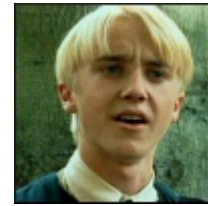


**2009-07-01 15:17:00**

*Father?*

I know I shouldn't of but you were taking so long at the booksellers and I just wanted to find a place where I could get something to drink, a boire, you know, and I walked too far and I don't know where I am! Only there's lots of muggles and some who weren't much older than me were calling me names in French and shoving me about. Oh they were horrid and




 [alt\\_draco](#)

well now I'm hiding in a park and there's people sleeping on the benches. I don't know what to do please send someone to find me!


---



 [alt\\_draco](#) at **2009-07-01 21:32:21**  
(no subject)

If those boys try to come and get me again can I do Crucio on them?




 [alt\\_lucius](#) at **2009-07-01 21:40:42**  
(no subject)

No, you may not.

Which way did you turn out of the avenue? There are two parks in this part of Paris.

Right or left? I'm coming.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at **2009-07-01 21:51:17**  
(no subject)

Right...


I think.



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-07-01 21:32:50](#)**  
(no subject)

A man just took a wee on the shrub I was hiding behind! Right in front of everyone in the park!




 **[alt\\_lucius](#)** at **[2009-07-01 21:42:25](#)**  
(no subject)

Rue de what, son?

Are you all right?


Stay where you are, I'm coming.



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-07-01 21:56:41](#)**  
(no subject)

I don't remember. But the park is by the river, with lots of statues and gardens. And I think the Arc de Tromp is at one end of it.



 **[alt\\_lucius](#)** at **[2009-07-01 22:08:07](#)**  
(no subject)

The Arc is nowhere near us, but the river is helpful.

I cannot Apparate into so populated an area, however. Can you describe the closest statuary?

It's not the topiary garden, is it?



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-07-01 22:17:04](#)**  
(no subject)


There's one of a centaur, I think he's carrying away a woman. And another that I think is minotaur. Why do muggles know about centaurs?



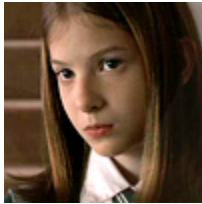
 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-07-01 22:53:28](#)  
(no subject)

Oh Father, there's a man here who says that he's a wizard and that he recognises me from pictures of our family that were in the papers. He says I'm at a place called Tuileries.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-07-01 23:11:51](#)  
(no subject)

Continue to stay put. You are not to go anywhere with him, no matter what he claims.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-07-02 03:53:58](#)  
(no subject)

Draco are you alright?

**2009-07-01 18:39:00**

*fanFREAKIntastic!!!!*

Seamus, mate! That was totally wizard!!!

How lucky are you to have a regulation pitch to play on?!!! Amazing!

And yeah, Mr Rosier seems as nice as you said. And the food was brilliant!

Thanks for inviting us along!

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 [alt\\_ron](#)



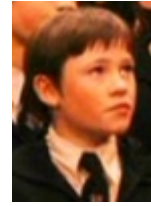
 [alt\\_seamus](#) at **2009-07-02 02:58:31**  
(no subject)

Thanks for coming mate. I'm glad you had a good time!

**2009-07-01 21:59:00**

*(no subject)*

The party today went really well. I thought so anyway. Mr Rosier said my friends all seemed like nice young people and I'm welcome to have them come over again later in the summer. Maybe after Malfoy gets back from France so he can come play Quidditch too.



 **alt\_seamus**

The food was brilliant and I think everyone had a good time. Even the ones who weren't playing Quidditch.

---



 **alt\_padma** at **2009-07-02 03:37:21**

*(no subject)*

It was completely nift, even if Parvati's pouting because she didn't get to go.

What did you call that stuff with the berries in? That was some of the yummiest whatever it was I've ever tasted. Way btter then the jam Perks had last term. From the Strettons, I mean.

Anyway, thanks loads for inviting us. And Mr. Rosier too.



 **alt\_seamus** at **2009-07-02 03:43:00**

*(no subject)*

Do you mean the trifle? Or the strawberry sauce that went on the cake?



 **alt\_padma** at **2009-07-02 03:50:22**

*(no subject)*

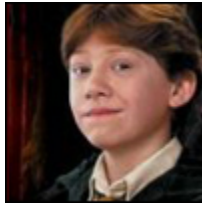
Trifle, that's it. I've had stuff like it before, just never heard it called that.


I hope I didn't completely embarrass myself playing too badly. That pitch made me feel like it was a real match.



 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2009-07-02 03:50:43](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh you did fine. There were some really good players but thats why we made them all play other positions. And Wood scored that time after you threw it to him!




 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-07-02 04:16:53](#)**  
(no subject)

How about that save you made when Marvolo passed to George just out of range and he faked to centre, but went for the third ring instead. You totally saw that coming, and it was really

amazing.

You ought to go out for the team next year!



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-07-02 11:39:13](#)**  
(no subject)

I can't believe he caught that!

Still I don't think I'll be gong out for Ravenclaw next year.

Mr. Rosier's house is brilliant. I guess when our mudblood finishes the balcony our room will be grand, but still our house is nothing like all that! Was your other house big like that too?



 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2009-07-03 00:02:21](#)**  
(no subject)

You mean back in Ireland? The two we lived in most often were both really big. But no Quidditch pitch. At ANY of them. Some of my cousins asked for one years ago but our Granny said no. She's afraid no one would ever do school work again. And she's the one who makes the decision so you know how it goes.



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-07-03 00:23:33](#)**  
(no subject)

You had TWO houses back in Ireland? Wow.

That's really amazing. I sort of thought most of the halfbloods people in your situation were mostly pretty poor.



 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2009-07-03 00:47:22](#)**  
(no subject)

Well mostly we lived in the one in Kerry and the one in Dublin. But my family has a house in every county. Their not all as big as Mr Rosiers mansion but some are. I mean Kerry and Dublin and also the one in Derry is really nice.

You know the thing you have to realise is that we couldn't go out much. The muggles in Ireland are much more dangerous. So if we were going to spend ANY time in Limerick say we had to have a house there. With walls we could protect. And we had to be able to travel to different places so that muggles would see the Wizard Lords and know we were keeping an eye on them. Its more complicated there.



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-07-03 00:51:44](#)**  
(no subject)

No wonder you like history.

Why aren't they in camps? The muggles I mean. Have you ever seen a muggle up close?

Draco said those muggle kids in Paris were horrible. It must be awful to be in places where you can't stop them wanting to hurt you.

Not like here.

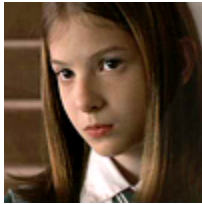


 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-07-03 01:00:24](#)  
(no subject)

They are in camps. But there are a lot more of them running about there and sometimes they slip out. And there are some that ran away and have hidden this whole time. Their supposed to be in camps but they aren't.

And some of the muggles there have guns.

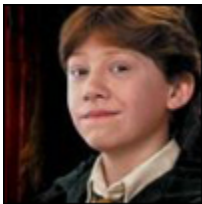
Of course I've seen a muggle up close. We used them for construction and repairs and all sorts of other things. Their not ALL dangerous. Like dogs. I mean dogs can be dangerous when they don't have masters and run around wild. We have some of those in Ireland too and it can be a real problem. But if their properly trained their good pets and useful. You wouldn't want a muggle as a pet but if their trained their not dangerous.




