the Ministry had arrived even just 10 minutes sooner, I don't think the row would have started. She would have collected my share of household expenses, 5 galleons that we agreed upon when I got the job. Instead, she saw my entire month's wages spill out of the packet and demanded that I hand over the lot - 18 galleons including my Christmas bonus! Of course I refused.

"Ungrateful" she called me. "Just like your traitor cousin, Sirius," she shrieked at me. "You don't know how easy you have it," she said. I think she needs to look up the word easy, because my life has been nothing like that.

On the bright side of things, I think I pulled off the most dramatic exit the Crouches have ever seen. A quick Accio brought me my rucksack with a toothbrush and a spare set of robes, I slammed down 5 of the galleons on top of the platter of bacon and eggs, and I was out the front door.

Good thing I have another couple days off of work, as I need to find a new place to live.

Well, I guess I ought to say 'Welcome to the club' but as Uncle Alphard isn't around anymore to give you a hand, perhaps it's not apropos. None the less, you can tell Mrs Crouch that it's a fine family tradition to walk out on Christmas.
You might have kept the 5Γ, though. Doesn't sound as if you owe her that much.

@alt_bellatrix at 2008-12-27 00:09:52  
(no subject)

You would do well to not lend a sympathetic ear to Nymphadora, cousin. The last thing she needs is the taint of your association.

@alt_sirius at 2008-12-27 01:23:56  
(no subject)

You know, you all really should get your stories straight. First I'm not your cousin; then I am. Regardless, it's hard to ignore the similarities.

Does it perturb you to think anyone else might escape, or even contemplate it? I think your niece is capable of making her own decisions and she deserves to hear that there's more than one option available.

@alt_bellatrix at 2008-12-27 05:39:04  
(no subject)

My maiden name is no secret.

We know where that alternate option leads, don't we? To being hunted by hit wizards and endangering the lives of all those citizens you believe that you are enlightening.

Now then, I hope you've enjoyed this exchange. It ends now.

@alt_sirius at 2008-12-27 19:30:55  
(no subject)

Your grasp of subtle nuance is as strong as it ever was, Bellatrix. As is your sense of humour.

Did I say her alternative was to turn on your whole vipers' nest? No. But no reason she has to continue to live
where she is not wanted, either.

Or are you suggesting she ought to stay with the money-grubbing Crouches?

By all means, don't bother to answer. I know you're busy frightening the children.

@alt_lucius at 2008-12-27 01:39:52
(no subject)

After arriving home this evening, Narcissa told me of the altercation (having had the story from Druella) and asked whether I might intercede on your behalf with Crouch.

It seems to me that you are well within your right now, as a recognised citizen, to live on your own if that's what you wish to do.

Naturally should you need some further form of assistance, it would be only honourable to provide it.

@alt_nymphadora at 2008-12-27 02:10:57
(no subject)

I will not under any circumstance be returning to the Crouches, so there is no need for your action. They have fulfilled their duty as my foster parents, and it is time for me to strike out on my own.

I am sure I can find a small flat somewhere near Elephant and Castle for half the amount Mrs Crouch was demanding.

@alt_lucius at 2008-12-27 03:06:46
(no subject)

Quite sensible. I am sure Narcissa is reading, but I shall remind her that you are capable of taking care of yourself.
Best of luck, Miss Tonks.

Thank you, Professor. You’ve always been so supportive.

Good luck Miss Tonks, I think you're right you can find a cheaper place to live. Even if you don't live in London you can apparate to work can't you?

Yes, I can apparate to work, I passed my test a while back. The Floo Network isn't hooked up to the neighborhood I’m looking at, but that's no matter.
2008-12-26 14:19:00
(no subject)

my hawl

eegal fether quill
book about grammer i am not doing well at grammer. this is a hint from MUM
book about flying dad wants me to be a beater
some day
bon bonns
a camra

cat toys for fergus my cat

today were supposed to go give things to chairity but i said i was sick so i could stay home and take pictures in sted.

alt_harry at 2008-12-28 22:38:58
(no subject)

You ought to be a beater Mill, youd be great at it!

alt_millicent at 2008-12-28 22:39:29
(no subject)

I'd be better than what we've got i bet

alt_harry at 2008-12-28 22:39:47
(no subject)

What's that mean?
pepul don't see bludgers when they're right in front of them.

That only happened once.
I ran across an interesting Latin phrase. Vox populi, vox dei. But I don't get it. How can the voice of the people be the voice of a god? I'm just a kid. How should I know?

Do you like get an instructional manual on Being A Grownup when you are 17 and does it have answers to questions like that? I'm so tired of hearing "when you're a grownup you'll understand". So when do you officially Become A Grownup? How old, I mean.

I've always wondered about that too. Not the Latin thing, but how you know when you're really a grown-up.

Maybe you have to pass a test. A practical one, not a paper one.

Like: Your 12-year-old daughter is starting to assert her independence. What do you do?
a. Avada Kedavra
b. Ground her until she's 46
c. Chill and realize it's something they do
d. Turn her into a turnip

You forgot the one that goes 'scream and shout and cry and say she has no family loyalty and only cares about quidditch frivolous things.'
Mrs Stretton's jolly good at transfiguration, though, I reckon she could do the turnip one if she had a mind to.

alt_pansy at 2008-12-28 00:11:52  
(no subject)

Or there's this one: ignore your daughter and Christmas and refuse to talk to her at all.

alt_mcgonagall at 2008-12-27 03:56:15  
(no subject)

There is no instruction manual, Miss Parkinson. We all must muddle through on our own.

alt_pansy at 2008-12-27 04:39:03  
(no subject)

Brilliant. Now I'll never sleep tonight.

Thank you, though, for being honest with me. You always are. I admire

alt_ernie at 2008-12-27 19:01:14  
(no subject)

I reckon there's some stuff you never understand, even when your really old.

alt_pansy at 2008-12-28 00:11:17  
(no subject)

The more I think on it, I think you're right.
Well Miss Tonks is 17 and she has a grownup job.
But she turned her hair pink for me and Hydra at the party when all the other grownups were busy somewhere else.
If there's a manual I think I want her version of it.

Wouldn't it be wizard to change your hair colour?

