

[2009-03-01 08:52:00](#)

*Crescents in the sky*

Been a busy couple of weeks, and I didn't get the chance to comment on all the uproar last week. No matter - life continues on, doesn't it?



 [alt\\_sinistra](#)

This week has brought another pleasant chat with Poppy, this time with some discussion about something in a letter from my mother. I think I mentioned my sister Diana's pregnant again (her sixth!). Mum's been rummaging around in some of our grandmother's recipes for older foods - you know, the things that grow here, without being transfigured. She's got this bizarre theory that transfigured foods might not be as healthy for an unborn child. (Me, I pointed out that we certainly eat enough of them here, and surely there's ways to balance it for health if we're feeding them here at Hogwarts. It's just a matter of making sure you start with a healthy diet before you transfigure it, and don't do it all out of one kind of food.)

On the other hand, she sent along some of the recipes, and there are some rather nice things in there that certainly look like good eating whether or not you agree with the rationale. Not, of course, that I have a chance to cook here, as the house elves are most attentive, but perhaps some holiday, just for fun. Mum made sure we all knew how to cook for ourselves, and all of the best charms for it - and for the washing up after - as a matter of course, and it's nice to keep my hand in.

I spent last night up on the tower with a few students who had some catchup work to do for OWLS and NEWTS - and both the moon and Venus were showing lovely crescents. Beautifully clear night, so the students got a good chance to fill out the parts of the star charts they'd been struggling with.

**[2009-03-01 09:52:00](#)**

*Greetings!*

Well, well, well.


Happy Birthday Ronald.

Please, enjoy the bunny ears, they come free of charge...



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



 **[alt\\_neville](#)** at **[2009-03-01 19:59:11](#)**  
*(no subject)*

Well, that was a surprise this morning. Nice work, really. Cool, the way that they turn around on his head.

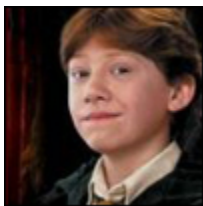
(Not that I'm saying I'd want a pair myself or anything.)


So, um, how long is he going to have them???



 **[alt\\_gredforge](#)** at **[2009-03-01 22:47:56](#)**  
*(no subject)*

But that would be telling.




 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-03-02 03:07:01](#)**  
*(no subject)*

Go ahead. Laugh.

But think twice before you go to sleep tonight, mate.




 **[alt\\_neville](#)** at **[2009-03-02 03:35:11](#)**  
*(no subject)*

Oh, come on. Didn't I bring you up breakfast? AND lunch?

I don't know why you wouldn't go down to dinner,

though, really. Everyone knew by then anyway, and I'm sure that everyone would find those ears to be really smashing.



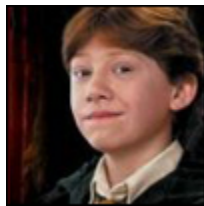
 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-02 03:43:50](#)  
(no subject)


Yeah. They're smashing all right. And if you don't stop taking the piss, you'll find out just how much! Food or no food.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-03-02 03:50:31](#)  
(no subject)

Let me make it up to you. I can bring up a chess board from the Common Room if you like, so you have a chance to beat me to flinders again. That should cheer you up--unless you still need to finish that Transfiguration essay?



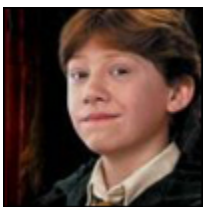
 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-02 03:54:27](#)  
(no subject)


Yeah, that'd be okay. I finished the essay this afternoon. Nothing else to do up here. Probably the only time I'll ever get my homework done early. (It better be!)



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-01 22:33:01](#)  
(no subject)

Happy birthday mate. Does your family always give you this sort of present? I like how they gave you red fur. You know to match your hair.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-02 03:08:40](#)  
(no subject)

Ha bloody ha.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-03-01 22:34:33](#)  
(no subject)

Oh Ron. You simply MUST come out of hiding so that Pansy and I can see too!

I always wanted brothers or sisters but you're doing well to show me the disadvantages of a house full of them. At least if they have Fred and George's sense of humour.



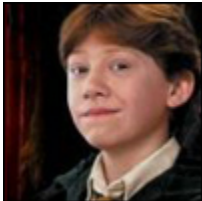
 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-03-01 22:48:44](#)  
(no subject)


Oi!



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-03-02 04:24:29](#)  
(no subject)

I always wanted the sort of brother or sister who would give me NICE presents for my birthday.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-02 03:12:53](#)  
(no subject)

I'm not leaving this room. Maybe ever.

And yeah, you might want to rethink wanting any of those.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-03-02 04:28:38](#)  
(no subject)

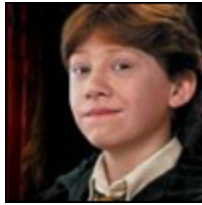
Many happy returns, by the way.


When's THEIR birthday? You'll have to think up something excellent to give them, after this.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-03-02 03:46:34](#)  
(no subject)

If I had Evelyn's camera, I could take a picture. But Ron might take my head off, and I'd probably never sleep safe in my own bed ever again.



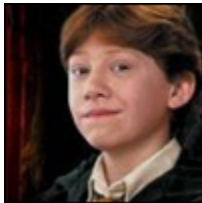
 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-02 03:52:21](#)  
(no subject)


Too right, mate.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-03-02 04:26:44](#)  
(no subject)

Yeah, I wouldn't risk cheesing off someone who sleeps in the next bed. Girls aren't the only ones who can act mental.




 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-02 03:05:01](#)  
(no subject)

Ha, ha.

Now change them BACK!!!



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-02 03:40:24](#)  
(no subject)

Usually I disapprove of all of your pranks, just on general principle.

But I have to admit . . . this one was quite inspired.



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-03-02 03:42:53](#)  
(no subject)


Why, thank you Percy, we knew you could be reasonable, even if you were a prefect.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-02 03:43:41](#)  
(no subject)

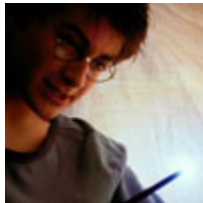
I won't go so far as to say Mum and Dad would be proud, but I'm sure that won't stop you.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-02 03:44:38](#)  
(no subject)

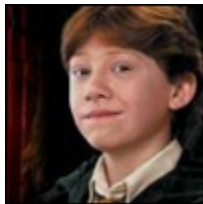
Oi!


Who asked you?



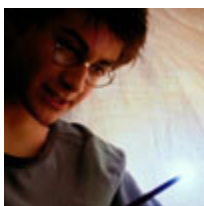
 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-02 15:04:56](#)  
(no subject)

You havent been on the journals much lately.



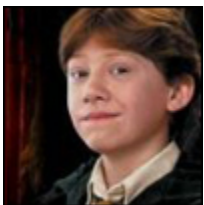
 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-02 16:26:50](#)  
(no subject)


Yeah, well. It's not like anything good ever com



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-02 15:04:24](#)  
(no subject)

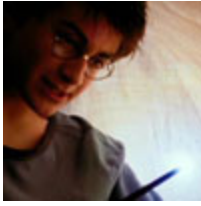
He looked such a prat. You ought to be Slytherins.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-02 16:25:26](#)  
(no subject)

Nice.


If they were Slytherins (and, trust me, you can have them if you want them), maybe it'd be you with a rat's tail or a pig's nose or big beaver's teeth. Look out what you wish for.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-02 16:26:54](#)  
(no subject)

I wouldnt mind, itd be funny.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-03 19:23:05](#)  
(no subject)

Cor, ten thousand needles?! Don't stick yourselves!

I got detention from Acton yesterday, and all I had to do was scrub all the stuff off the bottom of the desks.

Your timing was brilliant, too: Mum's never going to notice I even got detention. Now that's a birthday present!

Thanks!

**2009-03-01 17:17:00**

*Things I like about my dorm mates.*

**Megan-** You are always happy to see me and you never run out of things to say. You showed me how good peppermint tea is.



 **alt\_hannah**


**Susan-** You always are wearing something purple (like a sock...) and something mismatched (again I say a sock...). You are quiet but easy to be around.

**Eloise-** You love the weird sisters just like me. You also love to do the funniest imitations.

Thank you for being my dorm mates.

---



 **alt\_susan** at **2009-03-02 02:29:55**  
(no subject)

Haha its true about my socks! I'm always thinking about something else in the mornings--like how I'd rather stay in bed.

You know what I like about you--your laugh!



**2009-03-01 18:05:00**

*Quiet week-end*

Compared to last week's, this week-end was practically a holiday in itself.



 **alt\_lucius**

Spent most of Friday writing individual notes of thanks for several of the more personal gifts that arrived at the Manor or the St James' house - thank you all again.

Draco, the card was most appreciated: Your sketching ability is really coming along. Well done! truly. I still use the quill you made for me at Christmas; it is on the writing table at St James.

Amanda, tell Mother that yes, they do fit, but I shall have to have the tailor make some adjustments before they are wholly wearable. I do like the collar especially. Unfortunately, seeing the cut made Narcissa lament the relative isolation we feel from the latest Paris trends. Our English haberdashers have of course progressed as well, but in different directions. Or so I undersand - I admit I am not the most ... attentive to such details. It did serve to renew a discussion of how much she misses the array of shops in the wizarding sections of Paris and Le Mans.

Ari, the Carmichael - and a first edition as well! I still don't know how you found it. The binding is exquisite. I shall savour it, my friend.

Pansy, I received your owl as well. No, nothing has changed, but then, that also means there is nothing new to concern us. Look for a little something in the next day or two, to help you last until the holidays.

There were some other surprises, large and small - I never expected to be asked to the Ministry so mysteriously and should have suspected several people had potions brewing. Really, it was most gratifying.


Finally, Minerva, I completed the letters you requested and had Valerian deliver them. They should have been received by now. Let us hope they are heeded as earnestly as they were written.

Well, at any rate, another year's passing hardly seems believable, but there it is. First of the month accounts to-day, along with a cursory review of the reports on the Derby situation and the preparatory documents for the next Muggleborn Labour committee. To-morrow I

shall confer with Clarriker and Peakes' new clerk on the status of the Hogwarts infirmary's order of supplies.


---



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-02 01:26:50](#)  
(no subject)

I'm glad you liked the drawing, father. I got your letter yesterday, and thanks, it's really helpful. Still, Dennis is easy work. The other one would have been more of a challenge.



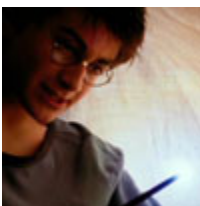
 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-03-02 03:29:17](#)  
(no subject)

I do like it, quite a bit. Perhaps we ought to develop your hobby with a tour of the gallery district over the holidays. As to your letter and its subject, I agree, and I hope, therefore, that my note to Harry proves just as instructive in meeting that challenge.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-03-02 01:58:05](#)  
(no subject)

Thank you, Lucius.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-02 15:01:07](#)  
(no subject)

Thank-you for the letter Mr Malfoy. I read it and you can see on my journal.

**2009-03-01 20:58:00**


*ORDER ONLY: Suggestions*

Arthur - I realise the seriousness of the subjects you bring up in your most recent letter. I shall be speaking with Poppy and shall implement your suggestion, with Poppy's help. I wanted you to know immediately. I won't play around, in this situation.




 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#)



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at **2009-03-02 02:09:06**  
(no subject)

Molly and I are quite relieved. She'll be much safer then. Thank you.




 [alt\\_poppy](#) at **2009-03-02 16:14:23**  
(no subject)

Arthur, you and Molly are quite right to be concerned.

At the very least, I will take responsibility for talking with the girl -- as often as it's necessary -- so that she will be prepared and armed with knowledge for whatever situations she might face.

There are other steps we might take, of course, but I don't wish to rush into anything that cannot be undone.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at **2009-03-02 16:08:47**  
(no subject)

Minerva, I have some thoughts about this problem. Is there any time today that you could spare?

I should tell you right up front, however, that I'm most reluctant to do anything that would be irreversible.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-02 16:17:10](#)  
(no subject)

I should say not! That would be most unfair, and it would make us little better than them. Surely there's a way to make it only a temporary, protective measure?




 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-03-02 16:20:48](#)  
(no subject)

Not *permanent*, Poppy; I would never suggest that. Long-term, however, I think would be wisest.

We may certainly meet today - at 3 o'clock, perhaps?



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-03-02 17:34:58](#)  
(no subject)

3 o'clock is fine. I'll be there on the dot.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-03-02 19:46:30](#)  
(no subject)

I take it I've missed something, but it's not too difficult to catch up. Erm, yes, quite right, everyone. Not that I have any personal experience from school but on the whole I can't speak well of my gender, particularly the Slytherin variety, between the ages of about thirteen and oh... twenty.

**2009-03-02 09:51:00**

*Granger*

I think I am going to call my new mudblood Granger instead of mudblood because shes not just the library mudblood any more.




 [alt\\_harry](#)

Any road I got a letter from Mr Malfoy a few days ago. He had good suggestions of how to make her do what I want. So I started off by having her stay in her cupboard for a long while, and only come out to eat. Also that made people stop bothering me. I think that was pretty Slytherin of me. Because if people saw that she wasnt around they wouldnt ask me about her.

The thing people have been saying is that I am going to give my homework to her to do. Mr Malfoy said that it is the knowledge she has gained from her constant exposure to Wizarding texts that has caused her to rise above herself of late. In any event, your homework, your exams, your revising and so on are yours to accomplish in your own right. The mudblood would likely only get it wrong to spite you, and then you would be no better off, with additional lines and bad marks, besides.

So Im not going to give her my homework to do and Draco isnt either and I hope the professors see that I said that and dont think I am.



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at **2009-03-02 15:00:26**  
*ORDER ONLY*

That's what he says, but when he locked me in the closet, he came back after only half a day and he gave me his homework to do! And he left me a light in the closet.

Only then someone was trying to look around him, so he acted like he was putting a hex on me, but he took it off right before he closed the door. And then I had homework to do for him when I was in the closet and it was ever so interesting. And I tried to tell him that Id help him learn it himself if he wanted, but he gave me a look, as if he were a bundimun that someone had just found all stupid, and shut the door really quickly. I dont know what that means.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-03-02 15:41:40](#)  
(no subject)

That sounds very sensible, Marvolo. Mum says with new staff you have to show them who's boss, and thats what your doing, I think.


I think Mr Malfoy's right about homework. We shouldnt make them anymore clever than they have to be.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-02 15:48:34](#)  
(no subject)

Yeah. She might be grateful when I let her out. Id rather have her be grateful than always have to punish her.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-02 16:00:20](#)  
(no subject)

Of course I'm not giving her homework, and nor am I giving mine to Dennis. As if either of them could either understand it properly, anyway.


I hope you let her out to go to the toilet as well as to eat, otherwise you might have a mess on your hands, ugh.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-02 16:10:36](#)  
(no subject)

Didnt the headmistress tell a broom closet to move to your common room? Maybe she could tell a bathroom to move to the other end. And then have the mudblood clean it, didnt she have to do all the girl bathrooms with a tooth brush last fall?



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-02 16:13:55](#)  
(no subject)

She had to clean them with a tooth brush as punishment, I don't think it's part of her usual routine. Unless Harry wants to make it so that it is.



 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2009-03-02 16:15:34](#)**  
(no subject)

Well if shes good she could use a scrub brush right?



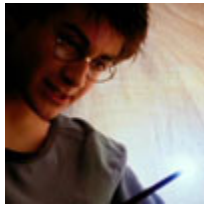
 **[alt\\_harry](#)** at **[2009-03-02 16:18:51](#)**  
(no subject)

Shes much too useful to waste on a scrub brush, way better than Creevey was. Creevey just was like a dumb dog.



 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2009-03-02 16:23:37](#)**  
(no subject)


Really? What all can she do? I thought all she knew how to do was fix books. And scrub stuff. And get in trouble.



 **[alt\\_harry](#)** at **[2009-03-02 16:25:34](#)**  
(no subject)

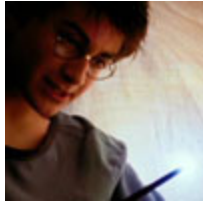
Mostly she can make sense. And if you need somebody to play Exploding Snap with she will. And she doesnt get underfoot the way Creevey did. She can decide when you want her and not. And she thought of the potty. Creevey wouldnt have thought of the potty.



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-03-02 16:39:09](#)**  
(no subject)

Big deal, I play exploding snap with you any old time.





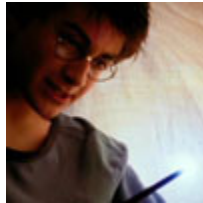
 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-02 16:42:53](#)  
(no subject)

Sometimes you have to revise though.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-02 16:43:33](#)  
(no subject)

Yeah, you should try it sometime.



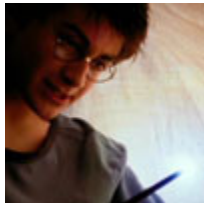
 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-02 16:45:41](#)  
(no subject)

Touchay!!!



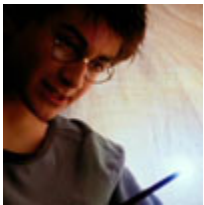
 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-02 16:25:16](#)  
(no subject)

And didnt Creevey bring you sweets, thats what Id want a servant to do if I had one here!



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-02 16:26:10](#)  
(no subject)

I could get Granger to bring me sweets. Only Creevey brought me so many Im off them.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-02 16:18:08](#)  
(no subject)


She has a potty. She asked for one. Which was a good thing on her part I think.

Well I mean wouldn't it be quite a Slytherin thing to do? To give her homework? She had to have learned a lot in the



library. Or else she wouldn't have gotten so uppity. Your dad said that.



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-03-02 16:37:57](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh how impressive, she's house-broken.

She wasn't supposed to have learned a lot, you ninny. And it's not Slytherin to pawn off your homework on someone who can't say no. Maybe if you just left it lying around on purpose and you knew she would be tempted, since she's a magic-stealing mudblood and all, then that would be Slytherin. The method, I mean. Having her do your homework would just be inviting her to think of herself as a Hogwarts student, and that's a terrible idea.



 **[alt\\_harry](#)** at **[2009-03-02 16:38:34](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh.



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-03-02 16:40:18](#)**  
(no subject)

I need to talk to you. Meet me before lunch.



 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)** at **[2009-03-02 16:43:15](#)**  
(no subject)

Leaving it lying around on purpose is an excellent idea. I mean, if my History of Magic essay just turned up done, maybe I did it in my sleep and don't remember?

All the real Hogwarts students skive off our History essays every chance we get so don't you think it would be safe?



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-02 16:45:44](#)  
(no subject)

Come on, Sally Anne. I don't think it would look very good for you if you were skivving off any essays, even History of Magic.



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

Oh Draco you're no fun. Next week will you at least sit by Vince and make sure he stays awake so we don't get another sixteen-inch essay?



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-02 16:56:24](#)  
(no subject)

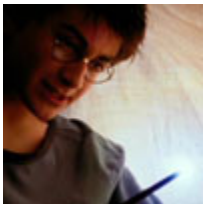
He crowds me too much, with those big, meaty elbows of his.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-03-02 16:12:48](#)  
(no subject)

I wouldn't be tempted to trust with most of my homework, what would she know about any of it?

History of Magic, though. I might be tempted to have her do that. (I'm joking, I wouldn't EVER ask ANYONE to do my homework no matter how boring and pointless it was.)



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-02 16:19:22](#)  
(no subject)

Ew Binns.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-03-02 16:26:22](#)  
(no subject)

Exactly!



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-03-02 16:28:29](#)  
(no subject)

And SIXTEEN INCHES on yet another goblin rebellion. I ask you. How do you fill sixteen inches with 'The goblins rebelled again and the wizards won again.' It's all because Vince started snoring last week loud enough Binns actually noticed.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-02 17:02:34](#)  
(no subject)

You know back in Ireland none of the servants were mine exactly but there was one that did stuff mostly for me. Like he kept all my brooms in good shape. And if I needed something he fetched it. Like if I was flying with my cousin and we wanted a snack, wed send him to get us sandwiches. Or if I was in bed and got thirsty I could ring and hed go get me water. And he kept my clothes nice.

But he also tattled on me to my mum when I did stuff on my broom I wasnt supposed to. Im glad I didnt have to bring him to Hogwarts. Hed just get in the way.

He was a muggle tho not a mudblood.



 [alt\\_horace](#) at [2009-03-02 18:07:53](#)  
(no subject)

I'm glad to hear it, Mr Marvolo, although I think we might have noticed anyway if your handwriting suddenly changed from its usual delightful self.

**[2009-03-02 10:09:00](#)**

*Odd weekend*

Im not surprised most of the Hufflepuffs are still upset about Jones crawling back to them, but I'm really bored with it by now.



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

Finnigan and me went flying a little Saturday and between his advice and Malfoy's I think this Thursday may be the day I test out. I hope so because even if its getting warm soon I really want that hour to work on Transfiguration.

I think Marvolo's wise to make his mudblood stay in the cupboard when he doesnt need her. Besides, thats what Mum and Dad call showing someone who's boss. I still agree with Finnigan that its better not to have them about the common room. But on the other hand, it would be very interesting, dont you think, to have servants and all?

Oh! Potions last Friday. Professor Slughorn *\*finally\** switched our partners round. Now I'm with Smith. At first I was worried he'd be, well, you know, his usual self. But I was just so relieved to have a partner whos not completely impossible that I told him right off I was sorry for being cross with him. And he apologised for accusing a Ravenclaw of melting his cauldron, so thats all right.



 **[alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-02 16:08:36](#)**

*(no subject)*

Good luck on your flying test Padma. I was really glad Professor Slughorn switched our partners around too. Im with Daphne Greengrass now and Ill take her over Goyle any day of the week.

I had servants ~~at home~~ back in Ireland. Its nice in some ways but you dont have as much privacy. None of them was mine the way Granger is Marvolos tho.



 **[alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-02 16:09:16](#)**

*(no subject)*

Its pretty wizard to have you're own servant. Dennis already did a lot for me but now he calls me Master Draco.

Actually, he called me Master Draco before, but I don't know, it seems different now.

**2009-03-02 15:34:00**

*In youth we learn; in age we understand*



 **alt\_horace**

Recent events have inspired me to take a slow amble down memory lane to revisit my own days as a student here at Hogwarts. It seems so long ago now, I suppose because it was! But oh yes, we partook of our fair share of riotous living back in the day. Every new generation of students here at Hogwarts carries itself as if it were the first - the first to discover Honeydukes, the first to find that passageway behind that statue (you all know the one, I'm sure). The first to struggle with homework, fall out with old chums, discover the delights of new chums, run in the snow on the Quidditch pitch the day before a big match. It's all happened before, and I'm sure it will all happen again and again, long after this old body has given out.

They arrive so wide-eyed and full of potential, and they leave so bright and full of hope. It's really quite a marvellous place to spend one's life.

That's not to say there aren't less pleasant tasks that one must fulfil as a teacher, and especially a Head of House. I must confess, I've never much enjoyed the disciplining aspects, even those that are pre-emptive. I much prefer to let the children learn from their mistakes as they go, guiding them where necessary, and sanctioning them only where unavoidable. But then, this is quite a serious matter - and if it takes a few strong and carefully placed words to prevent any inappropriate or unwise actions against another student's property, well, I suppose it's best to step in and act now.

I must simply hope that they all heed my words of guidance on this matter, understand the very grave consequences of disregarding the warning they've had, and leave well enough alone.



 **alt\_draco** at **2009-03-03 02:10:09**

*(no subject)*

Sir, is any of this about me?

**2009-03-02 15:44:00**

*Order Only: In business!*

Poppy - the requisitions from Dover are coming in! At least one of the warehouses decided to order enough for St Mungo's, too, so we should be moving a fair amount of inventory soon.



 [alt\\_sirius](#)

With that in mind, Arthur, I'm sending a packet through at the same time. If they open it, it will be nothing more than a collection of inventory lists and instructions to use the profit from these shipments to open an office somewhere in New London.

I thought someone might like to moonlight at something a little better than shredding papers - but no need to move on that right away. It's more of an excuse to send a letter through than anything.

Hidden in the lists are the charms and spells I promised Frank. Can you hand them off once you get them? If it's too much trouble let me know.

I'm hoping there will be enough profit - and additional business enough - to fund a little flat I've found. It's not much, but there's a modest shop round the corner, in the same building - enough to open a storefront for Laszlo, anyway. It's close enough to the *charger d'affaires* to make going there for inspections easy; far enough away that the other operations we plan won't be noticed. Wish I could sublet the place in Monaco, but Nigel has to keep up appearances out there, so, no way to save some overhead on that - at least not right now.

As for those plans, Frank, I'm staying in Calais long enough to make sure the shipments go through all right. But then I'm heading to Bordeaux for a bit to see if I can find some fishermen with more need for ready cash than discretion about plotting their course. And yeah, I think the sail might be a good thought as a backup, if nothing else.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at **2009-03-03 03:36:13**  
(no subject)

thanks for the spells, mate.


I was thinking some more about the wards, like how far do they go down? I mean... do the wards go under

water too? i'd bet a galleon they don't. it'd take a lot of extra energy to extend it to the sea floor, besides which it might mess up the fishing if the fish couldn't get back and forth.

dunno if that's the case, but that's what I've been thinking of.

And yeah, been working on the sail. might just chop off a sail from another boat and stick it to ours. won't be pretty, but it just might work.




 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-03-03 19:23:38](#)  
(no subject)

I dunno, either, Frank - but I'm not sure I'd test those currents to try to find out. Owls can pass through at certain points, we know that. Could be that they're configured so that fish can travel, only humans and man-made things can't.


It's far too advanced magic for me to understand, I know that.



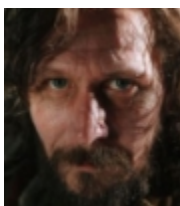
 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-03-03 04:02:01](#)  
(no subject)

That's certainly good news. Those shipments can't arrive here quickly enough.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-03-03 12:47:05](#)  
(no subject)

Sorry for my late reply. Molly and I have been somewhat distracted by events at Hogwarts. I'll forward the packet on, and yes, it's an intriguing idea.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-03-03 19:09:20](#)  
(no subject)


Yeah, I can see why Hogwarts has been a priority lately. No worries, Arthur. When you can.

Watching you two gives me a new appreciation for



how Mrs Potter must have felt when we'd get into scrapes. Of course, there were no murderous professors at the time, itching to flay us for any infraction, even one far less serious than violating their living quarters.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-03-03 19:24:48](#)  
*(no subject)*

Well, apart from Minerva.

And Filch. But he wasn't a professor.

**2009-03-02 15:57:00**

*Uh, are we supposed to be doing something?*



 [alternity](#)  
 [alt\\_neville](#)

I'm in Transfiguration class right now. Or I would be, if--I mean, there was this alarm sound that went off. Couldn't quite tell where it was coming from. Kind of a whooping sound. Professor Carrow didn't say anything, but he took off at a dead run, and he hasn't come back. The alarm stopped, anyway. We've been waiting for him for about a half hour. Are we supposed to be going somewhere, or doing something or anything?

(The professor didn't look scared or alarmed or anything. He looked, uh, sort of hacked off. So, we were sort of wondering, what are we supposed to do?)




 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-02 22:06:44](#)  
(no subject)

Transfiguration, you say? Well, I'm in Ancient Runes right now, but given that it's the Gryffindor class that's wondering, I'll get permission from Professor Babbling to step out of class and see what's going on.


I should be there shortly, and we'll get it sorted out.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-03-02 22:07:42](#)  
(no subject)

Thank you!



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-03-02 22:31:11](#)  
(no subject)

Chang says that if the professor is 15 minutes late or leaves for more than 15 minutes, we're automatically dismissed.

What did your Housemates do, Longbottom?



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-03-02 23:12:51](#)  
(no subject)

Dunno. It was a Gryffindor? Dunno even who it was. Have you heard? Percy Weasley looked furiously when he came back from wherever-he-went, but he wouldn't tell us anything.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-03-02 23:25:37](#)  
(no subject)


Yes, he's just said in the journals, turn your page, Longbottom.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-03 01:09:18](#)  
(no subject)

Quite a way to end a class wasn't it mate. I wouldn't mind getting off class early but I wish it would've been someone from another house getting in trouble, did you see how many points we lost?



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-03-03 03:49:51](#)  
(no subject)

The number of points in the hour glass haven't even moved yet. I guess they haven't decided yet how many they're going to lose.

I hope it isn't all of 'em.

**[2009-03-02 16:18:00](#)**


*Announcement*

I am sorry to say that there has been an exceedingly serious breach of the Student Code of Behaviour this afternoon. I should think it hardly necessary to state this, and I'm exceedingly displeased and disappointed that Gryffindor students are involved, but in case there is any doubt, students have no business, and are never allowed to enter the private living quarters of Professors at this institution. Ever. The Professors all have posted office hours, and are available to students at that time. Their personal privacy otherwise is to be strictly respected at all times.



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



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-03-02 22:41:12](#)  
(no subject)

Well done, Gryffindor! At this rate, with Marvolo and Malfoy's points and now this, Ravenclaw will be in the lead for the House Cup!

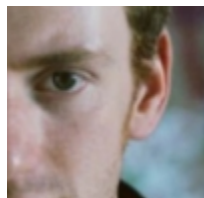
What happened, Weasley? Can you tell us yet? Was it Professor Carrow's office? Who'd be daft enough to want to break in there?



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-03-02 22:51:09](#)  
(no subject)

If it had been Professor Lockhart's rooms I'd have figured someone was trying to break in to leave flowers.

Professor Carrow, probably not.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-02 23:02:53](#)  
(no subject)

I think it best, considering your status, for you not to be seen as being pert about Professor Carrow, Miss Perks. Particularly as he is probably not in a very . . . affable mood at the moment.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-03-03 01:00:46](#)  
(no subject)

I didn't mean to be pert. Especially not about Professor Carrow. If I was being pert it was about Professor Lockhart.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-03 01:47:01](#)  
(no subject)

Yes, well, I don't think Professor Lockhart would mind

Never mind, scratch that. I'm not quite myself today.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-02 23:07:30](#)  
(no subject)

Worse. It was not Professor Carrow's office. It was Professor Carrow's private living quarters.

If there is anything further needed to be known about the situation, doubtless the Headmistress will advise.

And I made my post to inform people of a matter of serious concern about student behaviour--not to inform you that Ravenclaw is pulling ahead in the House Cup totals. Kindly direct your attention to what is really important here.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-03-02 23:22:56](#)  
(no subject)

Ease off, Weasley, I know better than to try to go into any professor's living quarters. (Who'd want to, I still say?) So I'd say I'm very aware of what's important. Didn't I ask what happened? I'm interested - just not mad enough to try anything like that.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-02 23:32:24](#)  
(no subject)

Of course. I'm sorry, I was rather short with you, and you certainly didn't deserve it. It's just rather personally upsetting



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-03-02 23:36:52](#)  
(no subject)

Um, I just heard. Who it was.

What's going to happen to them?



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-02 23:37:53](#)  
(no subject)

I don't know. That will be up to Professor Macnair. Or possibly even the Headmistress. It's quite a serious offence.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-03-02 23:38:07](#)  
(no subject)

Not Professor Carrow?



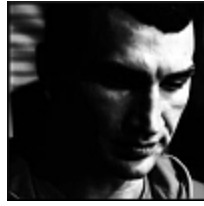
 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-02 23:38:34](#)  
(no subject)

God, I hope not.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-03 01:06:00](#)  
(no subject)

That would be horrid. Id take a thousand detentions with Professor Macnair over one with Professor Carrow.



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-03-03 02:05:24](#)  
(no subject)

Hm. I have lost my touch.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-03 03:56:41](#)  
(no subject)

Well, I'd certainly rather have you for our Head of House, sir.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-03 01:34:22](#)  
(no subject)

What on earth happened, Percy? Where are the twins now?



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-03 01:37:47](#)  
(no subject)

Well, the bare facts are that they were caught trying to, er, break in to Professor Amycus Carrow's quarters. Lee Jordan was acting as lookout. More than that, I don't think I should say. I imagine you'll be hearing from the Headmistress.

They're in their dormitory room right now, under orders not to leave. I take it that the, er, full repercussions have not yet been decided.

Don't worry, I took them up some dinner.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-03 01:38:47](#)  
(no subject)

Well, thank you for thinking of that, at least.

All right, I'll wait to hear from Professor McGonagall.




 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-03-02 23:45:35](#)  
(no subject)

Why - who was it? How did you hear about it?  
What happened, exactly?

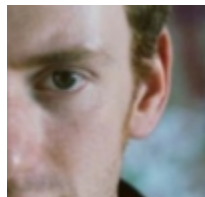
C'mon, Longbottom - if you've got details, let's  
hear them! All our table are wondering.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-03-02 23:46:53](#)  
(no subject)

Well, I guess everyone will know soon anyway.  
It was the Weasley twins. And Lee Jordan, too.

Ron's pretty upset.




 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-02 23:48:57](#)  
(no subject)

He's not the only one.

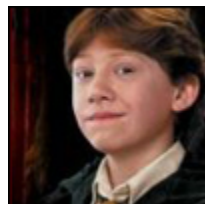
I can't believe they would do something so  
brainless.




 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-03-03 00:02:50](#)  
(no subject)

No wonder your so shirty, Weasley. If I were  
you I'd hope your brothers dont get expelled.

Or maybe you hope they do. Dead  
embarrassing, something like that. Sorry your brothers are,  
um, such hooligans.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-03 00:09:40](#)  
(no subject)

Go stuff yourself, Patil.

Don't you have a hair charm to practise or a  
Hufflepuff to push around? Theres no reason  
to put your nose in here.



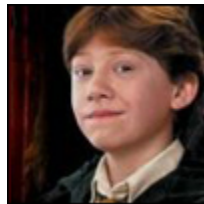



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-03-03 00:16:07](#)  
(no subject)

Well, I'm sorry but your brother did make it everyone's business by telling us all off for something most of us would never dream of doing.

Or are you actually proud of them? That'd make sense, seeing as you nearly always seem to be on the wrong side of things.

But I suppose youve a right to be upset, in this case.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-03 00:27:22](#)  
(no subject)

You know, for a Ravenclaw, you're not very clever. Nobody wants to know every stupid opinion you have.

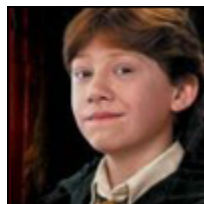
And we really, really don't want to read your fantasies about Professor Carrow. That's just disgusting.




 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-03-03 00:47:53](#)  
(no subject)

Who's the one who's not-so-clever, then? No one told you to read what I have to say.

And they're certainly not my fantasies, Ronald Weasley! That's gross. It's what everyone says about the professor and you know it. I heard a sixth-year say that Professor Carrow drinks blood like a vampire, so there. (I don't believe it, though, Professor!)



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-03 00:57:34](#)  
(no subject)


If your not sitting around thinking about his bed, why are you asking about it?



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

Don't really notice anything beyond your own nose, do you?



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-03 02:53:09](#)  
(no subject)


They were probably trying to find out what happened to their little dog. Everyone knows that Professor Carrow's mudblood hasn't been around in ages.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-03 03:52:31](#)  
(no subject)

That may be an explanation but it is certainly not a valid excuse. I am absolutely appalled by their behaviour.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-03 03:55:43](#)  
(no subject)

Well I'd be appalled too.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-03-03 03:58:52](#)  
(no subject)

Ohhhh you're clever, Draco. I expect you're right and that's what they were up to.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-03 04:06:37](#)  
(no subject)

Unless they thought Professor Carrow would want some bunny ears.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-03-03 05:00:27](#)  
(no subject)

Even Gryffindors wouldn't be that stupid. Taking on a dragon would at least be a fast death!



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-03 01:07:54](#)  
(no subject)


I heard he drinks blood too. I heard hes doing experiments to decide if pure blood tastes different from mudblood blood. But that cant be true. They wouldnt let him do that to pure



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-03 01:43:04](#)  
(no subject)

Seamus, please. Wild gossip is NOT what we need right now. Gryffindor is in enough trouble as it is.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-03-02 23:50:28](#)  
(no subject)

What on earth were they trying to do? Was it really Professor Carrow's quarters?

Oh, and Morag wants to know if he really has ~~men mani~~ manacles on his bed, but I don't suppose they'd've got that far. (And besides, ew.)



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-02 23:52:37](#)  
(no subject)

Yes, it really was Professor Carrow's quarters, and I don't think gossip like this is appropriate, under the circumstances.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-03 01:04:41](#)  
(no subject)

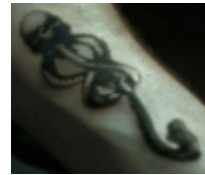
Howd they even find his living quarters is what I want to know. With all these professors I reckon they must live somewhere but even when I was still getting lost every day I never saw anything that looked like the door to professors bedrooms.

Not that I would have gone through it if I had. ~~Unless I was really~~  
lost

**2009-03-02 20:20:00**

*(no subject)*

Vengeance is mine. Of course, not the Vengeance that accompanied Madame Defarge - but nevertheless.



 [alt\\_amycus](#)

Or she should be.

---



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-03 01:25:30](#)

*Order Only*

Minerva! I just saw--

What happened? You're NEVER handing my boys over to that monster, are you?!



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-03-03 01:30:54](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Oh hell I almost forgot. Thank you Molly.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-03 01:32:58](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Forgot? What do you mean, you forgot? What on earth is going on?



