



**2009-02-01 11:06:00**

*Busy*

I'm so busy!

There's revising. There's always revising. It's so important to keep up. And there's



 **alt\_megan**

Detention. Which is bad. But it's only a tiny detention. Not like a really real one. But I still don't like it. I was passing notes in class. More than one. And I should have been paying attention. I really should have. But

And there's talking to Wayne. He shouldn't mess things up for Padma. So I explained to him. I hope that did some good. I don't know if it did. But I thought I ought. He needs to keep up. For Padma's sake. So it was a responsibility to tell him. He's in my house. My guardian says you should never shirk your responsibilities.

And there's practicing for choir auditions. I don't sing nearly as well as I thought I did. Not when I listen. But I may be good enough.


And there's embroidery. Daphne likes embroidery too! She showed me a Renaissance stitch that's going to look perfect in the border I'm doing. And I showed her a new way to do a star eyelet stitch, with a french knot sort of worked in. And she likes it! And we talked about different sorts of thread. And how to hand dye thread. And our favourite size for a hoop. And all about other stitches. And all sorts of things. And we're going to get together tonight. And do more.

Oh! And sometime this week I'm going to get my hair done in a new style! It will be brilliant. I know it will. I'm so excited.

And

I suppose that's all. But it's a lot to keep track of!



 **alt\_padma** at **2009-02-01 19:49:47**  
(no subject)

Detention? Was that the note from Charms? Sorry. I didn't think Professor Acton had seen you, but you know, it was too funny not to share round.


Hopkins needs to stop apologising and just do what I tell him.

Mum always said choir was for the people who couldn't really sing well enough on their own. So you might be all right enough for choir.

~~I didn't think Daphne would be so~~ Daphne's a good sort, but rather dull. It's nice that you can talk about something together. My mum does her embroidery and beading with spells for the business but she designs the patterns by hand.

We said Tuesday for the makeover, Pansy Parkinson is coming too. I hope I don't look half a fright by then.



 **[alt\\_megan](#)** at **[2009-02-01 20:22:47](#)**  
(no subject)

It's okay. I thought it was a good note too. And it's not a real detention like scrubbing school cauldrons that have *things* crusted on them. Two inches deep. One of the boys had to do that. It's only polishing.

Oh. I suppose.

My guardian knows spells too. But she says you have to know how to do it without the spells first. It makes the spells work better. And it's restful. Stitching. In and out, and before you know it you have something beautiful.

Okay. I'm sure you won't.



 **[alt\\_megan](#)** at **[2009-02-01 20:23:31](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, wait. Tuesday? But that's the day of the choir auditions!



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-02-01 20:34:20](#)**  
(no subject)

Is it? Oh.

Well, skip choir, you don't want to be in with that lot, anyway.



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-01 20:41:40](#)  
(no subject)

But Couldn't Would you be angry if

Do you really think choir isn't very good?



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-01 20:44:18](#)  
(no subject)

Well, haven't you noticed that there's very few older boys students in? I think if your really musical you shouldnt need to sing all in groups like that.


But it's up to you, of course. I mean if it's something you really want to do.



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-01 20:50:36](#)  
(no subject)


Oh. I hadn't noticed.



 [alt\\_susan](#) at [2009-02-03 03:37:31](#)  
(no subject)

That's not either true! One of the Hufflepuff prefects is in the choir and I know she's not the only older one.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-03 14:30:51](#)  
(no subject)

Which one? Coote or Burrow?

As for the others, well, it's hardly a triumph to say one is in with the likes of Horus Diggle or Peter Applebee. Youd never catch someone like Wil Frobisher or Theo Higgs in choir. Or many of the Quidditch players.




 **[alt\\_lavender](#)** at **[2009-02-03 03:47:33](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, *do* come with us! I've got these lovely new hair ribbons and I want to see which ones go with your colouring.

Perhaps you could owl your guardian and see if she might send you some of your own later.

I don't know about you but choir sounds like too much Practising for me!



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-02-03 03:52:16](#)**  
(no subject)

Lavender, don't make her choose, that's not nice.

Jones it's up to you, if you'd rather spend all your time with runty punty choresters or with us, revising and learning charms and such.


Only remember that choir rehearsals will probably mean you can't revise with us anymore.



 **[alt\\_megan](#)** at **[2009-02-03 16:18:23](#)**  
(no subject)

Okay. I'll remember.



 **[alt\\_susan](#)** at **[2009-02-03 02:55:21](#)**  
(no subject)

Don't tell me you're going to skip choir auditions to hang around with *them*? After all the practicing we did?

Megan.  
Honestly, you could grow a spine one of these days




 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-03 03:02:21](#)  
(no subject)

I hadn't decided. Maybe. I don't know. It's so hard to know what to do. I know you don't like them. But I don't know why. They're really nice. And I don't want to mess anything up. And I'm not sure I'm any good at singing anyway.

And I don't think that was a very nice thing to say. Padma and Parvati and Lavender never say anything like that to me.



 [alt\\_susan](#) at [2009-02-03 03:33:07](#)  
(no subject)

I don't hate them or anything, I just don't see any reason to hang 'round them.

I don't mind if you do but ~~I thought you were my b~~ choir is different.

You were the one who had the idea last term, don't you remember? And now you're just going to give it up on Patil's say-so?




 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-03 14:05:26](#)  
(no subject)

Bones, we're not telling her what to do and nor should you.

If she doesn't want to join choir she oughtn't half to do. Why are you making it so hard for her?



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-03 16:19:16](#)  
(no subject)

Thanks Padma.

~~But I do want to join the~~



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-03 16:19:52](#)  
(no subject)


I don't know!!!!!! I don't know I don't know I don't know



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-03 16:21:55](#)  
(no subject)

Because they invited me I like it makes me feel like I'm not second best. Or fourth best. When they want to have me around. And especially when they're nice to me. And it helps with revising. They're all good. And care a lot. And I think my guardian would like if it I could say I was friends with them. And she might tell her friends that I like to.



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-03 16:22:23](#)  
(no subject)

But I'm so glad you won't be cross if I don't do choir.

**[2009-02-02 13:35:00](#)**

*(no subject)*

Okay, so I don't hear anything from mum over Christmas or for my birthday. Then today I get this owl from her, asking all these questions about Lucius and how he treats me and what we do and it's all quite puzzling. And ranting about Grindelwald and how he wasn't what people thought he was and... I don't know what to make of it.



 [alt\\_pansy](#)


I know I'm too old, and not technically an orphan, but having a non-mental parent sounds lovely.

Lucius, I'm sending you mum's owl. It's easier for you to read it than me try to explain it to you.

And now back to my astronomy reading. Maybe mum's ruling planet is in the House of Mental? Though I don't know much about astrology and trying to understand Mum Logic is like trying to play chess with a kappa. It just isn't going to happen.

But the music party was fun and Lav and Padma are giving me Fashion Advice. And colour advice. I don't know how all this works but it's interesting.




 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-02-02 19:59:13](#)  
*(no subject)*

What on *earth* does she say about Grindel--

Nevermind, I shall read it directly it arrives.




 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-02-02 20:07:37](#)  
*(no subject)*

The Grindelwald stuff is all mixed up and doesn't make sense, only that he wasn't what people thought he was, and that other people aren't what they seem to be either. That a pretty face hides many secrets.

I had to borrow a school owl so I don't know how fast they are but you should get it later. I sent it off just after lunch.




 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-02-02 20:23:56](#)  
(no subject)

Ah. That ... actually makes sense to me, but I can see that you would lack the context to understand her gist. Don't waste time worrying over it. Focus on your astronomy.

I shall wait until I see the thing myself to say anymore. As I say, don't distress yourself too much; let me handle it.




 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-02-02 20:43:53](#)  
(no subject)

Thank you, Lucius.

Did you see I came in third on the potions exam? Not great, but not horrid either, right? Was my father good at potions?




 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-02-02 22:24:59](#)  
(no subject)

I did and well done. Third is quite respectable at this stage, though I believe Draco plans to challenge your rank at the next opportunity.

Tony? He was tolerable in Potions, though it was not his best subject. To be honest, he rarely paid more attention than necessary to get by - not something he'd like me telling you, I'm certain. Luckily he was possessed of natural aptitude for most of his lessons.

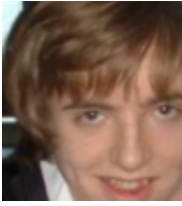
He would be quite pleased with your marks, I'm certain.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-02-02 22:28:17](#)  
(no subject)

Draco always makes me work really hard in classes, because he's so smart himself. So I guess it's a rivalry of sorts but it's a good kind, I think.






 **[alt\\_ernie](#)** at **[2009-02-02 21:57:31](#)**  
(no subject)

I bet my mum would adopt you! She'd love a daughter!



 **[alt\\_lavender](#)** at **[2009-02-03 03:42:26](#)**  
(no subject)

I'm still hoping to talk you into letting me use that Curling Potion on your hair sometime. It would really give it Body.

Oh, and don't forget to come tomorrow when we do Megan.



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-02-03 14:08:07](#)**  
(no subject)

It must be really hard to have a mum like yours.

Lav's right - the curling potion would do well on you. It's going to be alot of fun and itll take your mind right off your mum's mentalness.



 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2009-02-03 19:40:07](#)**  
(no subject)

You get used to it.


Curling potion? Yes, I think tonight will take my mind off a lot of stuff.



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-02-03 15:35:56](#)**  
(no subject)

Maybe your Mother wishes you would stop spending so much time with my Father.




 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2009-02-03 19:37:29](#)**  
(no subject)

He spends far more time with you than he does with me, you know. I haven't seen him since the holidays.

Thanks for your support. One thing I'm learning from all this is who my friends are. That's always a good lesson to learn, don't you think?



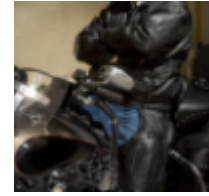
 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-02-03 23:32:22](#)**  
(no subject)

A good lesson indeed.

**[2009-02-02 15:44:00](#)**

*Order only: Dry potions and wet*

On second thought I shan't complete that; Hermione's reading this.



Right. Well, I have a very confused apothecary in Knossos, but a number of crates of Pliny's, two cases of the Tincture, one of Aphoresia's Iron-strong Tonic, and a palette of Cretan Fluxweed plants are on their way to the warehouses I hired in Calais. (I know you don't need \*that\* much, Poppy, but we must look legitimate - and what's the harm if we can sell the rest to St Mungo's or elsewhere, for that matter?)

 **[alt\\_sirius](#)**


We're in luck on the pomegranates - Fatima managed to snap up three bushels, last of the season, from a Berber contact of hers in El Tarf. Though if Malfoy doesn't get a move on soon, we'll have to dry those for preservation and I know that's a potential problem.

But the All-Heal Paste ... Sorry, Poppy. According to my apothecary there was a recall on the last six months' worth of production. Something about the feverfew plants having some kind of fungus or aphid infestation, it was hard to make out. My Greek is only a little better than his French, unfortunately, so a full explanation was impossible to understand. The long and short is, there's none to be had, I'm afraid.

I'm going to worry about the bezoars, tooth-ache tonic, and the rest once I get back to France. There's a place in San Remo that used to advertise Turkish salamanders, but of course, that was two years ago in some mail campaign or other, and who knows if the supply is really bonafide, even if they still stock them? But I'll look into it and see if I can remember where I saw them.

I'll be on the road, then, for the next few days, but I'll check in when I'm north of the Mediterranean again.



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-02-04 23:35:06](#)**  
*Order Only*

Sirius. You are a wonder.

If you'll keep an ear out for news about the All-Heal, it will surely be available again one day soon.

(I'm choosing to think it a bit of good fortune that the recall happened before you tried to make that purchase: imagine if you'd gone to the trouble to ship it through to us only to have it prove worthless -- or harmful.)

Wonderful about the Iron-strong tonic, too. And the fluxweed plants. Now if we can only get them here and collected before they wither.

Sirius, this is really just the best news I've had all week.

Carry on, then, and keep safe!

**[2009-02-02 21:39:00](#)**

## *Candlemas*

everyone knows about the first day of seasons. boot especially pays attention to the beginning of winter, for example, because he has to look for rags for his feet. (although no rags this year since he has shoes. not as nice as the shoes the students have, or the boots he had for awhile. still, boot is glad to have them.)



 **[alt\\_terry](#)**

anyway, this day is the one which is exactly halfway between the beginning of winter and the beginning of spring. some call it 'Candlemas.' there was a woman in the camps who told boot that some called it 'brigit's day,' but boot doesnt know who 'brigit' is.

but she also told boot that there is another, older name for this day. boot thinks it is 'Imbolc,' except he isnt sure that is spelled right. boot should ask hermione. anyway, that name means, 'in the belly,' meaning like the place inside a ewe when she is carrying a lamb. so the word means new beginnings.

boot likes that idea. winter was always hard in the camps. lots of people died. in february the only potatoes left were rotten and the food was running out. it helped boot to remember Candlemas, when the cold seemed like it has sunk into his bones for good. it meant that winter couldnt last forever. the sky gets light earlier in the morning, and later in the afternoon.

winter is so much easier for boot now that he is at hogwarts. he knows he is a lucky mudblood.



 **[alt\\_hermione](#)** at **[2009-02-04 02:26:29](#)**  
(no subject)

I think it's 'Imbolc,' Terry, but I can look it up!

And Brigit is a woman from a long time ago I think. I'll look that up too.

You're right that winter is easier here. Some camps just have tents for some people, can you imagine? I wouldn't want to be in the snow in a tent.

**2009-02-02 21:54:00**

*Attention: Students*

Misters F and G Weasley - while I certainly appreciate your enthusiasm for potions, and am always happy when students find something that interests them so much they undertake additional independent research, if you, or anyone else, wish to use the potions classroom out of class time, or use any of the ingredients from the store room, you **MUST** seek and obtain my permission first.



 [alernity](#)  
 [alt\\_horace](#)

While I appreciate that you cleaned up all (any?) mess, all extra-curricular potions work must be supervised by a teacher, preferably myself. Also while the ingredients in the store room are there for students' use, the school's supplies are not unlimited.

Next time, please come and speak to me first!

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 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-02-03 13:44:30](#)  
(no subject)


We believe that it is better to seek forgiveness than permission.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-03 19:56:38](#)  
(no subject)

Well, that certainly explains a great deal.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-03 19:57:30](#)  
(no subject)

First Charms, now Potions. What are you two up to?

**2009-02-03 09:08:00**

*It took three days*

But my face and all are back to normal. Just in time, too! I didnt want to miss Defence but I would of died if Id had to go looking like a page out of an atlas.




 **alt\_padma**

Anyway, revising tonight will also be makeover night! Parkinson and Jones (at least, I think Jones) and Daphne told Parvati she wants to come, so she'll be there too and Belinda and Morag (because really, we have got to do something about her spots. It's bad enough wearing glasses but to have spots too? Ugh.

Though the spots are new. I asked her if she got splashed by potion on Friday and she said no, but her mum sent a package with transfigured chocolates and they made her break out.


Serves her for not sharing. Still, we can't have her looking like a mancala board, can we?



 **alt\_draco** at **2009-02-03 15:47:32**  
(no subject)


Could you please do something with that Hufflepuff, Midgen's, face? It puts me off my breakfast.



 **alt\_padma** at **2009-02-03 15:59:55**  
(no subject)

What were you doing looking at her?



 **alt\_draco** at **2009-02-03 16:20:28**  
(no subject)

She goes out of her way to sit in my line of vision.



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-02-03 16:22:32](#)**  
(no subject)

Ugh, how revolting.

Well, I suppose we could do something.... Would she look better with blue ears?



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-02-03 16:27:34](#)**  
(no subject)

A bit. At least that would be more funny than unsightly.



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-02-03 16:34:58](#)**  
(no subject)

I have an Idea.

Can you get to Defence a little early? Or stay a minute after?



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-02-03 16:38:52](#)**  
(no subject)

I suppose I can do that. What's your idea? No, best to just tell me when you see me.




 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-02-03 16:39:25](#)**  
(no subject)

Yes, I dont want to say it here.






 **[alt\\_susan](#)** at **[2009-02-04 02:07:30](#)**  
(no subject)

I think Eloise can do without that sort of help, really.




 **[alt\\_lavender](#)** at **[2009-02-04 02:11:40](#)**  
(no subject)

I'm glad she didn't share, honestly. I'd hate to get spotty!

Transfigured sweets are never quite as good as the real thing anyway.




 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2009-02-04 18:00:03](#)**  
(no subject)

All right, I'm taking your colour advice and I'm going to get some new jumpers in the "jewel tones" you mentioned. Wish me luck.

I'm stil unsure on my curls. I look like a deranged poodle.



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-02-05 02:59:43](#)**  
(no subject)

I know what you mean but sometimes any chocolate is better than none.

**2009-02-03 21:10:00**

*Letters and Lists*

Crispin helpfully compared Madam Pomfrey's list of requests against the current list of imports that are embargoed. Have identified several items for which the restrictions may be lifted; forwarded to MacMillan for his consideration. Also sent the list to the Folkestone clearing house with my notes. Of the remaining items, several are permitted, but dear at purse. Crispin has set meetings with a number of hand-picked parents and alumni who may be prevailed upon to defray the costs to the school.



 **alt\_lucius**

At least two of her requests are impossible to grant.

Meanwhile, Miss Parkinson sent along her mother's attempt at detective work. I have no idea what she thinks she is about. The letter is dated the same night as our discussion, so one may hope that she has reconsidered her tirade by now. I shall set her letter aside for the moment and attribute it to her over-emotional state that evening.


Also had a letter from Stephen Rosier. I quite agree, of course, but the central problem is unchanged since ... well, since approximately 1870. Nonetheless, it does confirm that the new textbooks are sorely needed, even if nothing else can be done. Gave it to Crispin to add to my file for the Governors' meeting.



 **alt\_pansy** at **2009-02-04 18:08:14**  
(no subject)

Why is she doing detective work? I mean, she's known you longer than I. And why should she care what we do when we're together?




 **alt\_lucius** at **2009-02-04 18:46:44**  
(no subject)

Perhaps you ought to write back to your mother and ask her just that.

There is, of course, something to be said for a


mother's natural concern for her daughter's well-being. However admirable as that motive would be, I somehow doubt it encompasses the whole of her aim.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-02-04 19:12:34](#)  
(no subject)

I did owl her. No reply as of yet. And why would she suddenly care about my well-being? This is just strange, even by Mum Strangeness Standards.




 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-02-04 19:25:49](#)  
(no subject)

Miss Parkinson, that's hardly appropriate; I am sure your mother cares, in her way.

She is just a little addled about how to best protect you from the dangers of the world, imagining enemies out of friends. It is tiresome.

I am waiting for her to becalm herself before ascertaining her true mind. With luck, she will abandon this ridiculousness before pursuing it any further. She will realise that her assumptions and accusations are nothing more than imagination.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-02-04 19:50:27](#)  
(no subject)

Well, Mr Malfoy, Mum hasn't shown much interest in me. She didn't even send me anything at Christmas or my birthday. So if she cares I can't tell.

I just pretend to myself I'm an orphan. It works well.

What is she accusing you of?

**[2009-02-03 21:47:00](#)**

## *Choir*

When Megan and I practiced songs for the choir auditions, I tried loads of different ones, but in the end I chose 'Greensleeves' because its old and practically everyone knows it, so I could just sing and not worry about the words or anything.



 [alt\\_susan](#)

When I was in the common room getting ready my stomach kept turning over and over and I was afraid I might be sick but I wasn't. I waited for Megan a long time but then I had to go because I didn't want to be late and make Professor Carpenter cross. Even so I was almost late anyhow because the music room isn't very close to Hufflepuff and the staircases kept moving around.

But I finally got there and I was so relieved that everyone was just sitting down and they hadn't started yet. Professor Carpenter called everyone up by last name so I was one of the first ones--I'm not sure if that was good or bad. Some people had brought sheet music with them for the girl who plays the piano (I've seen her before but I don't remember her name). I didn't realize we were supposed to do that, but she had a book with common songs and 'Greensleeves' was in it so that was alright.

Once she started to play it was like I heard the notes ringing in my head and I just sang and forgot all about the people who were there; it was like someone had cast a Hypnotising Charm on me that lasted until the last note. I still don't really know if I was good or bad though.

Afterwards I just sat and waited and listened to the others; there were quite a few so I don't remember them all, but I do remember Vicky Frobisher did a Celestina Warbeck song and I have to admit she was good even though I don't like Celestina Warbeck *at all*. I was sort of hoping someone might do a rock song, like Gary Grimoire or the Warlocks or something, but I guess those aren't really right for choir.

It would have been nice to have someone to wish me luck, but I think I'll do alright on my own.

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 [alt-seamus.livejournal.com](#) at **[2009-02-04 04:08:14](#)**

(no subject)

You sounded okay to me.

I dont think Ill get in. The boys there mostly were old enough to sing tenor and base and my voice hasnt changed yet.

† [alt-neville.livejournal.com](http://alt-neville.livejournal.com) at [2009-02-04 15:15:15](#)  
(no subject)

You do have a good voice, though, Seamus. At least you know how to carry a tune. I couldn't carry a tune in a bucket.

Maybe if not this year, then in two or three years?

† [alt-seamus.livejournal.com](http://alt-seamus.livejournal.com) at [2009-02-04 18:07:57](#)  
(no subject)

Yeah I really think Ill sound better as a base or tenor anyway.

† [alt-pansy.livejournal.com](http://alt-pansy.livejournal.com) at [2009-02-04 17:56:00](#)  
(no subject)

There are ways to prevent your voice from changing, you know.

† [alt-seamus.livejournal.com](http://alt-seamus.livejournal.com) at [2009-02-04 18:07:08](#)  
(no subject)

Yeah I think Ill pass. Anyway my voice isnt SO great right now. I bet Ill sound better as a base or tenor anyway.

What did you do to your hair? You look like a poodle that went for a swim and got dried off with that quick dry charm they warned us to just use on clothing.

† [alt-pansy.livejournal.com](http://alt-pansy.livejournal.com) at [2009-02-04 19:14:57](#)  
(no subject)

Lavender and Padma tried a curling charm on my hair that worked a bit too well. I do look rather poodlish (is that a word?), don't I?

† [alt-seamus.livejournal.com](http://alt-seamus.livejournal.com) at [2009-02-04 18:07:31](#)  
(no subject)

| | Uh no offense I mean. Maybe you meant it to look that way?

† [alt-susan.livejournal.com](http://alt-susan.livejournal.com) at [2009-02-08 01:15:36](#)

*(no subject)*

Thanks Finnegan. You were alright yourself, and its nice to know somebody was listening.

And you never know, maybe because they have so many older boys they'll *need* some younger ones who can sing the higher notes.

† [alt-megan.livejournal.com](http://alt-megan.livejournal.com) at [2009-02-04 15:50:21](#)

*(no subject)*

I'm sorry, Susan. You're not cross, are you? You said you wouldn't be.

† [alt-susan.livejournal.com](http://alt-susan.livejournal.com) at [2009-02-08 01:17:36](#)

*(no subject)*

That wasn't what I said. I said I didnt mind you going about with them and I didnt.

But I also didnt think you'd choose them over me doing choir.

† [alt-megan.livejournal.com](http://alt-megan.livejournal.com) at [2009-02-12 06:37:26](#)

*(no subject)*

Oh. Are you cross?

† [alt-pansy.livejournal.com](http://alt-pansy.livejournal.com) at [2009-02-04 17:55:26](#)

*(no subject)*

I wish I could sing, but me singing is like a toad being strangled. It's not pretty. So when do you find out about the results?

† [alt-susan.livejournal.com](http://alt-susan.livejournal.com) at [2009-02-08 01:24:01](#)

*(no subject)*

Professor Carpenter said she'd have them posted after lessons Tuesday, right before the next practise. I'm excited but ~~not as much~~ still a bit nervous.

You should sing if you feel like singing, just because it's fun; if your not performing it doesn't matter if your terrible.

**2009-02-03 22:31:00**

*Fashion Advice*

Your curls are cute on you Pansy. Did you ever read the comic book series about Belinda the Orphan Witch? It was the one about the girl who winds up in a muggle orphanage back in the old days. Anyway I think the curls make you look kind of like Belinda. Except she was blonde. I'm glad they didn't try to turn your hair blonde, I don't think that would suit you at all.



 **alt\_sally\_anne**

I think Padma would've given me curls too if I'd let her but I like my hair straight, it's easier to comb.

---



 **alt\_megan** at **2009-02-04 15:49:42**  
(no subject)


Do you like my hair? I do. Even though it feels funny.



 **alt\_sally\_anne** at **2009-02-04 18:12:02**  
(no subject)

I think curls suit you better than they suit Pansy honestly. They looked good last night but at breakfast they'd kind of gone frizzy, how long do you think you'll keep them in?




 **alt\_megan** at **2009-02-04 19:41:45**  
(no subject)

I don't know. Do you think it's too frizzy? I thought it was still fine. Perhaps I can get it to go unfrizzy? There ought to be a charm for that.





 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2009-02-04 17:53:39](#)**  
(no subject)


Maybe if the curls weren't so tight. I look like a poodle on potions. The illegal ones, if you know what I mean.



 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)** at **[2009-02-04 18:44:09](#)**  
(no subject)

Yeah if it were just a little wavy it might be better. We could work on the curling charm together if you want and see if we could tone it down a little. Or you could go back to straight hair, it's less work. Did they ever decide what colours suited you best?



 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2009-02-04 19:13:54](#)**  
(no subject)

They say I should wear jewel tones. Like ruby, sapphire, emerald, etc. Which is good because I like darker colours.


I need help with my charms. I can't get the curling charm right. Wanna try tonight? I'm doing something wrong.



 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2009-02-06 03:46:01](#)**  
(no subject)

Dont you wear the same robes as everyone else? How are you supposed to work in the jewel tones?



 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2009-02-06 08:57:53](#)**  
(no subject)

Don't be daft, Seamus. We don't wear our school robes ALL the time. All that black and grey all the time is rather morbid.

**[2009-02-04 18:18:00](#)**

*ORDER ONLY: Professor Sprout?*

Would you please say something, to Professor Carrow or Dennis if you could manage it, like 'I asked Terry to get that bucket of bowtruckle dung'? Perhaps you needed it for compost or something like it? Only Terry is going to be in an awful spot of trouble and I swear he didn't do anything wrong, not even the tiniest bit, and you know that Professor Carrow will punish him and Professor McGonagall said I was supposed to do anything I could to stop Professor Carrow from hurting Terry.



 [alternity](#)

 [alt\\_hermione](#)

So, would you? Please?



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-05 02:19:25](#)

*(no subject)*

Oh, dear. Whenever I hear something like, "I need a really good excuse for why there's a bucket of bowtruckle dung," I can't help but expect that the twins were involved somehow. Were they? If so, they'll certainly be hearing from me about it! I don't want them pulling that poor boy into hot water along with them.



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2009-02-05 13:56:02](#)

*(no subject)*

No no it wasn't them, it was Lee Jordan! It - well, he tried to pull a prank on Professor Carrow and Terry covered for him, only Dennis saw the bucket of bowtruckle poop, or actually probably smelled it first, and I'm certain sure that Dennis will tell Professor Carrow about it.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-05 16:50:11](#)

*(no subject)*

Oh, my. I've heard about Lee Jordan. He's very good friends with the twins, I think. Kindred spirits, they are. (Not that I hear about him from them since they don't write me much, but I get

occasional complaints about his pranks in Percy's letters.)

Come to think of it, didn't Carrow's journal have something in the past week about giving Lee Jordan a detention? I imagine he must have decided to get a little pay back.

Well, as beautiful as the mental picture is of Amycus Carrow covered with bowtruckle dung, I hope Terry extricated Lee before the prank could be pulled and there are no repercussions. Minerva, have you heard anything?



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-06 03:32:34](#)  
(no subject)

As far as I can tell, there hasn't been a word of any trouble with Lee Jordan beyond the immediate. Young Boot must be quite a friend of his.

Miss Granger: I shall let this incident lie, but I hope that you will communicate to Mr Boot that rules are rules - and I hope that you will communicate to Mr Jordan that prank-pulling is inappropriate.

**2009-02-05 20:43:00**

*Ron or Seamus?*

Have either of you seen Trevor? I guess I knocked the cover off the terrarium without realising it, and he must've got out. Maybe this afternoon? Not sure if the door on the room was open when I went back to class after lunch.



 [alt\\_neville](#)



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-02-06 02:43:55](#)  
(no subject)

Oh great I hope he doesnt end up in my bed again.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-02-06 02:46:21](#)  
(no subject)


I don't think he wants to end up in there any more than you do. Not after you almost squished him last October, when he scared you so bad cause he was under the covers when you got into bed.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-02-06 02:44:31](#)  
(no subject)

And I havent seen him. Id let you know right quick if I did!



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-02-06 02:49:55](#)  
(no subject)

Okay. Ron, how about you?

(Have you seen him tonight? I thought he was playing chess with Ritchie Coote, but I didn't see him down in the Common Room. Is he in the library or something?)



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-02-06 03:43:58](#)  
(no subject)

He might be in the library maybe but he wont write back to you in the journal. He says hes not writing in his anymore after what happened to Parkinson last term. Dunno why hes so worried. Rons sensible, not like Parkinson.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-02-06 04:17:17](#)  
(no subject)

Just saw Ron, come back from the library right before curfew--he was finishing that Potions essay. And he found Trevor, in his trunk! Ron was looking in there, cause Fred and George were asking everybody in the Common room to give them any empty ink bottles they might have, and there was Trevor asleep on a pile of his socks.

Anyway, Trevor's back in the terrarium, so you don't have to worry about sticking your feet under your covers tonight.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-02-06 04:21:43](#)  
(no subject)

Well thats a load off my mind mate. Probably Trevors too.

I had an empty ink bottle but I already gave it to George. I think it was George. I just hope if they use it to play a prank on someone its not on me.

**2009-02-06 14:04:00**

*Unbelievable Cheek*

Does she think that all I have done has been out of self-interest?



 [alt\\_lucius](#)

I ought to back up, I suppose.

As a precaution, I met with Caldecott yesterday. I'm glad I did for I returned to find a letter marked 'Personal and Confidential' had been delivered while I was at the solicitor's. Crispin had attached a note saying he suspected the letter had been spelled so that only I might open it.

At least she used that much discretion. But the contents of the missive! The unmitigated cheek of the woman!

I had hoped that she would grow more calm with passage of time, instead of more scornful. Obviously I am not to be spared her breast-beating nor her unparalleled aspersions.

Were her slanders only directed to me, I could easily dismiss them as the ravings of her disappointment. But to attempt extortion? Is she utterly mad?

I am not worried in the slightest, naturally, as there is not an ounce of truth to her calumny. Nonetheless, it is the sort of vile defamation that must be stamped out swiftly before it takes root in anyone choosing to believe the vitriol over the verity.

What puts me out most, however, is that she repays my years of kindness with this despicable display of greed and ingratitude. I wonder what other puerile fantasies she has concealed behind her simpering all this time.

I had no desire to spend further time alone with her after last week's shocking, inconsiderate performance, but she leaves me little choice. If she will not see reason privately, discreetly, she shall learn how very unsteady is the ground beneath her feet.

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 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-07 19:10:33](#)  
(no subject)

You do know, of course, that I shall always back you over Parkinson: she is quite an insane person, as far as I can tell. Although you have made me most curious as to the particulars of your exchange with

her.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-02-07 20:17:52](#)  
(no subject)

It is utterly ridiculous, Minerva, that she should force the issue, but thank you at any rate.. She is completely deluded - in more respects than one.

I shouldn't be surprised if she does try to bring you to the field. It's the sort of short-sighted nonsense in which she has indulged for years.

Narcissa, of course, fears only that I shall shrink from making good on the threat I levied last night: Namely that if she truly wishes me to withdraw my support, I shall do so ... in *all* respects. I shall give her time for the implications to sink in and for her to decide in consequence that she does not, in fact, wish such a fate.

Nonetheless, if she presses me, it will go hard for her. I regret that her actions might bring privation to Miss Parkinson, but I feel confident it should not come to that pass.

**2009-02-06 15:15:00**

*Working . . .*

although if I could, I'd be home. Poor Molly came down with the influenza quite suddenly last night. Ginny took to her bed just after her, and Luna looked just as peaky when she showed up for lessons this morning. I'm rather worried about them all, and I wished I could stay home to help, even if I am all thumbs in the sickroom. There was an early morning Floo call, though, about trouble at the Sevenoaks Camp (the Muggle headman there, Charlie Patterson, was knifed to death last night, victim of a stupid drunken brawl he was trying to break up. Great pity; he was a good man. Smashing good violinist, too.) And Warrington has been chuntering on and on about getting the January placement program reports completed and turned in. (Nott has been breathing down his neck because they're fearfully late.) So no use dossing off, I felt obligated to go in.



 [alt\\_arthur](#)

Fortunately, our neighbor Maisie Diggory took pity on me when I Flooed her in desperation this morning, and came over to look after Molly and the girls (it's certainly not the sort of thing I'd ask of Xeno, particularly knowing the awful stuff he'd probably take it into his head to dose them with). Since getting here I've been working at a steady slog all day; haven't even had a chance to break away for a bit of midday tiffin.

Seems I'm always here late. The department's understaffed, has been for years, due to chronic budget shortfall. The welfare of Muggleborn wizards isn't a particularly high priority for the Ministry, I suppose. Sometimes when I glance over at the clock after hours spent toiling over parchment reports, and I just know Molly's fuming because the dinner's long gone cold, I wonder why I keep staying after Warrington and Jenkins and all the rest have gone home, night after night. But these folders on my desk all represent real people, and I know I'm truly the only one who can help them. So I do hate to let the work slide.

I was in a melancholy mood last night when the young woman who empties the bins came in. I've come to quite look forward to seeing her in the evenings. Nymphadora Tonks, a Hufflepuff, just finished Hogwarts last year. Charming woman, really, bit shy of me at first, but we've had quite a few good chats once I convinced her I really was



glad to share a cuppa with her on her breaks. A friendly face can help make the long hours seem not quite so bad.

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 **alt\_poppy** at [2009-02-06 23:43:31](#)

*Order Only*

Arthur, I'm very sorry to hear about Molly and the girls. This new year is proving terrible for influenza, I'm afraid. I'm seeing more cases than usual here.

If you don't mind my asking, are they mostly feverish or are they also having digestive troubles?

If there is any way that I can be helpful, do, please, let me know.



 **alt\_arthur** at [2009-02-07 02:06:10](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Classic influenza, Poppy: fever, aches, chills, respiratory. No digestive upset, although of course they aren't inclined to eat very much. Molly seems about the worst off. I just did another Floo call with Maisie, who said she managed to get each of them to take a bit of soup (I'm going to stuck here for several more hours, blast). Luna is going to spend the night at the house, although we'll check by Floo with Xeno in the morning to make sure he hasn't come down with it.

Maisie has dosed them each with a standard Fever Banishing draught from the corner apothecary, but I don't think we have access to the freshest ingredients here in Ottery St. Catchpole. If they aren't better by tomorrow night, I will let you know.



 **alt\_poppy** at [2009-02-07 04:30:41](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Are *you* feeling quite all right, Arthur? Don't be foolish if you begin to feel unwell -- Floo travel goes from unpleasant to downright dangerous if you put it off until you are fully overcome. If you *should* find yourself in that state, for goodness sake, get yourself to St. Mungo's.

I trust that Maisie is pushing them to drink as much as they can

tolerate. Water is best, but pumpkin juice or a mild camomile tea will do them good -- and help them to rest.

Absolutely let me know if they are not all feeling much better tomorrow.



 **alt\_arthur** at [2009-02-07 04:50:23](#)

*Re: Order Only*

A decade ago I would have blithely said 'I never get sick.' After the past few years of seeing what goes on in the camps, however, I've gained a wary respect of what influenza can do, and I'm not such a fool. Merlin, we lost six thousand last winter in the Scarborough camp alone.

I will certainly take care to go home right away if I feel the least bit unwell. Will let you know tomorrow about how Molly and the girls are doing.



 **alt\_poppy** at [2009-02-07 19:24:09](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Arthur, I quite forgot it was your birthday. How dreadful!

I'm glad there was cake for you at home, and I trust that by tomorrow Molly will feel well enough to celebrate with you.

I do hope that the rest of the year is an improvement on its beginning.



 **alt\_nymphadora** at [2009-02-07 00:07:24](#)

*(no subject)*

Thanks for the tea, Arthur. I was thinking of trying my hand at making some cake this weekend, I'll bring some in next week if you're brave enough to sample my cooking.



 **alt\_arthur** at [2009-02-07 02:07:33](#)  
(no subject)

My dear, I'm always brave enough for a bit of cake!  
But do stop by, cake in hand or not--it is always a  
pleasure to see you.



 **alt\_arthur** at [2009-02-07 05:15:57](#)  
(no subject)

Besides, I'm a Gryffindor--I've told you that before,  
haven't I? We're brave enough for anything!



 **alt\_sirius** at [2009-02-07 05:36:58](#)  
*Order only*

Rotten luck, Arthur, and just in time for your birthday,  
too. Wish them well for me, will you?

Well, here's hoping by next year we'll have you  
something worth celebrating.

I'd've updated sooner but it's been a bit hectic since getting back.  
Suddenly there are engagements for Nigel Cullenden left and right.

At any rate, get yourself a strong dose of firewhiskey to ward off the  
fever and chin up, mate.



 **alt\_arthur** at [2009-02-07 06:47:25](#)  
*Re: Order only*

It's certainly not my best birthday ever, true. I think  
that's what made Molly the most miserable today:  
here it was my birthday, but she couldn't make me a  
cake! But Molly being Molly, sick as she was, she  
still managed to hector Maisie into making one. (I'm home, finally,  
putting a fork into a piece as I'm writing this now.) A bit ridiculous,  
since I'm the only one inclined to eat it, but I was still touched.  
Particularly since I know that the absolute necessity of making a  
cake for me is the only thing that would have led Molly to allow  
another woman free run in her kitchen!

I've a glass of Firewhiskey to sip once I'm done with the cake. I'm reliably informed that it's quite miraculous at keeping the influenza away.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-07 19:14:25](#)

*ORDER ONLY*

Keep an eye on the Tonks girl, Arthur; I'm quite interested to learn more about that one.

**2009-02-06 16:40:00**

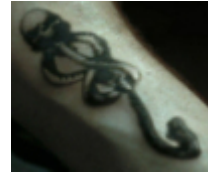
*(no subject)*

Bowtruckle dung?

We are not amused.

tidbit, I regret to inform you that you are in for a rather long weekend.

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 **alt\_amycus**



 **alt\_terry** at **2009-02-07 02:14:34**

*(no subject)*

Sir? boot doesnt understand. didnt Professor Sprout speak to you?

**2009-02-06 21:13:00**

*(no subject)*

Pansy, do you want to practise the hair-curling charm this weekend? I found a hair-straightening charm so we can try the hair-curling charm and then reverse it if it makes it too curly.



 **alt\_sally\_anne**

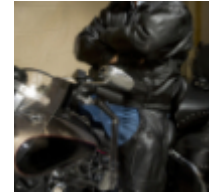
I actually found a whole load of hair-styling charms but -- well for instance, there's a set of charms to get your hair to go into a beehive hairdo. Or a bouffant. And there's another one to make your fringe stick up -- you know, I have to show you these pictures, I don't think I can describe it properly.

The really funny looking styles take a couple of different charms though and you have to arrange the hair while you're charming it in place so it wouldn't work as a prank.

**2009-02-07 01:54:00**

*Order Only: Terra Firma*

Back at home to catch my breath, and get up-to-date on Nigel's life.



Gilbert is visiting Gregoire again. Very keen on Quidditch, he is, so I brought him along to a recruiting event yesterday. He's only just gone to sleep, actually - which is why I'm writing these lines so late. I've had to keep up Nigel's journal while Gilbert may glance over my shoulder.

 [alt\\_sirius](#)

Arthur, lack of proper celebrations aside, it sounds as if you're making inroads with Cousin Dora. Good show - there's a mind there and no mistake. Now don't let Molly harangue the twins too soundly for the ink bottles and the charms textbook. Especially as she's not feeling well. Nothing's worse for a flu than getting up one's Irish (and, er, Molly's got more than most, old man). Besides, I for one am highly curious, if not to say eager, to see what they're cooking up! (Though they ought to make sure their friend picks the right targets. Tempting as Carrow makes himself, he's frightening. I don't think even James and I would have dared if we'd had a psychopath like him for a schoolmaster!)

And Poppy, I ought to be able to get cracking on the rest of your list tomorrow (well, this morning, at any rate, if I can shoo Gilbert back to his brother's house), and if not, at the least, I'll send off an owl to Agatha about them.

Before I left Knossos I posted another letter to Harry. I noticed he doesn't write much in his journal, so I've asked (all in innocence, of course) if he'll write me about his 'adventures.' I hope this will help us to follow his movements a bit better than relying on reports. Our Hermione can't be Johnny-on-the-spot all the time!

(Oh, I assured him that no one on our side would try to hurt him - but I did issue rather a warning against certain skulking types 'round about the school....)

Right, well, I'd best hide this away and get back to Gilbert for a little shut-eye before he wakes up. Or maybe I'll wake him up....

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 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-07 19:18:14](#)  
(no subject)

Regarding 'Cousin Dora' - mind or no mind, we must always be cautious. But I am curious to hear more of her; one never does get to know one's students as well as one thinks.

Regarding Mr Marvolo - can anyone blame him for not pouring his heart out to his journal? He must know that what he writes is scrutinized carefully by half the wizarding world. Of course, there is also the possibility that like so many other young boys he isn't much of a writer.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-09 19:26:29](#)  
(no subject)

Cheers, Minerva, I understand the need for prudence. But so far, all the signs are fairly good that Dora's got much more going on in her head than she lets people see. I'm brewing up a new Truth, in fact, based on some of her comments - but not to worry, not in a way anyone will be able to track back to her. I'm not a complete imbecile, thank goodness. But I'll be curious to see if a change in their tone doesn't produce some different results.