It would! She said she's a metamorfmagas though and you're either born that way or you're not. So we can't learn that trick at school. Too bad.
So today was Boxing Day and it was really busy. Mr and Mrs Stretton and their staff visited every farm in the estate today. There are a lot more than I'd realised. I'd been to the one where they mostly grow barley and to the one with the factory where they sew clothing but they also grow potatoes, turnips, beets, rye, oats, flax, hemp, apples, and beans, and they have a dairy, and sheep, and I didn't come close to seeing all of them today because after lunch, well, I'll get to that in a minute.

I started out going along with Mrs Stretton to watch the babies. Each farm has an office where the manager oversees things and Mrs Stretton would go there. All the muggles lined up outside, and they'd each come in, and she'd give them a new set of clothing, and a new set of shoes, and a little purse with some coins in it. The muggles don't use proper money, of course. I think the Strettons own them, or else they pay rent to the Ministry, I'm not sure. But they give the muggles play money and there's sort of a little store at each farm and the muggles can swap the play money for things they might want, like whiskey or extra clothes. They get the play money as a bonus if they work extra hard, and they get some on Boxing Day too. Mrs Stretton says you want both a carrot and a stick when you're dealing with muggles, that you get a lot more work out of them that way than with just a stick, and the play money is the carrot.

Anyway each muggle came in and she wished each one a Happy Christmas and gave them the clothes and the purse, and the manager of the farm would check off on the list to make sure everyone got what they were supposed to. There were a few who also asked for special favours, like one had a broken tooth he wanted fixed, and one had terrible arthritis in his hands. Mrs Stretton couldn't help all of them but at least some she'd cast the spell they needed to make them better. They were all very grateful. It made me wonder how muggles got on back when there was a Statute of Secrecy, they didn't have any way of getting magic no matter how badly they needed it.

At lunchtime Mrs Stretton checked the list and said there was no way she'd be able to finish today at the rate things were going since Jeremy wasn't helping and she gave me a list and said I was to take care of those farms. She sent one of the muggle managers along to
show me where things were, but to give out the clothes and of course
to do the favours there had to be a wizard. I said I was only a first-
year but she said I should have some faith in myself, they were only
muggles after all so if anything went wrong there were more where
those came from. Also when I got upset she said if I actually made
someone worse she'd send Mr Morrison around to fix them up.

So I went by myself to the farms where they grow apples and raise
sheep and also the one where they grow vegetables, mostly potatoes. I
like that one the least, I really hate the smell of rotting potatoes and
there are always a few that go nasty.

At the apple orchard there was only one who asked for a favour. I
think if there were others they might have got nervous when they saw
how young I was. Luckily the one who wanted a favour didn't need
healing, he just had a broken pair of glasses, and I can do a reparo
charm, that one's easy enough. He was ever so grateful, it made me
happy to be able to help him.

On the sheep farm there was a young woman who was ill all the time
and I think she really needed a potion of some sort. I tried the healing
charm I know but I don't think it did anything. But I'd never tried it
before so it's not surprising it didn't work. I wrote down her name and
I asked Mr Morrison to go see her when he has time, it doesn't seem
fair she should be stuck with me trying to fix her up when if things
had turned out differently it could've been Mrs Stretton.

And then on the potato farm there was a man who'd lost an eye, he
wanted me to re-grow it for him but I knew I couldn't do that. I don't
know if even grown-up wizards can do that but I don't think there's a
spell for it. The socket was all bare and horrible looking and he said
what really bothered him was how it looked and if I could possibly
make him an artificial eye that would be good enough. So I took a
glass marble, and I made it bigger, and then I tried the colour-
changing charm to make it look like an eye. And I don't know why it
won't work on my clothing I got from the Strettons, it's all still grey,
but it worked perfectly on the eye, I got it to match his other eye and
everything. He popped it in and looked in a mirror and said it was
perfect.

I was tired when I got back to the house but it wasn't so bad, it was an
interesting day and I felt useful. Usually they don't do favours for the
muggles, it's a special treat on Boxing Day, but I'm glad I was around
for it. When else would I have been able to try making someone a
glass eye?
Tomorrow I reckon I'll be back to babysitting.

alt_pansy at 2008-12-27 21:49:39
(no subject)

That's nice that you got a chance to practise what we've been learning, though.

alt_sally_anne at 2008-12-28 04:23:32
(no subject)

It was wizard. I know what I can do in the classroom or at school, with the materials Professor Carrow gives us to work on, but I didn't really know if I'd be able to make it work when I was on my own without a book to consult or anything.

Today was back to babysitting but it's not so bad, I learnt a charm to clean the throw-up off my clothes so it doesn't leave a stain. And I found out there's a mudblood who's supposed to do the nappies when we're at the house.

alt_pansy at 2008-12-28 04:25:03
(no subject)

I hope the time goes quickly until we're back in school. I miss you.

alt_sally_anne at 2008-12-29 03:25:31
(no subject)

I miss you too.
alt_harry at 2008-12-28 22:38:24
(no subject)

I didn't know people did favours for Muggles on boxing day. It sounds like a good idea because how else would they ever get on?

I wonder if we should do favours. For the Carrows mudblood and for the library mudblood I mean. Only they don't have eyes out or anything as long as Carrow holds his temper.

alt_sally_anne at 2008-12-29 03:34:01
(no subject)

I don't know if everyone does. The Strettons say that it's an old Boxing Day custom but that doesn't mean everyone does it. Mrs Stretton said something about 'noblesse oblige.' I had to look that up for the spelling, I'd never heard it before, but it's French and it means 'nobility obligates.'

Anyway I think it's Professor Carrow who would be doing a favour for his mudblood, and Madame Pince or the Headmistress who would do a favour for the library mudblood. I reckon it wouldn't work well if every student tried to do a favour for the servants at the school. You could ask Dennis if there's anything he needs though since he's yours.
So on Boxing Day Mr Rosier and I went to a party at Mrs Blacks house. Mrs Black is Mr Rosiers sister and Mrs Malfoy and Mrs Lestrange are her daughters. Mr Rosier drew me a family tree so I have it all straight in my head now even if it looks confusing written out. Anyway Draco was there, and Pansy Parkinson because shes staying with Mrs Black (the other Mrs Black not the one who held the party) for the holidays. And Hydra Lestrange. And Harry came with Draco.

I felt a little out of place because theyve all known eachother their whole lives. And they have silly nicknames for eachother and jokes Im not in on, like when Harry would wink at Hydra and say 'broken any windows this week?' and she laughed like that was the funniest thing ever. And Pansy was really quiet. But Harry and Draco were friendly enough and Hydra is a really nice kid. It turns out she got all of Dracos old Millwhipple Mysteries when he was done with them and she collects the figurines though she collects the girl ones instead of the boy ones.