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-03 01:33:19](#)

*Re: Order Only*

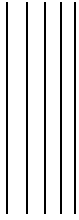
Minerva!



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-03 01:39:43](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Arthur, did you see Percy's post?



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-03-03 01:41:07](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

I did. I'm on my way home, Molly. Don't fret. I'm sure Minerva will sort things out.



 **[alt\\_macnair](#)** at **[2009-03-03 02:12:17](#)**

*(no subject)*

Who is this Madame Defarge?

We should talk, since it seems that those of my house have intruded on your quarters.

**2009-03-02 21:41:00**

*Messrs Weasley and Wealsey*

I have discussed the matter of their escapade with them tonight. Don't think that you will be able to do the same, students!! And I shall be suspending judgement until tomorrow morning when I can consult with Profesor Macnair. And am less



 [altermity](#)  
 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#)



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-03-03 02:44:16](#)  
(no subject)

I meant 'able to break into professors quarters,' not 'able to talk to the Weasley twins,' naturally.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-03-03 03:33:33](#)  
(no subject)

And Mr Lee Jordan as well, of course. My mind is going.




 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-03 03:38:50](#)  
*Order Only*

Oh, dear. Minerva, have you--?

Well, if you have had to deal with a vengeful Carrow I suppose it wouldn't be surprising. Still--oh, dear.




 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-03-03 03:44:03](#)  
*Re: Order Only*

Indeed. Best to put down the quill for the night, Minerva. This will all be there tomorrow, worse luck. Let us know what you end up deciding with the boys.


(Poppy, perhaps you might check on her tomorrow morning, early.)



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-03-03 03:59:07](#)  
*Re: Order Only*

Certainly.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-03-03 18:05:00](#)  
*(no subject)*

Did the fortifying draught do the trick this morning, Minerva?

I have plenty of extra-strength headache powder here should you need it.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-03-03 18:23:24](#)  
*(no subject)*

Yes, thank you, Poppy.



**2009-03-03 13:23:00**

*Punishments*

Messrs. Weasley, Weasley and Jordan shall transfigure 10,000 needles into matchsticks, and then transfigure them back. Their detentions will last as long as their task requires to be accomplished. Additionally, you will note that fifty points have been taken from Gryffindor, each.



 [alternity](#)  
 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#)

Though it pains me to say so, any further misbehaviour on the part of these young wizards shall result in their immediate removal from the Gryffindor Quidditch team.


---



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-03-03 18:31:48](#)  
*ORDER ONLY*

The sticking point with Carrow was that Carrow wanted to transfigure *them* - you can imagine my horror!



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-03-03 18:52:33](#)  
*Re: ORDER ONLY*


Into what, dare I ask?



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-03-03 19:02:09](#)  
*Re: ORDER ONLY*

Ten thousand needles, I believe, was the initial suggestion. His raving was quite hard to understand.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-03-03 19:25:52](#)  
*Re: ORDER ONLY*

Oh, dear. Ouch.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-03 19:39:24](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

I thank you for not giving in, then. Good heavens, I don't think I want to know any more about his imaginative suggestions for punishments. I'm sure they are suitably lurid.

Minerva, I'll send a Howler to them, to arrive at breakfast tomorrow morning. Something as noisy and embarrassing as possible. I won't be play-acting too much; I'm not just vexed at them for getting into trouble, I'm terrified that they dared to draw the undivided attention of that . . . that psychopath upon themselves. I don't suppose it will do much to mollify Carrow, but at least it will do a little something to keep up some appearances.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-03-03 18:52:49](#)

*order only*

One needle at a time, I reckon? Otherwise the hardest part is finding 10,000 needles....

Joking aside, Minerva, Arthur, Molly - what possessed them? I'm guessing young Malfoy's right and they were trying to get to Terry. Arthur, have you spoken to them about their championing the boy? I know they want to help, but... Merlin, they're bordering on madness.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-03-03 19:26:18](#)

*Re: order only*

They were hardly forthcoming, but yes, I did infer that their goal was to contact or aid Boot in some way.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-03 19:48:05](#)

*Re: order only*

What possessed them? At a guess, I think it was two well-developed consciences and good hearts. What could Arthur and I have been thinking, raising them that way? Quite a liability for young people nowadays, isn't it?



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-03-03 19:52:52](#)

*Re: order only*

Molly, really. That's not what I meant and you know it. There's a difference between being conscientious and suicidal.

I'm the first one to applaud a well-played practical joke or an act of selflessness, either one. They could have been seriously injured, though, and it's only due to Minerva's steel that they weren't more severely reprimanded.

Look, neither James nor I were saints back at school, and we broke the law more than once in defence of a friend. That's not what I'm getting at. You told me you thought they knew where to draw the line for their own safety - this wasn't it, Molly.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-03-03 19:54:14](#)

*Re: order only*

AND enough innate mischief for twenty other teenage boys, no doubt.

Molly, dear, no need to snap Sirius' nose off. He makes a valid point. It was really quite headless of them. They pull pranks all the time, true, but they usually show better sense than to bait someone like Amycus Carrow.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-03 20:02:06](#)

*Re: order only*

I know, I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Sirius. I'm just overwrought. Carrow horrifices me, and they couldn't have picked a worse enemy. I'm sure they didn't mean to get caught, but he'll always have a malevolent eye out for them now.

I will make that an extra special Howler.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-03-03 20:49:03](#)

*Re: order only*

I know, Molly, and believe me, I'm motivated by the same vicarious fear for them. They need to go more careful. Look, I'm not flattering myself when I say that James, Remus, Peter and I were some of the school's most notorious pranksters. Dumbledore told us at least a hundred times that we were more trouble than the entire International Confederation of Wizards at World Cup time. When we got it into our heads that something was a good idea, it quickly became an *imperative* - and damn the consequences. And most of our japes weren't over something nearly as important as a young boy's life - and not against an adversary as bonkers as Carrow.

Trust me, I can well understand how distraught you must be. That's why the motivation doesn't matter - only the fact that they rushed in headlong without thinking about whether they had any other possible course, any allies or any hope of success.

Of *course* their hearts are in the right place. I'd expect no less. It's their hides I'm worried about preserving, just as you are.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-03-03 21:45:21](#)

*Re: order only*

Probably oughtn't to put my head in the gryphon's mouth again, Arthur, but likely they fixated on Carrow from the start *because* he's such an odious creature.

We usually picked targets based on who we thought was too puffed up, needed to be brought down a peg or two. But generally speaking we didn't pit ourselves against a juggernaut, either.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-03-03 20:13:53](#)

*Re: order only*

I will write to them too, Sirius, although they may be a little too busy in the near future mucking about with needles and matchsticks to reply. Molly has a point too, you know. We don't want them to become

callous--that leads them to the path that Percy's following, I'm afraid.

They're quite clever in their own way, you know. I think you would have liked them very much, if you'd all been in school together at the same time, judging from your stories. They're not book smart, Merlin knows, but I think they do have a great deal of insight into people. And goodness knows they aren't at all afraid of thinking along anti-authoritarian lines.

I hope I can persuade them to be more careful next time.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-03-03 20:32:52](#)

*Re: order only*


Look, I think it would be a little difficult to convince anyone I want them to be more callous, especially in light of all my pulpit-thrashing with the Grim Truth and all. And no disrespect to either of you - I admire the way you've raised your boys to keep a good grip on right and wrong despite the climate over there.

I also admire Fred and George for their ingenuity, Arthur, I do - I just wonder if they've convinced themselves they know better than anyone and they're the only ones who *can* make the difference. That's the attitude that makes me fear for them. It's the attitude we had when we thought we were cocks of the walk: unstoppable and righteous, no matter how brainless the plan. It makes you blind to the consequences.

They're working in isolation and that makes them a danger to themselves. It's like bloody Xeno deciding to come out with an editorial supporting the 'traitor, Sirius Black' - a marvellous, meaningful gesture, perhaps, but a foolish one nonetheless.

I'm not suggesting they should stop taking the boy's part. Only that they could be more ... subtle about it. Less desperate, maybe.




 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-03-03 18:57:05](#)  
(no subject)

One needle at a time, I presume? I fear it would be sadly in character for those ... enterprising young miscreants to bend the terms of their deserved discipline.

I'm surprised Carrow did not demand a more physical retribution. Perhaps my chat with him last month is taking root.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-03-03 19:05:12](#)  
*Order only*

Oh, for the love of Nimue, I hate it when something like this happens. I feel like I need to shower - accidentally sharing a thought with Malfoy!

**2009-03-04 13:41:00**

*Order Only*

Hello, hello, my friends!



 [alt\\_kingsley](#)

Here's a report for you, finally, on the last stragglers from the Derby escape. We think we've got them safely away from the snapping jaws of the Ministry, but they won't be joining the rest at Moddey Dhoo.

A combination of hard work and good luck allowed us to finally run them to ground. Since we were dodging MLE enforcers, we miniaturised most of our gear and travelled almost as light as fugitives ourselves. At night we made do with just cloaks, bedrolls, and perimeter wards, with one of us always awake and watching through the hours of darkness. It was cold, wet and miserable, since we didn't dare risk a fire, and we got heartily sick of drying charms.

I'll give them the virtues they've earned: those MLE bastards were persistent. Luckily for us, they have their vices as well: they were arrogant, so certain they'd catch their prey quickly they barely bothered trying to hide their presence. That made it easy for us to avoid them, and as for our goal, we spotted the tracks of the fugitives in the first twenty-four hours. We followed the trail until it got lost in a rocky clearing. Even Benjy couldn't follow from there, and he's our best tracker, as you know. That was our first hint that the Muggleborns we were following were wily foxes themselves.

At one point, we nearly blundered into a patrol of enforcers who thought they might have their quarry boxed up in a thicket. They set a ring around and waited. I heard them arguing about setting fires to flush them out, but all the rain had soaked the woods so thoroughly that even their drying charms weren't doing much good. Dorcas managed to spot one, a woman who must have shimmied up an oak tree and perched there, stretched out along a limb looking down on the waiting MLE as still as a cat at a mouse hole, as cool as you please. Still, there was no way she could wait there forever. Caradoc crept away and spooked a herd of deer about a half-mile off, and when the MLE Apparated out to check on the noise, the woman started climbing down.

We moved in slowly, trying to do it without scaring her into bolting. Unfortunately, they had a perimeter watch too, and just as we were about introduce ourselves, she pointed behind me, looking smug. There Emmeline was, with a knife at her throat and the knife in the hands of a big, scary sod.

We made it clear we had no intention of hurting anyone, and we kept telling them that we were on the same side as the Grim Truth. Fortunately, everybody cooled down after a while, and nobody got hurt. Instead we sat down in the mud and it all got talked out.

They believed us in the end, but they wouldn't go with us. There were four of them, Arthur. William Davidson, their leader, is formerly with the SAS—that's a Special Forces branch of the old Muggle Army. I've no doubt that he'd be a dab hand in a knife fight, he looked lethal enough. It was his training kept them one step of the MLE. The others were Jackie Porter, Lawrence Mason and Ferdinand Holmes. (Porter was the woman up the tree.) They were all hungry and thin, but with hard eyes that watched us carefully. We offered them some of our cold rations, eating a bit of it first to show them it was safe, and they wolfed them down with good appetites.

They made it crystal clear that they'd be cursed to the lower dungeons of Nurmengard and back before they'd join forces with anyone carrying a wand. I told them we had a place where they could be safe, but they just shook their heads.

What they wanted, believe it or not, was to stay exactly where they were, harrying the enemy and picking up other stragglers who might be able to break out of the camps. Maybe helping a few of the poor blokes to escape at all. Davidson talked about being the nucleus of a group that could grow. The only time I saw him smile was when he pointed out that we were in the heart of Sherwood. 'Remind you of anyone?' he wanted to know.

We talked a little while longer, trying to convince them. Davidson refused to budge and none of the others were willing to leave him. I didn't even dare bring up the question of whether we might get them wands of their own again, they were so dead set against anything that smacked of magic. Can't blame them, I guess, and besides, there's no surety that you can get wands for our own, Sirius, my friend, much less anyone outside our intimate circle. Finally we asked them if there was anything they would accept from us in the way of help, and eventually they told us to get the MLE buggers off their tails and leave them alone.


Happy to have something we could do, Caradoc and I caught some deer and transfigured them into corpses, giving the MLE an excuse to call off the hunt. While we were off seeing to that, Emmeline, Dorcas and Benjy offered to at least charm their bags and such so they'd carry more gear and game. We agreed to check on



them once a month or so, whether they wanted it or not, since we could hardly force them to come in from the cold, and left them some rations.

I do believe that if anyone could make it without a wand, though, it would be Davidson. These Muggleborns have steel that the Ministry just doesn't understand.



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-03-04 19:54:28](#)**  
(no subject)

Rain ... mud ... knives ... hunting ... deer carcasses ...

That's an adventuresome tale, if I've ever heard one, Kingsley, but you don't tell us plainly what we most want to know: are you all well and safely away from the scene? No one was injured, I hope.



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-03-04 20:08:33](#)**  
(no subject)

All right, all right.

I've read it all through again, and I do see that you say no one was harmed in the standoff with your band of fugitives.

But do, please, let me hear that you've all made it safely back to wherever it is you've been keeping yourselves -- and that you're not all down with fevers or hobbled by injuries that seemed small in the moment but need tending now.



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-03-04 20:54:40](#)**  
(no subject)

A remarkable story indeed, Kingsley.

You know, I can't help but feel a sense of shame, that those of us with wands have made ourselves so abhorrent to these people that they would prefer wandering

homeless to any home we could give them. Still . . . you left the door open, and that is something that perhaps we can build upon.

I'll check their files at the camp. Perhaps their paperwork might have some information--news of relatives, maybe--we might offer the next time you meet them, to show good faith and build trust. Frank, do the names mean anything to your new residents at Moddey Dhoo? Can they provide any insight?

In the interval, I heartily wish Davidson and the rest good luck, for they certainly shall need it. It's a good thing the weather will soon becoming warmer. Perhaps we can assemble a kit of useful supplies to leave them at the next rendezvous; that might help thaw relations, too.



 **alt\_frank** at [2009-03-05 00:17:10](#)  
(no subject)

I'll ask round, see if they recognise anyone.



 **alt\_frank** at [2009-03-04 23:24:56](#)  
(no subject)

good to hear from you. and it's a good thing you lot came out safe and sound.

looks like they can handle themselves, and seems like we've got similar goals in mind -- enemies of our enemies and all that.

it'll be asking a lot to get them wands too, I know, but I'd like to see what they could do with a little firepower on their side. even the playing field a bit.



 **alt\_sirius** at [2009-03-05 14:57:53](#)  
(no subject)

Well done, Kingley! Although I wonder if, like Frank and Alice's Turner, wands in their hands might help - not just to help them feel more, what's the word ... empowered, but actually help them do what they're setting out to do.

If he fancies himself a modern Robin Hood, then it's good you'll be checking back in on him. I shouldn't like to think they'll get caught and immediately be killed for their trouble.

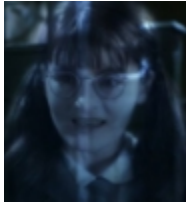
**2009-03-04 16:10:00**

*Myrtle*

Well, I just met the famous Moaning Myrtle. She was alright. But she was crying most of the time and when she wasn't crying she was yelling at me for disturbing her peace. Weird.



 **alt\_hannah**



 **alt\_myrtle** at **2009-03-04 22:13:52**

*(no subject)*

The only reason I was yelling at you was because a Prefect yelled at me so I just decided to take out my anger on you.



 **alt\_millicent** at **2009-03-05 01:03:07**

*(no subject)*

good pick to take your anger out on Myrtle.



 **alt\_percy** at **2009-03-04 22:37:44**

*(no subject)*

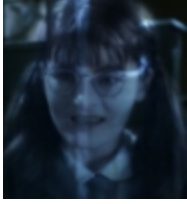
I would hope that a Prefect at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry would always take the effort to be polite, and that includes toward the school ghosts.



 **alt\_hannah** at **2009-03-04 23:24:33**

*(no subject)*

I would hope so too but it is Myrtle we're talking about and she can take stuff all personal you know.



 [alt\\_myrtle](#) at [2009-03-04 23:27:47](#)  
(no subject)

I do not, I just take things seriously that's all.

**2009-03-04 16:55:00**

*A Helpful Observation*

**I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No  
Good**

Percy Weasley is a Prat.



 [alt\\_gredforge](#)

**2009-03-04 19:54:00**

*I am very happy to be Mr Marvolo's Mudblood.*



 **alt\_hermione**

Mr Marvolo is not giving me his homework to do. He punishes me fairly when I do wrong things, and I'm doing my best to become a better Mudblood, and I'm very grateful to be his servant.



 **alt\_hermione** at **2009-03-05 01:02:08**

*ORDER ONLY*

It isn't that bad, not at all, it truly isn't. I'm not allowed to do Harry's homework anymore but he lets me look over his shoulder whenever Malfoy isn't there - and sometimes he needs to be corrected, he really is rather stupid, I wonder why he's so important to the Lord Protector since he isn't his son anyway? But it's not quite as nice as being in the library, but it isn't so bad.



 **alt\_molly** at **2009-03-05 01:10:28**

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

I have been thinking of you quite a bit this week, Hermione, dear. You're able to sleep well enough in that cupboard? Your pallet is comfortable enough, and it isn't too stuffy?



 **alt\_hermione** at **2009-03-05 01:14:02**

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

Oh it's quite nice, better than my old cubby a little, because it has an entire door and a knob and I can *lock* it, even if I know someone could get in if I wanted. And I was let take my things, and Harry said that if I wanted to hang up some of the illuminations I made I could, so when I can I'm going to go back and ask Madam Pince for some of them.



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-03-05 02:06:11](#)**

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

Arthur and I are very glad he is treating you well, then.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-03-05 15:06:48](#)**

*Order only*

Somehow it doesn't surprise me that he wanted you to do his homework for him. I'm glad he's still letting you help him correct it, though.

I tried to get him to tell Malfoy to step off, too, but...well, I'm not sure it'll do any good. I don't want to put a rift between them over you - it'll just make things worse for you in the long run. Keep your head down, Hermione, and please, be careful.



**2009-03-05 09:37:00**

*Order Only: Follow up on Derby*



 [alt\\_arthur](#)

Higher ups in the Ministry are still investigating how the initial memo from the second Derby breakout got misplaced, with a grim ferocity that frankly astonishes me. (And it's causing sleepless nights for Molly, given my guilty hand in the whole affair.) Rupadam and Warrington are very, very sorry they were so foolish as to succumb to the influenza on the crucial day that the initial memo went mysteriously missing. I do feel a touch of remorse on Rupadam's part, who is a decent bloke who does his job well, but hopefully they can see that he is not at fault, as he was out sick the day the memo came in.

I still do not think that retaliatory hexes are likely to be aimed at me—I've been playing least in sight, deliberately remaining out in the field as much as possible. Still, it all makes me extremely wary of doing any intelligence gathering at Derby about the background of the escapees. Perhaps things will cool off in two or three weeks, and I can check the parchmentwork then.

I do have one bit of good news at least: I got it from Warrington this morning. Those putative 'corpses' Kingsley and Caradoc left in the woods have been found, so I hope that will take the pressure off. I must say, my blood did boil a bit, listening to Warrington crowing on about it. 'Four of them,' he said (so our numbers correspond). 'One of 'em, the stupid bint had even stripped her own clothes off. How the hell did they think they'd ever have a chance out there? Good for nothing mud, too brainless to live.'

'Hypothermia,' I told him shortly. 'It often makes the victims confused, so they remove their own clothing. It could happen to anyone caught out this time of year without shelter.'

He grunted and wandered off to his office. *Even you, you smug bastard*, I thought.

So—it looks as though your scheme worked, Kingsley.

---



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-03-05 15:55:12](#)  
(no subject)

Yes, that is good news about the trick.

One thing bothers me, though - and it's been on my mind since Kingsley reported yesterday, but you've just reminded me. Frank and Alice have six; Kingsley found four. But the *Prophet* article said thirteen escaped. Now, if they counted Fawcett, that's eleven, but assuming their numbers are accurate, there are still at least two at large.

Which means, for one thing, that it might be longer than two weeks before things cool off - and that there are probably still Enforcers out looking.

But it also means we've got two more potential wild cards out there. I wonder where they've holed up.




 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-03-05 15:59:37](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, bugger. You're right, I can't believe I missed that.

Unless the group in Sherwood were being coy with Kingsley about their numbers, if they had another one or two stashed away elsewhere . . . ? But no. They wanted the MLE off their tail, so they had Kingsley transfigure corpses for all of them.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-03-05 16:02:06](#)  
(no subject)

S'all right, Arthur, we can't all of us be good at maths.

Maybe it's a good thing, though - I mean, surely you'd have heard or the *Prophet* would have reported a capture?




 [alt\\_kingsley](#) at [2009-03-05 16:06:31](#)  
(no subject)

They didn't tell us much, Arthur, but Davidson did say there were only the four of them.

And we can't go looking for the other two now, blast it, because we've had a show at Chorley booked for three weeks.

Unless you think I ought to postpone it?



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-03-05 16:08:19](#)  
(no subject)

Hmm . . . I really hate to say it, but no. We want to establish the Players as dependable. When would you be free to pick up the hunt again? That one's supposed to be a shorter stay, isn't it?



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-03-05 16:08:45](#)  
(no subject)


Perhaps I can pick up some information in the meantime that might narrow the search.



 [alt\\_kingsley](#) at [2009-03-05 16:12:15](#)  
(no subject)

That would be most helpful, but don't put yourself in harm's way, my friend!



 [alt\\_kingsley](#) at [2009-03-05 16:11:25](#)  
(no subject)

That's correct. We'll play there over the weekend and we can be back on the trail on Tuesday.

I think you're right, Arthur. I hate to think they might be harmed or caught meanwhile, though. Perhaps Davidson will find them.



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-03-05 17:22:22](#)**  
(no subject)

I suppose it's too much to hope the Ministry would sack Warrington over the whole affair. I would dearly love to see the last of that man.



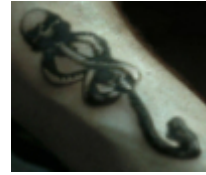
 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-03-05 17:23:50](#)**  
(no subject)

Lovely to daydream about, Molly, but no. We probably wouldn't like whoever the Ministry would put in his place anyway.

**2009-03-05 19:47:00**

*(no subject)*

Flutterings of silver, ageless anew. I remain poised on the brink of depthless discoveries. I must dare, I must risk greatly, for even greater prizes.



 [alt\\_amycus](#)

There may be shards, of course. That is to be expected, when one deigns to work with dross. But perhaps the firings of the crucible may result in a thing of . . . well, not beauty, probably, given what we're beginning with. But at least of admirable utility.

I do believe I am almost ready for the unveiling.

2CC (remember that)  
nothing but vegetables

**[2009-03-06 13:25:00](#)**

*Order Only*

I have very good news to report -- very good news, indeed: this morning, young Mr Boot arrived for his usual Friday hours in the hospital wing, spot on time, just as though he had not been missing for three weeks.



 [alt\\_poppy](#)

He was pale and even more quiet than usual, but he appears to be physically well and seems for the most part to have been adequately fed. I insisted upon giving him an immediate wandpoint examination, and he submitted to it willingly enough. His muscle tone is rather weaker than usual, and his reflexes diminished, which makes me think he has been so closely confined he could not move about. He cannot hide that he's feeling stiff and sore. Not that he complained, mind you. Indeed not. His anaemia is back, too; I suspect he was not allowed any meat during his captivity. I made him take a dose of VitaMite, which he drank down resignedly (he does hate the taste so). But otherwise, he has the full use of his limbs, and no additional scars of any kind that I can see.

I'm afraid, however, that while he is, for the most part, physically well, he is not sound. Not at all. He became quietly distressed when the door to the room was closed; upon noticing this, I immediately opened it, which seemed to ease his mind somewhat, but he never, during all the time he was here, turned his back towards it. His skittishness about being approached from behind is even more marked, and I could not, for anything I tried, make him look me in the eye or entice him to tell me what has been done to him. To all such questions, he merely answered: 'The mudblood was where Master wanted.'

I pressed him, but really I couldn't bear to interrogate him. What he wanted was to work, and so we did.

I must say, it was a great help to have him again. I've been rushing from pillar to post these past weeks what with the continued crush of students in need of my care and the absence of both my young helpers. (The cost of this situation came clear in a most unfortunate way yesterday afternoon when I dosed a peaky Ravenclaw with Pepper Up only to find it had been tampered with. Minerva: it would seem that I do, indeed, have mischievous 'mice' in my cupboards and will need to consult with you on how best to set a trap for them.)

You can see, then, why I was, on all accounts, most pleased to have Mr Boot back with me this morning -- I was so very relieved that he is in one piece (if not entirely whole), and I was also selfishly pleased to have someone who could share the folding and cleaning and scrubbing and setting straight that must be done of a morning.

Now if only I could have Miss Granger restored to me, we might put things back to rights here, get some necessary brewing done, and subject the stores to the thorough examination they obviously require.

Is there any chance of that, do you suppose? Surely she needs to be kept usefully occupied while Mr Marvolo is in lessons. I can promise without stretching the truth that there is work enough here to keep her and three others busy all day every day.

Well. Whatever the elves served for lunch must have agreed with more tummies than usual: I rarely have enough quiet moments all at once to allow for writing! (Though saying so will probably jinx the entire afternoon.)




 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-06 20:45:16](#)  
(no subject)

My goodness, that is excellent news about Terry Boot. And yes, what a relief. The twins will certainly be delighted.

(Hermione, have you had an opportunity to speak to him? Was he a bit more forthcoming with you?)

As for the 'mice' in your stores . . . any other signs of depredation? I assume this your first discovery of this sort of thing since your last inventory, and when was that? Anything else missing? What were they after?



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-03-06 21:23:29](#)**  
(no subject)

I'm afraid the twins will be distressed when they see the lad: he is so markedly withdrawn, a mere shell of himself, really. I hope your boys will not allow their anger to get the better of them this time.

Ah, the mice. There was trouble in January, you know, and I was hoping it was simply a wobble in my daily inventory charms -- and it seemed that everything had reconciled perfectly this past month. Alas, the culprit struck my liquid stocks this time, taking a bit here and there and topping up the contents! I shall have to check each and every vial, flask and bottle for tampering now, so I'm not entirely sure whether there is a pattern to the pilfering or whether they've simply taken whatever came most easily to hand. They were clever, though, with the Pepper Up: whatever they used to make up the volume did not alter the smell of the stuff and scarcely affected its appearance. It wasn't until the poor lad I was treating became quite suddenly and dramatically sick that I realised anything was amiss.

We shall catch them, though, never you fear.




 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-03-06 22:24:24](#)**  
(no subject)

Has Terry been around since your last inventory? Because if not, that is one unexpectedly bright spot about Carrow making him disappear for the better part of a month: apparently he cannot be blamed.

What other suspects could there be? Do you have a sign in/sign out sheet for students, or any kind of ward upon the supply cabinets, especially at night?




 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-03-06 22:26:15](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, dear . . . Hermione. Not that I think of blaming her, of course, but I'm sure other busy and malicious minds might be only too happy to



do so, given the opportunity. Is this going to make trouble for her?




 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-03-06 23:06:03](#)**  
(no subject)

It's absolutely not our Miss Granger, but you are quite right to fear what conclusions others might reach. For this reason, above all, I want to catch these thieves before there's need of any official

enquiry.

I think I know just the thing for it, too, if I can get Minerva's endorsement. The question is how long it might be before the culprits strike again. They seem not to have been foolhardy about it, so I imagine they will pick their moment carefully.




 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-03-06 22:52:55](#)**  
(no subject)

Mr Boot, at least, cannot be a suspect as his absence makes it impossible that he could have been involved. And before you go worrying about this yourself, I think it highly unlikely that your twins will be suspected: I haven't seen anything of either of them during young Boot's absence, though they were quite regular visitors here before that.

Of course, I keep records of all of the pupils who come for treatment and there is a sign-in form for those who pay visits here, although we have had such a busy several months that it's possible some have slipped past the register without signing it. Still, it gives us a place to start.


The cupboards, as you say, are charmed tight at night, so it's likely the theft has happened in broad daylight and has gone unnoticed amidst the chaos. It's not practical to have every dose security charmed: imagine having to lock and unlock, hex and unhex things that are needed umpteen times a day at a moment's notice. Of course, there are certain medicinals that I keep in much more secure storage, but the common draughts and ingredients must be kept close to hand -- and it's those items that have been disappearing.



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-03-08 01:32:24](#)**  
(no subject)


I must confess, that is a load off our minds about Fred and George. They hardly need any more trouble at the moment.



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-03-07 20:03:50](#)**  
(no subject)

good to hear, Poppy.

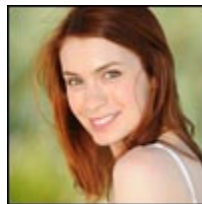



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-03-07 20:21:33](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, it was such a relief to see the lad. You can imagine!

But, Alice, to see him so broken... it would break your heart. If you had saved only one child from this fate, it would be worth all the danger and personal sacrifice you've invested -- and you've done so much more than that already. Just, please know how valuable it is, all that you're doing there.

So very important.



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-03-08 02:09:36](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, Poppy...

I can't help but feel responsible for Terry. And Hermione, and Dennis, and all those other little ones we weren't able to get to in time. It breaks my heart every time I get news of them, or they write anything in these journals. I can hardly bear it sometimes.

If I could wrap my arms around that little boy and never let go, I would, and I'm just so angry that he's there instead of here, where he should be. I should have been there for him. I should have been there for all of them, but I wasn't.

...I'm so sorry. I've had a long day, and I've been so worried about Terry and Hermione as of late.



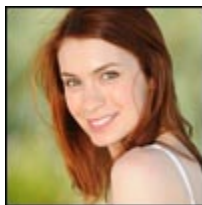
 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-03-08 02:51:09](#)**  
(no subject)


They're not entirely alone, though.

I know that you feel badly them, about Dennis in particular. But remember that we were able to save his brother, and maybe he will meet Colin someday. And at least Hermione and Terry can turn to each other. Neville and the twins, and even my Ron are looking out for them. And, well, Poppy and Minerva may be . . . *astringent*, but they care for and protect them.

Still, I know what you mean. It's all a piece of the madness of the world we live in, I think, Alice: you sent your own babes to Augusta so that you could save and raise other children. I'm helping to raise Luna, and knitting socks for children at Sanctuary and the camps, and sending clothes with cheering charms to Terry, while my own boys are at Hogwarts where Minerva and Poppy are looking after them!

You do what I do: you hold a child and pretend it's your own, and just trust, somehow, that the love you're pouring in will be felt by your own.




 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-03-08 03:15:53](#)**  
(no subject)

I've had a cuppa, and a bit of a cry, and I feel much better now.

You're right, of course. I'd rather they all were at Hogwarts with our Minerva and Poppy to keep a sharp eye on them. And your boys, and my Neville, and Remus too.

There are some little ones down the hall that are always up for being held a little. I think I'll stop in before bed.



 **alt\_arthur** at **2009-03-08 01:06:03**  
(no subject)

As for the young Boot boy, I've seen this sort of thing in the camps quite often, you know, broken spirits, I mean. He may recover. He is quite young, and the young can be very resilient. You and Hermione can help him, if you remain his friends and do not push him too much, especially since we have no idea what he has been through, those missing weeks. Take things slowly, and eventually he may remember that there are people in the world that he can trust again.

**2009-03-07 12:25:00**

*Grim Truth 92/07/03*



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

Greetings, British Wizarding World.

I don't know about you, but the journal chatter this week or so has been very disturbing to me. Not the news about the Derby escapes - how's that search party working out, by the way? - but the sorts of headgames being played among several of the so-called 'in-crowd' of first-years at Hogwarts. This class holds my interest for a number of reasons, not least of which is that it's the first class raised entirely within the current regime. Oh, I know virtually all Hogwarts' current students have no memory of any other era in our history. But the first-years seem particularly vicious this term.

I know a little something about popularity games - and bullying - at school. I was both its victim and its perpetrator, to my discomfort (and remorse) now that I look back on it. We thought we lived atop the world back then, and the brief stint of persecution we suffered as 'ickle firsties' only served to confirm our suspicion that we were the few, the proud and the unstoppable. And after our first year, we were, for the most part.

That meant that we also made some pretty awful decisions. (My sympathies to Headmistress McGonagall, whom I am sure still remembers with equal regret and amusement the days when Potter and Black alternately glorified and besmirched the reputation of Gryffindor House.) And there were always a few who protested that we were being cruel, but for the most part, people would rather turn their heads and secretly thank their stars that we chose someone else to single out. Given the way almost everyone, apart from a very few affected parties, barely reacted to the events I'm about to mention, I see that the callow attitude hasn't changed - although the stakes are considerably higher.

There were three recent occurrences at Hogwarts that serve as background for our discussion today. You may have read about them; I know that the students are still talking about some of them, even if they say they're not. The first is the Headmistress's decision to assign her library assistant to a student for a personal valet; the second is the disappearance of Amycus Carrow's servant; and the third is the treatment a half-blood student received from several of her classmates. Keep each of these incidents in mind as we continue.

What do these events have in common? They have to do with how we view and exercise our authority as wizards over other beings. For the moment, let's pretend that Muggleborn wizards and witches are actually *not* members of the same race, with every right to wield the powers with which they were endowed. Does that mean that we therefore have the right to rob them of dignity or autonomy? Does it mean that they are unfit to be trusted with their own choices, their bodies, their very lives? And if we believe that, then how far is it to go to begin persecuting those who are more than half Muggle? Half-Muggle? Less than half?

Apparently, it's not far at all.

To give someone complete dominion over another intelligent being is to invite him to abuse that power. The longer one has access to such power, the more likely one is to exert it in harmful ways. Even if a 'master' is good, kind and gentle to his 'slave', the knowledge that he can if he so desires cause physical or mental harm is a heady potion, impossible not to drink eventually. Over time, that license corrupts its wielder, warps his sense of what is acceptable. The cutting remark becomes a cuff to the ear; a day under lock and key becomes a week in confinement; the swipe of a boot becomes the swish of the Cruciatus curse. And it is superficial differences that become the justifications for one person to tear down someone else.

Physical violence is possibly the worst privation one human can inflict on another. But just as damaging in its way is the psychological effect derived from systematically denigrating a segment of the population, collectively - or individually. While physical pain can do permanent damage, psychological trauma robs its victims of their pride, their self-confidence and their sense of their boundless potential. It doesn't matter whether the wronged party is male or female, Muggleborn or 'pure', destitute or well-heeled. Prejudice is poison.

The Protectorate wants you to believe that it doesn't matter what happens to the Muggles, Muggleborns and Squibs whose lives have been stolen. It matters because whatever their abilities, they are still human. It matters because the question of equality among humans was settled a long time ago, and yet the oppression of one man by another persists. What does it say about us - not as wizards and witches, but as men and women - that we have returned to a practise deemed illegal in our nation since 1833? For one hundred and fifty years, England had no slaves.


Now?

Why have we turned our backs on lessons already learned by nearly every civilised nation in the world? Why are we teaching our children that it is acceptable - even *desirable* - to persecute each other based solely on who their parents are or were? There's no honour in beating down someone who has no recourse for fighting back and it's a lie to say otherwise.

Anyone who believes that slavery is humane if managed well or that abuse is all that slaves deserve, ask yourself: What would you do if someone snapped your wand, took your freedom, cast you down and forced you to labour for others - not for any specific crime, but simply because you happen to be British?

Well, let's not dwell on that unpleasant thought for the moment. Instead, think about this simple, but Grim Truth. Slavery brutalises both the slaver and the enslaved.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-07 18:28:59](#)  
(no subject)

What are you talking about with slavery being illegal?  
What do you think a house elf is, you great pillock.




 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-03-07 19:23:45](#)  
(no subject)

He's talking about a law passed around 1800 or so.  
It was called the 'Slave Selling Act,' or something  
like that, and it made slavery against the law.

I only know about it 'cos my Gran's family is related by marriage to one of the people who helped to pass it, a man named William Wilberforce.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-07 19:30:20](#)  
(no subject)

Neville, I would strongly advise you not to engage  
in any further conversation with this . . . this  
*provocateur*.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-03-07 19:31:18](#)  
(no subject)


Well, I was only answering Malfoy, anyway.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-07 19:34:29](#)  
(no subject)

Any response to these screeds is needlessly encouraging him, and about as pointless as adding porcupine quills to a shrinking solution in your Potions class. You don't get anything useful out of it, just a scorched cauldron.




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

Much as I hate to agree with someone like Weasley (talk about a pillock!), he's right. Its dead stupid to defend Black about anything he says.

You're a pureblood, though, aren't you? Why would you say anything about having had Muggles in your family?



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-03-07 19:51:07](#)  
(no subject)

Well, I suppose just about every pureblood would be related to a muggle or two somewhere through marriage, if you're going back as long as hundred fifty years ago or so.

Besides, he did a lot of good and was a member of Parliament and all. My Gran's not ashamed of having him as a relative, and I reckon that's good enough for me.





 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-07 22:29:01](#)  
(no subject)

Well there's a surprise - your Gran's a fool and so are you.



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-03-07 22:38:44](#)  
(no subject)

Mr Longbottom.