As for Harry, I never said I was surprised he doesn't write in a public place. Only that I hope by encouraging him to tell me what he's doing, we'll have a more reliable method of keeping track of him. In more ways than one!



**2009-02-07 14:26:00**

*Another week gone.*

Last weekend's freedom was a fleeting thing - I've been in the midst of marking essays from our 2nd years, 4th years, and the NEWT students this week, all of which required extensive comments.




 **alt\_sinistra**

The beginning of the week started well - I had a lovely afternoon tea with Poppy, just to chat. We wandered over a number of topics, but I think she was amused by the combination of my abysmal scores in both Herbology and Potions (I have to admit, they were the worst of my OWLs), and my general knowledge of remedies useful to growing children. (Being one child of many requires you to learn some things out of sheer self-preservation.)

Since then, though, it's been all essay marking, and wondering how to adjust observation times for the weather, and trying to get alternate class topics prepared, and so I find myself at the weekend feeling rather wrung out.

This evening, though, I'm going into Hogsmeade for dinner, as a friend of mine is coming through. It'll be good to catch up with her more easily than by owl or floo. I may be up late to finish the essays after that, mind you - but a break will be nice.



 **alt\_poppy** at **2009-02-08 15:01:49**  
(no subject)

I had a lovely time Monday, Aurora. We must do it again soon.

The wonderful thing about having finished school and having settled into one's life's work is that those scores are no longer important. Once through the examination gateway, the subjects we didn't pursue lose their significance except as sources for amusing anecdotes.

Ask me next time to tell you about my appalling failure to master Runes. I've often thought I ought to give them another go: I'd love to take a rambling holiday to study the ancient markers and crosses. I'm very fond of history, and it would undoubtedly be healthful to spend a month in the fresh air of the countryside.

There's a fond fancy for an icy morning!



 [alt\\_sinistra](#) at [2009-02-11 00:38:00](#)

*(no subject)*

We definitely must. And you are right - it is reassuring that our scores stop mattering at some point, as hard as it can be to believe at the time.

I will ask you about the Runes - personally, I find them fascinating, the ways they interconnect and fit into the spaces between each other in meaning - much like the stars and planets fit and change all at once, if you see what I mean.

The thought of a nice summer ramble does appeal when it's been this icy, definitely - no matter what the topic.



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-02-10 21:28:11](#)

*(no subject)*

Is there a good meal to be had in Hogsmeade? I don't usually bother with the place ~~but for maybe a drink~~ the food seems better here than anywhere else.



 [alt\\_sinistra](#) at [2009-02-11 00:39:56](#)

*(no subject)*

It is not so much that the food is better as that the company is a bit different. A change is as good as a rest, sometimes.

**2009-02-07 20:24:00**

*Attention: Students*

To the two students I snapped at earlier in the Charms corridor - my apologies.

It's no excuse, but it's the full moon on Monday so I'm feeling a little which means that I.



 [alernity](#)  
 [alt\\_lupin](#)

That said, there's really no need to run screaming in the opposite direction. If I were actually going to eat you, it wouldn't help anyway.

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 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-09 03:43:43](#)  
(no subject)

I trust they weren't Gryffindors, were they? I mean, I shouldn't think a Gryffindor would, well, take off like a scared rabbit.


Still, if I'm wrong and they were, I could speak to them for you, if you'd like?



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-02-10 21:19:51](#)  
(no subject)

I think the situation is under control, Mr Weasley, but thank you for the offer.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-02-09 03:46:24](#)  
(no subject)

Anyone can have an off day, even if it's not the moon making them that way.

Not very many would bother to apologise, though. Specially someone who's an adult to someone who's just a kid.

That being said, um . . . I hope tomorrow night goes easy on you, sir.



 **[alt\\_lupin](#)** at **[2009-02-10 21:28:32](#)**  
(no subject)

Thank you, Neville. It went as well as it ever does, I suppose.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-02-09 19:45:01](#)**  
(no subject)

Depends. Was it before your morning tea? Because that, two days before the full, really can be a daunting sight, you know.

Anyway, I ... I've been thinking about tonight, for the last few days. Even before you posted this, I mean. I remember you used to say the winter nights were both the best and the worst, in their way. Then I suppose every season has its best and worst qualities, doesn't it?

No need to reply, if you don't want to be seen in contact with an enemy of the state like me.




 **[alt\\_lupin](#)** at **[2009-02-10 22:01:29](#)**  
(no subject)

So I'm told. But no, it wasn't. I have no excuse but my own occasional failings.

Winter nights are colder, longer, and of course the students are around, but there is something beautiful about a crisp winter's night. Then again, the best nights are the ones where I'm still in here to enjoy them, so I think I'll have those ones, please, if I get a choice.

I don't imagine there's any harm corresponding with an enemy of the state, as long as I don't allow you to corrupt my mind with your wicked propaganda.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-16 02:45:47](#)  
(no subject)

Well, in that case: Happy Lupercalia, Moony.

**2009-02-09 22:16:00**

*Order Only: The package has been retrieved*



 **alt\_arthur**

Bill and I have been wrestling with the problem for the past three days, but eventually we both agreed we couldn't wait for Flamel any longer. (I fervently hope that whatever has delayed Nicholas will be sorted out soon so we'll hear from him or Perenelle. Any word at all yet, Minerva?)

Anyway, the two of us had quite a row over which of us should attempt the retrieval, which we eventually sorted out by resorting to that old childhood favourite 'Stone, Parchment, Scissors.' In the end it was Bill who drank the polyjuice and made the trip to the Central Owl Office. I had gnawed my fingernails down to the quick before he returned, but all went smoothly, and we're both quite sure he was not followed.


Sirius, you'll be pleased to learn we have your contraband in hand. We'll divide the package, sending a 1/3 to Moddey Dhoo, a 1/3 to Hogwarts and keeping a 1/3 for Bill and me. The chocolate, spices and French burgundy will prove quite useful for bribing purposes, and everyone will be very pleased to see the potion ingredients. Kingsley, have you managed to retrieve the package that Sirius directed to you? Be sure to keep Benjy from finishing off all the liquor before you get a taste!



 **alt\_mcgonagall** at **2009-02-10 19:06:14**  
(no subject)

None whatsoever. - I fear we must give him up, Arthur, and start thinking of contingency plans. I cannot see what would keep him from contacting us if he weren't taken; and in any case if he is taken he's been taken far, far from my area of authority.



 **alt\_arthur** at **2009-02-11 00:44:42**  
(no subject)

Oh dear. It seems quite serious, then.

Bill might have an operative he can use to do a

discreet check on the Flamel residence. If he can learn anything, I will pass it along.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-11 03:40:52](#)

*(no subject)*

That would be quite helpful. I feel so useless - all this waiting!



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-11 00:47:35](#)

*Order Only*

So THIS is what happens when I get sick and can't keep my eye on you both! You both take hair-raising risks!



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-11 00:49:12](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Now, Molly, there's no need to take on so. Bill was able to nip in and nip out without anyone being the wiser.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-11 00:50:14](#)

*Re: Order Only*

You say that now! But you had no guarantee! If someone does have the Flamels trussed up in a sack, they could have come after Bill!



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-11 00:52:13](#)

*Re: Order Only*

We didn't want you to worry, but really, dear, we took every conceivable precaution.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-11 00:54:08](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Arthur, I won't have Bill running such terrible risks!



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-11 00:56:38](#)

*Re: Order Only*

We all have to take them, my dear, but Bill has your level head and he won't come to any harm.

I'm about to leave work, Molly. Watch the clock; I should be home in twenty minutes.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-11 00:58:09](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Don't think you can get around me with flattery, Arthur Weasley!

I will see you when you get home.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-11 03:40:14](#)

*(no subject)*

Well, that's a relief - in a number of ways.

Tell Molly that you had to do summat about that parcel, or it would've raised notice simply by *not* being claimed.

As for Flamel, that's bad news, of course, but if Bill thinks he can send a spy to get a better sense of what's going on, at least we'd have an idea whether anything is compromised.

Sounds as if, for the time being, anyway, the import operation is in the clear.



**2009-02-10 14:20:00**

*Disturbances*

Why are all the girls are going around the castle with their hair in ridiculous curls? Well, mostly ridiculous, I suppose it suits some people. Others are better off with blue ears. Actually, I overheard some Hufflepuff at supper yesterday, claiming that I won AK by cheating. I can't believe anyone still cares enough to complain, but if they do I'll only say that its not cheating to ask for an experts advice on a subject. My aunt was an expert hit-wizard and its not cheating to ask her about it, its called strategy. Just like if I needed to make a good potion I'd go to Professor Slughorn and if I wanted to be saved or save someone from dying I would go to Madam Pomphrey. Or, I might go to my Mother first. And even in quidditch, sometimes teams will bring in retired players for a bit of coaching.



 [alt\\_draco](#)

Mother, did you and Father get my Owl on friday? No ones written me yet this week and I don't understand what's goi

We've got a load of charms to work on this week, and me and Blaise and Teddy are going to work together. I guess Vince and Greg will be there too, because they're in the same dorm and whatnot, but I don't see them doing much of the actual work. Harry, you can join us if you want. If you can tear yourself away from the library for once, that is.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-10 22:14:37](#)  
(no subject)

You'd look smashing with curls Draco, want some? I'm really good at that charm now.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-02-10 22:16:11](#)  
(no subject)

No he wouldnt. ~~He looks~~ Hed look like a prat with curly hair. Especially if it looked like yours.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-10 22:18:46](#)  
(no subject)

It was a joke, Finnegan.

And you don't like my new hairstyle? I'm so wounded! Pansy and I practised the curl charm while we were waiting for the moon to come out last night and I think she's really got the hang of it now. Well except she was going for wavy and auburn and ... well, it always seems to wear off in a day or two.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-02-11 00:51:19](#)  
(no subject)

It wears off? Well thats good. For you anyway.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-02-11 01:03:42](#)  
(no subject)


I can see how how it might be good having a change once in a while and all, but I think your hair looks just fine the way it was. Practical-like, but nice.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-11 01:09:52](#)  
(no subject)


Thanks Longbottom. I like my hair fine the way it is normally but messing about with the hairstyling charms is fun. How'd you like to look like a Weasley for a day? Pansy can do that colour really well.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-02-11 01:48:14](#)  
(no subject)


Thanks but I like my hair colour the way it is! Guess boys are sort of boring that way, cause we don't see much point in changing it. But thanks for asking.



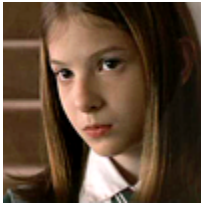
 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-02-10 22:39:09](#)  
(no subject)

Cheers, Finnegan. I think



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-02-10 22:39:36](#)  
(no subject)

Oh haha. Didn't see that one coming at all.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-10 22:45:30](#)  
(no subject)


What did your aunt tell you to do? I'm sure you'd have done fine without her advice too, it's a good game for a Slytherin.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-02-11 15:26:42](#)  
(no subject)

She said that I would need to be non-threatening, to not go anywhere alone, and to be calm even when I didn't feel it inside.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-02-11 16:51:30](#)  
(no subject)

Sound advice and not cheating in the slightest.

I've been quite monopolising Valerian for the past few days, but I've given him over to your mother so your hamper will not run bare.

Has Harry been revising a great deal? He is not generally prone to studiousness, but if he wishes to improve his marks with the resources in the library, there's no harm in it. Though I should have thought you have all the books either of you might need - unless he is going out of his way to find additional documentation?




 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2009-02-11 03:44:08](#)  
(no subject)

I've only been occupied in planning the luncheon yesterday, darling. Father's been very busy just now. Don't worry about him.

I do have a package for you, however. I'll send it the very moment Valerian can be spared.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-02-11 15:27:12](#)  
(no subject)

Allright, Mother. I'll watch for your package.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-02-11 03:45:20](#)  
(no subject)

Sure I'll work with you.

~~What dyou mean about the library?~~



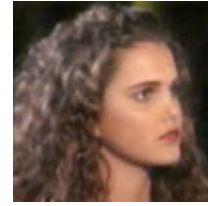
 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-02-11 15:26:54](#)  
(no subject)

Good, I'm glad.

**2009-02-10 16:42:00**

*Books, Books, Books!*

I am so sick of having my face stuck in books the past month. I can't believe that I let my father's little tirade about my marks over the holidays get to me.



 [alt\\_penelope](#)

I'm about ready to burn the lot of them, and my homework too. Anyone care to join me?


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 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-11 01:51:24](#)  
(no subject)

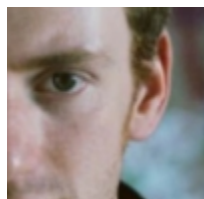
Surely you don't want to do that. Why with just a little judicious application to your revising, you can become as big of a bore as me!



 [alt\\_penelope](#) at [2009-02-11 23:49:26](#)  
(no subject)

Wouldn't want that at all. I think I'd be happier if I set the lot ablaze.

So would a bore like you be interested in helping me out?




 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-12 00:27:59](#)  
(no subject)

I would be very happy to help you out, yes. The only thing I ask in return is that you, er, forget most of what I said in the past twenty-four hours.

Usual table in the library?



 [alt\\_penelope](#) at [2009-02-12 00:38:15](#)  
(no subject)

See you there after dinner. I might even try to get my pyromania tendencies out of my system before then.

**2009-02-10 18:01:00**

*Tuesday ....*

Tea with Ari, thank Merlin. Just the ability to go to the club, where one will not be pestered by meddlesome insects, is enough to give one strength for the next sally.



 [alt\\_lucius](#)

Per my instructions, Crispin had arranged meetings with several prominent family heads for the purpose of filling the medical supply gap at Hogwarts. Dionysia Bobolis, Nicodemus Frobisher, Lionel Moon, June Calderwood and Inigo Sandoval, each for various reasons, have a vested interest in seeing the school well-quartered when it comes to its pharmacopoeia, and the Commerce Committee stands a better chance of granting exceptions for the importation of the necessary elements with a guarantee that the endowment on the school shall not be beggared in order to protect the children from common (and uncommon) ailments.

Narcissa offered to lunch Madam Calderwood and Mrs Bobolis yesterday, with unsurprising results. Their enthusiasm was great; their ability to finance is limited; they remember their duty and will endeavour with all diligence; etc. (One would think the Bobolis clan as a whole could see to it that at least a half-share is raised. Circe knows enough of their progeny is currently enrolled that, were anything epidemic to catch, there is a statistical probability one of their issue will contract whatever it is!)

I had decent hope that Moon and Frobisher would contribute without much convincing (Frobisher stands for nomination to the Board of Governors next term, of course, and Moon - well, I know his character and his ambitions, shall we say) and I was to meet with each of them to-morrow. Yet, quite without a credible explanation, Frobisher has postponed our appointment. Things come up, naturally. Somehow I rather got the impression he intends to put it off indefinitely. Moon sent an owl, received yesterday afternoon - through the excuses, it was clear he means to skive off altogether.

This morning I met with Sandoval - being a shrewd businessman, he immediately saw the advantage to his own prospects and readily agreed to stand to a share of the expense, should it be approved by Commerce. I had not returned for a quarter-hour, however, before my concentration was interrupted by raised voices in the house. The number of callers who would cause Crispin to shout may be counted

on one hand, so I came down to see what the matter was.

The moment she caught sight of me, Skeeter began a barrage of impertinent and even salacious questions. She even had the temerity to claim that Lovegood had sent her (as if he would have risked his livelihood for a little mud-raking)! Made short work of her disruption and have instructed Crispin, in no uncertain terms, that if she again sets so much as an uninvited foot on the premises, he is to curse first, ask questions later.

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 **[alt\\_mcgonagall](#)** at **[2009-02-11 03:40:07](#)**  
(no subject)

Thank you for seeing so assiduously to Poppy's needs, Lucius. I'm sure she appreciates it a great deal.

As for Skeeter, you may send her over to me for 'Pansy's side of the story'; I can always use a person to lambast, as the students hardly can defend themselves. Skeeter would do nicely.



 **[alt\\_lucius](#)** at **[2009-02-11 03:52:52](#)**  
(no subject)

She would have to be able to travel before she can dig in that particular trench again.

Unfortunately that infernal quill of hers does not require her hand to be whole.

By all means, if she is foolish enough to show her face in the vicinity, exercise your impulse; though I would sooner see her drop the matter altogether. She is just the type who would torment an innocent pawn such as Miss Parkinson - just as she was reprehensible enough to root about in the Parkinson family last autumn.

Truly I ought to summon her back so that I can have the satisfaction of cursing her again.

**2009-02-10 18:42:00**

*Prefects meeting tomorrow*

Tomorrow night is our regularly scheduled Prefects meeting. If you have any concerns that you think might best be addressed by representatives from the four Houses, please, by all means, mention it to one of your House Prefects, and we will then take it up as a matter of discussion. We have managed to resolve many House problems in this manner, so don't hesitate to speak up! It gives us great pleasure to use our problem-solving skills on your behalf.



 [alernity](#)  
 [alt\\_percy](#)


To any Gryffindors in particular reading this, please let me assure you that I will do my utmost to assist you in any way that I can because I am an arse.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-02-11 00:50:13](#)  
(no subject)


Your a Did somebody nick your quill, Percy?



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-11 01:00:05](#)  
(no subject)

Excuse me? Not to my knowledge. I'm rather anal-retentive about that sort of thing, you know.



 [alt\\_penelope](#) at [2009-02-11 00:57:58](#)  
(no subject)

And you're honest too.





 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-11 01:00:37](#)  
(no subject)

Honesty is an important characteristic in a prefect. Particularly one who is a big-headed prat like me.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-02-11 01:02:09](#)  
(no subject)


Youve got a way better sense of humour than Ron says.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-11 01:14:52](#)  
(no subject)


Why, thank you, Seamus, that's very kind of you. I think most people notice Fred and George's senses of humour, but mine isn't bad, for an uptight prig, that is.



 [alt\\_penelope](#) at [2009-02-11 01:02:40](#)  
(no subject)

Wait, I thought you said you were an arse.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-02-11 01:39:37](#)  
(no subject)

I think he's gonna be really embarrassed about this in the morning.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-11 01:56:37](#)  
(no subject)

Oi Percy do your ears turn red like Ron's when you're embarrassed? Or laughing really hard?



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-02-11 02:11:06](#)  
(no subject)

I've never really seen him laughing hard. He's not really the type.

I feel kind of sorry for him. I ~~remember what it felt like when~~ He doesn't know what he's doing now, but he's going to be really red-faced tomorrow. And he does try to be a good Prefect. Even if he does give more advice, sometimes, than most people want.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-11 02:12:51](#)  
(no subject)

Mostly when I'm angry, really. Rather a blotchy sort of red, most unsightly. Why do you ask?



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-11 02:18:29](#)  
(no subject)

Just curious.


Does everyone in your whole family have red hair?



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-11 02:50:50](#)  
(no subject)

Yes, we do, Ms. Perks. And some of us have tempers to match. Especially when someone has been having fun at the expense of one of our own.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-11 02:55:25](#)  
*Order Only*

Molly, dear, I realise you're upset, but for Merlin's sake, don't take it out on the girl! Remember the position she's in as a half-blood; you may frighten her more than you know if you imply you are going to start throwing your weight

around because someone has been teasing Percy.

He's a big boy, he'll get over it.



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-02-11 03:00:56](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

You're right, of course. Curse my wretched temper . . . anyway, I've added a bit of an apology.



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-02-11 04:39:21](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

Never fear, Molly. I've removed the hex and given him something to encourage sound sleep tonight.

(I added a bit of temper tonic to the draught in hopes it might do him a bit of good when tonight's folly dawns on him tomorrow morning, though I'm not sure anything could really help much.)

I trust you will be able to sleep: we don't want you relapsing, Molly.



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-02-11 04:52:00](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

Thank you for looking after our boy, Poppy.

I've resorted to a dribble of Calming Draught in Molly's evening tea (with her permission, I'll add). I hope it will help, for the same reasons. She is better, but she still needs more sleep to entirely shake this thing, and she can't do that if she's fretting all night.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-11 02:59:11](#)  
(no subject)

I'm sorry, dear, I take that back. I'm upset, yes, but not with you.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-11 03:03:07](#)  
(no subject)

I'm sorry Mrs Weasley.



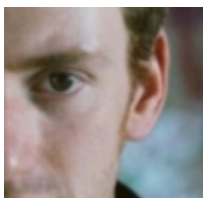
 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-11 01:45:57](#)  
(no subject)

Did I? I don't remember doing so. If I did, that would be sort of an insult to arses, wouldn't it?



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-11 01:11:30](#)  
(no subject)

So do you answer questions for Slytherins too? You seem to really like being helpful.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-11 01:17:39](#)  
(no subject)

We're picked for our helpfulness, I think. Just as Gryffindors are picked for their bravery and Slytherins are picked for their ambition.

I may have also been picked for being an interfering nosey Parker.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-11 01:20:28](#)  
(no subject)

So what all have you done that's brave? Hogwarts mostly seems fairly safe, do Gryffindors ever get bored without dragons to fend off or whatever?



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-11 02:02:18](#)  
(no subject)

anyway.

I've never encountered a dragon in our Common Room yet! Good thing, too, since I used to suck my thumb until the age of five out of sheer nerves, and I have no idea how I got into Gryffindor House




 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-11 02:47:36](#)  
*Order Only*

Oh, Percy. Oh, Arthur, he's going to be just mortified tomorrow.

Honestly, I'd like to shake Fred and George by the scruff of their necks like naughty puppies.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-11 02:48:44](#)  
*Re: Order Only*

I'm not so sure that Fred and George were involved, Molly. They apparently had detention tonight.

I've told Percy to go up to the Hospital Wing. Poppy will sort him out.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-11 03:34:59](#)  
*Re: Order Only*

Quite.

Quartus and Quintus shall be hearing from me, never you fear, Molly.




 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-11 03:35:20](#)  
(no subject)

I'm not sorry for laughing at the rest (because it was really funny) but I am sorry it was me who got you to tell people this. I was expecting you to say something about how you'd bore a dragon to

death, it never occurred to me you would say you thought maybe you didn't belong in your house.


Even if you're a bit of a prat, you'd handle a dragon in your common room just fine. Or if you didn't it would be because it got you first, not because you weren't brave. The hat sees a *lot*. It wouldn't just put you in Gryffindor because that's where your family goes, unless you belonged there too. Everyone in my family was in Ravenclaw before me, but I'm not in Ravenclaw.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-11 01:32:36](#)  
(no subject)

And I'm not trying to be cheeky. It's not as if I've done anything particularly ambitious yet.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-02-11 01:18:59](#)  
(no subject)

Um, did anyone hex you tonight, Percy? Just out of curiosity?



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-11 01:19:44](#)  
(no subject)

Why, no, not that I remember, Neville. Why would anyone want to hex a useless fribble like me?



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-02-11 01:26:05](#)  
(no subject)

Whats a fribble?



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-11 01:41:42](#)  
(no subject)

I have a dictionary, if you'd like to borrow it Seamus. It's always a capital idea to look up words you're not familiar with. That way, once you know

the meanings, you can use them in the same pompous ways that I do.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-11 01:21:55](#)  
(no subject)

I'm wondering where his brothers are. Not Ron, the other two.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-02-11 01:42:07](#)  
(no subject)

Not very far off, I'll bet!



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-11 01:50:52](#)  
(no subject)

I wonder if you know what to do with a useless Hufflepuff Potions partner.

(Parvati said you were asking for topics ~~and that it'd be funny if we asked you questions tonight.~~)



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-11 02:00:03](#)  
(no subject)

Well, of course we can discuss the issue in the Prefect meeting, Ms. Patil, but you might try speaking with the Professor directly. Of course, this may vary from instructor to instructor, but I have always personally found that Professor Slughorn to be most open to hearing from his students, and he might simply change your work partner in response to a simple, polite request, particularly if he agrees with you that another pairing might be best for all concerned.

Obviously, he'd be more likely to listen to you than to me, since he considers me an obnoxious minger at best.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-11 02:05:08](#)  
(no subject)


Who's your favourite professor, Percy?



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-11 02:16:26](#)  
(no subject)

Professor Slughorn, I think. Potions isn't quite my best subject, you understand, but someone like Professor Slughorn is quite the most useful to a fawning sychophant like me.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-11 02:41:59](#)  
(no subject)

Percy, that is quite enough.

I'm afraid someone has been having a bit of fun at your expense, my boy. I suggest that you need to go up and see Madam Pomfrey.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-11 02:42:51](#)  
(no subject)

Why? She always gets so annoyed when I show up. She says I'm just a hypochondriac.




 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-11 02:43:59](#)  
(no subject)

Trust me, son. Take your journal with you and show it to her, and she'll understand. Tell her I told you to come see her. I'm sure she won't give you a hard time.






 **[alt\\_neville](#)** at **[2009-02-11 03:04:13](#)**  
(no subject)

I've, um, taken his quill away, and I'll see that he gets up there, sir.

He still didn't quite believe he needs to go, but hopefully Madam Pomfrey will make him understand.



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-02-11 03:06:02](#)**  
(no subject)

Thank you . . . Neville, isn't it? The Longbottom boy?

You won't get into trouble being out of the Common Room after curfew, I hope?



 **[alt\\_neville](#)** at **[2009-02-11 03:08:43](#)**  
(no subject)

Yes, sir, Neville Longbottom. One of the other Prefects is coming along, too, so I'll have permission.

~~Someone played a sort of similar thing on me, so I know~~

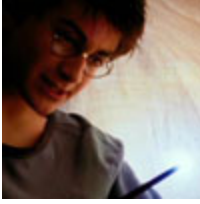
I'm sure he'll be all right tomorrow.




 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-02-11 02:27:24](#)**  
(no subject)

I've tried asking him and he flat-out refused to let me switch. That's why I was hoping maybe the prefects would know how what to do with a halfwit for a partner.

Do you think the Hufflepuff prefects might tell Hopkins to make himself useful one way or other? He was a complete waste in Potions last week. My marks are already dropping. And my parents are going to do their nut if I don't stay in the top five in class.



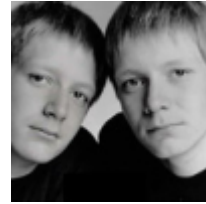
 **[alt\\_harry](#)** at **[2009-02-11 03:46:17](#)**  
(no subject)

You quite well Weasley?

**2009-02-10 20:25:00**

*Regarding the Prat*

As for the unfortunate incident which has befallen our most *beloved* older brother, we would like to say



We had nothing to do with it.

 [alernity](#)  
 [alt\\_gredforge](#)

We were in a detention with professor Acton, which lasted the whole evening.

That is not to say, however, that it isn't a corking good prank! Congratulations to whoever pulled it successfully.

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 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-02-11 02:28:23](#)  
(no subject)

It wasn't you? Really? I thought for sure it was!



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-02-11 02:35:31](#)  
(no subject)

As flattered as we are by the suggestion, not all mischief at hogwarts is due to us, you know. Admittedly a *great deal* of it is pulled by us, but there are other masters out there.



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-02-11 02:31:32](#)  
(no subject)

This is George here, just popping in to say that I had nothing to do with the detention, it was all Fred's fault.

He corrected Acton in the middle of class and she gave us *both* a detention. Which is *completely* unfair, as I had done nothing. Of course, when I brought this up with Acton, she said that she didn't care and gave us both an extra detention for questioning the teacher.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-11 02:58:00](#)  
(no subject)

I don't think congratulations are in order. I'm thinking something more like a Howler.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-11 03:15:46](#)  
(no subject)

What your mother means, I'm sure, is that we'd like to take you at your word, boys, that you weren't involved in this little incident tonight. I'm sure the Headmistress will get to the bottom of things--she's quite good at sorting them out.

And don't think that protesting that you couldn't have been the ones responsible because you were in detention will do much to restore yourselves to your mother's good graces.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-11 03:38:18](#)  
(no subject)

I am not at all certain I believe you. Do I have the pleasure of addressing Weasley Quartus or Weasley Quintus?



 [alt\\_penelope](#) at [2009-02-12 00:39:55](#)  
(no subject)

Bravo, you two.



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-02-12 19:51:46](#)  
(no subject)

Five points from Gryffindor.

**2009-02-11 11:55:00**

*(no subject)*

Still got what's needed, don't ya, boyo?

Good on you, then.



 **alt\_wagstaff**

**2009-02-11 12:17:00**

*ORDER ONLY: Draco Malfoy?*

Yesterday I had a queer talk with Draco Malfoy. He told me to stay away from Harry Marvolo for my own good.



 [alt\\_hermione](#)

I don't know how much he might've overheard Harry and me saying, but he told me to stop it and that Harry doesn't really want to talk to me. Only I'm pretty sure that Harry does want to talk to me.

He said I might get in trouble if we keep talking and I don't like that at all.

Harry's been coming around a lot more to the library and he's really a nice person. I wish that someone had told me he would be. He asks a lot of questions about my life lately, and what the camps are like, and whether I knew anything about half bloods and whether I thought that I would ever be a mum and if I did whether it would be magical since I stole my magic. And of course I told him that I didn't steal my magic, only now I wonder whether Harry told Malfoy that and whether that's why Malfoy told me to stop it. I don't think Malfoy would tell *Harry* anything, do you?

This morning Harry came round again and I told him to stop talking to me, I didn't know what else to do. What ought I have done?



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at **2009-02-11 17:40:37**

*Hang on....*

Malfoy said you'd get in trouble if you keep talking to Harry?

Well, you did all right, Hermione. There's no sense your getting between Harry and young Malfoy - best leave it between them. It just means Malfoy's figured out where Harry's going to all this time. I don't know if he told Malfoy what you said, though I suppose he might have done.

We may not like the little prat, but Draco Malfoy is Harry's best mate, I suppose, so it's natural that they'll tiff once in a while. It'll sort itself.

Besides, Harry said in his latest note to me that he wants Draco to help him spy on Macnair. And we want to know what Macnair's up to, so he'll need to be back in Draco's good graces for that. We might just have to put this part of the operation on hold while he does some skulking. I just hope Macnair's as bad at detecting observers as he used to be!



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2009-02-11 19:46:55](#)

*Re: Hang on....*

All right.

I don't know that Harry will give up though. He seems ~~tenacious~~ tenacious.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-11 19:54:42](#)

*Re: Hang on....*

No, we don't want him to give up - at least, not to give up asking the questions and looking for the answers (the real answers, that is). But he may have to learn to be a bit more subtle about it. Or he may have to give up on talking to you openly. I don't know.

I wish there were a way to use these journals for better communication outside of what the Death Eaters can see. But it's risky enough using this "Order" lock and we can't very well put someone in the Order just because we want to talk to them privately!

No, I can't see a way round it. It's just going to have to be owls and whispers for the time being.

But at least if you're telling Harry he ought not talk to you, you've got that in your favour if Malfoy tries to stir up trouble. And you know Professor McGonagall would never really land you in hot water for doing what we've encouraged you to do. Well, not if she can help it, anyway.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-12 15:26:56](#)  
*(no subject)*

students.

I shall see what I can do, Miss Granger. I think you are quite right not to speak with Harry where others could see - although I could wish you would be more careful in your conversations with some other



**2009-02-11 16:10:00**

## *Foolishness*

boot thinks that foolishness is not so simple as it seems,  
always.

that is almost a joke

sometimes people are foolish because they really are fools. not  
much can be done about that.

sometimes people just seem foolish, maybe because someone made them look that  
way. like they played a prank on them. but perhaps they are really wise, even if  
everyone is laughing at them.

how would someone who is truly a fool react to a prank? how about someone who is  
really wise?

its strange. boot thinks that the one who is most truly a fool would try the hardest to  
make people see it was a prank and to convince others he is really wise. (but of  
course it is hard to look wise when you have fallen for a prank.)

but maybe you didnt fall for it because you are stupid. maybe just because you are  
kind or innocent, because you have a hard time even imagining people could be so  
spiteful. that isnt a bad thing, maybe. even if you are a fool. maybe its better to be a  
fool than to be cruel.

maybe if you are wise person who has been made to look foolish to others, you dont  
mind so much. maybe you laugh along with everyone else. because you learned  
something. like that you arent wise every single moment, all the time. or who your  
true friends really are. (they are the ones who are not laughing, if the joke was really  
spiteful). or maybe just that you like to laugh yourself. because you can enjoy a joke,  
even if its on you.

And if people think you are a fool, when youre really not, maybe then its good if you  
keep your wisdom a secret for yourself. especially if people are cruel.



 [alt\\_terry](#)




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 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-02-11 23:27:20](#)  
(no subject)

we personally think that not all pranks are bad or  
cruel, professor



 [alt\\_terry at 2009-02-11 23:42:19](#)  
(no subject)

oh, of course, boot agrees with that. some pranks are fun even for the person being pranked, just because they are so funny.


boot has been thinking more about this and remembered a story he heard in the camps once. Did you ever hear the one about the King Who Had No Clothes? There were wizards who came to the King and said, 'We can make the most beautiful clothes for you. They are so magical, that only those who have the purest blood can see them. If you can't you are only a stupid mudblood.' So the King of course wanted to prove he had the purest blood, so he told the two men to make him a suit. But they were pranksters, and they only pretended to cut the air with their scissors and to sew it with their needles.

Then came the day the King was to try on the magical clothes and wear them in a grand procession. The pranksters pretended to put the suit on him, and the King pretended to see it, because he did not want anyone to think his blood was not pure. So he walked out before all the people, but he was naked.

But a little boy saw and said loudly, 'But he doesn't have any clothes.' And the people laughed and said the boy must be a mudblood, but everyone knew his parents were pure. so the people all started whispering, and the King was very unhappy but he had to pretend he was in a grand suit and keep marching, even if everyone saw he was the one who was a fool. A naked fool.

So maybe the boy was simple, but he was the one who told the truth. And maybe no one would have known that the king was a fool, if the pranksters hadnt played their trick. were they doing the people a favour?



 [alt\\_terry at 2009-02-11 23:44:07](#)  
(no subject)

of course, boot thinks a little differently about that story since never mind



 [alt\\_percy at 2009-02-11 23:59:01](#)  
(no subject)


If you

If I

Really, I don't see what business of yours

That's . . . all certainly something to think about.



 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2009-02-12 00:01:08](#)  
(no subject)

boot knows he is just a mudblood, so sir doesnt need to listen to him.

but if it helps, boot knows what he is talking about here

because people try to make boot look foolish all the time.

and boot knows how it feels




 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-12 00:03:55](#)  
(no subject)

I see. Well.

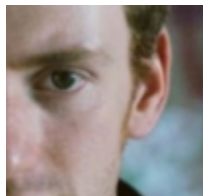
Experience can come from all kinds of places, I expect. I suppose . . . I suppose it would be foolish of me not to listen, no matter the source.



 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2009-02-12 00:04:59](#)  
(no subject)

yes sir


if it helps, boot really meant it, sir.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-12 00:05:50](#)  
(no subject)

Meant what? Er . . . boot.



 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2009-02-12 00:07:07](#)  
(no subject)

that its really better to be foolish, even if its embarasing,  
than to be cruel



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-12 02:04:18](#)  
*Order only*

Oh, Arthur, if only Percy would listen to this.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-12 02:06:40](#)  
*Re: Order only*

Perhaps he will, Molly, dear. Perhaps he will.




 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-02-12 00:09:23](#)  
(no subject)

That makes a lot of sense, Terry. Reminds me of some  
things my Gran has said.

(I'd you to meet her sometime. I think you'd get on  
well with her.)




 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-02-12 15:46:55](#)  
(no subject)

I've heard of Coleridge, I think. He's a poet, isn't he?  
Except I've never read him.

But who's Alfred Noyes?



 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2009-02-12 15:48:14](#)  
(no subject)

boot doesnt know. but even if boot finds out, boot wont ever read him.


dont want to be like him, boot guesses.



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2009-02-12 01:20:08](#)  
(no subject)

If you're talking about the person I think you're talking about, I think he is a fool, Terry - and I'm not sorry it happened to him!



 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2009-02-12 01:51:57](#)  
(no subject)

fools dont stay fools if they learn, hermione

unless they are mudbloods, who are too stupid to learn



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-12 02:00:37](#)  
*Order Only*

Hermione, I think your friend is giving you a veiled warning here. And he's wise to do it, too. Don't you remember what happened the last time you were pert about Percy in the journals? Not that he didn't deserve it, but you were scrubbing the girls toilets for a month! And Terry was punished right along with you.

If you don't backpedal quickly here, Minerva may be forced to make an example of you again. For mercy's sake, Hermione, be careful!



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2009-02-12 02:17:43](#)  
*Re: Order Only*

I'm sorry Mrs Weasley, I just

I don't mean anything about Percy really, I just get so angry sometimes when he says things about

me. And about other Mudbloods.

I'm sorry.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-12 03:04:33](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Hermione . . . this is extremely serious. If you are to remain in the Order, you must control what you say, and to whom you say it. Anger may be a reason, but it is never a sufficient excuse to lose your head.

You don't think I haven't heard things a thousand times worse from Lucius Malfoy, and swallowed them all with a smile? Even as I watch people die day after day in the camps, and I can't lift my hand to save them? Or think of the Headmistress, being forced to serve tea and be all politeness to the greatest monster of all, the Lord Protector!

We all know that you are very young, my dear. It was at my recommendation that the Order accepted your service and let you into its secrets. It is helpful for us to have a very bright, intelligent and eager young person at our side, who has the same goals that we do. But if it is too great a burden for you to control your words, we can and we will place a memory charm on you, making you forget everything. And I mean everything, Hermione, your private studies of magic included. And we would probably have to do the same to Terry, too, because how could we explain to him that he could learn magic while you no longer could? You would both become mudbloods for real, Hermione, and we would do it with tears in our eyes, but we would do it if you endanger the Order.

Please don't put us into that position.



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2009-02-12 03:15:23](#)

*Re: Order Only*

I'm sorry Mr Weasley it won't happen again.



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2009-02-12 02:16:37](#)  
(no subject)

Terry! You know you aren't too stupid to learn, you know it for sure, stop that.



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2009-02-12 02:18:47](#)  
(no subject)

Oh I mean, you're right.


I think I'm too stupid to learn anything, Terry, I know I oughtn't be pert but I am anyway, I hope people forgive me. You aren't too stupid to learn but I am.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-12 15:29:59](#)  
(no subject)

Granger, please come to my office at your very earliest convenience.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-02-12 04:06:51](#)  
(no subject)


You are the library drudge, are you not?



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-12 04:53:16](#)  
(no subject)

Yes, she is, Mr Malfoy. And in all fairness, I must say that she is certainly conscientious in her duties, and serves Hogwarts well.




 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-02-12 05:39:28](#)  
(no subject)

Doubtless, as she has little choice in the matter if she wishes to continue in the post without fear of recrimination.

However, I find it extraordinary that the Headmistress and Madam Pince would persevere with a mudblood who is 'too stupid to learn' - I highly doubt the chit would last so very long were that the case.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-12 16:46:18](#)  
*Order Only*


Well, this is an encouraging sign, at least. And rather surprising.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-12 15:27:21](#)  
*ORDER ONLY*

Do *not* answer that, Miss Granger.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-02-12 04:03:24](#)  
(no subject)

It is said that a fool may insult a king; but the king may still have the fool's tongue out the next day. A jester's bells do not set one above his betters, no matter how he may jape.

I see Carrow's methods have done little to keep you in your place, for example. Perhaps someone else ought to change the pace for you both.






 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-12 04:17:33](#)  
*Order Only*

Oh, my stars. This is what I was afraid would happen! Can anything be done to deflect him?



 [alt\\_tery](#) at [2009-02-12 04:39:34](#)  
*(no subject)*

sir . . . please, sir . . . what can boot say?

boot knows he is a mudblood  
boot knows he is low

boot told the great man so when he saw him before  
boot is lower than a fool even  
because fools are human, but  
a mudblood is not even human

boot has said it again and again  
boot played no pranks  
said no insults  
boot was only thinking in his own journal a bit  
and said something because -- because he wanted to help the young master a bit  
mr weasley  
because he saw how he felt badly today  
please do not blame boot if he was stupid and blundered in what he said.  
and hermione has said she is stupid, too

The king may have the fool's tongue out, yes,  
but is it not his mercy that makes the king so much better than the fool?




 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-02-12 04:50:27](#)  
*(no subject)*

If a king suspects his fool's tongue is made of silver,  
wouldn't he be foolish *not* to have it out of him?

And as for protestations of helping young Weasley, I  
am curious: What is it to you if he has been jinxed? For what  
unctuous purpose do you wish him your friend? Or are you  
seriously suggesting that even in your lowly position, you may  
*sympathise* - even more: *Pity* a rightful wizard?



 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2009-02-12 05:09:45](#)  
(no subject)


If the king takes the mudblood's tongue out, he punishes him  
for one word, one sentence  
by doing that he prevents the mudblood from ever speaking  
in his king's service or on his behalf

for all the days that follow  
and does he not then make his servant less able to serve?  
it hurts the king more than the servant

boot never claimed to be a friend to mr weasley!  
for how can the low befriend the high?  
how can the mud befriend the sun?  
yet the animal who lives in the mud,  
when he sees mud splattered on the great  
he simply knows how it feels  
because of his own experience  
not because they are friends

and as for pity,  
well, the mudblood understands burdens because he is a servant  
does not the great wizard have the greater burdens?  
because of his position as the best and the purest?  
and may not the low look upon the high  
and pity the burden that the great must bear,  
simply because he knows what it is to bear his own,  
but not because he dreams that he could ever dare to take it himself?




 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-12 05:13:47](#)  
*Order Only*

Oh, Arthur. I'm almost in tears reading this.

Will he do it? Can he save himself?




 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-12 05:18:44](#)  
*Re: Order Only*

I don't know, Molly. The boy clearly realises  
what's at stake and is doing the best he can to  
defend himself and Hermione without openly

challenging Malfoy too much.