Everyone opened presents and I got a homework planner and some Bertie Botts beans.

Christmas Day was just me and Mr Rosier and it was a lovely day. I got a real orange in my stocking. We never had those in Ireland ever. The real sort isnt anything like the transfigured kind. There was a lot more juice and it was sweeter. For my present Mr Rosier gave me an eagle feather quill. He said I should use it to write him letters.

Mr Rosier had given me some time to myself in Diagon Alley so I was able to buy him a present too. I got him a quill I thought hed like. Id thought about getting him a book but he has so many and I was afraid hed already have it. I reckon you can always use another quill. Its not as nice as the one he got me but he said thats okay.

We had roast goose for dinner. It was snowy out but not wet. So Mr Rosier let me borrow a broom and I went flying. It was lovely.

Christmas night I thought about my mum after I went to bed. I felt like maybe I shouldnt have had such a nice Christmas because
I should want to be with my mum. And I do wish I could see my mum. But I reckon she wouldn't want me to be miserable. She'd be glad I like Mr Rosier because I'm going to be living with him on holidays whether I like him or not. So it's good that I like him so much. And that he seems to like me.

I never had a father growing up. Because my mum lost her head over a muggle and of course when she came to her senses she made him leave. I had uncles but it's not the same. Mr Rosier is like I always imagined a wizard father would be like.

He says next week there's a quidditch match he'd like to take me to, the Falmouth Falcons are playing against the Pride of Portree. Mr Rosier cheers for the Falcons. I suppose there's no harm in cheering for the Falcons when they aren't playing against the Kestrels.

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**alt_harry** at **2008-12-28 17:39:46**  
(no subject)

Im glad you had a good time Seamus.

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**alt_seamus** at **2008-12-29 03:24:24**  
(no subject)

Thanks Harry.

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**alt_pansy** at **2008-12-28 21:48:21**  
(no subject)

Draco has a nickname. Just call him doodle. As in Drakeydoodle.

I'm glad you came and that you had a good time. That orange sounds wizard. And you know what? Before long you will be in on all the jokes too. Just takes a bit of time.
I didn't hear anyone but you call him doodle. I think that should probably stay a joke just for the two of you.

Do not call me doodle.

You'll note that I didn't.

Thanks.
I loathe meetings.

A very happy Christmas to all of you, and a happy New Year.

Lucius, on the thirtieth I imagine I shall be caught in London for the night, attending various meetings and so forth for our Lord. Perhaps we might meet then to discuss the vast variety of Hogwarts-related topics we spoke about at your Christmas party?

I have not forgotten that I owe you a drink. Or three.

The thirtieth? Yes, I believe I shall see you off and on during a few of those, much as I'd prefer to remain on holiday.

I'm certain that several of the council will dine together; you'd be welcome to join us. And I'll make sure that the townhouse is prepared for accommodation for you as well.

Excellent. I shall plan for it, then.
Christmas was quite satisfactory, even if we couldn't be at the Burrow this year with the rest of the family. I don't know how many trips our family owl had to make, but Mum made sure we were all well-supplied with cookies and mince pies and such, but she needn't have worried: the Christmas feasts (both Christmas Eve and Christmas Day) were quite splendid. I can't ever remember stuffing myself quite so much with roast goose; I barely had any room left over for the pudding. Mum and Dad, thanks for the gifts. I think the Mancala set will be quite the new thing in the common room this winter. The twins charmed the stones so that they sing Christmas carols in squeaky voices, but I hope that'll wear off in a day or two.

It's been quiet since then, although I've had to watch my step whenever I go outside, as the twins are overly fond of cramming unsuspecting passersby into snowbanks. Good thing my new sweater is made of wool and keeps me warm even if wet. I've had my notes out the past day or so, beginning revision for the O.W.L.s. There are so few students in the library which is rather nice: I can get my favourite study table by the windows overlooking the lake whenever I want.
Things I am Not Supposed to be Looking At

I had a good Christmas I suppose.

Is anybody good at runes and things? Or code I mean. I have some words that are scrambled up and I want to know what they say. Only maybe I don't remember them right, I don't know.

Anyway I spent a lot of time thinking about Father. He must have had a really hard time when I was younger. I used to think that he sent me to be with Mr and Mrs Malfoy so much because he didn't love me very much but now I know that's not true. He was just so very busy with important things.

But Seamus is nice and with him and Pansy and Hydra and Draco it was a real party on Boxing Day. I got loads of stuff but I feel bad for Draco because I know he wanted a broom but he didn't get one and instead he has to go into work with Mr Malfoy. Boring!

Sally-Anne I still want to talk to you about sticking charms. I got a new idea for using them.

I can try to help you with the code, if you want. Are you sure it's scrambled up words? Not another language?

I don't know what it is. It could be another language I suppose only it looks rather like those scrambler things that show up in the Prophet that I can never figure out.
How strange. And how interesting! Now you've got me really curious. We'll talk more about it when we see each other, yeah?

Id owl you it but Hedwig's busy.

Okay! Oh and I have treats for her, and forgot to give them to you when I saw you, so they're a late gift. Do you think she'll be offended?

No shes utterly spoilt as is from Father stuffing her with mice, the palace has them and he likes to watch her eat them so Christmas eve we pinned alot of them up in a room with her and let her at them.

So she might not even notice your treats. But you shouldn't be offended if she doesnt.

Wow... sounds like a very happy Christmas for her!
I need to talk to you. I think I might've figured out what it said.

Really?! What?!

Backwards.

Do you want to send an owl with your question or were you thinking about after we go back to school? Actually come to think of it I reckon you could come here, the Strettons are on the floo network. And it would be nice to see a friendly face have a visit.

Right I don't think anyone would mind, so yes, should I just pop in?
Yes! I let Mrs Stretton know you might be coming so if I'm not right by the floo, I'll be close by.
One can hardly say it has been a relaxing holiday, but it has at least been pleasant.

On Christmas Day we joined the Lord Protector for dinner and accompanied Him on a limited number of holiday appearances. Harry and Draco had already torn open most of their packages by the time we arrived. Remained at Buckingham Christmas night to attend Our Lord.