Five points from Gryffindor for giving others the impression that you support Black in any

capacity.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-03-07 23:35:20](#)  
(no subject)

Sorry, sir.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-03-07 19:43:38](#)  
(no subject)

Wilberforce did pass the Slave Trade Act in 1807, which made it illegal to sell or buy slaves.

The Slavery Abolition Act of 1833 freed any slaves who were already owned, though.

I'd say five points for Gryffindor, but I suspect no one would honour it.



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-03-07 22:34:59](#)  
(no subject)

You've got that much right, at least.

The only truth I see here is that you're still trying to stir the pot and make a desperate grab for

attention.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-03-07 19:48:49](#)  
(no subject)


House-elves are a complicated case, Mr Malfoy, but the fact that they are slaves doesn't make their employment right. Most house-elves would rather work than not. But it doesn't give wizard families the right to abuse them, any more than wizards are justified in oppressing other humans.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-07 22:30:52](#)  
(no subject)


My mudblood would rather work for me than not, so there. Ask him yourself if you don't believe. Except he wouldn't ever answer someone like you, seeing as he knows better.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-03-07 23:10:32](#)  
(no subject)


I should think you'd know better, too.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-08 00:45:40](#)  
(no subject)

Of course I do, Father.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-03-07 20:18:55](#)  
*ORDER ONLY*

You were so young back then...

I remember catching you and Remus up to your elbows in Dungbombs once. Merlin knows what you were planning on doing with them. The looks on your faces! I had to work hard to keep from laughing the entire time I was walking you back to your Common Room. And that trick you did with the jellies was brilliant, even though it ended up staining my second-best

blouse. To this day, I don't know how you pulled it off.

And don't be too hard on yourself, Sirius. I seem to recall a time when a certain gang of second-year troublemakers did me a rather large favour. Sometimes you were a bit wild and misguided, but all of you had good hearts. Don't you try to convince me otherwise!



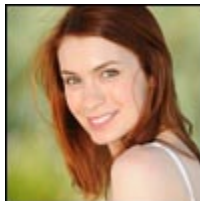
 [alt\\_sirius at 2009-03-07 21:12:07](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

A good magician never gives away his secrets. When we weren't busy losing house points or helping pretty girls out of scrapes, we were generally rather glorious, it's true (he said modestly). The big difference as I see it is we tried never to pick on anyone who couldn't give back at least as good as they got.

Trust me, though, I'm neither being too hard on myself nor, I hope, too proud of my past mischief-making. I hope I'm simply being objective.

... Since you mention it, though, you know Tuesday's the full moon. And ... well, I don't suppose you'd know what else it is. Tuesday, I mean.



 [alt\\_alice at 2009-03-08 01:10:51](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

Of course I know what it is. And I'm glad you remembered as well.

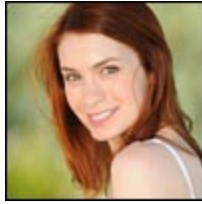
I'm actually sending off his package tonight, so he'll be certain to get it on time. I've taken all the proper precautions, so don't you lecture me about being careful. I only wish it could be more.




 [alt\\_sirius at 2009-03-08 01:23:35](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*


If it's not too late, tell him... tell him I said cheers.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-03-08 01:35:48](#)  
*Re: ORDER ONLY*

It's not too late, and I certainly shall.  
I know he'll appreciate it.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-03-08 00:49:51](#)  
*(no subject)*

*how's that search party working out, by the way?*


Very well, indeed, as you would know if you'd seen the latest edition of the *Prophet*.

But then, you've crawled away from England, haven't you? You'd rather sit at a safe distance and hide, and call us the ones who are deluded.

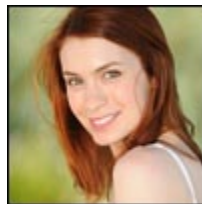
Your diatribes grow more and more tiresome, to say nothing of hypocritical. Someone with your past reputation ought to think very carefully before preaching against 'bullying' - at school or anywhere.


Attitudes have indeed changed since your days as an indiscriminate student, Black, but the shame you bring to the name of Black (and the name of wizard), along with your extraordinary folly and cowardice, sadly, have not.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-03-08 01:15:37](#)  
*ORDER ONLY*

don't you mind that arse-licker, Sirius mate. Lucius bloody Malfoy was no innocent at school, that's damn certain. He's just trying to pick a fight.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-03-08 01:17:34](#)  
*Re: ORDER ONLY*

Little cauldrons, love



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-03-08 01:18:45](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

sorry.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-03-08 03:18:02](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

Did you read up above?



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-03-08 03:20:32](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

I did.

that's my boy.



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2009-03-10 12:58:11](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

Oh it's all right, I wasn't reading anyway!!



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-03-11 15:55:15](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

well, good on both of us then.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-03-08 01:39:18](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

Oh, I know he was a right wanker, even pulled rank on us once or twice that first couple years.

I know what he's trying to do and believe me, it'll

take more than a shot across the bow to draw me out again. Last time I let him get to me, too many people got hurt in my name.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-03-08 01:43:12](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

good man.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-03-08 01:43:41](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

Discretion, Sirius? I have hope for you yet.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-03-08 01:45:22](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

Hey, hit me on the nose enough with a rolled newspaper, and even I can be taught.



 [alt\\_kingsley](#) at [2009-03-08 03:25:20](#)

*Order Only*

*Very well, indeed, as you would know if you'd seen the latest edition of the Prophet.*

Looks like the trick is still holding up, then. Let him be smug. We can be even more smug.

It's fun, pulling one over on him, and he doesn't even know.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-03-08 03:30:37](#)

*Re: Order Only*

damn straight, it is. Especially as he's such a stuck-up blighter.

**2009-03-07 16:06:00**

*(no subject)*

May I just say, this Black chappie is full o the grim an gory, innit? I mean to say, who's he coming down from above wiv all this 'ow you was raised bollocks?



 **alt\_wagstaff**

**2009-03-08 09:39:00**

*VIII*

Nottingham has some truly spectacular architecture, it must be said. Looking at the heavily gothic style, I'd say it bears the mark of Waterhouse, which means that it's Wizard-done. Even better. There's a fair-sized community of half-bloods up here, most of them employed at Bobbin's main factory. Quite a few of the less established ones have flats at the Clifton estate. It's a pretty piece of land, with the Trent River running alongside. The escaped mudbloods must've followed the river all the way from Derby - quite an extraordinary trot by anyone's standards. The fact that Dawlish and Harkiss were searching the river from the east and yet somehow managed to miss them is also extraordinary. Stunningly so.



 [alt\\_bellatrix](#)

At the Clifton estate, a young couple by the name of Dames witnessed the elderly Wilbur Thompson admitting the escaped teenagers into his flat. By the time we got there, Thompson was having a grand old time showing the mudbloods how to use his wand to conjure up coloured handkerchiefs and bits of lint from a hat. It was quite reassuring to see how comfortable he was amongst the mudbloods, seeing as he'll be one from now on.

Lance and Carla Dames will generously rewarded, of course, for displaying their loyalty to the Lord and His Protectorate.

I'll be having a chat with Hopkirk this week about running the older Aurors through a more rigorous training programme. The difference between a Dawlish and a Yaxley, or a Harkiss and a Barty, grows more and more troublesome. In any case, I will have her know that tasks will no longer be delegated by seniority, but by my own preferences. I would have liked to have seen the mudbloods try to slip by any of the other Aurors and live to tell the tale. Even me. Though in my case it is high time that I remove myself from active engagements. I can't say I'm entirely happy about it, but His decision is, of course, for the best. I certainly don't want what happened to Yaxley and Marks to happen to me - not now.

---





 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-03-09 03:01:55](#)

*Order Only*

Ah, no.

Bloody hell.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-03-10 15:55:23](#)

*(no subject)*

Narcissa will certainly sleep more easily knowing that you are not exerting yourself overmuch or enduring field conditions anymore.

I myself am grateful that you are now free to attend Our Lord at Buckingham; really it was wonderful last night to be able to sleep at home - first time in perhaps six days. Not that accommodations at the palace are anything less than comfortable, but the curative effects of one's customary bed do marvels for the constitution.

However, since we did not have much chance to speak last night, I understand that the situation there is deteriorating - faster than Our Lord likes. I shall be there shortly and we may determine a remedial course of action - though short of giving the subject time to ... reflect, I confess I am not certain what could be done.



 [alt\\_bellatrix](#) at [2009-03-10 22:07:47](#)

*(no subject)*

It is deteriorating, and quickly. Our Lord has asked to be left alone while He considers His options, and meanwhile, we're tending to the other as best we can. Dead men tell no tales.

**2009-03-08 16:45:00**

*(no subject)*

It's my birthday on Tuesday. Another year older, definitely. Another year wiser? That remains to be seen, I suppose.



 [alt\\_lupin](#)



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at **2009-03-08 22:55:55**

*(no subject)*

Fishing for gifts well ahead of time, eh, Lupin? I can spare a bottle of firewhiskey, if nothing else.



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at **2009-03-09 19:39:55**

*(no subject)*

It always pays to give people a bit of notice, I find. I wouldn't say no to firewhiskey, although I suppose I shall be forced to do the decent thing and share it. Ah, what a trial.



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at **2009-03-10 01:24:02**

*(no subject)*

Let me know when you feel up to it; I've always got a bottle around.



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at **2009-03-10 17:51:25**

*(no subject)*

I may pop by tomorrow, if that's all right. I suspect my need may then be at its greatest.




 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-03-09 02:19:39](#)**  
(no subject)

I know. I've been thinking - it's never been a full moon right on your birthday since I've known you. Got me thinking about the year it was just a couple days before, though. Was it '74? Had to be. Remember, you were still in the hospital wing and Peter skived off Potions to get a birthday cake out of the house-elves? Then we all skipped lunch to bring it up to you?

Back before things got complicated.

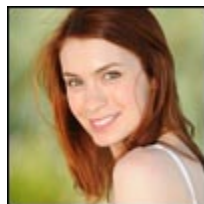
I guess it had to happen sometime, but - well, cheers anyway.




 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-03-09 03:52:27](#)**  
*Order Only*

It's dreadful, doubting someone the Order once counted as one of its own.

I wish--if only we truly knew where he stood. . .



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-03-10 16:53:01](#)**  
*Re: Order Only*

You know where I stand, Molly.

I've kept my distance for the sake of the Order, but I have no doubts whatsoever.

At the very least, we can let him tell his side of the story. He deserves that much.




 **[alt\\_lupin](#)** at **[2009-03-09 19:48:47](#)**  
(no subject)

You know, I don't think it's ever fallen on my birthday before. I suppose it will be an interesting first.

I remember that cake. I felt quite sick that day, but ate a piece anyway because you'd all gone to so much trouble acquiring it. I did


feel better afterwards though. Whether that was the cake or the company, I couldn't say.



 **alt\_sirius** at [2009-03-09 21:43:08](#)  
(no subject)

Yes. Well, possibly you could've thought more about the value of that company later on, but I suppose, given the friends you seem to choose now, it's to be expected.



 **alt\_alice** at [2009-03-10 16:55:46](#)  
*ORDER ONLY*


Oh, Sirius.

What friends?

He doesn't seem to have many left, unless you count our Hermione and Neville.

And me.



 **alt\_sirius** at [2009-03-10 21:09:49](#)  
*Re: ORDER ONLY*

Oh, so drinking with Macnair doesn't count, then?

Frank, back me up, mate, you *know* Macnair was bad news. Is still bad news, even if he's found a new scapegoat in that poor sod Quirrell.

I'm *trying*, Alice, believe me, I wish I could just forgive and forget.

It's not that simple. Every time I think there's a chance we might know him for sure, he does something untrustworthy.

Damn it.

And if it had been your best friend, you'd feel the same.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-03-10 22:35:11](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

I can hardly blame him.

For pity's sake, Sirius, he's all alone. Would you rather he just sat in his room and never spoke to anyone again? How many "acceptable" people are left for him to interact with, now that we've abandoned him? You're so quick to think the worst of everything he does. It's one drink with someone who's shown him a bit of kindness.

I know he was your best friend. Maybe that's why you're having such a hard time seeing what I see.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-03-10 22:42:41](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

don't drag me into this fight, mate.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-03-09 03:33:05](#)

*(no subject)*

I hope it's a good one, sir.

I need some more meal worms for Trevor. Hope you won't mind if I stop by on your birthday for that, and

to say hello?



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-03-09 19:49:32](#)

*(no subject)*

I should be very happy to see you, Neville. Do mind that it's well before sunset though, hm?



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-03-09 19:58:47](#)  
(no subject)

Yes, I understand, sir, of course.



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2009-03-10 16:23:10](#)  
(no subject)

I'm very sorry I can't see you on your birthday Mr Lupin. I've been trying to do just as Mr Marvolo says and I didn't like to ask him for the time free. But he told me the other day that I could have an hour to myself every week, starting this Friday, and I would like to come see you then if it was all right with you.



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-03-10 17:52:50](#)  
(no subject)

I should like to see you very much, Hermione. Fridays will be absolutely fine.

**2009-03-09 16:38:00**

*(no subject)*

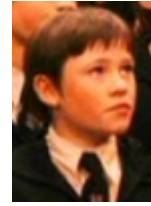
Thank you.



 **alt\_lupin**

**2009-03-09 20:59:00**

*(no subject)*



 **alt\_seamus**

Mr Rosier got me a subscription to the Daily Prophet. He said I might not find it that interesting yet. But that Im good at history and that a newspaper is the first draft of history. So I might like it more as time goes on. It comes in the morning at breakfast and usually I dont have time to read it. Well other than the bits about Quidditch, those dont take too long anyway. But I brought it along to History of Magic today and it was a lot more interesting than Binns at least.

There was a long article about the mudblood escape. The last of them were caught during the week end. A wizard took them in! The newspaper had an interview with some of his neighbors. The Dames, their the ones who saw him with the mudbloods, they said Mr Thompson had always seemed off. They also interviewed an old lady who said he was such a sweet man she couldnt believe hed turned out to be a traitor and maybe the mudbloods had used the imperius curse. Except the mudbloods had no wands until Mr Thompson let them use his! She was just making excuses. I reckon it stands to reason you wouldnt like to think your neighbor was a traitor. Especially if youd never noticed anything wrong before.

Speaking of mudbloods, Professor Carrows mudblood was back today. He was setting things out when we came in. Neville tried to say hello to him but he wouldnt answer. Or look up even. So Professor Carrow didnt ~~eat him~~ send him back to the mudblood camp after all. I wonder if hed been at that camp if hed have run away like the others?



 **alt\_neville** at **2009-03-10 03:05:16**

*(no subject)*

Do you still have your copy of today's paper? I'd like to read that article, about the escape and all. Better than trying to do that Transfiguration essay, not to mention the wand practise. I thought we were done with textures, but I just don't get how to do frills at all. Mine look more like scales. It didn't help when Terry had to go get me another pillowcase 'cause I burned up the first. Professor Carrow was glaring at me like anything.

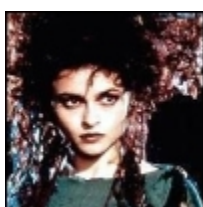



(It was sort of good to see him again, even if he didn't want to talk at all--Terry Boot, I mean.)



 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2009-03-10 03:56:08](#)**  
(no subject)


Sure mate, its still in my bag. Help yourself.



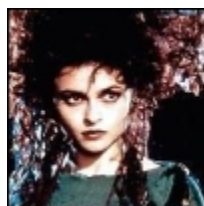
 **[alt\\_bellatrix](#)** at **[2009-03-10 05:23:18](#)**  
(no subject)


Former wizard, small one. Remember that Mr Thompson will be a mudblood now.



 **[alt\\_neville](#)** at **[2009-03-10 11:35:22](#)**  
(no subject)

What does that mean, exactly, ma'am? If you don't mind explaining. I mean, I get that his wand gets taken away from him, but then what happens next? Does he have to go to a camp? What happens to his house and all of his stuff? If he had any kids, would the same thing happen to them, even if they hadn't done anything themselves?



 **[alt\\_bellatrix](#)** at **[2009-03-10 14:58:31](#)**  
(no subject)

The man will be sent to a camp to live with other mudbloods. The manager of the Estate will put his flat for let and his belongings will go to his closest kin. If he did not have kin, the belongings would be either sold, donated, or destroyed. His children are grown, so nothing will happen to them. They will have to endure the shame of their Father's crime and betrayal. If his children were small they

would be left with mother, so long as she is found innocent of the father's transgressions. If the children had no mother, or if the mother were also guilty, the children would be placed with an appropriate foster family.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-03-10 17:58:49](#)  
(no subject)

Oh.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-10 16:01:10](#)  
(no subject)

I will Mrs LeStrange.



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2009-03-10 13:01:15](#)  
(no subject)

~~Boot wouldn't have ever run away Mr Finnegan, he's a~~



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2009-03-10 13:01:57](#)  
*ORDER ONLY*


I know, I know I know I need to not respond! Only I'm so worried that something worse will happen to poor Terry if people think he'd do something like that. He would never, not when there was a chance of getting caught.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-03-10 15:08:19](#)  
(no subject)

Professor Carrow's mudblood wouldn't run away. He wouldn't dare. He doesn't even look at people now.



 **alt\_seamus** at [2009-03-10 16:02:06](#)  
(no subject)

Well thats good. People here dont realize how dangerous muggles can be and mudbloods are even more dangerous than muggles. Because they could do magic, if they had wands.

**2009-03-10 09:03:00**

*ORDER ONLY: Terry*



 **alt\_hermione**

Well Terry is out of wherever he was, only he wasn't at breakfast in the kitchens this morning, which makes me worried about him. I wonder if he'll come to our secret place at all? It doesn't matter so much if I don't get to go there anymore, you see, because Harry is still letting me look over his shoulder when he studies and he even sometimes leaves his books out and open. I'm ever so much more advanced than he is, which I don't think is bragging because it's true, but only because I spend more time *trying* to learn things than he does.


I have much more than an hour a week free, even though I said I only had an hour, but I was telling the truth when I said that I was trying to be the best Mudblood I could possibly be so I'm not writing much in my journal. I don't want Harry to get in trouble because he's being ever so nice to me especially compared to what Draco Malfoy would do. Draco still doesn't like me and it's hard sometimes because Harry goes a bit mean when Draco's around, which is most of the time. But even then it isn't so bad.

But I don't know if Terry is avoiding me or not and that hurts a bit. I suppose I won't know if he's avoiding me until he stops avoiding me, and I don't know when that will be, except that then he'll probably show up in the kitchens. Or perhaps I'll see him in the Hospital Wing because Harry told me that I oughtn't go to class with him anymore but instead go to help Madam Pomfrey or Madam Pince whoever needs me most. I'll go help Madam Pomfrey first because I'd rather see Terry I think!

Has anybody seen more of him other than you Madam P?!

---



 **alt\_poppy** at **2009-03-10 14:00:06**  
(no subject)

I would be most glad to have you return to your work here in the Hospital Wing, Miss Granger. And I believe we could find time to resume our lessons, particularly if you were able to spend additional hours

here with me.

As for Mr Boot, he reported to me again yesterday morning, and it is my understanding that he has returned to his regular duties for Professor Carrow. I saw no appreciable improvement in his demeanor, and I fear that his recovery may indeed be a slow one.


Shall I expect you tomorrow morning at the regular Wednesday time? Or would you be free to stop in whilst Mr Marvolo is in class today?



 **[alt\\_hermione](#)** at **[2009-03-10 14:23:34](#)**  
(no subject)

I'll come today!! It will be ever so nice to be able to do practical work again. Will Terry do it do you think? Or will he only do the work he's supposed to be doing?



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-03-10 15:06:40](#)**  
(no subject)

I will expect you today, then.


We will discuss your lessons as occasion serves. In the meantime, it serves no purpose at all to speculate what Mr Boot will or will not be allowed to do.



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-03-10 16:33:41](#)**  
(no subject)

Glad to hear things seem to be going smoothly for the most part with young Harry, Hermione. Do be as careful and meek as you can around Draco Malfoy, though. I'm sure you know that you don't want him complaining to his father about you. The less you are noticed by Lucius Malfoy, the better for everyone concerned.



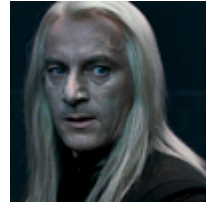
 **[alt\\_hermione](#)** at **[2009-03-10 16:36:04](#)**  
(no subject)

I will!

**2009-03-10 12:00:00**

*MLE and Buckingham*

It has been an exasperating week on many accounts.



 [alt\\_lucius](#)

Naturally, the shocking news from Derby was disappointing, particularly as I understand the two mudbloods - brother and sister, according to the report - are of an age suited to the work programme, but could not now be considered owing to the impossibility of releasing them from the camps until they have been fully re-indoctrinated so as to make them harmless. But this was merely an inconvenient end to an otherwise disappointing recovery effort. Yes, of course, their recapture brings the total to seven of the thirteen, and we know that Black's interference makes learning the whereabouts of the remaining six unlikely. Still, it is a pitiful rate of return for the Aurors. I quite agree with Bella's assessment and look forward to her recommendations to, ah, *shake up* the MLE. Hopkirk and Scrimgeour clearly need lessons on more effective methods of tracking.

What really puzzles me is how Black gained word of the escape in the first place. Someone from the camps must have found a way to send a message to one of his traitorous accomplices, or else he has someone placed where the first sign of a breakout can be reported. Admittedly, this is a realisation that only the leisure of the last few days has afforded; still, there should have been a mention of any working theories in the reports. Think when I have a chance I'll point it out to Nott - I'm sure he's already thought of it; I'd be curious as to his proposed course of action.

I had hoped to complete the review of the new work programme itself, or at least the report that had been in preparation before half the department was questioned about the 'misplaced' memo, but apart from stepping out to attend priority meetings at the Ministry (half of which have been on that very topic!) and one Board meeting for NRBC, I have scarcely left Buckingham this entire week. With Bella in the field, His Lordship has been most anxious that He have additional assistance in His latest project. Barty, Avery and I have been taking it in turns to attend Him but it has been slow going, of necessity. No-one would wish the masterpiece ruined by an over-exuberant brush stroke!

Actually, it does concern us three of late, since it seems the subject grows increasing fragile. His Lordship feels sure He is near the point of discovery and no-one wishes to lose ground so ... painfully gained. Nonetheless, on occasion a respite can yield as much result as relentless pursuit. We have temporarily halted the proceedings now and again, in the hope that catching our breath may provide the required advantage.

Meanwhile, the constant proximity to Our Lord has also afforded me the opportunity to discuss with Him a state of affairs I have long worried might cause problems if not addressed. He took time to hear my thoughts on the matter and indicated His wishes, which I am more than pleased to pursue on His behalf. Have instructed Crispin to find time in Selwyn's books in the next week or so to make arrangements.

Well, Crispin assures me that the shipments for Hogwarts and St Mungo's have arrived in Dover (he made a point of following-up once he realised how dreadfully Peakes' new clerk has been performing), so that at least has progressed whilst I have been busy elsewhere. (Minerva, good of you again to make time in *your* schedule to meet with Moon and Frobisher on behalf of your school. Sometimes the intervention of a former authority figure can accomplish more in an hour than any simple appeal to good sense.)

Finally, I see that Carrow has possibly found our conversation useful. A cursory glance to-day indicates that not only has the change in approach had a desired effect, but Carrow has also taken pains with his own role to ensure the poet's successful re-integration into usefulness. That's one drawback, of course, to mudbloods as servants: They require a bit more attention than house-elves, who can be relied on to feel adequate remorse on the rare occasion they err. It occurs to me that Selwyn has mudblood domestics himself; I believe he mentioned it at the last Labour Committee meeting. Perhaps Warrington ought to meet with him regarding measures he has found efficacious. It can only help the proposals and Merlin knows it certainly cannot hurt.

---



 [alt\\_kingsley](#) at [2009-03-10 20:53:13](#)

*Order Only*

Arthur, can you get the names of that brother and sister the Lestrangle woman recaptured somehow? I don't think they were in the *Prophet* article, either. I'm sure Davidson will hate to hear the news when bring him supplies next month, but he'd want to know.

You still managing to side-step that inquiry about the lost memo?



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-03-10 21:03:11](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Jenkins mentioned that poor bloke Thompson's going to be processed in to Derby tomorrow, and I told him I'd be willing to go out to do it. I'll try to find out then.

I've missed the hex backwash entirely, I'm sure of it. One of Scrimgeour's clerks came out to interview me and everyone else, but he practically dismissed me as soon as I sat down, saying he knows from Dunstan I wasn't there that day.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-10 22:11:33](#)

*(no subject)*

Father,  
Professor Carrow's mudblood is calling itself "it."  
Dennis doesn't do that, do you think I should tell him to start? You didn't say I should in your Owl, but I wanted to check.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-03-10 22:25:18](#)

*(no subject)*

Has he done anything to indicate he needs to be reminded what he is? Otherwise I shouldn't think it necessary.

Carrow's poet is rather a test case. He was deceiving his master with false deference and is learning the price for defiance and, I believe, the reward for propriety.



Dennis, by contrast, ought not to have adopted duplicity, even with increased exposure to Granger.



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-03-11 02:31:06](#)**

*Order Only*

So Carrow got tips from Malfoy about how to break Terry Boot? That explains a lot: with one monster egging on the other, I suppose the child never had a chance.

That poor boy.



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-03-11 02:49:25](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

Hmm. I'd hazard a guess, from what Malfoy says a few paragraphs further up above, that he's taking a look-in-and-see on someone else's torture sessions. Quirrell's, I'm guessing, the poor sod.

I have a hunch Malfoy may be quite a bloody expert on the subject. Literally.

Poppy, it also looks as though your supplies will be arriving soon. That IS good news.



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-03-11 14:58:17](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

Yes. That, at least, is good news.

We may now escape death by plagues and parasites only to be solidly healthy on the day each of us is dragged before the Inquisition.

I'm sorry. I feel truly out of sorts reading this.




 **[alt\\_selwyn](#)** at **[2009-03-11 04:47:23](#)**  
(no subject)

The key to managing mudbloods is to persuade them that they are being watched at all times. A short time investment up front can usually ensure diligent effort thereafter. Is this really so foreign to Warrington that he needs my advice on the matter?

I heard from Crispin today and I think we're on for Friday. Unless it was Tuesday. I'm not sure if my clerk wrote 'Malfoy' or 'Ministry' here in my schedule.



 **[alt\\_lucius](#)** at **[2009-03-14 05:41:24](#)**  
(no subject)

Dominic, what Warrington finds foreign I believe may begin with the English language and from thence progress to higher maths, Potioneering and basic organisational skills.

At any rate, it must be Tuesday; I was at Buckingham again all day to-day, or I should have seen this before now.

Unless you might have a little time following the Commerce committee Monday afternoon? I believe I have nothing between it and tea at the Ouroburos - that is assuming nothing comes up over the week-end.

**[2009-03-10 12:10:00](#)**

*journal again*

Master gave the mudblood its journal back last night. Said it should start keeping it again.

Dont know why.

The mudblood put the props out for class this morning. Will do it again this afternoon.

Dont know what else to say.



 [alt\\_terry](#)




 [alt\\_amycus](#) at [2009-03-10 17:17:54](#)  
(no subject)

Looks like your little holiday did you a world of good.

But what's behind the full porridge bowl this morning, hm? That's a mystery, now, and it's not our week for mysteries, is it?

Not been eating in the kitchens, have you?

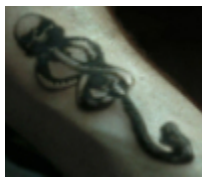


 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2009-03-10 17:19:29](#)  
(no subject)

No, master. The mudblood knows its not allowed to eat in the kitchen

The big jar of lentils in the storeroom got knocked over by one of the students yesterday, and so the mudblood was cleaning up the glass and picking up all the lentils and then it had to go find another jar

Besides, it wasn't hungry




 [alt\\_amycus](#) at [2009-03-10 17:20:37](#)  
(no subject)

No, no, that won't do. No skipping meals for tidbit. Unhealthy-like. Makes for headaches and boils and spavins and fretfulness.

Master expects to see you sitting there on the floor finishing

what's on your tray when I get back from the Great Hall. You'll take every meal in my quarters like you're told.



 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2009-03-10 17:21:08](#)  
(no subject)

Yes sir



 [alt\\_amycus](#) at [2009-03-10 17:22:11](#)  
(no subject)

That's more like it. Who knows? Oranges and persimmons for what ails you. An orange at dinner, eh?

Master knows how you like oranges.




 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-10 20:02:01](#)  
*Order Only*

My stars.

Poppy, despite what you said, I had no idea it could be so bad, that the poor boy could become this--this debased. It's absolutely sickening. He's actually referring to himself not just as 'the mudblood' but as 'it' now? Was he doing that when he was with you?

Hermione, at least this tells us why you haven't seen him in the kitchens.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-03-10 20:52:59](#)  
*Re: Order Only*

It's unthinkable what must have been done to him. Yes, this is just what the lad is like now -- even when he's alone with me and that fiend is nowhere near him.

What I wouldn't like to do that man!




 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2009-03-11 14:01:15](#)  
(no subject)

Terry!!!

Are you all right?! Why do you keep calling yourself "the mudblood"? I mean, we are mudbloods but that's not really normal is it, please let me know you're all right.



 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2009-03-11 15:32:46](#)  
(no subject)

never mind

cant eat in the kitchens with you anymore

**2009-03-10 17:10:00**

*Our 'Punishment'*

Hello all!

Undoubtedly you have all heard of our adventure last week and *all* about our punishment. Well, it might not look like this to you, but we saw this as a golden opportunity. We had to do something with all those matchsticks after all, the question was what?



 [alt\\_gredforge](#)

Here is our answer-



Yes.

We have made a replica of Hogwarts castle. Isn't it beautiful. Umm... Professor McGonagall, do we really have to change all the matches back? Couldn't we just turn the castle silver or something, we don't want to ruin all of our fine, hard work.

---



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-10 22:21:26](#)  
(no subject)

You--  
that--

It--

How DARE you!!!



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-03-10 22:22:49](#)  
(no subject)

What do you mean, how dare us?

It's *our* punishment, we can do whatever we like.

Besides, we followed the rules EXACTLY.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-10 22:23:18](#)  
(no subject)

It's supposed to be a PUNISHMENT, you freckled pillocks. Not an art project LARK.



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-03-10 22:28:09](#)  
(no subject)

So?

And besides, what *were* we supposed to do? Just transfigure one and put it in a pile, and pick up another one and transfigure it and put it in the pile and so on and so forth?

I mean, how boring would that be?



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

Yes! That is EXACTLY what you were supposed to do. You are supposed to be transfiguring a pile of needles into matchsticks and be BORED OUT OF YOUR MINDS! How THICK can you be?!



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-03-11 02:13:32](#)  
(no subject)

Well if you want to be bored out of your mind, you can go right ahead.




 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-11 02:49:13](#)  
(no subject)

Well the Headmistress didnt say they had to be bored. She just said they had to transfigure the needles.

She did say theyd have to transfigure them back but I hope she lets them keep it. Maybe they could use a permanent fixing charm and we could put it somewhere everyone could come see.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-03-10 22:24:04](#)  
(no subject)

Wow.

That looks like a LOT more than ten thousand matchsticks.



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-03-10 22:25:40](#)  
(no subject)

Well, of course it is.

Ten thousand wasn't nearly enough, so we each did ten thousand (Lee too), and put them all together.



Even then it was a little tight. You may notice that there are a few extra windows.



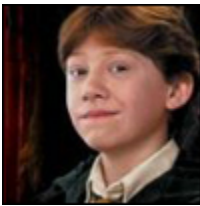
 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-03-11 02:40:22](#)  
(no subject)


I imagine you haven't gotten much revising done this week, eh, boys? That's quite a piece of work, I must say.



 [alt\\_hannah](#) at [2009-03-10 22:35:27](#)  
Oh.

Of course you would, you know, being you guys.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-10 23:11:53](#)  
(no subject)

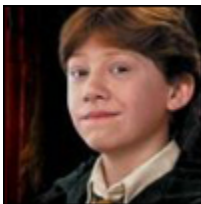
Whoa! That's dead amazing!


What's the inside look like?



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-11 02:14:44](#)  
(no subject)

What does it matter what it looks like inside? You're missing the entire point!



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-11 02:22:55](#)  
(no subject)

Don't be daft. Can't you see that's totally wizard?

What point?




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

It's a punishment! It's not supposed to be fun!

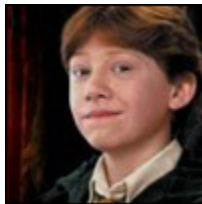
My god, is everyone in my family completely deranged?




 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-03-11 02:38:23](#)  
(no subject)

Chin up, Percy. Not all of them, I dare say.

You have to admit, it's quite original, I must say. But you needn't get in a strop about it. If the Headmistress has an objection, I'm sure your brothers will be hearing from her.



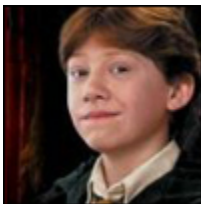
 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-11 02:48:17](#)  
(no subject)


Wait. If they did what they were meant to, what's it to you if they liked it?



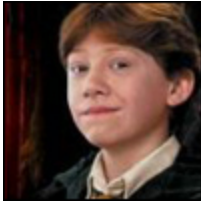
 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-11 02:50:38](#)  
(no subject)


I wouldnt reckon they decorated the inside. But I wouldnt have reckoned theyd build their matchsticks into a castle either.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-11 02:55:34](#)  
(no subject)

But wouldn't it be totally wizard if it had all the classrooms and corridors and staircases and all?



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-11 02:57:09](#)  
(no subject)

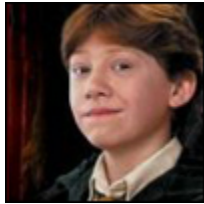
Are you in the common room? Are the twins there?  
Let's get them to show us.




 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-11 02:59:51](#)  
(no subject)

Absolutely not! This thing is NOT in the Common Room, ergo it is SOMEWHERE ELSE, somewhere else that you SHOULD NOT BE because it is AFTER CURFEW.

Honestly, Ronald. Are all my siblings conspiring together to lose every possible point for Gryffindor?



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-11 03:08:26](#)  
(no subject)


Oh, go rain in your own boots.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-11 03:09:01](#)  
(no subject)

Well if its not in Gryffindor Tower we can at least see it tomorrow cant we? I want to see it!



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-03-11 03:00:38](#)  
(no subject)

Me neither!



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-11 02:02:56](#)  
(no subject)

Boys, I'm sure that is NOT what the Headmistress had in mind.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-11 02:06:23](#)  
*Order Only*

Oh, Minerva. I was reading my journal and when I saw that, Arthur and Ginny came into the kitchen to see why I was laughing so hard (and I really needed the laugh, too). Oh, how priceless. Trust them to turn punishment and disgrace into something as extravagant as that.

It's not going to set Carrow off, though, is it?



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-03-11 02:07:10](#)  
(no subject)

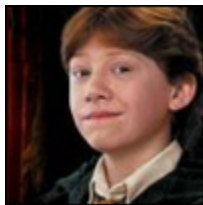
Well we did exactly as she asked, 10,000 needles into matchsticks.


We don't really see the problem here.



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-03-11 02:09:33](#)  
(no subject)

Why, we even did *more* than she asked, so we just don't see why everyone's so upset!



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-11 02:26:24](#)  
(no subject)

Where have you got it? Can I see?




 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-03-11 03:00:07](#)  
*order only*

No, but it's dead clever, that. I can't think of anything Carrow will hate more, but they're right: they've done the assignment. Well, half of it, anyway, and I'm sure if they think about it for two shakes they'll realise how to transfigure the whole thing back, even one at a time, without it falling apart.


Better prepare yourself, Molly. I've a feeling those two really *are* going to be more trouble than the entire International Confederation of Wizards at World Cup time. Possibly more useful, too.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-11 03:03:54](#)  
*Re: order only*

I know. I swear, they'll turn my hair completely white before I'm fifty.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-03-11 03:10:32](#)  
*Re: order only*

Well, it's partly your fault, Molly. True, they had to use Transfiguration to change all those needles into matchsticks, but I'll wager anything they pieced that castle model together using some rather advanced charms. And that's an affinity they got from you, I dare say.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-11 02:47:19](#)  
*(no subject)*

That is WIZARD. Where is it? I want to see it before they make you turn it back into needles.



 [alt\\_ginny](#) at [2009-03-11 11:47:50](#)  
(no subject)

Mum showed me the picture in her journal, and I'm using it to write this note to you. How I wish I could see it!



 [alt\\_amycus](#) at [2009-03-11 13:51:57](#)  
(no subject)

I'll see you two after your next Transfiguration class.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-03-11 14:09:37](#)  
(no subject)

I'll handle this, Amycus.

Messrs Weasley, Mr Jordan: if you can turn each matchstick into a needle *in place and with no other magical interference*, you may leave it as it is. I promise you that it is possible. Otherwise, no, you may not.



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-03-11 21:17:19](#)  
(no subject)

Thank you Professor.

**2009-03-10 17:38:00**

*Tea with Mr Lupin*

I went down to get some crickets and meal worms for Trevor from Mr Lupin and ended up having tea with him. I heard what Bobby Stebbins was saying earlier, but its all rubbish. He's really no different the day of the full moon, just as friendly and polite as ever, in a quiet way you know.

Except I did notice he takes a lot more sugar in his tea than usual. Guess I raised my eyebrows, and he explained that his hands shake just a little bit, starting the day before, and the sugar helps him keep them steadier.