 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-07-02 03:52:56](#)  
(no subject)

Thank you for inviting me Seamus. I had a very nice time.

The trifle was brilliant. I agree with Padma, it was much better than anything the Strettons made. I especially liked the whipped cream bits.




 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-02 04:19:59](#)  
(no subject)

Hey. I didn't really get to see you at the end, but, um, you flew really well today, y'know. And I think you're getting a lot better at passing and catching the quaffle, too. Didn't you think?





 **alt\_seamus** at [2009-07-03 01:00:45](#)  
(no subject)

Your welcome. I'm glad you could come. And Wood.

**[2009-07-02 11:11:00](#)**

*A day at Seamus's house*

I've never been in a house as fancy as Mr Rosier's before, and with servants and house elves and everything. The brooms that Mr Rosier had for everybody for Quidditch were real fast, so I sat out the games, but I'm sure nobody minded. I just cheered for everybody. It was fun to see Fred and George Weasley play something other than the beater position. Ron, your sister's great at seeking, I was impressed! I guess she must have played a lot of pick up games with you and your brothers, right? Not that Hydra LeStrange was bad at it or anything, I mean.



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

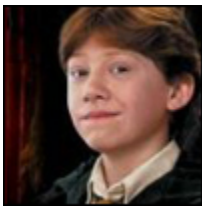
And the food! Wow. Just about as good as a Hogwarts feast. Anyway, I had a great time, thanks Seamus. And thanks to Mr Rosier, of course.




 **[alt\\_ginny](#)** at **[2009-07-02 16:28:42](#)**  
*(no subject)*

Thanks, Neville. Yeah, I've played with my brothers loads of times.

But I think I got lucky with the Snitch at least twice, because it appeared about right next to me, when Hydra was way at the other end of the pitch.




 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-07-02 18:16:20](#)**  
*(no subject)*

Too right, you've got to play plenty of times. So I don't know what you were moaning about to Perks last week. 'Oh, they never let me play. They're so mean to me.'

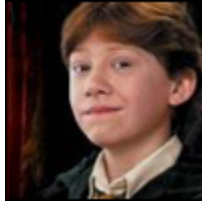
Sheesh, Gin.




 [alt\\_ginny](#) at [2009-07-02 20:34:18](#)  
(no subject)

I did not! What a fib!

All I said was that I always get the last pick of the brooms. And you know that's true.

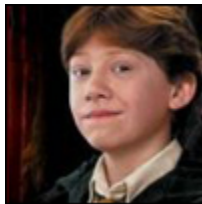



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-02 21:12:43](#)  
(no subject)

Who's the fibber, Gin? You said we never let you play unless we need you to even the teams, and you were all whingeing about how we're just mean to you.

I mean after listening to you go on and on about it, she was asking me why we don't ever let you play!

And y'know what? We totally shouldn't. In fact, I don't think we will let you play again until you're big enough not to moan and tell stories to our friends.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-02 21:13:17](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, please. Last pick of brooms? You were standing right there last time when Percy made me take the really wonky one so you wouldn't get hurt. And, of course, I couldn't say no 'cause we had people over and it wouldn't be nice.

What a dirty great whiner! Honestly.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-07-02 21:50:01](#)  
(no subject)

You should try to get Sorted into Slytherin Ginny! Pansy and I will be ever so much nicer to you than your load of brothers! Wouldn't it be nice to get away from that lot for a while? And you could have Hydra as a housemate too!

You won't ever get to be a Seeker on our house team though, not with Harry playing. But if you do get onto the Quidditch team you'll get to be on a team that wins a lot and wouldn't that be nice?



 **[alt\\_ginny](#)** at **[2009-07-03 00:48:49](#)**  
*(no subject)*

How much control do you have over where you get sorted, really? It would really be strange if I were sorted anywhere but into Gryffidor, since every member of my family has been one.

But that might be good, really. No pesky brothers . . .



 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)** at **[2009-07-03 00:55:17](#)**  
*(no subject)*

Everyone else in my family was in Ravenclaw. But I wanted to be Sorted into Slytherin and I was. I mean you might be placed in Gryffindor even if you wanted to be in Slytherin but it matters what you want.

I mean you are your own person, not JUST Weasley Septimus or whatever the Headmistress will end up calling you.

And you're a pureblood

**2009-07-02 19:30:00**

*We Are Fine*

In response to the many inquiries regarding yesterday's incident, all is well.



 [alt\\_lucius](#)

We had decided to take in the excellent booksellers' district in the 6th Arrondissement. (The selection of grimoires and monographs on magic in Paris is unparalleled except perhaps by the great library of Budapest, and Hogwarts' own.) Since it was meant to be a simple, private outing, we elected not to bring along the usual entourage that has dogged our steps the last two weeks.

As it turned out, no harm done. The journals provided yet another service - I am again quite pleased by the variety of application they have seen in this year alone! - and I was able to locate Draco with some effort.

The wizard who noticed him is, in fact, not only genuinely a wizard, but as it happens, one of the applicants to emigrate to the Protectorate: a M David Brutka. I had not yet had the pleasure of interviewing him, but in light of his heroism in reuniting me to my son, invited him for tea and we conducted an informal conference then and there.

(What really puzzled me at first was Draco's description of the Arc de Triomphe at one end of the park. I could not fathom how he had managed to cross the river and gain the Tuileries when we were adjacent to the Rue Danton on la Rive Gauche; it was only later, after finding the two of them together, that I recalled there is an automatic Floo connexion that by-passes the Île de la Cité, provided one approached with wand out and focusing on water. Evidently extreme thirst qualifies.)

At any rate, our benefactor showed initiative and good sense in rescuing Draco, qualities which proved most intrinsic to the man's nature (if such can be believed). M Brutka has consented to come to the embassy house to-morrow for a follow-up interview with Selwyn's representative in the room.

This afternoon we greeted Igor Karkaroff after too long an interim. Narcissa was particularly pleased to re-establish the acquaintance. At


one time, Igor was almost a fixture at the Manor, between our business together and Narcissa's admiration for his research.

Those researches have purportedly found a home, it seems. Igor has been offered a prestigious post at Durmstrang. This intrigued Amanda greatly and she commenced with him a comparison among it, Hogwarts, and Beauxbatons. Of the last, she apparently knows a great deal, much more than I would have expected of someone with no children, who settled on the continent after completing her own education. Asked Mother what that was all about and she said simply that Amanda has long taken an interest in the field of academia - which is news to me. I do so dislike being evaded.

Hard to believe our visit is half over. Narcissa insists that we travel south over this week-end as she still has not properly greeted the Riviera, and we have promised Draco an opportunity to sketch the coast.

(Speaking of which, I think he quite enjoys his lessons. I certainly hope so; it is not every wizard of his age who is presented an opportunity to study with a curator in the wizarding levels of the Louvre!)



 **alt\_narcissa** at **2009-07-03 01:27:32**  
(no subject)

I still say I should have taken Draco with me to Les Halles. You might have known he'd grow bored looking at musty bindings.

It was wonderful to see Igor again, though. I'm quite glad he contacted us.

As for your sister ... I think she's a little afraid to tell you her news, dear.