Friday morning we collected the boys and fetched the Rosier, Black, Lestrange and Pennifold gifts for the family gathering. Too many sweets, as usual, but the mince pie was particularly excellent this year. Between Harry, Ned, and various other family members wishing a private word, I confess I rather missed much of the festivities, but I gather that young master Finnegan is integrating himself well enough.

Harry, speaking of our conversation, as I said, that artifact may be curious, but it is not something with which you ought to concern yourself. Strictly speaking, you ought not to have been in that part of the palace at all, but it's understandable that thoughts of Christmas presents sent you prying. As to its lies, remember that the key to seeing through an illusion is to call to mind clearly that which you know to be true. Discard the rest so that you may separate what is real from what is false.

Ned, I have been thinking since our chat, as well. I am certain that if your NEWT results are what you anticipate, you ought to have no particular difficulty entering any programme you choose. But if the import and export trade truly interests you, there are a number of placements you might consider. We should speak closer to the year-end about recommendations.

To-morrow Draco shall get the larger part of his Christmas present, which I hope will improve his mood something considerable. He and Pansy have both been in quite a brown study. Otherwise, however, it has been a quiet week-end, after all the excitement of the parties.
A brown study? That's an interesting phrase I've not heard before.

Has mum owled you or... or anything?

I haven't heard from her, no, but I am certain she is all right.

I've an errand to run to-morrow on which you may accompany me, since you had asked to come with me during the break. I shall fetch you between half-past nine and ten o'clock. I've already told Mrs Black so that she can ensure you are ready.

Yes, sir. I'll be ready.

Yes sir.

I shouldn't have pried.

You are old enough to know by now that there are things in your Father's possession that are dangerous. But in this case, that's not the most important reason not to have meddled; it's more to do with the false images that artifact produces. You continue to dwell on them, I see. My advice is to put the whole affair from your
mind. It is fruitless to spend your time dreaming of impossibilities. Men have driven themselves mad doing so.

-alt_draco at 2008-12-30 20:19:40
(no subject)

So if it's all impossible why does the Lord Protector have it's an odd sort of thing and doesn't seem to do much good, doesn't it?

-alt_lucius at 2008-12-30 20:29:41
(no subject)

Our Lord is a collector of magical objects, Draco. Do not presume to decide which items are useful and which are not.

How was your flight?
The hols continue

It feels quite odd to be home, really. Evelyn has shot up a couple of inches and seems so big to me now! But we've been real glad to see each other. Enjoyed opening presents. Seamus, thank you for the terrarium for Trevor! It will work so much better than the glass tank I've been using. Got sweets from Ron, so I'm well stocked again now on Chocolate frogs (and one of them had the Hermes Trimegistus card! I've been waiting for that one for so long!). Perks sent me a really cunning origami dragon that arches its neck and snorts and flaps its wings. Got some good books from some of the uncles. One of them admitted to me that he buys comics on the sly, but better not tell anybody! He had a whole bag of the back issues of Martin Miggs the Mad Muggle for me, which I was real happy to see.

We had dinner Christmas dinner at my Great Aunt Enid's house (she and Gran take turns hosting the family for Christmas, and this year was Aunt Enid's turn). She always get into a right state when she's hosting a dinner, because she's so fussed that everything has to be perfect, but really, it's not a very critical bunch. As long as my great uncles get mashed turnips and my Gran's plum pudding, never mind roast goose, everyone's perfectly happy. It's not exactly a roaring party (there's Evelyn and me, and then everyone else is over the age of sixty). But it's still nice to see all the old aunties again, even if they tend to nod off after the tea is passed around.

On Boxing Day, we took a few baskets around to tradespeople, and then Gran took Evelyn and me to work a shift at the Wyre soup kitchen. I know there are people who only put in a shift there once a year, on Boxing Day, but Gran and Great Aunt Enid go to ladle out soup once every two weeks. Evelyn often goes with them, so she knew a lot of the people who were shuffling through the queue, holding out their bowls, and she told me little things about them: that one just lost a baby. That one has a mother who just got over the coughing sickness. That one was a banker fifteen years ago, but now he's breaking rock in the quarries. A lot of them brightened up when they saw Evelyn, guess she's a favourite there.

I've took one of the mad chess sets home from Hogwarts and I've been using it to teach Evelyn how to play chess. Sally-Anne Perks figured they might be a little less odd if they're played with more often. The
white queen with this set is quite the boss of the entire board, if you ask me. One of the white knights had been missing from the box for awhile, and now that it's back with the rest of the pieces, she seems to be quite intent on ordering it around. It's as if she doesn't trust it to make its moves properly. Evelyn keeps trying to tell the queen that the knight is doing just fine, thank you. But I guess the queen isn't sure of that unless she's supervising herself.

---

**alt_sally_anne** at **2008-12-30 05:14:32**
(no subject)

Your Christmas dinner sounds nice. Has the white queen gotten any less bossy over the holiday, or is she quite as bad as she was at the start? My pieces are still quarreling every time I take them out, always about the same things.

---

**alt_neville** at **2008-12-30 14:44:11**
(no subject)

She hasn't shown much sign up of letting up on the knight yet, even when the bishop tries to intervene.

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**alt_seamus** at **2009-01-02 04:30:39**
(no subject)

Your welcome. That should keep him out of my bed for sure.
I don't think I like Christmas much anymore. There's too many people, and this year there was even more people than usual. Nanella kept bringing her friend from Brazil along and he was much younger than her and I couldn't understand anything he said. And the Razzer kept trying to do a spell that would make me smile and it made my face stick that way for hours and afterwards my cheeks ached. Ned was being friendly and talking to me about quidditch, but I guess he forgot that whenever I see him in the Great Hall with his chums he'll barely give me a nod. I ate too many chocolate frogs, too, and was sick in the night.

But at least everyone gave me a present. That made me feel better. Except I didn't get my BRO.

The best night was Christmas Eve because it was just me and Harry at Buckingham Palace. And the Lord was there too of course but we didn't see him after dinner. Harry showed We played green ghost but I don't know how much I like that game anymore. I might be too old for it. Or maybe it's just not such a brilliant idea to play it in a place that's as big as Buckingham. Mostly, I wish that things and people would just let Harry alone! He's never done a bad thing to anyone and he's a much pleasanter person than me, so, I wish that... they would just let him be.

I have to go now. Father's taking me to the Ministry today.

I don't like Christmas at all anymore. Might as well be an orphan.