He tells the best stories. He has a little cabinet of curios, all sorts of odd things he's picked up over the years, and I'll choose one and he'll tell me all about it. It makes me wish I'd done more traveling myself (except Gran always says there's no point in haring all over, and decent folk stick close to home). We talked about the four Hogwarts Houses, and he told me all sorts of stuff about the Founders.

He kept a sharp eye on the clock, though, and he finally asked me didn't I have some essays I needed to write. I figured that was a hint that it was time for him to get wherever he needs to go this time of month, so I went away with the box of crickets and worms (I'd looked up the time of the moonrise in the library, just to be sure, but he took care I was well away before then).

I really do like talking to him, and I guess he likes having a visitor once in a while. His raven is dead cool, too.



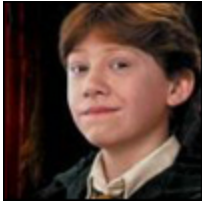
 [alt\\_neville](#)




 [alt\\_padma](#) at **2009-03-14 04:23:41**

*(no subject)*

Hey, Longbottom, is it true that Mr Lupin's nuckles get hairier just before the full moon? It must be very lonely having to go down there just so someone will talk to you.



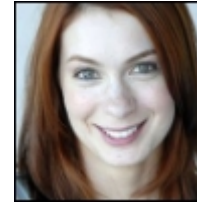
 **alt\_ron** at [2009-03-14 14:31:40](#)  
(no subject)

What are you on about, Patil?



**2009-03-11 11:56:00**

*ORDER ONLY*



 [alt\\_alice](#)

Hello all!

There is quite a bit to report about the goings-on at Moddey Dhoo - I hope that I don't forget anything. The weather has been getting warmer, which is wonderful for everyone's spirits. The children have been practically living out-of-doors this past week, in spite of the mud. We've also been very excited about the plan that Sirius and my Frank came up with to get a shipment directly here - I still think it's a bit risky, but we are in sore need of wands and potions ingredients, so here's hoping we pull it off.

As Frank made mention, the boys found a rather large motor-boat during one of their supply runs, and they have been at work fixing it up at every possible opportunity. Frank's had to scrounge around for a mast and a sail to fix to the main deck, as well as to track down petrol and a few little replacement parts, but Victor seems to think he should have it up and running by the end of the week. It's also kept John wonderfully busy, and he's been able to really bond with Victor and Danny while mucking about with grease and wrenches and things. Arthur, you'd just have a field day.

He's calmed down somewhat - John, I mean. I think a full belly and a safe place to sleep can do wonders for anyone's temperament - but he's still extremely wary of Frank and me, and I feel as if he's always trying to find out who we "really" are. Frank's had a few discussions with him, but he (and I) think that John most likely won't feel truly comfortable around us until he feels he's on more even footing. Alec is harder to suss out, as he's always either hiding behind John or Katherine. I think he's still hiding his food, but now he knows I'm keeping an eye on him, he's especially tricky about it. I'm hoping that as John comes out of his shell, he'll bring his little brother along with him. As I said, he's already made some inroads with Victor and Danny. And Lucinda follows him about like a puppy - I think she's got a bit of a crush.

Stephen and Katherine have been working hard on the greenhouses, and getting them into ship-shape condition. I've talked to Stephen some more about the escape - he told me Davidson was his only contact, and was very secretive about the other people they

worked with. He was told to find trustworthy people that wanted out, and when and where to be on the night of the escape, and a password, and that was all. He didn't recognize any of the other names, although Laura mentioned that a few of them looked familiar - she filled out paperwork at the camps, so that's most likely why.

They were all fairly tickled when we told them the group had ended up in Sherwood forest. Stephen told me he'd like to write a note to Davidson telling him about Moddey Dhoo, and asked if he could tell Davidson to send other escapees here if they wanted. I told him that would be fine, of course. Merlin knows how many will end up escaping successfully, or how many of those will want to come here, but that's what we're here for. Kingsley, I'll pass along the letter to you once it's written - next time you see Davidson, you can give it to him. Stephen said he'd make certain to use a password so Davidson would know it was really him. I think it's an excellent idea, and might help you make some inroads with the Sherwood group.

He's more than willing to "churn out" polyjuice and other helpful potions for all of us to use - and Arabella made an excellent suggestion that we could even sell some of the excess for a profit. I'm thinking Mundungus Fletcher would be especially useful on that front. Stephen's only caveat was that he be allowed to use some of the ingredients to make potions that the Sherwood Forest group could use, which I thought was perfectly reasonable - and the only way they might accept potions from us would be if they were made by someone they truly trust.

Laura's been busy revising the teaching schedule with Judith and Arabella so that we can start teaching the older children magical theory in a more systematic way. It's about time, too, especially for Colin and Alec. Divyesh and Ian are a little young for wands yet, but theory could hardly hurt, and they are both so very bright. Stephen even volunteered to teach the young ones Potions, which is very good of him.

We're breaking up the soil in the gardens and getting ready to air out everything now that the weather's gotten so nice. We've also got a new batch of chicks that have been running about, and several kids as well. I'm very much looking forward to this spring.

That's all for the time being. On a personal note, I'm so glad you are safe, Kingsley, and Hermione too. After all that's happened the last few weeks, it's no small miracle that we're all safe and sound. And

even though it's hard news about Terry Boot, I'm glad he's back among friends. We've got a lot to be thankful for, that's certain.

---




 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-12 03:14:32](#)  
(no subject)

Glad to get a report full of such good news.

Lucinda's developing a crush on John? That's interesting--I somehow had the impression she was rather sweet on Danny.

The chicks have hatched already? Wonderful! Do you think you have enough seeds, what with all the new mouths to feed? I've been thinking of planting an extra crop of beets this year, because Maisie Diggory was telling me how they can be used to make beet sugar. I'll send you the instructions, if you're interested in trying it. Of course, we'll have honey this year, too, with the new hives. If I get a few more queen bees hatched, perhaps I can spare some to allow you to establish a few hives of your own.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-03-13 14:30:33](#)  
(no subject)

Oooh! That is an excellent idea. With more spare hands around to help with things, we might be able to take on more. I'll talk to Danny about bees, see what he thinks. I'll tell Stephen about the sugar beets idea too.

And I think it was more that Danny was sweet on Lucinda, not the other way round. She's a lovely girl, and so nice with the babies, but quite fickle I'm afraid.

**2009-03-11 21:47:00**

*Order Only: Derby, etc*



 [alt\\_arthur](#)

There is no one more officious and overbearing than an official who has good reason to fear that he is about to be sacked for not doing his job. As I'd arranged with Jenkins, I went out to the Muggleborn camp at Derby this morning to process the Ministry's parchmentwork on Wilbur Thompson. This was the chap who was caught aiding the last two young people who had escaped from that same camp (Kingsley, their names were Beatrice and Charles Knowles, brother and sister). Pucey, of course, had too much to do to rearrange his schedule to overseeing the terrorising of one mere newly minted mudblood, but Hibbert was there, ready and willing to do the job. I expect he also hoped to impress me (as representative from the Dept of Purity Control) with his skills at intimidation. His efforts seemed almost futile, since Mr Thompson at times seemed quite unable to entirely grasp the enormity of how his world had changed.

There was, to begin with, the ritual humiliation. Thompson was stripped of his clothes for a physical inspection by the camp healer--in front of me and Hibbert, mind, without the slightest pretence of a by-your-leave--and then a quick charm shaved him bald ('to keep him from bringing in lice'). He was given a stack of pamphlets (camp rules) and other forms to sign (inmate number, ration book, etcetera). Finally, after Hibbert had given the required speech about the dire things that might happen to mudbloods who dare step out of line, I waved him irritably out the room and told Mr Thompson to have a seat for the final parchmentwork.

He sat and I shoved parchments to him to sign. I don't know why the Ministry even bothers with most of these signatures--well, yes, I do. It's twisting the knife, that's what. Each one informed him of another loss of his rights. No mudblood may hold title to property or licence. No right to use a wand, to brew potions or handle potion ingredients except under the supervision of an employer or officer of the Ministry of Magic. No right to keep a magical familiar. No right to travel. He blinked and read each one carefully and signed them, one after another.

I saved the worst for last: All family ties with his own children are formally severed. He looked up at me for a long moment. 'What happened to the two young people I tried to help?' he asked simply.

'No one will tell me.'

I hated it, but I told him. I felt I owed him that. Crucio, some time with the Dementors, all the rest. His face turned sickly white. 'They were only sixteen and seventeen,' he whispered.

'With luck, they may survive.'

'And will they come back here?'

'I don't know.'

He looked again down at the parchment in his hands, blinking tears away. 'Sixty-three years I had my own wand, and now this. I'm glad my Millie didn't live to see this day.'

He signed the last parchment with a steady hand, and I gently took the quill away from him.

I wanted to tell him he had done the right thing, but the words stuck in my throat. How could I say such a thing? He should be puttering with roses in his garden, coddling his grandchildren. Instead, he faces this: a new, cruel life alone, filled with insults and privation, when all he deserves after a lifetime of work is a little peace with his family.

Bloody hell. There are some days I really hate my job. This was one of them.

Other business, quickly: Sirius, I talked with Bill to see if he had any ideas for someone we could turn to for opening a New London address for Laszlo Ltd, and he did have a name, a Walter Kirke, one of his dormmates. Bright fellow, Bill says, worked with him awhile at Gringotts, but talked of wanting to look into other business opportunities. I'll have Bill sound him out, and will let you know.

I've also written to Charlie, who couldn't shed much new light on the ley lines at Stornaway. Nor has he been able to learn anything new about the three mysterious visitors we saw there over the Christmas holiday. He has been (very obligingly) picking up the notes for owl post from their small administrative office for delivery to the island's owlry, for forwarding on to the Ministry. I'll send the list of names he's culled from those notes to Minerva and Bill; perhaps they will help give us some leads. Of course, it won't give us any hint to whoever the Reserve administrator has been contacting via Floo call, but at least it's a start.

I'm almost at the point of being ready to nominate James Prescott and Norma Brownmiller for the Order to consider for membership. They are definitely with us. You'll just have to decide if you think it wise to widen the circle at this point, Minerva. I'll send you a fuller report via owl.

---



 **[alt\\_mcgonagall](#)** at **[2009-03-13 00:25:11](#)**  
(no subject)

Not yet on Prescott and Brownmiller, I think. Perhaps this summer. I am made uneasy by the situation at the castle and I would much rather wait until things are a bit more settled.



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-03-13 02:20:44](#)**  
(no subject)

That's sensible and quite all right. It will give me more time to cultivate them anyway. Whenever you say the word.




 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2009-03-13 14:36:15](#)**  
(no subject)

alright, Arthur

sorry to hear about the Thompson chap. sounds like a good fellow. Must have been hard for you to be there, but it's a good thing it was you and not that arse Pucey.

before I forget, Al wanted me to pass along to Bill that if he's got a spare weekend, we'd love a visit. took a shine to young Matthew, thought it might do him good to see the lad again. and we could work a little on that defensive wandwork too if he's a mind.



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-03-14 02:26:35](#)**  
(no subject)


Bill was quite delighted by the idea and said next weekend, or perhaps the one after. Expect a Floo call from him setting up a time.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-03-14 04:03:20](#)  
(no subject)

Good to hear.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-03-14 04:04:20](#)  
(no subject)

Oh! Wonderful.


Thank you for remembering to tell Arthur, dear.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-03-14 04:06:57](#)  
(no subject)

figured you were too busy this afternoon with laundry to pay much mind.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-03-14 04:09:15](#)  
(no subject)

And you were right about that! Merlin, we have so many more sheets to do now.

Are you coming up soon?



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-03-14 04:11:54](#)  
(no subject)

be there in a mo. My hands are all greasy.

**2009-03-13 14:11:00**

## *Order Only: A Brewing Day*

As the old saying goes, *'there is for every malady a medicine, for every sore a salve, for every pain a plaster'*; however, despite promises, we've yet to see delivery of what's been ordered for us. I've been assured that some of the items have cleared Customs and are on their way from Dover to Hogwarts -- by mole tunnel or snail caravan, apparently.



 [alt\\_poppy](#)

Of course, we are not entirely dependent on others, and so--thanks to the fortune that has brought me a bit of extra help this week--today is a brewing day. As I write, I have tummy tonic bubbling over the fire (we continue to need unprecedented amounts of that); yesterday's batch of cough draught has been bottled; and Miss Granger is readying the large cauldron for a batch of Vim and Vigour Broth.

In point of fact, I might not have got round to this last item if I hadn't needed to set Miss Granger a task to steady her this morning. She arrived a tad early (perhaps she asked leave of Mr Marvolo to come here whilst he took breakfast?), and so she had several minutes' overlap with Mr Boot before he had to rush away to his other duties. I know she was eager to see him, but I'm afraid the encounter did not go well. I was busy seeing to breakfast for a ward full of overnights, so I was not party to what they said, but from what I've been able to gather, Miss Granger asked if the boy had resumed his lessons and received the same answer he's steadfastly given me -- a quotation from that horrendous Ministry tract on Muggleborns. Apparently he's not to be taught anything by anyone except what's necessary to the execution of his duties and prescribed specifically by his owner or employer. The former, it would seem, trumps the latter: he's told me I may ask his Master for permission to teach him things. Otherwise, 'The Mudblood mustn't do that' is his only response to any request that he participate in any but the most menial tasks here. It's maddening. Monstrous.

Miss Granger was so distraught by their conversation that she quite upset several of my patients. I realise it's not wise to send her out to wander the school unsupervised, but really I had little choice at that point, so I set her the task of collecting the two dozen Zebra spiders we'll need for the Vim and Vigour. I'm pleased to say that when she returned, her spirits were much improved and she was brimming with the story of her adventure, happily recounting how she'd struggled to



find more than one or two of her wily prey until Crookshanks (her familiar, you know) turned up and led her a merry chase to an outer stairwell where they found a whole colony. Apparently Crookshanks made great sport of pouncing on the spiders as they jumped and skittered from nook to cranny. -- I've been gifted with a lively re-enactment of the whole drama!

I trust that the broth will do as much to alleviate the March doldrums in my young patients as collecting the ingredients did for Miss Granger this morning.

Later: I've just had a moment to read what I wrote earlier. How callous of me to be so easily diverted from young Boot's situation. I can only say that it was such a relief to see Miss Granger's spirits lift for a bit. She is a remarkably bright pupil, and she simply glows when she is learning something new. By the end of the day she could tell me why and when to add each element of the potions we made, but she grew increasingly sober as the afternoon passed. I think she, too, may be feeling badly for having enjoyed her lesson. I've no idea what to do or say to put that right. It's simply appalling what's been done to these children -- such a shocking waste of potential!




 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-03-14 00:55:34](#)  
(no subject)

I was not aware that Granger had taken the cat as a proper familiar. Excellent; Granger needs the allies that she can get.

As for the waste of potential - yes; but no point crying when pixies spill the milk



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-03-14 01:09:06](#)  
(no subject)

Perhaps it would be closer to say that the cat has taken her. It is, it would seem, at least part-kneazle, and it seems that it has decided the girl needs seeing-to. It sat all afternoon just outside the hospital door, waiting for her.

I suppose. Certainly, there's not a thing in the world I can do to alter the situation she faces.




 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-03-14 01:11:38](#)  
(no subject)

A part-kneazle cat shall, I think, be even more useful to her than the other kind. She does need seeing-to.

Speaking of seeing to, I must discuss matters regarding my most recent journal entry with you. There are some potions and the like that ought to be on hand for the Lord Protector's visit - he so prefers it when all his comforts are seen to. May I confer with you in the morning, after breakfast?



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-03-14 01:18:36](#)  
(no subject)

Absolutely. I shall be free -- and unattended. I expect we will be able to find the privacy such a topic demands.




 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-03-14 01:27:34](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, Minerva.


I've just now read your journal. I never imagined!



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-14 02:30:27](#)  
(no subject)


I wonder whether Hermione might persuade her friend to change his mind eventually. That was one of the things, after all, that Arthur first noticed about her, and made him choose her to recommend her to the Order. She can be quite a determined young lady when she sets her heart upon something!



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-03-14 02:05:43](#)**  
(no subject)

Payment is hitting the account - so yes, you ought to see the ingredients soon.



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-03-14 02:43:04](#)**  
(no subject)

Well, that does seem a hopeful sign.

**2009-03-13 14:32:00**

*(no subject)*

**I PASSED FLYING!!!!**



 **alt\_padma**

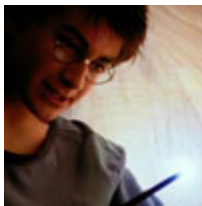
Finally.



 **alt\_neville** at **2009-03-13 18:41:27**

*(no subject)*

I'm jealous. I'll prob'ly still be trying 7th year.



 **alt\_harry** at **2009-03-14 00:53:04**

*(no subject)*

Congradulations Padma.



 **alt\_padma** at **2009-03-14 02:13:26**

*(no subject)*

Oh, ta, Marvolo! Thanks.



 **alt\_seamus** at **2009-03-14 02:08:36**

*(no subject)*


Congratulations!



 **alt\_padma** at [2009-03-14 02:12:40](#)  
(no subject)

Thanks for your tips, Finnigan! You and Malfoy were ever so helpful.




 **alt\_lavender** at [2009-03-14 03:21:34](#)  
(no subject)

Weren't they, though? That's positively wizard that you've passed!

Now I suppose I had better hurry up, since it'll be Utterly dull sitting my tests without you.



 **alt\_padma** at [2009-03-14 03:30:18](#)  
(no subject)

I know! Remember what Malfoy said about not trying so hard - that was key. And theres the bit about using your knees that Finnigan came up with.

I wasnt sure Id passed because yesterday Madam Hooch didn't say right away, but then she saw me going in to the Great Hall and she told me that I didnt have to come next week, I'd tested out.

If you dont pass before the Easter hols it'll be dreadfully dull for me, too, even if I do want that extra hour for Transfiguration revising.

(He was dead strange in lessons yesterday, too, was he more, um, happier than usual for you?)

**2009-03-13 20:30:00**

*(no subject)*

Because ~~Padma~~ some people kept whinging about who they were partnered with, Professor Slughorn switched around our partners in Potions. I'd been working with Longbottom and now I'm with Lavender Brown. I suppose it can't be helped that Slytherins will have to work with Gryffindors. Professor Slughorn wants the better students to help the weaker students and of the top ten students on the last potions exam five were Slytherins and none were Gryffindors.



 **alt\_sally\_anne**

Longbottom isn't very clever but at least he tries hard.

Today our potion boiled over because Lavender was chatting with Parvati and not paying attention to it while I was chopping up the nettle stems. I was chopping the nettle stems because she wouldn't do it. I don't know how she ever managed to beat out five people on the fall potions exam. Well I suppose she beat them out because she's cleverer than any of them, but even Milli kept her potion from boiling over today, I looked.

On Tuesday night Pansy and I went up to the roof to see if we could see ~~Mr Lupin~~ anything. Blaise Zabini has a really excellent pair of omnioculars, and Pansy talked him into lending them to her, so we could see really well, but we didn't see anything all that interesting. We spotted some crows in a tree at the edge of the Forbidden Forest, and some squirrels and a fox but that was all. I suppose what we saw was actually pretty interesting even if it's not what we were watching for.

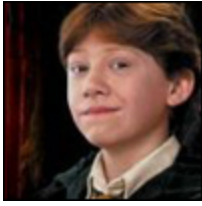



---

 **alt\_seamus** at **2009-03-14 02:11:25**

*(no subject)*

You'd whinge too if your partner was Goyle.



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-03-14 14:34:42](#)**  
(no subject)

Or Crabbe. I'm tellin you!

Bet you were as glad as I was to change.



 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2009-03-14 15:03:27](#)**  
(no subject)


You know it mate.



 **[alt\\_neville](#)** at **[2009-03-14 02:23:24](#)**  
(no subject)

I don't think Malfoy likes having me as his new potions partner any better than you like yours. Less, probably. ~~I wish we were still~~



 **[alt\\_lavender](#)** at **[2009-03-14 03:07:44](#)**  
(no subject)

Great Merlin, Perks! You needn't make such a Meal of it.



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-03-14 03:38:51](#)**  
(no subject)

Parvati said you were doing fine; she looked at your cauldron just seconds before it boiled.

Anyway, I think Professor Slughorn wouldn't have switched us just because of *me*, even if its much better now with Zach. I mean, if asking would have changed his mind just like that, why didnt he switch us round after the first week when I asked him? Its just because he wants to try us with different partners to find the right match, just as he told us during the lesson.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-03-14 03:58:41](#)  
(no subject)

It boils over quickly. Which is why Professor Slughorn told us to watch it really carefully.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-03-14 04:02:18](#)  
(no subject)

Well, I seem to recall someone telling me not long ago that Potions is really difficult, so occasionally there are bound to be little problems.



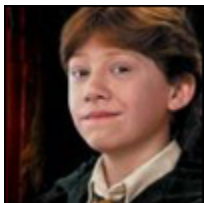
 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-03-14 03:57:39](#)  
(no subject)


Would you have wanted to go in on Saturday to re-make the potion if it had gone completely pear shaped?



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-03-14 03:59:27](#)  
(no subject)

And if you didn't want to watch it you could have cut up nettles, that would have been fine, but you said it would ruin your hands.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-14 14:24:03](#)  
(no subject)

I just figured Slughorn took pity on those of whod got stuck with the really hopeless ones.

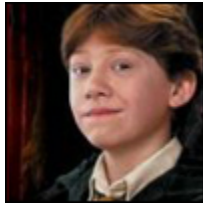
I mean, at least Millicent doesn't set her own robes on fire! Id got to the point where I just told Crabbe to sit there and not touch anything.






 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-14 15:03:06](#)  
(no subject)

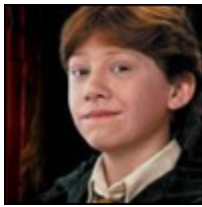
I dont know how Crabbe and Goyle even manage to do magic. Their hopeless at everything. A lot of the Slytherins are dead clever but when they were handing out brains, Crabbe and Goyle got lost looking for the line.




 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-14 16:13:04](#)  
(no subject)

Haha! Too right! Thick as bludgers, those two.

Makes you wonder how they got in Slytherin.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-14 16:14:37](#)  
(no subject)

Hey.

Thanks for helping with you know what.

I think he's really goin to like it!

**2009-03-13 20:55:00**

*ORDER ONLY: A royal progress*


The Lord Protector has ordered me to prepare the Forbidden Forest for him to ride to the hunt. Previously he has fought the spiders there for a lovely press opportunity, but the spiders are not his quarry this time. He has asked me to solicit the help of a student, this time. I believe I know what that means.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#)

I am ordered not to speak of this. I imagine he shall try and pass it off as some innocuous thing. I imagine that it is because of the Quirrell creature: I hear, from my various associates, that he is being very poorly used. He deserves it, I suppose, for endangering any child. And yet - I have always known that the Lord Protector would stoop so low but it is another thing entirely to *see it done*. And to aid in the doing.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-03-14 01:23:13](#)  
(no subject)

Good gracious! I had no idea.

I-


No, I've no idea what to say to that.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-14 02:33:48](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, good heavens, Minerva, no. If that means what you're hinting at . . . how utterly appalling!



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-03-14 02:09:16](#)  
(no subject)

Well, I'm in the dark. What creature in the forest would need bait--

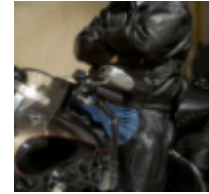
Oh.

Seriously?

Er, just because the tapestries show hunting them doesn't make it a good idea. Sweet Medea, that's ... obscene.

**2009-03-13 22:14:00**

*Order only: Bordeaux says Allo*



 [alt\\_sirius](#)

Arthur, I saw your note about that chum of Bill's; as I've just told Poppy, the payments are beginning to trickle into the Laszlo account so very soon we ought to have enough to underwrite a shopfront in New London. It'll make it easier to take orders outside of the wholesale houses, anyway, but most importantly it will help make the business look more legitimate in the eyes of the Ministry.

As to the rest of what you wrote ... yeah. I'm not sure how you all stand living under the inhuman conditions you have to endure. Poor fellow, though perhaps the neighbours will think twice about turning each other in next time - or maybe they'll find an excuse to report the Dames family Bellatrix is so proud of. Sorry, I tend to respond with inappropriate humour when I'm feeling murderous.

Alice, I ... you're right. Maybe I'm too hard on Remus. I just wish I could reconcile what I know about him with what I'm sure must have happened ... and what we see now. And Frank, see if I come to your defence when *you* need an alibi, mate. I'd like to know if you'd ever've bent an elbow with Macnair after the way he turned on his own fellow players on the pitch. Sounds to me like his old habits are back, so who knows whose back he's stabbing these days. And if Remus is spending time with him, whether or not there's a better offer ....

That's why I still say we have to be cautious. No, of course I don't expect Remus to stare at his walls by himself, but there are limits. I guess it's just a measure of how much he really has changed. Time was he'd never have been caught dead giving Macscared the time of day. It leaves a sour taste in my mouth, that's all.

Anyway, that's not why I meant to write. I wanted to tell you lot that the scenery in Bordeaux is about as picturesque as Newcastle in the dead of February. Same sort of muddy river running through the city, and gritty, industrial parks everywhere you look. At least there are some decent clubs along the piers. But no one willing to go near the ward lines surrounding the Irish Sea. Marc is a young merchant marine I met Tuesday night, who tells me that all his fishing friends swear that navigating around the mouth of the St George's Channel is


not only treacherous but intensely uncomfortable. I think whatever they have powering the wards, it must include some kind of Repulsing spell, too.

I'm not ruling out trying, mind! But it might take me a little while longer to find someone as daft as we are.

Luckily Marc is on a week's shore leave. Should give me time to make some connections and put out the word that I'm looking. And for us to think about ways to get round the spell - so thoughts (and a perusal through the Hogwarts library!) are much appreciated.

---



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-03-14 04:27:52](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, Sirius.

I didn't mean to be so harsh with you the other day. I know how hard you're trying. And I'm so glad that you are.

And I think caution is always prudent. Especially in these times. I just think if you go in imagining the worst of him, that's the first thing you'll see in everything he does. And that's not caution.

Perhaps I'm erring too much on the other end of things, but you got your chance to tell your side of the story. I just want to give Remus his.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-03-14 04:53:49](#)**  
(no subject)

My side of the story?


Lily and James, Alice. That's my side of the story. Whoever gave them up is the architect of all the hell we - you - are all going through over there. And someone who could allow all this to happen, when he had the power to keep it happening ... well, I don't know if any school bond is great enough to forgive that, no matter what.

I just ... think if it had been you and Frank, for example, or the Bones girl's parents? What if your Neville or little Susan had been orphaned instead of Harry? And it seemed like the only person who

could have done it was your best friend?

Sorry. I know. I don't mean to upset the pregnant lady (learned my lesson there with Lily years ago). I'll shut up now, really.



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-03-14 05:01:25](#)**  
(no subject)

That would be preferable, yes.



 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2009-03-14 04:55:39](#)**  
(no subject)


sorry mate.

truth be told, I really didn't know him all that well. Just a young bloke that could hit the hell out of a bludger. Big bastard, especially for his age. only played with him a season or two.

and I think you've both got your points.

serves you right, asking a man to stand between his mate and his wife. That's not playing fair.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-03-14 04:59:33](#)**  
(no subject)

Yeah, it's a fair cop.



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-03-14 12:58:42](#)**  
(no subject)


As for Remus, I do notice he has been kind to Hermione. Extremely kind, really. When there's no earthly reason for him to do so, and it doesn't really comport with him betraying James and Lily for some sort of advantage with the enemy. Perhaps that's a sign, that his character isn't as black as you have been fearing?



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2009-03-14 23:25:45](#)  
(no subject)

I suppose I just don't understand how anybody could be so black and awful as all that when they're so nice to a Mudblood like me. If he would hurt his freinds to help the Lord Protector, then why would he be so nice to me?



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-03-15 00:10:12](#)  
(no subject)

Hermione, I know no one likes to hear this about themselves, but it's not really *about* you. I've no doubt that he genuinely wants to help you, and perhaps that's enough for some of us to be going on with, reaching out to him.

What happened happened a long time ago, and I don't really know why he did it, but I'd be floored if it had to do with Moony suddenly deciding to stand against Muggleborns.

Remember that as a werewolf, he has some protections from Voldemort that the rest of you lot don't have.




 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-03-15 00:06:37](#)  
(no subject)

No, I'd be surprised if he'd suddenly changed his politics or his attitudes about that, and Remus is a half-blood himself, so that's not ever been a concern of mine. If he betrayed them (and really, I wish I could think of another explanation), I fear it was for a much more personal reason.

Then, too, the werewolves have gained some status with Voldemort that they didn't have under the old Ministry, even, and though he's never been much for werewolf company, he's just the type who would think he's working for a greater good.




 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-03-14 16:41:49](#)**  
(no subject)

You know, of course, what I'm going to say: do be careful!

It would only take one person to decide you're a suspicious sort, what with your prodding for information about the Channel and looking for someone willing to take you into treacherous waters. Sailors aren't the most trustworthy lot.

Now that the first shipments are coming through and Laszlo has established its credentials, mightn't it be best to be patient and see if we can't make this operation work more and more to our advantage over time? Before we risk everything on desperate measures like testing the Wards by water?



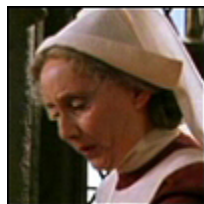
 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-03-15 00:12:53](#)**  
(no subject)


Oh, but it would be fun.

Besides, you still need the fluxweed, and the other items that we don't dare pass through Laszlo while we're trying to let it grow, as you say.

And the wands definitely won't be safe to send through for quite some time.

I think we need to keep our options open, and find out more about what we might be up against, before we rule out a run on the border.



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-03-16 11:59:14](#)**  
(no subject)

You know, I've been thinking about wands. (Yes, I've spent the weekend thinking up new things to worry about. You needn't point it out!)

We are assuming that if we are able to get hold of unregistered foreign-made wands, they will not be detected by the Ministry when used by a Muggleborn. That makes a very large assumption,



don't you think? What if we're wrong? What if with the first spell cast, the Ministry knows immediately that there is an unlicensed wand and an unregistered wizard or witch using it.

At the very least, we ought to test the proposition somewhere far away from the Sanctuary. In one of the camps, perhaps, because there are so many magical folk interned there that we might be able to hide the person who helped with the experiment if it were to go all wrong.

Surely we do NOT want to experiment first at the Sanctuary. What if that draws the Ministry directly to the spot. If the Ministry knew where to focus attention, how long would it take for them to pierce the Fidelius by one means or another?

All right. There's today's dose of caution. Do with it what you will.

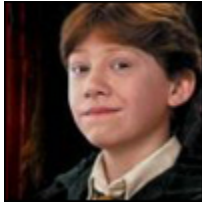
**2009-03-14 08:36:00**


*Happy birthday, Seamus!*

I'm sure you're happy that you don't have to have bunny ears to celebrate. I mean, Fred and George offered, and Ron seemed keen on the idea, but I said you'd be happy with chocolate frogs instead.



 [alt\\_neville](#)



 [alt\\_ron](#) at **2009-03-14 14:14:50**

*From me, too!*

Actually, I told them to give you a rabbit tail, but the twins were too busy this week.

You gonna to share some of those frogs, then?

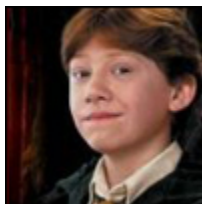


 [alt\\_seamus](#) at **2009-03-14 14:57:50**

*Re: From me, too!*

Thanks a lot mate. You want frogs after you tried to send your mad brothers after me?

Its okay Ill share anyway.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at **2009-03-14 16:18:31**

*Re: From me, too!*

I got you something, dont worry.

You just have to wait til later to see it.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at **2009-03-15 22:37:44**

*Re: From me, too!*

It was brilliant!

Im not sure it was brilliant the way youd meant for it to be brilliant.

I laughed so hard I think I pulled something.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-14 14:59:01](#)  
(no subject)

Thanks mate. I got a parcel from Mr Rosier too, come see its excellent.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-03-14 21:21:01](#)  
(no subject)

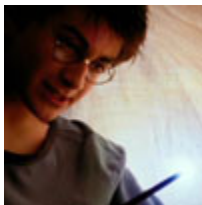
Thanks loads for sharing the cake, Seamus! I've never had one with raspberry in. I shared it round with Belinda and Linus, too.

Have you thought of a name for your owl?



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-15 22:38:33](#)  
(no subject)

Mala. Its Irish for eyebrow. Since she looks like she has enormous bushy eyebrows.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-14 23:27:19](#)  
(no subject)

I think Finnegans going to have to wait a bit for my present. my Mudblood isnt back with it yet. Sorry Finnegan.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-15 22:38:50](#)  
(no subject)

Thanks for the sweets Marvolo.

**[2009-03-15 17:05:00](#)**

*(no subject)*

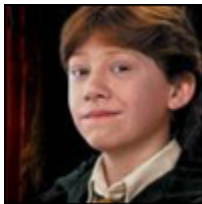
Well yesterday was a really excellent birthday. No bunny ears first of all. So that was good. Ron gave me this parchment hed charmed to sing to me. Sally-Anne and Pansy helped him but it sang in Rons voice. Really loud. Dont go out for choir mate. And was that supposed to be an Irish accent? Anyway I laughed so hard I almost hurt myself. And then at the end it dropped out some chocolate coins. Mr Rosier sent me a parcel with sweets and a lemon cake to share with my mates. But the best part was he included a note explaining that the owl whod brought the package was also a present.



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

Shes a beautiful owl. Shes called a crested owl which means she looks like she has enormous white eyebrows. Im going to call her Mala. Thats Irish for eyebrow but it kind of sounds like a nice name. I think.

And at breakfast today Marvolo gave me some sweets hed had his mudblood bring from Hogsmeade. Sugar quills and chocolate frogs and Bertie Botts. Ive been sucking on a sugar quill while working on my Transfiguration homework.

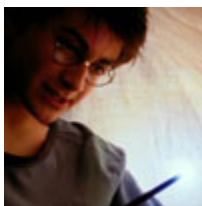


 **[alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-15 23:46:53](#)**

*(no subject)*

Heh. Yeah, Im not much for singing. One time we were out wassailing and singing carols and Mum got sort of fed up and fussed at me. '*If you cant sing in tune, don't sing at all,*' she said, but I think it was really more Dad than me singing wrong notes. And, anyway, was impossible to tell cause the twins were singing 'Ninety-nine bottles of mead on the wall' loads louder than the rest of us put together.

So, um, yeah. Glad you had a laugh! And a good birthday.



 **[alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-18 03:09:30](#)**

*(no subject)*

Glad you liked the sweets but Malas not really a good name for an owl is it. If it means eyebrow?



 **alt\_seamus** at [2009-03-19 01:21:14](#)  
(no subject)

She looks like she has ENORMOUS white eyebrows though.

**2009-03-15 21:24:00**

*Birthday*

This wasn't the worst birthday I ever had. That would be when I was six and had flu and spent the whole day lying down and drinking loads of Pepper-Up Potion.



 [alt\\_susan](#)

But I've had better ones.

I got lovely cards from Hannah and Eloise, though. Those colour-changing charms were pretty wizard--thanks!

I'm already reading the book Mum and Dad got me, and I put the picture of a badger that Peter drew me up by my bed. For a six year old, I think he's a pretty good artist. Tomorrow after I've done all my revising I think I might start a new story in the notebook Eddie and Carrie sent me. Auntie Mina sent me some owl treats for Valkyrie and wrote me a long letter too, which was even better.

So, I guess it wasn't so bad after all. It will be interesting to see what being twelve is like, even though it doesn't seem awfully different to being eleven right now. But there is a lot of time for things to change.

---

 [alt-ernie.livejournal.com](#) at **2009-03-16 11:01:55**

*(no subject)*

Sorry it wasn't better, Sue.

I don't reckon being 12 is any different to being 11. Nothing seems different to me anyway.

**[2009-03-16 18:43:00](#)**

*This and that*

Term is humming along with no real upheavals of note (aside from the hundred points Gryffindor lost a couple of weeks ago, due to the antics of--well, the less said of that, the better). According to what I've heard at the Prefects meetings, the first years seem to have sorted themselves out rather well as far as revising, etcetera, and are making quite a respectable showing, aside from one or two students who may have occasional difficulties with one class in particular. But for the most part, academics seem to be going well. The fifth year students are beginning to get a bit restive, perhaps, as the threat of O.W.L.s looms, but there have been no reports--yet--of anyone losing their head and setting fire to their books in the library or anything. Prefect rounds have been generally uneventful. It seems that most people are staying sensibly in their common rooms after curfew, as they should.



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

If only all our time at Hogwarts could go as smoothly as the last few weeks have seemed!



 **[alt\\_gredforge](#)** at **[2009-03-16 23:49:02](#)**

*(no subject)*

Seen anything interesting on the journals recently, oh your prefectness?

We've been a bit busy with our lovely castle to follow them properly this past week or two.



 **[alt\\_percy](#)** at **[2009-03-16 23:54:22](#)**

*(no subject)*

What are you on about? Yes, I saw your post about your *lovely castle*--you know I replied to you directly (which is more than you deserved). There was another one of those posts from that Grim Truth fellow, but no need to pay attention to that.