 **alt\_lucius** at **2009-07-03 01:30:46**  
(no subject)

News? What news? And what possible reason would she have to worry?



 **[alt\\_narcissa](#)** at **[2009-07-03 01:39:45](#)**

*(no subject)*

Hm. If you think I can be tricked into revealing her secrets that easily, you are much mistaken, my love.

Don't forget that she and I were friends before you ever so much as glanced in my direction.



 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2009-07-03 02:38:21](#)**

*(no subject)*

I'm glad you're both okay. Was Draco hurt or anything?

Paris sounds dangerous if all those muggles can just push wizards around. But then I suppose that if he was bigger he couldve taken care of them by himself.

Did you read about Seamus' party? And Ron's? I flew on my father's old broom. Least I think it was his. What kind of broom did he use?

**2009-07-03 18:55:00**

## *Dartmoor*

Dartmoor is as ever it was: vast and lonesome. It's tempting to call it dismal or drear, but that ignores the variety of terrain here and the abundance of life settled in its peaty bogs and woodland glens and rough pastures. But for all that, it can seem a desperately lonely place. After a day of picking one's way through the bogs that dot these high moors, one feels very glad to find a friendly pub nestled in a valley.



 [alt poppy](#)

It's difficult to describe how strange it is to trek across a blanket bog: the sphagnum underfoot is alternately crisp or sodden to the point of giving the sensation that one is walking on water. What it never is, however, is solid. One's footsteps do not resound here as they do on a hard floor and nor do they offer a proper sense of distance travelled. That's one reason it is so easy to grow disorientated on Dartmoor--that and the fact that for miles and miles, the terrain looks the same without marker or path. Oh, one occasionally finds an old muggle sign noting a bridle path or a right of way, but most of those have been swallowed by the bogs to lie in silent oblivion forever more.

One begins to imagine things out here: sounds, optical illusions, odd sensations. Yesterday morning, I could have sworn I heard the hounds and horns of a fox hunt away beyond Tor Royal, but, of course, there couldn't have been. Later in the day, I thought I was imagining things again, when suddenly a herd of ponies appeared where nothing had been a moment before. But they were real enough. I was in company this evening with some folk who told me that the ponies were introduced to the park (as it was then called) by a muggle conservation group concerned with keeping the woodlands from taking over all of the pastureland hereabouts. I've often seen sheep here in my visits, but never had I seen such a pack of wild ponies!

It's been an evening for storytelling here in the Vixen Tor, the snug little local I happened upon in good time for a late supper. There was much merriment had at the expense of some rather officious chap from the Ministry who came out last spring, ruffling feathers with his authority to inspect this and that, only to ride off of a morning and not return to his inn at dusk. The next morning, one of the locals happened to spy the man's pointy black hat lying on the ground off to the side of the track, which, rather than pick it up, he gave a good walloping kick. And in response, the hat gave out a bellowing yawp!



Turns out the Ministry bloke was still wearing it, but he'd sunk that far into the mire and not been able to get out. 'How're yer doin' down there, gov'nor?' the local asked him. The Ministry chap answered in his most dignified tone, 'I'm perfectly fine, though the thestral I'm riding may require some assistance.'

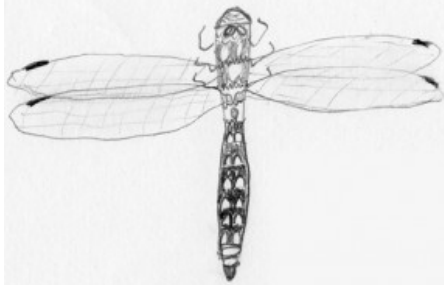
Surely, though, a thestral would be too clever to fall into such dire straits. I shall have to ask our new Creatures instructor about that when we meet.

Speaking of creatures, my companions this evening have roundly warned me against allowing pixies to lead me astray. I thank my good luck and my six senses that I've only had one run-in so far with those tiny nuisances, and that was right in my tent. You may be well assured that I shall take better care in casting sealing spells on all my breakfast supplies from here on!

And one last creaturely note:

Horace, you'll be happy to know that I have found a healthy population of the Southern Hawker dragonflies you requested. As rare as they are in Scotland, they are as common as chizpurples down here. But remind me: did you need the whole fly or just certain parts?

Aeshna cyanea (Southern Hawker)






 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-07-04 02:52:05](#)  
*Order Only*

Oh, c'mon, Poppy, you're not falling for that old hags' tale about Vixana, are you? My grandmother used to scare us with that ghost story when I was in short robes.

Isn't that old legend the one where the pixies warred with the hinkypunks for dominance over the safe trails through the bogs? 'Don't go alone to the moors at night; don't follow the vixen's candlelight?'




 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-07-04 03:04:04](#)  
*Re: Order Only*

I'm only drinking in her pub, Sirius. And listening to the stories about her. If I'm here another night, I shall ask about the hinkypunks. It seems that around the Dartmoor, it is pixie lights one's urged to fear and not the smoky hinkypunk. 'Look sharp to your steps, Mum, and beware you're not pixie-led!' That's the benediction they've offered me each night as I've left the pub to walk down to my campsite.

In my experience, pixie mischief has always been more mundane than murderous, but I suppose one ought never be dismissive of local lore when in a strange neighbourhood.

Are there hinkypunks in France? You don't suppose that's what misled the Malfoy boy, do you? I've never heard of city-dwelling will-o'-the-wisps, but I suppose I've not spent much time in cities, really, saving London, and that's been years ago.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-07-04 03:36:25](#)  
*Re: Order Only*

There are hinkypunks, interestingly enough. But they are mostly a northeastern phenomenon - specifically along the Belgium and Luxembourg borderlands. Nothing like them down south, and none in the cities that I'm aware of. (I'll confess that I myself have run afoul of that Flooport Malfoy mentioned in his post about the lad's disappearance. It's a remnant of the days of the Revolution, I

think - many a wizard had to escape Madame Le Guillotine back in the day!)

I always preferred the Black Shuck of Runyon tales myself. For obvious reasons.



 **alt\_poppy** at [2009-07-04 12:50:58](#)

*Re: Order Only*

It's funny you should mention the Black Shuck. I'd long forgot those tales until last week when I was in Suffolk: there was a band in one of the places I had supper, singing old ballads of the kind where the protagonist kills his lover (by accident or not) or he dies (of heartbreak or heroism), but it all always ends badly. You know the sort of song. Anyway, there was one about the Black Shuck that's been stuck in my ear ever since. The refrain was something like this:

And a dreadful thing from the cliff did spring,  
And its wild bark thrill'd around,  
His eye had the glow of the fires below,  
Twas the form of the spectral hound.

It has an absolutely awful tune, too, wouldn't you know? I'd give anything to have 'Frere Jaques' or 'The Hosepipes' Lament' or anything else take its place in my head. But no, it goes on and on.

Oh, out from the dark leapt the fierce, fiery spark  
Of that great beast's dreadful stare.  
A cry and a shout, but he snuffed them out,  
And they'd never, not nary a prayer.

Wretched stuff. Accompanied with a tin whistle. You wouldn't know a charm short of Obliviation for scrubbing this sort of rubbish from one's brain?



 **alt\_sirius** at [2009-07-04 12:56:10](#)

*Re: Order Only*

I can give you a charm to stuff your ears full of cotton wool if you like. Or one to make them occluded by wax. But selective obliviation, 'fraid not.