Merlin, but he is clever. I never quite realised how much before. It would be a terrible waste if Malfoy sinks in his claws.




 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-02-12 05:34:40](#)  
(no subject)

We were speaking of fools, not mudbloods, but clearly in this case, they are one and the same.

Carrow, you've proven that torture leads to poetry. Bad poetry at that. Might want to have it checked for an overabundance of impassioned profundity. Next the creature will be spouting passages out of Coleridge - or worse: Alfred Noyes.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-12 05:45:22](#)  
*Order Only*

I think the boy has done the thing. Malfoy's backing off. Unbelievable!


Minerva, you might send the boy to Poppy for a calming draught tomorrow. My nerves were all but hexed to pieces merely watching from the sidelines, and so I can only imagine how he feels.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-12 15:27:46](#)  
*Re: Order Only*

I certainly shall, and I shall have a word with Miss Granger as well.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-12 16:01:03](#)  
*Re: Order Only*

I'm not so sure, Arthur. Reading this over this morning ... I think he grew tired of playing cat-and-mouse with the fellow. He pulled Carrow into it, after all.

I think he's up to something, the snake.



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-02-12 16:44:43](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

He usually is. A snake indeed.

Bugger. Poppy better make sure her blood-replenishing potions are fully stocked, then.

Minerva, let us know if you hear anything more?

(Poor blighter.)



 **[alt\\_amycus](#)** at **[2009-02-12 19:28:18](#)**

*(no subject)*

That's enough. You'll give your journal to me and I'll return it when I see fit. Clearly this project is encouraging you to think beyond your station, and that will not do. I see that I shall have to think very carefully on how to teach you your place in proper society.

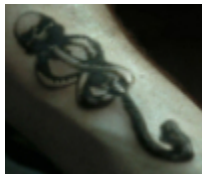


 **[alt\\_terry](#)** at **[2009-02-12 19:54:57](#)**

*(no subject)*

yes sir. boot will fetch the journal at once and leave it on master's desk in his office

boot is very sorry to have made people angry, master



 **[alt\\_amycus](#)** at **[2009-02-12 20:23:37](#)**

*(no subject)*

Stop sniveling. It's unbecoming.



 **[alt\\_percy](#)** at **[2009-02-12 20:06:45](#)**

*(no subject)*

Sir, I--well, I don't intend to interfere, and I know perfectly well he's your servant to do with as you see fit, but I certainly hope you won't feel it necessary to punish him on my behalf.

The thing is, I truly didn't mind what he said to me, since I can see

he meant well, even it if was perhaps a trifle irregular for him to address me at all.

He is just a boy, sir, and, well . . . I hope you won't be too hard on him. That's all.



 **[alt\\_amycus](#)** at **[2009-02-12 20:22:36](#)**  
(no subject)

I certainly do not intend to punish him on your behalf. Do not allow yourself to be fooled into thinking you matter that much to mine or tidbit's existence.


Any corrective measures undertaken by myself are simply to remind him not to think or speak beyond that which is appropriate for one of his ilk. It seems our mudblood's getting a bit uppity, and that simply will not do.



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-02-12 20:56:45](#)**  
*Order only*

And here's another encouraging sign.




 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-02-12 20:59:10](#)**  
*Re: Order only*

Too bad that it doesn't seem to have worked.


Carrow's a viper.



 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2009-02-12 19:29:30](#)**  
(no subject)


I think you better stop replying to people. You're just digging yourself a deeper hole.



 **[alt\\_lucius](#)** at **[2009-02-13 03:26:37](#)**  
(no subject)


And you had better stop nosing in, with good advice or otherwise.



 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2009-02-13 03:46:25](#)**  
(no subject)

You're mad at mum, aren't you?



 **[alt\\_lucius](#)** at **[2009-02-13 04:40:57](#)**  
(no subject)


That is an impertinence, Miss Parkinson, and hardly an appropriate question to ask in the mudblood's pages.



 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2009-02-13 04:42:29](#)**  
(no subject)

I was wondering if your being cross at her meant you're angry with me.



 **[alt\\_lucius](#)** at **[2009-02-13 04:47:49](#)**  
(no subject)

Did I not just say not to discuss this here?

**[2009-02-12 09:17:00](#)**

*forest*

After one of yesterday's lessons, I overheard a fifth year lassie from Ravenclaw wonder aloud if I ever slept at the castle. Truth of fact I always sleep at the castle. I've got a set of quarters as plush as any man could ever need, with a nice fire in the grate and a good pillow. It can take a long time, years even, to find a good pillow.



 [alt\\_macnair](#)

But the forest needs more managing than one man, our Mr Lupin, can handle. As much as we do to keep students from wanderin into the forest, the forest must also be prevented from wanderin into Hogwarts. Every week I check for tracks, and look carefully to see that creatures aren't making their nests too close to the school. Usually they have a mind not to, but some of them are drawn to humans, be it for ill or good. Webs are the real bother, cos it takes a good study to tell if they're spun by common arachnids or something more sinister. And the tracks of some larger creatures can look a bit alike, especially in thick mud. Lupin's a good help on that count, got that nose of his.

Still, I can't help but curse the daft fool who decided to call the forest Forbidden. That's a sweet and sure way to make the youngin's long to take a wander in it.

Yet if there was ever a time it was forbidden, it's now. Deep into winter with no touch of spring, you can bet a pretty galleon that there're some beasties who are raging for a good meal. So mind your heels and steer clear, yeah?

Weasley If any student of my house needs a word, I'll be popping into the common room for a bit after supper.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at **[2009-02-12 17:29:21](#)**

*(no subject)*

I would appreciate the chance to speak with you then, sir. Thank you.



 **[alt\\_megan](#)** at **[2009-02-12 19:21:54](#)**  
(no subject)


Ooooh, have you seen anything dangerous near the school? Do they ever come sniffing at the door? I thought I hear something at a window last week. But Daphne said it was just the wind. But it sounded like something horrible. With a big mouth.



 **[alt\\_macnair](#)** at **[2009-02-12 19:51:22](#)**  
(no subject)

At what door? The castle has many.



 **[alt\\_megan](#)** at **[2009-02-13 02:26:44](#)**  
(no subject)

Any door.

Have you?



 **[alt\\_macnair](#)** at **[2009-02-13 02:45:46](#)**  
(no subject)

Naught more than a clabbert or a couple of gnomes. Maybe a niffler. At doors, anyway. Can't be sure about windows.



 **[alt\\_megan](#)** at **[2009-02-13 02:55:02](#)**  
(no subject)

Perhaps I can simply stay away from the windows. At night. But there can't be anything very bad. Can there? Or else it would have got in already.





 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-02-13 02:58:15](#)  
(no subject)

Don't worry so much.

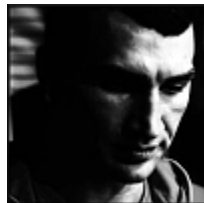



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-13 03:07:10](#)  
(no subject)

I thought you were trying to get people to worry. About *things* in the forest. Dangerous things. If you don't worry, you can't watch out for them. And someone told me a story about ghosts in the forest. Not ordinary ghosts. Those aren't scary at all. They're just strange when they walk through walls. But not scary.

But these other ghosts? In the forest?  
They were ghosts that creep under your skin and drink your blood!  
And then they look out through your eyes!  
And people can *see* them looking!


But I'll try? If you really think so?



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-02-13 03:16:38](#)  
(no subject)

Worrying doesn't help you to watch, only watching helps you watch. If you see or hear something you tell me or another professor, as you just did.



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-13 03:20:33](#)  
(no subject)

Oh.

I will.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-13 04:39:58](#)  
(no subject)


Maybe it's bats.



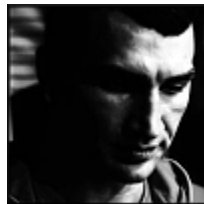
 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-02-13 04:54:55](#)  
(no subject)

Maybe its vampire bats.



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-13 05:49:02](#)  
(no subject)

Oh! Do you think so?



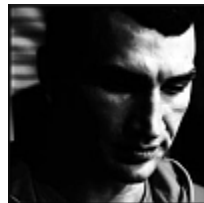
 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-02-13 07:00:50](#)  
(no subject)

They live in the Americas, Mr Finnegan.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-02-13 15:55:29](#)  
(no subject)

Professor Lockhart told us that sometimes hags use bats instead of owls to deliver their post. They could use a vampire bat couldnt they?



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-02-13 17:09:30](#)  
(no subject)

Vampire bats are usually wee things, so I can't see them delivering post very far. You're best off talking to Professor Lockhart about the habits of hags, though, since hags are beings

and not beasts.



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-13 05:48:32](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, do you think so?




 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-13 04:24:54](#)  
(no subject)

Are you winding us up, Professor? Only its hard to tell ~~and Jones is such a fraidy-cat~~ and we're revising and poor Megan keeps checking over my shoulder and it's very des disconsert nerve-


racking.



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-02-13 07:01:32](#)  
(no subject)

I don't usually wind up students.




 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-13 15:20:55](#)  
(no subject)

Oh.

Thank you, sir.

Does that mean there really are things that can come in at the windows?



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-02-12 21:38:45](#)  
(no subject)

Ah, the old question - where do the teachers sleep. In a cupboard? In the staffroom? In pods under the lake? I remember, when we were at school, being quite sure that our transfiguration professor slept in her classroom. Of course, we were sort of right there.



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-02-12 23:51:01](#)  
(no subject)

'Course, now I realise that professors didn't announce where they slept for a reason. Don't think I'd much like having my boisterous Gryffindors in shouting range of where I rest my head.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-13 04:43:46](#)  
(no subject)

If it were called the Forest of Boring Non-Magic Bunnies but I weren't allowed inside I'd still want to go in and see it sir.

But I'd want to go for a walk inside if it weren't forbidden too. I like forests.

And I'm not going in, don't worry, I know it's not allowed and there are things that can hurt me and I won't go in ~~unless I can get a teacher to~~ because of that.



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-02-13 07:02:26](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, you again. Yes, I reckon you would still want to go in, no matter the name.

**[2009-02-12 19:18:00](#)**

*Inattention and Distraction*

It has become clear that many have begun to neglect their duties with regard to the journals, including the obligation of every citizen to report sedition and to maintain vigilance for comments of a suspicious nature. Sadly, those of us who care the most for our present and future health of our society are, naturally, among those with the least available leisure to spend on the medium's proper upkeep.



 **[alt\\_lucius](#)**

Equally obvious is the evidence that their constant exposure to students has rendered at least two of the mudbloods at Hogwarts dangerously volatile. Have owled both Minerva and Amycus regarding the unacceptable tenor of last night's exchanges. (Minerva, I know you are already dealing with the girl; but it is not unusual for Amycus to become distracted, in his own particularly fecund way, and miss his opportunity for truly reforming the boy. Even had he reacted immediately, though, I fear his methods only reinforce the creature's pretensions. It fancies itself quite the martyr, indeed!)

My own efforts to sustain surveillance over the journals has been interrupted not least by the latest chapter, today - just when I have allowed Valerian to run an errand, naturally - she presumes to deliver me an ultimatum. Not that it requires answer, I suppose: I have no intention of bowing to her ridiculous demands; but neither can she truly afford to uphold her end of her threat.

These preoccupations, however, these annoyances, among other necessities, pull one from the equally vital and unceasing work that is monitoring these books.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-13 03:31:28](#)**

*Order Only: Oh, bugger*

Right, I was afraid of something like this.

Time for another 'distraction,' I think....




 **alt\_seamus** at [2009-02-13 04:51:29](#)  
(no subject)

Mr Malfoy Im not sure I understand. What if we see sedici sedition who are we supposed to tell? Because I thought probably if I saw something theres a grownup who saw it too. So I havent worried about it with the journals. I dont want to be a pest. I mean theres another entry from that man with the Grim things but of course thats in your diary too isnt it? So I dont need to tell anyone. Especially if everyone told you it would be annoying wouldnt it?

I want to know what my duty is. So that I can do it.



 **alt\_lucius** at [2009-02-13 15:28:50](#)  
(no subject)

That's all right; it's a fair question, lad. You're quite right that we all see Black's ravings, unfortunately, much as we all see when one of your Prefects or professors announces a meeting or an exam by the same magic. We are well aware of these outward acts.

I suppose, were you to see something from one of your fellow students, or even an adult if you were in conversation, and something struck you as problematic, you ought to ask Mr Rosier about it, or a teacher. They can help you determine whether the remark is legitimately a cause for concern, as well as let you know whether it is something they, too, have already noted.

Your diligence does you credit, Mr Finnegan. Stephen will be very pleased to see how you are coming along.



 **alt\_seamus** at [2009-02-13 15:52:27](#)  
(no subject)

I think I understand sir. Thank you.




 **alt\_draco** at [2009-02-13 07:10:04](#)  
(no subject)

I don't read anything that mudblood writes, Father. I shouldn't, should I? Though sometimes I want to know what he's saying so I can put him in his place.

Who's threatening you? I thought Mother would tell me more about what's happening in her Owl but she didn't.



 **alt\_lucius** at [2009-02-13 15:26:19](#)  
(no subject)

There's certainly no need for you to subject yourself to his or the other mudbloods' scribblings, no. Though if you wish to look, as you say, you will gain a greater sense of the problems we all face and the constant battle to maintain our rightful place. Over the holidays, we can talk about how best to gradually assume a more active role in protecting yourself and your fellow students from and detecting undesirable content - but as I told young master Finnegan, no-one expects such a duty from you children just yet. There are other tools which will be at your disposal to help guide you later, as well, as you know.

As for threats, I have said nothing to you directly because I know you already harbour some ill-will toward Miss Parkinson, but the issue is only about her very peripherally. It is a matter between her mother and myself, and while Pansy may be the (alleged) subject, she is not truly the cause nor does she bear blame. But since you ask, it gives me the opportunity to tell you, straight-out, the situation:

Her mother, having been more absent in her upbringing than even I suspected, has suddenly taken a notion into her head that my own intentions on her daughter's behalf are not honourable. I know her motivations that fuel this belief, and they range from infantile to spiteful, though possibly they include no small measure of guilt for her own years of near-neglect. So you see she has gone right 'round the twist,' as it were, and were she anyone else, the situation could be resolved swiftly and decisively. However, in this case, the simplest solution is also one that would undo the attention I have provided to my goddaughter to date, and I fear might damage Pansy's fragile grip on her own perspective.

In any event, it is nothing much to worry about, nor do I wish you to show Pansy any resentment on my behalf. I know her tendency to be addled and I am aware that it distresses you (as it does me, son!) - I see now that this is likely a trait inherited, rather than born of her peculiarly solitary nature since her father's death. It bears some thinking about, long-term.

But it's nothing to do with the current fracas - simply an observation and perhaps an explanation for her constant flirtation with wickedness. Hence let us treat her no more harshly than occasion warrants, and condemn the act, but not necessarily the actor. That said, if you suspect her contrition to be willfully false, or that her commentary in the journals belies her behaviour outside these pages, I rely on you to be my eyes at school, in lessons and in the common room.

Perhaps I should have owled all this, rather than say it openly, but I suppose it doesn't matter. The fact is that her mother and I are in disagreement; it may centre on Pansy but it is not her fault; and aside from affecting my temper and wasting my time, it is more nuisance than cause for concern. All of which is probably more than you really needed to know, but it is good, occasionally, to speak to one another as men, is it not?



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-02-14 16:35:18](#)

*(no subject)*

All right, Father. I'm not sure I understand everything, but Pansy's Mother seems like an awful embarrassment to our family.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-02-14 17:36:40](#)

*(no subject)*

Thankfully the Parkinsons are not actually blood relations.



**[2009-02-12 19:18:00](#)**

*Weird!*

Every one's being all weird at the moment. Wayne been really funny the last week or two and now he's shut himself up in our dorm room and says he won't come out. He reckons he's got the dragon pox and he's on his death bed, but Zach says its just because of potions and how he keeps messing up when he's working with Padma Patil. I think Zach's probably right. I mean, it's a bit fishy, isn't it, how Wayne was fine today and then suddenly felt ill right when we have potions tomorrow.




 [alt\\_ernie](#)

Megan and Susan are being weird too. I think it's something to do with Meg's hair, because she's done something to it. I don't know what. I think it might be a different colour or something? But Sue seems upset about it, I think. Their being a bit funny, anyway. It must be some sort of girl thing.

I'm off to the library for bit. No weirdness there!

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 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-02-12 21:10:11](#)  
(no subject)


The girls in Slytherin are being mental about hair as well. I don't know why, when most of what they do usually makes them look worse than ever.



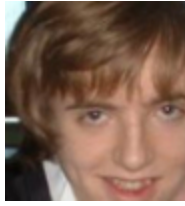
 [alt\\_ernie](#) at [2009-02-12 21:16:03](#)  
(no subject)

Megan just looks the same only with different hair. I don't understand why they have to spend so much time on it. Its only hair!



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-02-12 21:19:22](#)  
(no subject)


Well, my ~~Fathe~~ Mother does a lot to her hair, but she's a grown up, and even after she's spend time on her hair it doesn't *look* as if she has.



 [alt\\_ernie](#) at [2009-02-12 21:27:21](#)  
(no subject)

Well yeah, grown ups are different. And they don't pretend they can't hear each other when one of them is asking the other one for butter at breakfast just because one of them did their hair differently.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-02-12 21:33:08](#)  
(no subject)


Oh? Who did that at breakfast?



 [alt\\_ernie](#) at [2009-02-12 21:42:59](#)  
(no subject)

The girls did. Megs asked Sue for the butter, and Sue pretended not to hear her and just kept talking to Hannah. Well I suppose maybe she really didn't hear her. It might not be hair related at all. But they're just being weird, so I reckon it's all related.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-02-12 23:43:40](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, them. Who gives a toss about them?



 [alt\\_ernie](#) at [2009-02-13 20:08:24](#)  
(no subject)

Well their my friends and housemates and that, so I do.



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-13 02:26:15](#)  
(no subject)

Sometimes people do feel ill. If it happens suddenly, that means it's probably worse. That's what my guardian says. But Wayne should be ashamed of messing up Padma's potions. It's not that hard. Even I can do it.

I'm not being funny. Am I? It's just Susan. She's cross with me. I don't know why. I suppose sometimes people are just cross for no reason too.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-13 04:22:02](#)  
(no subject)

Like I told you, Megan, people are bound to be jealous of you (like Daphne). You'll have to get used to it.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-13 04:37:18](#)  
(no subject)

Daphne's jealous of a Hufflepuff? Really? Or are you saying people are jealous of Daphne?



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-13 04:42:15](#)  
(no subject)

I'm saying it's none of your business, nosey-parker.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-13 04:57:59](#)  
(no subject)

Oh yes, when there's something I don't want people asking nosy questions about, I always write about it in someone else's journal.



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-02-13 05:22:16](#)**  
(no subject)

You dont see me barging into your journal and asking questions. I was talking to Megan, not you, Perks.


You wouldn't understand, anyway.



 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)** at **[2009-02-13 05:25:09](#)**  
(no subject)

But this isn't your journal! Or Jones's journal either for that matter.



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-02-13 05:26:34](#)**  
(no subject)


I never said it was either of our journals. I thought you were supposed to be clever.



 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)** at **[2009-02-13 05:28:42](#)**  
(no subject)

Clever enough not to go on in other people's journals about things I don't want other people asking about.



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-02-13 05:33:37](#)**  
(no subject)

It's MacMillan's journal and he's sport enough to recognise a personal comment when he sees one.

If you're so curious, why not ask Daphne? She's in your House.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-13 05:34:17](#)  
(no subject)

Ask her what?



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-13 05:42:39](#)  
(no subject)

Well, if you don't even know what your asking,  
how do you expect me to tell you?

I'm going to bed, so don't bother with more  
questions.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-14 02:32:03](#)  
(no subject)


Well Daphne says she has no idea what you're  
on about, she's not jealous of Jones and never  
has been.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-14 02:51:20](#)  
(no subject)

Honestly, Perks, who in the world actually  
admits they're jealous of someone?



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-16 06:40:09](#)  
(no subject)

Really? But



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-13 05:47:36](#)  
(no subject)

I know. I thought



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-14 02:59:35](#)  
(no subject)

Don't fuss, Megan. Pretty girls always have other girls that are jealous. Did you read that article Lavender loaned you - about the ways to protect yourself from hexes that make you get spots or frizz your hair?



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-16 06:40:50](#)  
(no subject)

I read it. It was interesting. And horrifying. I didn't know! I'm going to try everything it said. I think maybe someone has been hexing me. And I didn't even know. Until I read that article.




 [alt\\_ernie](#) at [2009-02-13 20:07:38](#)  
(no subject)

Your being a bit funny, like changing your hair and stuff, but that's all.


Wayne was faking it, because he went to potions after Zach said he had to because he's a Hufflepuff and we don't just give up! And then he said he wasn't ill anymore. But Padma should stop being so mean to him. He can't help it that he's no good at potions.



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-16 06:42:00](#)  
(no subject)


I'm not! Changing my hair isn't funny. It's sensible. It's much prettier. And I have to be pretty, because otherwise everyone will



 **[alt\\_susan](#)** at **[2009-02-17 00:00:44](#)**  
(no subject)


You don't look like yourself though; it's like your turning into somebody else.



 **[alt\\_megan](#)** at **[2009-02-17 02:27:26](#)**  
(no subject)

Perhaps I want to be someone else. What's wrong with that? I think my guardian will like someone else better. Especially if I'm pretty. And clever. And do good at classes because I have clever people to revise with.



 **[alt\\_susan](#)** at **[2009-02-18 02:38:53](#)**  
(no subject)


~~That's dread~~ She must be. Just remember some people liked you fine the way you were before.



 **[alt\\_megan](#)** at **[2009-02-18 05:00:20](#)**  
(no subject)

But I'm trying to be better.



 **[alt\\_susan](#)** at **[2009-02-14 21:34:22](#)**  
(no subject)


You ought to know.



 **[alt\\_megan](#)** at **[2009-02-16 06:43:18](#)**  
(no subject)

I know. It's because Padma and Parvati and Lavender like me. And because your jealous. I hope you're not hexing me. I think someone is.




 [alt\\_susan](#) at [2009-02-16 23:54:41](#)  
(no subject)

Honestly, why would I hex you?

And I'm *not* jealous, I'm just tired of hearing Daphne this and Daphne that but somehow when I want to go exploring or play games you've never got time.




 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-17 02:28:17](#)  
(no subject)

Because you're cross. Or jealous. Or bored.

Oh, Susan, you're so Delightfully Earnest. I'll play with you. If you promise not to be cross or hex me or look at me like you do sometimes. Of course if you do all that, I'll play with you. When should we play?



 [alt\\_susan](#) at [2009-02-18 02:37:11](#)  
(no subject)

I wouldn't do that to a friend, even if I have been pretty peeved.

Are you making fun of me? Of course I won't hex you because I already said I wouldn't, and I won't be cross unless you say you'll come and then don't.

Let's walk around the lake after lessons tomorrow, and talk.



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-18 05:01:26](#)  
(no subject)

Oh. Then who's hexing me? It's not really bad hexing. But I think maybe someone is. Just enough to mess something up. Every now and then. If I wasn't paying attention, I'd never know.

No. I'm not making fun of you. I do think playing may be babyish. But talking is Perfectly Proper.



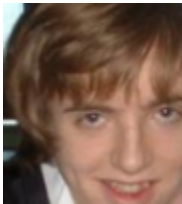
I can't! Not tomorrow. I'm meeting Lavender after classes. I don't know how long her surprise will take.




 **alt\_padma** at **2009-02-13 04:20:09**  
(no subject)

You tell Hopkins I don't care if he skives off or not! It's better if he does, anyway, even if I have to work right thru to dinner like last week, doing it all on my own.


But if he thinks he can share my marks by doing nothing, he's dead wrong!



 **alt\_ernie** at **2009-02-13 20:09:38**  
(no subject)

Maybe hed get better at potions if you weren't so mean to him. He's doing his best, he's just no good.



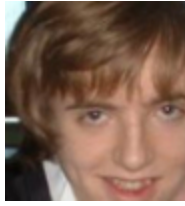
 **alt\_padma** at **2009-02-13 21:14:16**  
(no subject)

Well, at least he didnt really skive off today, especially since everyone knows you can't get dragon pox unless you've been around dragons.

And he was better today, I guess, as he didnt drop anything (except his pessle).

But he's still a halfblood halfwit and that's not being mean, MacMillan that's just the truth!

(And we still weren't finished at the end of the lesson, so I'm going to do it over tomorrow morning - I already asked Professor Slughorn for time every Saturday to do them over if when I need to do.)



 [alt\\_ernie](#) at [2009-02-13 22:45:29](#)  
(no subject)

He's not a halfwit, he's just not very good at potions and you make him worse at it by being mean which just makes him nervous around you! I bet there's stuff your not good at too. Maybe not school stuff, maybe Quidditch or something. You should just be nicer to him, that's all. He can't help it.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-13 22:52:12](#)  
(no subject)

Well, that's what I mean, he can't help being a halfwit but then he shouldn't be partnered with the rest of us who are doing well. I mean, how do you feel when your marks are being dragged down by someone who's as thick as that?

We shouldn't be punished for being the clever ones and made to teach the others. That's all.

Anyway, it's not my fault he can't even slice a beetle in half without flinching and I don't see why you're so fired up to find something nice to say. Next you'll be saying that horrible Black fellow is right and that mudbloods are people, too, while you're at it!



 [alt\\_ernie](#) at [2009-02-13 23:06:46](#)  
(no subject)

Maybe if you were better at being a partner, he would be too. I don't think it's punishment, it's like sharing with someone, only it's sharing stuff that you know instead of stuff that you have. Didn't you ever learn to share? I've been working with Steve Capper and we're doing just fine.

Waynes my housemate and my dormmate. We stick together over here, because we're friends. It's got nothing to do with that bloke who writes those really long boring articles or mudbloods or anyone else. It's just about being friends.




 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-14 03:05:12](#)  
(no subject)

I'm a TWIN, MacMillan. Of course I know how to share! Thats not what it is.

Capper's probably not all fumble-fingered, either. But then I guess a Hufflepuff would make friends with other duffers and keep defending them even when they're a millstone.

If he wants to be a better partner, then he can come tomorrow and do the potion properly. Maybe then next Friday I'll let him prepare the ingredients again - but right now I don't trust him, so he has to prove he can do it!



 [alt\\_susan](#) at [2009-02-16 23:58:51](#)  
(no subject)

Professor Slughorn must have set things up that way for a reason--unless you think he doesn't know what he's talking about.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-13 04:37:54](#)  
(no subject)

If he's really ill you should make him go to the hospital wing.



 [alt\\_ernie](#) at [2009-02-13 20:10:13](#)  
(no subject)

He's not ill. He was just faking it, because of potions. He wasn't even sick or anything.

**2009-02-12 22:29:00**

*Grim Truth 92/12/02*



 [alternity](#)  
 [alt\\_sirius](#)

Greetings, British Wizarding World.

I know it's late for it, but Happy New Year - and high time for another chat, don't you think?

Tonight I want to thank those of you who decided to send me owls after my last little discourse - the howlers and the letters alike. There have been a few encouraging notes among the vitriol, which I suppose is proof that no matter what the Ministry and the Lord Pretender would like to think, their policies are not met with universal approval.

It gives me hope for you all, as well.

But there is distressing information contained in the letters, even when the source is friendly. Perhaps I've been overly harsh, expecting too much, too soon. I know how dangerous it is for a single person to stand up and demand the wholesale rejection of an oppressive regime, when one is not at all sure anyone else will join the clarion call. Last time we spoke, I urged you to start small, in private confidences and careful words. We can only hope that in time it will become easier to recognise like-minded citizens without risking exposure, so that one day we can stand, not alone, but as a whole body.

Meanwhile, though, there may be steps that do not compromise that long-term goal while appealing to some short-term progress. Think, for example, of the cruelty inherent in the Ministry's policy preventing the students at Hogwarts, who are unfortunate enough to have been born halfbloods, from contacting their families. The justification for this policy is both cold and ruthless - because of course (so it runs), the wizards and witches weak enough to fall in love with a Muggleborn (or 'worse,' a Muggle) cannot be trusted to have the proper sympathy to a pureblood point of view.

But ask yourselves this: How can Government claim to be benevolent when it cuts off the bonds of family that should inspire these children to revere their heritage? If the Ministry truly wished society to prosper, it would encourage loving communication, so that resentment and guilt do not take root in the hearts of halfblood children who know only that Government has barred their parents from their lives. Wouldn't it be more humane?

I don't pretend to understand or agree with Government's position or its justifications for forcibly separating parent from child, even for a small amount of time. I don't condone any part of its policies toward the ill treatment of Muggleborns or Muggles, even if I can attest to the fear, prejudice and falsehoods that pureblood families use to twist the truth and teach their children the most utter nonsense imaginable. (The effect of that teaching can readily be seen at places such as Hogwarts, even now. But that's an address for another day.) No doubt the proponents of these ridiculous claims about blood purity believe they're in the right and that what they are doing is for the best. Still, leaving that aside, it's hard to believe there is widespread support for the casual cruelty directed toward half-bloods when it comes to their families. Surely all can agree that as much as these children need shelter, food and clothing, they also need the nurturing presence of their wizard fathers and witch mothers?

Purebloods themselves routinely violate the regulations to contact their less fortunate relations - a sign both of the corruption of the Ministry and of the improper severity of the laws that govern this segment of the population. That better-placed, richer families are able to flout the very rules they have imposed on their less pedigreed compatriots ought to prove, if no other evidence is available, that they themselves do not hold these laws just. They themselves consider the restrictions too stringent and seek for ways to circumvent them. If the purebloods and favoured families may do so, why do they insist on privation for parents without such an advantage?

Whether you are a warlock, a mediwizard, a Ministry employee or a shopkeeper, I know there are few among you who do not have any family member affected by the half-blood regulations. There are precious few among you without a half-blood relative in your extended family, if not your immediate relatives. If you feel this point of order is *not* in order, then demand that the laws be repealed, rescinded or at least revised, to allow these children the access to their parents that any child deserves. Speak out on behalf of the Grim Truth: Denying parents the right to their children is nothing short of criminal, and by so doing, the Ministry is damaging and penalising a generation of young minds. Your children suffer because of this policy. Do not let them grow without the care and attention of their parents. Speak out and put an end to their penury.

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 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-02-13 03:57:44](#)  
(no subject)

Hullo, dangerous criminal.

It's interesting how you capitalise 'G' in government. As though it were its own entitie. And makes its own rules for itself and no one else.

--Not a Rabble Rouser any more




 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-13 04:04:13](#)  
(no subject)

Maybe you're not a rabble rouser, at that, but something tells me you're still trouble. Hullo.

You're too young to remember Parliament (the Muggle Government). That certainly was its own entity.

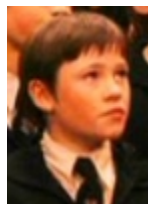
But any government that makes its own rules for itself and has a different set for others is unsustainable. Just as any society with double standards (beyond a certain point, of course) is destined for failure.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-02-13 04:10:11](#)  
(no subject)

Those disloyal to Our Lord would say, then, that we're destined for failure. Some would say this Government is all about double standards.

I'll go read about Parliament and stop talking to you now.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-02-13 05:08:44](#)  
(no subject)

Ugh Parkinson why do you always talk to him like hes some dotty old uncle of yours?



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-02-13 05:23:33](#)  
(no subject)

Maybe he intrigues me. Like a dotty old uncle would. Quit being so ordinary.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-02-13 07:07:06](#)  
(no subject)

Because she's just pretending to be good, as usual.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-02-13 19:43:53](#)  
(no subject)

You know so much, don't you?




 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-13 04:01:47](#)  
*Order Only*

Well, that's tossing the Kneazle into the owlry and no mistake.


Hope the flying feathers will provide the distraction you were hoping for.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-13 04:02:34](#)  
*Re: Order Only*

It probably will. But take care to watch your back, Sirius.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-13 04:03:30](#)  
*Re: Order Only*

And well done.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-13 04:07:43](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Had to do *something*, Molly. That bastard Malfoy's putting his fingers into everything - he'll be managing discipline for Terry and Hermione himself, next.

I'd much rather he direct his energies at me than at them, if I can force it.

Better still, let the arse have an attack of acute coronary distress from all the pressure and the strain of his disappointed lover (or whatever she was to him!) and be confined to bed rest and out of our hair.

Even if it scuppers some of our plans for the imports, I'd rather he be out of the picture where the kids are concerned.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-13 04:15:03](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Mm hmm, I know. I'm still waiting with bated breath to hear from Minerva, about exactly what will happen to Terry and Hermione. Especially Terry. Minerva can look out for Hermione, at least, but Terry's in the hands of an out-and-out sadist, and--well.

I got an owl from Percy today about the prank and its aftermath. A glimmer of hope for Arthur and me, it was, but even he's worried about what will happen to Terry.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-13 04:19:34](#)

*Re: Order Only*

You know, with a little artful leaning on Xeno on my part, I could perhaps, ah, arrange for the *Quibbler* to provide yet another distraction for dear Lucius.

It's risky, though. Xeno is . . . unpredictable, and he might take a suggestion on my part, turn it arse-over-end and wind up either in Azkaban or getting the *Quibbler* shut down for good. Neither would be a result we would appreciate.





 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-13 15:16:33](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Not that I don't appreciate it, Arthur, but maybe we'll hold that in reserve for some time when we're planning something, so that the thing can be done carefully and Xeno can be steered a bit more. I've already bailed him out once, and while I'm willing to stand the whole Order a Galleon if that's what it takes, I'd rather not squander our funds without a very good reason.

But it's a good thought, mate - and one that we ought to explore. You already pass messages through the classified adverts, don't you? Occasionally? Maybe there's a way to work some code into the articles. Doesn't Xeno often put puzzles round the margins?



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-13 04:43:01](#)

*(no subject)*

Oh, can't you leave decent people alone?



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-13 04:50:01](#)

*(no subject)*

Of course I can. Depends on who you define as decent people, though.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-13 05:46:18](#)

*(no subject)*

Your horrible and your ruining everything. Go away!



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-13 15:18:37](#)

*(no subject)*

I can't think what you think I'm ruining. Your peace of mind? Your good night's sleep? Perhaps it's your stellar relationship with poor Mr

Hopkins.


Care to elaborate?



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-02-13 04:53:07](#)  
(no subject)

Your a dirty mudblood lover. Worse than Binns.




 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-13 05:04:25](#)  
(no subject)

Much worse: I'm alive.


However, I'm not dirty. I've just had a bath.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-02-13 05:05:33](#)  
(no subject)

Not for long once Malfoy's aunt finds you!



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-13 05:09:01](#)  
(no subject)

What? She's going to make me dirty?

Actually, that's not too far off, as she's pretty fairly low to the ground, herself.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-02-13 05:10:11](#)  
(no subject)

No you eejit shes going to make you dead!



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-13 05:30:13](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, I see. Well, she can try.

She'd have to catch me first, of course. Small matter.

And then, there's the possibility that I might get her first.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-13 05:04:33](#)  
(no subject)

I don't  
My mother is a dirty  
If I could  
It's my mum's bir

I wish I could make the things you write stop appearing in my diary. I wish that you would go away.




 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-13 05:06:07](#)  
(no subject)

You're not alone, Miss Perks.


(And you're not alone, either.)



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-02-13 12:38:13](#)  
(no subject)

Does it make any difference though, really? You talking here in our journals? I mean, we're just kids. We can't do anything about the stuff you're talking about anyway.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-13 14:37:08](#)  
(no subject)

Excellent question, Mr Longbottom! And it has multiple answers.

First, remember that although it may seem to you as

if only you kids have and use these journals, my audience is much wider than the confines of Hogwarts and her charges.

Second, it's hard to tell whether I'm making a difference or not, and it may be years before we know for sure. But I don't intend to give up, not while I have the means to try. Perhaps it's the Gryffindor in me; some might say it's just that I've got the same stubborn streak as all the rest of my family, only opposed to them in most respects - doesn't really matter. Whatever the reason, I mean to keep saying what I say. Eventually someone will come to a tipping point, and then someone else, and someone else, until finally there are enough people who say, 'Enough.'

And third, the fact that you *are* children, still young and forming your beliefs, makes you possibly my **most** important readers. Grown-ups are frightened; their opinions are harder to influence; they have more to lose by standing up. All I can do is remind them of what they already know, and hope they have the courage to act on it.

But *you* can change the world, Longbottom: you and the others, if only you refuse to accept what others tell you is right when your heart tells you it's wrong. In many ways, this fight is *for* you and *about* you, about the legacy that we adults leave to you, and whether it will be one of oppression or one of freedom. So it only makes sense that you take a part in it, in what small ways you're able.

Of course, that doesn't mean anyone wants you to be foolhardy. Your parents would *kill* me if you got yourself in hot water, especially if it's because of something *I* say. Only listen to your conscience, Longbottom, and do what you feel you can, and don't take needless risks, and one day, yes, you can do something more if that's what you want to do.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-02-13 14:40:25](#)

*Order Only*

Oh, bless!



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-13 15:10:17](#)

*Re: Order Only*

I know, Poppy! He's Alice's boy, there's no question.

He answered his own query, but I'm not going to point *that* out - that's just too much of a slap in Malfoy's face; something they'd be sure to punish and that would defeat the purpose.

Oh, by the bye, I've managed to get some (clean) dried feverfew leaves and quite a quantity of linseed, if you want to try your hand at making some healing paste yourself. I trust the aloe is doing just fine in the greenhouses?



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-02-13 15:37:32](#)

*Re: Order Only*

I have real hope for the Longbottom boy. I rarely see students at their best, but this one.... You're right that he's Alice's son, and Frank's.

We've several kinds of aloe: you are quite right. If Malfoy will keep his mind on what's important long enough to place our order, I'll be perfectly happy to make my own healing paste.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-13 22:55:13](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Well, that's just the trouble, isn't it? It's all about what's important to him, at any given moment.

But I'll put the supplies in anyway. With any luck he'll get back to business in a day or two when this flap settles down - or he'll use our project to distract everyone else from *me*!



 [alt\\_kingsley](#) at [2009-02-13 21:58:48](#)

*Order Only*

Well done, my friend! You've got quite a few of the students commenting here and they wouldn't be if you hadn't made them think. There might just be hope yet.

Malfoy's causing problems again? Oh, that's world-shattering news. We need to find some way to keep him distracted. I understand he's having a bit of a tiff with Miss Parkinson's mum. I think I'll see what that's all about.

Be safe. I hope to see you soon and raise a glass.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-13 23:00:14](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Well, it's certainly caused a stir, hasn't it? I'd forgot how fun it can be to release one's inner five-year-old. When a kid's best line of defence is 'Go away!' and the good old saws like 'I know you are, but what am I?' you know you've really hit the mark. Hah!

You ask me, he just threw Parkinson over, or summat, and she's exacting her revenge. Don't much care, really, so long as she gives him hell.

You too, mate. Don't get caught!

**2009-02-14 10:24:00**

*Ministry and Mudbloods*



 **alt\_lucius**

Attended a general meeting of the MLE department yesterday (obvious reasons) and while in the Ministry corridors, Warrington begged a moment of my time. Asked if I would care to take a cup of tea with him in the canteen; ordinarily I avoid the Ministry's tea like the plague, but he seemed anxious to speak with me. I offered that we might go to my club or Wilton's if he liked, but he thanked me, saying instead that he was reluctant to stray so far from the office. I consented, then, and while I avoided drinking bagged tea he came round to his point regarding the mudblood camps and the difficulty of placing them among families.

Amidst his protestations, he pointed out the latest of Black's rants as well as Carrow's little poet as examples of the trouble. The problem, he seems to think, is that when in the constant influence of wizards, mudbloods do presume a station above themselves - it is the rare juvenile (Marvolo's Dennis comes to mind) who is both truly aware of his proper place and content to remain there. And wizards, too, fall into one of two categories: Either they loathe the creatures so much that they will not countenance them as house-servants; or they profess a healthy understanding of the social hierarchy, yet when in the presence of mudbloods and left to supervise them on an ongoing basis, tend over time to extend to them more than their fair complement of autonomy.

All of this I knew - that is the central problem and correcting for it is one of Purity Control's missions. Asked him if he had a point that was not already obvious. He grew contrite and whinged that he was only impressing upon me the difficulty and finally proceeded to request more time. Something about a preliminary report and surveys from the field, to identify candidate host families. As it was clear this was his aim all along, was not much impressed by his circuitous path to the looming petition. (To say nothing of circumventing Nott to plead with me directly.)

Told him to use testimonials from farms with mudbloods in service currently and to remind candidates that memories are modified for any mudblood outside the age limitations set by the Ministry. Reminded him that if memory charms are unreliable in certain subjects, there are other methods to ensure obedience. Suggested he

focus on the 17-22-year-old set, possibly pick out one or two of the comelier ones and bring them along, as enticement. (Not, of course, that one would condone miscegenation, but it is decidedly more pleasant to look at a servant with a fair countenance - something to consider when planning additional help that will be visible to guests or visitors. Aesthetics are, after all, an influence on the desirability of something that may become a fixture in the home.)

Agreed to speak to Nott about setting the end of the month as a deadline for the report and recommendations, so that the pilot may begin by mid-March. He wanted to introduce me to his man Radapas - or was it Rupadam? - thankfully I had another appointment and could not be detained longer. Did not have to tell him that every mudblood working means one less to worry about revolting - and the news from the camps was not encouraging this morning. Two attempted escapes in the Derby camp Thursday and one in Stoke last night. Futile on their part - and a useless waste of resources.