Sorry you didn't get everything you wanted but I hope you have an interesting time at the Ministry.
alt_draco at 2008-12-29 20:22:06
(no subject)

Orphan? It's not as if you were on the streets without your wand, or something.

alt_pansy at 2008-12-29 20:34:46
(no subject)

I suppose. But I never got anything from mum, nor has she even owled me. I think she's forgot all about me.

alt_draco at 2008-12-29 21:31:01
(no subject)

Maybe she still doesn't feel well.

alt_pansy at 2008-12-29 21:38:15
(no subject)

Perhaps you're right.

alt_harry at 2008-12-30 16:14:03
(no subject)

Did you see what your Dad said in his journal? I liked Christmas Eve too.

alt_draco at 2008-12-30 17:10:42
(no subject)

Yeah, but I'm not sure that I follow it.
Your dad isn't easy to follow all the time.
Do you remember what I saw?

I remember. Did you figure out what it means?

well I think you're right about the words. But I don't know about the picture. I'm thinking.

Just don't get in trouble like I do, whatever it is you're talking about.

Father already knows, and we're not in trouble.

Good deal. Now go fly your broom and quit talking to me! It looks like perfect flying weather where I am. Is your broom wonderful? I can't wait to see it!
alt_draco at 2008-12-30 20:15:18
(no subject)

I know what mine meant.
Order Only: An encouraging owl....

Arthur, I know you see the aftereffects of my occasional Grim Truth columns more than perhaps some of our other members (Kingsley, you might begin to overtake Arthur on that score, I dunno), and thank you for letting me know when they seem to be doing some good. But today I received an owl post that means more to me than all the reports we've had so far.

Harry owled me.

Putting his letter together with Malfoy's recent post, it sounds as if he tried to ask some questions and met with a brick wall. I'm quite sure he knows he's not supposed to write to me; he says as much:

_I dont trust you still but you know a lot about my parents or you say you do anyway. And people seem to think you do or else they wouldn't tell me not to talk to you. I know that Father isn't my real Father, I'm not stupid. Or if he is, something really bad happened to my mum, so he won't talk about it. But I saw something and I want to make sure._

He goes on to ask some questions about Lily and James.

Minerva, any idea what he might have found to bring this on? Of course, it could be an elaborate trick of some kind, but somehow I don't think so. Anyway, I'm going to write him back, carefully, of course, using a different owl than the one he sent (she's very distinctive). But I wanted to let you know so that you can watch out for any sign that he's pulling away from that snakepit - or that they're using him to trick me into revealing my location. Don't worry, I've learnt my lesson and I shall go slowly with him. I don't want another four months of stonewalling!

By the way, Agatha also owled: still no sign of Death Eaters at the house, so I'm heading back that way to check on things. Might be the last time for a while, now that we're back in the importation business.

A little snow in Avignon would have been welcome at Christmastime. But the sunshine is much better for riding, anyway.
Oh, and Kingsley - thanks, mate. It's been a while. Looks as if I've some re-reading to do!

---

**alt_arthur** at 2008-12-30 12:44:50  
*(no subject)*

That does sound encouraging. Let us know if he replies to your answer.

**alt_molly** at 2008-12-30 12:52:26  
*(no subject)*

Oh, the poor boy! I can't help but worry, though, Sirius, how he will react if you answer his questions, no matter how carefully. After all, it is a terrible position that he is in, being raised by his parents' murderer.

What does that monster **want** with the boy, anyway? That's what I keep coming back to over and over in my own mind. Why on earth did he keep him, instead of killing him, too? I don't believe he did it out of altruism; there isn't a single scrap of kindness in that monster. If he was merely willing to let Harry live, he could have let you raise him, since Lily and James named you as the boy's guardian. Instead he timed his move taking over the Ministry for your guardianship hearing, of all things. **Why??**

**alt_sirius** at 2008-12-30 13:52:35  
*(no subject)*

Well, for one thing, I think I'll not belabour the part about being raised by his parents' murderer. We'll get round to that too soon, anyway, I'm sure. I plan only to answer the questions he **asks**, not the questions I **want** him to ask. I only hope I can be patient enough to wait for him to ask them.

As for what **he** wants, damned if I know, Molly. I think he timed the coup because he knew he hadn't a chance of keeping Harry, not in a Ministry court he didn't control. That and he knew Dumbledore would be there - too tempting a target to pass up. Believe me, I've had a lot of time to think about it and I haven't the first idea why
Harry's so important to him. I think you're right about one thing, at least, and that's that it wasn't out of kindness or affection, or he wouldn't have fobbed Harry off on Malfoy so often.

Anything else, though, and I'm just spinning in circles. I have to concentrate on bringing the boy round in his own time. One thing we do have on our side is that if Voldemort has troubled to keep Harry alive and, I believe, safe, for so long, he's not going to turn round and harm him on a whim. At least, I hope so. I'm not sure how long Harry will be able to keep talking to me a secret, d'you see, but I'm reasonably certain that if anyone does find out, the most he'll get is a slap on the wrist and a stern 'Don't' from his caretakers. Then we'll see what the next move is - his, theirs, and ours.

Oh, it's a chess game, and no mistake. But it's one I've waited 10 years to start playing.

alt_molly at 2008-12-30 14:42:07 (no subject)

I still remember how terrified we were that day, while we desperately waited to learn if you and Dumbledore had escaped.

What do you intend, with your chess game, Sirius? What do you hope to accomplish? I would advise you to think carefully about that, when you frame your response to Harry. Capturing the king, of course--but don't forget the pieces that might have to be sacrificed to accomplish that. Are you willing to have Harry be one of them? If not, be careful.

alt_mcgonagall at 2008-12-30 16:20:55 (no subject)

I haven't the foggiest idea, Sirius. Has he given you any clues beyond what you re-copied? It sounds as if perhaps it was some thing he found. Or perhaps a conversation he overheard. I suppose Godric's Hollow was too well incinerated to know if the Lord Protector took any prizes, or such. But perhaps it could have been that - a photograph album?
Harry came to visit me today! It was wizard to see a friend from school. He wanted some help with sticking charms, and the Strettons are on the floo network, so he came over in late morning.

I reckoned Mrs Stretton wouldn't mind him coming and I was right. But she was surprised when I asked her if it would be alright and wanted to know if I really meant Harry Marvolo the Lord Protector's son, and said she hadn't realised we knew each other so well. After that she sent for the mudblood who was filling boxes for shipment and had her take over with the babies, so I could have a visit without having to walk Marcellus or Valentina.