In fact, you ought already to know the cotton one. Remember - you insisted we tell you the spell we used to get it reversed, back in fourth year.

That was the month James was convinced we should start our own band. And tried to let us make him lead vocals so he sang at us constantly.

I think we told you it was persistent snoring. But no, it was James and his schemes. Merlin, I still miss that man.



 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2009-07-05 15:42:27](#)  
(no subject)

boot likes to read Madam Pomfrey's entries and hopes Madam Pomfrey is having a good summer.

[2009-07-05 10:40:00](#)

*Mid Suffolk*

boot is at a camp at Mid Suffolk. Master brought boot here but boot doesn't see Master much during the day. Master is meeting with the camp headmen and he says he has research to do. boot brings him his meals and waits upon him in the morning and the evening, but otherwise master says there's no reason to have a stupid mudblood underfoot and so boot works in the sugar beet fields.




 [alt\\_tery](#)

Today is a free day for boot. well, he does have to serve Master every day, of course, but he doesn't have to work in the fields today. Master says its foolish to give the animals a day off, but the camp headmen said that they found that if they worked the muggles and muggleborns every day without rest that too many got sick or died. and there were a lot of accidents that got peep the animals too injured to work. so there is a rotating schedule that gives everyone one day off a week for rest.

don't know if we will stay here all summer. Master won't say. depends on how his research goes, boot thinks.



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 [alt\\_tery](#) at [2009-07-05 16:10:15](#)  
(no subject)

### **I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up to No Good**

I'd hoped I could work in the infirmary this summer, but I haven't been assigned there. Not yet, anyway. Sugar beets have to be thinned several times before the harvest, so once we got here to the camp I was given a hoe and sent out to the fields to help. I got dizzy the first day. The old woman who was showing me what to do told me it was because I made the mistake of not taking drinks from the water carriers every time they come around. Once I started drinking enough water, things got better, but still, I hurt all over, and I have blisters all over my hands. It's sort of surprising to realise how soft I've gotten at Hogwarts.

At least the food is good, and there's enough of it. No meat, but Suffolk is on the sea and we're near the Broads, so there are lots of rivers, which means plenty of fish. And there is barley and turnips. It's sort of strange: the guards who run the camp sneer at us every time they feed us the barley gruel and bannock, making a big deal of it because we're eating that instead of wheat. Like it just proves that we're animals: barley's supposed to be for animals, I guess, and wheat's for people. But I was talking to a woman last night who was a food scientist before the Troubles. She told me that barley's actually good for you: it has all eight of emine

aimine some kind of acid that you need to build protein. I should ask Madam Pomfrey about that, because I didn't quite get everything she was trying to tell me. And the guards may sneer, but they're actually glad to have the barley, too, because it's also used to make beer. You can also use barley to make a sort of coffee substitute. I tried some, and I thought it was sort of nasty, but the adults all drink it.



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2009-07-06 13:37:05](#)  
(no subject)


### **I Solemnly Swear that I am Up to No Good**

Oh Terry I'm so glad you're eating okay. I like barley anyway, and turnips, but coffee is nasty enough that I don't know why you would try a substitute!!

You make me feel awful that I'm standing around in the Lord Protector's house instead of working out with you, because I know I actually am soft, not like you, who are getting callouses and things. The only thing I've learned here is that you oughtn't lock your knees when you're standing for a long time, which I knew anyway, but I forgot once and I only didn't fall down because I was standing behind Harry's chair, and I sort of leaned on him, and he didn't tattle on me.

Are sugar beets like real sugar? We mostly have honey here, and sometimes real sugar, for the Lord Protector's tea, which is real tea and sometimes coffee too. That's how I know about coffee, of course, because they have me eat off the breakfast table after everyone is finished. Aren't they, sugar beets I mean, purple red like regular beets? Beets aren't too sweet... I suppose I ought to look it up instead of asking you only then Harry would ask me where I heard about sugar beets, and I don't think he would tell anyone if I told him, but I promised not to tell anyone, and so I won't.



 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2009-07-06 17:53:56](#)  
(no subject)

### **I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up to No Good**

I asked about how you make the sugar from sugar beets. The beets get harvested in the late autumn or winter. Once they're cleaned, they're cut down into thin chips. They're sloshed around and soaked in hot water, and then the beets are pressed, to get even more sugar out. The beet

pulp that's left is used for animal feed, and the beet juice is filtered, ~~eve~~ evaporated (don't know if I spelled that right) and then boiled down until all that's left is the sugar crystals.

The people here in the camps do all that work, but they don't get to eat very much of the sugar, of course. That's mostly just for wizards. (Well, you and me, we're wizards, but you know what I mean.)

The muggles in the camp here work mostly on the farms. They grow beets and barley here, mostly, and some seeds used for oils (linseed, rapeseed), and oats and rye. There are some who do river fishing, too.


(That was nice of that Harry Marvolo not to tattle on you--not that you can really be blamed for getting tired if you're standing up for a long time. I know how hard that can be sometimes. Anyway, I'm glad he's still treating you decent. But I hate to think of you there at Buckingham under the Lord Protector's eye. I hope he never notices you.



 **[alt\\_amycus](#)** at **[2009-07-05 16:14:50](#)**  
(no subject)


I left a couple shirts on the chair by my bed. Do what you can to get the blood out of them.



 **[alt\\_terry](#)** at **[2009-07-05 16:15:11](#)**  
(no subject)

boot already saw them and has them soaking in cold water, sir.



 **[alt\\_gredforge](#)** at **[2009-07-10 01:47:53](#)**  
*I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To Good*

We hope you get reassigned soon too, we know how much you liked the infirmary.

We wonder if mum would be upset if we tried the sugar beets thing at home. We know she's talked about it before, and with a couple changes, it could become pretty interesting.

For the blisters, see if the infirmary has any essence of murtlap. Soak some gauze in it and wrap your hands with it, and they'll be fine in the morning.



 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2009-07-10 14:26:54](#)

*Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To Good*

I'll try that, thanks!



**2009-07-06 13:35:00**

*Details*

There isn't much glamour, Merlin knows, in the life of a Ministry bureaucrat, but this work can be important. Part of the knack lies in learning to pay close attention to minor details and realising and doing something about it when something seems off or odd. Perkins managed to foil an embezzlement scheme at the Dartford camp in Kent because he noticed and started questioning expenses that were being submitted for reimbursement without proper receipt backup. Small stuff, you know, a few knuts here, a galleon there, but it added up to real money. I talked with someone last week who noticed two inventory identification numbers were transposed in a monthly report--a simple mistake--but it had been going on for half a year without anyone realising it until she made the floo call and got things straightened out. Now St. Mungo's is no longer chronically short their supply of Skele-Gro every month.



 **alt\_arthur**

I've been finishing up the epidemiological report on the Epping Forest diphtheria outbreak, when something caught my eye in one of the personnel files I was combing through (I was compiling the list of the individuals who worked in the infirmary there). Now why, in Merlin's name, would a muggleborn have a reference to an Auror case file in his personnel records, under the parentage records section?

Very peculiar. It may be nothing . . . but I think I'll request a copy of the file to try to learn more.