Well, it sounds as if Warrington can be guided back onto the right track, at any rate. Instructed Crispin to find time with Nott next week to ensure that the programme is being vetted properly and that he is fully aware of my recommendations. Well, left instruction for Monday, at any rate, though I wished I had not already given him leave to vacate early for the week-end; would have called him back to go through the nomination parchments for Presto (a formality, but nonetheless), but remembered just as I pinched the powder that he mentioned spending Valentine's week-end in Swansea with friends. Had meant to go over the petition questions after MLE before luncheon, but Warrington's impromptu discussion put me off my timetable and it was after three when I returned to St James'. Quite forgot to retrieve them from Crispin's writing table, in the press of replying to other correspondence - and I confess I became engrossed by a review copy of Barton's forthcoming volume on the *nán wū* during the final years of the Qing dynasty, which has been on my desk for over a week. (Up quite late finishing it, in fact; which has put me quite behind on journal review - again!)

Amanda: Your observations on my reply to Draco were quite insightful, though I rather fear you have the wrong end of the wand on a few points. My dear sister, I am well aware that 'Hell hath no fury' but to put it mildly, there cannot be scorn intended where there was never any interest, can there be? My involvement with the family never extended beyond my obligations as a mentor and out of the esteem in which I hold my friend's memory. Any further designs that



occurred to her only ever existed in the realm of her fantasy. More to the point, she misses the mark if she wishes to injure me; her demands have everything to do with visiting her own misery on her daughter, which as far as I can see accomplishes nothing. But at least for now, she seems to have quieted. (I wonder if she has bothered to pick up her journal and sees that I am neither threatened nor indeed much changed by her tactics.)

As to your point about rivalry, dear one, I must allow that it was different for us owing to our respective ages and naturally due to Father's condition; *you* must understand, however, that as no competitive spirit of that type exists between the boys, I am bewildered by the degree of intensity burgeoning between two who do not view themselves, as far as I know, as siblings at all.

Magical Commerce this Monday; should be able to discuss exceptions to the regulations in order to keep Hogwarts provisioned. Might succeed in time for some remainder of the season. Particularly as Clarriker seems already to be making inquiries about the substances I am confident the Committee will agree to import.


For to-day, however, Narcissa ought to be awake shortly and we have plans to go down to London for the holiday. I think some exercise - perhaps a walk through Regent's Park? - to make up for sitting so long last night with Barton.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-15 01:26:10](#)  
*ORDER ONLY*

My God. My God, *miscegenation*? If I ever...



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-15 02:32:58](#)  
*Re: ORDER ONLY*

Minerva, I don't know how you do it. If I strung together every insult in the lexicon, I don't think it'd capture how ... how **evil** Malfoy is. That racist, corrupt, arrogant --

It's utter codswollop, as old Hagrid would've said. I can't even read it without wanting to put him in his place.

Oh, I'd like to take him for everything he has and then some.



 **[alt\\_mcgonagall](#)** at **[2009-02-15 01:27:55](#)**  
*(no subject)*

I quite agree regarding aesthetics - and I doubt that any true subject of Our Lord Protector would meddle with a Mudblood.

**[2009-02-14 13:20:00](#)**

*Another week gone*

Another week, and I don't know where it went - observations focused on the moon, the early part of the week, since the full moon does tend to obscure other items in the sky somewhat. The eclipse, of course, was not visible here, but we did talk briefly in several classes about why that is. We should have a nice view in August, but of course, that is not much help for class discussion, really.




 **[alt\\_sinistra](#)**

I've seen discussion elsewhere on these journals about staff rooms. As students know (at least I hope they do!) I have an office in the astronomy tower. Most convenient when waiting for bad weather or clouds to clear, or when it's chilly. My desk, files, and the box of warm hats and gloves live there, but it's hardly where I want to spend all my time.

One of the things I do appreciate about Hogwarts - and did even as a student - is the space. Growing up with siblings, I was used to not having much privacy, and living with several other students was not particularly difficult. Since coming back to work, though, I've gotten to enjoy the luxury of having a door between me and the rest of the world. It's nice to have a space to retreat to and think, write, or read.



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 **[alt\\_susan](#)** at **[2009-02-15 00:00:18](#)**  
(no subject)


I feel just the same way about Hogwarts, Professor. I mean, about having space to read and write and that sort of thing.



 **[alt\\_sinistra](#)** at **[2009-02-15 23:14:13](#)**  
(no subject)

I'm glad to find a kindred spirit, Miss Bones. I was often finding little spaces around the castle outside my house (during daylight, of course - I wouldn't be out after we were supposed to be in bed) where I could have a little time for myself. Fortunately, there's rather a lot of Hogwarts available for that.



 [alt\\_susan](#) at [2009-02-17 00:11:04](#)  
(no subject)

Were you the eldest in your family, Professor? (I hope that's not impertinent to ask.)




 [alt\\_sinistra](#) at [2009-02-17 03:00:37](#)  
(no subject)

Well, it'd be easy for you to find out if you looked at some of the books in the library. I'm the fourth of seven. You can probably see why space to myself was lovely, as I'd grown up sharing a room with my older sister.

The last of us (my youngest brother) finished Hogwarts the spring before I started teaching here, thankfully - otherwise, I'd have felt quite awkward!



 [alt\\_susan](#) at [2009-02-18 02:23:06](#)  
(no subject)

I suppose I could have looked at the annuals, but it would seem a little like spying.

I thought I had a large family--I'm the eldest and I have 2 brothers and a sister--but seven is really big! I share a room with my sister Carrie when I'm home.

I'm a teacher's daughter, so I know a little bit about that sort of awkward.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-15 01:28:58](#)  
(no subject)

The space - *quite*, Professor Sinistra.



 [alt\\_sinistra](#) at [2009-02-15 23:12:25](#)  
(no subject)

I am glad it wasn't just me, Minerva. There really was nothing like that first day I moved in as a teacher, and closing the door behind me.

**[2009-02-14 14:41:00](#)**

## *Valentine's Day*

I got an owl at breakfast, a package from home with a Valentine that Evelyn made and a letter from Gran. Gran's not the type to send Valentines (not the frilly sort anyway), but she sent a letter, the kind that's meant to be a Valentine without exactly admitting it. (I'd owed my package out to them yesterday.) It's funny: we always sort of recognised Valentine's day each year. We'd have a nice tea or something. Evelyn's baked heart-shaped scones the last couple years. But when you think of it, it's not the sort of holiday that's for us. I mean, when you think of Valentine's day, you think of sweethearts, or husbands and wives, and none of us are that to each other. You don't think so much about brothers and sisters exchanging Valentines, or grandparents and their children. Maybe Gran has realised that, although she's never exactly talked about it before. ~~I mean, I think my Gran was thinking of my parents when she wrote.~~



 **[alt\\_neville](#)**

But it's only here, at Hogwarts, that I've started to sort of see what Valentine's day is like for the rest of the world. Well, not for us first years, of course. But I was watching some of the seventh year students at breakfast. No offence, but some of them seemed so silly. The girls looking over at boys, and giggling like mad. A couple got Valentines at breakfast, with stuff like fairies coming out of the envelopes to sprinkle sparkles in their hair as they read the verses.

I can't imagine what it be like to want to do stuff like that. ~~Girls are~~ But I guess it happens to most people as they grow up.

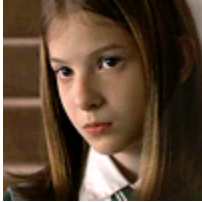
The older students said that dinner will be extra nice tonight. Not a feast, exactly, but they'll have special desserts.



 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2009-02-14 21:28:04](#)**  
(no subject)

Did you see the one Kenneth got? It sang a song about Quidditch and that wasnt so bad but then it (the card I mean) folded itself up into a pair of lips and kissed him and left a big red mark on his cheek. He looked dead embarrassed. What are girls thinking sending rot like that? If they LIKE a boy why would they want to make him look stupid?

Extra desserts wont be so bad though. I got an owl from Mr Rosier today with chocolate frogs in it this morning by the way. Also Bertie Botts. Find me later and we can share.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-14 21:37:50](#)

*(no subject)*

Josephina Gamp got a flower, but then when she went to sniff it it turned into a mouse. Which then bit her while she was trying to drop it. So now she's cross, even though Alfred swears he didn't transfigure a mouse, he bought it off someone else and didn't know it would happen. Josephina said he ought to know better than to buy anything from the Weasley twins and he says he didn't but he won't say where he got it.

Anyway it's not just girls doing mad things today! The boys are just as bad! At least in the older years.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-02-14 21:46:10](#)

*(no subject)*

Oh, I'm sure that boys are just as able to do stupid things as girls...



 [alt\\_susan](#) at [2009-02-14 23:57:43](#)

*(no subject)*

I can't imagine wanting to do that sort of thing either, but some people in our year can't wait.

**2009-02-14 18:09:00**

*That was a complete and utter disaster*



 **alt\_nymphadora**

My little kitchen has the scars to prove it too - it's covered floor to ceiling in flour. I'm regretting that I never got the housekeeping spells down well, so I've reverted to using a broom and dustpan that one of my neighbors found stashed in an old cupboard.

I don't even know if that flour I bought off the bloke down the street is even really flour. I wasn't even able to locate any sugar from any of the nearby shops, so I figured that Transfiguring some of the leftover flour would work. It's an easy enough thing to do, we practised enough at school, but the Transfigured stuff was lumpy and gray. I sampled one of cakes - very big mistake on my part. They tasted like a combination of chalk and day-old porridge. Yuck. Those teacakes aren't fit for consumption even for the alleycats.

When I was clearing up the mess and putting the questionable flour in the bin, I tripped over my shopping bag. White stuff everywhere, and I somehow managed to put my elbow in the carton of eggs. A wonderful end to a wonderful failed experiment.

I think I need some advice here on where to get some kitchen staples. My normal sources have proved to be unreliable. Or maybe I need some advice on baking. Maybe even both.



 **alt\_arthur** at **2009-02-15 02:40:27**  
(no subject)

Oh. Oh, my. That does sound very much like an unfortunate disaster. Forgive me for laughing, but does that brings back memories.

If it's any comfort, well . . . my wife Molly (you've heard me speak of her, of course) is simply a wonderful cook, but she wasn't always. Next time you see me when you're sweeping up at night, ask me to tell you the story of the first time she cooked dinner for my parents, just after we were married. (We were quite young, just out of Hogwarts). Oh, she was all a-flutter with nerves, and wanted so badly to impress them. She did, but not the way she hoped. It involved a



rather large roast, the dog we had at the time, a pan of boiled potatoes, and the charm she used to try to hurry along the cooking time. She got just one word of the incantation wrong, and I was scraping purple and blue potato bits from the ceiling for days afterwards. I'm afraid my father teased her about it for years before he died; she was so mortified about it, but at least she can laugh about it now.




 [alt\\_nymphadora](#) at [2009-02-15 02:47:31](#)  
(no subject)

Fortunately, I wasn't trying to impress anyone ~~except~~ ~~maybe you~~ with my cooking skills, and I'm thankful that I didn't have an audience.

I'm curious - what did the dog do?




 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-15 03:09:20](#)  
(no subject)

Well, you see Molly was worried that the roast wouldn't be done at precisely the time she had said dinner would be served. The oven door was open, and she had a pan of potatoes in one hand and her wand in the other. She was saying the incantation just as she was stepping backwards, and Lucy (that was the dog) was there, right behind her. Molly fell over her, which made her yelp in the middle of the spell. I don't know exactly how that did it, but the potatoes exploded upwards in a shower like multi-coloured fireworks, and the roast flew out of the oven, and--well, you can imagine the aftermath. My mother was bustling around, trying to help clean up the broken dishes, and I was trying to comfort Molly, who was blubbering. The crowning indignity was that in all the excitement, Lucy seized the opportunity and absconded with the roast, that scoundrel.

We ended up going out to the Leaky Cauldron for dinner. The gnawed off end of the roast was found under our bed three days later.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-02-17 18:14:00](#)**  
(no subject)

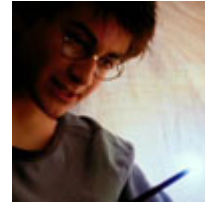
There's a spell that comes in very handy for getting particles out of the cracks in the grout and such. I found it in *Old Cheryble's Guide to Frugal Home Maintenance*. Might be useful if you had to pay a security deposit.

**2009-02-14 20:29:00**

*valentines*

I dont know why but please stop sending me valentines,

I do not fancy anybody!!!!!!

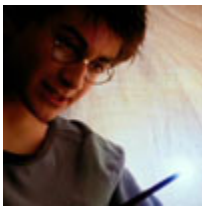


 [alternity](#)  
 [alt\\_harry](#)



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-15 01:48:42](#)  
(no subject)

How many did you get?



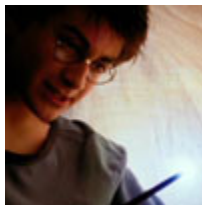
 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-02-15 01:51:58](#)  
(no subject)


More than I wanted!!!!



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-15 01:58:09](#)  
(no subject)

From who? I mean, if you don't mind me asking.  
(Did Midgen send one, I bet she did.)



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-02-15 16:00:24](#)  
(no subject)

Yeah Midgen sent one and a lot of other girls who I didnt even know knew who I was. It was really dumb. And Katrina Bundy sent me one and I have to be in class with her all the time, and it got glitter on me and I could'n't get it off ever.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-02-15 03:10:39](#)  
(no subject)

Better you than me.



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-16 06:39:52](#)  
(no subject)

I didn't send you one!

**2009-02-14 23:14:00**

*Order Only: Malfoy and Warrington, etc*



 [alt\\_arthur](#)

That latest post from Malfoy was illuminating. Stomach-turning--I agree with you there, Sirius and Minerva--but illuminating. The thing is, I'm one of the ones who's been doing the fieldwork for this study, without precisely understanding up until now why Warrington has been asking for the data. For the past few weeks, instead of leaving me in peace to do my usual work in the camps, he's been sending six of us out in pairs to interview pureblood families living near three camps: Salisbury in Wiltshire, Melton in Leicestershire, and Norwich in Norfolk.

I must say, the questions that Warrington gave us to pose are exceedingly impertinent. First of all, the family tree is discussed to determine that there is no hint of mudblood taint. What are your fixed household expenses, and how much would you be willing to increase them to provide for a live-in servant? Would you consider employing Muggle domestics? What if the Ministry provided a stipend as an incentive, and how high would that stipend have to be? Do you have tutors or nannies for your children currently? In the past six months? In the past five years? How many house-elves are associated with your household, and how many generations have they been in your service?

My embarrassment is only increased by the fact that the partner I've been assigned to work with, Geoffrey Dunstan, is quite the toffee-nosed snob. (That's 'Geoffrey,' if you please, not 'Geoff.' Pronounced 'JOFrey,' he'll have you know.) He automatically crosses anyone off the list as unacceptable if they serve us the wrong sort of tea. It is quite clear that he thinks very little of me, considering me an uncivilised lout at best. Perhaps he imagines that his chief task on these little visits, other than rather rudely pumping people for information, is to keep me from bringing shame to the Ministry by putting my mucky boots up on the damask furniture.

It has been unpleasant, but more than that, it was worrying, too. There was something there, something that these questions were fishing for, and I couldn't quite see what they were after. Now it seems clear: we are apparently laying the groundwork for a marketing campaign for a commodity that Malfoy is apparently eager to push. Pleasant, docile, premium mudbloods--snaggle teeth are clearly unacceptable. What utter bollocks! I suppose I'll have a better idea once I've read the final report that Warrington's deputy Vilas

Rupadam is preparing.

(House-elves. I've got the threat of poisoned wells in Surrey, a whooping cough epidemic in Yorkshire, thirteen dead of hypothermia in one camp in one night because there's not enough bloody firewood to keep people warm, and they have me out there asking about ruddy house-elves.)

**2009-02-15 08:40:00**

*All's Quiet*

Ah, Sunday morning. All's quiet in the castle. Especially this Sunday morning after a Valentine's Saturday.



 **alt\_poppy**

Not a bed on the ward is occupied this morning. Even on so a cold night, I had none of my usual refugees from chilly towers and dank dungeons. Perhaps the aura of romance infuses the very walls with unwonted heat. I suspect, however, that last night's pretty desserts were infused with a bit of a calming charm to defuse any ardent, youthful impulses and thus avoid any unfortunate mistakes. House elf magic at its best.

Valentine's.

The students would never imagine it, but I do remember.

I've started the day with a lovely brisk walk around the lake. I can't think how many weeks it's been since I've been free to go so far or stay as long.



 **alt\_gredforge** at **2009-02-15 21:33:05**  
(no subject)

If you'd like we could liven things up for you a bit...



 **alt\_poppy** at **2009-02-16 03:18:27**  
(no subject)

There's certainly no need of that! I see quite enough cases already.

You weren't by any chance responsible for all the swollen, purple-spotted tongues I treated this afternoon? Two dozen in the space of an hour!

(It would surely be best if you did not answer that question.)



 **[alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-15 21:44:28](#)**

*Order only*

What's this? No love-potion victims in need of disinfection? No broken hearts? No tummy-aches from too many chocolates or pricked fingers from rose thorns?

No, ahem, more private difficulties?

Hogwarts is still full of teenagers, isn't it?



 **[alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-02-15 21:46:18](#)**

*Re: Order only*

Oh, never fear. Yesterday was a full day! No love potions (that I'm aware of) this year, but plenty of digestive troubles (the transfigured chocolates are worse than the genuine article). Of course, there were the usual cases of eyes irritated by glitter charms, and several youngsters came by to have indelible kissing gloss removed from this part or that.

This year's prize-winning mishap was a poorly executed sparkly hair charm that turned out instead as a Medusa hex: a lovely head long brown curls transfigured into a mass of writhing vipers. Poor thing was bitten when she reached up to see why it felt so odd.

Hogwarts is as full of teenagers as ever -- and we shall simply have to hold our breath (as we always do) that there will be no 'private difficulties', as you term them.



 **[alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-02-16 00:44:08](#)**

*Re: Order only*

All the children around here are far too young to make too much of a fuss, which is a blessing. The ones old enough to write all worked together to decorate cards for the staff, which was very sweet

of them.



I read that Neville wasn't swanning around or doing anything ridiculous like that, which was a relief to be sure. I don't know what I'll do when he gets older and starts crushing on girls.



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-02-16 03:38:18](#)**

*Re: Order only*

Alice, dear, your Neville is an exceptional lad. Did you see in the journals that he was the one who took that poor Weasley boy -- the one that's a Prefect -- in hand when he'd been hexed and brought him to me for fixing up? And he's only a first-year! He has a good head and a better heart, that one.



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-02-16 04:03:01](#)**

*Re: Order only*

I read as much. We're both so proud of him and how he's growing up.

Thank you, Poppy. It's good to hear coming from you.



 **[alt\\_sinistra](#)** at **[2009-02-15 23:11:21](#)**

*(no subject)*

I saw several students heading your way in the afternoon - glad to hear that none of it was particularly dire or long-lasting.

Also glad to hear you're getting a bit of time to yourself - seems our schedules are the inverse, as I've been madly grading again. Star charts, of course, as a preparatory for the OWLs. Better to figure out now what they still don't know than later this spring.



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-02-16 03:34:04](#)**

*(no subject)*

No, no, nothing dire. Strangely enough, yesterday held no candle to today! My goodness, what a lot of hexes I've seen this afternoon. I suppose much of it's related: jealousy causes such havoc at that age.

The only thing worse than having Valentine's fall on a Saturday is when it coincides with the full moon. Now those are eventful days!

I hope you've had enough uninterrupted moments today to complete all your marking.

If you find yourself with time for a cup of tea tomorrow afternoon, I'd very pleased to see you: I'm hoping that things will not be so utterly mad as they were today.

**2009-02-15 19:14:00**

*ORDER ONLY*



 [alt\\_alice](#)

We received the most wonderful collection of parcels today. It was like a second Christmas! We had a regular party unpacking everything. Molly, that raspberry and ginger tea has been helping most marvelously, and it was a wonderful relief to get a new batch. I think I've seen the worst of it, though - I've been feeling much better for the past few days. I was only sick for the first three months with Neville, so I'm hoping this time around will be the same. And what a wealth of socks! I shudder to think how cramped your fingers must be after turning so many little heels. Needless to say, your gift was very gratefully received. Goodness knows how they manage it, but we do run out of socks at an alarming rate around here.

Arthur and Sirius, thanks and thanks again for sending along the supplies. We were almost out of nappies, and the toothpaste was much appreciated. Arabella nearly cried when she saw you'd sent along that chocolate - it really is so helpful, and we haven't had the good stuff in ages. Just smelling it managed to raise all our spirits. And thanks as well for wrapping everything in paper and twine - we'll get plenty of use out of both. Little Colin Creevy has already absconded with the largest pieces of paper, and I suspect he'll be happily scribbling for days.

I'm anxiously awaiting the rest of the potion ingredients to get here -- it's really too bad about the feverfew, but we'll make do with what you've got. And the tooth-ache tonic will be just in time to help several sore mouths. Poppy, is it alright to use on younger ones that are teething? I used Trigman's Teething Tonic for Testy Toddlers on Neville and Evelyn when they were little, and I'm not sure if regular tooth-ache tonic would help in the same sort of way, or would be safe on little ones.

It's interesting... I've never had to make potions while pregnant before, but I've found recently that certain ingredients will just turn my stomach right away. And I'm a bit skittish around the more volatile ingredients, for obvious reasons. I've had to direct Frank to make some of the more basic potions, and he needs a lot of directing, as he's pants at anything involving ingredients and stirring. He managed to whip up a Bruise-healing paste without too much trouble, though, so good on him. It's a good thing too, as we've had a few bad storms

this past week, so he's had to climb all over the roof to patch the loose slates. He's had to use it more than once on himself, and it's worked wonderfully.

Frank says "hullo, you lot," and many thanks for the brandy. He also says that he is not that bad at Potions, and can stir quite well, thank you very much.

Now he's saying that I've got to put down this quill and rest up for a bit. I really do feel loads better, though. Alright, good-bye for now!

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 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2009-02-16 00:34:18](#)**  
(no subject)


Arthur, mate, thanks again for the brandy. It goes down well after patching a roof all day.



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-02-16 13:55:29](#)**  
(no subject)


That brandy would go down well after any job, I imagine. Be sure to make it last as long as you can, though, because I'm sorry to say it's getting harder to obtain.



 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2009-02-16 14:55:32](#)**  
(no subject)

shame, that. we've been trying to make our own as we've got those cherry trees, but it tastes horrible. I suspect it's because we don't have enough sugar to spare.




 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-02-16 03:59:30](#)**  
(no subject)

Cheers, Alice. Agatha and I have been lining up those ingredients, so as soon as Malfoy finishes puffing himself up and gets round to the ordering, Laszlo will be positioned to supply him with all he needs. Once it's in the country it's a simpler matter for Poppy to pass it along. Hang in until then.

Glad to hear you spent a romantic Valentine's, proving to Frank who's boss!




 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-02-16 04:22:09](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, that's good news. We'll hang in with the best of them.


And I'll have you know that we had a lovely Valentine's Day, thank you very much. I have a feeling that between the chocolate and the brandy, tonight will be even better.



 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2009-02-16 04:30:01](#)**  
(no subject)


that a promise?



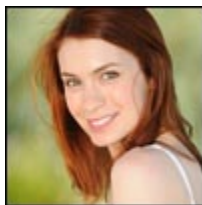
 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-02-16 04:31:55](#)**  
(no subject)


Shush, you.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-02-16 04:32:10](#)**  
(no subject)

Hah - so what you're saying is he likes it that way?  
I always suspected....



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-02-16 04:38:37](#)**  
(no subject)


Now it's *your* turn to shush.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-16 13:54:15](#)  
(no subject)

So pleased and relieved that you're feeling more the thing, Alice, and I'm glad the socks will come in handy.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-02-16 14:49:41](#)  
(no subject)

It is *such* a relief to be able to keep things down again. It's funny -- I wasn't sick at all for Evelyn. I wonder if that means we're due for a boy this time around?


And they will come in handy most definitely. It's a wonder to me how children manage to lose just one sock at a time.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-17 01:17:02](#)  
(no subject)

It's quite a relief to hear from you, Alice - even when I *know* you've only been feeling a little low it's so much more relieving to hear that there's a corner of this world that's still untouched by the Lord Protector . Or at least not quite as badly.




 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-02-17 03:02:05](#)  
(no subject)

Hello, Minerva!

It's definitely nice to be back on my feet again. Everyone's been in a marvellously good mood the past few days. The older children made all the staff the sweetest little cards for Valentine's Day -- you'd be so proud to see how well they're all coming along.



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-02-17 04:24:13](#)**  
*(no subject)*


You are right, Alice, I don't believe I would use toothache tonic on a toddler. Your instinct is spot on.

Unfortunately, under our present circumstances, there's not an easily available alternative to the usual teething aids.

Some people swear by frozen bananas (an adult holds the banana as the toddler gums it; the cold numbs the child's sore gums and the banana itself breaks down into mash that cannot choke and will not harm the child), but where is one to find a banana in these times?! I'm rather afraid that transfigured bananas -- supposing someone is proficient enough to transfigure something else into a banana -- might fail to break down into a safe mash: it would be horrific to have a little one choke on gummy lumps of the transfigured fruit.

I think the safest thing might be to moisten and then freeze a clean flannel: the teething child can safely gnaw on the frozen cloth. Of course, no child should be left unattended to chew on anything, but, with that caveat, it should be a safe and reusable alternative to commercial preparations or purchased teethers.



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-02-17 04:38:25](#)**  
*(no subject)*

Oh, thank you, Poppy. I remember using frozen bananas for Neville -- he had an especially hard teething, poor thing. We'll use the frozen flannel. That should serve.

**2009-02-16 10:34:00**

*Order Only: Incident Report/Condolence Call*



 [alt\\_arthur](#)

I had wanted very badly to do the Derby Incident Report--after the fact, because I learned about the incident Friday afternoon, but Warrington's blasted marketing project got in the way. I was out with Dunstan all day Friday, and by the time I got back to the Ministry, Jenkins had already picked up the initial memo and so he was the one to go out to the camp to do the interview. So we'll get no intelligence there. It was particularly a pity, since the incident ended in capture, not death, AND Marcus Covington was the enforcer that went out with Jenkins. I know for a fact from previous camp visits that Covington is particularly chummy with the administrator at Derby (they were dormmates at Hogwarts). A suggestion that he might take the opportunity to catch up a bit with his old friend might have granted me the opportunity of shaking him off long enough to ask the miserable prisoners some careful questions without another listener. Perhaps we might have learned something exceedingly useful about security holes which could be exploited in the future.

Still, tipped off by the mention in Malfoy's journal entry, I high-tailed it into the office quite early and so was lucky enough to snabble the Stoke-on-Trent initial memo. I've just come back from the camp visit.

Beaker was the enforcer sent over by Protectorate Defence to accompany me on this one. I've not worked with him before, so didn't know quite what to expect. (I know from experience, for example, that if I have to go out to do an incident report with Zuckerman, it'll be a wasted trip, since he's hostile as hell to Muggleborns and always sticks to my side like a leech). I had a bit of luck: Beaker seems to be quite a by-the-books bloke about parchmentwork, and so he holed up with the camp security officer for about a quarter hour, which gave me a precious ten minutes alone with the subject's widow, a Mrs Pendleton.

It was quite heartbreaking, honestly. She was a nondescript woman, with mousey hair and very bad teeth, who probably looked rather the worse from a couple of days of constant crying. She answered all my questions indifferently, as if nothing mattered anymore, as if her entire world had collapsed, so why should she care what she told anybody? I had wondered why he had attempted to escape without



her, but I soon learned that was not the case. They had pinned their hopes on slipping out together, but she was betrayed by a bunkmate, who sold the news of the attempt to camp security for a bloody bottle of gin. She saw the trap closing in and gave him the high sign, and so he fled without her, but they got him a mere mile away. At least it was quick for him, the poor bastard. I'm sure that's cold comfort to her.

I told her as sincerely as I could that I was extremely sorry for her loss. That was the first thing said that seemed to penetrate her numbed shock, making her actually look at me for the first time. She flushed brick red, and she said in a shaking voice that she didn't see why, since it just meant one less mudblood for the Ministry to warehouse. But then she supposed that we wouldn't be able to get another forty years of slave labour out of him. She could see why 'your sort' would find that most unfortunate.

That, of course, was a thrust right to the heart, and it rocked me back on my heels a bit, although you'd think I'd be used to it by now. Yet why should she think otherwise? There I was, the official representative of the Ministry of Magic, standing in front of her with a bloody wand in my hand. No wonder she despised me. I felt the old dangerous urge welling up to tell her that if the two of them had managed to escape, I would have done anything in my power to help them get away for good. Don't worry, Minerva, I didn't do it. I just fell back on the safest course that I could: kind platitudes, making it as clear to her as I could without saying anything too revealing that what happened wasn't my idea of a good outcome. My only hope is that when the hurt subsides a bit, she'll remember. Maybe she'll tell a few others that the bloke with the red hair from the Department of Purity Control hadn't seemed a bad sort. Maybe the word will spread.

And maybe someday someone at that camp will take the risk to actually trust me, telling me something enough in time to allow me to call in the Order to help, hopefully before someone gets killed.

I have to write the report this afternoon. I'm beginning to regret sending that bottle of brandy off to you, Frank. I could use a stiff pull from it right about now.

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 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-02-16 19:30:37](#)**  
(no subject)

Arthur, dear, I just . . . well, I'll have supper waiting for you when you get home. Roast chicken with rosemary, your favourite.



 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2009-02-16 23:52:05](#)**  
(no subject)

that's rough, mate. it's a hard situation all round, really. I don't blame them for not trusting the lot of us.

you did the best you could, sounds like, and yeah, it'll take some time.



 **[alt\\_mcgonagall](#)** at **[2009-02-17 01:23:42](#)**  
(no subject)

You *aren't* a bad sort, though your office may be in the Department of Purity Control, Arthur.

And perhaps someone shall trust you. I hope. I do hope!



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-02-17 01:50:15](#)**  
(no subject)

Arthur, you and Minerva have the tightest rope to walk, surely. One step at a time, mate. One step at a time.

**2009-02-16 13:37:00**

*(no subject)*

I still want a kneazle.

I don't much care for Valentine's Day.

I don't think Harry does, either.

Mum's reaching new levels of mentalness. It used to bother me. Now it's interesting in a kind of sad way, like when you see a pile of people who don't yet know how to Portkey all landing on top of each other and you can't look away.

That is all.



 [alt\\_pansy](#)



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at **2009-02-17 02:07:07**

*(no subject)*

I hate February. It feels like it's been raining for days.



 [alt\\_megan](#) at **2009-02-17 02:30:19**

*(no subject)*

Ooooh, did you get loads of Valentines too? ☹



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at **2009-02-17 14:15:39**


*(no subject)*

Easter holidays will be here soon enough and then you may select a kneazle.

Unless you are inferring that she has forbid it?

Continue to send me her correspondence, if you please.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-02-17 19:44:40](#)  
(no subject)

No, she says I can have one but she isn't going to go with me to pick one out. And yes, I'll continue to do so.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-02-17 20:38:11](#)  
(no subject)

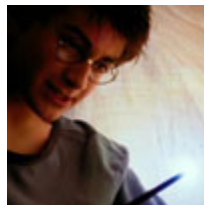
Yeah valentines day is a stupid holiday. Who came up with it anyway? Who is this Valentine fellow?



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-02-17 20:48:48](#)  
(no subject)

Ha. Didn't enjoy all your valentines? How many did you get, anyway? I think Professor Lockhart got about 354567. Keep it up and you might be there in a few years! (just teasing)


And I think there was like a muggle saint or something that the holiday's named after but I don't know and I don't care enough to find out.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-02-18 00:29:38](#)  
(no subject)

Ugh, I dont know. After awhile I wanted to just throw them all in the common room fire but nobody would let me, they made me look at them all. I guess it was nice to know people sent them. But I dont know how many there were.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-02-18 00:41:25](#)  
(no subject)

There must have been a lot because there is still glitter everywhere, though the elves have been trying to clean it up. I found some on Fergus! Which actually looks pretty wizard on him.

**2009-02-16 18:27:00**

*Sigh.*

Lessons seemed quite flat and dull today, after all of the Excitement of the week-end. All Saturday I was positively Accosted by boys! Although they mostly wished to Beseech me to deliver messages to the older girls of Gryffindor House, I still felt quite honoured.

Naturally, Psyche Bobolis received the most, as she is an exotic beauty with blood of the very purest. Her family claims that they can trace their descent to wizards of ancient Greece!



 [alt\\_lavender](#)

Not everyone was looking so lovely, though--I caught a glimpse of Vicky Frobisher looking distinctly, well, purplish before she ran off to Madame Pomfrey. Demelza Robins told Parvati and me that Vicky'd bought some cheap blusher in Knockturn Alley over hols and it turned her *whole face* the color of a beet! Demelza said that you get what you pay for and we quite agreed. Katrina was sulking in our room all day sulking. I don't know why--it's not as if she imagined she'd get anything in the post when she never has before. I tried to give her a little friendly advice about making something of herself but she didn't seem to appreciate it.

Someday *i* will sit at the top of the tower receiving tokens of gentlemanly favour delivered by first-year girls. Until then, I can simply Admire from afar.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at **2009-02-17 01:31:39**  
(no subject)

Oh, Lav! I heard all about it from Parvati. Did you actually get to *speak* to Peakes, or did he just sort of push the note at you?

I did have a couple people ask me to take things back to the Ravenclaw common room with me after doing potions on Saturday, but Im afraid I was rather cross with Hopkins so I didnt notice until halfway back that one of them was Wil Frobisher.

(Oh, and I think that little project is coming along, dont you?)



 [alt\\_lavender](#) at [2009-02-18 01:53:37](#)  
(no subject)

I *did* Speak to him! He said, "You there, little blonde firstie in the pretty dress," and then he handed me the note, and he *smiled*.

It would have been more Satisfying if he'd known my name, but still, he *noticed* me!

Bother Hopkins! That was an opportunity for highly fanciable boy-watching you missed. Wil definitely got all the looks in the Frobisher family. Poor Vicky!


(Yes, it's going very well...almost too well.)



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-02-17 02:15:14](#)  
(no subject)


Vicky looked like she had some horrible skin disease. Why would any one buy something in Knockturn Alley and then use it on themselves? Mr Rosier took me to London to shop for Christmas gifts and we walked through Knockturn Alley because he wanted to see a man there but it didnt look like a place youd go to buy gifts for people you like. Or stuff for yourself.



 [alt\\_lavender](#) at [2009-02-18 01:59:12](#)  
(no subject)

Right at the edge of Knockturn there are some rather tatty shops with signs like "Sale! Everything Discounted!" in the window. Someone like Mr. Rosier would never go in one, which is probably why you didn't notice them.



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-17 02:32:34](#)  
(no subject)

I don't like Mondays either.



 [alt\\_lavender](#) at [2009-02-18 02:13:33](#)  
(no subject)

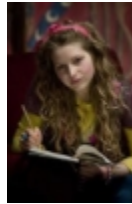
Well, I know of something that could make the week a little more interesting.


Meet me in the corridor after Defense tomorrow.



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-18 02:17:25](#)  
(no subject)

Oooh, what is it?




 [alt\\_lavender](#) at [2009-02-18 02:45:51](#)  
(no subject)

Merlin, I'm scattered--I meant after we have Charms and you've Transfiguration.

And it's a surprise. All I'm going to say here is that it will show you're really one of us.



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-18 04:59:55](#)  
(no subject)

Does it have to be a surprise? It sounds like a good surprise. And I'm sure it is a good surprise. But surprises make me all quivery. Can't you give me a hint?

**2009-02-16 18:33:00**

*Hello*

Has anyone seen the Professor recently?



 [alternity](#)  
 [alt\\_gredforge](#)



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-17 00:33:55](#)  
*(no subject)*

Which Professor?



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-02-17 00:38:04](#)  
*(no subject)*

*our* Professor, you git.

What other professor would we be looking for?




 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-17 00:39:14](#)  
*(no subject)*

. . . Oh.

No, I haven't. I'll ask around among the other prefects.




 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-02-17 00:43:17](#)  
*(no subject)*

He wasn't there putting out the props for Transfiguration this afternoon, Professor Carrow did.

(I sort of asked around, too, and it looks like Professor Carrow put the props out for all the Transfiguration classes today.)






 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2009-02-17 01:04:25](#)  
*ORDER ONLY*

Could I respond to this would it be okay?




 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-17 03:26:42](#)  
*Re: ORDER ONLY*

Minerva might want to advise you, but my instinct is that would be better not to risk writing anything in the journals, Hermione. You don't want to do anything to draw Malfoy's attention for the foreseeable future.

But if you know anything about what's happened to the boy (do you??), I think it would be safe to tell Fred and George directly, if you can snatch a moment to speak to either one of them privately.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-17 03:28:49](#)  
*Re: ORDER ONLY*

Have you seen him, Hermione? Is he all right? Poppy didn't mention treating him for anything.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-02-17 02:09:35](#)  
*(no subject)*

Couldnt you two get a real dog? I mean dogs are alright. Its nice to have one around the common room and if you got a real dog while you were on holiday or something it wouldnt turn out to be a mudblood.

**2009-02-16 20:24:00**

*ORDER ONLY: The Package*

Sirius, I've passed on the package you sent, finally. Miss Granger convinced me, in a way.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#)

I hope I'm not making a mistake. Marvolo ought to find it easy to contact Miss Granger now, at the very least.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-17 01:54:21](#)  
(no subject)

You're not making a mistake, old girl. I'm quite sure he should have it. Thanks for passing it on as I couldn't.

Circe, between you and Arthur I'm quite in the doldrums tonight. Think I'll get out for a bit; there's a club not too far from where Agatha has set up our warehouse here in Calais.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-17 02:03:32](#)  
(no subject)

What part have I in your doldrums? I'd think you'd be happy that Marvolo has his package!



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-17 02:06:51](#)  
(no subject)

I am - truly, I am. I'm missing his life, that's all. Nothing much. I'm just restless. I want Malfoy to come through with that supplies order; I want to be on the front lines with Frank and Kingsley; I want to be able to *do* something.

**2009-02-16 20:32:00**

*Lessons*

I just dont know.

Potions used to be one of my favourite classes but now it's all going wrong. people think I'm being mean to Hopkins, but Saturday he came to work on Friday's lesson. He made the potion and I told him what to do and he *still* couldn't make it without getting lumps in, and it was the wrong colour, even though I watched him and he fumbled a few times but he put it all in in the right order.



 [alt\\_padma](#)

So maybe there is more to potions than just following the recipe, but I dunno what, it's always worked for me. But if I'm still to be stuck with Hopkins I don't know how my marks can keep up. I'm writing to Dad because even if he cant do anything to fix it, he ought to at least know why my place in the class is slipping.

Then Transfiguration today--Professor Carrow was in a horrible mood. The mudblood wasnt around, so maybe thats why Professor Carrow was so peaky. We've got loads of work for him though, before next class - all because Brocklehurst snivelled that she couldnt finish her homework because someone had hexed her hands so they had boils all weekend.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at **2009-02-17 02:04:32**  
(no subject)

If it makes you feel better, we got loads of homework too even though nobody whinged about boils. He was just in a dreadful mood.

**2009-02-17 18:08:00**

*Order Only*

Minerva.

I'm more than a bit concerned about Mr. Boot: he's not turned up for his scheduled hours in the hospital wing. Miss Granger has no information beyond mounting worry that something terrible may have befallen him over the weekend.



 [alt\\_poppy](#)

I'm not certain whether it would do any good at all to issue a summons for the lad -- that might only win him more punishment. I'm willing to address my concerns to Carrow, but, while it would be satisfying to give him the tongue-lashing he merits, it would likely do no good and might do much harm. What do you recommend?

Or do you have any idea what's become of the boy?


---



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-18 03:40:16](#)  
(no subject)

I haven't any idea what has happened to him - but I shall take it up with Carrow myself.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-02-18 04:00:40](#)  
(no subject)

You saw that I marched down there to confront him, I suppose. I demanded to know why he had kept his servant from performing those duties we'd all agreed upon. (I emphasized how short-handed I continue to be and how ill I can afford to go without the lad's help with menial tasks. *'Who's to wash the bedpans?'* and so forth.)

When he baldly refused any apology for his breach of our terms, I told him I'd read what he'd just written and demanded to see the boy to know that he was safe and uninjured.

Of course, he told me it was none of mine to worry what he did with his own property, but I held firm to the line that I could not neglect anyone ill or injured in this school -- whatever his station. It is my

charge to tend those who need healing.

In the end, of course, he told me I was free to inspect his rooms, knowing full well I'd find nothing more than a mass of pigeon feathers and droppings.

I'm sure I don't know what else I could have done.

I hate the idea that there's nothing to do now but sit and fret.

**2009-02-17 18:42:00**

*(no subject)*

What is it that gives us our humanity? What unutterable essence makes us more than bone, sinew and flesh? Where does personality reside? If we lurch on a slice of brain, say, might we say we're lurching on mind as well?



 [alt\\_amycus](#)

I don't know what that exanimate force is. A live body weighs just the same as a dead one, so nothing measurable escapes at the time of death, that I can tell, anyway.

Interesting topic. I am on a great adventure. Pigeons will give up their secrets, one way or the other.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at **2009-02-18 00:53:27**

*Order Only*

You don't suppose...?

The ward is reasonably calm at the moment, and I'm going to go call this monster out of his lair. I cannot allow this to pass.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at **2009-02-18 02:28:45**

*Re: Order Only*

Be careful, Poppy.

I would do the same if I were in your shoes.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at **2009-02-18 02:45:40**

*Re: Order Only*

It was a fool's errand, of course.

There's not a sign of the lad. I cast a quick Crannies and Crevices charm -- to keep from hexing Carrow to tiny, jagged pieces -- and it flushed out nothing but a swirl of grey feathers. A cloud of the beastly things followed me out the door and down the corridor.

I've no idea what to do next.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-18 03:31:24](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Oh, dear. Well, I suspected it would be hopeless, too. Still . . .

Let us know if you hear anything at all, of course.