I can't do a permanent sticking charm yet, but my basic sticking charms work well enough for what Harry wanted, and I showed him how and we talked about his plans and I think they'll be wizard. And then Mrs Stretton called us in for lunch. I think Gemma's taken a shine to me because she wanted to know if I could have dinner with the family too and lunch tomorrow and dinner tomorrow. Mrs Stretton kept trying to get her to shut it and eat. I think she wanted Harry to think.

Mr and Mrs Stretton asked Harry all about being a Quidditch Seeker. Harry loves quidditch and was happy to talk about it. It was a bit odd to hear Mr Stretton talk about it though, he's always quarreling with Jeremy about whether Jeremy spends too much time on his broom and not enough time with his books. But it was a nice conversation until Jeremy got cross. And then Gemma started in on Father Christmas again.

Still it was really nice to have a friend come visit.

After Harry left I took Gemma and Philip and took them outside to jump in mud puddles, since they both thought that sounded like fun and that way we didn't have to listen to the enormous row. They're much more interesting than the babies, and the other good news today was that after we came back in, Mrs Stretton said she'd been thinking that now Christmas was over the mudblood didn't have to pack boxes and could take care of the babies again. So now I'm to spend my mornings with Philip and Gemma, and my afternoons with
Mrs Stretton. Harry mentioned during lunch I'm good at transfiguration, and Mrs Stretton says I can come watch her work, so that should be interesting.

---

@alt_harry at 2008-12-30 16:19:04
(no subject)

Im sorry I told Gemma about Father Christmas not being real. I didnt mean to, I thought she was just winding me up. I mean, I know I said that before, but if you tell Mrs Stretton again.

I'm sorry about the Strettons too Perks.

---

@alt_sally_anne at 2008-12-30 18:17:43
(no subject)

Don't worry about it, Gemma didn't believe you anyway. And it's been bloody hard explaining why Father Christmas didn't bring me anything without saying 'he doesn't exist, it's your mum and dad and they already gave me clothes so I didn't expect presents.'

---

@alt_harry at 2008-12-30 18:31:40
(no subject)

Awfully rough luck though as Finnegan got nice Mr Rosier. Mr Rosier gave him loads of pressies.

---

@alt_sally_anne at 2008-12-30 18:33:52
(no subject)

Yeah but I'm in Slytherin and Finnegan's in Gryffindor. So I don't feel too jealous of him. Most of the time, anyway.
I'm glad you had fun!
2008-12-30 08:19:00
Sally-Anne

I messed things up pretty good with Sally-Anne's family but they're kind of all brown nosers, at least Mr and Mrs Stretton are. So I don't think they'll mind that I told Gemma that Father Christmas isn't real. Kind of like Professor Acton.

Draco hasn't come down yet! So I don't know if he likes his surprise.

alt_draco at 2008-12-30 17:08:58
(no subject)

What surprise? Do you mean my broom? I've got a broom!

alt_draco at 2008-12-30 17:14:35
(no subject)

Sorry, I know you already know about the broom. But I saw what you put over my bed, and it was brilliant. You're the best, Harry. Only now you have to teach me that sticking charm, yeah?

alt_harry at 2008-12-30 17:20:37
(no subject)

Thanks.

When you didn't have a broom it was meant to cheer you up but now you do, so, want to go fly around and throw snowballs at each other?!

alt_draco at 2008-12-30 17:23:53
(no subject)

So you didn't know I was getting the broom? Father was really good about hiding it.

Oh yeah, let's do!
Oh Mr and Mrs Stretton thought everything you did was brilliant, the row was because Jeremy got cross. They don't care he's a fifth year and we're first years and they hardly speak to us at school AND he's in another house, they think he should try to be your best mate.

That's good Draco liked his surprise but the broom sounds WIZARD, have fun throwing snowballs! We had snow here on Christmas but it all melted.
YES!

I GOT MY BROOMSTICK!!

AND IT'S A NIMBUS 2001! They aren't even in shops yet its a proto type and I got a whole tour of the Nimbus factory and saw their design room and where they test-fly broomsticks and it was full on wizard!

Now I know why there wasn't a broom under the tree. The factory isn't even open on Christmas!

alt_lucius at 2008-12-30 18:19:03
(no subject)

It was exceedingly difficult not to spoil the surprise when you were so out of sorts all week-end.

Remember, that broom has a few conditions. You must write to Mr Cuthbert later this week and tell him what you think, so that he can adjust the model if necessary before it goes into full production.

But that's after testing it out completely, of course....

alt_draco at 2008-12-30 20:13:39
(no subject)

You're really good keeping secrets, Father. But I'm mostly surprised that Mother didn't say anything, because she was the one who promised I would get a broom for Christmas and she always keeps her promises, so I was worried.

alt_lucius at 2008-12-30 20:40:58
(no subject)

Your mother was enlisted as my co-conspirator, I'm afraid. We didn't intend to send you into distress; only that yesterday was the earliest I could arrange the outing.
Besides, you *did* ask to accompany me on a working day. My work is not all directing consulting on operations at the Ministry, nor even on the council. I want you to begin to understand how we maintain the family interests.

At your age I was already becoming familiar with the various holdings. It is proper that you should meet and become known to the people whose businesses are also our concerns. I cannot pretend it is all excitement (to-day's meetings can attest!), but the more you are aware of our portfolio's diversity, the more equipped you will be, in time, to help manage it.

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**alt_sally_anne** at 2008-12-30 18:21:56
(no subject)

That sounds BRILLIANT Draco, the best Christmas surprise ever.

---

**alt_draco** at 2008-12-30 20:13:53
(no subject)

It is, isn't it?

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**alt_padma** at 2009-01-01 02:38:23
(no subject)

Does that mean you like Christmas now, again?
I had a lovely Christmas this year. And I am really grateful to my guardian for it. She gave me a gift! It's a necklace that used to be her sisters, and I got to wear it for the whole afternoon. As long as I didn't touch it and get fingerprints on it. And I didn't. Then she took it away to keep it safe for me. Until I'm older.

And I got new dress robes too. But they don't quite fit, but I had to wear them anyway on Christmas when my guardian had all her friends over. But I looked really nice, even if I couldn't move my arms much and the lace was digging into my neck. All my guardian's friends said I was sweet, and so quiet. And I was.