 **alt\_arthur** at **2009-07-06 20:57:49**

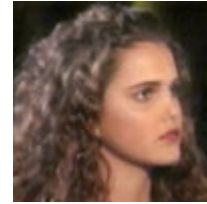
*Order Only*

My compliments to your cousin, Sirius. She was entirely game to do a little after-hours sleuthing and in fact relished the idea of doing something that might assist in springing young Mr Thomas from the camp. I hope this works.

**[2009-07-06 18:44:00](#)**

*You've got to be kidding me!*

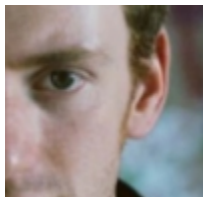
I thought the point of the summer holidays was to actually **have** a bloody holiday!



My father has me endlessly dusting the sitting room curios and polishing drawer handles all day long. I don't think either would gather enough dust and tarnish since the last time I cleaned them three days ago.

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

If I can talk my father's owl into it, I think I might slip away with a friend for a bit, just to get a break. The floo powder jar is full, so a quick trip would hardly be noticed, I think.




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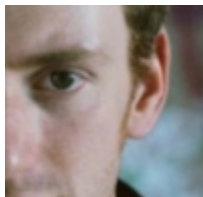
 **[alt\\_percy](#)** at **[2009-07-07 01:55:14](#)**  
(no subject)

I wouldn't mind escaping my own family for an afternoon myself. I'd already planned on taking a trip to Diagon Alley this coming Friday since I want to get some new books. Would you be interested in meeting up at Fortescue's for ice cream? Say around 2:00 or so?



 **[alt\\_penelope](#)** at **[2009-07-07 02:07:29](#)**  
(no subject)

Ice cream sounds much better than dusting. It's a date deal. See you then!



 **[alt\\_percy](#)** at **[2009-07-07 02:12:54](#)**  
(no subject)


I look forward to it.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-07-07 01:55:18](#)  
(no subject)

What, now that you've broadcast it to everyone?



 [alt\\_penelope](#) at [2009-07-07 02:32:34](#)  
(no subject)

My father doesn't read his journal. He'll never know as long as the stupid doorknobs are shiny when he gets home from work.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-07-07 02:36:42](#)  
(no subject)

It could be worse. You could have to muck out goat sheds.



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-07-10 01:19:30](#)  
(no subject)

So could you, as that's our job right now. But if you're willing to, by all means go ahead, clean to your heart's content.

You know, since you seem to like it so much and all, we should tell mum to assign it to you on a permanent basis.

**2009-07-07 08:49:00**

*Day at Blackpool*

I've been trying to think of what we could do if I invited people over at my place. I mean, I had such fun, both at Ron's party and Seamus' party over at Mr Rosier's but there really isn't anywhere to play Quidditch here, and, well, Gran's not very keen on anything that might mean a lot of noise.



 **alt\_neville**

And then Gran, of all people, came up with the best idea: she said I could invite some of my friends for a day at Blackpool! So watch for owls: it'll be this Friday. Bring your swimming costume, because we'll be at the waterpark in the morning, and then we'll explore the promenade in the afternoon. If you've never been to Blackpool, it's dead fun. There are amusement rides, and a wax museum, and a funhouse--oh, you'll see. Oh, and Gran says not to worry about the the cost of the admission fees or the food or anything: we'll take care of them all because you're our guests.



 **alt\_sirius** at **2009-07-07 14:32:31**

*Order only*

Brava, Augusta!

I absolutely loved Blackpool when we used to go there. The first time, Lily had me on all the rollercoasters - twice, in fact. Oddly, James was the one who said he didn't trust the scaffolding to hold up under all that fast-moving steel, and wouldn't go.

I suppose they've mucked it all up now, though? Or is it still a bastion of Muggle ingenuity?



 **alt\_molly** at **2009-07-07 18:35:17**

*Re: Order only*

Arthur and I have never visited the area. I've never even seen a rollercoaster. I wonder what changes there have been in the past ten years? Well, I imagine Ron will have a splendid time.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-07-08 00:48:32](#)

*Re: Order only*

Indeed.

We used to go there all the time when we were dating. Frank won an enormous stuffed giraffe once after spending nearly an hour throwing darts at balloons. We even went a few times with Neville -- he was too young for the really fast rides of course, but he absolutely adored the dodgems.

I hope he has a good turnout.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-07-08 00:50:43](#)

*Re: Order only*

didn't take me that long.

that giraffe thingy was in our front hallway for ages. wonder if mum still has it?



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-07-08 00:56:42](#)

*Re: Order only*

Oh, no doubt she does, along with all the other bits and bobs we had to put in storage.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-07-08 02:58:03](#)

*Re: Order only*

Somehow I have a wonderful mental picture of Augusta taking tea in that prim and proper parlor of hers, with an enormous stuffed giraffe in the corner watching over the proceedings . . .



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-07-08 01:53:12](#)

*(no subject)*

Mrs Wood says we can come! I can't wait! Though I don't have a



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-07-08 02:50:18](#)  
(no subject)

She says that Oliver and I can come I mean.


Is there



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-07-08 02:56:12](#)  
(no subject)

Great! We'll see you both Friday. You'll see, it'll be lots of fun!



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-08 02:21:20](#)  
(no subject)

Hey, Nev. This sounds wizard! I can't wait to see Blackpool.

Tell your gran thanks!



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-07-08 03:36:28](#)  
(no subject)


You'll love it. See you Friday!



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-07-08 02:40:48](#)  
(no subject)


I appreciate the invitation very much, Neville, and thank you for thinking of me, but I'm afraid I have other plans already in place for this Friday.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-07-08 03:35:56](#)  
(no subject)

Thanks for letting me know, anyway.



 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2009-07-08 03:24:43](#)**  
(no subject)

I want to come but Mum says I can't. Sorry.

I wish I could.



 **[alt\\_neville](#)** at **[2009-07-08 03:35:30](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, I wish you could, too. I'm sorry, we'll miss having you come, too.



 **[alt\\_ernie](#)** at **[2009-07-08 21:22:29](#)**  
(no subject)

Thanks for the invite. We'll see you there.

**2009-07-07 17:06:00**

*Bugger, bugger, bugger, BUGGER*

I am completely and utterly buggered beyond belief.



 [alt\\_nymphadora](#)



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at **2009-07-08 00:56:28**

*Order Only*

ARTHUR!

What's happened? Do you know?

Bugger, indeed - it's not to do with our recruitment effort, is it?



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at **2009-07-08 01:56:19**

*Re: Order Only*

Bugger, bugger, bugger indeed. She'd just finished nipping the file back into the cabinet in the Auror Department, when someone rounded the corner and spotted her there. She blustered her way out, saying she'd simply gotten lost, and the bloke let her go--or so she thought. She came and told me about it, and was finishing up in my office when someone from Internal Affairs came and clapped her on the shoulder and took her away.

I can only hope she's not under arrest. It's unlikely if they're letting her write in her journal.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at **2009-07-08 01:47:12**

*(no subject)*

Surely not, Ms Tonks. Try not to be alarmed; I am sure it is all a simple misunderstanding that will quickly be cleared up and you'll be back to work in no time.






 [alt\\_nymphadora](#) at [2009-07-08 02:00:40](#)  
(no subject)


I hope so - rent's due at the end of the week. If I don't get my pay packet, I'm going to have to start pawning my belongings.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-07-08 02:07:02](#)  
*Order Only*

Arthur! Never tell me that poor girl will have to do that, all because she was trying to help you!