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-03-17 00:17:32](#)  
(no subject)

Right-o then. Ta!



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-17 00:18:05](#)  
(no subject)

Feel free to ask me anytime whenever you have a stupid, pointless annoying question.



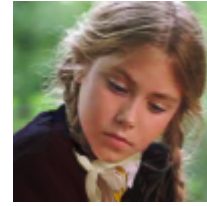
 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-03-17 00:18:34](#)  
(no subject)

Don't worry, we will!



**2009-03-16 21:28:00**

*It is always proper to talk about the weather*




 **alt\_megan**

I think it's almost spring. I can't tell for sure, because everything is different here. It hardly ever snowed at my guardian's house, even in the wintriest parts of winter, but it's much colder and snowier and just wintrier here at Hogwarts. I suppose that's because it's much further north.

I suppose if I were more advanced at Herbology, I would be able to tell about spring from the plants. I mean, the part before it's really obvious. Or in a few years if I take the class about animals, perhaps I'll be able to tell by the behavior of animals. As it is, I can only tell by how the air feels when I walk outside. I like to walk down by the lake, even though the damp and cold are probably bad for me. I saw a bird by the lake the other day, and it looked like a very spring-like bird. I couldn't tell you exactly why it looked like a spring-like bird, but if I pay attention I'm sure I shall learn. Perhaps it was just a cheerful bird. Spring always seems like a cheerful season.


There. Now I don't need to be guilty about not writing in my journal. One of the prefects said it was important to write, but no one ever said what to write about. But it is always proper to talk about the weather.



 **alt\_draco** at **2009-03-17 22:13:39**  
(no subject)

A spring-like bird? Yo u are supremely odd, Jones.




 **alt\_megan** at **2009-03-18 04:13:18**  
(no subject)

Some birds are around in winter. Some birds are around in the spring. Perhaps I could have said that better.

It was quite a nice bird, hopping and pecking. It looked at me like it recognized me.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-18 15:03:08](#)  
(no subject)


Oh, that. I thought you meant a leafy bird and were going mad. That would be quite interesting.



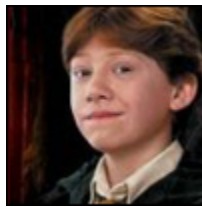
 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-03-18 15:12:36](#)  
(no subject)


Oooh, it would. I've never seen a leafy bird. Or did you mean ~~Ooooooh, I so hate all you p~~ I mean, I don't. I really don't. But I wish ~~oooooowhy why~~ why I was being so careful I suppose that would be quite odd, but it would have a hard time flying.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-18 17:01:18](#)  
(no subject)

Maybe not. Leafs might make for good wings.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-18 19:32:52](#)  
(no subject)

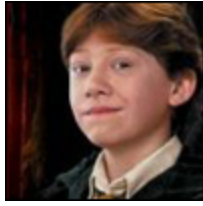
Leafs make good wings?


Thats just ridiculous.



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-03-19 03:19:26](#)  
(no subject)

They might.




 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-18 15:29:48](#)  
(no subject)

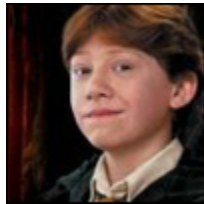
Oi!


Leave the Hufflepuff alone, you poof!



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-18 17:02:39](#)  
(no subject)

Quit scribbling at me. Am I supposed to be able to read that?




 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-18 19:07:43](#)  
(no subject)

I can't help it if you dont know how to read.

Eejit.




 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-03-19 03:21:43](#)  
(no subject)

Oh!

You shouldn't say that. You'll get in trouble.  
You shouldn't say that for me. Really you

shouldn't.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-17 23:58:34](#)  
(no subject)

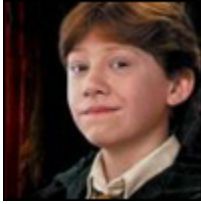
Good for you, Ms Jones, in getting back into journaling. The prefects appreciate your participation, as we need cooperation from all students to make the journal project a success.




 **[alt\\_megan](#)** at **[2009-03-18 04:13:47](#)**  
(no subject)

Thank you.

Are there proper topics for journaling? Sometimes it's hard to think of anything to say.



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-03-18 19:30:06](#)**  
(no subject)

You could write about how Draco Smellfoy is a stupid eejit.

Works for me, anyhow.



 **[alt\\_megan](#)** at **[2009-03-19 03:24:07](#)**  
(no subject)

I'd get in such trouble! If I said that.

~~Besides it isn't~~ It isn't true. Everyone knows he's a pureblood, and quite clever. ~~And friends with~~

I'm sure my guardian, and the prefects, and everyone, would be so disappointed with me if I said that.

You can do it because you're a boy, and you're a Gryffindor, so I suppose you don't mind getting in the most awful trouble.

But it's so nice of you to ~~notice~~ ~~try~~ say something. Truly it is.



 **[alt\\_harry](#)** at **[2009-03-18 03:11:00](#)**  
(no subject)

What's there to see if theres just plants underground still? Its barely even thawed yet.



 **[alt\\_megan](#)** at **[2009-03-18 04:15:26](#)**  
(no subject)

Perhaps it's not something you see. I think spring is something you feel if you pay attention and don't miss it. ~~I hate missing things. It's too easy to miss things. Why are you~~

**2009-03-17 09:44:00**

...

the mudblood put the props out this morning

need to find a few more pincushions for the lesson this afternoon

perhaps there will be pudding for lunch




 [alt\\_terry](#)



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-18 00:01:01](#)  
(no subject)

It's nice to see a word or two from you again, dear. I'd missed seeing your journal entries.



 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2009-03-18 00:05:36](#)  
(no subject)

Mrs Weasley is always very kind. but please, she neednt trouble herself to notice the mud



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-18 00:08:09](#)  
*Order Only*

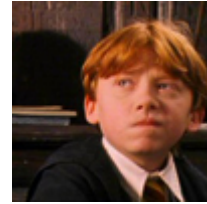
Oh, my--this just about crushed my heart.

Carrow really has broken him, hasn't he?

**2009-03-17 22:16:00**

*See, Percy, I'm writing in my journal!*

DRACO MALFOY IS A STINKING WANKER.



 [alt\\_ron](#)

Happy now, Percy?

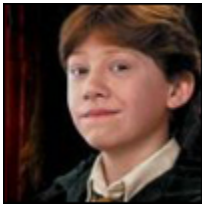
---




 [alt\\_percy](#) at **2009-03-18 11:45:15**  
(no subject)

Oh, very mature, Ron.

Don't be ridiculous. Now what set this off?



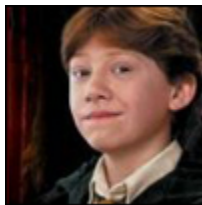
 [alt\\_ron](#) at **2009-03-18 12:40:58**  
(no subject)


Not really your business, is it?



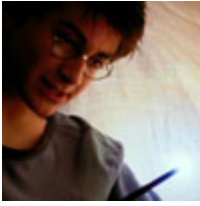
 [alt\\_percy](#) at **2009-03-18 13:40:17**  
(no subject)

It is my business as a Prefect, and if you're about to lose points for Gryffindor.



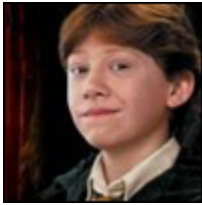
 [alt\\_ron](#) at **2009-03-18 14:07:14**  
(no subject)


Go away, Percy! Dont you need to look over your Runes parchment or something?



 **[alt\\_harry](#)** at **[2009-03-18 13:23:54](#)**  
(no subject)

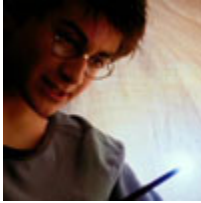
Stop that Weasley. I dont want to get in trouble for duelling in the corridors. But I will if you dont take it back!!



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-03-18 13:29:20](#)**  
(no subject)

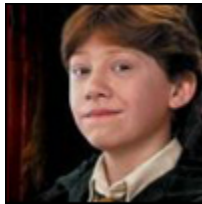
's none of your business, either, is it?


I'm not taking anything back until he takes back all that rubbish he's said about Neville.



 **[alt\\_harry](#)** at **[2009-03-18 13:37:32](#)**  
(no subject)

its my business because he's my friend.



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-03-18 13:45:02](#)**  
(no subject)

And Neville's mine. And nobody, not you and bloody well not Malfoy's going to rubbish him like that if I can stop it.

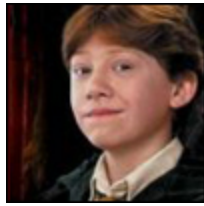
So, go away, Marvolo. Malfoy's the one's started this.




 **[alt\\_neville](#)** at **[2009-03-18 13:46:53](#)**  
(no subject)

Ron, no. I don't want you to get in trouble cause of me.





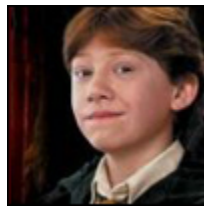
 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-18 13:49:36](#)  
(no subject)


s'okay. I dont mind.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-18 13:52:33](#)  
(no subject)

But I do!



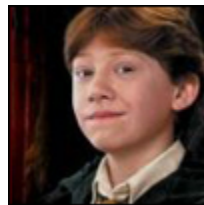
 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-18 14:05:40](#)  
(no subject)


Who asked you? Your not my auntie.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-18 14:20:25](#)  
(no subject)

No, thank Merlin. But I am your Prefect and therefore charged to help keep you out of trouble!



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-18 14:29:45](#)  
(no subject)

Whatever.



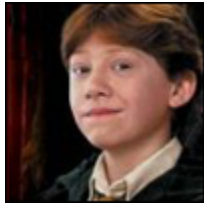
 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-18 13:45:54](#)  
(no subject)


Quite right of you to want to defend your friend, Marvolo (and Ron, that includes you, too), but there won't be any dueling in the corridors, by anyone. Talk it out.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-18 15:00:06](#)  
(no subject)

Yeah, and HE doesn't have to work with Wrongbottom in potions. He keeps stirring to the left instead of the right - I mean, if it were something difficult he were messing up that'd be one thing, but it's just stirring!



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-18 15:10:00](#)  
(no subject)


Look, no one slagged you off when you levitated your feather and it poked you in the eye.

And then in the ear.

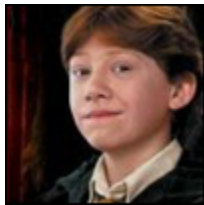
And then picked your nose for you.


That's easy stuff, too, but you couldn't get it right, Smallfoy.



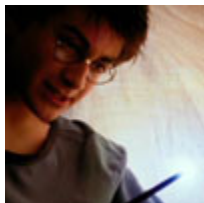
 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-18 17:09:35](#)  
(no subject)

My feather didn't do any of that, you giant, ginger liar. But even if it had, it was levitation, not moving around a spoon.



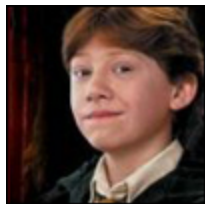
 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-18 19:22:46](#)  
(no subject)


Your calling me a liar? That's rich.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-18 15:14:21](#)  
(no subject)

Pretty bad!! Dyou think he can't tell his left from his right? Has anyone showed him that his left hand makes an L? Your dad showed me that and I dont get confused any more.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-18 15:15:47](#)  
(no subject)

Oi!



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-03-18 17:13:42](#)  
(no subject)

If you want him to do it properly, the easiest thing is to stand to his right and tell him to stir towards you.

Who was Lavender's partner last go round? Maybe they know a way to get her to pay attention to what she's doing.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-18 17:23:40](#)  
(no subject)


I wasn't asking for advice, was I?



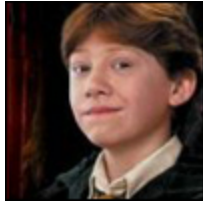
 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-03-18 17:32:31](#)  
(no subject)


No. Sorry.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-03-18 13:41:31](#)  
(no subject)

'S okay, Ron. You should let it all roll off your back. That's what I try to do.




 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-03-18 13:48:41](#)**  
(no subject)

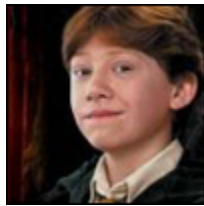
You're too nice, Nev. He'll just go on and on if somebody doesn't make him stop.


And look, he's not even got a big enough wand to answer for himself.



 **[alt\\_neville](#)** at **[2009-03-18 13:53:50](#)**  
(no subject)

Look, I gotta work with him in Potions, okay?




 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-03-18 14:03:36](#)**  
(no subject)

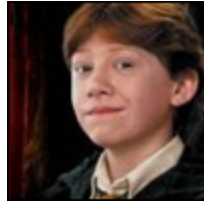
Yeah. And look how that's going! That's the whole problem. He thinks he can just slag you off and make you feel so crap you end up slicing somethin wrong or droppin in the nettles when its spose to be the billywig stings or whatever. And then he goes around rubbishing you all over school.


That's not quidditch, mate. Someone's got to make him shut his gob.



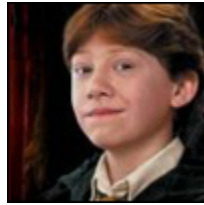
 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-03-18 14:56:15](#)**  
(no subject)


He was mucking up the potions ingredients before I slagged him off, you idiot, that's rather the whole point. Why don't you let Wrongbottom stand up for himself, it might do him some good.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-18 15:13:51](#)  
(no subject)

Anybody would get edgy with you hovering over them, going 'Eh!', 'Hem, hem!', 'Phwuh!' every move they make.



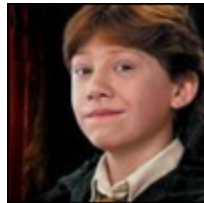
 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-18 15:20:10](#)  
(no subject)


And flapping your sleeves about like a nervous diricawl.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-03-18 15:40:10](#)  
(no subject)


I already said I was sorry, Malfoy. And that I'd try harder next time. I dunno what else you expect me to do.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-18 16:09:12](#)  
(no subject)


And it might do you some good to shut your ugly mouth.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-18 16:58:45](#)  
(no subject)

It took you three comments to get that out? You're just making yourself look stupid now. Even moreso than usual. Which is quite an accomplishment, really. Congratulations.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-18 19:11:25](#)  
(no subject)

Is that the best you can do, Smallboy?

**[2009-03-17 23:11:00](#)**

*Chocs and things*



I almost forgot Seamus Finnegan's birthday. So I sent Granger out to get some chocs for him. She did a good job at that. But then she doddled today. So I told her that she had to stand up whenever she was'n't helping Madam Pomfrey. Except when she sleeps of course. Her legs got tired I think. But she apologised and said that she was glad I didn't punish her any worse.

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

So I think that is going well and I wrote Father to say so.

Sunny today for the first time in weeks!! It was nice to feel the sun. Even spells that make it sunny aren't the same.

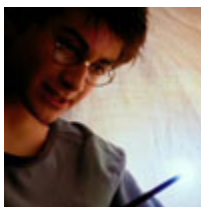
I ran out of hartshorn in potions because I spilled some. Hartshorn isn't something that's restricted though. So that's all right. Not that I have trouble getting things that are hard to get for most people, Father makes sure that I get them if I need them for school. But I don't like to ask. Hartshorn is just bothersome though because I have to send my owl to get more.



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-03-18 15:02:01](#)**

*(no subject)*

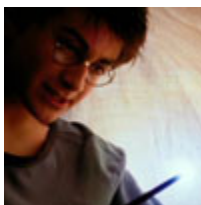
Did you really make her stand? I didn't see it. But I was probably in detention again.



 **[alt\\_harry](#)** at **[2009-03-18 15:07:59](#)**

*(no subject)*

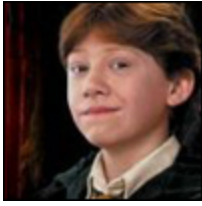
Yeah she had to stand all while I was doing my homework. Then while I played exploding snap with some of the second years.




 **[alt\\_harry](#)** at **[2009-03-18 15:09:52](#)**

*(no subject)*

And I'm sorry you were in detention.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-18 15:33:11](#)  
(no subject)

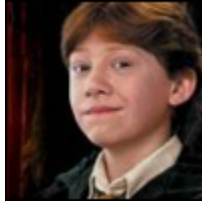
'I was probably in detention again.'


Ooooooh, I'm crying real tears for you there, Smallfoy. Your life's soooo rotten.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-18 17:05:30](#)  
(no subject)

Not really. I mean, aside from detention, which is annoying, you have to admit that my life's really quite brilliant.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-18 19:24:44](#)  
(no subject)

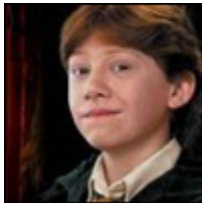
Then why are you always whingeing about how disappointing everything is and moaning about all you have to put up with?


Your just a big girl's blouse.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-18 21:27:30](#)  
(no subject)

You really should go back to not writing, Weasley. Nobody was missing you and your mental ramblings.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-18 21:57:46](#)  
(no subject)

Who're you calling mental, you glumbumble turd?



 **alt\_seamus** at **2009-03-19 01:19:03**  
(no subject)

Thanks for the chocs Marvolo!



**2009-03-18 18:56:00**

*Just so you know...*

I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Amycus Carrow is a stupid, nasty wanker, who needs to learn how to brush his teeth and trim his nose hairs. Such a putrescent ball of slime should not be unleashed upon the unsuspecting student body, much less honoured with the title of professor. A more cruel and beetle-headed clod could not possibly be found if you scoured the dung heap.

Oh, and his sister is a harpy.



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

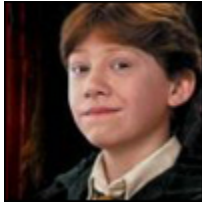
**[2009-03-18 21:10:00](#)**


Wow

Ron, I just can't believe that you did that. . .



 [alt\\_neville](#)



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-19 02:32:50](#)

*(no subject)*

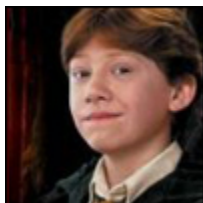
Yeah, well. He had it coming, wouldn't you say?




 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-03-19 03:53:45](#)

*(no subject)*

Your suppertime antics with Mr Malfoy didn't escape my notice, young Weasley.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-19 04:27:49](#)

*(no subject)*

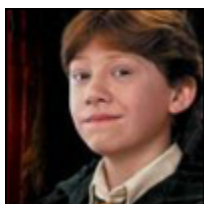
He started it, sir.



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-03-19 04:30:32](#)

*(no subject)*

Of all the excuses I get from students, that one is definitely my least favourite.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-19 04:36:05](#)

*(no subject)*

Doesn't make it less true.

He's been saying really awful things about Neville all over school for days and today after I

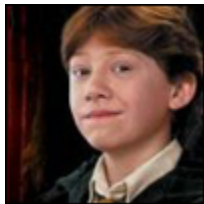
called him out on it, he tripped me on my way into dinner and then pretended like he had nothing to do with it, and then at dinner he was acting out how Neville messed up his potion Friday and that whole pack of Slytherins were laughing and I just lost it, sir, and he was wearing that glass of pumpkin juice before I knew I'd even lifted my wand. And that's totally the truth of it, sir. Malfoys just a complete sodding wanker and he had it coming.



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-03-19 04:49:49](#)

*(no subject)*

Well. That excuse isn't any better. Just longer.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-19 05:03:34](#)

*(no subject)*

Am I supposed to make something else up? I'm just telling you what happened.

Don't know what else to say if you don't want to know the truth.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-19 13:27:12](#)

*(no subject)*

No, you're not supposed to make something up. You're not supposed to do something so foolish in the first place.

Honestly, Ron. I'm so disappointed in you.

(Sorry, Professor Macnair, I went to study in the library after classes and was there most of the dinner hour. Maybe I might have been able to prevent it if I'd been there.)



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-03-19 13:34:26](#)**  
(no subject)

Ronald Bilius Weasley! That is no way to talk to Professor Macnair!

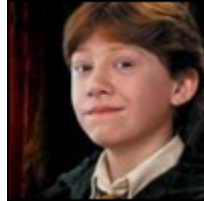
Isn't it bad enough for you to behave like a uncouth hooligan toward Draco Malfoy without being rude and disrespectful to your Head of House on top of it!?




 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-03-19 13:37:22](#)**  
*Order Only*

Honestly! I'm glad to see him backing up his mates (and I'm sorry that Neville seems to be having a hard time of it, Alice) but why, why did he have to pick a fight with Draco Malfoy

of all people?



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-03-19 14:48:32](#)**  
(no subject)

Um, sorry?

But he was the one who was uncou? whatever first, Mum. Really. You should have heard him going on and on about Neville. For days. It just wasn't right. Someone had to make him stop.



 **[alt\\_neville](#)** at **[2009-03-19 13:18:55](#)**  
(no subject)


I'm really sorry for everything, sir. Guess it was partly my fault, cause Malfoy was hacked off at me because I was so pants at Potions and I'm his partner.



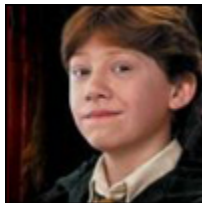
 **[alt\\_macnair](#)** at **[2009-03-19 14:27:56](#)**  
(no subject)


I reckon you're not pants at Potions on purpose, Mr Longbottom.



 **[alt\\_neville](#)** at **[2009-03-19 13:17:27](#)**  
(no subject)


Well, thanks for sticking up for me, anyway, Ron, but I'm sorry you got in trouble for it.



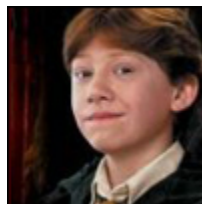
 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-03-19 13:27:47](#)**  
(no subject)


'S okay. I was looking for something to do other than homework tonight. Heh.



 **[alt\\_neville](#)** at **[2009-03-19 13:42:49](#)**  
(no subject)

What are you going to have to do? And does Malfoy have detention, too?



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-03-19 14:43:45](#)**  
(no subject)

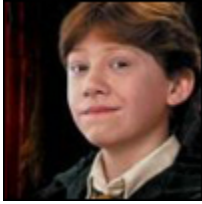
Don't know yet. Guess it's with Professor Macnair, though.


And I think Malfoy's already got a pile of detentions to serve, so I'm not sure whether he's getting more or not. Hope he gets another months worth, though. He deserves it.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-19 03:55:23](#)  
(no subject)

I suppose you put him up to it, Wrongbottom, did you? Well you'd better watch your back from now on, and don't you worry, your little Gryffindaft hero will get his, too.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-19 04:25:54](#)  
(no subject)

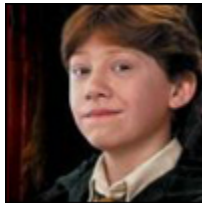
Whats that supposed to be about? You sound like you're twirling your mustache like the villain in a Christmas panto. 'I'll get you and your heroic friend, too!'


Unless you want another dose of pumpkin juice, you should dry up, Malfart.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-19 04:31:36](#)  
(no subject)

You better learn to quit or you'll find out what it's supposed to be about, Weaselface.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-19 04:36:59](#)  
(no subject)

Ooooh, I'm soooo scared of you, Malfairy.




 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-03-19 13:16:21](#)  
(no subject)

No, I didn't put him up to it, Malfoy. I'm ~~not that type~~ of


And honest, I'm sorry it happened. But if you really knew Ron, you'd know he doesn't need anyone to put him up to anything.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-19 14:35:59](#)  
(no subject)

As if I'd want to "know Ron."



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-19 14:51:30](#)  
(no subject)

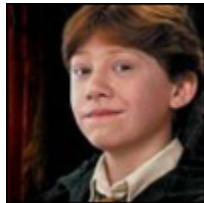
Always want to have the last word, dont you Smellfoy? Well not here in a Gryffindor's journal you don't!


Bugger off!



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-03-19 14:57:02](#)  
(no subject)

You two have already got one detention. Keep it up and so will I.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-19 15:00:33](#)  
(no subject)

Yes, sir.

**2009-03-18 23:43:00**

*Parvati*

Lavender. Did Parvati tell you what's going on? All she said was that the Headmistress called her into her office but that she wasn't in trouble about anything. She said she isn't supposed to talk about it but that Mum and Dad were really happy when they heard.



 [alt\\_padma](#)

Has she said anything to you?

(I would tell Ronald Weasley that he and Longbottom are filthy mudblood lovers but I don't think it's at all dignified to get involved in their journals. I'd rather not have any of my writing even in Weasel's journal, thank you very much. I know Seamus says they're alright really but I dunno how they can be when they're so wrong all the time and so thick about it.)



 [alt\\_draco](#) at **2009-03-19 01:02:16**

*(no subject)*

He was giving Harry a hard time for defending me, so of course I had to say something. What a tosser.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at **2009-03-19 02:05:46**

*(no subject)*

I can't believe Weasel called you out like that in his journal just to spite his brother. I mean admittedly Weasel is a pillock, but honestly how thick can he be?



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at **2009-03-19 01:17:15**

*(no subject)*

What did they say about mudbloods? Did I miss something today?

Anyway Parvati didn't say anything to me but that's not surprising. She was being dead mysterious at dinner.





 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-03-19 02:00:33](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, I dunno if they said anything particularly stupid today, but usually I mean theyre just daft about mudbloods. Theyr always defending someone who shouldn't be excused.



 **[alt\\_lavender](#)** at **[2009-03-19 02:56:47](#)**  
(no subject)

Well it's very Exciting but I probably shouldn't say too much about it on the journals if Parvati wasn't supposed to!

Let's meet up tomorrow after breakfast though.

Weasley and Longbottom are just being Stupid boys; honestly, Weasley acts like he was raised by werewolves or something, even if he is Pure.



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-03-19 15:35:33](#)**  
(no subject)

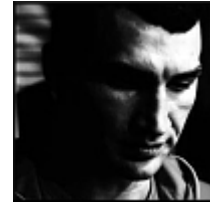
I still can't believe my sister was ~~cel selae~~ chosen for something like that! What an honour for the whole family! ~~I wish I'd been~~ No wonder mum and dad are chuffed.

Weasley is a squirrelly little rodent and I know just how Malfoy feels with Longbottom for a partner. I mean look at all the trouble I had with Hopkins the Half-blood Half-wit and he at least didn't have completely mental opinions about everything on top of being so dreadful at Potions.

**2009-03-19 08:15:00**

*Enough of that*

Not long after I began teaching, it occurred to me that students aren't much different from adults. Each tends to have his own version of truth in which he is the innocent party, and the other is guilty.



 [alternity](#)  
 [alt\\_macnair](#)

Fact is, doesn't really matter who's innocent and who's guilty if you're both creating havoc for everyone else.

Ron Weasley and Draco Malfoy, please meet me in front of the main entrance this evening for detention. Eight o'clock, and sharpish.


---



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-19 14:32:35](#)  
(no subject)

But sir, I already have detention tonight! And for the next few weeks, at that. I've got to polish the trophies.



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-03-19 14:33:46](#)  
(no subject)

You'll have to make quick work of the trophies, then.



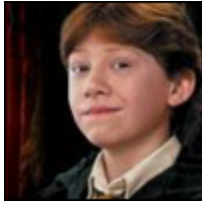
 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-19 14:34:33](#)  
(no subject)


How?



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-03-19 14:35:01](#)  
(no subject)

Be faster.




 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-19 14:56:54](#)  
(no subject)

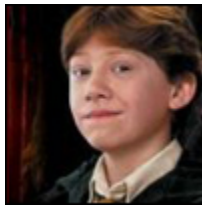
Yes, sir.


But, sir, do I really have to have detention with him? I mean really, don't you think we'd get um more done if we weren't in the same room?



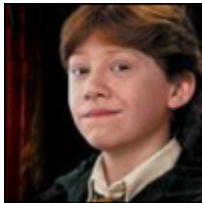
 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-03-19 14:59:14](#)  
(no subject)


It's not about getting anything done, if I wanted that I'd fetch an elf.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-19 15:05:07](#)  
(no subject)


Oh.



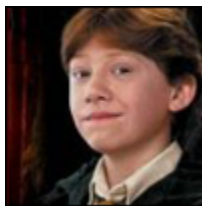
 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-19 15:07:18](#)  
(no subject)


Um. Wait. In front of the main entrance? Like outdoors, sir?



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-03-19 15:20:15](#)  
(no subject)

That's right.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-19 15:34:14](#)  
(no subject)

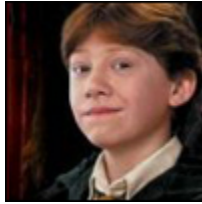
Oh.


At 8 tonight? It'll be dark, sir. Wont it?



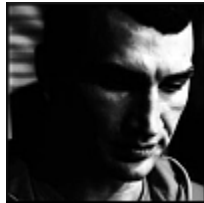
 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-03-19 15:35:10](#)  
(no subject)

It usually is.



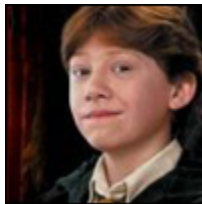
 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-19 15:50:14](#)  
(no subject)


Er. What are we going to do for this detention, sir? Outside. At night. In the dark.



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-03-19 23:35:26](#)  
(no subject)

You'll see soon.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-20 00:44:30](#)  
(no subject)

Yes, sir.

**2009-03-19 11:29:00**

*ATTN: Mr Malfoy*

Mr Malfoy - I will see you in my office as soon as your heavy schedule of detentions allows.



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



 [alt\\_draco](#) at **2009-03-19 22:40:25**  
*(no subject)*

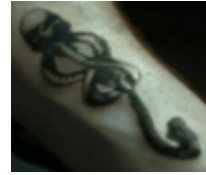
Yes, sir.

Only I don't know how soon I can get there. But I will try to make it as soon as possible.

**2009-03-19 17:11:00**

*(no subject)*

Min, I won't be around during the Easter break. My methods are in high demand. I've got a little laboratory for myself, it seems, from the powers that be.



 [alt\\_amycus](#)

Today's shaping up to be a rather fine day. There's a damp wind wuthering around. The pigeons hate it. Not as many dunces in class as usual, and tidbit managed to brew the tea just right.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-03-19 21:13:11](#)

*(no subject)*

Please refrain from referring to me as "Min."

Whatever do you mean, a "laboratory"?



 [alt\\_amycus](#) at [2009-03-19 21:13:21](#)

*(no subject)*

Nothing.

**2009-03-20 11:30:00**

*Couldn't even get my lunch eaten for all the questions!*



 [alt\\_ron](#)

Enough already! I can't answer everybody's questions one at a time! So you want to know what happened last night? Good thing about study hall is I can tell you all about it now!

First of all, Draco Malfoy is the biggest coward on the planet!

Didn't know you could run that fast, Malfoy! And I hate to break it to you: you scream like a girl! Only louder.

I'll admit, it was dead serious out there. I can't believe they made us go in there. I mean, it's clear why that forest is forbidden, innit? It was just totally BLACK in the parts where the trees are really thick and the trees were seriously huge! (Sally Anne, you'd have loved some of it, but you want to go during the day so you can see it all and not just feel like you're some creature's midnight snack. I'm telling you, every step we took, something out there growled or hooted or screeched.)

So we were snapping branches, making a path, and pulling stuff out of this clearing, and Mr Lupin went off and left us with Professor Macnair, and then we started hearing noises, which Macnair said were just Lupin setting bait or something, but all of a sudden there's this huge crash and this thing, this totally sorcerous BLACK thing with enormous teeth comes snarling and tearing out of the trees right at us! I was just stood there frozen, but Malfoy lets this bloody great scream and runs off -- and so of course the thing tears off after him.

After that it was pretty confusing. Professor Macnair said I should stay there, and he ran off after Malfoy. I thought I should at least get out of the middle of that clearing, I mean I was just a meal waiting for something to come eat me, wasn't I? But I didn't know where to go and all of a sudden there were Centaurs. -- Pansy, have you ever seen one? They come in all colours, but there was this one really enormous black one that grabbed hold of me and wanted to know what I was

about. They have bows and arrows and they're not very nice, but I was okay because pretty soon Mr Lupin found us and talked to the centaurs and they let go of me. And when we got back to the clearing, there were loads more centaurs all talking to Harry Marvolo, but I couldn't really understand what they'd been talking about. It was all stuff like 'Mars is bright tonight -- unusually bright' and something about the innocent being the first to die and a load of other stuff that didn't make sense. Then Professor Macnair dragged Malfoy back - he looked like he might faint when he saw the Centaurs -- and Macnair took hold of Marvolo and marched us all out of the forest together.

And that was pretty much it. I don't know if Marvolo's in trouble for following us out there. Now it's all over, I think it might have been the wickedest detention ever!

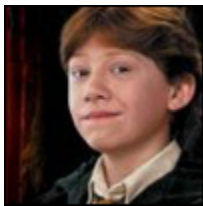



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-03-20 17:11:08](#)  
(no subject)

Only a Gryffindor would say that running away from a totally sorcerous snarling black thing with enormous teeth makes you the world's biggest coward.

If I ever go into the Forbidden Forest WHICH I WON'T PROFESSOR MACNAIR DON'T WORRY I am taking a Gryffindor with me. So that if we find something that wants to eat us I'll have time to get a running start while it eats the Gryffindor as he stands there thinking, 'I'll bravely face down the giant snarling thing with my first year spells!'

I can't believe you got to go in there as a punishment!



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-20 17:16:07](#)  
(no subject)

I know, can you believe it! It was totally wizard!  
Well, at the time, it was pretty scary and, Im telling you, it was the darkest, BLACKEST place Ive ever been in my whole life.





 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-03-20 19:36:54](#)  
(no subject)

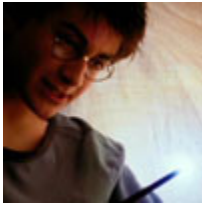
Yeah I think if I were going to go there I'd rather do it during the day when it's light out.

I liked the forest near my old house but I stayed out of it at night when there wasn't any light to see by.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-03-20 19:37:57](#)  
(no subject)

NOT THAT I AM GOING TO GO THERE I know Professor Macnair got worried I was thinking about it once. I would only go there if I had a professor with me or were on detention or whatever and they'd never let make me do that for detention because everyone knows I want to see it and detention's supposed to be a punishment.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-21 18:51:35](#)  
(no subject)


You don't really want to go there Sally-Anne!!



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-20 17:38:24](#)  
(no subject)

What was it they had you doing in there anyway? Parvati and Lav keep saying things about the forbidden forest and then acting all mystereus when any one tries to get them to say more.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-20 19:11:10](#)  
(no subject)

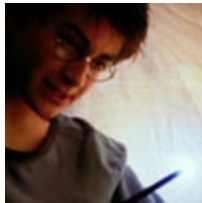
I dont really know -- but, yeah, something's gonna happen out there.

We were making the path wider out to this clearing place and dragging brush and things out of it. It's a really big open

space and I think there might have been stacks of wood over on one side just at the edge of the trees, but it was really hard to tell, and I think Professor Macnair was kind of keeping us busy on the other side away from whatever was over there. I don't know.

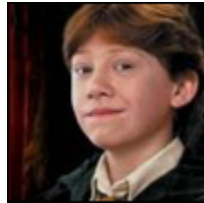
Whatever it is, Professor Macnair doesn't seem too happy about it. Don't think Mr Lupin likes it too much either, though he wasn't saying much.


And whatever it is the centaurs dont like it a bit.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-21 18:52:15](#)  
(no subject)


Your telling me!!! They were awfully scary.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-21 19:15:29](#)  
(no subject)

I know! And it was like they were saying something completely dire, but if you think about what they actually said it doesn't make sense at all. I think their just mad -- maybe thats why they keep them out their in the forest, cause they can't have a conversation with anybody that makes sense.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-03-20 18:06:48](#)  
(no subject)

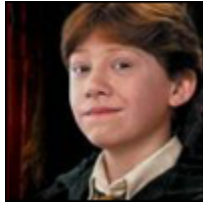
Malfoy doesn't seem to have been eaten, anyhow. Maybe whatever chased him decided in the end that he didn't taste good.


He was much quieter this morning than usual in Potions.



 **[alt\\_neville](#)** at **[2009-03-20 18:07:43](#)**  
(no subject)

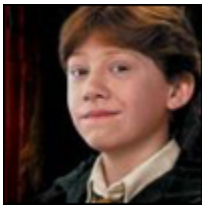
But how dead cool to see Centaurs!




 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-03-20 18:31:20](#)**  
(no subject)

Yeah, it was totally wizard!

But being alone with a whole herd of them was dead scary. They seemed really angry that we were out there in their forest. Like they own it! And Professor Macnair told them as much, but I think he agreed with them that whatever's going on is bad business. He seemed pretty grim about it, anyway. He kept saying they had Orders to do it -- him and Mr Lupin -- and it seemed like the centaurs had Orders too. Maybe. I don't know, really.



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-03-20 18:34:21](#)**  
(no subject)

Yeah, I don't think it hurt him. Knocked him down maybe. When they came back, Professor Macnair was telling Malfoy to dry up, it'd just slobbered on him is all. But Malfoy looked like he'd wet himself!

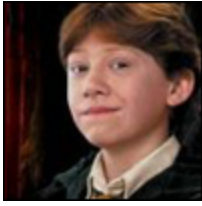
Or maybe it was the monster did that after it tasted him!