But then my guardian told them I probably failed my exams. That's because when my guardian asked me how I'd done, and I told her I didn't fail, but she kept asking and now I'm not sure any more. I wish I'd revised more for the last ones. I thought they would be easy. And maybe they were. But I couldn't say I'd definitely not failed. So now my guardian thinks I did. And all her friends looked at me after that. Even when I recited the poem my guardian had me memorize, and got it perfect. I could tell they were thinking poor thing, she sounds good but she probably failed her exams. But I still didn't mess up the poem.

Oh! I'm glad I'm going to Susan's soon. Even though it's nice here. I'm looking forward to meeting her brothers and sisters. I think it'd be brilliant to have siblings. Only maybe not babies like Sally-Anne's foster family. I might drop them.

I wanted to go outside today, but my guardian said it was too cold. And she's right. I'd probably catch a horrid cold. And then I couldn't go to Susan's. I feel sniffly anyway. It's cold in here. Except in my guardian's parlor, with the fire, it's really hot. But she doesn't want me in there today, so I'm sitting in the room above. It's warmer here than any of the other rooms. And I can watch the winged horses in the neighbor's field from here. They have special blankets that go around their wings. But you'd think the wings would keep them warm. Sometimes the woman from next door rides them. Wouldn't that be brilliant! So long as you didn't fall off. Or sit in the wrong place and get in the way of their wings and make it crash.
I think my guardian has got used to me not being around. She hasn't even asked me to polish anything. I used to have to polish things all the time. The house elf isn't good at polishing. I wonder who does it now. I don't want to ask, or I'd probably have to do it.

---

**alt_draco** at 2008-12-30 20:17:09  
(no subject)

The only thing you got for Christmas is to wear a necklace? That's not much. I'm awfully glad I'm not a halfblood.

---

**alt_megan** at 2008-12-30 22:08:18  
(no subject)

No, I got a necklace. Not just to wear. For forever. It's mine, I just don't get to keep it now. I might break it. Or get it dirty. It has real amethysts in it. I'll get it for real when I'm older. I think. Oh, and I got new dress robes too! They're supposed to be adjusted for me, so they won't always not fit.

I wish I wasn't either. I think my mother must have been awful.

---

**alt_sally_anne** at 2008-12-31 00:46:28  
(no subject)

The necklace sounds lovely. And your guardian will be sorry she told her friends you failed when you get your marks. Do you know when we'll get them? Will it be before we go back to school? They'll come to you at Bones's house but surely they'll send them to your guardian as well. Or if they don't you can always send them along so she sees.

I know you didn't fail Megan, I'm sure you didn't.

---

**alt_megan** at 2008-12-31 03:03:14  
(no subject)

It is. I can hardly believe it's truly mine. But it is. Someday. As long as I'm good. I sneaked in and looked at it yesterday.
I don't know when we get marks. I think they'll send them to her. If they're good, I hope they come soon. If they're bad, I hope they don't. Or maybe I hope they do, too. Then I'd know.

Thank you. It's really nice of you to say that.

@alt_susan at 2008-12-31 04:33:36
(no subject)

I can hardly wait for you to get here! We're going to have the best time, I just know it!

@alt_megan at 2008-12-31 05:24:17
(no subject)

Oooh, we will! I know we will too. I'm so looking forward to it.

Especially baking. We're going to bake, aren't we? What will we bake?

@alt_susan at 2009-01-01 14:21:45
(no subject)

What would you like to bake? I am a terrible baker so you will have to help me. Mum is always telling me off for getting distracted by books and things when I'm supposed to be cooking.

@alt_megan at 2009-01-02 02:50:23
(no subject)

Biscuits? Or a cake? Is that too complicated? It has two things to make. And biscuits only has one. So biscuits would be brilliant.
These are lyrics from a song by the Shrunken Heads (Heathens know them as Talking Heads) that's stuck in my head today.

Avalon is a place, a place where nothing, nothing ever happens...

Avalon would be like wherever it is you think you go when you die and you've been a good person all your life.

Once term starts, then you can hear the actual song. It's beyond wizard.

P.S. My Queen and one of the pawns in the chess set I took home keep getting into it, but what's so weird is the pawn is actually holding its own (the Queen is older than moss). The other pieces are just watching though I think the Bishop and the King are taking bets. Odds are pawn, right now.

P.P.S. This house is amazing. I have found the coolest stuff. Sirius's old room is wild.

I don't know if that's nice or not. Nothing happening. Isn't that boring? If nothing keeps happening and happening. But nothing bad could happen, and that's good.

Oooh, pawns and knights are the only pieces that can do something the queen can't.

See, I'm leaning towards the nothing bad can happen. It'll be nice to settle back into the school routine.
The queen keeps trying to beat up the pawn, and she's stronger physically, but the pawn is holding its own (are they male or female? Mine vary) as far as mentally. Interesting to watch.

What are you doing for New Year's Eve?

@alt_megan at 2008-12-31 21:20:28
(no subject)

I won't mind going back to school. When I started this year, I thought it was going to be awful. Going to lessons always was. But school is different. Perhaps it's because there are more people at school. Or better people.

Shouldn't you stop them? They might hurt each other. (I suppose they're neither. Aren't they? Because they're not real. But the queen isn't really real either, and she's a she. I don't know.)

I don't know. My guardian is going out. To a party. But I'm not. I suppose nothing will keep happening.

What are you doing? Something fun?

@alt_draco at 2008-12-31 06:54:09
(no subject)

Are you an idiot? Stay out of his room!!

@alt_pansy at 2008-12-31 07:02:03
(no subject)

I just poked my head in there. Please consider decaf.
Why would you go in there? Why would you call him by his first name like he's some mate of yours? You're so bloody stupid sometimes.

Why wouldn't I want to stick my head in and see? I didn't know it was his room when I looked in. I was just exploring the house.

She was just looking, right?

Just looking. You know I love to explore.
2008-12-30 21:13:00
(no subject)

tidbit.

I am tired of seeking you during the night and finding your cupboard empty.

These games will cease. You shall now sleep in my presence. I feel that the particular specifics of longitude and latitude are a matter best discussed in person.

alt_terry at 2008-12-31 03:38:07
(no subject)

boot is sorry, master. last night boot fell asleep in a corner. sort of got surprised when he got sleepy suddenly and never quite made it back to cupboard.

but other nights boot was in cupboard . . . but boot maybe went sleepwalking? that was why boot wasnt there in middle of night?

alt_terry at 2008-12-31 03:44:33
(no subject)

what is 'longitude and latitude' ?

alt_sirius at 2008-12-31 15:26:12
order only

Botheration. Poppy, I thought the lad wasn't sleeping in the hospital wing for just this eventuality?