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-07-08 02:09:26](#)  
*Re: Order Only*

No, indeed, Molly. If she's in hot water, it's entirely my fault, and I won't leave her to bear the consequences alone.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-07-08 02:11:00](#)  
*Re: Order Only*

But if you're caught assisting her, what could the consequences be?



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-07-08 02:17:45](#)  
*Re: Order Only*

Well, obviously, I'll take care not to get caught. A mighty poor member of the Order I'd be if I can't find a half dozen ways to slip Galleons to someone undetected.

Sirius, do you think--

I mean, if she panics, might she--

Never mind. It won't do to dwell on it.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-07-08 02:41:06](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Will she talk?

I've no idea. I don't think so.

Still, you might have to invent an excuse to check on her and obliviate her.

Damn. Damn, damn, damn.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-07-08 03:02:09](#)

*Re: Order Only*

I will check on her in a day or two. But I'll hold off on obliterating her if I can possibly avoid doing so although I'll do it if I must. It's not just the work I've put into cultivating her, I honestly like her. I want to give her the chance to throw in her lot with us.



 [alt\\_kingsley](#) at [2009-07-08 03:04:10](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Do it if there is the slightest doubt, Arthur. We can't run the risk of letting your role get exposed.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-07-08 03:25:02](#)

*Re: Order Only*

The ironic thing is, it isn't even exactly Order work. I mean, I was simply investigating the truth about the boy, that he might actually have a wizarding parent, which is a simple fact. Cutting corners, true, but I wasn't planting false information into files or doing anything illegal. I was just trying to get some information out without involving Frank.

Even if she does shift the blame to me, what is the worst that can honestly be said about what I had her do?



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-07-08 03:26:58](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Well, that's exactly what James Prescott was doing, wasn't it? Snooping in files that he had no business opening. And look what happened to him.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-07-08 03:28:04](#)

*Re: Order Only*

A sobering reflection, but I'm afraid you're right, Molly.

Well, as I told Sirius, I will check on her tomorrow. Perhaps if I learn a bit more, it'll be enough to make us more comfortable.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-07-08 03:04:55](#)

*Re: Order Only*

There's more to it than that, Arthur. If you have to do it ... she's got my letters, if she were foolish enough to keep them.

Bringing her into the Order is probably the best outcome we can hope for from here.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-07-08 03:14:45](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Blast, I'd forgotten about those letters.

All right, I'll find a way to check on her tomorrow.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-07-08 01:52:25](#)

*(no subject)*

What's wrong Miss Tonks?



 **[alt\\_nymphadora](#)** at **[2009-07-08 01:57:45](#)**  
*(no subject)*

I can't say anything about it, those blokes from Internal Affairs told me to keep my trap shut.

Bugger.

**[2009-07-07 19:02:00](#)**

*Order only: Everything ready?*

Hullo, you lot.

Just wanted to check and make sure you're all squared away for tonight's full moon. Moony, I know it's been a long time, but I still wish I could be there to help.



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

Frank, Alice, I hope you've set aside some real, honest-to-goodness tea, not teabags, for morning. (And Remus won't admit he wants them, I know, but the softest sheets and blankets you have, for the next few days.)

~~And a teddy bear, if you've got one to spare.~~ <--Nevermind, he'll murder me for that last.




 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2009-07-08 00:53:36](#)**  
(no subject)

Victor and me did the final walk-through this afternoon, and it looks like everything is secure. that bank door really did the trick -- that guardhouse is tight as a drum.


and yeah, we've got everything close at hand for Alice already, so we're set on the tea and the blankets. and we're planning to have some goat stew tomorrow, so we'll have some red meat ready too.



 **[alt\\_lupin](#)** at **[2009-07-08 21:15:51](#)**  
(no subject)

It was all really top rate, Frank. I can't thank you enough.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-07-08 21:36:35](#)**  
(no subject)

Up and about?

How'd it go then?



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-07-08 22:27:44](#)  
(no subject)

Not so bad. Perhaps it's all the fresh air, or just that they had everything so well prepared, but it was easier than it has been in a while. I was a little concerned on account of Alice, but I needn't have worried at all.

I may just have to stay out here forever.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-07-09 00:05:10](#)  
(no subject)

Not quite forever, I hope. I've an idea you might find appealing. Maybe.



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-07-09 08:00:41](#)  
(no subject)

Oh?



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-07-09 20:18:43](#)  
(no subject)

Seems rakish to plot considering Hermione's bad news, but to me, the colossal unfairness of it all makes it seem all the more imperative that we get on and DO something about this mess.

Has Frank told you anything about our foray into smuggling?



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-07-09 21:20:18](#)  
(no subject)

Something was mentioned a while ago about a boat, I think. Is it related to that?



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-07-09 23:59:07](#)**  
(no subject)

Not the boat specifically. The smuggling, however ....

If you've read back at all, you'll see that Bill and I have been at sixes and sevens trying to find a front-man for Laszlo Ltd on your side of the channel.

With a little disguising, you might welcome the life of a quiet-mannered shopkeep. The one who can get things for one ....



 **[alt\\_lupin](#)** at **[2009-07-10 19:15:03](#)**  
(no subject)

Now's probably not the moment for it. On top of everything, Alice is due practically any moment (all right, on Tuesday - but it looks extremely imminent!). Not to mention I'm fairly high up the "most wanted" list right now. I don't know if they've circulated Wanted posters (imagine that), but I can't risk Frank and Alice and everyone else's safety by doing anything that'll get me recognised.

When things have died down a bit, though.

It's a shame you can't get into the country and I can't get out of it - this sounds like the sort of thing that ought to be discussed in person.




 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-07-10 20:23:47](#)**  
(no subject)

Well, no, not right this very moment, obviously. You're probably nervous as a cat (sorry, Minerva!) and twice as flustered as she is.

And have you officially joined the ranks of the 'most wanted?' Welcome back to the club, mate! Frank, Kingsley and I have you by several posters, you know. You'll have to step lively if you want to catch us up.

Anyway, as for the discussion, I was thinking of the summer of '78, if you recall it well enough.



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-07-10 22:12:34](#)  
(no subject)

I'm not sure on my Most Wanted ranking, but Malfoy seemed to take the whole thing rather personally, and in this marvellous new world order we now live in, that unfortunately counts for something.

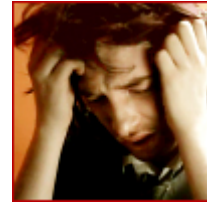
Summer of '78, my god, yes of course I remember. Hm, yes that would make sense. I'll have a think, and perhaps we can talk it through when things have calmed down a bit?



**2009-07-08 07:05:00**

*Order Only: Dad?*

I'm afraid I have really bad news. Please come see me right away.



 [alt\\_bill](#)




 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-07-08 12:24:11](#)

*(no subject)*

What is it, son? What's happened?



 [alt\\_bill](#) at [2009-07-08 12:25:18](#)

*(no subject)*

I don't think I should be the one to say it in the journals. Please, just come see me.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-07-08 12:25:44](#)

*(no subject)*

On my way.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-07-08 13:32:31](#)

*(no subject)*

Hell. Minerva, patronus is on its way to you.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-07-08 13:39:11](#)

*(no subject)*

I shall await it, Arthur.