Minerva, do you think there would be any point writing to the Board of Governors to complain about the Carrows? Not about his treatment of Terry, of course; I'm not that thick. But surely even that hidebound group can hardly look upon the ravings he posts in his journal with total indifference? I imagine I'm not the only parent who is appalled!



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-18 03:42:31](#)

*Re: Order Only*

You may *try* to call them out on the issue of Carrow, but you shan't have much luck. The Lord Protector, as I have said, enjoys Carrow - for what reason I do not know - and as long as Carrow never directly threatens Marvolo, he shall stay, I imagine.

I believe that the L.P. uses Hogwarts as a sort of leash on the Carrows both. If they are not free to roam, at least their insanity can be controlled, is the theory. Not that I think it is a good theory: Azkaban would be more appropriate.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-18 14:53:00](#)

*Re: Order Only*

If you think the effort is doomed to failure anyway . . . then I suppose Arthur and I will hold our fire for now. Best not to spend our strength on a battle that we know we can't win, and which might only serve to make the boy's life worse. (If it could be worse. ~~And if he's still alive.~~)

|||| Oh, this is dreadful, not knowing what's happened to him.



**2009-02-17 19:01:00**

*Commerce; Boards*



 [alt\\_lucius](#)

Somewhat disappointed in the proceedings yesterday; though the results were more favourable than less, as usual MacMillan allowed the debate to continue too long. Surprisingly, the Committee agreed without much fuss to allow the anti-anaemic potions when whole, but not the ingredients for same. They also voted to relax the restrictions on salamanders only for the purpose of supplying the school, St Mungo's and certain of the camps with large healing capabilities. All other matters progressed as I anticipated, though there was far too much discussion devoted to the safety of importing the other prepared potions. They are susceptible to counterfeit, surely, but substitutions are even more liable to consist of second-rate goods - or worse, outright fraudulent contraband.

As we were concluding, Stevens had the gall to suggest that our efforts to accommodate the needs of the school are motivated more because *certain members* of the committee have ties to the shipping industry. Unimaginable impertinence! Even MacMillan commented at luncheon. Suggested that he speak to Stevens about how much he values his place on the committee, if this is the attitude he plans to bring to it.

Completed the parchmentwork for Nolan and sent it off to him. The current board of Presto votes next month (quarter-end) and, presuming nothing untoward occurs, the directors' meetings will go onto my books beginning in April.

Two uncharacteristic events this week concerning my clerk: First, he was over an hour late Monday morning; second, he reported himself at an impasse to find time on either Moon's calendar, or Frobisher's. I am quite unaccustomed to tardiness or incompetence from my clerk; however, at least in the case of the latter he attests that he offered even to re-arrange one of my appointments to accommodate Frobisher and was told that it would not do. Curious.

To-day Moon was, according to Crispin, even less tactful than Frobisher in his response to my request, which I consider highly ... injudicious. Crispin was reluctant to go into detail, but he indicated

some measure of Moon's discourse - enough to elucidate the source of his objections to receiving me. Discussed with Ari, Avery and Travers over tea this afternoon. Confident that both Frobisher and Moon shall soon repent their precipitous positions and agree to meet.

To-morrow I shall be at Obscurus most of the morning, followed by a council function hosted by Mulciber. The Hogwarts' Board of Governors meets on Thursday; per previous instruction, Crispin has cleared Friday's calendar (and Monday's) - based on past experience, there is certain to be some crisis requiring attention either during or just after any visit to the castle!

Draco, as you and Harry do not have flying lessons for the final hour, you may join me for tea after the Board meeting. Your mother is not free to join us, unfortunately. The Harpies are dedicating their new stadium this week-end and she has been asked to release the Snitch at the match. Unfortunately, they have arranged for her to tour the stadium facility at their practice session on Thursday - just opposite the Governors' meeting.

**Addendum:** Travers and Avery noted at tea that several employees at the Ministry have reported ill with influenza. Find this to be rather a ludicrous development: Why no one thinks to dose with Pepper-up at the first sign is beyond me. It ought to be simple enough to guard against infection - or at least to prevent the spread of contagion to others who might come into contact. No wizard with any sense ought allow himself to be laid low before taking measures to correct it!



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-18 22:09:15](#)  
(no subject)

I do hope you shall be easy on your clerk, Lucius. Wasn't he the one you were so lost without, a while back, when he was ill?

I look forward to seeing you at the Board meeting, and as always am very grateful for your ability to help us get the supplies we need. *You*, at least, understand the importance of keeping the children in good health!

I do have a particular issue I wish to bring up with you - rather, an issue that I am sure you are aware of, and that I would like to further

discuss, relating to Hogwarts staff. Will you be able to come to the board meeting a bit early, or perhaps stay after the tea with your son and Mr Marvolo?



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-02-18 22:50:53](#)

*(no subject)*

Never fear, Minerva: Crispin quite explained himself on that score, if abashedly. His lapse was remarkable most for its occurring at all. I do remember being twenty-four (even if it is almost thirteen years gone - a distance almost impossible to believe!), and as I said, it was an isolated incident with no real harm done.

Regarding staff issues .... Yes, I ought to be able to arrive early. (It happens I have supper plans since Narcissa will be late returning from her engagement.) Indeed, I am glad you mention it. I have a thought or two regarding deficiencies on staff, myself. I expect we may be thinking of the same issue(s). I shall have Crispin ensure adequate time to confer before the meeting.

As for the pharmacopoeia, there you might prove more effective than I in at least two cases, if you would be so kind as to assist in your own behalf. Moon and Frobisher - one may not need resort to stronger measures if a simpler means of appeal is available. I can provide you more details on Thursday.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-18 23:12:34](#)

*(no subject)*

I look forward to Thursday, then. I have to admit that I often don't know who best to speak with - the fault of being mewed up in this castle, I suppose.

**[2009-02-18 10:25:00](#)**

*Order Only: the Flamels*



**[alt\\_arthur](#)**

I am afraid that I have extremely bad news to report. Nicolas and Perenelle Flamel are dead. I received an early morning patronus from Bill informing me of the fact this morning. He went in the dead of night last night to their home to check on them (and Molly is ready to wring his neck for taking the risk, since we had already suspected they were being watched or in danger somehow when Nicolas didn't go to pick up Sirius' package). Bill arrived to find the back door of their home ajar and went in.

They've been dead a couple of days, Bill thought. Nicolas was--well, not a mark on him, so Bill suspects Avada Kedavra. But Perenelle had been tortured. Bill was quite badly shaken up. Someone has obviously been through their home, very thoroughly, but whoever did it is long gone.

Bloody hell.



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**[alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-18 19:26:25](#)**

*(no subject)*

Arthur - bloody bad news, indeed. Albus, if you're reading, I'm sorry about your friend.

I know none of us wants to think it, but we had best be prepared. I'll lay odds it was my murderous she-snake of a cousin, and whatever else I may say about her, she's damn good at her job. So we'd better take what precautions we can, at this point.

Minerva - what did Flamel know about our defences? Is it possible he gave any of us up, or the location of the artifact?

We ought to change all our codes as well, Arthur - can you get word to Bill without too much notice?

Kingsley - you and the rest of Peacehaven - are you quite concealed as you are?

Stay safe, all of you - Alice, that goes double for you and the kiddies.



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-02-18 19:36:00](#)**  
(no subject)

Yes, Bill and I have already spoken about codes (I ostensibly took him out to lunch today, just a little father/son outing outside the Ministry, you know.

He's going to plead fears he might be coming down with the flu and take the rest of the day off. That way, he'll be able to knock off some more warning contacts with various operatives this afternoon and, well . . . he really was quite badly shaken. Molly insisted he come over for dinner tonight. I think she wants to relieve her feelings by feeding him, her usual recourse when distressed.)

I didn't say it in my original message but yes, Albus, I'm dreadfully sorry to be the bearer of this news.

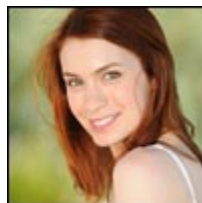



 **[alt\\_mcgonagall](#)** at **[2009-02-18 22:15:13](#)**  
(no subject)

I doubt he did give us up. He was so at peace with the idea of death, and Perenelle as well - which I do believe is the only reason they were able to achieve the heights of alchemy in the first place.

The codes are the only thing that I can imagine he might have divulged. If we change them, perhaps we can smoke a Ministry spy out: Bellatrix wouldn't tell me if she were venturing such a thing, so this might be our only way of recognizing a snake in the grass.

I had not seen him for quite some time, you know. Nor Albus either - not for years. They were quite alone at the end, which may have made them more vulnerable, but I don't see what else we could have done. Certainly not spirited away such famous figures to Moddey Dhoo.



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-02-19 00:43:50](#)**  
(no subject)

I'm sorry, Minerva.

From the little I knew of the Flamels, they struck me as very independent, very brave people. I'm

sure they knew the risks they were taking, and I'm sure they stayed true to themselves (and us) until the end.



 **alt\_frank** at [2009-02-18 22:40:17](#)  
(no subject)

we're double and triple-checking all the wards. and, for the time being, not going out-of-doors. the kids won't stand for being cooped up for long, but we'll tread carefully and lay low.


If she were to act on any information she might've gotten, I'd reckon she'd move fairly quickly on it. we should find out soon if she knows anything of value.



 **alt\_mcgonagall** at [2009-02-18 22:11:30](#)  
(no subject)

I suspected as much, and yet - I still haven't the foggiest idea what to say.




 **alt\_poppy** at [2009-02-19 13:46:28](#)  
(no subject)

Apart from reading about Flamel and his life-extending elixir during my training, I can't say that I knew him at all. I'm horrified, though. We've known what we're up against, of course, but it takes something like this to demonstrate just how thoroughly we are all in their grasp: the Death Eaters (call them Aurors or Protectorate Defence or Hogwarts staff, if you will) the "Protector's" Death Eaters are simply playing with us like cats with a bag of mice. They bat at us or bite us or kill us as it suits them.

And if this is what happens to the most ancient pureblooded couple in this country, what hope is there we'll find poor Terry Boot alive? Oh, Minerva, I can't stand it. I... I dreamt of confronting Carrow, forcing him to talk, but he just laughed. Laughed. I really feel as if I could do him violence.



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-02-19 23:30:33](#)**  
*(no subject)*

All day, I haven't shaken that dream. My gracious, I'm strung tighter than a bow with worry about this rescue attempt. I can scarcely pry myself away from this blasted journal!

**[2009-02-18 17:13:00](#)**

*So very*

Oh! I feel so ... So very ... I don't know how to say it. Like at the end of when we were playing AK, and I hadn't been hexed. And I laughed and laughed and laughed. And I didn't know why I was laughing. Like that.



 **[alt\\_megan](#)**


I really like school. Everything is so brilliant lately. Almost everything. Some things aren't so good. Actually. Like that someone always seems to be cross with me. Eloise said I was putting on airs. And I'm not! I'm just trying to be better. And useful to people. And I want to be like the people I admire. That's not wrong. I really don't think that's wrong.

But everything else is so brilliant. Except I do wonder if Daphne doesn't like me any more. Padma says she's jealous because I'm prettier than her. But Sally-Anne said she's not jealous. I haven't asked her. I think probably she doesn't like me because I'm a ~~ha~~ Hufflepuff. And she was only pretending. To get all my best embroidery patterns. Slytherins are supposed to be cunning. And get what they want. And Slytherin is the best house. So perhaps I should try to be like that. Getting what you want is nice.

But everything else is brilliant. I even understood the new charm we did on Monday right away. Without having to ask anyone for help. And today...

Everything is brilliant. Really. It is. And I'm so glad. And grateful.



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-02-19 00:34:07](#)**  
(no subject)

Well, it certainly seems to me as if Daphne's a bit jealous, but of course its very hard to tell with Slytherins. Sally-Anne might even be jealous and telling you that Daphne isn't is her way of making you feel as if you ought to be spending time with them, instead of with us. But you know that it's not the house, it's the people in the house and if you want to succede you ought to be with the best people.

And being useful makes certain that youll be with the best people.





 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-19 01:55:22](#)  
(no subject)

But if Sally-Anne I don't Do you think so?


I think I am with the best people. It's awfully exciting. And I'm working hard at it. So I'll be useful.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-19 02:21:03](#)  
(no subject)

Sally-Anne is not jealous of Megan Jones.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-19 04:18:06](#)  
(no subject)

Oh.

Well, its hard to tell, isn't it? I mean, hardly anyone would say their jealous even if they are.

But I believe you could be telling the truth. After all, your not the sort who enjoys having fun with friends or sharing packages from home while revising or talking about interesting articles in *Witch Weekly* or looking at the photos in *Proper Warlock* and trying hair charms on each other. You're much happier walking on the edge of the Forbidden Forest where Professor Macnair says there are things that will eat you, all alone. Arent you?

I suppose it's hard to be part of a group when you don't have anything to bring to it.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-19 04:53:10](#)  
(no subject)

I share packages and revise and try out hair charms with Pansy.

And I go for walks with Teddy and I play chess with Weasley and I revise with Longbottom, of course, but I

suppose we're only talking about girls, aren't we? None of those three will let me try out hair charms on them, it's positively heartbreaking.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-19 05:04:25](#)

*(no subject)*

I'm sorry, I meant your own packages from home.

Interesting friends you have: Nott's at least a pureblood, but honestly, the things I've heard he does to animals are positively ghastly. And Weasley and Longbottom are hardly the right sort. Parkinson is sometimes alright, but then she can say the most frightful things sometimes. Though I suppose it's not her fault her mum's mad and made her sort of mad too.

So I suppose it's just as well you're not jealous.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-19 05:38:20](#)

*(no subject)*

I wouldn't have any more packages to share if I spent my time with you lot. Lucky for me Harry's generous with the sweets he has Dennis bring from Hogsmeade.

And my friends really are quite interesting. It's part of what I like about them.

And if I'd wanted to try out for choir I think Pansy would've come to listen and clap for me even though she doesn't even sing in the bath. I'm glad I have a friend like that.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-19 13:46:47](#)

*(no subject)*

Do the other Slytherins know you're so soppy?



 **[alt\\_megan](#)** at **[2009-02-19 14:49:53](#)**  
*(no subject)*

That's not fair! Susan said she wouldn't mind. About choir. And I thought she meant it. And then she did mind. And she's been cross with me for ages. I don't think she really likes me either. If she did, she wouldn't keep trying to hold me back.

I thought Susan was different.

**2009-02-19 07:58:00**

*Order Only: URGENT: Frank, Kingsley, Bill*



 [alt\\_arthur](#)

There was another escape from the Derby Muggleborn camp last night. This one was a more sizable group, perhaps a half a dozen. Given the escape a week ago, I'm guessing that someone has constructed an actual tunnel, which they've managed to conceal until now. The escapees from last week may have even allowed themselves to be re-captured, so that they could bring intelligence about the surrounding countryside back into the camp in preparation for the escape last night. (Believe me, this has occurred to the camp as well now. Which means they are splitting their security forces, half to go after the runaways, and half to try to locate the tunnel end that's inside the camp.)

By a colossal bit of luck for us, the Muggleborns picked a night for the second escape that was followed by a day where both Warrington and his deputy Rupadam are out sick with the influenza. I know that because I overheard one secretary telling another in the hallway just now. I was standing right at Rupadam's desk, because I'd come to drop off a report into his in-box, when the initial memo flew in.

Rupadam's the one who's supposed to alert the Department of Protectorate Enforcement whenever an initial memo about an escape arrives. I've taken the memo, stuffed it into the middle of another report (so no one will see the red colour), and buried it deep in his in-box. If our luck holds, no one will see it for at least the next twenty-four hours, which gives us a head start without having Ministry enforcers at our heels.

The escapees last week were found east of the camp, and I suspect that the ones who broke out last night will head in the same direction, probably toward the Sherwood Forest, north of Nottingham, which is about fifteen miles away. We need to find them before the camp security enforcers do. Bill, if you haven't made it into work yet, Floo call in that you're going to be out sick again, and you can join the hunt. Kingsley, I know you and the Players are at the Preston camp, so you can't all disappear at once, but I hope at least one or two of you can break away for a day without causing too much of a stir.

This is what I know about the group:

Female, named Fawcett, brown hair, aged 36

Female, named McGivern, light blond, aged 44

Male, named McGivern, red hair, aged 47 (husband and wife, I think)

Male, named Turner, black hair, aged 28

and they think there are some children in the group, but no details.

If you find them, be careful approaching. Of course they're going to be terrified of anyone carrying a wand, but try the words "Grim Truth" as a talisman, and maybe you can get them to listen to you long enough that they'll let you help them get out of there.

I hope with all my heart that you find them. We could use some good news for a change. I'm going to hustle out and spend the day in the field with Dunstan doing those bloody interviews so that no one will connect me with the misplaced memo. I'm quite sure no one saw me at Rupadam's desk (I took my own report back without leaving it there, for good measure).

Good luck hunting, and for Merlin's sake, don't get caught. Move.

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 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-02-19 15:29:12](#)**  
(no subject)

Arthur, Bill sent a patronus to the Burrow once he read this. You did catch him before he'd left for work, fortunately, so he'll do as you suggest and hope to meet up with Frank and Kingsley. He said to pass along that he's polyjuiced to appear about twenty years old with blond hair and blue eyes, about six feet tall, wearing a black cap and black robes, carrying a Chudley Cannons bookbag.

Mercy, I hope the lot of them don't run into trouble.



 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2009-02-19 15:52:03](#)**  
(no subject)

got it, am there, apparated into briar patch

bill, kingsley, if you lot run into anyone send them to moddey dhoo right quick

i've got some portkeys if you need them

god damn bloody briars



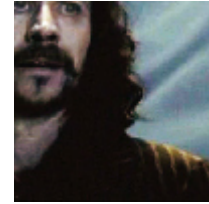
 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-19 16:00:47](#)  
(no subject)

I shall be waiting for word, checking religiously.

**2009-02-19 12:32:00**

*Order Only: while we're waiting....*

I'm not sure I can stand waiting about for news of the escape much longer. May need to go out for a ride, or meet with the agents here to see if we can start pushing any of these supplies to that customs-house of Malfoy's. Folkestone, is it? At least that's something productive.



 [alt\\_sirius](#)

But in the meantime, I wanted to let you know, Minerva: Harry told me he plans to use that item you gave him. He thinks it's from Voldemort, but I can live with that, for now. Particularly if it makes him keep it secret. Though I hope that doesn't mean he'll ask any questions - the last thing we need is for him to speak about it to Voldemort like they are both in the know.

He plans to spy on Macnair. Apparently, you've got a dragonet in your castle, Headmistress, and Harry thinks he can spirit the creature away.

You and I know dragons are dangerous even when they're just-hatched. Keep an eye out for him.

The rest of his letter we already know: Macnair and Quirrell seem to be working together or at least on friendly terms. And he hopes to make Hermione help him with his research - just as you thought, Minerva, and probably with the help we've just given him.

Right. I'm going mad doing nothing. I'm going to see how high I can drive the prices, if Malfoy's footing the bill.

Think I might actually invest in a place to stay here, too, if I'm going to be flitting up here all the time. Can't always be living out of hotels or relying on obliging, er, friends.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-20 00:09:21](#)

*(no subject)*

I'll have Pomona come up with some pretence to put a tracking spell on Marvolo, if he plans to use it soon and in order to go after Macnair.

[2009-02-19 14:47:00](#)

## *Planning this spring's garden*

This is the time for garden catalogues, when those of us who are weary of cold, clouded days of rain pore over pictures of pumpkins, strawberries, snap beans, tomatoes and whatever else strikes our fresh produce-deprived fancy. Of course, I do a little buying from catalogues as I can, preferring to save my seeds each year and start them the following spring. I do a four year rotation plan with each individual plot (I have ten rotating plots in all, as well as others where I plot the same things every year, like herbs, asparagus and rhubarb), to make sure the soil doesn't get depleted and to minimize diseases. First year is potatoes, second is peas, beans, leeks, and lettuce, third year is cabbage and winter greens (our kale was very successful this past year) and the fourth year is carrots, beets, turnips, and parsnips. Ginny helps me draw up the garden plan each year and decides where the flowers will be interspersed (marigolds, for example, are so helpful for deterring insects, such as whiteflies). We definitely need to plant lavender again this year, too, and I think I'll add some bee balm and borage. Maisie Diggory was telling me that borage repels tomato hornworms and cabbage worms.




 [alt\\_molly](#)

We've already started some seeds in starter sets in the cellar, under the glowworm lights that Arthur set up for me. Lobelia, of course, needs the longest lead time (I set the seeds out in late January), but I do love it so, those tiny blue flowers foaming over the edges of planters, so I definitely think it is worth the trouble. I have great hopes for the apple orchard this year, too, now that we have our own bees to help pollinate. Arthur has built me another cold frame, too, which I hope will give us more lettuce early in the spring.



---

 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-19 21:10:59](#)  
*Order Only*

I hate waiting for news, fretting because Bill and the rest are out there, risking the business end of enforcer wands. Am frantically sketching garden plans to try to keep mind off of things.

It's not entirely working.





 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-19 21:18:50](#)

*Re: Order Only*

I know just what you mean, Molly. Haggling with Mr Clarriker via an international Floo connection that keeps cutting in and out due to the wards hardly helped soothe my anxiety for them all, or take my mind off how useless I am all the way out here.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-02-20 03:19:57](#)

*Re: Order Only*

You are not useless, at all, Sirius. You are absolutely indispensable to us.

I do hope you know that -- even when events make us all feel helpless.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-20 03:46:40](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Don't get me wrong - I know that what I'm doing is important for us, of course.

But it's not combat work. It makes me wish I'd found a way to hide in country, instead of on the continent. I suppose hindsight is perfect; we didn't know that Voldemort would ward the whole bloody island. Still. I feel like this is old man's work, and I'm stuck here while Frank and Bill snap up all the action.

(To make matters worse, Clarriker refused my prices, saying he could get better from 'known sources' - he'll take our pomegranates, he says, and he'll 'think about' the fluxweed, the Aphoresia's and a special I offered on unbleached cotton (Agatha's idea to stock some dry goods). Looks like I'll be going back to the customs offices tomorrow - and of course, I'll try other clearing houses to keep Laszlo looking legitimate.)



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-02-20 03:17:49](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

Oh, Molly. I've been beside myself all day, and I can only imagine how much worse it's been for you.

Do you have any word from them at all?



 **[alt\\_percy](#)** at **[2009-02-20 15:28:41](#)**

*(no subject)*

You could forego the turnips, as far as I'm concerned, Mum.



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-02-20 15:29:11](#)**

*(no subject)*

Just for that, I'm designating you as Turnip Weeder in Chief when you get home this summer.

**2009-02-19 19:07:00**

*Allright, anyone whos already tested out:*

HOW do you bank left without going too sharp (or loosing altitude)? My broom keeps going wonky no matter what I try.



 [alt\\_padma](#)

Just the left.

At this rate I'll never test out and I really would like that extra period to work on Transfiguration, while its fresh.

Plus it's COLD in the air right now, even through the silk!



 [alt\\_draco](#) at **2009-02-20 00:23:36**

*(no subject)*

You're using a school broom, I expect?



 [alt\\_padma](#) at **2009-02-20 00:25:37**

*(no subject)*

Yes, but it doesnt seem to matter whether its one of the Cleansweeps or even the Shooting Star in the cupboard, so Madam Hooch says its not the broom.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at **2009-02-20 00:35:19**

*(no subject)*

Well its definitely the broom, but it doesn't matter which you use because all the school ones will be the same. They've all been flown by hundreds of different people which is what makes them bad if you really know how to fly. Because everyone has their own way of flying and when you have your own broom it learns how to adapt to your own movements. The school brooms can be really sensitive because they've never adapted to one person. Your probably trying to hard, and then being a Ravenclaw you just try harder and make it worse.



 **alt\_padma** at [2009-02-20 00:44:32](#)  
(no subject)

Well, I dont have my own broom. I dont really like heights (the Astronomy tower's ok because we're looking up, not down).

So you think I should just not try so hard?

(oh, and did you hear about Summers? Someone hexed him right after Charms. His lips were all swelled up and I guess he had trouble eating lunch.)



 **alt\_draco** at [2009-02-20 00:51:14](#)  
(no subject)

Go a little easier and see what happens.

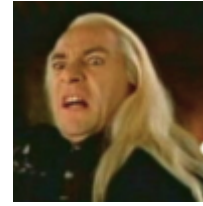
I didn't just hear about Summers, I actually heard him - he had the most hilarious lisp. Fairly sure he was drooling, too.

**2009-02-19 22:52:00**

*Bella*

Join me at Buckingham as soon as you are able.

Our Lord will wish for your assistance.



 [alt\\_lucius](#)



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at **2009-02-20 04:04:21**

*ORDER ONLY: Bigger*

Blast and bigger!

Arthur, Molly - is everything all right? Have you heard from Bill? Frank? Kingsley? Anyone?

### **What's happened?**



 [alt\\_molly](#) at **2009-02-20 04:15:27**

*Re: ORDER ONLY: Bigger*

Bill's hand on the clock has been 'traveling' for most of the day, but an hour ago it switched to 'Mortal Peril.' That's all I know. No patronuses have come in.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at **2009-02-20 04:23:14**


*Re: ORDER ONLY: Bigger*

Sweet Yseult, help us.

Hang in, Molly. Bill will be all right, I'm sure. He's resourceful if nothing else.

Mordreth, I wish I'd been there to help.



 **[alt\\_bellatrix](#)** at **[2009-02-20 04:27:14](#)**  
*(no subject)*

At once, Lucius.

**2009-02-19 23:17:00**

*ORDER ONLY*

They've started arriving.

Two so far -- a man and a little boy. Looks like the portkeys are working wonderfully!



 [alt\\_alice](#)



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-02-20 04:24:35](#)

*(no subject)*

And another! A woman, this time.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-20 04:25:38](#)

*(no subject)*

Bill? And Frank???



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-02-20 04:27:19](#)

*(no subject)*

hold on.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-02-20 04:30:09](#)

*(no subject)*

She said something happened right as she was leaving I'm not sure what but sounded like a struggle and people yelling...




 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-20 04:32:03](#)

*(no subject)*

The hand is off 'Mortal Peril' and now on 'traveling.' Oh, thank goodness! What happened???




 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-02-20 04:37:56](#)**  
(no subject)

They're here, Molly. Bill. And Frank. They brought three more. Thank Merlin.


Bill is... there was a fight. I can't get it out of them just now. He's not hurt, Molly. He's here. They're safe. Both of them.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-02-20 04:25:54](#)**  
(no subject)


Well, that's a relief! Have you heard from Frank? Is he all right? Kingsley?



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-02-20 04:31:52](#)**  
(no subject)

I don't know. I really don't.



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-02-20 04:38:49](#)**  
(no subject)

He's here. Frank is. He's trying to calm down Bill at the moment, and the children are all terrified. I've got to find out what happened.




 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-02-20 04:50:47](#)**  
(no subject)

And Kingsley?






 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-02-20 04:55:06](#)**  
(no subject)

Frank says he sent word he couldn't get away from the Players without raising suspicion.



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-02-20 04:58:23](#)**  
(no subject)

So Frank, Bill and Kingsley are all accounted for and safe. We are extremely relieved.

We know you have your hands full right now sorting everyone out, Alice, and so we'll wait to hear the rest tomorrow. Just let Frank and Bill know we're proud of them both. Well done!

Let us know if the new arrivals need anything, or require medical supplies, etcetera.

**2009-02-20 06:43:00**

*More trouble*

I am in more trouble than I thought I could ever be.

Yes for people who have asked me Its my fault that Slytherin lost all those points. At least Im not like the library mudblood. She's in the Hospital Wing. And Draco has detention! So Im sorry Slytherins.



 [alt\\_harry](#)

This morning I have to go to the Headmaster's Office first thing to be shouted at probably. I wonder maybe could I just stay here under the covers. And not go anywhere.

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 [alt\\_neville](#) at **2009-02-20 14:50:38**

*(no subject)*

Blimey, Marvolo, what did you do?

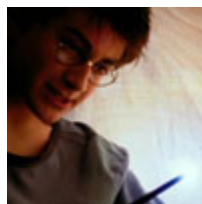
I mean, not that I'm not chuffed about the points lost for Slytherins, although Merlin knows I lose enough for Gryffindor that I've got no right to gloat. But is Hermione going to be all right?



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at **2009-02-20 14:54:14**

*(no subject)*

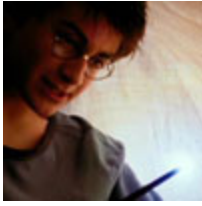
Well its good news for us I suppose. We arent in last place anymore. Did you get in trouble for hurting the mudblood? I wouldnt have thought theyd care all that much.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at **2009-02-20 17:17:00**

*(no subject)*

I didnt hurt her. We were trying to save this dragon that Professor Macnair was keeping in the hut out by the forest and we tried to let it go, but it got mad at us and H the mudblood tried to get it to go away so it wouldnt attack me and Draco and it bit her. I think they care mostly because it was poisonous and it started turning green and swelling up and also there was blood, it was really gross. And red.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-02-20 17:18:01](#)  
(no subject)

I think shes okay. I asked the Headmistress this morning before Mr Malfoy came and yelled at us. She said that the mudblood was being taken care of. But she said she was in the hospital wing. So I think

its okay.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-20 14:51:42](#)  
(no subject)

You lost a HUNDRED POINTS?

What did you DO last night?



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-20 15:52:36](#)  
(no subject)

You most certainly are, Mr Marvolo.

I hope you shall consider your actions next time.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-20 17:01:01](#)  
(no subject)

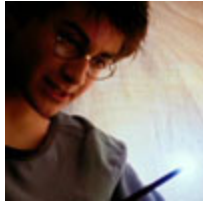
I just read what the Headmistress wrote -- was there really a dragon? A real dragon?



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-02-20 17:07:26](#)  
(no subject)

And it was a Norwegian Ridgeback?? Those are the scariest ones of all! You could have been killed.

You should have been left in Gryffindor House.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-02-20 17:18:30](#)  
(no subject)


Well we werent really sure whether it was going to be a dragon or an egg when we found it.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-02-20 17:17:18](#)  
(no subject)

Yes but only a baby one.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-02-20 20:35:01](#)  
(no subject)

Only a baby one.

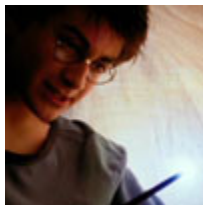
And I thought I mucked things up pretty badly.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-20 22:23:21](#)  
(no subject)

Only a baby one? Only a baby one???????


Did you get a good look at it? I've always wanted to see a dragon but I'd prefer not to do it from so close up.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-02-20 23:50:48](#)  
(no subject)

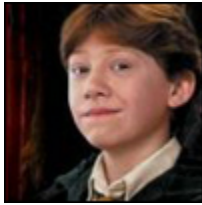
Not really it moved around a lot. Mostly I just saw teeth and flapping.




 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-02-20 20:34:07](#)  
(no subject)

I know how you feel.

I have chocolate frogs if you want.




 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-02-20 20:38:04](#)  
(no subject)

So, hang on. You broke into Macnair's storage, stole a dragon, nearly got someone killed, and all you got was YELLED at?

Crikey, mate, if it'd been any one of us, we'd have got expelled quicker than spit.




 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-02-20 21:05:20](#)  
(no subject)

Nobody was nearly killed, just the stupid mudblood. And she was the one who was holding the dragon's crate so it was her who upset it. We just wanted to set it free, and we shouldn't have gotten caught because, well.. we just weren't supposed to, that's all.

And I have detention for a month, so there was definitely more than just yelling.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-02-20 21:11:02](#)  
(no subject)


Do you not see how galactically stupid you all were? You don't lark about with your father when he's in a Mood, you don't wee into the wind and you DON'T GO NEAR DRAGONS.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-02-20 21:13:06](#)  
(no subject)

I know.



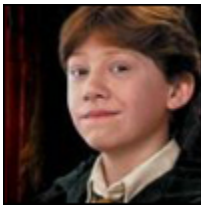
 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-02-20 21:19:51](#)  
(no subject)


Want some chocolate frogs?



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-20 22:33:51](#)  
(no subject)

I'm sorry you got in so much trouble Draco.




 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-02-20 21:18:45](#)  
(no subject)

You got detention for a month. And Marvolo got shouted at.

Nice.



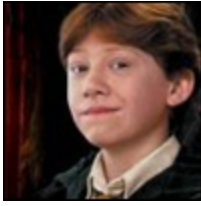
 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-02-20 21:22:08](#)  
(no subject)


Want to go for a walk by the lake before we eat tonight? I think I can get Sally-Anne to come as well. I wanted to tell you something.



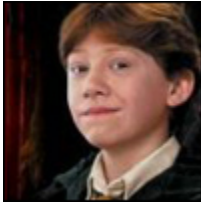
 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-20 22:24:05](#)  
(no subject)


I'll come.



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-02-20 21:33:16](#)**  
(no subject)


You weren't supposed to get caught why? Because your 'above reproach' or whatever?



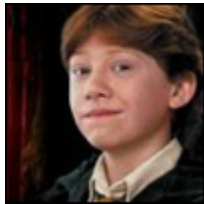
 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-02-20 21:36:11](#)**  
(no subject)


Cause I'm sure that a month of dusting desktops for Professor Acton will be such torture. Or maybe you'll polish vials for Professor Slughorn. I bet you won't even have to clean a cauldron.



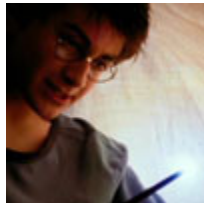
 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2009-02-20 21:41:07](#)**  
(no subject)


Having been on the receiving end, being yelled at by Mr Malfoy can be rather memorable in itself.



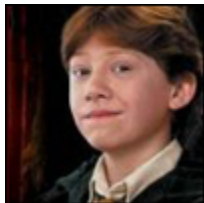
 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-02-20 21:47:25](#)**  
(no subject)


I'm just saying that's not what would have happened if it had been anybody else that did it.



 **[alt\\_harry](#)** at **[2009-02-20 23:51:47](#)**  
(no subject)


I didnt ask people to treat me differently.



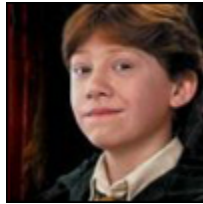
 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-02-20 21:52:13](#)**  
(no subject)


And, um, yeah. D'you still want to go for a walk before dinner?



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-02-20 21:53:44](#)  
(no subject)

Come on. I've got some treacle tart from lunch. And Fergus learned a new trick! Don't dwell on things you can't change. I learned that lesson not so long ago. Things just are the way they are sometimes and Harry's never been pu



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-02-20 21:56:05](#)  
(no subject)

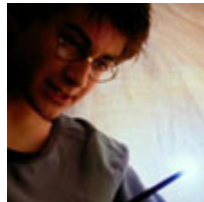
Treacle tart? Brilliant.

I'm chucking this thing in my trunk, and I'll be there.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-20 22:23:48](#)  
(no subject)

Was the mudblood killed? I thought she was just hurt and in the hospital wing.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-02-20 23:52:14](#)  
(no subject)

No she wasn't killed she's going to be okay I think.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-21 01:42:52](#)  
(no subject)

That's good. I mean, I expect you'd have gotten in a lot more trouble if she'd gotten killed. Since she belongs to the school.





 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-21 02:33:32](#)  
(no subject)

Was it really awful? I think it's been about three years since my dad yelled at me. And that was for playing with mum's wand when she wasn't looking.


But he and mum and Haruman yell at each other all the time, only its different - its because they want him to be a Healer and he doesnt much like it.



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-02-20 21:10:46](#)  
(no subject)

Some people are above reproach, Mister Weasley. It's just the way of the world.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-02-20 21:11:28](#)  
(no subject)


It's not right.



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-02-20 21:12:50](#)  
(no subject)

You want your young housemate to be expelled, lassie?



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-02-20 21:20:47](#)  
(no subject)

No, sir. I wasn't clear. I meant that it doesn't seem right that two wizards are treated so differently.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-20 22:29:38](#)  
(no subject)


It seems really unfair to Draco

It seems really unfair to both Harry and Draco

It's just the way things work I think.

I wish I'd gotten to see the dragon. From a distance mind you, not close up. Do you think your project with the dragon was working, Professor?

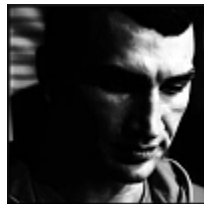


 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-02-20 22:28:25](#)  
(no subject)

Each of them is being punished according to their stations, but I would hesitate to say that either is above reproach - or even that either of them *escaped* the same. It is for the Headmistress to carry out the proper assignment of penalty based upon the Lord Protector's instructions for His son.

And you of all people should be wary of inviting His notice right now by suggesting that His son deserves to be treated more harshly.


Or my notice, for that matter.



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-02-21 00:23:17](#)  
(no subject)

Poor choice of words for me, then. Still, it's best young Weasley learn not to question such things.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-02-21 00:39:10](#)  
(no subject)

On that, we quite agree.



 **alt\_seamus** at [2009-02-20 22:31:14](#)  
(no subject)

What happened to your plan not to ever touch this thing again mate?

**2009-02-20 08:08:00**

*ORDER ONLY*

sorry to keep you lot on pins and needles.

We ended up saving six of them all told. three of the adults, all three children. We lost one. Fawcett.



 [alt\\_frank](#)

They were trying their dammedest not to be found, and there was only the two of us looking for them because Kingsley couldn't get away without raising suspicion. ran into Bill around noon, and we combed every square inch of that bloody forest trying to get to them before anyone else.


It happened so fast it's hard to keep track of all that happened. We stumbled across them in a clearing. The younger bloke, Turner, about took my head off, but we said we worked with Grim Truth and that was enough to calm everyone down. we told them they were going somewhere safe. I got two of them out with a Portkey, tossed the bag with the other two Portkeys in it to Bill. That's when two of the guards found us. the bastards came crashing through the brush just as Bill handed a Portkey to one of the women -Laura McGivern, I think. From what Bill's told me, one of the guards saw he had the Portkeys and ripped the bag with the last one in it out of his hands. Bill blasted the bag, though, so no worries about security breaches. I hope that wanker got burned for his trouble.

The other guard, well, he went right for me as soon as he saw I had a wand. the woman, Fawcett, she was carrying a young one couldn't be older than two. she shoved him into my arms and leaped right at that guard. I've never seen anything like it. All the while she was shouting at us to go, to get out of there. Bill grabbed two more for a side-along, and I took the baby with me. last I saw, Fawcett was fighting like mad.

Bill was awfully torn up, and wanted to go back for her, but it was too risky. Would have been suicide, especially after those sons of bitches had enough time to call for reinforcements. I nearly had to cold cock him out to keep him here. He's calmed down a good deal since then, but he's still down about Fawcett. He's a good lad, Arthur and Molly, and he used quick thinking to take care of that Portkey. Don't know what I would have done out there without him.

Alice is getting everyone settled. looks like everyone's going to stay here at least for a couple of days before figuring out what they want to do. They're welcome to stay as long as they like, we'll see what they decide.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-20 13:58:32](#)  
(no subject)

Thanks for the report, Frank. Saving six is a remarkable achievement, but I'm sorry to hear of the one you lost.

Bill had enough polyjuice, didn't he? I hope his identity hasn't been compromised. We still need him badly at the Ministry.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-02-20 14:11:05](#)  
(no subject)


he had enough, no worries there.

My identity's been compromised to hell and back quite a few times, so one more doesn't matter. I wonder if I'll get another Wanted poster?

we're sending him back to you lot today. He probably should stay longer, but he can't take off sick for too long.

Take care with him, Arthur. he's had a rough week of it.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-20 15:25:10](#)  
(no subject)

Alice told me once that the photograph of you in that wanted poster put out last year was one of the handsomest ones of you she'd ever seen. Well, I won't tell you the exact word she used, but maybe you can imagine it. Guess she must like the stubbled desperado look?


In all seriousness, though, Frank--thank you. For saving as many as you did, and particularly for keeping Bill safe.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-20 15:25:51](#)  
(no subject)

Arthur, will you see Bill today?



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-20 15:27:20](#)  
(no subject)

Yes, of course, I'll pop by to take him out to lunch again. And I'll make sure he comes home with me for dinner tonight. I know you won't rest easy until you see him again.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-20 15:27:36](#)  
(no subject)

You know me so well. Thank you, dear.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-20 15:35:56](#)  
(no subject)


I wish you'd had more backup, Frank, but well done.

Shame about Fawcett, though.

But What's Malfoy to do with it all? D'you reckon they brought Fawcett all the way in to be interrogated, and he called Bellatrix for backup? But no, the timing's all wrong.

Oh, hang on, Harry's post. I'm just putting it together - says he's in a spot of trouble, himself. Bloody Baron's bones., Minerva - it's not Hermione or Terry, is it?



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-02-20 15:36:16](#)  
(no subject)

Is there anything you need that I could help with? Things are complicated here, what with other crises on our doorstep, so I might have tricky time getting you what you need -- but if you do need supplies, I will

do my utmost to help.

Just ask.




 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-20 15:39:45](#)  
(no subject)

Poppy - what sort of crisis? Is it to do with Harry?  
Where's Minerva?

This is madness.




 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-20 15:47:28](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, my, I just saw Harry's post.

Minerva, please check in as soon as you can to let  
us know what's going on. Is Hermione going to

recover?



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-02-20 15:47:32](#)  
(no subject)

I'm afraid I'm going to have to let Minerva answer  
your questions. I've got to see to Miss Granger. All I  
can tell you at the moment is that it's a very grave  
situation.




 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-02-20 15:50:34](#)  
(no subject)

thanks, Poppy.

for the time being, we'll get on. We'll have to  
anticipate that food and other staples will be  
running low what with six extra mouths to feed. With three adults  
and one of the children a bit older, we've got a lot of working hands  
though. already started building another greenhouse and we're  
going on a gathering party over the weekend,

And the latest package helped enormously.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-02-20 15:38:25](#)  
(no subject)

Gracious. It's just come to me: we have a student named Fawcett. Is there any relation, do you suppose? Minerva? Arthur?