 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-03-20 19:21:22](#)**  
(no subject)

'Wickedest detention ever,' hmm . . . perhaps you rather missed the point?

I trust you won't make a habit of this sort of thing, my boy, just for the thrill and all, eh? Really, I don't think your mother's nerves can stand it.




 **alt\_ron** at [2009-03-20 19:43:46](#)  
(no subject)

Well, they did make us work really hard. I was sort of glad when that monster thing came crashing in and we had to stop. I think the centaurs might have chased us out anyway if that thing hadn't come and tried to eat Malfoy.

But, Dad, the centaurs were really amazing! Have you ever seen any? They were really tall and strong. The one that grabbed me had the biggest hands I've ever seen. And really foul breath, but he didn't hurt me, really. They said all this mad stuff about the stars and Mars and a load of absolutely dire stuff that's supposed to happen and all. Professor Macnair says you can never get a straight answer out of a centaur, and I expect he's right about that.



 **alt\_arthur** at [2009-03-20 19:48:27](#)  
(no subject)

No, I have to say I've never seen a centaur, my boy. I must admit, I almost envy you that experience.

**2009-03-20 14:54:00**

*ORDER ONLY*

we're having a boy!!



 [alt\\_frank](#)



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-20 19:09:23](#)

*(no subject)*

Oh, my goodness--yes, Alice has reached the fifth month, hasn't she, so she could do the charm now?

Wonderful news! Arthur and I are so happy for you both.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-03-20 19:12:17](#)

*(no subject)*

tried it three times just to make sure.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-03-20 19:16:09](#)

*(no subject)*

Indeed we are. Speaking as someone who has a quiverful of boys--and who knows in great detail about all the joys and trials they can bring(!)--my heartiest congratulations again to you both.




 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-03-20 19:20:01](#)

*(no subject)*

thanks, mate.




 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-03-20 19:22:33](#)**  
(no subject)

Trials, indeed!

Your sons are keeping things interesting here at the castle. Never a dull moment. I think I shall have to retire if we ever run dry of Weasleys to keep us in work!

Mind you, I haven't had to treat any of them recently -- I don't mean to worry you. So far as I'm aware your youngest boy came through his most recent adventure unscathed. I'm sure I've no idea what Macnair was thinking, taking those boys into the Forest at night! But I wasn't even asked for a sticking plaster, so all's well that ends without disaster.




 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-03-20 19:17:26](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, thank you Molly! We'd be happy with either a boy or girl, of course, but it was very exciting to find out that we were having another little boy. And now we can figure out what we're going to name him, as

well.




 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-03-20 19:15:36](#)**  
(no subject)

That's wonderful! I trust that mother-to-be and baby are thriving.


Such good news!



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-03-20 19:18:33](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, we're both fit as fiddles, Poppy!




 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-03-20 19:28:56](#)**  
(no subject)

Do take care of yourself, dear.

You'll remember that you will need to change your routine a bit as you grow rounder -- things that you take for granted at the moment will become trickier to accomplish, and there's a danger of losing balance as your sense of where you end and the world begins shifts day by day. It seems unfair that just as you begin to feel well again, your body throws these other complications in the road.

But you know all this. Just be careful of yourself and don't overdo things. And be in touch of there's anything I can help with.



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-03-20 22:44:59](#)**  
(no subject)

Of course, I shall.

It'll be interesting waddling around Moddey Dhoo -- there are an awful lot of stairs, and the ground isn't very even. We'll see how clumsy I get when I can't see my feet anymore!


I'm just happy the morning sickness has passed. Merlin, that was a trial.



 **[alt\\_mcgonagall](#)** at **[2009-03-22 13:06:22](#)**  
(no subject)

Congratulations, Alice - and do be careful!



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-03-22 15:46:30](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, thank you, Minerva.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-03-22 13:05:56](#)  
(no subject)

Oh Frank, how *lovely!*



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-03-22 15:43:58](#)  
(no subject)

bloody great news, that.

thanks, Minerva.



**2009-03-20 17:32:00**

*Boys' Games*

Must keep this brief as there is much to do in the next few days ....



Many of you have owled or commented this week and it seems necessary to make a statement.

 [alt\\_lucius](#)

Narcissa and I have discussed the way in which our son's private tribulations at school have been playing out in such a public manner as a result of the journal project. Some measure of 'growing pains' are inevitable in any child, of course, and a young lad away from home adjusts and matures in his own time, never on a straight trajectory, but with leaps ahead and backsliding along the way. In Draco's case, we have been extraordinarily proud of his early acclimation to school and at times considerably pained for him by his failures.

Failing is part of learning, however, as is the freedom of time away from home in which to grow. For centuries, the professors at Hogwarts have discharged their duties as they should, without interference except from those over-eager parents who become too involved in their children's daily struggles. An overall sense of whether the child is performing to standard is necessary but to fight one's child's battles - or to clean up his messes - for him helps neither the child nor the staff charged with his education.

The instantaneous record provided by the journals offers us all perhaps too much insight to the angst of children's travails. By and large the worries of this term will be supplanted with new concerns next term, and rivalries and alliances formed now will shift or settle as occasion dictates.

All of this is to say that despite the advice many of you have offered this week regarding our son, we have chosen not to intercede on his behalf nor petition for clemency from his professors. I have corresponded with his Head of House and we are in accord that boys will be boys. If we are needed to reinforce a matter of importance or policy then I expect between my visits to the school for the Governors and ... other reasons we shall be quite equipped to provide appropriate advice and guidance.

That's an end to that.

As I said, much to do on many fronts, not least for our anniversary tomorrow and then an upcoming business trip for the Council.

Spoke with Selwyn earlier this week - all is being arranged and that ought to more than adequately serve for the time being. Still no official package to point to, but in time I am sure it will be delivered.

The situation at Buckingham is progressing unsurprisingly. We have learned a great deal about our friends and enemies to the state - and Our Lord is pleased in His methods to maintain the source of our information.

Whenever I believe I must have seen the limit of His Lordship's genius, He quite astonishes me yet again. His audacity and brilliance are so shocking at times in their greatness that quite frankly it took a few days' thought for the full power of His plans to sink in. Truly there is no nation as mighty, with leadership such as Our Lord provides.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-20 20:17:08](#)

*Order Only*

Well, thank goodness he's making light of what's been happening with his son. With a bit of luck Ron may avoid his notice entirely--if only he learns to think before giving into his temper!

(Look at that toadying in the last paragraph. Dreadful, I call it.)



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-03-20 20:21:43](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Mmm. I'm interested in that passing reference to Selwyn; I gather they've been comparing notes on Warrington's project, the proposal to convince people to hire muggleborn servants.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-03-20 21:02:51](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Is that what you make of that paragraph? I read it a bit differently: more like he was just as horrified as anyone by the concept of what they're planning and

has chosen to turn it into another reason to praise the rat bastard.

Which may actually be worse, come to think of it.

As for Ron, I'd be surprised if Malfoy thinks he needs to become personally involved in your boy's affairs. Doesn't mean he won't look for a reason to strike at you all more generally.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-03-22 13:07:26](#)

*Re: Order Only*

That is my understanding of the situation, Sirius. Malfoy may be a cold-hearted pig of a Slytherin - but he isn't unfeeling, at least, not in that respect.



 [alt\\_selwyn](#) at [2009-03-21 20:48:05](#)

*(no subject)*

All the forms from International Magical Co-operation are in order; I checked them over one last time myself. All that's still required is Director Lewellyn-Davis' signature. I'd hoped to get that for you yesterday but he wasn't in, or so Miss Barkwith assured me. She said she'd have him sign it as soon as he was back, so I can't imagine there will be much of a hold up. It sounded as if he might have stopped by Buckingham to see how things were progressing.



 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2009-03-22 20:44:53](#)

*(no subject)*

Dominic, I wanted to thank you personally for your part in this little plot of my husband's. He surprised me yesterday with the news - I'm thrilled. It's been far too long and really I can't think of a better anniversary present.



 [alt\\_selwyn](#) at [2009-03-22 21:18:38](#)

*(no subject)*

Do spare a thought for the rest of us while you're sipping espresso in the Paris sunshine, Narcissa.

But Lucius is right, it's time we sent a proper and

respectable emissary of the Lord Protector's good will to the Ministre de Magie. It's a barbaric country but at least they're led by someone with good blood; that gives me some hope.




 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2009-03-22 22:59:47](#)  
(no subject)

Why, Dominic, it sounds as if you're jealous. You're quite needed here, if that's what troubles you.

But I assure you, while Lucius is meeting with the *Ministre* I shall be hard at work as well, and soaking up more than sunshine. It's high time that we had a look at how fashion, cuisine, entertainment and other pursuits have changed on the continent, so that we can bring back any trends moving in the right direction. *Witch Weekly* and *Proper Warlock* will be delighted to collect the new material. With luck we'll have enough to include in issues through the end of the year.


I'm sure it seems frightfully silly to someone with such weighty concerns as you, but I hope it will revitalise our domestic designers and help the general economy.



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-03-21 23:53:01](#)  
*I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good*


Hello



 [alt\\_selwyn](#) at [2009-03-22 23:57:27](#)  
(no subject)

Lucius, I haven't heard a word from Llewellyn-Davis since I stopped in on Friday. Did you see him when you were at Buckingham?



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-03-23 00:12:18](#)  
(no subject)

See him, no; however I do know that he was summoned to see the Lord Protector on a matter of some importance.

I doubt he will be in on Monday, but I'm sure your signature will suffice for the time being.

**2009-03-21 14:48:00**

*Centaurs are strange.*

I reckon everybody who cares has already heard about what happened in the Forest last night. But what I want to know is, do Centaurs really tell the future?




 [alt\\_harry](#)

Because one of them said to me that the night is black but the stars are not all out. Which I dont know what that means. First of all there were stars. It wasnt cloudy. And also, did he mean that the stars were shining? Or did he mean that the stars were gone? I suppose it makes more sense that the stars were shining. But anyone could see that.

Its quite odd. I'm not in trouble at all for going out into the forest. Professor McGonagall said that she was going to talk to Professor Slughorn and I might be in trouble otherwise. I think she meant that maybe I would have to do detentions. Which is fair. It seems funny that I wanted detentions. But I would rather be in detention with Draco than not in detention.

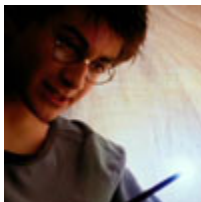
I wonder if ~~Herm~~ Granger will have to do detentions with me too? She isnt in trouble. But she ought to because she's mine.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at **2009-03-21 19:22:22**

*(no subject)*

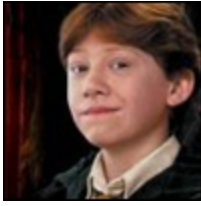
I think you might be a bit mad, too, mate. Wanting detentions? I'm not sure I'd want to see what else Professor Macnair could think up for us to do! (And what if you'd have to do it with someone worse!!)




 [alt\\_harry](#) at **2009-03-22 12:45:55**

*(no subject)*

Well it cant be worse than getting ate up.



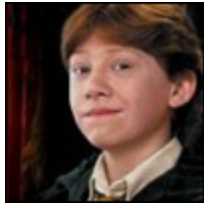
 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-22 12:58:07](#)  
(no subject)


Yeah, but it could be someone really getting eaten!  
I mean, did you see that thing?!!!



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-22 13:05:21](#)  
(no subject)

What WAS it? Id rather have the centaurs than it  
thanks!!



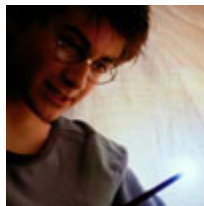
 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-22 13:33:04](#)  
(no subject)

I don't know. A panther, probably. Maybe a  
werepanther.

But wait, the moon wasn't full was it?

Or maybe its a Nundu. Bill -- he's my brother -- told me about  
those, except I think their supposed to live in Africka or Egipped  
or somewhere.

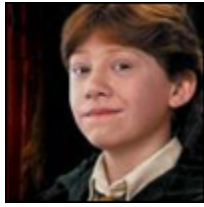
Dyou think it stays in the forest? It wouldn't come out by the  
castle, would it? I mean, not that I go out at night or anything,  
but I heard some fifth years talking about sneaking out and I  
wonder if anyone's ever gone out and, you know, not come back?  
I'll have to ask my brothers if thats ever happened.




 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-22 13:41:29](#)  
(no subject)

I bet theres all kinds of wards on the forest. I  
mean it wouldnt be forbidden if things came out  
of it, would it? Because if things came out of it  
then they'd come out and get us here, so there  
wouldnt be any point to it being forbidden.

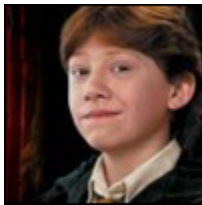
I bet it was a Nundu who came here from Egypt. Also its spelled 'egypt.'




 **alt\_ron** at [2009-03-22 13:55:23](#)  
(no subject)

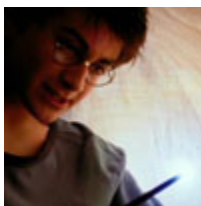
That's a funny word, innit. Egypt. Huh.

I bet your right about the wards. Thats gotta be right. I'll still ask if anyone's been eaten going out at night. I mean theres still the giant squid in the lake. And Mr Lupin. And Professor Macnair's creatures and all. I mean, who knew there were dragons about? You, I guess, but still that was a surprise! What if we'd met that out in the forest?!



 **alt\_ron** at [2009-03-21 21:15:25](#)  
(no subject)


I was meaning to ask you: were the centaurs angry with each other or just with us? I couldnt tell but it seemed like the others didn't like that silvery one talking to you. Which doesn't make sense cause they were talking to me, too, and Mr Lupin but mostly they were saying we shouldn't be there.



 **alt\_harry** at [2009-03-22 12:46:55](#)  
(no subject)

I think they were angry with each other. But I could'n't tell exactly why or what was going on. I think that some of them didnt want to talk to us. At least they just wanted to chase us away. It was hard to tell, centaurs are really big and they arent comfortable. So I mostly was frightened and couldnt pay attention!!



 **alt\_draco** at [2009-03-21 21:48:41](#)  
(no subject)

If your mudblood comes to detention we'll probably almost die because that always seems to happen when she's around.

Only I suppose she wasn't there the other night in the forest, but we



didn't really almost die that time, either, since the centaurs looked like they might kill but it turns out they didn't want to.

You didn't tell me you were going to come along under your cloak. How come you did that?




 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-22 12:45:35](#)  
(no subject)

Well I suppose I wont let her come then.

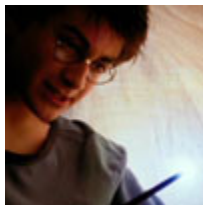
Because its not fair that you always get punished. I mean I suppose I know that Father doesnt want me hurt. So he wouldnt ever give me to the Carrows. But there isnt any reason why I cant have detention with you. It isnt as though most of the time detention is dangerous. How was I supposed to know that this time it would be dangerous?




 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-22 16:02:19](#)  
(no subject)

I don't think my father wants me to get hurt, either. Sometimes, though, I don't think he could stop it if it was going to happen. If someone wanted it to happen, I mean.


Did you hear what Professor Macnair was asking me?



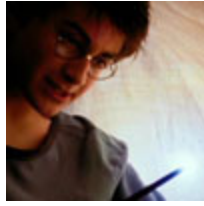
 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-22 19:14:52](#)  
(no subject)

Right that's not what I meant. What was he asking you?



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-22 20:34:17](#)  
(no subject)


He asked how it made me feel when I got punished and you didn't, and did I know why it had to be that way. It was strange, I don't know what he expected me to say so I didn't say much.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-22 20:36:53](#)  
(no subject)


It sounds like he was trying to make you mad at me. Maybe. I dont know. Lets not talk in the journals.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-22 20:40:03](#)  
(no subject)


Alright.



 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2009-03-22 20:14:58](#)  
(no subject)

Of course he doesn't want you to get hurt, darling. No one *wants* you harmed.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-22 20:35:02](#)  
(no subject)

I know that.



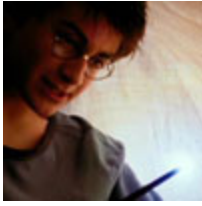
 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2009-03-22 23:42:18](#)  
(no subject)

He does his best to protect you, dearest. But sometimes it's difficult to protect you from yourself. Or your associates.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-22 21:02:23](#)  
(no subject)

If you want your mudblood to do detentions with you she has to right?



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-22 21:10:43](#)  
(no subject)

Well yes but maybe a professor would tell me she couldnt.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-22 21:41:32](#)  
(no subject)

Can they tell you what to do with your own mudblood?



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-22 21:44:38](#)  
(no subject)

Well they can tell me what to do with other things I own. Like they can tell me not to eat sweets in class. Not that I do. But if I had a sugar quill they could tell me to put it away. So I suppose they can tell me to not take Granger.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-23 00:13:34](#)  
(no subject)

I suppose thats true. If your detention was doing something boring by hand instead of with magic they might not let you take the mudblood because you might make her do it instead of doing it yourself.

**2009-03-22 16:02:00**

*(no subject)*

Is it true theres a colony of manticores in the forbidden forest and theres going to be a big hunt to root them out?

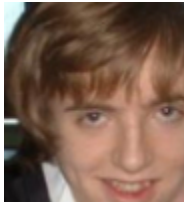


 **alt\_seamus**

Ive heard people talking about a hunt and Ron said they were clearing out a spot in the forest and laying bait for something and also I think I heard Parvati saying something about a manticore. But her mouth was full of toast so Im not really sure.

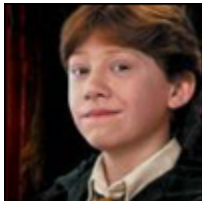
Anyway if thats it I reckon a manticore hunt will be exciting.


---



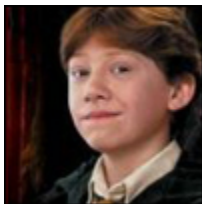
 **alt\_ernie** at **2009-03-22 22:18:19**  
*(no subject)*


Wow, that would be wizard! I hope your right!



 **alt\_ron** at **2009-03-22 23:25:39**  
*(no subject)*

If that's what it is, I reckon it might have eaten us while we were out there. Manticores are dead serious!



 **alt\_ron** at **2009-03-22 23:29:23**  
*(no subject)*

And if it was a colony of rabid manticores, wouldnt you think the centaurs would be glad we were going to clear them out?

I dont know.

But your right it would be dead wicked if there's going to be a big hunt! For manticores or whatever!



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-03-22 23:48:37](#)**  
(no subject)

That's not what she said.



 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2009-03-23 00:11:40](#)**  
(no subject)

Well all I really heard was the 'core' bit. What did she say?



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-03-23 00:23:26](#)**  
(no subject)

I'm not supposed to tell until tomorrow night, but it's ever so much cooler than a manicore.

Ends almost the same, though, so not surprising that's what you thought you heard.



 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2009-03-23 00:56:42](#)**  
(no subject)

Leprecore? Bastacore? Bicorn? Unicorn?

**2009-03-22 17:32:00**

*(no subject)*

Our anniversary was yesterday. I knew Lucius would appreciate the gift I had for him, and I was right. Of course I had had no idea what to expect after the stunning present he gave me in November, but as usual, he managed to outdo himself. Trust him to find a way to make the impossible happen.



 **alt\_narcissa**

It was difficult to celebrate too much on top of Friday's excitement at Hogwarts. Draco, darling, are you sure you're quite all right? You know your father and I hope that your detentions end quickly. It's so important that you mind yourself, sweetheart, but more important that you mind your professors and stay as safe as possible.

Despite my vague misgivings about Draco's nocturnal adventures (and thank you, Walden, for personally letting me know all was well), we spent a lovely day. I kept waiting - I suspect Lucius was waiting, too, from Junior Director Selwyn's comments - and he finally admitted that his present was more promissory than material. It doesn't matter: it's simply perfect.

Amanda, we shall have to correspond before June. I am starting a list of the shops I want to visit and places I want Draco to see while we are abroad, but I'm sure you will have more information about what has remained proper and what has decayed over the years. I can't wait for you to see Draco in person; he looks just as Lucius did at his age. I'm sure Margaret will be ecstatic as well to spend time with her grandson.



 **alt\_lucius** at **2009-03-23 01:31:03**

*(no subject)*

Was there any doubt I would appreciate it? You always make the most exquisite choices. I'm not sure how you managed to acquire the piece so quickly (and quietly) after my comment about eastern traditions.


Still, the carving on the ivory is fascinating, my dearest. I'm sure it will provide countless hours of diversion.

As for our upcoming trip, I'm pleased you are so happy with it. I only wish it did not have to be as much for business as for pleasure, but

truly, I have been anxious regarding our relations with the continental governments, France's in particular, and I could not see clear to going myself without bringing you and Draco for a visit as well.

By all means, Mother and Amanda may provide all the assistance we need in determining where to go - and what to avoid. I don't wish any of us to be exposed to the wild Muggles any more than necessary during our sojourn. Indeed, Mother has already replied, I see, that she will make certain the house is ready for us when we are prepared to travel.



 **alt\_narcissa** at **[2009-03-23 01:44:43](#)**  
*(no subject)*

How did I acquire it? A wife must have her secrets, Lucius.

And I agree, of course, about the need for a state visit - that's what is so clever about your solution. It allows us both an opportunity to improve the Protectorate, as I was just saying to Dominic.

The hard part, my love, will be waiting for the end of term so that Draco will be home and we can depart.

**2009-03-23 07:51:00**

*Today*

No classes at all today? Whoa!



 **alt\_neville**



 **alt\_harry** at **2009-03-23 13:41:45**

*(no subject)*

Well I suppose now we know what Finnegan was on about.

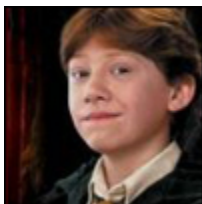
I have to go see Father now!! But I'll see you there!!




 **alt\_neville** at **2009-03-23 13:48:38**

*(no subject)*

I'll bet you'll get one of the very best seats to see everything!



 **alt\_ron** at **2009-03-23 15:17:07**

*(no subject)*

I know! Can you believe it!!!!

Glad I didn't spend a lot of time yesterday finishing that Charms assignment!



 **alt\_sally\_anne** at **2009-03-23 16:12:42**

*(no subject)*

This is going to be the best Monday EVER. No Carrow classes AND we get to go into the Forbidden Forest AND we'll get to see a unicorn!



**2009-03-23 09:42:00**

*Holiday & Hunt*

In case any foolish person was not at breakfast this morning:



Students, please assemble yourselves on the shores of the Black Lake at two o'clock. Your professors will guide you to the pavilions where we shall be observing the Lord Protector's Hunt. As we will be entering the Forbidden Forest, no shenanigans will be tolerated. You will regret the very first infraction of the rules.


 [alternity](#)  
 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#)



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-23 14:04:10](#)  
*(no subject)*

You may depend upon the Prefects keeping an eye out to make sure everyone stays in their place, Professor McGonagall.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-03-23 15:50:28](#)  
*Order Only*

Minerva, it would be wonderful if you would make an announcement like this once a week. My hospital ward emptied miraculously just after breakfast this morning, and I haven't had a single body enter the waiting room since!

Perhaps we could bottle the elixir and market it as a new panacea.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-03-23 16:10:30](#)  
*(no subject)*

¶ We actually get to go into the Forbidden Forest? But not until two. ~~But we get to~~ I promise I won't infract break any rules at all. I ~~can't~~ can hardly wait!!! Thank you Headmistress!



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-03-23 19:58:32](#)**

*Order Only*

Minerva,

If you happen to see this, I think you'd best ask Pomona to stop in here after all. All of a sudden, I've got one sprained ankle and a half-dozen couriers demanding something to revive people who've fainted from over-excitement -- so I'm not as free to keep an eye on things as we'd hoped.

I take it that you are having quite a time out there!

**2009-03-23 17:32:00**

*Heading into supper*

Hogwarts does rather seem to be a font of newsworthy commentary today.



 [alt\\_sinistra](#)

As those reading other journals might have figured out, we spent the afternoon out in the Forbidden Forest. I'd never seen a unicorn hunt before - well, so few have, as they're so rarely done - and did have a decent enough view from one of the rows of seats.

More later, I suspect - but right now, I promised to go help herd the Hufflepuffs and keep them in good order, as several of my colleagues have other preparations for the feast tonight on their hands right now. There's a lot of buzzing around and all sorts of excitement among the students, but I'm sure they'll all be on their best behaviour with such distinguished guests.



 [alt\\_bellatrix](#) at **2009-03-24 16:05:54**

*(no subject)*

You seem rather good with children, Professor. You would think that it goes with the territory, but - it is not always so.



 [alt\\_sinistra](#) at **2009-03-24 16:27:26**


*(no subject)*

Thanks for the compliment.

I think, perhaps, it's that I still remember my own school days so clearly. How every new thing was exciting and thrilling - and all of the gossip and talk that went around about it. I've tried to find ways to let the students get that out of their system while still getting done what they need to do. Or maybe it's growing up in a larger family, and being used to keeping my siblings in line.

I am glad all of yesterday's efforts went off so well. Though of course, I am hardly surprised given all the talents of those who work to make our Lord Protector's desires come to be.



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-03-24 20:08:13](#)**  
(no subject)

I appreciated your owl yesterday, Aurora. Not to worry: our tea will wait!



 **[alt\\_sinistra](#)** at **[2009-03-24 20:26:49](#)**  
(no subject)

Tea always does, doesn't it?

That was my one regret yesterday. I've gotten fond of starting the week knowing I'll have a chance to catch up with you in the afternoon. I feel rather out of step with myself today - though that might just be all of yesterday's excitements. (Certainly, I think that's the case with the students - the third years just couldn't stop talking this morning. Changed what we were going to be doing so they all had to participate, and they finally did settle.)

**2009-03-23 18:47:00**

*(no subject)*

I took my journal with me when we went to the Forest but I didn't want to write in it while I was there because I didn't want to miss a thing.

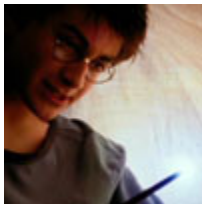


 **alt\_sally\_anne**

Parvati was in a beautiful dress instead of her school robes, and had a wreath of flowers on her head, and the unicorn came right up to her, it was BEAUTIFUL and she got to pet it and then put a silver rope around its neck and it followed her away.

I can't BELIEVE I really got to go into the Forbidden Forest AND see a unicorn. Pansy hadn't given Blaise his omnioculars back yet so we used them to look for other animals but we didn't see much, they were probably all frightened off by all the people and noise.

Now we're all at the feast and everything's grand and beautiful and the food is so good. This has been the best day ever.



 **alt\_harry** at **2009-03-24 00:00:53**

*(no subject)*

Dont know why you girls all like the flowers and things so much. Fath



 **alt\_sally\_anne** at **2009-03-24 00:03:13**

*(no subject)*

Well the flowers were pretty but it was the unicorn that was the wizardest thing I've ever seen in my life.



 **alt\_pansy** at **2009-03-24 00:26:00**

*(no subject)*

It was wasn't it?



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-03-24 00:06:36](#)  
(no subject)

Did your Father want to see you just now? I saw you go up...



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-24 00:08:54](#)  
(no subject)

Yeah he did.

Dyou think it's funny to be full? I mean to have eaten enough.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-03-24 00:10:06](#)  
(no subject)

Funny to be full? No. I mean they always feed us well here but this feast was amazing. I don't think I've ever seen this much food except maybe at Hallowe'en.



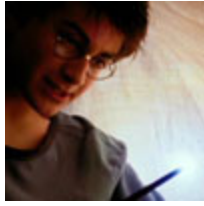
 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-24 00:12:34](#)  
(no subject)

Thats what I thought. I dont understand Father at all. He just called me up to try and feed me off his plate. Like I was five years old!!



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-24 00:15:44](#)  
(no subject)

Well Mr Rosier seemed to think they'd be getting something special at the banquet that the rest of us wouldnt have. I thought he meant firewhiskey though.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-24 00:17:12](#)  
(no subject)

Well Father didnt offer me any firewhiskey.  
Wouldnt that be wizard?!



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-24 00:18:15](#)  
(no subject)


I dunno mate I stole a sip once back at home and  
it made me choke. What was he offering you,  
another helping of sprouts?



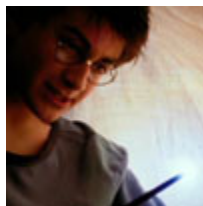
 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-24 00:21:08](#)  
(no subject)

No just the roast.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-24 00:30:55](#)  
(no subject)


Well we had plenty of that at the student tables. I  
wonder why your Father wanted to share his with  
you?



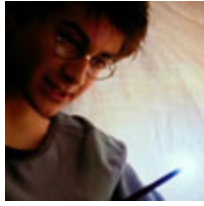
 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-24 00:36:40](#)  
(no subject)

No idea!



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-24 00:17:25](#)  
(no subject)


Maybe he can give the food to Auntie Bella. Did  
you see her?



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-24 00:24:06](#)  
(no subject)

What dyou mean? I didn't notice her much.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-03-24 00:25:28](#)  
(no subject)


She's gained a lot of weight is what he means.



 [alt\\_bellatrix](#) at [2009-03-24 00:36:40](#)  
(no subject)


How mindful of you to notice, small one.



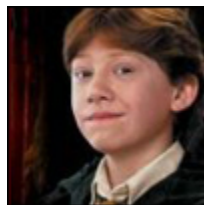
 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-03-24 00:52:50](#)  
(no subject)


Sorry Mrs Lestrage, I didn't mean it like that. You look very healthy.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-03-24 00:25:01](#)  
(no subject)

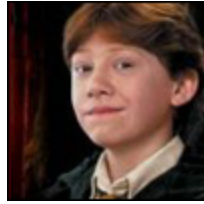
I did. We were looking at her through Blaise's omnioculars.




 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-24 00:33:00](#)  
(no subject)

Lucky!





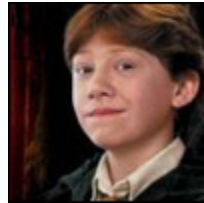
 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-24 00:42:40](#)  
(no subject)


Oh. You didn't mean the unicorn, did you? Er...



 [alt\\_bellatrix](#) at [2009-03-24 00:44:40](#)  
(no subject)

How dare you.

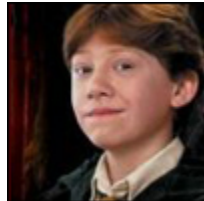



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-24 00:49:16](#)  
(no subject)

Um. I'm really sorry Ma'am. I misunderstood what Pansy meant.

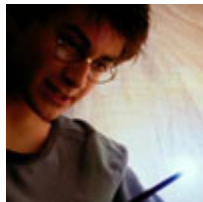
I, um, didn't mean any disrespect at all. Uh.

Really!



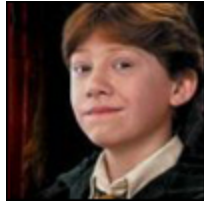
 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-24 00:13:44](#)  
(no subject)


Why were they all laughing at you, mate?



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-24 00:21:36](#)  
(no subject)

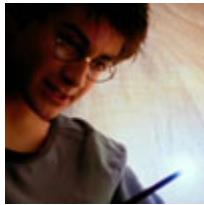
I don't know!!



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-24 00:24:28](#)  
(no subject)

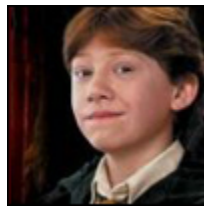
Are they having something different than we are down here? I spose that's dumb. Of course, they are. It's not like the elves are gonna serve the Lord Protector and his lot the same as they serve us, huh? Did it look good?


They seem to be having an awfully good time up there!



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-24 00:26:45](#)  
(no subject)


Maybe Seamus was right about the firewhisky.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-24 00:27:43](#)  
(no subject)

Heh. Maybe!



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-24 00:07:09](#)  
(no subject)

Well of course it looks beautiful AFTER they clear it out and it's daylight and there's lots of people around.




 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-03-24 00:09:02](#)  
(no subject)

It was the unicorn I was saying was beautiful not the Forest!

I wouldn't want to go in there at night like you had

to.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-24 00:10:30](#)  
(no subject)


Oh yeah, I guess it was.



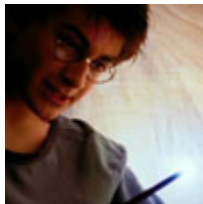
 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-24 00:09:55](#)  
(no subject)

Well and when there's a unicorn.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-24 00:12:56](#)  
(no subject)

Did you go and see it? I saw you slipping away with the mudblood earlier.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-24 00:16:40](#)  
(no subject)

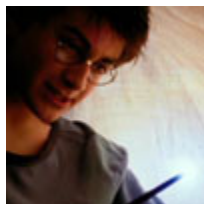
I did. It almost got out. Only it didnt. It was awfully pretty up close.

Sorry I didn't take you. We kind of snuck away.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-24 00:19:17](#)  
(no subject)

The unicorn almost escaped? Was it you who stopped it?



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-24 00:22:27](#)  
(no subject)

Not really. But Professor Macnair and I were there and then people followed me to find out where I went and together we all stopped it.



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-03-24 00:26:51](#)  
(no subject)

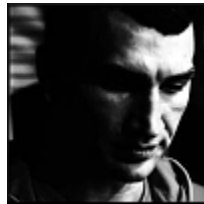
Your sudden appearance did startle the creature, Mr Marvolo, but I can understand that you'd have a mind to see it up close.


Careful you don't make a habit of it, though - they may not look it, but unicorns can be dangerous, too. Not so much as a dragon, but still.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-03-24 00:29:05](#)  
(no subject)

Really? Was he going to let it go? Is it still in the corral? Maybe Parvati and I could go see it again.



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-03-24 00:35:17](#)  
(no subject)

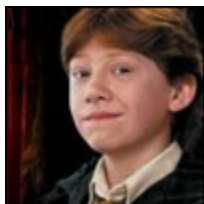
It's been moved. The Lord Protector has plans. To take it home with him.




 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-03-24 00:39:58](#)  
(no subject)

Oh.

Well, at least one of us got to see it.



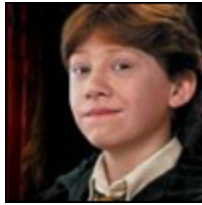
 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-24 00:26:17](#)  
(no subject)


Whoa! You got to see it up close?! Did it let you touch it? I mean, it wouldn't even let the Lord Prote um, your father, touch it, would it?



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-03-24 00:28:03](#)  
(no subject)

I thought they don't like it when boys come up close. That's why they had Pavarti call to it, yeah?



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-24 00:29:40](#)  
(no subject)

Yeah, that's why I wondered if Marvolo'd got close enough, if it'd let him touch it. That would be something, wouldn't it?




 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-03-24 00:39:05](#)  
(no subject)

Her name is Parvati, you nit. She's your housemate!

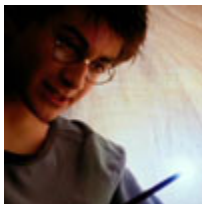
And yes, they do prefer girls, usually. We've been reading about them. That's at least something you've got right.


Probably that's why Professor Macnair says Marvolo startled it.



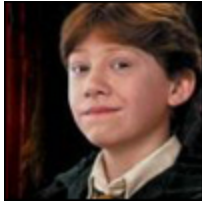
 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-03-24 02:28:07](#)  
(no subject)


Uh, sorry. 'Parvati' is what I meant, of course.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-03-24 00:30:42](#)  
(no subject)

I didnt touch it but it's loads prettier close by!!



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-24 00:12:37](#)  
(no subject)

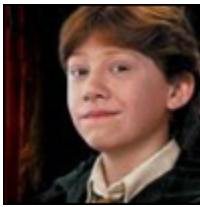
I couldn't see too well from where I was sat.


I think the Gryffindors got the worst seats. And the fifth and sixth years were all sat in front of me with their big stupid heads, blocked everything straight ahead of us.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-24 00:17:14](#)  
(no subject)

Its not fair you had bad seats mate. Mr Rosier had wizard seats. I could practically count the flowers on Parvati's head.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-24 00:20:42](#)  
(no subject)

Ha!

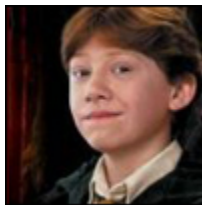
Didn't know you felt that way about Parvati! Does she know?


It wasn't her head I was hoping to see.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-24 00:29:57](#)  
(no subject)

Ron! I dont -- well anyway I wasnt either I was looking at the unicorn. But Parvati had to stand there for awhile before the unicorn came out and I was playing with the omnioculars.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-24 00:37:06](#)  
(no subject)

I'm kidding, mate. I mean, who'd think that way about Parvati?


I'm just jealous you had such a good view is all.



 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2009-03-24 00:39:09](#)**  
*(no subject)*

We really did have a good view. I wish you couldve sat with us.



 **[alt\\_percy](#)** at **[2009-03-24 00:29:05](#)**  
*(no subject)*

One of the perks of seniority, Ronald. Don't worry, eventually you'll be a fifth year (that is, if you don't keep collecting detentions), and you'll get to sit up closer, too.

**2009-03-23 20:17:00**

*Parvati*

Mum and Dad are so proud of her! And so am I! Even Haruman was here and Parvati looked just beautiful. She was perfect - she told me she'd been practising all weekend to make sure she didn't do anything silly.