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-07-08 13:46:21](#)**  
*(no subject)*

Arthur?



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-07-08 13:47:49](#)**  
*(no subject)*

I'm making my excuses here and then I'm coming home, Molly, and I'll tell you personally then.

I'm just too heartsick to work today.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-07-09 00:11:44](#)**  
*(no subject)*

Oh, no.

It's not our Hermione, or her Terry?

More to do with Dora?

Whatever it is, it must be dead awful. The stuff you see on a regular basis, I'd go mad, Arthur.

**2009-07-08 16:52:00**

*ORDER ONLY: Attention Granger*

Granger, please go somewhere private before continuing to read this entry.



I am in all seriousness. It is very important. Do it now, and read no further until you are absolutely certain you are private.

 **alt\_mcgonagall**

There is no easy way to say this: your father has died. It was the transformation. It is believed that his heart went. You may comfort yourself that your mother is alive and well, and also that your father has been spared what surely would have been a difficult existence. I realise that that is not much to offer you, but it is all I can. Your mother is grieving, but she does send her love.

I must counsel you to never, never tell anyone that you know this until you have received word from another source. It would have been too cruel to keep it from you, but you must know that if you breathe a word, it could compromise the Order. Grieve, but grieve in silence.

Granger - we shall be grieving with you. Your father may not have a funeral, but he does have mourners.



 **alt\_lupin** at **2009-07-09 16:10:38**

*(no subject)*

My God ... Hermione ...

I'm so sorry.



 **alt\_hermione** at **2009-07-09 16:12:39**

*(no subject)*

I don't know what to do, Mr Lupin. I just



 **[alt\\_lupin](#)** at **[2009-07-09 16:27:36](#)**  
(no subject)


Nor do I. I'm just.. I didn't even think about...

I wish I could be there for you. No, actually I wish you were here at Moddey Dhoo, away from all those awful people and safe.

I'm so sorry.

I know it will be little consolation, but I think it would have been quite quick. He wouldn't have suffered much.



 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2009-07-09 17:24:46](#)**  
(no subject)

It was, Hermione. I can tell you that at least, from a firsthand witness. He lapsed into unconsciousness within the first few minutes of the transformation and apparently died very quickly after that.

And your mother . . . well, she was with him, Hermione. So he wasn't alone. She stayed by him all night, until dawn.


I'm so awfully sorry.



 **[alt\\_hermione](#)** at **[2009-07-09 23:23:30](#)**  
(no subject)

I suppose that's good. I suppose.



 **[alt\\_hermione](#)** at **[2009-07-09 16:11:56](#)**  
(no subject)

I



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-07-09 16:13:17](#)  
(no subject)

Miss Granger, I am so sorry. I wish I could be there.



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2009-07-09 16:14:22](#)  
(no subject)

Thank you Headmistress. I'm sorry, I think I need to not read this journal for a little bit, but I promise I won't show anyone that I know, I swear. I just need to not talk okay.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-07-09 17:18:06](#)  
(no subject)

Take your time, Granger. I realise that it is difficult.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-07-09 17:31:23](#)  
(no subject)

I do, too.

Hermione, our deepest sympathy to you, from Arthur and me.

(I've just been in tears all day, ever since Arthur brought me the news.)



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2009-07-09 23:33:37](#)  
(no subject)

Thank you Mrs Weasley.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-07-09 17:06:09](#)  
(no subject)

Those ... murdering ... **bastards!** The whole lot of them ....

It may have been the strain of the transformation that killed him, but there's no doubt it's the fault of those ... I can't even come up with a single word that I would repeat in polite company.

We have to make them pay, Minerva. Restoring order won't be enough. The job won't be complete until every one of those Morgause-accursed effing **scum** are made to suffer as they've caused suffering.

Arthur, if this is what you found out last night, I don't blame you one jot, mate. Those ... EVIL bugging **BASTARDS!**



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-07-09 17:17:43](#)  
(no subject)

I promise you we shall.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-07-09 17:24:05](#)  
(no subject)


Yes, Bill told me yesterday. I didn't say anything because--well, Bill and I thought it best if we left it to Minerva to break the news.

Forget about revenge for now, Sirius. I mean, I understand the thirst for it as well as anybody, Merlin knows, but I don't think there's any fitting punishment great enough that could pay back all the harm that's been done to the innocent that our country could survive. And revenge won't bring back the dead, and it isn't what Hermione needs to be thinking about right now.

Hermione...I am so dreadfully sorry. Molly and I both send you our love. Bill will make inquiries. Minerva's right; there won't be a funeral, but I expect there is a burial place that the enclave uses, and we'll see to it that he's decently interred, and that there will be a headstone. The Order will take care of it. We will continue to try

to find a way to get your mother out of there, although I fear it may be awhile.



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-07-09 17:31:32](#)**  
(no subject)

We will indeed.



 **[alt\\_kingsley](#)** at **[2009-07-09 17:38:19](#)**  
(no subject)

I wonder if the Players could try to wangle an invitation to do a performance at the enclave? We've never been invited to a werewolf enclave before, but that way we could see your mother personally, Hermione, and if we're lucky and can find an opportunity to speak to her alone, we'd be able to send along any messages you might wish to give her. Scout security while we're at it, and maybe get some ideas for springing her, when we're ready to try.

Arthur, why don't you see if you can arrange it.


So very sorry, Hermione. All of us with the Players are thinking of you and send you our best wishes.



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-07-10 02:26:19](#)**  
(no subject)

That's quite a good idea, Kingsley. I'll investigate, although it's not my department, so I'm not sure I'll be able to manage it. But I will try.



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-07-09 17:44:51](#)**  
(no subject)


Frank just showed me this. I don't think I've seen him this angry and frustrated in a good long while.

It's an awful thing to lose a parent. Both of mine were taken from me very suddenly back during the War. They were

murdered by Death Eaters over ten years ago, and I still miss them every day. I still wonder what I could have done better to keep them out of harm's way, and can't help but feel that it was my fault they were targeted in the first place. It's a terrible experience that I never would wish on anyone, Hermione, and I'm very, very sorry that you're going through it now.


Please know that you are not alone. We all carry heavy burdens, and sometimes, it helps a little to know that those burdens are shared.



 **[alt\\_hermione](#)** at **[2009-07-09 23:34:47](#)**  
(no subject)

Thank you Mrs Longbottom. I had a good cry and I went to sleep and I feel better now. A little



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-07-10 01:40:33](#)**  
(no subject)

Hermione.

I've only just read what's happened. I am so terribly, terribly sorry for your loss. I know that your parents mean a very great deal to you, and, well--

Please, in all of this, do not allow yourself to fret that the same could happen to your mother in future months: the studies agree that for those who manage a first transformation, the risk diminishes dramatically. Not that any part of lycanthropy is easy or pleasant, but your mother has passed the threshold safely and should weather the physical aspects of her condition without danger.

I think of you every day, my dear, and I hope that you are managing. I do wish there were something, anything I could do for you now.



**2009-07-09 09:26:00**

*Too bad*

I really wish I could get out of here. Everyones going to Blackpool. I suppose Milli isnt going or shed have posted about it, and neither is Crabbe or Goyle or Draco or Daphne. SO, not really everyone. But Sally-Anne is going and Ron and Neville and I have to stay back here. Father has some kind of trade negotiations all day and I am supposed to take notes and he said hes going to look at my notes and say whether theyre good or bad. So Granger cant help me with that. Also she's sick, which is no good, she was vomming last I saw, so I told her to stay and lie down because shes no good to me sick, especially if she gets me sick. Only that means I wont have her carrying my things today which is too bad. At least she didnt honk up on anything.