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-20 15:45:42](#)  
(no subject)

I don't know any families by that name, personally. What house is the child in? Not in Gryffindor, I don't think--I don't recall the boys mentioning a housemate named Fawcett. What's the blood status of the student by that name; do you have it in your records?



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-20 15:54:19](#)  
(no subject)

Fawcett - yes.

Yes, I imagine it must be a relation, mustn't it? But there's nothing I can *do* - I can hardly betray my knowledge of these events before the Ministry or the Lord Protector sees fit to tell me, can I? And that goes double for you, Poppy: not a word.

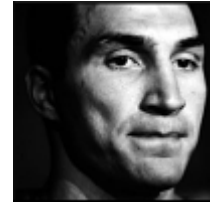
Poor creature!



**[2009-02-20 10:00:00](#)**

*Eithne*

Before any concerned student asks, no, I hadn't any plans to set a baby dragon loose in the castle. Point of fact, I was working with the mite creature on a new programme of dragon keeping. Due to their undomesticated nature, most dragon keeping involves hexing and restraint and sedation. My own belief is that this only serves to make the creatures more aggressive, especially toward the keepers. You try telling a dragon keeper that they don't know their own business, though, and make sure you duck quick after the telling.




 **[alt\\_macnair](#)**

My study with Eithne - that's the her name, the Ridgeback's - was quite safe. You can see that I have no dragon-inflicted wounds upon me. My work was nearly finished, besides. I was planning to let Stornoway have her, hoping, of course, that they'd take my research into consideration when it comes to their keeping methods. Now that she's been spooked and caged I'm not sure my research is worth a knut. She'll be scared of people now, and apt to bite again.

As always, the Care of Magical Creatures shack is off limits to all (yes, all) students who are not accompanied by myself. Would have thought the sign and the lock would have been enough to make that clear - not to mention the smell.



 **[alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-20 22:10:41](#)**  
(no subject)

Really, Professor Macnair. As much as I appreciate your wanting to investigate methods to make dragon keeping safer, there is a reason that the raising of dragons is restricted. I honestly don't care how contrite you are. My son Charlie works at Stornoway, and so I know something about the laws governing restricted magical creatures, and you are entirely outside them.

Amos Diggory is a neighbour of mine. He's with the Department for the Regulation and Control of Magical Creatures. I'm sure that Department will be taking note of last night's incident as well.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-20 22:11:48](#)

*Order Only*

I suppose it's probably too much to hope that we'll get rid of him, but there's no harm in trying while he's in such disgrace.



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-02-21 00:19:41](#)

*(no subject)*

Should I know who you are?



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-21 00:31:13](#)

*(no subject)*

Well, I should hope so. Molly Weasley, Professor Macnair. All of my boys have been in Gryffindor.



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-02-21 06:54:29](#)

*(no subject)*

Ah, right then.

**2009-02-20 10:40:00**

*Hectic Friday*

Sometimes I really detest being right.

I *knew* I would need a cleared schedule to-day - naturally, one cannot set foot on the grounds of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry without *something* occurring to demand attention.



 [alt\\_lucius](#)

And I was correct, more's the pity. I hardly expected **my own son** to be at the centre of trouble on this scale but I suppose it was only a matter of time before he did something atrociously reckless. (He's fine, Narcissa, dear - if considerably chastened. I've just seen him.)

The only mitigation is that his (and Harry's) transgression has allowed us to apprehend a person of interest to the Lord Protector - and my duty to Him perforce superceded any wish I might have had to upbraid Draco myself last evening. I daresay the Headmistress was wise to suggest I wait until morning, when cooler tempers could prevail.

Yet apparently this incident is not enough to occupy us for the nonce: I had no more finished my interview with Draco when I received an urgent summons from the MLE requesting assistance in the Derby mudblood camp. Anyone in the area has by now been informed to be on the lookout for some half-dozen fugitives, who apparently broke out some time in the night. One was apprehended and their means of escape has been detected - but these are matters requiring Council attention - and that of the Enforcers and Aurors available to be despatched to the region. (In addition, I am told several reporters from the *Prophet* have caught wind of yesterday's events and must be managed!)

So. Hogwarts to London back to Hogwarts, and now Derby to see what incompetent fools have allowed security to be so lax as to enable such a sizeable bolt!

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 [alt\\_bellatrix](#) at [2009-02-20 16:50:52](#)  
(no subject)

The recovery of a certain "person of interest" goes some way in explaining my ancient friend's thoughts regarding Hogwarts.

I'd dwell on that more, but I too am just about to leave for Derby. See you there.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-02-20 16:53:56](#)  
(no subject)

Indeed? Ah, of course. We should speak of it more while we are here. (I've just arrived and the scene is something of disarray. Once you're here I'm sure it will be put to rights with great alacrity!)




 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-20 17:25:15](#)  
*Order Only*

What do you think, Sirius? Would you lay odds that the "ancient friend" who had thoughts of Hogwarts was one of the Flamels?

In which case, they told her what before they died?



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-20 19:20:05](#)  
*Re: Order Only*

Yes, Arthur, I would bet good money that's exactly who she means.

Minerva swears there's nothing much they could have told the viper. I mean, it could be that he revealed we've got operatives there at the school, but if they suspected any of them - Minerva or Poppy or Pomona - they'd surely have said before now?

And at any rate, it sounds as if Bellatrix now thinks that Nick's 'Hogwarts contact,' if indeed that's what she got from him, is Quirrell. Well, it won't do us any harm, though I can't say the same for him. He'll have nothing to tell them, will he?

Poor fellow. She won't like that, not a bit.




 **[alt\\_narcissa](#)** at **[2009-02-20 17:01:27](#)**  
(no subject)

Thank you for letting me know, husband. I'm sure you were quite occupied last night, but you might have sent word over then; it's unlike you to miss breakfast and I was worried.

You're certain Draco was not harmed? And Harry as well?



 **[alt\\_lucius](#)** at **[2009-02-20 17:06:14](#)**  
(no subject)

I'm very sorry to have given you concern. You're correct, my love: I had only enough time to request that Bella join us. I should have owed you directly but I hoped you would see my note to her and realise

where I was.


And yes, both boys are quite safe, though they might not have been had one of the school servants interposed herself between Mr Marvolo and one of Macnair's pets. We can speak about it more when I get home, though honestly I am not sure how soon that will be.



 **[alt\\_narcissa](#)** at **[2009-02-20 17:20:40](#)**  
(no subject)

Macnair's *pet*? What on earth were they doing - Care of Magical Creatures doesn't begin until third year! I think I shall go up to the school myself, if you are going to be detained indefinitely.



 **[alt\\_lucius](#)** at **[2009-02-20 17:34:15](#)**  
(no subject)

There's no need for you to make the trip, my dear. He's perfectly all right, though he'll likely be in detention for the next month. And from what I understand, Walden didn't leave the beast lying

about; they took a notion to rescue the creature and either dragged the mudblood along or she trotted after them like a spaniel.

Going up to the school will only compound their humiliation at this point. I'm sure the whole school is already jeering; imagine if his mother flies up in the wake of what is, after all, a simple (if dangerous) mishap? If you like we can visit on Sunday when the furor has died down. We shall need to confer with the Headmistress at any rate, regarding the long-term consequences of the boys' actions.




 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2009-02-20 18:02:29](#)  
(no subject)

I've just spoken with Professor Macnair myself, darling. You're busy, as you say, but I am free to make sure that culpability is laid where it is deserved.


Don't worry, dearest, I'm sure I shall do nothing to embarrass Draco. But one of us should ensure that this matter is handled properly.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-02-20 18:29:45](#)  
(no subject)

If you insist, my dear, then by all means, go. I know you won't rest until you've seen our son with your own eyes.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-02-20 19:26:19](#)  
(no subject)

Dear me, had *not* she interposed herself, I should have said. But you knew what I meant, darling.

I am very tired and I fear the day is wearing on my already frayed patience.




 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-20 17:02:59](#)  
(no subject)

I am glad that my advice was useful to you, Lucius.

At some point when matters have settled we must discuss what, if anything, the ultimate outcome of this scrape should be. There are a number of solutions that might resolve the problem - young Mr Marvolo's need to curb his admirable sympathies towards Mudbloods, the Granger creature's need for less freedom, and so forth.

Utterly shocking to hear about Derby. Do you suppose that being around Muggles for too long can make one stupider? That's the only explanation I can muster for such behavior out of the Ministry employees involved.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-02-20 17:16:19](#)  
(no subject)

On the whole, I am relieved I was still in the vicinity, but I admit I slept not a wink between our captive's interrogation and my vast disappointment in my offspring.

And yes - I appreciate your involving me in the decision, Minerva; very good of you. Naturally the Lord Protector will wish his own input, but clearly, although she proved useful in the situation, it is obvious that she and Carrow's poet have grown over-accustomed to their relative comfort in the castle. Over supper Carrow and I discussed the latter, but Granger is in the direct supervision of the school and therefore she is your responsibility to keep in line.

Nonetheless, it cannot be denied that her intercession saved the boys from what could have been a nasty encounter.

As to the relative loss of intelligence resulting from over-exposure to Muggles, I wouldn't know. I spend as little time among their filth as possible. You may have a point, however, that deserves examination. I fear the likely answer is altogether more mundane and considerably less refined than a simple contagion.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-20 17:23:26](#)

*Order Only*

This seems to indicate that when he talked over dinner with Carrow about young Boot, he received the impression that the boy is still alive. That is hopeful news, of a sort.

Also promising is his acknowledgment Hermione saved the boys. Merlin, if that girl had ever been sorted, she'd probably be a Gryffindor.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-20 19:31:30](#)

*Order Only*

Did Malfoy say anything to you directly about the fate of the one who was 'apprehended'--that would be the poor Fawcett woman, wouldn't it? I'm sure Bill would want to know.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-20 20:09:27](#)

*Re: Order Only*

I'm afraid she didn't make it, Molly.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-02-20 20:17:00](#)

*Re: Order Only*

figured as much.

Damn.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-21 00:36:27](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Yeah, it didn't sound like she was giving them much choice.

Did he tell you that officially, though? Are you at least free to tell the child privately? It's not the sort of thing one wants to learn through the papers.





 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-21 16:44:00](#)

*Re: Order Only*

That's my task before the Quidditch match begins. Fortunately it hasn't hit the *Prophet* yet. I haven't had *permission* to tell the child - but I don't believe there can be any objection.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-20 17:36:11](#)

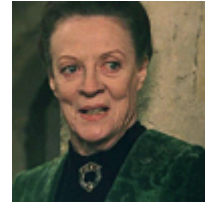
*Order Only*

Well, as bad as the news is that Hermione has been injured, it is rather a guilty pleasure to see Lucius Malfoy feeling so harassed.

**2009-02-20 10:54:00**

*It never rains but it pours*

After the board meeting last night (as usual) and a quite productive meeting with Lucius, I was quite ready for a good night's sleep.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#)

Unfortunately, it appears that Mr Marvolo got it into his head that he needed to save an animal Professor Macnair was keeping - a *Norwegian Ridgeback*. I knew nothing of this creature, but I learned of it quickly when I arrived on the scene. Coincidentally, Professor Slughorn and I ran into Professor Macnair on our way to investigate - so together we discovered Marvolo, Mr Malfoy, and the mudblood Granger facing off a very angry small dragon. They had packed it in some kind of crate and brought it out to the edge of the Forbidden Forest, and were apparently trying to set it free, but Granger had been bit when it turned on them - quite the little heroine in the melee, apparently.

Well, very well: two students out of bed, either tricked into it by the mudblood or having forced her along, it was difficult to tell, and a wild animal. Macnair dealt with the beast, I docked House points, and Slughorn was to take them to bed - but there we saw a figure skulking in the woods.

Now what part could ex-Professor Quirrell have to play in all this?

He has been apprehended, of course, and I delivered him into the Ministry's hands via Lucius - fortunately Lucius was making a late dinner of it with Professor Carrow, and therefore available.

This morning was an unpleasant scene in my office. The mudblood is still in the hospital wing, quite ill from the beast's poisoned bite; Malfoy and Marvolo are in disgrace, and Malfoy at least is assigned detention for the next age. These children have been more troublesome than the entire year above them!

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 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-02-20 17:11:13](#)**

*Order Only*

Good heavens, Minerva.

We'll want to hear the rest (including an update on Hermione) once you've extricated yourself from all the official cleaning up and inquiries.



 **[alt\\_narcissa](#)** at **[2009-02-20 17:24:45](#)**

*(no subject)*

Professor McGonagall,

I am coming up to see Draco this morning. What was Walden thinking, keeping a dragon where the children could be hurt by it?



 **[alt\\_mcgonagall](#)** at **[2009-02-20 17:32:54](#)**

*(no subject)*

You shall have to ask Professor Macnair that question yourself.



 **[alt\\_macnair](#)** at **[2009-02-20 17:36:22](#)**

*(no subject)*

The creature shack is off limits to all students and set quite apart from the castle, Mrs Malfoy, so the dragon was not actually kept anywhere near the children.



 **[alt\\_narcissa](#)** at **[2009-02-20 17:40:32](#)**

*(no subject)*

You ought to know how inquisitive and daring young children are, especially boys, Walden. How did you imagine someone wouldn't eventually discover the beast and decide to yield to

temptation?


It's irresponsible and dangerous.



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-02-20 17:46:56](#)  
(no subject)

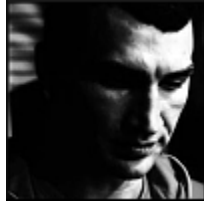
It was a worry of mine, and I kept the shack locked up with very difficult charms for that reason. But after months had gone by with no incident, I may have got careless. That's my mistake, and I apologise for it.




 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2009-02-20 17:53:03](#)  
(no subject)

I assume there's to be an inquiry. You might want to make sure you've no other surprises lurking about to lure any other unsuspecting innocents to their peril.

But I accept your apology, Walden. I know you'd never deliberately put the boys in danger. And they can be a handful - I can attest to that.




 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-02-20 17:59:31](#)  
(no subject)

Yes, I would assume the same. But besides Eithne, there's nothing to object to. I don't think.

Thank you for your understanding, Mrs Malfoy, it means a mountain to me.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-21 01:27:28](#)  
*Order Only*

*Now what part could ex-Professor Quirrell have to play in all this?*

That is something I've been puzzling about all day. (Well, in between trying to shore up Bill and ducking both Warrington and his deputy.)

What on earth could the man have been about? Do you have the faintest idea?

**2009-02-20 14:38:00**

*(no subject)*

I may have mucked things up in the past but at least I never lost House points.

That was daft on an epic scale.



 [alt\\_pansy](#)



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at **2009-02-20 22:20:04**

*(no subject)*

Don't you remember that time Acton took a point because you couldn't answer one of her questions and she thought you hadn't revised?

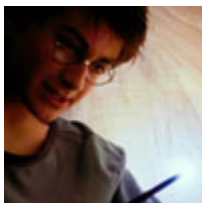
Not quite the same as losing 100, though. The only person I can think of whose done that up till now was Longbottom.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at **2009-02-22 10:37:59**

*(no subject)*

I was trying to forget about that... I really did revise. I have a brain fart and lose House points. Some days you're the wind wards, and some days you're the bug.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at **2009-02-20 23:54:25**

*(no subject)*

I didnt mean to lose points.

I would say sorry but I suppose it wouldnt do anything so there wouldn't be any point in it.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at **2009-02-22 10:36:39**

*(no subject)*

Your housemates don't want to vote you out of Slytherin.


Mine do.

Your father still loves you.

My mum doesn't love me anymore.

It'll be okay, Harry.




 **[alt\\_lucius](#)** at **[2009-02-23 19:45:03](#)**  
(no subject)

*My mum doesn't love me anymore.*

What makes you say such a thing? Have you had another owl since the last one you sent me (18th or 19th February)?



 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2009-02-23 19:49:31](#)**  
(no subject)

No, but I'm not stupid. She doesn't remember me at Christmas or my birthday.

[2009-02-20 20:58:00](#)

*Potions*

Everyone's talking about Slytherins' lost points. Well, I'm sorry that Malfoy and Marvolo are in so much trouble, but really, it's good for Ravenclaw since now we're first.



 [alt\\_padma](#)


But it probably explains why potions was so weird today. Hopkins was so nervous that every time Professor Slughorn looked at him crosswise he fumbled. I finally made him do the little things again, like grinding up the beetles and washing the pessle out, and he did okay, but it's just so frustrating. We didn't finish **again** and Hopkins whinged about coming to the classroom tomorrow to redo it because it's Hufflepuff against Gryffindor.

And the potion was blue, besides.

On the other hand, Electra Bobolis told me I could borrow her copy of *Charms to Disarm* because she said there's a really good spell for putting on beauty spots and if I get good at it it might work to make it look like henna.

Oh - and Megan, meet me and Lavender tomorrow after the match! We've got so much to talk about.



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-21 22:12:05](#)  
(no subject)

Oh! Okay. I will.

**2009-02-21 11:47:00**

*I am alright.*

I am alright. I am not sure how much trouble I'm in, because I didn't intend to break any rules and because I tried so hard to not let Harry Marvolo get bitten by the dragon. I suppose I will find out soon because I don't really need to stay in the hospital wing much longer I hear.



 **alt\_hermione**

I got bit on the wrist and it bled a lot and went green. Madam Pomfrey was worried that the poison might have gotten into my blood but it was fine in the end. Now my wrist is bandaged and it's hard to write but I noticed that people wondered if I was alright, and I thought I should tell them yes I am, and that they shouldn't spend so much time worrying about a Mudblood like me when Harry Marvolo and Draco Malfoy could have been hurt.

But thank you any way.



 **alt\_lupin** at **2009-02-21 17:13:43**  
(no subject)

I'm glad to see you're feeling a little better, Hermione. Are you up for a visitor?



 **alt\_hermione** at **2009-02-21 17:18:26**  
(no subject)

Yes I am!



 **alt\_lupin** at **2009-02-21 17:20:30**  
(no subject)

I shall see you shortly, then.





 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-02-21 20:11:03](#)  
(no subject)


Were you really, truly trying to protect Harry?



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2009-02-22 18:45:54](#)  
(no subject)

Yes, why wouldn't I? Harry is always very nice to me, and anyway, he's the Lord Protector's son and it's our duty to protect him. I suppose you would have protected him too if it was just the two of you, but I'm a Mudblood so it was my job, because you're important too, anyway more important than me by a lot.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-02-22 19:13:08](#)  
(no subject)

Just know that this doesn't change anything. What I said to you before, I still mean it.



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2009-02-22 20:43:30](#)  
(no subject)

I know. But I haven't been bad about it. I didn't go to him and you know it. He told me I had to help him. It wasn't as though I said "hello Mr Marvolo, let's go find a dangerous dragon" or anything. You saw.

My hand hurts now and I'm not going to write any more.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-22 21:43:51](#)  
*Order only*

Hsst, Hermione. Draco might know Harry's been talking to you, but no one else needs to know about it.

And watch it, kiddo. You've no idea how he might take being cheeked by you.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-02-22 21:55:46](#)  
*(no subject)*

Don't you get uppity with me, and you'll write to me if I damn well want you to, you ugly cow mudblood.




 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-23 01:49:57](#)  
*Order Only*

And I'm sure that Hermione is happy she pulled your chestnuts from the fire, seeing as how you're so very grateful.

Like father, like son, it looks like. An arse.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-21 20:16:41](#)  
*Order Only*

Very glad to hear from you, my dear. We've been quite anxious, and we've very relieved to hear you're on the mend.




 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-21 20:20:40](#)  
*Re: Order Only*

Oh, thank goodness you're all right.

I hope, if Minerva lays it on very thickly that you were protecting Harry Marvolo and Draco Malfoy, that you'll get off lightly. Still, give dragons a wide berth from now on, please!



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-02-21 20:21:39](#)  
*(no subject)*


Glad you're all right.



 **[alt\\_hermione](#)** at **[2009-02-22 18:46:17](#)**  
(no subject)

Thank you Mr Longbottom!



 **[alt\\_susan](#)** at **[2009-02-26 02:30:38](#)**  
(no subject)

I'm gla That was I've been in the library alot lately and it was strange, your not being there. I s'pose you'll be coming back to work soon?

**2009-02-21 14:55:00**

*Order Only: Minerva, All?*



 [alt\\_poppy](#)

I feel that it's very important to re-educate our students, staff, and parents about the very real dangers of ill health and injury in view of present circumstances, but I can't for the life of me figure out how to frame an announcement that will avoid communicating the truth that current shortages, import restrictions, and Protectorate policies have placed us all in peril.

Here is my current draft, but it's clearly still in dangerous territory:

Magical creature injuries are very, very serious. If anyone, for whatever reason, finds herself or himself injured as a result of contact with such a creature -- or has contact with a magical creature whilst suffering from an open wound -- that person ought to seek medical attention immediately.

Recent events have made me consider that those of us who have reached a certain age may have an unfortunately cavalier attitude about the seriousness of illness and injuries. We grew up in a different time. It is our duty now to instruct our young people that severe injuries and contagious ailments require quick attention lest they result in permanent damage.

Certain of our young people have recently had a very close call with a dragon, and while I trust that there will be no further occasions for any of us to find ourselves confronted with dragons, there is no shortage of dangerous wildlife in the environs of this school (or, of course, in the world at large). In this most recent instance, we have been very fortunate: only one child was injured, the bite was not as severe as it might easily have been, and the child was brought to me very quickly in the aftermath of the episode. Even so, the medicinals currently available meant that it was less than certain that the infection could be stopped -- and, although it did respond to my efforts, it is likely that the child will carry scars of her encounter for the rest of her life. And, while the child in this case was a Mudblood servant, it could as easily have been student -- it usually is a student when such things happen, as they will do, given the nature of children and the dangers of

our magical world.

I fear that I cannot emphasize strongly enough how important it is that we set aside our comfortable notions that all injuries can be healed with a quick dose of the right restorative or application of All-Heal. Parents: please remind your children that quick treatment wards against a life time of regret. Teachers and Heads of Houses: please underscore to your students and servants that immediate care is crucial. (Here at Hogwarts, the issue often goes beyond the patient's own recovery, but in the case of contagious infections, quick action is our only hope of preventing widespread illness.)

We cannot afford for old assumptions to blind us to our danger.

Poppy Pomfrey, Hogwarts

Can you suggest what must be differently put? Or must I abandon the notion altogether? I've been pecking away at this draft every spare moment, but I'm no closer to having it right.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-22 03:05:07](#)

*Order only*

I've been giving it a mull, Poppy, and I think it's best probably not to refer to our Hermione at all. Certainly not as a child, don't you think?



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-02-22 03:19:27](#)

*Re: Order only*

Oh, bother. I knew one of you would tell me that. I know it myself, but I hate it.

What I want to say, of course, is that it could have been either the Marvolo or the Malfoy boy, and it could have been fatal or maiming, and I don't have the medicines needed to treat such things...

...and it's all the Protector's fault.

But I can't say any of it, so we'll probably all die of Thestral Croup when those two undisciplined scoff-rules bring it back from one of their 'adventures'.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-22 03:54:39](#)

*Re: Order only*

Oi, that's still my godson you're talking about, there.

I think the problem (and I don't even believe I'm saying this - me!) is that you're being entirely too reasonable. What I recollect about you lot when we were students was that announcements were more, erm, imperious. There's no need to justify your admonition, d'you see?

Just remind everyone that magical creatures are dangerous and warn them that your larder has little to spare, and leave the dragon out of it - if I know Hogwarts, the rumour's already doing more to spread what happened than you saying anything.

Not sure if Minerva would agree, but I remember mostly being ordered about by our professors, not appealed to.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-02-22 12:42:13](#)

*Re: Order only*

I'm sure you are quite right. Perhaps the only thing I can do is issue an edict to the students.

The trouble, however, is their elders, who persist in thinking that it's all right for children to go larking about here at school, that children will be children, and they can always be patched up by Madam Pomfrey. Well, Madam Pomfrey hasn't got the resources she once did to remove extra ears from off children's foreheads or to replenish the blood in their bodies or to stop poison before it kills.

It could quite well be your godson walking about with a nasty scar for the rest of his life, Sirius. Or Malfoy's son. And until Malfoy and Macnair and the rest of the teachers and all of the parents and even you realise this -- get this firmly planted in your heads -- this situation will persist. If we can't be supplied with the

things we need for healing, then there must be new rules for governing student behavior. They can't be allowed the freedom they've had in the past to learn by getting in and out of their own scrapes.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-23 12:52:51](#)

*Re: Order only*

It ought to be all right, honestly, Poppy; I doubt that anyone higher up would take irritation on your part as anything more than reasonable care for your students; you are, after all, quite important to Mr Marvolo's well-being and almost beyond reproach, I think.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-02-23 15:30:32](#)

*Re: Order only*

I keep thinking that these journals could be made useful, and it does seem that so long as I'm willing to sacrifice a bit of dignity by presenting myself as a fussy old bird, it's possible to move certain audiences in a positive direction. (I am, after all, a bit of a fussy old bird in truth.)

I've been talking with some colleagues at St Mungo's, and we've all agreed that something must be done to put pressure on the Ministry to allow in all of the Medicinals we require. Some are more hopeful than others -- than I -- that anything short of an out and out calamity will bring about real change.

We simply must continue to try all avenues and angles, and I intend to do what I can.

I do appreciate your support, Minerva. I know that this is only one of the headaches you must endure.

**[2009-02-22 14:14:00](#)**

*Breakout*

Did everyone see the article in the Sunday *Prophet* this morning? About the escaped mudbloods?



 **[alt\\_padma](#)**

I knew something had to be wrong before this, because Fawcett was simply horrible to everyone last night. We came up to the dorms and she was carrying on something fierce. Belinda asked her what was the matter and she snapped at all of us not to come near her, least of all Belinda. She seemed to think that since Belinda's uncle works in Purity Control, he was to blame for whatever was bothering her. She wouldn't stop crying and we finally had to go and get Goshal to take her to Professor Vector.

It was really awful. She called us all sorts of names! I wonder if she's going to have to be Obliviated or be asked to leave the school - or taken to the camps herself for a blood-traitor.

Lav, d'you suppose Bones ever screamed and carried on after her grandmother was killed for helping mudbloods? I don't know how you share a dorm with her, Jones, really.

Anyway, now it's obvious what happened, but last night it was really quite puzzling.



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-02-22 21:59:47](#)**  
(no subject)

All mudbloods do is cause trouble for wizards. I think we should forget trying to make them into servants and just be rid of them.



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-02-22 22:05:06](#)**  
(no subject)

Well, I wouldnt mind, but what about all the magic theyve stolen? Wont it go to waste if we just killed them all?





 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-02-22 22:08:55](#)  
(no subject)

I don't know, but I'm tired of hearing about them and listening to adults complain and really, they're all useless except maybe Dennis, and that's likely only because he was raised in the Lord's home and lived with house elves.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-22 22:17:47](#)  
(no subject)

Who's complaining?

That's sort of what your dad said about the mudbloods, wasn't it, about them being impossible to control unless their raised right.

But maybe you dont want to talk about your dad right now, either?



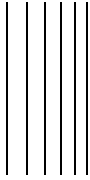
 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-02-22 22:21:54](#)  
(no subject)


Maybe not complaining, more always talking about what should be done with them. It's just really, really boring by now. It's not as if they can all grow up in the Lord Protector's palace with his elves, and you never know if someone with a mudblood servant might secretly want to help it.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-22 22:28:57](#)  
(no subject)


Want to meet me in the Charms corridor? It's not too far from something I want to show you.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-02-22 22:33:24](#)  
(no subject)

Well all right, but I hope it's something good.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-23 01:51:57](#)  
*Order Only*

Really, what an utterly heartless girl.



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-23 16:53:59](#)  
(no subject)

You weren't supposed to *tell everyone*


Padma?

I don't Can we Susan's really

Do you really think Fawcett will be taken to the camps?

I really want to ask you something. Maybe before revising tonight. Or can we meet after lunch?



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-23 18:15:52](#)  
(no subject)

Sorry, but Monday's are really busy, Jones. Maybe tomorrow?



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-24 19:37:34](#)  
(no subject)

It's tomorrow now. I looked for you at lunch. But I couldn't get your attention. ~~And~~ Did you change where you meet for revising? ~~Daphne~~ I have something I want to tell you!



 **alt\_padma** at [2009-02-25 00:39:29](#)  
(no subject)

Sorry, I didnt see this earlier.

Professor Acton caught me writing in the journal yesterday and I have to write an extra twelve inches for her by Thursday's lesson. I'm not revising with everyone this week so I can finish.



 **alt\_megan** at [2009-02-25 18:16:44](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, you didn't? I thought


But I really want to talk to you. Or someone. Why is ~~ev~~ Are you angry at me?



 **alt\_seamus** at [2009-02-23 18:04:34](#)  
(no subject)

The mudblood in the Prophet was Fawcetts mum?



 **alt\_padma** at [2009-02-23 18:13:41](#)  
(no subject)

Yeah, looks like. That's what Professor Vector told us yesterday, anyway. She came in on Sunday to tell us that even though Fawcett's mum was a traitor, she was still her mum and she's bound to feel guilty and sad that her mum had to die like that. So we oughtnt make Fawcett feel worse about it as its not her fault she was born to a blood-traitor and she's doing her best to be a good subject to the Lord Protector.

But if she's such a good subject why would she be so upset? I mean its not as if she were raised in the camps like a filthy mudblood, its just that the person who gave birth to her died. I mean, if you were adopted and you never knew your real parents and you found out later, years later, they died, well, really, how sad could you be?

I think Fawcett's being very soppy, but Profesor Vector said to leave her be, which is what we do anyway, so its nothing to me. Only we have to sleep with her snuffling into her pillow and its really annoying.



 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2009-02-23 18:55:11](#)**  
(no subject)

I never met my muggle father thank merlin and I dont know if hes alive or not. But if it was in all the papers that he died Id be upset. Its humiliating enough having muggle blood without it being in the Prophet.




 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-02-23 19:40:59](#)**  
(no subject)

Well, a little upset, yeah, that I can see. I mean, your right, no one would want it all over the paper like that.

But this wasnt that kind of




 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-02-25 00:46:06](#)**  
(no subject)

Sorry. Professor Acton caught me earlier.

I was saying, it wasn't that kind of upset. It was, well, more like she went a little mad. She called us names and said how we were worse than beasts, and we didnt have any feelings or ~~des decens~~ decency. Professor Vector said she was just historical and she'd feel better in a day or two.

But it's been two days and shes still crying nearly every night. Its very disterbing when we're trying to sleep.



 **[alt\\_susan](#)** at **[2009-02-24 15:46:03](#)**  
(no subject)

I don't know what you think you know about my grandmother Patil. She died before I was even born and no body was helping mudbloods.




 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-26 01:54:25](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, go ahead and deny it, then, Bones. That's not what Jones seemed to think.


But then I s'pose you'd have to deny it, wouldn't you?



 [alt\\_susan](#) at [2009-02-26 02:02:23](#)  
(no subject)

~~Megan wouldn't~~ What did she say? How do I know your not just making something up because you think its funny?



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-26 21:42:18](#)  
(no subject)

Right, because I spend sooo much time making things up to say about you.


Go on, then. Who was it, really, your aunt?



 [alt\\_susan](#) at [2009-02-27 00:32:17](#)  
(no subject)

You don't know what your talking about! It was my great--



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-27 17:44:39](#)  
(no subject)

HA! So you admit that **someone** in your family was helping them?

Which means you were lying before. Admit it.



 **alt\_susan** at [2009-02-27 18:34:58](#)  
(no subject)

I wasn't lying! It didn't have anything to do with mudbloods, it was all Dumbledore and he probably had her under the Imperius curse anyhow!

I don't know why I'm even talking about this with you--go read about it in the *Prophet* archives if your so interested in my family.

**[2009-02-22 16:05:00](#)**

*Yesterday's match*



 **[alt\\_neville](#)**


Well, that was an EXCELLENT game yesterday. Those Chasers were going ever so fast, on both teams, but I don't think either Davies or Troy are nearly as good as the Weasleys when it comes to Beater work. I don't think we had the Bludgers hit anyone on Gryffindor's side more than four or five times. Just caused a lot of dodging, but that was all right. Diggory may be fast, but it doesn't do him much good if your team's down more than 150 points cause you can't keep the Quaffle away from the other side's Chasers.

Still, I'll admit that it was was a great piece of luck that the Snitch popped up practically at Kenneth's elbow.

At least nobody practically swallowed it this time.


Up late last night, celebrating the match. It's rather hard to settle down to Transfiguration homework this afternoon.



 **[alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-22 22:08:41](#)**  
(no subject)

It certainly was a late night last night. I must have come down to the Common Room a half a dozen times, asking the noisemakers to settle down so some people could sleep.



 **[alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-02-22 22:09:55](#)**  
(no subject)

Well, George and Fred were really funny. And Lee Jordan. No wonder people were hanging around and laughing.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-02-22 22:12:16](#)  
(no subject)


Say, I meant to ask them. Do you know why they were collecting pickle juice at dinner last night?



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-22 22:12:39](#)  
(no subject)

What?



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-02-22 22:14:09](#)  
(no subject)

Your brothers--George and Fred, I mean. They were going around the table last night at the end of dinner, and draining the juice out of the pickle dishes into a jar. I was going to ask what that was about but forgot. I wonder if you knew?



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-22 22:15:17](#)  
(no subject)

...

I have no idea whatsoever. You wouldn't believe the number of totally inexplicable things those two have been up to over the years.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-02-22 22:15:50](#)  
(no subject)

Oh. Well, maybe I'll ask them later, if I think of it.





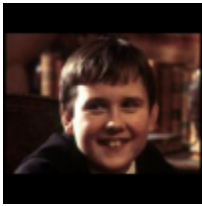
 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-22 22:16:40](#)  
(no subject)

Very inconsiderate, if you ask me.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-02-23 18:06:18](#)  
(no subject)


That was a really excellent match wasn't it? Im still hoarse today. Did you ever find out what Fred and George wanted with the pickle juice?



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-02-24 00:03:42](#)  
(no subject)

No idea, and they wouldn't answer questions. All they would say was 'just a little something we're working on.'



 [alt\\_susan](#) at [2009-02-26 01:58:21](#)  
(no subject)

That was extra-lucky for Towler! I bet Cedric would have caught it otherwise. The Weasleys *are* wizard beaters though, I've got to admit.

I still had fun at the match, even though we lost. There's just something about going out with your friends and cheering on your House.

**2009-02-22 18:16:00**

*ORDER ONLY: Frank, Alice and Kingsley?*



 [alt\\_arthur](#)

I just took a look at the *Prophet* article that came out today about the Derby camp breakout. (Sirius, I'm sure you'll be quite pleased to learn that apparently you put them up to it.) I was, however, also astonished to learn that apparently the Ministry is still searching for more fugitives. It says:

Included in the missing party were several juveniles and approximately six adults. It is believed they received outside assistance from the suspected traitor, Sirius Black, in order to make the escape possible.

Black's league may have helped them evade capture into late evening Friday, as well, according to the Ministry for Magic. A spokesman for the Department of Purity Control, Jasper Jenkins, told *Prophet* reporters that blood-traitors were spotted outside of Stapleford. Enforcers on the scene reported that the fugitives used illegal and unauthorized Portkeys to transport four juveniles from the scene. A further three mudbloods are believed to have made for the forest outside Nottingham, where Aurors continue to search.


Tragically, two Aurors were injured in the recovery. Claudius Yaxley was treated for burns and Joseph Marks had a broken arm healed at the camp, after subduing a female, Stephanie Fawcett, age 36. Fawcett was killed in the attempted escape.

Any persons with information. . .' etcetera, etcetera

Kingsley, I realise the trail may have gone cold, but do you think you and your lot may be able to track them? Frank and Alice, what have your new residents told you about any others who may have been with them? Were they part of a larger group that split up? Can they tell us anything that might help Kingsley's party to find them?

---



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-02-23 00:58:20](#)**  
(no subject)


Hello, Arthur.

I told Stephen and Laura -- the McGiverns -- and John Turner about the article. None of them knew about the other escapees. Perhaps they were functioning as independent cells? Stephen and Laura were the ones that knew of the tunnel, and when to escape, but were a bit vague as to how. I still think they don't know quite what to make of all of us. Perhaps it was all through a third party? I'll try and talk to them later.

I just don't want it to sound like I'm interrogating them.

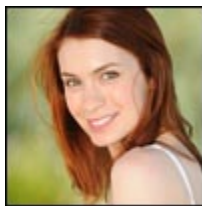
Thus far, though, it doesn't look like they have any information on the others.




 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-02-23 01:03:11](#)**  
(no subject)

Damn. I was hoping--


Well, keep asking. I hope you'll be able to win their trust, because we need information. The more we have, the better a chance Kingsley has to track these other fugitives down.



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-02-23 01:28:41](#)**  
(no subject)

We'll keep trying. I think they're all very tired, and still a bit overwhelmed by everything. I felt badly for Laura -- she burst into tears when the article mentioned Mrs Fawcett. We told everyone about Mrs Fawcett last night, of course, but I think it only sunk in for everyone just then.



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-02-23 03:06:01](#)**  
(no subject)

Bill still feels quite as badly, too, as I'm sure you know. Molly had him over for dinner, and I talked with him a bit more alone, as she was setting the kitchen to rights afterward. I think I have managed to persuade him to take a couple personal days off work. It will do him good to get away for a bit.



 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2009-02-23 03:31:43](#)**  
(no subject)

I remember that bastard Yaxley when he was a quill-pusher at the Ministry.

And how heroic, to kill an unarmed woman. Should give both of them a bloody medal.

Aurors my arse. My day we called them thugs.

[2009-02-22 19:20:00](#)

## *Fugitive Search*

It took nearly five drafts for the *Prophet* editors to produce an article on the camp escape worth reading. Juggling my time among their offices, Derbyshire, the Ministry and Buckingham this week-end has been exhausting.



 [alt\\_lucius](#)

Thirteen escaped - and only one fatality after nearly twenty hours of searching. Poor Bellatrix was livid (as was I), so much so that I feared the stress might make her ill. Jonathan Pucey nearly had his head handed to him, and no wonder. We discovered around dusk that the escape had actually occurred the night before - and the MLE had not been called in for several hours after the dictated protocol required!

Yaxley was burnt, it's true, but he is back on the trail and among the searchers. It's ridiculous that they should evade us for so long, but it strengthens my suspicion that they have outside help. How Black manages to enchant anyone else to his cause is beyond me. Yaxley swears he recognised one of the wizards helping them to Portkey away - chap who used to work for the MLE, if it can be believed! Unfortunately he couldn't confirm the sighting, though it wouldn't surprise me, if it were who he thought it was.

The *Prophet's* details are also enlightening. The night of the 19th, indeed! And where were the Enforcers? Waiting for a memo that was 'misplaced' - the *clerical error* to which the article alludes. Some delinquent, irresponsible clerk either neglected to deliver it or simply didn't think to make sure it reached the proper hands. Needless to say, there is a full inquiry in progress, along with decidedly unfortunate consequences for the individual or individuals who (deliberately or otherwise) blundered so egregiously.

As for this:

*The Prophet has reason to believe that efforts to recover the escaping detainees were slowed by the capture of Quirinus Quirrell, former Hogwarts professor who had been discharged for sedition and was wanted on suspicion of conspiracy to murder the Lord Protector's son, Harry Marvolo, now a first-year student at Hogwarts.*

Well. The capture of Quirrell occurred quite co-incidentally to the escape and had nothing whatsoever to do with the 'delay' in bringing in additional Aurors and Enforcers to recover the chattel. **Misplaced**

the memo - completely unacceptable dereliction of duty! I know Bellatrix was positively *incensed* when we learnt of that little ... *triviality*. Wants a change in procedure, if they have any sense.

This evening saw me back up to Hogwarts to meet with the Headmistress concerning the full extent of corrective action required for the mudblood girl, our two mischief-makers and of course, Professor Macnair. Believe we have reached an accord that will be acceptable to the Lord Protector (in the case of young Marvolo) and to the Board of Governors (re: Macnair).

On the whole, however, I am extraordinarily relieved that I have a clear calendar to-morrow to recuperate. Pucey had better redouble his efforts if he expects to be able to recover ... at all.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-23 02:58:34](#)

*Order Only*

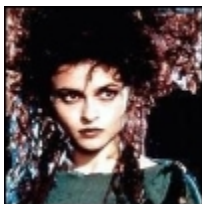
Oh, Arthur, you're quite quite sure no one saw you at Rupadam's desk?



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-23 03:00:06](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Don't fret, Molly. I'm absolutely sure no one saw me.




 [alt\\_bellatrix](#) at [2009-02-23 05:43:30](#)

*(no subject)*

I've not made myself ill yet. And on that note, please remind Cissy that I have enough of those potions she keeps sending me. Certainly enough to last 'til summer.

The last person to handle that memo will be tracked down and dealt with, that I can promise. And as for procedure, I'm thinking it's high time that the MLE be first on the alert in debacles like these, and not the lazy inepts at PC.




 **alt\_lucius** at [2009-02-23 19:35:24](#)  
(no subject)

I shall tell her, but I should warn you that I am a little ... out of favour about the house, after this week-end. It's a state I hope will see remedy before Thursday, but I can hardly blame her for being vexed. You understand.

Regarding giving the MLE priority over notifications, I quite agree. I also have a concern that the northern camps are not nearly as tightly run as the south and west countries, evidenced by the lax position taken by the chief Enforcer in Derby. I don't recall his name - the chubby fellow with the capped tooth? Well, Crispin has the report; I'm sure I'll remember when I see it. In any event, did you note the cut of his robes? Tailored, certainly. Furthermore, I'm quite sure that the handsome set of quills on his desk was imported; Narcissa looked at something similar for me a few years ago but decided it was ridiculous to pay that much for a quill, even if it *were* charmed against blotting.