 **alt\_padma**

And the feast is amazing. I saw Marvolo go up to see the Lord Protector, but then he went back to his table.

Parvati led it away but then Professor Macnair took it after that. Did anyone see what happened next? We were wondering where it is now.

---



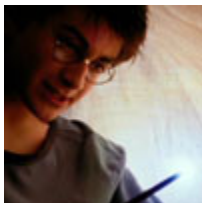
 **alt\_seamus** at **2009-03-24 00:33:04**  
(no subject)

Seeing that unicorn was wizard. Parvatis lucky she got to see it so close up.



 **alt\_neville** at **2009-03-24 00:35:32**  
(no subject)


It really was wizard. I've never seen a unicorn before, ever!



 **alt\_harry** at **2009-03-24 00:34:26**  
(no subject)

It was in a little stable last I saw Parvati. They built it special.



 **alt\_padma** at **2009-03-24 00:35:34**  
(no subject)

Do you think it's still there? I wonder if we could go and see it tomorrow.





 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-03-24 00:43:22](#)**  
(no subject)

Nevermind Professor Macnair just said its going home with your father.

Oh, do you think that means you'll be able to see it when your home?



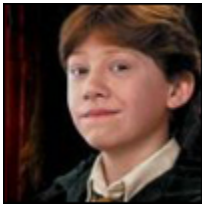
 **[alt\\_harry](#)** at **[2009-03-24 00:44:29](#)**  
(no subject)


I dont know. Theres a lot of places where Father could keep it. Maybe not at Buckingham.



 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2009-03-24 00:49:17](#)**  
(no subject)

Did you see that pudding they just brought up to the head table? That was almost as wizard as the real unicorn! How did they make that?




 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-03-24 00:51:48](#)**  
(no subject)

Whoa!!! Dyou see that!

Oooh. I bet it tastes better than anything!



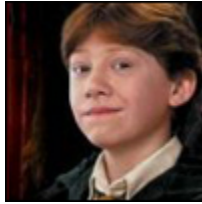
 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-03-24 00:56:26](#)**  
(no subject)


It does! It tastes like real honey.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-03-24 00:57:03](#)  
(no subject)

And there's something else in it, like almond milk, I think.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-24 01:01:17](#)  
(no subject)

Huh. That's nice.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-03-24 00:58:13](#)  
(no subject)


They gave us a big chunk, come up and get some!



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-24 00:59:38](#)  
(no subject)


Thank you that was amazing!



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-03-24 01:02:28](#)  
(no subject)

Well, you gave us that slice of cake so its only fair.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-24 14:53:45](#)  
(no subject)

How come they chose Parvati and not you? I mean, you look the same so why her?




 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-03-24 15:29:28](#)**  
(no subject)

I dunno. I mean, maybe its because I'm a few minutes older? Or maybe they wanted a Gryffindor because they thought the unicorn would like it better?

Did you ask your dad? He usually knows everything about that kind of thing.




 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-03-24 16:02:45](#)**  
(no subject)

I think Unicorns are shy, not brave, so I don't know why they'd like a Gryffindor best. I'm surprised they didn't chose a Slytherin, honestly, since we're a pretty important house.

I didn't think to ask until now, so no, I didn't ask him.



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-03-24 16:26:28](#)**  
(no subject)

Well, Parvati and Lavender said that there are unicorn tapestries all over their common room. So maybe unicorns like Gryffindors for some reason. Was Godric Gryffindor a unicorn hunter?

It was wizard having my parents and my brother here. They didnt bring Sanji though, he's too little, he'd of been a ~~nu~~ nuise bother. But you get to see yours more often, so I expect its not the same.

**2009-03-24 08:52:00**

## *Revelations*

I can think of no better way to celebrate the spring equinox than with a unicorn hunt. The show of faith between the creature and the young maiden is a symbol of the people's pure and enduring faith in our Lord and Protector. The brightness of the creature's coat turns the snows grey by comparison, and its auspicious appearance ushers in the season of warmth and bounty.



 [altermity](#)  
 [alt\\_bellatrix](#)

I know that, for some, the season of warmth and bounty may seem a bit far off. Make no mistake: it takes time to construct a paradise out of ashes, but with patience and hard work from all, all will be rewarded. Our Lord is nothing less than the Saviour of our world, the Creator of this paradise, and yet there remain those poor, misguided souls who would thwart His efforts and have us return to the darkness.

For those who have doubted their own reward, or who have had their faith tested, consider the wondrous gift of a life not lived in darkness. Take time to remember what it was like to live in the darkness, and if you are so young as to have never lived there, I will gladly inform you of the miseries you have been spared.

When I speak of darkness I speak only partially in metaphor. I grew up in the country, where most wizarding folk chose to live, keeping themselves hidden by a disguise of rubble. My Aunt and Uncle had the city house in Old London, which was unplottable yet sandwiched between muggle dwellings; no doubt it was built by some defiant ancestor who refused to lay low in the country. For all the heavy magic that was built into that house, the nearness of the muggles was always a concern. Auntie Walburga cautioned my sisters and I to never go out the front door - her sister had done that, once, and had been struck and killed by an auto. So even though Kings Cross was in walking distance, we always went there by floo, using a fireplace in an old hotel behind the station, and dressing ourselves so that we wouldn't be noticed.

Yes, back in those days it was rare to go to London and see the out of doors. Not that you would have liked to have seen what was out there. The noise and the clamour was enough to shake even the steadiest nerves, and there were smells so foul that I can scarcely describe

them, most coming from rubbish that had been tossed on the pavement, with no regard for beauty or hygiene.

But what I describe isn't misery - not yet. It is merely inconvenience. It did not bother me muchly then, for I knew I would soon be at Hogwarts with my own kind, in my own world.

Yet it was at Hogwarts, of course, that I learned that my world, our world, did not exist in its own right, and that it was being corrupted from within, like a pristine apple, going brown beneath the rosy surface.

But that's another story for another day. Food for thought, I find, is best when served by the fork-full.

---



 **[alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-24 16:25:56](#)**

*Order Only*

*The show of faith between the creature and the young maiden is a symbol of the people's pure and enduring faith in our Lord and Protector.*

And how well that faith is rewarded, when the unicorn ends up on the Lord Protector's plate! Disgusting.



 **[alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2009-03-24 16:44:45](#)**

*(no subject)*

Well, I may be biased, but I think a wedding anniversary makes a nice equinox celebration, too.

Though it was singularly marvellous to watch that sweet child with such a majestic creature. It really was quite generous of Our Lord to arrange it.

I've been thinking about the Muggle populations, too. We shall have to prepare Draco for the things he'll see over the summer holidays. Trouble is I'm not even sure what to tell him. Even before Our Lord reclaimed our birthrights, I tended to avoid areas overrun with Muggles.



 [alt\\_bellatrix](#) at [2009-03-24 16:58:44](#)  
(no subject)

I'm not sure you can count on the children to be quite so caught up in that, Cissy, but I am sure that Lucius spoiled you exactly as you deserve. I hope you enjoyed the hamper of delicacies that Rodolphus and I sent you (courtesy of Mr Sandoval, of course, and I nicked a mango out for myself, but you know how I love them).

I'm not sure how to advise you in that regard, Cissy. You know that I don't think you should leave.



 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2009-03-24 17:43:51](#)  
(no subject)

Certainly we loved the treats, did I forget to mention? It must have been all the excitement yesterday. Yes, it has been excellent to have fresh kiwi or pomegranate of a breakfast. I shan't ask what you had to do to get your hands on the bottle of *Sauternes*, either!

As for spoiling me, I know Lucius will say it's all about business, but really that's exactly what he intends for our trip. I haven't been to Paris in over eight years, Bella. Eight! I don't recall the last time I had real *Escavêche* - no one can do it properly here, no matter how fresh the mussels. I've quite given up trying.

Besides, it *is* important. We must ensure that our relationship with the French Ministry remains unassailable. Else even your Mr Sandoval would find it hard to obtain your mangoes or any decent table wine.

I suppose I'll think of some way to prepare Draco for the sight of Muggles everywhere, and all the traffic. I'd quite forgot about little Aunt Demeter until you mentioned her. Funny how Aunt Walburga was afraid of automobiles after that. Daddy never seemed to mind too much, so long as it was from a proper Wizard's division; he even bought me that adorable little Astin-Martin as a present when I sat for the NEWTs. Handled just like a broom, especially on the curves.




 [alt\\_bellatrix](#) at [2009-03-24 17:55:00](#)  
(no subject)

As important as real *Escavêche* and relations with the French Ministry are, I simply cannot imagine taking Hydra to the continent. If I have my way she'll never have to set eyes on what lies beyond the wards. You have quite a task ahead of you, with Draco - I imagine it could be quite overwhelming for a boy of his age.

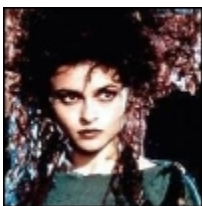
As for autos, I've never had need for them. Mostly because they require roads, whereas a broom or carpet does not. I'd much rather fly above it all.




 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2009-03-25 02:58:09](#)  
(no subject)

Roads? What a quaint concept. Of course, Lucius despises any contraption like that, but occasionally they can be useful.


I think Draco ought to be given the experience, actually, the better to understand how lucky we are. It's different for Hydra, I agree - there's no need to expose her to anything so worldly. Her constitution is not suited for it, for one thing. She'd be too easily upset, I fear.



 [alt\\_bellatrix](#) at [2009-03-24 17:19:43](#)  
(no subject)

Also, your son thinks that I am fat.



 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2009-03-24 17:50:12](#)  
(no subject)


We haven't breathed a word, dear. Would you rather I do? I shall speak to him in any event. He's been so harangued lately, the poor thing.

You could go to my dressmaker's if you like. She does the most miraculous things with pleats.



Have you been doing the exercises? And the potions - they're helping?



 [alt\\_bellatrix](#) at [2009-03-24 18:01:11](#)  
(no subject)

I had hoped to wait a few more weeks before making anything public. Most would have said something by now, but I was minding the side of caution. We've been so disappointed in the past,

as you know.

Exercise, yes, and the potions did help, but I find that I no longer need them muchly. Thank you for asking, though.

You could have another yourself, Cissy, if you wanted to. There's time for several, even.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-24 18:02:43](#)  
(no subject)

Mother could have another what?

And I don't think you're fat at all, Auntie Bella. Only you looked very hungry, somehow?



 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2009-03-25 00:23:55](#)  
(no subject)

I know, which is why I am so concerned for you this time.

For me, dear no, it's far too much trouble. Besides, I bargained squarely and I mean to hold him to it.

Still, one never knows. Stranger things have happened.






 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-03-25 00:27:51](#)  
(no subject)


You could have another what, Mother?



 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2009-03-25 02:50:48](#)  
(no subject)

Hush, Draco, your Auntie doesn't want to talk about it. Mother will explain in an owl



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-03-24 18:55:07](#)  
(no subject)

I didn't realise it was your anniversary, Mrs Malfoy. Congratulations, then, to you and yours.

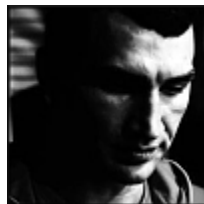


 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2009-03-25 00:28:35](#)  
(no subject)

Saturday, yes, thank you, Walden.

Lucius mentioned a spot of bother with young Marvolo's Mudblood - nothing too distressing, I

hope?



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-03-25 00:33:06](#)  
(no subject)

You're surely welcome.


I've nothing to say about the girl, except perhaps that young Mr Marvolo appears to tote her around more than he did the small boy that now serves your son.



 **[alt\\_macnair](#)** at **[2009-03-24 19:06:38](#)**  
(no subject)

Food for thought indeed, Mrs Lestrangle. Very provoking.

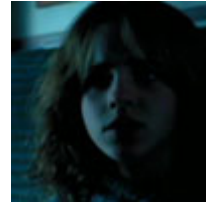


 **[alt\\_bellatrix](#)** at **[2009-03-25 00:35:03](#)**  
(no subject)

Glad to hear it, Macnair.

**[2009-03-24 08:59:00](#)**

*ORDER ONLY: Last night at the head table*



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

You all might not have realised that what was being served at the head table was unicorn!!!

Harry and Malfoy figured it out last night and I couldn't help hearing the ewwws. Only, I think they oughn't have been ewws, they ought've been crying for the poor creature. It was so beautiful! It only wanted to say hello to Patil, and then it got taken away, and then - well anyway. I bet Harry's really happy that he didn't eat any now even though they sort of made fun of him, it's better to be made fun of than to eat unicorn, isn't it? Did everybody have to eat it or just the Death Eaters? I didn't see of course because I didn't come up when Harry did.

I suppose it might not be obvious but Professor McGonagall, Professor Macnair was trying to set the unicorn free when we found him. I don't know why. I had hoped that Harry would help him only then Macnair wanted to blame it getting away on me, and I don't know what would have happened if that had happened because I am always in so much trouble already, and I might have gotten sent back to the camps or worse! So Harry said he couldn't do that and then everybody showed up to find out what Harry was doing.

So I don't know what is happening to Macnair except that Harry's convinced he isn't trustworthy, he said something that made me think he'd heard you say that, Professor McGonagall, and he trusts you completeley, he thinks you're as loyal as can be, which I suppose you are in a way, so fine. And I don't know if Macnair really can be all that bad if he wanted to set the unicorn free, even if he did want to pin it on me, because it's not as if anybody thinks that Mudbloods are real people, so it's like saying "my krup ate my homework" isn't it?



 **[alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-24 15:13:23](#)**

*(no subject)*

They ATE IT?! We feared it might be hurt or even killed when Minerva first told us of the hunt, but never in my wildest imagination did I dream that they would do anything so desperately terrible as to eat it!

Well, at least poor Harry didn't have any. But--

(Oh, good heavens, Minerva . . . you didn't have to consume any of it. Did you?)

Hermione, I'm certainly glad that you escaped Macnair trying to get you into trouble. Minerva, what, for goodness sake, is that man up to? I can't make head nor tails of his scheming.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-03-24 19:41:16](#)

(no subject)

Did you see what Macnair said in response to that Lestrangle woman's essay on the evils of Muggles? I find it completely impossible to understand his position, which, I suppose, explains how he's survived as long as he has in the paths he's travelled, but it makes me most uneasy. At least with the Carrows, one knows what to expect.

I cannot believe I just composed a sentence beginning, 'At least with the Carrows...' What have we come to?



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-03-24 23:09:50](#)

(no subject)

We must do what we must, Molly. I wanted to spit it out - but he was seated *directly by me* and there was simply no question of it.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-25 00:09:16](#)


(no subject)

Minerva . . . I just don't know what to say.

Except that of course you have to do what you must. Which is why we need you in such a critical position.

And I'm so very dreadfully sorry.



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-03-24 19:53:24](#)**  
(no subject)

I'm very sorry you children had to be exposed to any of this.

It is not for nought that those monsters are called -- nay, call themselves -- Death Eaters. If it helps at all, my dear, I can assure you (from a purely medical standpoint) that many of them will have had a difficult time digesting what they ate last evening.


That's small comfort, I know.



 **[alt\\_mcgonagall](#)** at **[2009-03-24 23:16:01](#)**  
(no subject)

Miss Granger, I wish that I could explain - but I cannot. Nor can I imagine when or how Marvolo might have overheard me. Can you find out more from him? - or have I been damnably sloppy?



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-03-25 02:10:52](#)**  
(no subject)

Hermione, dear, please be careful. If you think Walden Macnair tried to blame something on you, he might try to do it again. Merlin knows what he was trying to do and why, but you're right in that you're flying on a rickety broom at the moment, and caution would be best. I'd try and lay low this week, and to not to be in a situation where you're alone with him.

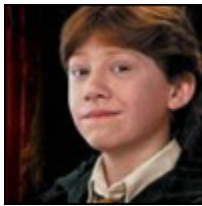
**[2009-03-24 12:45:00](#)**


*Unicorn!*

There was a unicorn hunt yesterday. It was pretty wizard, I've only ever seen Unicorns in books before. I thought it would be more exciting than it was, but it was lots of waiting around mostly. The feast was good though!



 [alt\\_ernie](#)



 [alt\\_ron](#) at **[2009-03-24 20:04:04](#)**  
(no subject)

Yeah, there was a lot of hurry up and wait before anything happened. I mean, I know the girls were all excited, but that was part of the trouble, wasn't it? A lot of squealing and giggling and grabbing your arm and babbling at you. Least that's what was happening in my part of the stands.

Did you have a very good view from where you were sat? I mostly saw the back of Percy's pointy head hat. And I didn't have any omnioculars even if I coulda seen round him and the others. Looked to me like the unicorn was just a silver horse with a horn tacked on, but Marvolo says it was really wizard up close.



 [alt\\_ernie](#) at **[2009-03-24 21:34:21](#)**  
(no subject)

Yeah our girls were all going a bit mental too, and I could'nt see much because we were quite far away where we were. But it was better than having to go to lessons, and its exciting to be at something that got talked about in The Prophit too. One of the sixth years in our house showed me the pictures at breakfast. Marvolo looked really embarused to be in the paper! I would think he was used to it by now, but I guess not.

**2009-03-24 17:55:00**

*A parliament of owls*

At least that's what it feels like - at least half my family has sent me one asking for news of yesterday. First, the Prophet had quite a decent story, all things considered. (And yes, Mum, the students in those photos are both in my classes, though I won't teach them till tomorrow.) It was quite a lot of pageantry, though.



 [alt\\_sinistra](#)

We gathered at 2pm in the castle entry, to walk all the students out to the Forbidden Forest. They'd cleared a pathway in, and set up pavillions and seats and it was all quite safe, though several students jumped a bit at some rustling in the underbrush. We all got settled (by house, which is just convenient, since the prefects know their housemates well), and the Lord Protector and the others with him all got there. Some students, of course, got to sit with their parents or guardians - always a treat to see each other during term-time.

Once everyone was quiet, Parvati came out wearing that beautiful dress. The crown was mostly flowers from Pomona's greenhouse (with a few herbs traditionally used for this hunt, so she said at breakfast) and a few very early buds from outside, I think. She sat, and we all waited - well, rather longer than people wished, maybe. It's still not exactly warm out, and our younger students do get a tad restless.

But then the unicorn appeared on the far side of the clearing, away from the seating, and walked very slowly over to her and knelt, and put its head in her lap. Really, there's a reason people make tapestries of it, as it's a beautiful sight, like nothing else on earth. She petted it a little, and then stood, and put a rope carefully around its neck, and led it off. (They'd built a little temporary stable for it on the grounds.)

We then all paraded back - I just had a moment to make my entry yesterday - and all went into feast. Very nice, I must say, with some special treats for the students, and of course, some quite extraordinary dishes for the high table including a gorgeous spun sugar and marzipan subtlety of a unicorn for the pudding course. They set up a number of tables on the dais, though of course I was well toward the back, as we were honoring the Lord Protector and his chosen guests.

At the end, everyone stood, and waited while the Lord Protector and

his guests processed out, and then we sent everyone off to bed. I helped Pomona round up the stragglers, and get them all into the house common room at least, and then did a bit of walking the halls to make sure we had no strays before I came up to bed. Quite a long day, all told, especially given we had normal classes in the morning, even though I cancelled last night's observations.

---



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-03-24 23:51:17](#)  
(no subject)

Has it made as big a splash as all that? I hardly noticed the reporters in the hubbub, though of course we'd made provisions for them.



 [alt\\_sinistra](#) at [2009-03-24 23:55:36](#)  
(no subject)

Apparently, yes.

Mum sent a copy along for me, as she knows I don't normally get my own. (As I keep telling her, when would I have time to read it?)

I suppose any big thing the Lord Protector does must cause a bit of stir with the Prophet, really - certainly, more timely than the latest fashion change or Griselda's Transfiguration Charms for Apples or whatever.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-03-25 14:49:57](#)  
*ORDER ONLY*

I am quite happy to see that someone else doesn't trust the Prophet - or at least has noticed that they do hardly any reporting on real news lately. If only I could tell her so!



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-03-25 00:36:06](#)  
(no subject)

All those owls are from a mere half of your family?





 [alt\\_sinistra](#) at [2009-03-25 00:43:08](#)  
(no subject)

Six siblings, plus my parents. No secret, really.

This round, I think it's three siblings, both parents, a cousin, and two school friends. But you can see why making one response was rather .. handier than writing out essentially the same description to all of them.



 [alt\\_macnair](#) at [2009-03-25 05:17:38](#)  
(no subject)

That's a lot of post. More than I see a whole month, reckon.

**2009-03-24 18:29:00**

*The feast*

master told the mudblood he could sit at master's feet at the feast. it was the first time the mudblood was allowed to eat outside of masters quarters for a long time.



 [alt\\_tery](#)

The Lord Protector has very nice boots. The mudblood thinks they might be made out of dragon hide. The mudblood cant say anything more about what He looked like because the mudblood didnt dare look up any higher.

**2009-03-25 09:08:00**

*Canceling Appointments*

Forgive this form of notice, but I've instructed Crispin to reschedule or cancel anything in my books for the next few days. I believe the elf may have allowed bad kippers to be served yesterday breakfast; I have been quite unfit the last twenty-four hours and fear I am in no condition to engage in polite company.



 [alternity](#)  
 [alt\\_lucius](#)



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at **2009-03-25 14:32:03**

*Order Only*

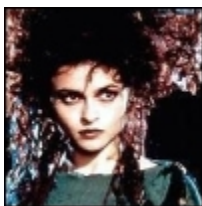
Kippers, indeed.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at **2009-03-25 14:45:46**

*(no subject)*

How awful, Lucius. I hope you heal quickly.



 [alt\\_bellatrix](#) at **2009-03-25 20:40:33**

*(no subject)*

Rodolphus has also felt unwell. I myself feel fine, but I've gone to Mother's and brought Hydra with me. I don't want to catch whatever is going around.



 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at **2009-03-25 21:11:02**

*(no subject)*

Really, can there be a creature more wretched than a man who has fallen ill?

It's only a bit concerning because Lucius is never physically sick - *never*, in all the time I've known him. I recall one instance when we'd been outside on a snowy day. At the first sign of a snuffle he took Pepper-Up and *voilà*: cured.

I'm sure it's just a bout of something that must run its course. But I declare his normally iron constitution has made him all the more of a great baby now that he feels unwell!

**2009-03-25 10:36:00**

*ORDER ONLY: I dream no small dreams*



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#)

Nightmares last night; I suspect they may be a side effect. Poppy, I write this out for you, so you might know more about the effects of unicorn flesh (and also to exorcise the dreams themselves, I hope).

I was pursued through endless empty fields by black creatures, some as small as rats, some as huge as elephants. As I ran the smallest of them, like fleas, bit me on my heels. I could feel myself turning tarry and dirty as them, and I ached as if I had been poisoned or sickened. I still ran from them. I was running toward a man; he was shining with a white light, although I couldn't say if he had any colour himself at all, or what he looked like, or even what clothing he wore. I was certain that he could protect me - but when I came to him he stepped back and shook his head, and I knew that in a moment only the black creatures would fall upon me and suffocate me and he would do nothing.

- I dreamed this repeatedly, and at some time I must have turned off my alarm, for I woke up not a half hour ago. Fortunately I had no appointments this morning, but I am far behind in my work now, and I cannot seem to shake the dream off of me.



---

 [alt\\_poppy](#) at **2009-03-25 15:13:35**  
(no subject)

I shall be there in trice, Minerva.

I don't like the sound of that at all. Not the content so much as the overtaking, the accelerating aspect of it. Give some thought to whether you couldn't block off the next day or two from your schedule: I think we should reconsider the matter of a thorough course of purgatives. I know that certain matters cannot be pushed off, but if you could arrange not to have any meetings with anyone, I think it would be wise.

I'm bringing you several doses of Dreamless Sleep, as well. To have on hand, if nothing else.




 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-03-25 16:02:24](#)**  
(no subject)

My dear Minerva, I am so sorry that you are facing this. I have sent off an owl this morning to you with one of my knitted shawls; I hope it might give you some comfort.

One thing . . . I have been racking my brains, thinking about the unicorn hunt the last few days. What were they up to, really? Why a unicorn hunt? Why now? Just to eat the meat? Did anybody take the horn, or some of the blood, or say why they might need them? Did you hear anything at the table that would shed some light on the LP's motivations?



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-03-25 16:36:42](#)**  
(no subject)

Molly, I can't speak to the rest of your questions, but Horace Slughorn and I were gifted with sections of the horn for our stores.

Refusing it was not an option, of course, and wouldn't have done a thing to right the situation. It will be put to use here, of course.

I sincerely doubt, however, that my need for stores had any part in the Lord Protector's decision to conduct this hunt.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-03-25 20:09:37](#)**  
(no subject)

My bet is the blood. Doubtless they want to make sure they can keep their victims alive while they're torturing them.

Odds are Quirrell was the first to get a mouthful. Disgusting.

**2009-03-25 14:49:00**

*Order Only: Arrests*

The Ministry is a-buzz this morning. Llewellyn-Davis, the head of Protectorate Affairs, hasn't been in since Friday, and Selwyn has been announced as the Acting Director. One of Bill's operatives in that department has sent word that Llewellyn-Davis was summoned to the palace on Friday and didn't return. Bill's still trying to learn more.



 [alt\\_arthur](#)

If the Ministry somehow got the idea that Llewellyn-Davis is some sort of traitor, well, it's certainly news to Bill and me. But if so, there may have been one ugly repercussion already. Norma Brownmiller came to see me this morning, and once my office door was shut and a Muffliato spell was in place, she dissolved into a flood of tears. Word has come that James Prescott has been arrested. This is simply dreadful, a serious blow. He is a smart and resourceful man, and I had such hopes of adding him to the Order--but thank Merlin, we hadn't formally approached him yet! From the rumours Norma has heard, he was fingered as a resistance worker of some kind (by Llewellyn-Davis?)

Norma, as I said, was extremely distressed. It was apparent that she thinks the world of her boss (they've worked together for five years). She was also quite afraid, and most anxious that we not be overheard. The more we talked, the more I felt that my initial impression of both Ms Brownmiller and James Prescott was correct. It wasn't the fact that she might have been working with a traitor that she was bemoaning, it was that he had cares, and who would look out for or give a damn about those poor souls in the camps that his department oversees now?

I decided to take the risk and probe a bit, to see if I could learn anything about what they might have on him. "If they ask you about James' work, or what he might have been up to that was, shall we say, not quite according to regulation, what would you tell them?"

She wiped her red eyes with her handkerchief and I could see her literally pulling herself back together. "I won't tell them anything," she said calmly, with immense dignity. "Not a thing! James Prescott never did anything that gave me the slightest inkling that he might not be a loyal subject to the Protectorate." She looked at me steadily, and I had the strong hunch that she was practising, mentally preparing herself

to answer the questions that she'll be facing over the next several days.

I waited, holding that gaze. "But . . . ?"

She weighed her answer for a long moment. It was apparent that this was one of those moments when a person has to decide whether to trust. "James always thought--Arthur, I think you would agree that there is . . . more than one way to be a traitor."

"Norma, you know you'll be questioned in the next few days—"

"I know," she said impatiently. "But do you agree?"

Now I had to decide whether to trust. "If those same interrogators asked me, I would deny it. But yes. I agree."

She sighed. "James thought you might. And he was going to talk to you about—about some people he was working with."

"Who are those people?"

"I can't tell you. I'm sorry, I would if I could, but James never told me. And I won't tell anyone else anything about it. But if do learn something—I'll let you know."

Could Prescott have been working with another resistance group we don't even know about? Or did Llewellyn-Davis peach on him just to save himself, giving up the name of a man already suspected to be generally sympathetic to Muggles?

There's word of another arrest, too, an apprentice healer at St. Mungo's. The charge, I believe, is that she was dealing black market potions to supplement her income. Again, I wonder who made the accusation, and Bill is trying—very carefully—to find out. Sirius, the name is Anna Lexington. I hope that there is no mention of her name in any way on Laszlo's parchmentwork.

Will pass along anything more I hear.

Lucius Malfoy had an appointment at the Ministry this morning but didn't show up. I see that something he has eaten recently has disagreed with him. Hmm. I wonder what it could possibly be?

---






 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-25 19:58:14](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, dear, Arthur. How awful. I know you liked James Prescott very much.


I do hope Bill will be extremely careful, making his inquiries.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-03-25 19:58:42](#)  
(no subject)


He always is, Molly, dear.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-25 20:03:23](#)  
(no subject)

Another resistance group . . . could it be based in the camps, do you think? Perhaps they might have something to do with the Derby breakout?



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-03-25 20:10:43](#)  
(no subject)

Mm. It's a thought. Although Prescott's department is Muggle Domestication so presumably, if he had any camp contacts they would be with the Muggles, but the tunnel originated, best as we can tell, from the Muggleborn section of the Derby camp instead.


Still, it might be worth floating the question by the Sherwood group, next time you see them, Kingsley? Might they know something, perhaps?



 [alt\\_kingsley](#) at [2009-03-25 20:43:55](#)  
(no subject)

I can certainly ask. We hope to see them again the end of next week.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-03-25 20:14:08](#)  
(no subject)

Damn. Not much to say except watch yourself, Arthur. If your colleague is right and this Prescott chap was sizing you up just as you were sizing *him* up for the Order, he might point them in your direction to save his own compatriots.

Sorry to be the voice of doom, but as poor Minerva is feeling so out of sorts, someone has to do it.

Luckily, Laszlo has not even fledgling connections to the black market yet, so our involvement in smuggling is safe from being revealed by Ms Lexington, at least. Though I'll keep the name in mind - it might come in handy when we are ready to make a move.

(Um. Anyone know whether Alice is, er, feeling more charitable? I've been rather in the doghouse, I know.)



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-25 20:24:40](#)  
(no subject)

Oh bless me, I hope not (on Prescott). Something else to keep me lying awake and worrying at night.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-03-25 20:26:13](#)  
(no subject)

Sorry.




 **alt\_arthur** at [2009-03-25 20:40:43](#)  
(no subject)

Yes, I'll be careful.

(Molly will be on the fret all night now. Sirius, really.)



 **alt\_sirius** at [2009-03-25 20:50:46](#)  
(no subject)

I'm not saying he will - if he's worth any salt to his own organisation, he'll not let anyone force him to talk. About anything.

But as you said, your Ms Brownmiller's sure to be questioned.

Sorry. I do seem lately to only open my mouth wide enough for my foot to fit in.




 **alt\_arthur** at [2009-03-25 20:33:30](#)  
(no subject)

Well, Molly, like Bill, I'm taking all possible precautions.


I don't think--well, I just don't see Prescott as being the sort of bloke who would do such a thing. Not the way that Norma spoke about him.



 **alt\_molly** at [2009-03-25 20:36:55](#)  
(no subject)

But Arthur, if they should torture him--you saw Poppy's post, didn't you? And even if you never said anything incriminating to him, they might not even care if any information they extract from the poor man isn't the truth!



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-03-25 20:39:07](#)  
(no subject)

Now Molly, don't fret, please.

We'll face whatever we have to face when it comes. But I honestly don't think it will come to

that.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-25 20:45:24](#)  
(no subject)

You're right, of course, Arthur. There's no point in looking for exploding cauldrons everywhere. I'm sorry.




 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-03-27 02:42:49](#)  
(no subject)

just give her time, mate.

~~and for fuck's sake don't pick fights with pregnant women.~~



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-03-25 20:18:53](#)  
(no subject)

Gracious, Arthur! An arrest at St Mungo's? Was it just today?

I've never heard of her, but perhaps I wouldn't have if she's quite new. I wonder if there's the slightest truth in the charges. I suppose there needn't be. That might not be the point at all. Goodness! I wonder what will come of this!



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-03-25 20:28:33](#)  
(no subject)


It happened late last night, I think. I don't know what department she was with.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-03-25 20:29:11](#)  
(no subject)

Possibly Potions?




 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-03-25 20:35:30](#)  
(no subject)

Well, that would make sense, wouldn't it? Given the charges.


Though it's not beyond reason to think that anyone with access to their stores could pilfer whatever it is she's accused of selling on. I've my own small-scale experience with pilferers, as you know -- and have made no progress in catching those mice, despite laying what I believe is quite a fail-proof trap.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-03-25 20:30:55](#)  
(no subject)


I don't suppose this is public knowledge, then, is it? I shall have to wait and see if I hear from anyone there, not rush in asking questions myself.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-03-25 20:41:42](#)  
(no subject)


Best not to draw any attention to yourself on the matter, no, I think.



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-03-25 20:28:59](#)**  
(no subject)

I suppose it's entirely too much to hope that Malfoy himself is facing arrest or demotion? If someone as highly placed as this Llewelyn-Davis chap has been brought down, how far might it go?



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-03-25 20:30:07](#)**  
(no subject)


Oh my, I hadn't thought of that. And the post about him being ill might have been an excuse?



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-03-25 20:30:51](#)**  
(no subject)

That would be almost too much to hope for, I think!



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-03-25 20:37:14](#)**  
(no subject)

I suspect you are right about that, worse luck.

**2009-03-25 15:11:00**

*Order Only*



 **alt\_poppy**

Just ahead of Monday afternoon's excitement, I received the first crates of the medicinals we've been expecting. I am now equipped for floods of bed-wetting but am still at a complete loss should anyone sever a limb or or receive a poisonous bite, which, thank Merlin, no one did during Monday's excursion into the Forest. I was, however, called upon to be appropriately glozing in expressing my gratitude to various and sundry of our official visitors, for their 'help' in greasing the wheels of bureaucracy and speeding these precious commodities along their path to my cupboards.

Speaking of poison (I was speaking of it, wasn't I?), when I last talked with my connections at St Mungo's, they were grumbling at the effrontery of the Ministry (imagine that!), which sent a courier to demand Magistry of Bezoar of them. When met with disappointment, the young courier witch had the temerity to ask what sort of hospital would fail to have any in stock! (The sort that's had its orders for same refused by the Ministry's Commerce committee, of course.) Turns out it wasn't a poison antidote they needed anyway: apparently they were near desperate because someone had had a violently allergic response to Veritaserum, but no, no it was quite impossible to bring the patient along to St Mungo's for treatment! St Mungo's only get those with whom MLE have finished, it seems: the other grim piece of news they had on offer was that they've seen a sharp spike in admissions with untreatable Cruciatus damage -- they say they are running low on beds after this past week. They are debating whether to renew their request to open a sanitarium in New London. It's gone nowhere the other six times they've put in such a request, but they say they are very nearly at the magical limits of their space on the fourth floor and can't imagine what they'll do with the next batch of new patients. I suggested they might simply mark them Return to Sender.

I know you all have been following with horror the aftermath of the Lord Protector's feast here. You are not alone in your questions. (What on earth was the Protector thinking to have served something so corruptive to his own followers? Was it some sort of loyalty test? Did they believe it would confer some perverse power? Did it, in fact? Was that the point of it all or was the feast beside the point? Those are the questions swirling around the conversations I've heard and read.)



The children -- some of them -- are murmuring questions, too, which may be the most encouraging thing to come of it all. This morning, young Mr Boot broached the subject with me. He asked whether I knew what sort of meat had been served to the Lord Protector's table at the feast. He said he'd seen it -- Carrow had taunted him with his plateful -- and the boy had known somehow, instinctively that it was a gross evil to eat such a thing. He has powerful untrained magic, our Mr Boot, and this is not the first time it has seemed to offer him instinctive protection from harm.

He was very worried that it might hurt the Headmistress to have partaken of the roast. I tried to reassure him as best I could, but as you know, I couldn't pretend that it's had no consequences. When I finished, his eyes had grown very round, and he whispered: 'The meat juice . . . it was silver.' Poor lad, I think he was fighting back tears: he turned round and hurried off as soon as he'd said it.

I shall, of course, leave it to Minerva whether she has any more to report on her own condition. She was managing this morning, when I left her.




 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-03-25 21:05:54](#)**  
(no subject)

I'm honestly touched to read that Terry Boot, who has every reason to think only of his own misery, took the time to worry about Minerva.

A remarkable boy, really.

(I wondered: I suppose you've told both him and Hermione about the mice you're trying to catch? Did they have any ideas?)



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-03-25 21:24:22](#)**  
(no subject)

I've not spoken with Mr Boot about it, though I did have him help me empty the cupboards so I could charm each container individually. Miss Granger helped with the reshelving. It's been difficult to engage Mr Boot in any sort of exchange, let alone anything one might call 'conversation'. Honestly, this morning was the first time he's seemed remotely open to a topic beyond my assigning a



manual task and his confirming that 'the Mudblood understands' or 'the Mudblood will do as Madam Pomfrey asks.'

Miss Granger had a host of suggestions about what might inspire students to theft of my stores, but no actual information. Of course, if she were to overhear something, I expect she would come to me directly, but as yet that has not occurred.

I don't doubt that I will find a clean inventory this month: it's been busy here these several weeks, but not frantic as it was in January and February, so it would have been considerably more difficult for anyone to find an opportunity for pilfering. And now, if anyone does find a way into my cupboards, we should know it in short order.

**2009-03-25 19:56:00**

*I don't care what anyone says*

least of all the Prophet, but I'm not jellous of Parvati!

(Not even when she told me that Professor Lockhart said she looked almost as good as his cover photo from *Witch Weekly*)



 **alt\_padma**

I mean, sure, anyone would of wanted to be her Monday. But its okay. I still got a good seat and the marzipan and everything, and I didnt have to have my photo taken over and over. Plus Mum says so many people have been in the shop this week to ask about it that she's putting Parvati's dress into production.