By Merlin, that man is a menace.
Quiet days, with skating

boot has liked the quiet days. very much.

At the christmas eve feast boot got to sit with Hermione until Mr Lupin for just a little while. christmas day feast was even better. did you know that they put stuff inside the birds they cook, like goose and turkeys?? the stuff they put inside has raisins and onions and apples and chestnuts mixed in. it tasted amazing.

master gave boot some thick socks and a blanket for his cupboard. of course boot gave master proper thanks.

other gifts

Mr George and Fred Weasley showed boot a strange thing: they transfigured their boots so that they had metal parts sticking out of the bottom of them, like knives, and they used them to move across the ice on the lake! not walking, but sort of sliding around on the edges of the blades. boot had never seen such a thing before. they call it 'skating.' boot thought it must be hard. Mr George Weasley kept falling down a lot, but it didnt seem to hurt him, because every time he did they would both laugh.

Then they said boot should try it. boot didnt think he could but its really really really hard to say 'no' to Mr George and Mr Fred Weasley. They transfigured his shoes, and then boot was stuck doing it anyway, because he couldnt walk back up to the castle with those things sticking out of his shoes!

at first boot just tried to walk on the ice, but that didnt work. boot just waved his arms and fell a lot. then they took boot's hands and went on either side of him, each holding a hand and pulling him between them and then, oh, hermione, boot was skating! For just a little bit, until he fell again.

then they let boot go back to shore and changed his shoes back. and it was time to go back for hot choco inside.

when boot lay down to sleep and closed his eyes he could almost imagine that feeling again. going over the ice, faster than anything. fast and free.
**2008-12-30 23:54:00**

*My Holidays*

The hols have been busy busy busy. With all my brothers and sisters around it seems like there is always something happening. We had Christmas dinner with my Auntie Mina at her farm.

She is a very jolly person and fond of good food and butterbeer, but also good at being quiet and listening. The rest of the family went back to London on Boxing Day, but I stayed a night at Auntie Mina's by myself. She always has each of us children out to stay at different times during the year, and it was my turn since I'd been away at school all term.

Sometimes it is nice to have someone around who is a grownup and not a teacher or your mum or dad. You can ask questions in a different way and get a different answer. She told me loads of stories about her school days and I'm not sure I'll ever look at Headmistress McGonagall in quite the same way and of course I helped with the owls, who are soft and fuzzy and delightful when they aren't trying to nip you. Valkyrie knows better than to do that sort of thing (unless you are bothering her) but these are just young owls that Auntie Mina is training to sell to the Owlery.

Christmas Day was brill of course. We didn't get loads of presents but the ones we got were wizard. Mum got me a couple of new books and a nice warm hat that she knitted. Dad gave me a Pride of Portree poster of Meghan McCormick and a jar of broomstick ointment. Even though I don't have my own broom he says I can put it on the bristles of the school brooms and it will give them better wind resistance.

Eddie, Carrie and Peter got me a comic with their pocket money; it's called *Daniel Boone, Cowboy Wizard of the American West* and it looks like great fun. I wrote Peter a story for his present, and drew him a picture, but I figured Carrie and Eddie would like something from a store, so I got Carrie a copy of *The Unicorn Girl* and Eddie got a new Exploding Snap deck cos he burnt up his last one.

I can't believe Eddie is going to be at Hogwarts next year! I've missed him (and Carrie and Peter too, especially Peter--he is my favourite but I try not to let on) but I've also gotten used to being just Susan and not Susan, the Eldest. I wonder what House he'll go into.

Megan is coming soon! I am so excited I can hardly keep it in! I hope
she will like my large mad family and they will like her. Though I can't imagine why they wouldn't since she is sweet and kind and loads of fun. But I should probably warn her that they might be a bit much (especially Eddie) after living all her life with an old lady.

What questions were you asking? You can tell me when I come if you don't want to talk about it here. If you want. But if you didn't want, maybe you shouldn't have wrote about it. Now I'm curious.

I just know I'm going to like your family. I hope they like me. But what does a bit much mean?

I didn't mean a specifik question, just questions in general. Parents sometimes are wierd about them because your their child I guess.

But we can talk more later.

I think you will like them too. All I meant by much is that there are a lot of them and they are loud. Two minutes after you come inside Peter will want to show you his toys and Carrie will want you to plait her hair and Eddie will stick a chocolate frog on your shoulder or something silly like that.

Oh.

Okay.

I want to see toys. And I could plait her hair. But would it hurt his feelings if I ate the frog before it melted on my shoulder?
2008-12-31 08:57:00
(no subject)

It seems only right to be ringing in the new year in a new place.

It took me all of one trip to get my things into my new flat, and less than 5 minutes to get my things stowed in the shelf behind the pull-down bed. Peeling wallpaper has never been my style, but a bit of lime green paint made all of the difference. I need to hit a rummage sale to find some kitchenware, maybe a rug too, as it's a bit drafty late at night.

Sally-Anne, thank you for your gift. The origami crane looks fantastic on my mantel.

It may be only 10 steps from wall to wall, but it's all mine.

alt_sirius at 2008-12-31 20:28:17
(no subject)

I remember that feeling, too. It's called freedom.

Congratulations.

alt_sally_anne at 2009-01-01 16:16:31
(no subject)

I'm glad you liked it. Congratulations on your new flat.
New Year's Eve!

Parvati and Lavender and I are staying up as late as ever we can!

Lavender came to stay with us right after Christmas and now we're at her house. Our parents came, too, but they're going home after the party's over and we get to stay.

Lav's brother (Dio, that is, not Tibs) said he'd give me a coffee to help me keep awake, and a brandy if we make it to one o'clock. But then Tibs said that was nonsense, he should give me the brandy now and the coffee at midnight. And Mr Brown said we were all very silly and that we could have a sip of champagne at midnight if we were still up. (But then Dad said no, we're still too young for champagne.)

I'm going back down to the party now, I only wanted to put that down about Lavender's brothers before I forgot.

That was quite nice of them, wasn't it! I was surprised Dio was going to let us have brandy and coffee because normally he is so serious and proper. But he'd had some brandy and it made him very cheerful!

Tibs is always like that though.