I may be mistaken but I do not believe someone on a Camp Enforcer's salary could easily afford such luxuries - not without some other source of income.




 **alt\_bellatrix** at [2009-02-24 05:37:12](#)  
(no subject)

Shall I try to smooth things over with her for you? Cissy knows that big Sis knows best.

Chubby and capped tooth. That would be Hibbert, first name Merwin, I think. He was a few years older at school, and I remember that Rizzer gave him the capped tooth via a box of cursed toffees. One bite and the tooth was never the same again. Yes, Hibbert always was partial to the finer things.



 **alt\_lucius** at [2009-02-24 16:15:33](#)  
(no subject)

Thank you for offering, but I think the situation will sort itself. And while nothing, I am sure, could mar her affection for you, Bella, in this case I do

believe that intervention from anyone within a ... certain sphere ... would pour oil rather more in the fire than on the waters. This morning she was much more philosophical regarding those realities which, while perhaps not wholly pleasant, have been constant for many years. I'm sure she will be fine given another day or two. (She has also sent Draco a rather large parcel of some of his favourites, which I am sure will do much to improve both his mood and hers.)

Hibbert, yes. That's the fellow. I shouldn't be surprised if careful scrutiny of his books reveals a gap as wide as the one in his teeth.



 **[alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-02-24 02:23:38](#)**

*ORDER ONLY*

well it didn't surprise me when that spineless kiss-arse turned out rotten, so I guess we're even.



**2009-02-23 08:58:00**

*Order Only: Nuisance Shop-Owners*

I've just heard from that Mr Clarriker over at Folkestone Ferriers.



 [alt\\_sirius](#)

He decided to go with another supplier for the Aphoresia's. And he sent along a memo from the Ministry saying that fluxweed (and a whole list of other items) is only to be sold in dried or powdered form and requires a special license available from the Department of Magical Commerce. We have to have a purchase order for it directly from St Mungo's or you lot at Hogwarts or one of the camps before we can ship it, too.

So the pomegranates, medicinal-grade chocolate and the cotton are all I can send through him. He asked about All-Heal Paste and I told him what my Greek had told *me*, but he just sniffed and said that was the sort of amateur excuse he expected from a newcomer to the trade. He indicated rather slyly that he knew of a supplier out there willing to sell him the stuff. I dunno. I suppose he thinks he's teaching me a lesson and I'll give him better prices next time.

Luckily I did make some in-roads with one of Malfoy's competitors - offering them much lower prices, of course. I'll check on them this morning. I'd hate all this legwork to go to waste - to say nothing of the products themselves! I don't think I mentioned before, Poppy, but I did get the Himalayan HotWot (sorry for the smudge, I can't really say that without smirking! HotWot! Hah!) and there's a chap over in Frankfurt with both Chinese white willow bark *and* the Tincture itself, but per this list you're only allowed the ready-made Tincture, so I'm glad I hadn't ordered anything yet.

Meanwhile, I wonder if there's a way to get the fresh fluxweed (and even the willow bark?) through to you lot at Moddey Dhoo. Alice, Frank, what d'you reckon? Is there a way to even get up the St George's Channel? If we could, what are the chances you could smuggle some seedlings over to Pomona or Poppy as well?

Oh - Arthur. I had an owl from Dora with something that might interest you. Seems she's picked up a little moonlighting at the Ministry in the Records division, but it sounds dodgy to me. Mostly what she tells me she's doing is shredding files. Here, I'll copy out the


section:

*I flipped through some of them, even though I was told not to. Loads of names, every single page ending with a 'd'd' followed by a few words, things like 'maln', 'K defic', 'FTT', and 'Scvy'. It didn't make much sense at all.*

She says her supervisor over there for this project is a Mathilda Thompson. If you have a chance and you think you can do it without raising suspicion, you might want to nose round a bit and see if you can find out what they're up to.

Otherwise, she doesn't say anything of interest - except that the Goblins at Gringott's honoured the withdrawal voucher I'd sent her for a Galleon or two as a flat-warming present. So that's for Bill's reassurance - *they* at least still don't seem to give a fig for the Ministry's labels and libels. I'm sure it's just Goblin nature not to care, but on the other hand I'm willing to credit him with representing us well to the bankers.



 **alt\_poppy** at **2009-02-23 21:26:28**  
(no subject)

Thank you for your persistence with the imports. I shall be extremely wary of those items that come from other sources.

It would be simply brilliant if you could get those fluxweed plants to the Sanctuary. And now you mention it, that might be a positively ingenious place to grow them and turn them into several of the more zealously restricted things we often need. You may have hit on a perfectly wonderful solution. If you can find a way to get them there.

I know you weren't addressing me with the excerpt from Miss Tonks, but those abbreviations are commonly used in Healing circles to denote death and its circumstances, I'm afraid:

D'd = deceased  
maln = malnourishment  
K deficiency = Potassium deficiency (often an underlying cause in heart-stoppages)  
FTT = failure to thrive (re. infant death)  
Scvy = scurvy

Ominous files, those!



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-23 23:35:11](#)

*(no subject)*

You Healer-types are an odd lot. Why would anyone abbreviate potassium with a K?

But as to your other revelation - yes. Like I said, I thought it sounded a little dodgy. On the outside, anytime government agencies start in destroying documents, you can bet it's not for any good reason.

You know, I never had any aspirations to be a merchant, but I suppose it's as good a job as any, if done well. I can't think how to get into the Irish Sea without detection, though. Hope Frank has some ideas.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-02-23 23:47:08](#)

*(no subject)*

Well, you know, if medicinal and alchemical terms were completely straightforward, there'd be no mystery in it at all. And then how would we convince anyone to pay us such large salaries?

A-hem.

I do hope you and Frank will set your heads to finding a solution.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-24 00:14:05](#)

*(no subject)*

It's been awhile since you've taken Latin, hasn't it, Sirius? Potassium is abbreviated 'K' because that's the symbol used to denote it on the Periodic Table. It's from the Latin word for alkali, 'kalium.'

Actually, that's not to say I remember many Latinate terms for various elements myself. But the twins spent last summer absolutely fascinated with the Periodic Table: they found an old

Muggle chemistry book in a second-hand bookstore and pored over it all summer, and quizzed each other about it with odd jokes over the dinner table. Drove the rest of us barmy, they did. It all culminated with them practically blowing up their bedroom in one of their experiments, which led to the book being confiscated.

Dangerous stuff, the Periodic Table.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-24 00:56:03](#)

*(no subject)*

Sorry, Arthur - my tutors never covered anything useful like that, Latin or no Latin. Too Muggle. Merlin knows I could never let Muggle Studies show on my school records - but I did get enough from reading James's books that I passed the O.W.L., at least. But I know all about the chemist's since Lily told me to go to one when I needed a painkiller and bandages my first summer in my flat.

I'm shocked, by the way, Arthur, that you'd admit to buying a Muggle book in a bookshop! Don't let anyone round work hear you say it.

Right - Poppy has prescribed a night out and I have learned never to argue with her when it comes to health. Anyway, there's a lovely pub near this hotel that I want to try.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-24 01:08:40](#)

*(no subject)*

Oh, I didn't buy it. It wouldn't have occurred to me to do so, but the twins have truly an insatiable curiosity on all sorts of mad subjects. They're sensible enough not to show books like that around school, at least. Although not sensible enough to by-pass them all together.

I'm sure Poppy wishes you followed all her instructions so cheerfully.




 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-24 20:15:46](#)  
(no subject)

Poppy knows what she's talking about, Arthur!

Félice is a wonderful girl, *very* talented. What's more, she says she knows a block of flats nearby, reasonably priced, and they allow dogs.

Gives me something to check out while I wait for the orders to ship out. Agatha popped home for a bit but she says she'll come back round the first of the month to see how I'm getting on.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-24 00:18:36](#)  
(no subject)

I was going to reply with the same information. I've seen notations like these on folders in the various camps, worse luck.

Hmm. I'll poke around as you suggest, Sirius. Carefully. The Ministry is buzzing like an angry hornet's nest at the moment, what with the fall-out from the Derby breakout.

Come to think of it, perhaps it would be better if I wait a week or so for things to calm down a bit, before I start making inquiries. At any rate, that is very encouraging news, that Dora is keeping her eyes open and thinking more than doubtless her employer expects her to. I will continue to cultivate her acquaintance. Not a hardship, believe me: there's a charming and very smart young woman under all that diffidence.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-02-24 01:00:04](#)  
(no subject)

Hm. Never thought about cutting out the middleman. Or becoming the middleman, as it were.

We have a small rowboat, and we've been a fair distance down the channel without any trouble just boating for fun -- we haven't tried to make it all the way as there hasn't been a need, but I don't see why we couldn't.

one of our newest occupants, Stephen McGivern, used to be a potions-maker for st mungo's. I'd bet he'd do wonders with fluxweed. might even be able to make polyjuice here, which would be wicked.

at the very least, we could certainly grow fluxweed here, with Steve's help on the greenhouses and gardens.




 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-02-24 01:06:12](#)**  
(no subject)

He's a potions-maker? My goodness, what a fantastic stroke of luck. And if he could actually make polyjuice . . .

I hope to hear a bit more on how they're all settling in, but this is certainly excellent news.




 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2009-02-24 01:28:20](#)**  
(no subject)

Al is working on one of her reports, so she'll catch everyone up, but yeah, it's good news all round. and I'd eat my hat if he couldn't make polyjuice.

he worked as a field medic while at the camps, so Alice feels a sight better about having the baby at Moddey Dhoo now, too.



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-02-24 01:29:15](#)**  
(no subject)

McGivern, did you say?

I can't say that I remember the name, but it would have been years, and perhaps he was still rather junior at St Mungo's when the purge happened? When did he leave Hogwarts? It seems as if I should remember...

In any case, it's wonderful, indeed, that Luck has sent you a potions expert. I imagine you've put him straight to work!




 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-02-24 01:35:14](#)  
(no subject)

he's in his forties now, if that helps.

And we have. He's not you, but we'll manage.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-02-24 01:51:46](#)  
(no subject)

I'll see if I can't look him up in the old records --  
next quiet hour I get.

Well, I'm sure that's very sweet of you, Frank, but  
I suspect you'll find him capable of any number of things that are  
beyond me.

I have been thinking whether I might find some way to slip out to  
the Sanctuary this summer. Perhaps it's folly to imagine that I  
could disappear for a bit and not be missed, but I've been  
considering that you must all need seeing to. When was the last  
time you had a physical examination?




 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-02-24 02:48:25](#)  
(no subject)

Alice'd love a visit from you if you can spare it.

I'm doing fine, Poppy. Never better.

our new lot could use a looking-over, though. Al and me don't  
know any spells for fixing teeth, and the younger boy's leg was  
set wrong after breaking it so it healed a little funny.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-02-24 02:59:44](#)  
(no subject)

...Except for your knee, love. Don't think I haven't seen you wincing in the mornings.


Poppy, we could all use a visit. And I'd love to see you again.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-02-24 03:04:56](#)  
(no subject)

I've been re-roofing a castle.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-02-24 03:06:01](#)  
(no subject)


And you've been doing a wonderful job of it, too.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-02-24 03:06:49](#)  
(no subject)

damn straight.




 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-02-24 03:16:25](#)  
(no subject)

Well, I shall certainly see if it can't be managed.

And it would be wonderful to see you (that is you, my dear, and your terribly brave husband -- tell him I'll be the judge of whether he needs looking over).





 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-02-24 03:25:09](#)**  
(no subject)


I certainly shall!



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-02-24 20:47:14](#)**  
(no subject)

Which one broke a leg, Frank? That's not something you'd mentioned before.




 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2009-02-25 00:17:12](#)**  
(no subject)

The boy, Alec. and he didn't break his leg during the escape, it's an old injury, but healed wrong. he gets on well enough, but he's got a pretty pronounced limp.


think he's a bit self-conscious about it. I asked him about his leg, and he's been dodging me ever since.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-02-25 00:27:53](#)**  
(no subject)

Nah, it's more likely because you're such a frightening bloke.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-02-24 20:18:13](#)**  
(no subject)

Right. Well, I doubt you want to come too far out to sea in a rowing boat, mate. But there must be some fishing boats that you could fix up without too much trouble?

I'll have to tread carefully as far as finding someone willing to sail round the Welsh coastline, but perhaps I can work something out. Meanwhile I'll try to keep the fluxweed alive. I wonder if Félice knows anything about plants?



 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2009-02-25 00:19:50](#)**  
(no subject)

there's loads of old fishing boats, shouldn't be too hard to fix up, what with the extra hands we've got. Haven't needed anything large-scale before, so we haven't looked in earnest.

we're going out on a supply run tomorrow, I'll poke around.

**[2009-02-23 15:43:00](#)**

*Seeking: Several Ounces of Prevention*

I'm still awaiting the arrival of those supplies approved by the Ministry. Sadly, bureaucracy never flies when it can waddle along instead.



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)**

Yesterday afternoon was spent in a long fire chat with colleagues at St. Mungo's. I was hopeful that they might have reserves they could share with us or that we could rely on them were anything to befall a student that I can no longer treat here. I don't know whether to feel proud or distraught that we are as well ~~or better~~ stocked as they are in London. (In fact, they had hoped we might be able to send them some things they are lacking.) Of course, there have always been certain maladies that require specialist Healers, but, for most things, it seems we must, as ever, rely on our own resources -- and those are stretched perilously thin.

I've urged my colleagues here at the school to take more precautions and to be more vigilant in enforcing rules and in discouraging students from dangerous folly, but I fear that no amount of fussing on my part will convince the lot of them that injuries and ailments can no longer all be magicked away with nary a scar left behind. I've wasted my breath trying to convince them that doxies and vipers and wild mushrooms (let alone the rest of what lurks in our environs) can no longer be viewed as 'harmless' so long as there's antidote in the cupboard -- because there is no antidote in the cupboard these days.

Our magical world being what it is and children having, as they do, no more common sense than a sack of newts, accidents will happen and calamities will befall us. I do hope that it will not require a full-on catastrophe before we are allowed to resupply ourselves with ALL of what we need to run a safe and wholesome school.



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 **[alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-02-23 22:04:01](#)**

*Order Only*

There.

No mentions of dragons, Muggleborn children, or the Lord Protector's 'son'.

I swear, political manoeuvring is quite outside my competency.



 **alt\_sirius** at [2009-02-23 23:51:48](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Well done, Poppy. You'll get the hang of it - sorry, that it's necessary.

Clarriker, as I said, is only going to order the chocolate and the pomegranates off your list.

But I did talk to two other clearing houses in Dover and one will be buying the Aphoresia's, the HotWou (HotWot! sorry. I told you I laugh every time I try to write it), the Pliny's and the toothache tonic. Though he got a bit shirty with me over that - it's a French variety, apparently generic.

I got in touch with that German chap this afternoon - he's sending along the Tincture and would you believe he has salamanders? I asked for verification that they're really Turkish. He assured me they are, but I'm not certain. I ordered just a half-dozen to see them for myself before calling up a storm of them.

So. Soon, Poppy. Soon.



 **alt\_poppy** at [2009-02-23 23:58:17](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Quite agree about HotWot: I never say it, just use it. It's amazing what these corporations think up to sell product.

Yes, do be careful about the salamanders. After all, we've got plenty of bog standard ones here in the lake.

Now go reward yourself with a relaxing evening. I'd tell you to indulge, but I doubt you need my permission.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-02-24 00:03:32](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

Should I consider that Healer's orders?



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-02-24 00:04:56](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

Absolutely.



 **[alt\\_lucius](#)** at **[2009-02-24 02:34:39](#)**

*(no subject)*

In all fairness to the Board of Governors and the Committee for Regulation of Magical Commerce, they have responded much more quickly than I anticipated. You might make future requests well in advance of the season, so that we can account for lead times in ordering the necessary stores. Having learned of the deficiencies only a matter of weeks ago, it is exceedingly difficult to meet your requests while the snow still flies.

There remains the responsibility to ensure that the school's endowment will not be depleted in order to resupply your stock. Your Headmistress has graciously agreed to intercede with additional benefactors - I am unfortunately simply too occupied of late to make time for any more meetings.


The Committee have your list and we have forwarded it to several approved wholesalers. Luckily, I am told that they anticipate little trouble filling the orders, and we merely await the funds. Indeed, I am given to understand that the availability of some of your requirements is nothing short of miraculous at this time of year.

Regarding the need for more than the usual amount of caution, I, for one, have never condoned any action on the part of Hogwarts' students that might bring them permanent harm. But if we were to prevent them from all possible injury, we ought just as well seal them in locked rooms and surround them with cotton wool all their days.

Better to provide them with a modicum of freedom to learn their lessons of safety and self-protection, and to be prepared with a modest complement of medical care for the incidents that they cannot avoid.

You are, sadly, correct that most students have no sense to avoid more conventional forms of mishap. Therefore rest assured I have prevailed upon the Governors to the extent possible to ensure you have what you are most likely to need.



 **alt\_poppy** at [2009-02-24 03:50:05](#)  
(no subject)

I'm sure I do not know what my monthly inventory reports and usage logs are for if not to inform the Board and the Ministry what is in need of resupply. This is how the matter has worked for years, though it has admittedly become more parchment-intensive and been submitted to further layers of oversight of late.

The trouble this term, of course, is that the system seems to have lapsed until you fortunately took note of my distress last month and graciously stepped in to spur those higher bodies into action. Or that is how it has seemed from my (admittedly limited) view. I certainly have appreciated your championing our cause as it was going nowhere at all until the Board took up our plight with the relevant Ministry committees.

I'm pleased, of course, to know that our order is now being processed, but will continue to feel most uneasy until all of the bare spaces on my shelves have been filled.

Speaking of bare spaces, I remain very concerned about our inability to get hold of Cinnabaris. I appreciate that this is difficult, but it is the one truly indispensable medical supply in those emergencies when need arises. It is true that those medicines made from it are rarely needed, but just this past week we might so easily have faced that moment -- it makes me shudder to think what the outcome might have been.

I don't suppose the trouble is that someone in a crucial decision-making position lacks understanding of this substance's properties? If that is the case, would it help at all if I were to offer some

examples from our records of those times when it was the decisive agent that saved young lives? But surely St Mungo's has already provided this sort of documentation in their own quest for resupply?

One last bit of special pleading. I understand that bezoars are amongst those items that remain restricted and, thus, unapproved. I'm sure I don't have any idea of the grounds for this, but I suppose that they have to do with something beyond medicinal considerations. I don't need to tell you that no school can afford to be without a general antidote for poisoning, but Hogwarts is now quite out of any such agents. If we are not to receive any bezoars, would you please see if there is not some less universal antidote that could be permitted?

You realise, of course, that I ask for none of this on my own behalf. It is the children's welfare that hangs in the balance, and for that I am willing to make the case as long and as loudly as proves necessary. As the saying goes, 'It's the exploding cauldron that receives notice.'



 **alt\_lucius** at **2009-02-24 16:43:34**

*(no subject)*


Lapse? None that I am aware of, but then as you know, Samuels used to clerk for the Board on behalf of old Peakes, and he retired last year; perhaps his replacement neglected to pick up on the implicit requests in the inventory reports. Have you been receiving the proper requisition scrolls?

Whatever the impediment, I recommend you take the matter up with my clerk. He can certainly assist you to find the party or department responsible for logging the usage reports and determine whether there are measures either no longer in place or if this is simply a case of a change in procedure to which neither you nor I were alerted.

Regarding Cinnabaris - and bezoars, for that matter - I fully understand and sympathise with your predicament, but for the time being, at any rate, they are simply unavailable. Their use within the country is strictly controlled, beyond even my small power to grant exception. I must insist that this point is, sadly, non-negotiable at present.

Like you, I appreciate that we assume a certain risk by not providing these curatives in the event of catastrophe. As you so eloquently put it yourself, Poppy, we shall simply have to do all in our power to prevent circumstances in which such extreme measures become necessary.




 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-02-24 16:58:59](#)  
(no subject)

I shall certainly take up the mystery of the requisition scrolls with Crispin, is it?


Thank you, again, for your efforts on our behalf. If we come through the term with everyone whole and in health, there will be no doubt in my mind to whom credit is owed.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-24 19:59:19](#)  
*Order Only*

Too right, Poppy - and who's to **blame**, as well.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-02-24 20:23:45](#)  
*Re: Order Only*


Oh, dear. That wasn't blatantly cheeky, was it? It does no good if I set him against us at this juncture.

Not that it's not tempting, mind. Come to find out (from Malfoy's Crispin) that there have been new requisition protocols for the past eight months, though no one bothered to inform us. From here out, I shall need to file a dedicated application (triple parchments) and attach a further copy of the monthly inventories (which, if one were keeping count, means I must now produce those in octuplicate).

I'm afraid I frightened the house elf who brought me my luncheon. Fortunately, I've only three students on the ward this afternoon, all of them soundly sleeping off their fevers.





 **alt\_sirius** at [2009-02-24 20:48:10](#)  
*Re: Order Only*

Are you joking? Malfoy will never notice. He wouldn't expect you to twit him; after all, he thinks he's quite going out of his way to help you, the great prat.


I really am curious, now, as to where those other seven copies go. Can you do a copying spell or must they all be originals?

Sounds as if his secretary is either amazingly efficient, to find that out for you so quickly, or horrifically lackadaisical. Eight months? Who was supposed to tell you it had changed?

Tell you one thing: it makes you wonder who'd work for a blighter like Malfoy, but I guess we all have to eat.

By the way, Carrow's latest post - I've just seen it. I think, ghastly as it is, we can take it to mean Terry is still alive, at least.



 **alt\_poppy** at [2009-02-24 21:07:32](#)  
*Re: Order Only*

The seven include one to Minerva for the school's files, three to the Minister's office for whatever committees they do or don't get distributed to, two to the Board of Governors (one for the chair's files, and one to serve as application for requisitions, which in past years they insisted on controlling themselves), and finally one for myself because I'm hardly so silly as to suppose that all the others will find their intended recipients without being demanded again.

(And no, I daren't rely on a duplication spell -- the magic on those can be jiggered after the fact, you know. If I'm to be called on the carpet for an error in my accounts, I intend it to be an error I've actually made -- not one someone's manufactured to catch me out.)

I think this Crispin fellow is efficient rather than officious. He seems to have a firm grasp of Ministry arcana and good channels for seeking information about procedures. I suppose

it is in his interests to deal promptly with inquiries from patronage seekers like me. He needn't give me another thought now that he's sent along the forms. I've no idea how he works for Malfoy, but I'd guess that his sharpness has been honed by experience.

I share your hope regarding Carrow's entry, though I dread to think what shape the boy's in.

**2009-02-24 08:32:00**

*Fred and George?*

Why on earth did you bother to have Hermes deliver a blank piece of parchment here to the Burrow?



 [alt\\_molly](#)



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-24 14:44:00](#)

*(no subject)*

A blank piece of parchment? If it was blank, how did you know it was from them?

Wait, they used my owl? They didn't even ask!



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-24 14:44:41](#)

*(no subject)*

It had their name on the return address on the envelope.

Well, I'm sure they know you usually write to me toward the end of the week, dear, so they knew Hermes was available. Still, you're right. They should have asked first.

You don't know what this is about?



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-24 14:45:07](#)

*(no subject)*

No idea, Mum. They've been doing all sorts of inexplicable things lately, but they refuse to tell anybody what they're up to.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-24 14:48:26](#)

*(no subject)*


By the way, Percy . . . did you ever manage to learn anything about what happened to Professor Carrow's servant?



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-24 14:50:19](#)  
(no subject)

No, Mum. I've been keeping my ear out, but no. There's been no sign of him.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-02-24 16:46:44](#)  
*Order Only*

He's hasn't come to me for work these two weeks. I'm worried sick for what may have happened.

Did I tell you he made me the loveliest cut-paper snowflakes for my windows here on the ward? As a Christmas present. I've just been looking at them this morning, you know, hoping.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-24 17:02:36](#)  
*Re: Order Only*

I didn't know he had done that. Oh, my.

It's so hard, not knowing. I keep thinking of the cheering charm I had put on the clothing I sent to him, after those monsters pulled that dreadful prank on him. Hoping that wherever he is, if he still has those clothes, the charm is helping him. Just a little bit.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-02-24 17:08:04](#)  
*Re: Order Only*

He knows that there are people who care about him: they can't take that away, at least.

I remind myself that he is a very sturdy lad, the bravest I've known. Still and all, he is just a boy, and how much can any soul withstand?

I'm sure I don't know, Molly, but I'm glad you're thinking of him, too.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-24 19:57:08](#)

*Order Only*

I'd lay odds it's not blank, Molly.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-24 22:35:50](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Well, of course. But I've tried every revealing spell or charm I can think of, with absolutely no luck.

I'll have Arthur try when he gets home, although frankly, I'm better at charms than he is.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-24 22:45:26](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Tried heat and cold, too. Nothing. It remains stubbornly blank.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-25 03:28:59](#)

*Re: Order Only*

You are better at charms than me, Molly, so waiting for me to try was rather a wasted effort. I can't make anything of it, either.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-25 03:53:28](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Did you see their comments below, Arthur? How very strange. They don't seem the least bit bothered by the fact that (if there is a code) I can't break it, whatever it is.



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-02-25 03:32:13](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, *that* bit of blank parchment.

We were wondering where that had gotten to.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-25 03:36:36](#)  
(no subject)

Don't be absurd, I know you sent it. If there's one of your jokes hidden here, forgive your old mum for being rather thick, but we're all waiting a little too long for the punch line. What is this about, really?



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-02-25 03:38:37](#)  
(no subject)

No, its not *about* anything, just a little mix up with the mail.

Honestly.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-25 03:42:47](#)  
(no subject)

Hmm. Well, if you ever change your minds and decide to share the joke, let your father and me know.

(And really, boys, please don't use your brother's owl without asking him first.)



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-25 03:43:39](#)  
(no subject)

Mix up with the mail? Since when have you two ever sent anybody mail?



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-02-25 03:46:42](#)  
(no subject)

Well, how would you know.

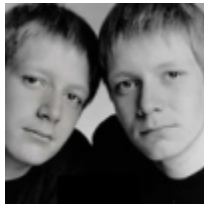
Besides, we have to answer all of our fan mail *personally*.

It adds that little bit of graciousness.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-25 03:47:46](#)  
(no subject)

You can answer your bloody fan mail without using my bloody owl!



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-02-25 03:49:36](#)  
(no subject)

Really Percy, how many times must we tell you to watch your language.

Prefects have to set an example, after all.

**2009-02-24 14:14:00**

*(no subject)*

It is an absolutely glorious day today. There's a hint of spring in the air, and the sense of life renewing itself.



 [alt\\_amycus](#)

I think I shall focus on that theme of renewal, both for me and others close to me.

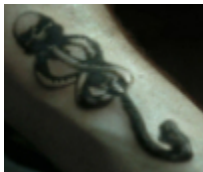
For the self is far, far more than that which inhabits these feeble physical shells we all carry. I'm hoping to teach others how to find their true self. It's a painful lesson at times, I am sure, but one which must be administered. To reach above one's station leads only to misery.



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at **2009-02-24 21:22:45**

*(no subject)*

You seem in a rare mood, Carrow. I felt nothing in the air but the rainy grip of winter.



 [alt\\_amycus](#) at **2009-02-24 21:33:19**

*(no subject)*

Ah, but I have reason to be hopeful, for I'm learning a great deal.



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at **2009-02-24 21:58:12**

*(no subject)*

Ah, about your true self.



**2009-02-25 14:04:00**


*Order Only: Still waiting for word from Kingsley*



 **alt\_arthur**

I received a very brief patronus from Caradoc this morning, saying that Kingsley's team is still trying to find the escapees from Derby that the *Prophet* mentioned (while dodging "those MLE bastards" themselves. Apparently the Ministry hasn't given up yet either.) Tracking has been difficult: apparently, whoever these escapees are, they're keeping their wits about them and being extremely wary. Good for them, but frustrating for us. If Kingsley and the rest do manage to find anyone, I'm not sure whether they'll send them to Moddey Dhoo or not, but stand by for new visitors, Frank and Alice, just in case.




 **alt\_sirius** at **2009-02-25 20:20:46**  
(no subject)

Understood, Arthur.

Just pray it doesn't snow. That could catch them out faster than anything.




 **alt\_alice** at **2009-02-26 01:14:10**  
(no subject)

We'll be ready, Arthur, you can count on it.

I hope they all stay safe.



 **alt\_poppy** at **2009-02-26 03:06:22**  
(no subject)

Have you heard any more from Caradoc? Or any of the others?


Any of you?



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-26 03:46:01](#)  
(no subject)

No, neither Molly nor I have, and neither has Bill. We do plan to stay up late tonight, in case there's news or Kingsley's group needs assistance.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-02-26 04:00:57](#)  
(no subject)

If you should need anything from me, I sleep very lightly these days -- and a Patronus could be no worse than having Peeves startle me awake!

I'm happy to help if there's anything at all I can do.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-26 03:50:25](#)  
(no subject)

Well, it's a mercy that we received the Patronus, at the very least.

**2009-02-25 21:13:00**

*Recovered*



 [alt\\_lucius](#)

Must have slept half the day away on Monday - well after noon when I woke - but by early evening my brief, impromptu holiday was quite at an end. Dined with the Lord Protector and several other guests; after which we continued the work interrupted by Friday's events. I do believe we made progress, although thus far the only result has been proof of a surprising stamina. While frustrating, it was nevertheless somewhat impressive.

On returning home, it became clear that the lack of a tray that morning lay not, as I had assumed, wholly within Narcissa's consideration for my need to catch up on lost sleep. I retreated to the office rather than press a confrontation, but it was just as well, for there was more than enough to demand my study.

Yesterday, apart from the usual tea, back to Buckingham for an hour or two, and a meeting at Obscurus Books. We expected the report from Derby with the full details, rather than the pitiful excuses we have been receiving throughout the week-end, but nothing yet.

Also, still no further word from the harridan - possibly a good sign. Though one never knows ....

This morning's breakfast seemed restored to harmony; Crispin informed me that Madam Pomfrey has been provided direction so that future requisitions shall be processed without delay. It is unfortunate that Peakes' new clerk was apparently not entirely versed in the new policies before the beginning of term.

I have not yet written about the most enlightening and productive conversation had with Amycus over supper on the night before Draco and Harry's misadventure; I flatter myself that of the many subjects of our discussion, my advice afforded him some new perspective - and a renewed vigour to apply alternate methods to a test case that has, heretofore, shown both resistant and deceitful. Moreover, we had the opportunity to explore Amycus' penchant for empirical analysis - and I believe I can connect him to a project that will enable him to channel that enthusiasm and energy to his - and all our - benefit.

No office hours to-morrow, of course, though as yet my plans do not much extend beyond spending the afternoon at the club.

---



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-26 03:49:23](#)  
(no subject)

Crispin is a wonderfully efficient fellow, isn't he?

I did wish to speak to you about one thing: I would appreciate it if you would write both Mr Marvolo and your son letters, regarding the proper care and keeping of Mudbloods. I can only guide them so far; I believe a male perspective would do wonders. Creevey was no trouble for a boy as self-assured as Marvolo, but your son is not of the same temperament, and I believe that young Marvolo will require some guidance in keeping the Granger creature under control.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-26 04:18:38](#)  
*Order Only*

And let's hope that Harry won't actually follow any advice that Malfoy helpfully decides to send. Especially as Malfoy evidently approves of the disciplinary methods of Amycus Carrow.


Any idea what this 'project' is that he has in mind for Carrow? One positively shudders at the idea of Malfoy wanting to 'channel that enthusiasm.' Has Malfoy said anything to you about what he has in mind?



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-26 17:56:13](#)  
*Re: Order Only*

I think rather the opposite: young Marvolo may recognise the brutality in Malfoy's methods. That's the *theory*, in any case.




 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-02-26 04:27:00](#)  
(no subject)

Indeed, I was surprised to learn he had pinpointed the trouble with the requisitions (and the solution) so quickly - but he quite surprised me by imparting that he has built up a network over his time with me (not altogether unexpected) and that he appreciated the way in which he may exercise his autonomy even when I am not available. (He added something to the effect that he can increase his productivity in some ways more when I am occupied elsewhere - though I think that was intended almost as cheek!)

But I should be happy to write to each of the boys to instruct them. It is true that Draco is not as used to mudblood servants as Marvolo. I do caution you that Marvolo's can be a permissive nature when it comes to his subordinates, which may make the assignment of the young drudge a challenge for him. Nonetheless, the sooner he learns to curb his inclination toward leniency, the better he shall be able to protect himself from exploitation.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-02-26 05:42:11](#)  
(no subject)

Father, I really don't think that giving that mudblood to Harry is a good idea. I wish something else were being done.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-26 04:05:42](#)  
*Order Only*

What the hell is he hinting at in that first paragraph? Someone being tortured, but who? There are so many candidates . . .

And the bastard seems to be helpfully exchanging sadistic tips with Amycus Carrow. That's hardly reassuring.



 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2009-02-26 14:37:58](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

my first bet is that unlucky sod, Quirrell.



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-02-26 16:36:16](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

Hadn't thought of that. Guess my mind's been on the Derby escapees still out there, although I suppose Malfoy probably wouldn't concern himself overly much with them. He's got bigger fish to fry.

**2009-02-25 21:16:00**

*(no subject)*



 **alt\_lavender**

There's been such a lot going on this week I've hardly had a Moment to write about it! Of course Parvati and I went and cheered Gryffindor on to victory! Quidditch is so exciting, even if I never can quite keep track of who has the Quaffle. But it didn't matter really because Oliver Wood did an excellent job of keeping them out of our hoops. He's such a *strong* flier.

And of course everyone was buzzing with all the news about Marvolo and Malfoy and the dragon. You can't imagine the silly things people were saying--I heard some second-year in Hufflepuff say that the dragon had bitten Marvolo's leg off!

It was frightfully brave of them, even though I'm sure our Head of House had good reasons for having the dragon. I'm sure he wouldn't harm it. At least, I hope he wouldn't. I just hate to think of anyone hurting animals, even dragons. I feel rather badly for Malfoy, getting such a lot of detention when he was only trying to help. I think I would quite like to be saved from a dragon someday--by someone handsome and rich, of course.

Also, It's quite Astonishing the sort of dreadful creatures some people have in their family backgrounds. They must be simply Crushed by the embarrassment.

I'm so fortunate that my family is respectable.



 **alt\_seamus** at **2009-02-26 04:15:59**

*(no subject)*

Whats your wand core Lav? Because if its dragon heartstring I dont think the dragon exactly leaves those lying around.



 [alt\\_lavender](#) at [2009-02-26 21:17:46](#)  
(no subject)

Merlin, I never thought of it that way. And I think I'd like to go back to not thinking of it.


Mine's unicorn hair, though, so that's alright.



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-02-26 16:34:09](#)  
(no subject)


I didn't hurt the dragon, Miss Brown.



 [alt\\_lavender](#) at [2009-02-26 21:19:30](#)  
(no subject)

I didn't *really* think you would, sir, but thank you for telling me.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-02-26 16:38:51](#)  
(no subject)

I really was trying to help, and I wish I didn't have detention but there's not much I can do about it now. I'm sure it won't be anything I can't handle, of course.

So what family are you talking about, with a dreadful creature in their background?



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-02-26 18:55:19](#)  
(no subject)

I think she means Fawcett in Ravenclaw but for a minute I thought she meant someone here had a dragon in their family tree.





 [alt\\_lavender](#) at [2009-02-26 21:21:48](#)  
(no subject)


Now that's just Silly, Seamus!



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-02-26 21:41:39](#)  
(no subject)

Well you were talking about dragons!



 [alt\\_lavender](#) at [2009-02-26 21:46:30](#)  
(no subject)


But everyone knows you can't mix humans and dragons! They aren't like Veela you know!



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-02-26 23:37:00](#)  
(no subject)


Well my name means Dragon. Maybe there's a reason for it.



 [alt\\_lavender](#) at [2009-02-27 21:22:09](#)  
(no subject)

Maybe



 [alt\\_lavender](#) at [2009-02-26 21:20:39](#)  
(no subject)

I don't think it would be Ladylike to say too much more on the journals, but I'm sure you've heard all about it by now.

And that person mightn't be the only one.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-26 17:28:38](#)  
(no subject)


I read a little bit about dragons this week and I think they can take care of themselves fairly well, Lav. I bet you wouldn't object if Oliver Wood rescued you from a dragon, though!

Has Jones been hounding you this week? She's being such a silly Billywig about it all.

Sorry I've not been about much but at least I've turned in those extra lines for Professor Action now.

I'm going to see if Malfoy's flying advice helps this week.



 [alt\\_lavender](#) at [2009-02-26 21:25:42](#)  
(no subject)

Well, I supposed I wouldn't mind *Terribly* much. Er, being rescued, that is. By certain people.

I've missed you! Even Parvati's hardly seen you.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-02-26 21:40:45](#)  
(no subject)

Did Padma get detention or something?



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-02-26 21:42:55](#)  
(no subject)

Oh wait I remember now she got caught writing in her journal didnt she.



 [alt\\_lavender](#) at [2009-02-26 21:45:21](#)  
(no subject)

Yeah, and she's been practising her flying loads too.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-02-26 21:51:05](#)  
(no subject)

Oh yeah. I meant to tell her, try ~~titen~~ tightening up the muscles in her right knee when she banks left. Or - not her knee exactly. There's a muscle that runs down - uh anyway the muscles around there. But tighten the muscles on your RIGHT side when your banking left. Or else try to relax the muscles on the left side but it's easier - maybe I could show her. Its hard to explain. Anyway if shes still stuck after the extra practising I could show her how I keep it from dipping when I turn.



 [alt\\_lavender](#) at [2009-02-27 00:38:16](#)  
(no subject)


Maybe you could show her sometime? That is, if she hasn't passed already. Malfoy was telling her quite a clever trick the other day.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-02-27 03:11:51](#)  
(no subject)

So do you need help with your flying, too?



 [alt\\_lavender](#) at [2009-02-27 21:23:56](#)  
(no subject)

I think I'm almost ready to test out, but I suppose I could use just a little...

Maybe if you've got time this weekend, I could practise a little and you could tell me what you think I'm doing wrong.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-02-27 23:38:08](#)  
(no subject)

All right. I've got detentions in the evenings but afternoons should be clear.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-27 17:38:09](#)  
(no subject)

Cheers, Seamus, that would be grand.

I did do better yesterday, but I'm still loosing allt altitude.


I think I know what you mean but its hard to be sure in writing. Like learning how to play the violin from a book.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-02-27 19:14:36](#)  
(no subject)

It would be easier to show you. Ill meet you after potions if you want. Or tomorrow.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-27 23:05:54](#)  
(no subject)

Thanks loads, Finnigan! How about tomorrow, after breakfast?



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-02-28 02:58:06](#)  
(no subject)

After breakfast is fine.




 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-27 17:41:12](#)  
(no subject)

I know! I'm just so tired of not having that free period to work on Transfiguration. And other things.

But it's nearly the weekend now! What shall we do tomorrow?




 [alt\\_lavender](#) at [2009-02-27 21:27:04](#)  
(no subject)

The new *Teen Witch Weekly* just came in the post!

Why don't you meet Parvati and I after dinner tonight and we can all look at it together?



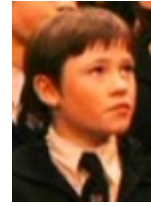
 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-27 22:54:55](#)  
(no subject)

Okay! That'll be brilliant!

**2009-02-25 22:17:00**

*(no subject)*

Its been an interesting week. Marvolo and Malfoy tried to steal a baby dragon from Professor Macnair, or free it or something, and the mudblood got bit, and Gryffindor won at Quiddich and one of the half-bloods in Ravenclaw turned out to have a mum who died trying to break out of the mudblood camp.



 **alt\_seamus**

And now the library mudblood is going to go live in the Slytherin common room. Their going to have two mudbloods living in the house now because they already had Creevey. Im glad Im in Gryffindor. We had a mudblood in our common room for a while but at least we didnt know about it untl later, I mean since he looked like a dog at the time.

Mr Rosier sent me a package today, more sweets and some books. Theres one on dragons that looks really good, he included a note saying that I might have questions about dragons after the incident with Professor Macnairs dragon and this way I could satisfy my curiosity by reading about them instead of trying to kidnap my own. I think he was joking. Well I mean I dont think he thought I was really going to try to kidnap my own.

I wish we could have a dog again, a real dog instead of a mudblood. We can have cats so why cant we have dogs?

What ever happened to Professor Carrows mudblood anyway? Did he get sent back to the mudblood camp?



 **alt\_draco at 2009-02-26 05:46:02**

*(no subject)*

Cats are better than dogs, that's why.

I hate that the girl mudblood is living in Slytherin. She doesn't know how to do anything helpful and you can tell, when you look at her, that she thinks she's better than she really is.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-26 17:21:15](#)  
(no subject)

But you get a servant now. That's good, I suppose, isn't it? (Although I dunno, I don't like being round them at all, they're creepy. Especially Professor Carrow's. I wouldn't mind if he had been sent back to the camps.)



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-02-26 20:35:55](#)  
(no subject)


But he already did what I told him to anyway. Though I suppose it'll be wizard to tell people that he belongs to me. And he's figured out how to disappear when he's not needed, so I won't have to have him around me all the time.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-26 18:49:49](#)  
(no subject)


I've sort of gotten used to Dennis and it's nice that he brings sweets from Hogsmeade but I hate the idea of another one. Though at least if Harry lends her to Pansy to clean Pansy's trunk she'll be able to get up the stairs.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-02-26 20:39:09](#)  
(no subject)

Just you watch, I bet this one will be useless. All she knows how to do is fix books, and yet she was stupid enough to ruin the one that was meant for the Lord Protector.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-02-26 21:54:23](#)  
(no subject)

It was Marvolo who spilled that ink, not her. ~~And you know that.~~

Anyway, she tries hard. I hope he treats her all right.