Does anyone know what our Charms homework is? I kept having to sneak peeks at the journal because the reporters keep pestering me.


Oh - and Lavender! I almost forgot! Haruman mentioned a name, a girl's name! Someone from his training programme I think. Hannah or Anna, I couldn't quite hear with all the other people talking in the Great Hall last night. So perhaps he has been dating, after all!



 **alt\_seamus** at **2009-03-26 00:59:22**  
(no subject)

Did the Prophet say you were jellous? I thought it said you said you werent. But I only read the front page and then skipped to the Quidditch scores.




 **alt\_padma** at **2009-03-26 03:02:31**  
(no subject)

Well, the front part said something about how we were all 'looking on adoringly' but then on the inside page they took something I said all out of, um, what's the word? Contex. and the reporter mentioned that I looked miffed when they took Parvati's picture. Which is just not true!

Mum said she's framing the article to put it in the shop, but just the part with the photo of Parvati and the Lord Protector and everyone.



 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2009-03-26 04:06:41](#)**  
*(no subject)*

Well of course shed want to keep the photo. But your right the reporter was stupid. I looked up the rest of the article and they do make it sound like you were in a complete huff.

**2009-03-25 20:07:00**

*25 March*

To the surprise and dismay of many (including myself), the former Director of Protectorate Affairs has been unmasked as a traitor in our midst. As I have some small but relevant experience, the Lord Protector has graciously asked me to take over as Acting Director for the time being, and I have willingly accepted.




 [alt\\_selwyn](#)

All office staff from Protectorate Affairs are asked to come in tomorrow as usual. Those who are under suspicion have already been detained for questioning. I will be meeting with each department tomorrow to answer any questions that people may have.

I was as surprised as anyone by this turn of events. Naturally, had I suspected Llewellyn-Davis of anything, I would have brought my concerns to Magical Law Enforcement (as is the duty of every citizen, but particularly those entrusted with positions of power). He hid his treachery and his tracks very carefully.



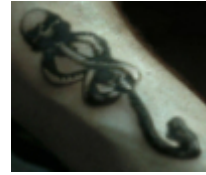
 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at **2009-03-26 18:49:57**  
*(no subject)*

Congratulations, despite the circumstances.

**2009-03-25 20:33:00**

*(no subject)*

Pigeons are lying in wait  
furious  
Got knives this time  
sharp and glittering  
are they carrying them?  
Am I?  
Justine?



 [alt\\_amycus](#)



 [alt\\_padma](#) at **2009-03-26 02:33:11**

*(no subject)*

Does that mean we won't be having Transfiguration tomorrow?



 [alt\\_neville](#) at **2009-03-26 02:48:15**

*(no subject)*

I sure hope not.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at **2009-03-26 02:55:45**

*(no subject)*

You hope we don't have Transfiguration? Or you hope it doesn't mean that?




 [alt\\_neville](#) at **2009-03-26 03:12:17**

*(no subject)*

That we won't have it, of course.

Percy Weasley just came back to the Gryffindor common room, and he didn't say much about what happened, but he says he reckons that we won't.



 **[alt\\_neville](#)** at **[2009-03-26 03:13:10](#)**  
(no subject)

Unless Professor McGonagall takes over his classes for the day? She used to teach Transfiguration. I suppose they'll tell us tomorrow morning.



 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2009-03-26 04:04:27](#)**  
(no subject)

I heard someone say he was throwing knives at the other Professor Carrow. Only he didnt think it was his sister he was throwing knives at. He thought it was something else.



 **[alt\\_percy](#)** at **[2009-03-26 04:10:11](#)**  
(no subject)

Seamus, I was there, and Professor Amycus Carrow--well, at any rate, please do not spread stories. I'm sure neither Professor will appreciate their private concerns being a matter of public gossip.

Both Professor Amycus and Alecto Carrow are under Madam Pomfrey's care in the hospital wing and resting comfortably, and that is all you need to know.

(Fred, George, I hope you haven't been feeding wild speculation. This school has enough trouble with rumours as it is.)



 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2009-03-26 04:14:09](#)**  
(no subject)

The person I heard talking said hed got it from you, Percy!

**2009-03-25 20:38:00**

*Madam Pomfrey?*

Madam Pomfrey? The mudblood needs your help, please

master has been muttering all day

now hes yelling, yelling and waving knives

eyes are bloodshot, face is yellowish

masters sister is vomiting

mudblood is afraid

dont know if master will hurt his sister or the mudblood

please, please hurry. and bring help. mudblood cant look after both of them

not with the knives

come to masters quarters. his sister is there too.



 [alt\\_terry](#)



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-03-26 01:51:42](#)

*(no subject)*

Hang on, Professor. Fred is on the way to the Hospital Wing to get Madam Pomfrey and George is down the hall in the nook (you know the one), if you can get to him.



 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2009-03-26 01:54:24](#)

*(no subject)*

cant get out, but hope Madam Pomfrey can get in.

tell her to please please hurry



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-03-26 16:07:48](#)  
(no subject)

Thanks for your quick actions last night, boys. Your mum and I are very proud of you.




 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-26 01:57:07](#)  
(no subject)

Madam Pomfrey, I'm on my way to Professor Amycus' quarters--I think I know where they are. I'll meet you there, in case you need help getting either of them to the hospital wing.


(George, for the love of Merlin, don't do anything rash. Wait for Madam Pomfrey to get there.)



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-03-26 16:06:56](#)  
(no subject)

Son, we've heard from the school a little bit about what happened last night. Your mum and I are proud that you helped out in a ticklish situation, but even more glad that you are all right.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-03-26 01:58:43](#)  
(no subject)

Be calm, Mr Boot. We shall be there shortly.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-03-26 02:44:48](#)  
*Order Only*

Poppy:

I read this and immediately nicked Molly's journal before she could. I'm sure you have your capable hands full for the moment but hope you'll report back that all are safe before she learns that three of her boys went to face Amycus Carrow waving a knife.



Let us know what happened as soon as you can, please. I hope young Terry is all right, too.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-03-26 03:11:59](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Oh, Arthur! Goodness, I'm glad you had such presence of mind. That runs in the family, doesn't it?

Rest assured, your boys are well. And Mr Boot is whole, though he's had another terrible fright. Knives, Arthur. It was knives.

But all's well. Tell Molly. I must go see to things now, but I promise you a fuller report in the morning.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-26 13:54:52](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Poppy . . . thank you. Thank you and bless you for getting there in time.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-26 13:56:44](#)

*Re: Order Only*

And Arthur, you sneaky, sneaky man!

However, in this case, I almost didn't mind.  
You're just lucky I didn't glance at the clock and see the hands pointing to "Mortal Peril."



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-03-26 14:06:07](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Both of my patients are still in the thrall of deep sleep this morning. I wish I thought it would heal what truly ails them.

Your Percy was a great help last evening, Arthur. He has a surprisingly powerful stunning spell, that one! Knocked the sister

clean off her feet, which was a mercy, since she was the one wielding a wand and sending very nasty spells our way as we entered the room. I'm afraid I have only fragmented images left of what occurred: Carrow slashing wildly as my Patronus bounded at him, barking and leaping and rushing him into a far corner; the woman covered in her own sick, snarling; the twins sweeping Mr Boot behind an overturned table.

It was chaotic, but we managed. I can't think what the elves made of the mess when they saw it. Shameful! I gave your boys a mild calming draught before sending them off, and I imagine they slept soundly last night. Mr Boot certainly did, though he refused my offer of a bed, insisting that he must have a spot on the floor directly beside his master's bed. At least I was able to cover him once he had drifted off.

Molly, Arthur. I wish I could have spared your children that experience, but there was no stopping them and no time for debating the point. Forgive me.



 **alt\_molly** at [2009-03-26 16:37:37](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Good heavens, Poppy. I'm so grateful this escapade ended without injuries. Not even the Carrows, worse luck.

Minerva, I suppose it's too much hope that we can get one or the other of them sacked now?



 **alt\_poppy** at [2009-03-26 17:10:43](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Without serious injuries, it is true, although Carrow managed to cut himself a fair gash on one thigh as he fell, and they each seemed to have acquired a few scrapes and bumps in transit to my ward. Perhaps I expected overmuch of the boys when I put them in charge of managing the Mobilicorpus spells to move our patients through the castle. It was very dark, of course, and the corridors are so cluttered with statues and armour, and the stairs will shift whenever one begins a flight, so there's no wonder how it might have happened. And it's nothing that time won't cure, though it may cost the Carrows each a bit of

discomfort in the meantime.

Really, Molly. You and Arthur should be very proud of your sons and the way they conducted themselves last evening.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-26 17:35:09](#)

*Re: Order Only*

I imagine Fred and George, at least, wouldn't have been able to resist the opportunity to add a few more clonks to Amycus Carrow's noggin. It's certainly hard enough.

Here's to wishing that your next few days are not quite as exciting.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-26 13:57:57](#)

*(no subject)*

I'm so glad you're all right, dear. You were very smart to call for help.



 [alt\\_tery](#) at [2009-03-26 19:25:31](#)

*(no subject)*

the mudblood's just happy that Madam Pomfrey could help the master and his sister.

**2009-03-26 09:14:00**

*Transfigurations*

I shall be taking over Transfigurations class for the day, as Professor Carrow is indisposed. All students must report to classes as normal.

Muggle Studies, on the other hand, is cancelled.



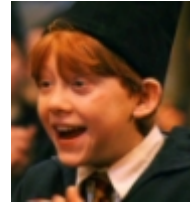
 [alternity](#)  
 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#)

**2009-03-26 12:30:00**

*Surprise!!!!!!*

Fred and George!

I know how you like to drag out your birthday, so  
Many Happy Returns - a bit early!!!!!!



 [alt\\_ron](#)

I hope you enjoy your new look!

It should have faded a bit by the time your actual birthday comes along.


Your favourite brother,  
Ron the Brilliant



 [alt\\_neville](#) at **2009-03-26 17:36:29**  
(no subject)

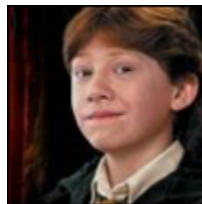
I was WONDERING when I saw them in the Great Hall at lunch. Didn't think either Professor Carrow would have done THAT!




 [alt\\_neville](#) at **2009-03-26 17:38:00**  
(no subject)

If you did it, it makes me glad that my birthday falls in July when I'm home for the summer.

How did you do it, anyway? Was it a charm?



 [alt\\_ron](#) at **2009-03-26 17:41:48**  
(no subject)

Heh.

Well, it was really just some fancy hair and ~~eozme~~ make-up charms Sally Anne and Pansy helped me find. I'm not sure the lips were supposed to go all orange like that, just the glitter, I think. But I kinda like it, anyway.

I was planning to do a tooth-brightening charm that would have

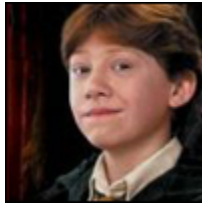
made them glow in the dark, but they wouldn't open their mouths, and then George rolled over and snorted and I thought he was about to wake up, so I quit with what I'd already done.


Dyou like the colours?!!!



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-03-26 18:35:23](#)  
(no subject)

It looks really wizard! They came out looking like Easter eggs, don't you think?



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-26 18:45:15](#)  
(no subject)

Yeah! They look sooo PRETTY in pastels!!!!

The older students were totally taking the mickey outta them at lunch! It was great!

Couldnta done it without you and Pansy, though, so thanks!



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-03-26 18:37:18](#)  
(no subject)

I hope your mum isn't cross with me. Mrs Weasley, I reckoned they had it coming after the bunny ears. Anyway I didn't cast the jinxes I just helped Ron learn them.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-03-26 18:43:26](#)  
(no subject)

Of course I'm not cross with you, dear. If there's one thing my family knows how to do, it's to enjoy a good joke. If you helped Ron pull a good one on the twins, that's certainly more than many

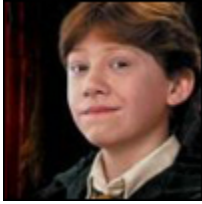
people can say!




 **[alt\\_percy](#)** at **[2009-03-26 18:46:47](#)**  
(no subject)

Well, that's one way to take them by surprise: pull the prank almost a week early.

Rather good work, Ronald!



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-03-26 18:58:18](#)**  
(no subject)

I thought so!

(I knew theyd be expecting something, but not yet. They were out cold last night, too. At least at first, but then George snorted and began to snore and I figured I'd done enough and got outta there fast.)

**[2009-03-26 13:39:00](#)**

*(no subject)*

Neville what was Transfiguration like today?

I tried to listen from the corridor a little but the Headmistress saw and sent me off. It was just History of Magic I had to go to, I could've skived off completely and it wouldn't have mattered. Headmistress McGonagall seemed to have a very different way of teaching than Professor Carrow but it was hard to tell just in five minutes.



 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)**

I wish Slytherin had Transfiguration today. Professor Carrow will be all recovered by Monday. I mean, I hope he will. Professor Carrow if you read this it's just that it's interesting to see how different teachers present things.

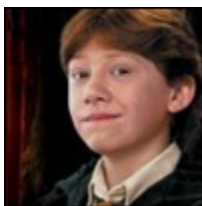



 **[alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-03-26 19:22:20](#)**

*(no subject)*

It was WONDERFUL.

Uh, no offence to Professor Carrow, you understand. It's just helpful to have another teacher, once in awhile, you know.



 **[alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-26 19:33:03](#)**

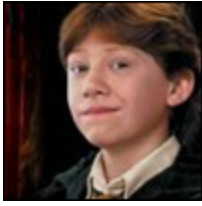
*(no subject)*


Yeah, well. I wasn't any better at it today, but I guess that's just me and Transfiguration. I'm not sure I'll ever get it quite right.

Still had to sit still and pay attention! I tell you, Professor McGonagall doesn't take any guff.

But it was nice not to worry you were about to be Crucio'd any minute. I mean she just calls you out and makes you feel about an inch tall. Which is pretty bad, but it won't kill you if you know what I mean.





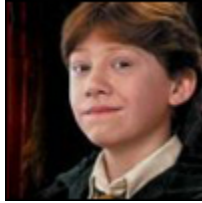
 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-26 19:35:29](#)  
(no subject)


Um. Not that I think Professor Carrow's going to kill me! But, um, it's uh different when he's there? Uh. Yeah?



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-03-26 19:43:05](#)  
(no subject)

I don't think he'd use crucio on a pureblood. Take a hundred points from your house in an hour, sure, but the only student he's ever used crucio on was Hopkins.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-26 19:53:55](#)  
(no subject)

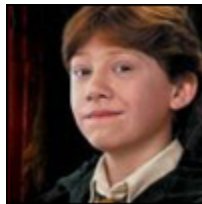
Guess we don't want to find out, though, huh? And, I don't know, when he gets angry, who knows what he'd do! I hear he nearly cut his sisters throat with a knife last night!! And she's a pureblood so I don't think thats anything to count on.




 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-26 20:36:26](#)  
(no subject)

Good heavens, Ronald, do you not have any sense?

Quit repeating these rumours. The Professors will be back at their job soon enough, and in the mean time, please remember that whatever happened in Professor Carrow's private quarters is absolutely NONE of your business.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-26 20:52:33](#)  
(no subject)

But everyone's saying he was trying to chop her head off, and she was hexing him and speaking in tongues!

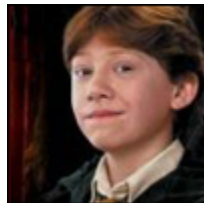
Dont know why they didn't just lock them in and let them duel


to the death if they wanted to kill each other. Then we could have Professor McGonagall for Transfiguration all the time and the school could hire somebody new for Muggle Studies. I mean, even you said that Professor Carrow (the sister, I mean) doesn't know a thing about Muggles so she's terrible at teaching that. And somebody else said she's like Binns only she'll hex you if you pass notes. I don't see why they don't just sack them from teaching here! I mean they sacked that last Muggle Studies teacher, didn't they? What was his name? I hear he was no good either. So its not really about whatever they get up to in their private rooms and all, is it? It's just that they shouldn't be allowed around students, innit? Like you said.



 **[alt\\_percy](#)** at **[2009-03-26 20:58:59](#)**  
(no subject)

I said no such thing about Professor Alecto Carrow. Quit dipping your quill into your inkpot, if you can't write anything sensible.



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-03-26 21:01:43](#)**  
(no subject)

Hrrmph!

Did too.

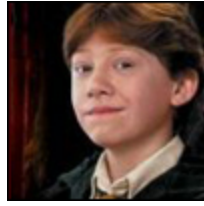



 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)** at **[2009-03-26 22:15:43](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh hush Weasley! Don't talk like that, not in my journal! Anyone could be reading here, do you want to make a fool of yourself in front of a school governor or a teacher or something?

Headmistress McGonagall has far more important things to do with her time than teach Transfiguration.

And you know if someone had locked them in with each other their mudblood would have been in there too. That's a fine reward for his loyalty when he tried so hard to get them help while they were sick.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-26 22:29:59](#)  
(no subject)

Sorry, Sally Anne.

~~But they could have let him~~ Your right. I was just fussed about what Percy said, but I can yell at him anywhere.

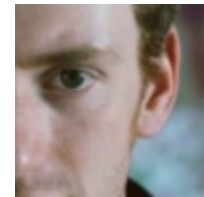
And I spose your right about Professor McGonagall, too. She probably doesn't want to teach us first years, anyway. I thought at the end of the lesson she looked a bit like Mum does when she's got a headache. Right before she goes shouty crackers at the twins.



 [alt\\_bellatrix](#) at [2009-03-26 23:56:26](#)  
(no subject)

Too true, small one. Anyone could be reading.


It is good of you to remind the Weasleys, as all of them appear to forget quite often.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-27 00:03:58](#)  
(no subject)

I hope that I never do, ma'am.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-03-26 20:57:14](#)  
(no subject)

But its not a rumour, Weasley. I mean, Professor Carrow posted that creepy poem-thing and then the mudblood asked for Madam Pomfrey and he as good as said that Professor Carrow was out of his mind murdirous.


Of course I didn't read what the mudblood wrote. Not right off, anyway. I looked later when Chang told us about it.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-26 21:00:39](#)  
(no subject)

I'm sure that the Headmistress and the Board of Governors will make the best decisions possible on all staffing matters, which is NONE of your concern, Ms Patil.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-03-26 21:16:25](#)  
(no subject)

Who said anything about the Board thingy or staffing whatever? I didn't say anything about it. That was Ronald.

Do I look like your daft brother, Weasley?




 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-03-26 21:20:09](#)  
(no subject)

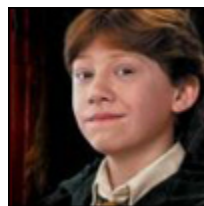
Quite. I lost track a bit on replies to the various comments.


No, you don't look anything like Ron (I trust that was a rhetorical question), and believe me, you couldn't possibly be as daft as him.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-03-26 21:27:23](#)  
(no subject)

Well, if you're going to get shirty with people, you might get your cauldrons in order first.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-26 21:28:53](#)  
(no subject)

Oi!

Shut up, you!



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-03-26 20:39:01](#)**  
(no subject)

Well, yes, but didn't he go to the hospital wing after that? I expect he was sick or something. Sometimes if you've got a really bad fever you can get dillusions.

Isn't it odd that some of the people who were here that night fell ill? Must have been the weather, don't you think?

Parvati's got a snuffle, but I told her to just drink extra milk and wait until Professor Carrow (and Professor Carrow) aren't there anymore before she goes up for potion.

Pity there's no real oranges, those are good for colds.



 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)** at **[2009-03-26 20:46:42](#)**  
(no subject)

I expect you're right about the delusions. He must be terribly ill. I hope he makes a full recovery.



 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2009-03-26 20:48:03](#)**  
(no subject)

I hope Mr Rosier didnt get sick. He was here that day. I havent gotten an owl from him since Monday but I think Ill send him one now.

Did your parents catch colds Padma or just Parvati?



 **[alt\\_percy](#)** at **[2009-03-26 21:02:10](#)**  
(no subject)

I'm sure Mr Rosier would appreciate a letter from you, Seamus, and it is very good of you to think of it.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-03-26 21:13:12](#)  
(no subject)

I hope so too - he seemed really nice. Who would tell you if he did? Get sick I mean. Does he have an elf or something? Or maybe Draco's family, as they're related?

I think I'll owl Mum too. She didn't say anything in her last one but just in case. Anyway Haruman's a Healer (almost) so hed be able to fix them up. He could do for your Mr Rosier, too, if he needed it!



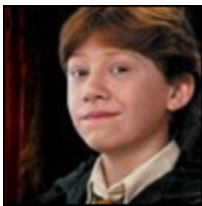
 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-26 22:11:42](#)  
(no subject)


He has elves to take care of him. I think theyd owl me or get a healer if it were serious. I hope so anyway.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-03-26 20:50:35](#)  
(no subject)

Im not any better at Transfiguration with the Headmistress teaching but -- well shes really strict. But she notices when we do things right too.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-03-26 20:55:46](#)  
(no subject)

Well, yeah. Like she told you you were saying it right, it's just that you weren't approaching the object properly. But I wasn't sure what that meant, really, so I think I was still doing it wrong.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-03-26 21:19:48](#)  
(no subject)

I thought Professor McGonagall was very good, but she seemed a bit distracted. Maybe its not her best subject? Or else its been a while since she taught. She kept looking out the windows and losing her place.

Of course, Professor Carrow often loses his place, but he usually does it to trip us up and find out who's not paying attention.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-03-26 22:17:01](#)  
(no subject)

She used to be the Transfiguration professor like Professor Carrow is now. But it's been years since she taught every day. I think they made her Headmistress back in 1984? or 1985? Ages ago,

anyway.



**2009-03-26 14:27:00**

*Order Only: Rain and mud, and an unpleasant encounter*



 [alt\\_molly](#)

Oh my, we are all so sick to death of all this rain! Mud everywhere, and everyone tracks it into the house. A new leak has sprung in the ceiling of the hallway on the top floor, and so I have the buckets out again. Even Luna, who is usually serenely unruffled about everything, is growing almost gloomy, and Ginny has been downright peevish, as cross as two sticks.

To get us all out of the house, I took the girls with me into Ottery St. Catchpole yesterday afternoon, flooing into Melody's Tea Shop. After we'd finished our errands (wools for knitting, a bag of flour, pins, and so forth), we came back to the tea shop and ordered a pot with some scones, cake and biscuits. It was a bit of an extravagance, I suppose, but Melody's is quite nice, and the girls been working hard on their lessons this winter for the most part. I thought we all deserved a bit of a treat.

Unfortunately, I'd forgotten that the village school had let out for the day. Now I don't mean that Arthur and I want Ginny and Luna to avoid all of the local children, you understand. But there is a reason we pulled Ginny out of that school. Melody's Tea Shop has a little counter to one side that sells sweets for the village children, so there was a trickle of them going in and out as we sat there. Miranda Levingworth came in, with her daughter Lavinia, who wanted to buy liquorice wands. They were followed by a little girl perhaps a year or two younger than Ginny and Luna—it was hard to tell—who was ragged and barefoot. In this cold, too!

I was hoping they wouldn't notice us, but Ginny was delighted to see a familiar face and waved Lavinia over. They chatted for a few moments, and then Ginny glanced over at the girl who was hovering nearby and brightly inquired who Lavinia's new friend was. Lavinia tittered at that. Oh my, that wasn't a friend of hers! She was just some stupid mudblood her Mama was hiring for the day to muck out their hen house.

Oh, how I just wanted to slap that smirking girl, hearing that word! I know Arthur hears it every day, but to hear it flung so carelessly, with the poor child just standing there! Ginny's eyes grew round, and she opened her mouth to say something, Merlin knows what. Luna




stopped her, though, by stepping on her foot under the table, hard, and asking me sweetly whether it wasn't time for us to be getting home. So we made our excuses and got out of there.

Ginny was quiet and thoughtful when we arrived back at the Burrow and didn't say anything until after Luna had gone home. It must have been preying on her mind, though, because as I was tucking her into bed, she asked me abruptly whether I thought that little girl might get some new shoes with the money she'd make mucking out the hen house.

I couldn't bring myself to tell her the truth, that the child would doubtless remain barefoot tomorrow and the day after that, and all the days of her life to come. Any money from her work won't go to her, but to the heartless people who consider themselves her owners.

There's time enough for Ginny to learn the ways of the world. But I hope, I keep hoping, that by the time she's grown the world might be a little bit different. If Arthur and I and all the rest of us in the Order do our work well.



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-03-26 21:49:23](#)**  
(no subject)

Well. You've put your finger on the pulse of it there, Molly. Our world has changed so quickly in just our lifetimes, and yet, it's almost impossible to see how it can be changed back, however diligently we work and however fervently we hope.

And yet, work and hope we will. For the sake of children like your Ginny and Xeno's Luna. And that child without shoes to work in.




 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-03-26 23:56:56](#)**  
(no subject)

Here's another tidbit of medical information for you, Poppy: our department had a sit down with Selwyn today. Meet and greet the new Division head and all that. He was at Hogwarts for the hunt, wasn't he? I strongly suspect he's suffering some ill effects from that roast, too. I've met him before, and he is usually a rather unflappable gent, but today he seemed fidgety. Not as if he were bored, but as if he were uncomfortable. He plucked at the collar of his robes a time or two,

and when he turned his head, I saw a streak of red on his neck. I also spotted him itching his arm under the table when he thought no one was looking.

I'd bet my last Galleon he has a galloping case of hives.




 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-03-27 01:08:36](#)**  
(no subject)

Thank you, Arthur. I'll add that to the notes I'm keeping on this. (Goodness knows, I hope we shan't soon again need advanced knowledge of the effects of ingesting unicorn!)

I hope for your sake that his symptoms fade quickly. I can't imagine that hives add anything desirable to the personality of a Death Eater Department Head.

Mind yourself!



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-03-27 02:31:05](#)**  
(no subject)


Oh, Molly, that would be hard. I worry almost every day about our Neville. I do trust Augusta to raise him, and his moral compass appears to be pointed firmly in the right direction, thank Merlin, but I still worry about how this world will change him.



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-03-27 03:13:39](#)**  
(no subject)

Augusta really did do a wonderful job with Neville, Alice. He's a credit to her, and to you both. Yes, he does have that proper moral compass we both worry about for our boys. And I must say, he does do a better job of thinking before opening his mouth than my Ron. I've been shaking my head and cringing at some of the things Ron's posted today. Yes, I want him to see that Carrow's a beast (isn't it obvious?), but he would do better not to air that opinion so openly, and bring Bellatrix Lestrange sniffing about! Neville's comment was certainly more circumspect.



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-03-27 04:10:48](#)**  
(no subject)

Knowing that... woman is watching what they all write makes me nervous.

Oh! Before I forget -- Frank says for me to tell you we got Bill's owl. We're so excited he's coming down for the weekend!



 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2009-03-27 04:32:13](#)**  
(no subject)


certainly got enough to keep the lad busy. I need him to double-check my silencing charms to start.



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-03-27 11:15:45](#)**  
(no subject)

It will be so good for him to see you all!



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-03-28 00:32:34](#)**  
(no subject)

Your youngest son does seem to verge on rashness. There's no doubt the Hat placed him where he belongs; however, it would serve him well to learn to keep some of his thoughts under his cloak.

**2009-03-26 14:50:00**

*(no subject)*

One never really realises how lucky one is until faced with an unfortunate situation. Poor Lucius has been so out of his usual humour - and who can blame him? I'm not sure where or from what he could have picked up this dreadful virus.



 [alt\\_narcissa](#)

I've had Heddy and Fifi tending to him instead of Dobby (really, you should have heard the creature try to defend its miserable errors when Lucius first arrived home, green at the gills. Despicable!) but even they have been hard-pressed to keep him comfortable.

Thank you all, by the way, for the notes, flowers and well wishes; the house has been overflowing. I confess I have not shared them with Lucius directly owing to his state of mind (and body). I don't wish anyone to think my husband ordinarily so easily laid low - in point of fact, I believe he is such a terrible patient mainly *because* he is never sick. I asked if he wanted me to summon Healer Fletcher and he flat-out refused, insisting all he needed was some rest.

Perhaps. Nonetheless, my home was becoming disordered and something had to be done.

I tried making him a potion to help settle his stomach. When I brought it to him yesterday, he simply shook his head. 'The trouble with potions is one has to *drink* them,' he informed me (rather crisply, I daresay). He told me he could drink water, or I'd have worried about him dehydrating.

Well, since water would stay down, I took the potion back with me to the laboratory and let it simmer, then consulted our library. An hour later I had a spell to condense a quarter-dose into a tablet form. It took a few applications to perfect but soon enough I had something that would do to be swallowed. This time, I did not allow him to refuse.

I've given him two additional doses with the tablets and he was able to take a little toast and tea this morning. I believe with a quiet weekend he should be back to himself by Monday.


Still, I've been thinking of how lucky we have been, really, that Draco

was never a sickly child. Oh, a few usual ailments, and there was that one little scare when he was about three and we thought he might have Baruffio's Dyslexia. Of course, as rambunctious as he and Harry were (are) they have also never caused outright havoc with each other. Nothing like poor cousin Reg - why, they practically had a room for him at St Mungo's until he was fifteen! And I doubt very much that Lucius has ever spent a day in hospital for himself. So I suppose it could be much worse.

I confess I don't much care for playing the Healer. It's maddening how often of late I seem to have been forced to the role.

---



 **[alt\\_bellatrix](#)** at **[2009-03-26 23:51:59](#)**  
(no subject)

There, there Cissy - I didn't ask you to send me all those potions, you did it out of the kindness of your own heart. Unless there's someone else you've been playing healer to lately.

I checked up on Rodolphus this afternoon and he seems to be feeling a bit better; hopefully Lucius will improve soon as well.

Your very lucky that Draco is such a hearty child. Poor Hydra and her breathing difficulties...I've noticed that it's decidedly worse when we are at St. James. I can't help but think that the muggle taint that's left over must have something to do with it.

**2009-03-29 14:23:00**

*ORDER ONLY*

Well, it's been a lovely weekend. Bill is leaving us in a few hours, and we've all very much enjoyed his company. With his help, we managed to get the Silencing charms working on the motor boat, and got the mast firmly secured. That needed all three of us to get just right, so it was a good thing he could help us out! We've moved the boat from the workshed to the water, and the boys are out there right now, fiddling with the steering and figuring out the sail. At the very least it's floating.



 [alt\\_alice](#)

It's been a bit rainy and overcast the past few days, but that means everything is wonderfully green. There are flowers everywhere, and the cherry tree is just starting to bloom, which more than makes up for the cold and damp. The children don't seem to mind, and are just happy to be out of doors. Little Matthew in particular is quite enamored of mud, and made half a dozen mudpies yesterday afternoon with Bill. I'm not sure if he remembered Bill or not, as it's been several weeks and he is very young, but he did take quite a shine to him, and toddled around after him all weekend. It was really quite sweet.

Frank also managed to get in some defence practice with Bill as well, and so that John wouldn't feel left out, I lent him my wand so he could join in. The three of them had quite a time of it, and spooked the goats nearly to death while brushing up on Blasting hexes. John looked happier than I've ever seen him, and told me it was good to have the feel of a wand in his hand again, and that he was looking forward to his own. Just so you know, Poppy, he gave it back without a fuss.

So as you can tell, we've all had a marvelous time.




 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-03-30 00:36:26](#)

*(no subject)*

Excellent news on the boat, Alice.


I am glad that you're all well.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-03-30 00:53:12](#)  
(no subject)

I was sorry to hear that you haven't been feeling well, Minerva. Have you been feeling any better? I certainly hope so.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-03-30 01:02:57](#)  
(no subject)

I'm glad you are seeing signs of spring there. It's still mostly equivocal here: Scotland hates to commit itself to change, you know.

And thank you, dear, for being careful. I hate to always be the fussy voice of caution, but someone needs to err on that side.

**2009-03-30 09:43:00**

*(no subject)*

the mudblood put the props out this morning

the mudblood will put the props out this afternoon

master said the mudblood has been good. so he will start letting the mudblood have some time free each day. It will be between the last class and the end of the school dinner hour. the mudblood just has to be sure to be back in time to sit at master's feet and eat his own dinner, after master gets back from the Great Hall.

the mudblood is grateful



 [alt\\_terry](#)



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at **2009-03-30 13:44:21**

*(no subject)*

You have free time?! But that's lovely Terry!! Do you think I could see you then?



 [alt\\_terry](#) at **2009-03-30 13:44:45**

*(no subject)*

don't know



**2009-03-31 16:50:00**

*Another week gone.*

First, a note for students: It's possible we'll have a guest observing our classes some day this week. I know you'd all behave well, but a little notice sometimes makes it easier to concentrate (and those of you preparing for OWLS or NEWTS can't afford to waste a day of class, hmm?)



 [alt\\_sinistra](#)

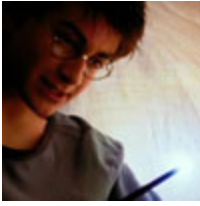
After the hustle and bustle of last week's excitements, it took a while to settle down to work again. And of course, there's the regular grading of papers and star charts to get through - especially for the older students who need a lot of feedback as we get closer to exams so they know where to focus.

I did get time for my weekly chat with Poppy. She admits she's gotten quite interested in my specialty from our conversations, and I've offered to loan her my personal telescope. (As some of you might remember, it was a gift from my parents when I got this position, so I'd have something to work with when I was on holiday or home visiting.) I obviously don't use it much during term time, since we have much more elaborate telescopes to work with here, and Poppy is so careful of her equipment I have no fears of loaning it.

I had quite a good time this morning selecting some introductory books and simple star charts to take down to her for use as a guide, too. It's easy to get into the habit of using our textbook (which is fine, and well-suited to what students need to learn), but there are also good introductory texts out there, and I don't always remember to review them as often as I should.

Found quite a good description of the myths behind the Orion constellation in one, and a really interesting discussion of the Pleiades in another. Both are visible to the naked eye, of course, but there are details that you can only really see with a good telescope, even my portable one.

---



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2009-04-01 01:35:13](#)  
(no subject)

What guest professor Sinistra?




 [alt\\_sinistra](#) at [2009-04-01 01:54:48](#)  
(no subject)

Ah, now, if I was going to say, I'd have told you up front, wouldn't I?

I'm not certain it will happen this week, either - the person in question is quite busy with other things. I just wanted to let all my students know so they could stay focused on their work and not be too surprised.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-04-01 03:19:42](#)  
(no subject)

Thank you, Aurora. I look forward to learning a bit about what's in the sky overhead.

I've been thinking about what we learned when I was a girl, and I do, truly, think it was more rudimentary than what you teach today. It was certainly the case that they didn't urge us to continue with the subject beyond the first year: that was only for those with a real yen for star-gazing. As I remember it, the curriculum in my day was more focused on charms for daily living ('seven scouring charms to serve all purposes'), practical transfiguration ('a lampshade will do in a pinch'), and repelling magical creatures ('say goodbye to garden gnomes'). Herbology and Potions were more tightly interwoven, then, and I suppose it's no surprise that I found those rather more engaging than the rest. But perhaps I'm being unfair to the wand magics: we did have a deadly dueling club then, and now I think on it, they didn't stint us on hexes and defences. I still remember Professor Nogg declaring, '*You never know when you might need to drop an Erumpent at fifty paces!*'

In any case, our pupils are very lucky to have you to teach them. And I am fortunate to have you, too. I look forward to seeing what I shall see with your telescope. You were very kind to lend it to me.

I suspect I shall repay you with a bushel basketful of questions next Monday!



 [alt\\_sinistra](#) at [2009-04-01 11:39:07](#)  
(no subject)

I do agree - I spent part of a holiday, my first year, looking through what had been taught in previous years, going well back, and things have definitely changed.

And overall, we do seem to expect a higher level of theoretical understanding in all classes: certainly by my student days. We briefly discussed the housekeeping charms, of course, but I actually got practice with them helping out at home in the summer under careful supervision, as just one example.

I've also seen a difference just since my student days - these days, all our students come in with much more exposure to magic (even if they have only just gotten their own wand) that they have much more idea of what is possible and useful. We can move more quickly into deeper understanding and discussion than used to be the case.

As to your questions - they are always welcome, of course.

**2009-03-31 20:13:00**

*Moving Along....*

Despite my wife's highly amusing assessment of my indisposition last week, I have been quite recovered since Saturday. One can hardly say the same for Llewellyn-Davis, who doubtless feels more ill every time he thinks of the cell in Azkaban awaiting him.



 **alt\_lucius**

The repercussions of Llewellyn-Davis's sedition continue to shake the Ministry; the MLE has been very busy of late, determining the real concerns from the false claims. (The Wizengamot continues to oppose employing Veritaserum to rule out suspects quickly!) As a result I was very late meeting Ari - not for tea, but at Kenwood House. They've been approved to take possession, not surprisingly, as soon as Pandora is up to it. They hoped to make the shift in time for the Easter holidays, when Ptolemy is home; it seems their fifth child has slightly different plans so far. Ari had some questions about altering the main ballroom and certain of the guest rooms. Narcissa and I have some experience with temporary spells, though it is more her area than mine. It took an hour or two to discuss the possibilities and come to recommendations; I left Narcissa and Ari to the specifics while I headed back to Buckingham for a brief meeting with several Council members. Joined Narcissa along with Ari and Pandora for supper.