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-02-26 23:19:43](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, look at the little mudblood lover. Quaint, Longbottom.



 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2009-02-26 18:56:06](#)**  
(no subject)


Have you ever had a dog Malfoy?



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-02-26 20:39:38](#)**  
(no subject)

No, but the Lord Protector has them.



 **[alt\\_neville](#)** at **[2009-02-26 21:57:07](#)**  
(no subject)

What kind? Its sort of strange to think of him having a dog. I dunno, he just doesnt seem the type, somehow.



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-02-26 23:20:24](#)**  
(no subject)

They're not the sort you'd want as a pet.



 **[alt\\_neville](#)** at **[2009-02-26 15:44:51](#)**  
(no subject)

You'd think that if there'd be anybody going to steal a baby dragon, it'd be a Gryffindor!

Of course, Marvolo--



Nobody's seen Terry Boot for a couple of weeks now, but nobody's heard anything about him being sent back to the camp or anything.



 **[alt\\_macnair](#)** at **[2009-02-26 16:31:58](#)**

*(no subject)*

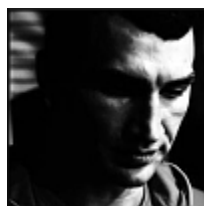
I should hope a student of my own house would have better sense than to steal from me.



 **[alt\\_neville](#)** at **[2009-02-26 16:33:48](#)**

*(no subject)*

I just meant that if anyone would, you'd think it would be a Gryffindor. But, none of did, did we, sir?



 **[alt\\_macnair](#)** at **[2009-02-26 16:51:43](#)**

*(no subject)*

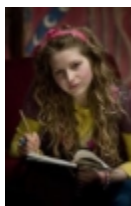
I'm not convinced that barging in and playing the hero-fool is a trait that is shared by all Gryffindors.



 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)** at **[2009-02-26 18:51:25](#)**

*(no subject)*

The rest of us keep you lot around to stand behind if a dragon's coming at us!



 **[alt\\_lavender](#)** at **[2009-02-26 21:39:02](#)**

*(no subject)*


Stop making me think about creepy things Seamus!



 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2009-02-26 21:44:49](#)**  
(no subject)

Its not my fault you have such a vivid imagination Lav.



 **[alt\\_lavender](#)** at **[2009-02-26 21:48:52](#)**  
(no subject)

But I wouldn't keep thinking of them if you didn't keep *talking* about them!




 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2009-02-26 21:53:24](#)**  
(no subject)

Whatever you do Lav dont think about spiders.  
Big hairy ENORMOUS spiders.  
That live in girls toilets.

Okay sorry Ill stop now.



 **[alt\\_lavender](#)** at **[2009-02-26 21:56:30](#)**  
(no subject)


Seamus!! I bet when you were little you were forever picking up slugs and things and showing them to helpless girls!



 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2009-02-27 00:22:28](#)**  
(no subject)

Your a Gryffindor! Your not helpless!



 [alt\\_lavender](#) at [2009-02-27 21:10:30](#)  
(no subject)

I wasnt a Gryffindor when I was wee and Linus  
Moon was putting slugs in my hair.

But I know what you mean--I can be brave if I really  
want to be, but getting Rescued is easier. And more fun.

**2009-02-25 22:31:00**

*(no subject)*

I hate February.

I wish it were Sunday now so it wouldn't be February anymore.



 **alt\_sally\_anne**



 **alt\_neville** at **2009-02-26 15:46:05**

*(no subject)*

At least it's short.

(I got your note about Fawcett. I think it's a good idea, if she's willing.)



 **alt\_susan** at **2009-02-26 23:54:53**

*(no subject)*

I don't like it very much myself. It feels like it's been winter so long it mightn't *ever* be spring again.

**2009-02-25 22:39:00**

*Decisions made.*

Students and professors be advised: certain decisions have been made in light of the Dragon Incident.



 [alternity](#)  
 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#)

The House Points taken away from Slytherin are judged to be enough punishment for Mr Marvolo. Additionally, Mr Malfoy shall serve detention with Mr Lupin, The Granger Mudblood shall be re-assigned to Mr Marvolo as a personal servant, as she obviously needs closer attention than she can receive in the Hogwarts library; he will be in charge of her punishment, which shall be harsh. His current Mudblood, Creevey, shall be assigned to Mr Malfoy for the time being.


First-year Slytherin boys need not fear. Creevey will continue as he has, but I have discussed the matter with a broom cupboard, and it will be relocating to the Slytherin common room to serve as Granger's home for the time being. A bell will be installed so that Mr Marvolo may call his new servant when necessary.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-26 03:46:47](#)  
*ORDER ONLY*

Miss Granger, I do believe that you will have an even more arduous role now, living in that den of snakes. There was simply no way I could avoid this new circumstance without entirely throwing you to the wolves. As it stands, I doubt that Harry Marvolo will have the stomach to punish you much - and you are in a place to influence him. As I understand it, he may be swayed; if nothing else, your human presence will do it. Merely having the Creevey creature around would convince him of nothing.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-26 04:12:48](#)  
*Re: ORDER ONLY*

Merciful heavens. Oh, Minerva, was there really no other way?



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-26 04:13:31](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

I'm sorry. I shouldn't second guess you. Of course there probably wasn't.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-26 13:40:35](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

Minerva, Molly and I have some rather grave concerns about this, but I think it best if we address them in a private letter to you.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-02-26 05:47:52](#)

*(no subject)*

I get my own mudblood? Why can't I have the girl one, then?



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-02-26 07:16:00](#)

*(no subject)*

She appears to be peculiarly attached to Mr Marvolo, Mr Malfoy, and willing to defend his life, which is to be lauded. The feeling is that she will serve as an additional level of protection for him, more so than the Creevey creature, whose house-elf like demeanor makes him an appropriate starting point for you to learn how to discipline and care for a Mudblood servant.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-02-26 14:42:36](#)

*(no subject)*

I don't want a mudblood, Dennis already gets me whatever I want anyway. And Dennis would have died for Harry, not just got hurt. And I would have defended Harry's life too, you know, only I was behind him and the mudblood was in front.

**2009-02-26 19:25:00**

*Order only: Smuggling*



 [alt\\_sirius](#)

I've been thinking about the possibility of breaching the wards in the channel. I'm not sure whether it'll work or not, but if it does, we ought to make it pay. Agatha and I talked about it yesterday. She's going to throw together a collection of wands, along with the other contraband you'll need if you're going to start producing Polyjuice in quantities. Besides, no self-respecting magical supplier would be without a small supply of powdered bicorn horn and Boomslang skin.

There's still the matter of a vessel capable of making the trip...and the total uncertainty as to whether it will even work! But it's only a matter of time before you'll need all this stuff. And in a way it might be safer than trying to slip them through the Laszlo packaging, now that we're building a reputation. So we ought to at least research the idea a bit. I don't suppose Charlie could offer any insight to the wards from up on Lewis Isle?

By the way, Molly and Arthur, a funny thing happened this morning. My journal fell off the table and landed open on the 3rd January entries. You may remember that was the day your boys posted about finding the old caretaker's office. I glanced through the list they wrote and it got me thinking.

Er...this may seem a rather odd exercise, but, do you still have that old bit of parchment they sent you? Try tapping it with your wand and saying, 'I solemnly swear that I am up to no good.'

If it works, we may have won back a rather helpful tool. If not...well, I said it was a daft idea, didn't I? Don't think I've gone mental.

(In other news, I looked at one of the flats Félice recommended. I'm not so sure; she lives there, for one thing, and she's been a bit, well, *clinging* for my taste. Difficult to get anything done when there's someone hanging about all the time. Not that I object to company, but I prefer it on my terms.)

---



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-27 01:21:17](#)  
(no subject)

'I solemnly swear that I am up to no good,' hmm ?  
(Well, I never doubted it.)

I don't know what you thought that might do, but it doesn't seem to have worked. Arthur tried it and I tried it, too. It's still just a blank piece of parchment.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-27 01:28:03](#)  
(no subject)

Yes, I thought it was a long-shot.

Okay - I don't know what they're working on, just that it's obviously some sort of invisible ink. My guess is that it's charmed with a password, only the one I gave you isn't it.


I wonder if.... Well, it doesn't really matter. Whatever it is, you're probably better off not knowing.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-02-27 01:22:20](#)  
(no subject)

I'll check with Charlie to see if he what he might be able to tell us, as you suggest. I will pass on anything I learn.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-02-27 04:15:09](#)  
(no subject)

Sirius, mate

found a more sizable boat that would work nicely to get us up the channel. it's got a motor-thing on it, and it needs repairs and petrol, but Victor seems to think he can patch it up without too much trouble.

We'll move it to Moddey overnight. might have to transfigure some drifwood so it looks like the boat went to pieces in the last storm -- they've stepped up the patrols around here, so we're being extra



careful.

you think the motor-thing would do? I can use a Silencing charm so it won't make noise.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-27 17:03:22](#)  
(no subject)

Yeah, good, Frank. Do you mean a motorised propeller? It ought to work fine, if you can find the petrol for it. Though I dunno if it might go a bit wonky as you get closer to the active areas of the wards. I mean, one time on holiday I got away from the house long enough to buy a little remote-controlled car. It worked fine on the square and in the house, but in the Common Room back at school it flipped on its fender and tried to run in reverse up the wall. Eventually it just sort of fired all its pistons at once and ran itself into the fire.

But tell you what, I can probably send you some of the theory behind the spells I used on the bike. They'll need some modification for watercraft but they ought to help the boat keep from tipping you all into the Irish Sea. A silence charm is a smashing idea. I don't think you can do anything about the displacement, or the vibrations from the prop and the wake of the boat, but anything you can think of to stay hidden as long as possible will be essential.

I've still no idea whether we'll be able to penetrate the wards at all, but I think it's likely worth the risk - especially with what Alice has just told us about your new residents. Mayhap a wand in his hand will convince your young Turner that you lot mean to help.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-02-28 23:15:00](#)  
(no subject)

you've got a point about Turner. Maybe he'd be more likely to listen if he thought we were all on even footing.

maybe we could work out something where we don't use the motor as we get closer to the wards? like set up a sail or something? and yeah, I'd appreciate the bike schematics. both me and Al did fairly well in Charms, so shouldn't be too much of a leap to figure out what's what.

**2009-02-26 21:58:00**

*Girl Habits Report*

Just so everybody knows...

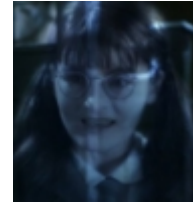
Hufflepuffs pick at their pimples.



Ravenclaws hardly ever wash their hands after using the toilet.

Slytherins mess with their hair too much.

Gryffindors wear too much make-up.

Disgusting.




 [alternity](#)  
 [alt\\_myrtle](#)



 [alt\\_hannah](#) at [2009-02-27 16:04:47](#)  
(no subject)

Hufflepuffs don't pick at their pimples. So there.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-02-27 16:26:39](#)  
(no subject)

I don't think we needed to know any of that stuff.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-27 17:33:25](#)  
(no subject)

Dry up, Myrtle.

That's because Ravenclaws aren't silly enough to get their hands dirty in the toilet. Ew.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-27 19:06:36](#)  
(no subject)

You don't wash your hands after you go to the loo?



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-02-27 19:12:02](#)  
(no subject)

Maybe she uses wingardium leviosa to wipe her bum.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-02-27 19:37:22](#)  
(no subject)

Well, of course I do, Perks, don't be daft. But you know how Myrtle is.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-27 20:39:43](#)  
(no subject)

That's a good point.

I try not to use that bathroom if I can help it.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-27 19:05:56](#)  
(no subject)

Well, I have to say, I'm glad I'm a Slytherin. Much less disgusting than the other possibilities.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-02-27 19:09:55](#)  
(no subject)

Im glad Im a boy.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-02-27 19:10:32](#)  
(no subject)


I'm sure you lot have just as many disgusting habits.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-02-27 19:11:11](#)  
(no subject)

Your probably right but at least we dont have a ghost that spies on us in the bathroom.



 [alt\\_lavender](#) at [2009-02-28 18:42:54](#)  
(no subject)

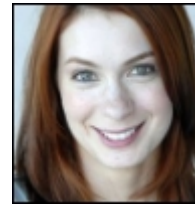
What's the matter with Makeup? Honestly, some Beings have no taste! But then, what could you expect from a ghost whose spent years and years haunting a *girls' loo*?

**2009-02-27 08:43:00**

*ORDER ONLY*

Hello, hello, hello!

It's been so very busy around here. I've finally had the chance to sit down and update everyone on our newest members, so I thought I'd let everyone know how we're doing. Our newest additions consist of two families, the McGiverns and the Turners, and little Matthew Fawcett, the baby.



 [alt\\_alice](#)

The McGiverns, Stephen and Laura, and their little girl, Katherine, are settling in nicely - there are a few empty rooms on the third floor that we are converting to a little apartment for the three of them, and they are already finding ways to help out around Moddey Dhoo. Laura immediately hit it off with our Judith and Lucinda, and they've been putting their heads together about how to share duties in the classroom and nursery. Stephen, bless him, is our new potions expert, as he manufactured them at St Mungo's. He's already started fiddling about in the greenhouse and making an inventory of our little potions cabinet. He's quite energetic, and he was nearly giddy to be able to get his hands on magical ingredients again. He worked as a field medic while at the camps, and I feel such an enormous relief to have him here, with us. As Frank said, he's no Poppy, but I feel better just knowing he'll be close by when the baby comes.

Oh -- before I forget -- I've talked to Stephen and Laura about the Derby escapes, Arthur. They said that a man named Davidson told them about the tunnel, and when to escape. Apparently, Stephen had saved Davidson's life while they were all at the camps, and this was his way of returning the favour. They weren't certain whether Davidson was one of the group hiding in Sherwood, or if he made it out at all, but that's more than we knew before.

John and Alec Turner round out the party. Alec is twelve, and he's the one that had his leg poorly healed. John and Alec are brothers, and practically inseparable - both parents are dead, poor dears, and they don't have any other siblings. They've settled in two rooms next to the McGiverns, which is probably best. I'm not certain if Bill or Minerva would remember John from school, but he was a Ravenclaw, and would have been leaving Hogwarts right around the time Bill was starting there. He's tall and quite thin, sandy hair, blue eyes, if that helps at all. He's been helping Danny with the goats.

We've had some interesting moments so far. Stephen and John in particular were peppering all of us with questions for hours - who we worked for, where the children all came from, what we were working on here and at the camps. John in particular was quite suspicious of our intentions, and was insistent that we explain why we had wands while none of the other adults did. I think all of them were taken aback when Judith and Victor set them straight and explained that they were both Muggles, as were Danny and Lucinda, and that Arabella was a Squib. It took a bit for them to understand that Frank and I worked alongside everyone else at Moddey Dhoo, and not as their overseers or guards. (And that a squib is the one that tells us all what to do! That one was a surprise.) I don't blame them for being wary - poor little Katherine still has nightmares about Stephanie Fawcett, and she flinches every time she sees either Frank or I take out our wands. It just breaks my heart. And John... well... I suspect that John doesn't trust anything we say, and it may be some time before he does.

Alec and Katherine have started sitting in during class. Katherine is quite capable for a child of eight -- I suspect her parents had a hand in keeping up her education -- but Alec needs a lot of work in order to catch up to the rest of the children. Both of them are very quiet, and seem to stick close to one another. During our meals, I've noticed that Alec has taken to hiding food in his napkin for later. I haven't said anything to him because I worry he'll be embarrassed or frightened.... I just hope he grows out of it once he gets more comfortable here. We've had to stretch our food stores a little, but they should hold out for the next few weeks until Spring, thanks largely to the harvest we had last summer and fall. Thank Merlin we spent all those hours canning and preserving.

All of them are far too thin, and the children are so small for their ages. Oh, Poppy, could you send along some spells for fixing teeth? They all have such sore mouths and bad teeth. Poor Stephen's teeth are particularly bad.

We managed to go on a supply run to the Isle of Man to pick up some furniture, bed linens, and some warmer clothing for everyone. I shudder to think how much water we'll have to haul up to the castle for laundry now, but many hands make light work. While they were out gathering supplies, the boys found a motor boat and they all got excited about fixing it up for Sirius's smuggling plot. Victor and Danny were banging around the tool shed all evening digging out the tools they thought they'd need.

Speaking of you, Sirius, I was so glad to hear that you've been working on getting some wands together Stephen, Laura, and John are very anxious for their own wands - the sooner the better. I hope they'll all decide to stay here once the wands arrive, but we'll fly across that river once we get there.

That's all for now! I'm going to see if Victor needs a hand cleaning up after breakfast.

---



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-27 15:48:51](#)

(no subject)

Arthur and I were exceedingly interested to read your report about the newcomers, and will be quite eager to hear more as they are settling in. I think you are wise to keep the family groups together, and to not push Alec too much at first. I am sure this is quite a shock for them all, to finally be free. It may take awhile for it to sink in. Arthur said that the hoarding in particular might last awhile; it is very common behaviour in the camps. It will also be a good indicator for you that the boy is beginning to really feel safe, when it stops.


I do feel very much for Matthew Fawcett. How old is he, do you know? Poor orphaned child . . . or so I assume? Did the McGiverns or the Turners know anything about his father? At least he won't be growing up in the camps.

Alice, could you use some more chickens? One of my hens has been a positively prodigious layer (Xeno has been insufferably smug about it, claiming that it is all because he painted the hen house purple with pink polka dots!!!). I have some fertile eggs I could spare. I am trying to think of what else I might send. Perhaps a rag rug or two? Let me know.

. . .

(I have to tell you: I had put down my pen for a second to go into the kitchen to heat up the kettle. I found Arthur at the table re-reading your report in his journal, with tears in his eyes. When I asked him why, he said, '*Oh Molly, this makes it all worth it.*' He has been rather low lately, and you have no idea how reading this has raised his spirits. I think if you keep sending detailed reports, it will cheer him up immensely.)



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-02-27 23:21:44](#)**  
(no subject)

I suspected as much in regards to Alec. He's good friends with little Katherine, so I'm hoping the two of them will come along together.

Matthew is two or three -- I need to go back through our records to check. From what I can recall, we missed two babies back in '89, I believe he was one of them. I honestly don't know about his family history, and neither do the McGiverns. Minerva might.

The eggs would be much appreciated. We could use some more chickens, especially as our new arrivals could use some fattening up. Danny's got one of the hens brooding already, so we'll just add your eggs to the lot. If only I had some purple and pink paint, we could have a regular egg factory!


And I will definitely have to write more reports!



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-02-28 02:57:03](#)**  
(no subject)

Ginny is going to be sleeping over at Luna's house tomorrow night. Let's arrange a Floo call, say about 8:00 p.m., and I can hand the eggs through that way. Let me know if that will work, or suggest a better time if you'll be busy then helping putting the babies to bed.




 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-02-27 16:00:27](#)**  
(no subject)

Thank you for the information about Davidson, Alice. I've passed it along via patronus to Kingsley. If they do ever find the escapees, perhaps it will help establish trust quickly.

I saw what Molly wrote, and it's true, Alice. This news meant the world to me.






 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-02-27 23:36:01](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, Arthur. I'm so glad.

And you're right. It is worth it.




 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-02-27 20:10:22](#)**  
(no subject)

Alice, I'm afraid that dental charms can be ticklish things -- the tiniest slip can lead to really quite disfiguring results. (That's another strong reason I should find some way to visit you during the summer holidays, isn't it?)

I'm making a note to add tooth-flossing string mints to the next parcel I send; happily, I've got lots of those to spare. (I've precious little else to offer until the new supplies arrive, I'm afraid -- some tummy tonic and headache powder, mostly. Was there anything else specific that you're needing?)

As for sore mouths, the best suggestion I can make is that you have them swish some salt water about -- that should help. Tell them not to swallow it. (Not that they're likely to be tempted!)




 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-02-27 23:27:04](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, thank you for the advice. And any excuse to have you here is an excuse worth giving!

I've passed on the salt water remedy to Stephen, and he thought it was brilliant. He's not overly familiar with home remedies (and, well, neither am I).

I can't think of anything else at the moment.




 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-02-28 00:19:26](#)**  
(no subject)

Tooth-ache tonic was approved, so I should be resupplied with that one of these days. As soon as it comes in I will try to get a parcel off to you.

Assuming the coast is clear.



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-02-27 20:49:50](#)**  
(no subject)

I'm not sure how best to put this.

Perhaps I really am just a fussy old bird, but do, please, be careful. All of you!

Reading how suspicious (understandably so) your newcomers seem is worrisome, and seeing you so uncertain whether they'll stay with you or not gives me a very queasy feeling about how things might turn out.

Is it really wise to rush wands into their hands? (Supposing Sirius can get any to you.)

Not to put too fine a point on it, you'd be outnumbered. And if one or all of the wand-trained wizards in that group decided you were not to be trusted, they might decide their interests and safety would be best served by seizing control or by taking all they could and leaving ... or by betraying you all for some advantage.

Well, there it is. I had to say it.

I'd simply feel very much better about it if you knew these people were to be trusted. At the very least, don't give them wands in hopes of buying their trust: earn that first and let them earn yours, and then find wands for them.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-02-27 22:41:41](#)  
(no subject)

Poppy -- at this stage, we're all being careful.

Al won't own up to it, but she's mostly worried about John. he's the most likely of the lot to run off and do something half-cocked.

we're both keeping an eye on him, and on our wands. It'll take some time to fix the boat and actually get the shipment here, and if we don't feel proper about getting him a wand by then, we'll send word to Sirius.

and if that makes all three of us fussy old birds, so be it.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-02-27 22:58:27](#)  
(no subject)

I don't think he'd abandon Alec, or put him in any danger. I really don't.

But yes, we will be careful. Frank and I are in the toughest position to gain everyone's trust, really, but Judith and Victor and everyone else here have been a great help. I overheard Judith talking to Laura about Frank and me during dinner last night, and I nearly cried, she was so warm and complimentary.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-02-28 02:51:07](#)  
(no subject)

The best thing, really (and I assume you've probably already thought of this but I'll say it anyway), is to give John work to do, especially work that benefits the community as a whole.

Particularly work that he can do together with other people. It will teach him about and get him invested in the group, build some friendship ties, and hopefully keep him too busy to brood. But to keep him from thinking that you're using him like a slave, as they would in the camps, show him how much you appreciate him. Thank him, tell him what a difference he is making to Moddey Dhoo.

Does he have any particular interests or talents which you can tap? He would be less likely to be suspicious if he enjoys teaching you something, and realises he is valued for that.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-02-27 23:14:31](#)

*(no subject)*

I agree with Frank, Poppy. Whether they stay or go, they're going to need wands - and it's their right to have them if they want them. If Frank thinks the young fellow can't be trusted, well, then they can modify his memory if they have to, before chucking him back outside the wards, so he can't betray the sanctuary.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-02-27 23:29:48](#)

*(no subject)*

good point, mate. hadn't thought of the memory modification angle.

**2009-02-28 09:51:00**

*Another February packed away*

This month's inventory sailed as swiftly as a Cleansweep. (That simile dates me, doesn't it? Well, there's no denying that I'm dated, I suppose, so I'll let it stand.)



 [alt\\_poppy](#)

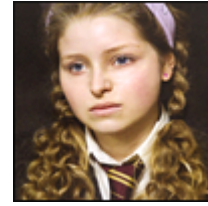
To celebrate, I believe I'll walk out to the Quidditch pitch this afternoon and see if anyone is practising. It's been weeks since I've had more than a passing word with Hooch. (That's fair warning, Rolanda!) I'll bring out some bruise and blister salve and a pile of sticking plasters. I suspect you're running low. If there's anything else you need, do let me know.

**IF STUDENTS would be so good as to defer any medical emergencies they might have planned for this afternoon, I'd be most grateful.**

**2009-02-28 11:41:00**

*Alright, Jones*

Since you don't seem to be getting the Hint, let me spell it out for you: Stop. Following. Us.



Parvati, Padma and I have Things to Do, and do not want to hear about the new hair charm you tried, or how Terribly mean Bones is being to you now, or what you think about about the transfiguration homework.

 [alt\\_lavender](#)

In fact, we'd rather not have you underfoot at all.

In some ways it's a Pity really; it was rather nice having someone around who believes everything you say and who's always willing to copy her notes for you or give you her last quill or sweet. And it was rather fun making you over--you are a Bit pretty, I have to admit.

But how could we really Trust you? I mean, since you were so eager to tell us all about how Midgen cries herself to sleep at night and Abbott still sleeps with her tatty old stuffed unicorn, not to Mention Bones' criminal relatives.

Not that we have any embarrassing secrets, Naturally. But we couldn't very well invite you to our homes over hols or something like that, and then have you Blabbing to the journals about what our mothers wear to breakfast or the portraits in our foyers or, oh, anything at all that we wouldn't want broadcast to the entire world. The *Prophet* simply Hounds Mummy at times as it is.

Besides, you never know when a half-blood is going to try to deceive you. Just look at Fawcett. Or Bones, for that matter. I wouldn't think a plain little mouse like that had it in her, but it just goes to Show.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at **2009-02-28 17:13:31**  
(no subject)


Oh, Lavender, I am SO glad you said something!!

I'm sorry I've been really distracted lately but I met Finnigan this morning and I think I've got the banking thing for this Thursday's flying lesson. And then there was Potions - you'll never guess!

But meanwhile, I feel just awful that Jones has been after you all week. I'm so relieved you've told her the blunt truth.


I mean honestly, does she really think just because we were amused for a little while, we'd want her around forever? Your completely right and it was only a matter of time before she showed her true colours.



 **[alt\\_lavender](#)** at **[2009-02-28 18:34:25](#)**  
(no subject)

You don't mind that I went ahead, then? I mean, we *all* agreed she was getting Tiresome.



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-02-28 18:44:08](#)**  
(no subject)

No, I don't mind. I think it was very Brave, just like a Gryffindor ought to be.

It's really difficult sometimes to do the right thing, but you did it. Really, you probably did her a favour by being so very clear about where she belongs.




 **[alt\\_megan](#)** at **[2009-02-28 22:08:56](#)**  
(no subject)

Then why weren't you clear before? I think you should have been clear before. It's not fair to be clear now and not clear before.

I thought you were so splendid.



 **[alt\\_megan](#)** at **[2009-02-28 17:18:05](#)**  
(no subject)

But I didn't I wouldn't

~~You said~~

Why


~~If you didn't want to know, why did you keep asking? I thought~~

Can't I But

I don't understand!!! I did what you said. Why are you angry with me? What can I do? I've been trying to make you not angry. I don't know what to do. Please tell me. I want to be your friend. ~~I thought~~


Please?



 [alt\\_lavender](#) at [2009-02-28 18:35:02](#)  
(no subject)

It was a test, Jones. The answer just wasn't what you thought it was.



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-28 19:31:56](#)  
(no subject)

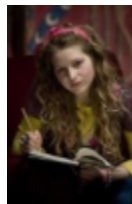
~~What was the answer?~~


~~Was there an answer? Sometimes there isn't. And you try and try and~~

~~I suppose you don't have to have me like she does, so it probably won't do any good to~~

I really wanted to be

Oh. What was the answer?



 [alt\\_lavender](#) at [2009-02-28 20:17:41](#)  
(no subject)

As if I'd tell you now.





 **[alt\\_megan](#)** at **[2009-02-28 22:08:17](#)**  
(no subject)

If you don't, then there wasn't any.  
It's not fair.



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-02-28 18:55:00](#)**  
(no subject)


Don't be daft, Jones, no one's angry with you.

We just don't care for you anymore.

Well, we never did, really. We thought you'd figure that out on your own.

But you just didn't get the point so Lav had to say what she said. It's too bad you're so thick or we might have been able to avoid things being so unpleasant.



 **[alt\\_megan](#)** at **[2009-02-28 19:32:14](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh.

I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be stupid. Was I really



 **[alt\\_percy](#)** at **[2009-02-28 23:27:27](#)**  
(no subject)

Miss Patil:

I have said what I want to say to Miss Brown. I believe you will be hearing from your own House's prefects, who I venture to guess will probably tell you something quite similar.



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-03-01 01:48:45](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, rubbish, Weasley. I thought you were all right.

Besides, we haven't broken any rules have we? So it's just your opinion, that's all. Bobolis and Sandoval thought it was about time we stopped spending time with someone who wasn't in our league, so there.




 **[alt\\_percy](#)** at **[2009-03-01 02:23:52](#)**  
(no subject)

I was not speaking to Miss Brown of the people she chooses as friends--that's entirely her own decision. I was simply pointing out the dangers of spreading other people's secrets around, which is quite different.

True, the two of you may not have broken any rules, but Prefects offer advice to first year students about more things than mere rules. We're also here to offer guidance, pointing out things you might not realise, that can end up hurting you in the long run.



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-03-01 02:29:52](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh.

Well, thanks for the advice then, Weasley. It certainly means a lot coming from someone like

you.



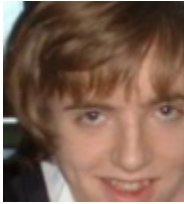
 **[alt\\_ernie](#)** at **[2009-02-28 19:08:19](#)**  
(no subject)

You leave Susan alone, Lavender Brown. She's done nothing to you.



 [alt\\_lavender](#) at [2009-02-28 19:10:33](#)  
(no subject)


Only Deceived us all. Admit it, you thought she was Pure, didn't you?



 [alt\\_ernie](#) at [2009-02-28 19:12:23](#)  
(no subject)

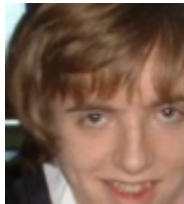
I don't know much about that stuff. I just know Sue is my friend and my housemate, so you better leave her alone.



 [alt\\_lavender](#) at [2009-02-28 19:21:35](#)  
(no subject)

Oh come off it Macmillan, it's not as if we're hexing her in the corridors or something.


We're just letting everyone know the truth.



 [alt\\_ernie](#) at [2009-02-28 19:52:28](#)  
(no subject)

You do'nt have to be so mean about it.




 [alt\\_susan](#) at [2009-02-28 20:15:40](#)  
(no subject)

I never lied to anyone.

And I certainly don't care what a pack of spoilt princesses like you and the Patils think about me.




 [alt\\_lavender](#) at [2009-02-28 21:18:11](#)  
(no subject)

You let people think something was true, when it wasn't.

That's the same as lying.

And we could make you care, if we wanted. But I think you're just too unimportant for us to bother.



 [alt\\_susan](#) at [2009-03-01 04:01:55](#)  
(no subject)

It isn't either the same! If anybody had ever just asked me if I was pure blooded I would have told them. But they didnt.


And if I really didn't want anybody to ever know I wouldn't have invited Megan to visit me over the winter hols.



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-28 19:33:09](#)  
(no subject)

What about Do you hate me t



 [alt\\_susan](#) at [2009-02-28 20:16:24](#)  
(no subject)

Megan, how could you?



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-28 22:07:28](#)  
(no subject)

I didn't mean  
I thought

I don't know. I wanted

I don't KNOW.

Do you hate me

Everyone would find out anyway. I don't think it was that bad.



 [alt\\_hannah](#) at [2009-02-28 22:11:10](#)

*(no subject)*

Susan, they were stringing her along, you can't blame her. I'm sorry your secret got out but it won't matter to your housemates.



 [alt\\_susan](#) at [2009-03-01 04:12:13](#)

*(no subject)*

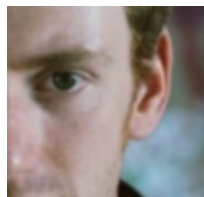
Thanks for being a friend Hannah.

I hope I didn't seem cross with you, in the other thing that I said.

I'm just not ready to be friends with Megan again yet.

And it wasn't a secret, exactly, I just didn't want to...

Never minding, I'm not explaining it here in Brown's journal like I have to prove something to her.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-28 23:32:46](#)

*(no subject)*

Miss Jones and Miss Bones:

This has doubtless been a very upsetting incident. I'm sure that Heidi Macavoy, Olive Coote or Phyllis Burrow would be willing to speak to either of you, if you would find it helpful to discuss the matter with your own House Prefects.



 [alt\\_susan](#) at [2009-03-01 04:59:14](#)

*(no subject)*

Thanks Weasley that's really nice of you to mention but I really don't want to talk to anyone right now.

What I'd really like to do is hex someone's face off but don't worry I won't.



 [alt\\_hannah](#) at [2009-02-28 22:09:23](#)  
(no subject)

Megan, don't feel bad, they're just being mean. Your a Hufflepuff, just be yourself, no matter who that is, we will accept you.



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-28 22:14:48](#)  
(no subject)

~~You really I don't know how to be myself.~~ Really?  
Even though


Are you sure, Hannah? You're not angry? You  
~~should be~~ How can you be so nice? Are you just



 [alt\\_hannah](#) at [2009-02-28 22:27:02](#)  
(no subject)

I can be nice because there are just some mean people in life and I've met some and you have and we both will meet more. I will admit, I am a little annoyed but I forgive you. For next time, remember that telling secrets doesn't make you look any better and it makes other people look worse.



 [alt\\_susan](#) at [2009-03-01 04:03:18](#)  
(no subject)

I think maybe it's a little easier for you to say Hannah.



 [alt\\_hannah](#) at [2009-02-28 22:07:11](#)  
(no subject)

Lavender,  
You didn't have to smear Megan like that. Being half-blood isn't something she can help, not like being rude like you.



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-02-28 22:12:55](#)  
(no subject)

Oh! You don't hate Thank you!



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-02-28 23:36:17](#)  
(no subject)

I can't believe I'm about to give such . . . Slytherin advice, but I feel I must point that whether or not you are, in fact, superior to Miss Jones because of your blood status, it is perhaps rather rash to needlessly air other people's private secrets before the entire school. Apparently, you think yourself above reproach, but remember: you are going to be here for seven years. You have plenty of time to develop secrets of your own, and believe me, people have very long memories. There are people in House Hufflepuff who ARE pureblood, who may be future family members or coworkers, not to mention all your teachers who read these journals. And you have just demonstrated to them all that you are not to be trusted with a confidence. I would be a bit more careful if I were you.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-02 01:08:40](#)  
(no subject)

My father told me something dead similar to that once.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-02 02:22:13](#)  
(no subject)

Out of curiosity . . . your father was a Slytherin, too, wasn't he?


If so, then I'm pleased that what I had to offer is something with which he agrees.



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-03-02 04:50:54](#)**  
(no subject)


Both of my parents were Slytherin, yes.



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-03-01 00:06:50](#)**  
(no subject)

I don't get it. Why'd you two decide to be friends with her anyway? Any one can see she's not really like you.



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-03-01 01:51:33](#)**  
(no subject)

We werent really friends, Malfoy. but after playing AK we thought there might be something there.


But it turns out she just thought she was better than us so weve decided not to bother anymore.



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-03-02 00:46:44](#)**  
(no subject)

She thought she was better? There's a lot of nerve for you. Still, seems it took you a long while to figure that out. Or maybe keeping people around who you don't like is just a girl thing? Anyway, it's probably good you got rid of her.



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-03-02 01:25:43](#)**  
(no subject)

Well, like Lav said, it was very useful to have her about, and amusing, because shed do nearly anything we asked. it was really sort of endearing, how terribly eager she was to please. so it was sort of like having a big live doll to play with and that was rather fun. Its not like she had her own personality.

But after awhile it got tiresome, and then...well, she told us the



most awful things about other people. And really we couldnt stand by someone who'd do that.



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-03-02 01:38:02](#)**  
*(no subject)*

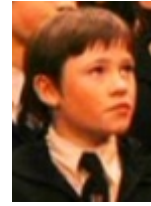
That old woman who raised her must've not taught her very well, but it seems like that happens with a lot of them. That leaves it up to us to make sure that they remember how things

go.

**2009-02-28 19:25:00**

*(no subject)*

Padma Patil had said she was having trouble getting the school brooms to work. So this morning after breakfast I showed her some tips. And they worked! It was grand actually being good at something for once. I miss having my own broom. The school brooms are so slow. But the weather wasn't too bad so after I went flying.



 **alt\_seamus**

Neville mate you haven't tested out of flying yet have you? Do you want to meet tomorrow for extra practise? I might be able to see what you're still ~~doing wrong~~ having trouble with.



 **alt\_sally\_anne** at **2009-03-01 01:38:35**

*(no subject)*

Well I hope you didn't tell Patil anything you wouldn't want the whole school knowing.

I'd meet you for flying tips. But what I still have trouble with is a pretty long list.



 **alt\_seamus** at **2009-03-01 01:40:16**

*(no subject)*

Well I don't mind the whole school getting my broom tips and that's all we talked about.

Did I miss something?



 **alt\_neville** at **2009-03-01 01:57:57**

*(no subject)*

Yeah, you did. Take a look at Lavender's journal.

Girls can be so mental sometimes.

(Uh, no offence, Sally-Anne.)

No, I haven't tested out of flying yet, Seamus, and yeah, I could

use some extra practice. After lunch, maybe?



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-01 02:17:41](#)  
(no subject)

Girls ARE mental. The lot of them. After lunch sounds fine. And do you know what Fred and George were arguing about in the common room earlier? You were sitting near them. Ive never seen them get into it before, it was weird mate. Like seeing someone argue with a mirror.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-03-01 02:27:53](#)  
(no subject)


No idea. Seemed like they were sort of trying to keep their voices down, but they were really going at it, weren't they? Never seen them do that before. Wonder if Ron knows?



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-01 02:33:01](#)  
(no subject)

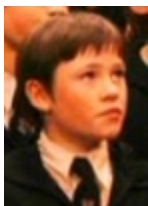
Maybe Ill ask him later. Its not like hed answer on here even if he did know.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-03-01 01:54:09](#)  
(no subject)

It was brilliant! Thanks ever so much, Finnigan!

(And don't pay Perks any mind; I wouldnt tell anything on my friends, and not anything really important.)



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-01 02:18:22](#)  
(no subject)

I thought Jones was your friend, youve been doing each others hair for weeks now, isnt that what girls do with their friends?



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-03-01 02:36:32](#)**  
(no subject)

Well, no, not exactly. We wanted to see if she was worth anything, after that silly AK game. But she turned out to be very disappointing.

Its mad how people will gossip about anything, isnt it?



 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2009-03-01 02:46:08](#)**  
(no subject)

Its mad how girls gossip. Your all mental.

**2009-02-28 23:24:00**

*For the Few People Whose Opinions I  
Actually Do Care About*



 [alt\\_susan](#)

I refuse to write this over in Brown's journal because I haven't got to explain myself to her. Well, really I haven't got to explain myself to anyone, except grownups. But all the grownups at Hogwarts already know all about my family and my blood, I think.

It isn't a secret really, I just don't like to bring it up if I don't have to. But anyone who really wanted to could find out. About my great-aunt, and about my blood too. Like I said before, if I really didn't want anyone to ever know, I wouldn't have invited Megan to visit over hols. Maybe my reasons for not talking about it weren't good reasons, or maybe they were, but they didn't have anything to do with wanting to lie or ~~dece~~ ~~desi~~ hide the truth from people. If you're one of the people I care about, you probably already knew that, though.

This might seem strange to some people, but being a half-blood (well, almost a quarter blood really) wasn't that important to my life until I came to Hogwarts. I mean, I always knew it was extra-important to behave and get good marks ~~and keep my~~ ~~he~~ because some people would always be expecting me to do badly, but that was about all. And it isn't as if I ever even knew any one who knew a Muggle; it was my grandmother on my mum's side who was, you know, and she ~~was~~ ~~ki~~ died years and years ago when my mum was still a little girl.

People just assumed I was pure, and after awhile it got awkward, trying to think of a time to bring it up. I mean, when your talking to someone, is there ever a good time to say, "Oh in case you didn't know I'm a half blood." There isn't.

And I didn't realize how lucky I was, until I came to Hogwarts, and that made it even harder, to say something. Because I felt bad about having things other people didnt have when I wasn't any better than them. That's all I want to say about it and really all that I want to say about anything for awhile.

It's funny; when I first started Hogwarts I didn't talk to people much until my housemates convinced me to start. Now I think I should have stuck with not talking to people.

That would make things so much simpler.

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† [alt-sinistra.livejournal.com](http://alt-sinistra.livejournal.com) at [2009-03-01 14:36:57](#)  
(no subject)

Miss Bones -

When I was in school - and in your house, as you might know - one of my prefects said something to me that's stuck.

She reminded me that we can't pick our families, but we can pick our friends. More than that, we have control over how we treat all the different people in our lives - family, friends, housemates, yearmates, people we like, people we can't stand.

People think about the stubborn loyalty as a Hufflepuff trait (and it is, of course) but a certain kind of tolerance should be in there too, if someone's trying hard to do the right thing the right way, as you have been doing here.

It's regrettably not something everyone understands, but in my experience, true friends - those who honestly care for us - will stick by us even when unpleasant things come out.

† [alt-susan.livejournal.com](http://alt-susan.livejournal.com) at [2009-03-02 02:25:45](#)  
(no subject)

~~I didn't expect~~ I don't know. Thank you, Professor. I want to do the right things, but sometimes it's hard to know what they are.

It isn't like in books, where the hero just seems to know the right thing to do because he's the hero.

† [alt-draco.livejournal.com](http://alt-draco.livejournal.com) at [2009-03-02 00:57:44](#)  
(no subject)

Oh god, Bones. I've got a tiny violin somewhere with your name on it.

† [alt-susan.livejournal.com](http://alt-susan.livejournal.com) at [2009-03-02 02:27:18](#)  
(no subject)

I didn't write this for you Malfoy.

[alt-draco.livejournal.com](http://alt-draco.livejournal.com) at **2009-03-02 04:52:38**  
(no subject)

What a relief.

[alt-millicent.livejournal.com](http://alt-millicent.livejournal.com) at **2009-03-02 14:18:24**  
(no subject)

i think you shud tell people when you met them.

maybe like a sign on you so people know