 [alt\\_harry](#)

~~I hope shes okay she didnt look sick last night~~



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at **2009-07-09 17:19:20**

*ORDER ONLY*

I do not think I have ever been quite so grateful that young boys are so emotionally thick!

**[2009-07-09 15:11:00](#)**

*Fishing with Dad*

Dad came home from work yesterday in the middle of the morning. No idea what that was about. Something must have happened at the Ministry, maybe, but don't know what it was. He spent some time shut up with Mum right after he got home in their room. Mum seemed upset when they came out, but neither one would talk about it.



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

Instead of heading back to work, he surprised us all by announcing he was taking us kids fishing. So after lunch we went down to the Otter River and spent the afternoon angling. Since this was all sort of spur of the moment, we didn't have any magical lures and Mum didn't come with us so we could ask her for charms (she's really good at fishing charms), so we used live bait. Haven't done that very often before. George and Fred made such a racket horsing around in the water and splashing each other that I'm surprised they caught a thing, but they pulled in more fish than anybody. Ginny hates putting worms on the hook so I baited all her hooks for her, and she caught a perch. Dad went downriver a little ways and stood in the shallows all afternoon, casting and reeling up over and over again. Guess it suited him.

Bill came over last night for dinner, and we had all the fresh fish we'd caught. I got stuck with cleaning them all, but that was better than trusting Fred and George with the job: it would probably end with fish guts being put down the neck of somebody's robes.



 **[alt\\_ginny](#)** at **[2009-07-10 00:41:51](#)**  
(no subject)

Thanks for baiting the hooks for me. Urgh, how I hate those slimy, wriggly worms!

I owe you at least one muck out of the chicken coop for that.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-07-10 00:46:17](#)  
(no subject)


Well, you take my turn with the bees, so I think we're square.



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-07-10 00:58:10](#)  
(no subject)

We would not have put fish guts down the neck of someone's robes! Under your pillow or in your pockets, maybe, but not down your robes.



 [alt\\_bill](#) at [2009-07-10 02:22:14](#)  
(no subject)

Which is why all my pockets are charmed so you lot can't put anything into them. I'm learning wisdom in my old age.

**2009-07-09 16:28:00**

*Final days ....*

Unbelievably, our time in France draws to a close.

There are only a few remaining major items on the timetable: This week-end's State Dinner, a matinée at the Paris Opéra on Sunday, two last meetings with foreign delegations and a final round of interviews, as well as the concluding meeting with the French Minister before returning mid-week.



 [alt\\_lucius](#)

Minerva, I may have found a partial solution to your recent loss of staff. M Brutka, it turns out, has some experience dealing with magical creatures through his position as a ranger with the Royal Canadian Granian Wizard Squad and more recently his travels in Romania and the Baltic. He might do for your groundskeeper; possibly even Care of Magical Creatures teacher, once his probation is at end. That is, if you have had no other qualified applicants.

Needless to say, M Brutka, along with some ten others, have been approved to emigrate over the course of the next month. There are five remaining candidates, all of whom will undergo their final vetting to-morrow and Monday.

Pansy, I did see the letter you sent asking me to appeal to your mother, but in this case, she is quite right. No-one ever has benefitted from association with the current branch of that clan, and you do well to shut yourself of company that is quite beneath you. No, I am in agreement with her on that score.

Given Amanda's ... news ... we were forced to upset our plans for what little free time we still had available with a visit to Beauxbatons. At least the weather was pleasant enough last week-end for the promised jaunt down to the southern coast, so Draco was able to see the Mediterranean for himself. The proffered duration of our stay there was, of necessity, cut short, in order to make an inspection tour of the school.

As we come closer to our return, Narcissa grows more anxious for news of family at home, however. She is most adamant that Bella does not deliver before we are on-hand in the event of any need. Have assured her that Bella and her healers must have her care well in hand and that there is no need to fuss. News of her niece's misstep, which reached us late yesterday, has not helped her mood in the slightest.


Draco, on the other hand, is most excited at the prospect of seeing his friends again, particularly on the YPL camping trip, and I think has missed participating in the little house parties some of his classmates have hosted, especially that of Stephen's ward. Have tried to explain that the opportunities he has had here this summer have been worth a hundred house parties, and Narcissa too has been quite persuasive in that regard, though neither of us, I suspect, have met the full measure of success we hoped. Still, am confident he will look back in time and regard our sojourn abroad as an incomparable experience. Had to agree that as we approach our departure, I too quite miss the familiar comforts of home, friends and colleagues.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-07-10 02:00:41](#)  
*ORDER ONLY*


goddamned self-righteous prick.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-07-10 02:01:13](#)  
*ORDER ONLY*


my boy's worth twelve of yours, malfoy.



 [alt\\_kingsley](#) at [2009-07-10 02:10:16](#)  
*Re: ORDER ONLY*

Frank, my friend, Merlin knows I'm no fan of Lucius Malfoy's but maybe it's time to take a walk. Let that temper of yours cool a bit.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-07-10 02:11:51](#)  
*Re: ORDER ONLY*


i've been on a walk. for four bloody hours.



 [alt\\_kingsley](#) at [2009-07-10 02:14:43](#)  
*Re: ORDER ONLY*

So take another turn around the beach, man. I know you're already upset about Granger on top of this, but Alice probably doesn't need to see you with steam coming out of your ears right now.




 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-07-10 03:01:00](#)  
*Re: ORDER ONLY*

one of these days, Kingsley, I'm going to bash his head in.

that'll make me feel a whole lot better.




 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-07-10 14:52:43](#)  
*Re: ORDER ONLY*

sorry about being so short with you, mate.

and thanks.



 [alt\\_kingsley](#) at [2009-07-10 17:09:53](#)  
*Re: ORDER ONLY*

Don't forget, I've been sharing a tent with Benjy Fenwick for the past few years. I'm used to it.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-07-10 02:38:47](#)  
(no subject)

Send his CV my way, in that case, and I shall look into him. There has been a surprising dearth of qualified candidates.

**2009-07-10 09:13:00**

*Cumbria*



 [alt\\_poppy](#)

Well, here I am, laid up in the Mortal Man Inn at Troutbeck with a scraped knee, a large knot on my head, and a sore dent in my pride. Did I trip as I rambled over hill and dale from Grange-over-Sands to Witherslack and on to Cartmell Fell? No.

Did I fall whilst picking my way up and down the hardscrabble slopes of the Coppermines Valley, as spry and sturdy as any of the sheep? Not at all. Did I slip in the foggy morning as I stepped over a stile along Wansfell Pike? Indeed not. Did I put my foot, calf-deep into a badger sett along Sour Howes way? I did, in fact, but it did no harm. (To me, at least. I confess that I left without having words with the badgers whose tunnel I had marred.)


No, my friends, I tripped over my own large shoes as I stepped inside the owl office at Applethwaite, embarrassing myself no end and raising quite a lump on my brow. I believe I might have chipped the doorpost!

In lieu of further comment, I offer this from my notebook—a handsome, if somewhat aloof, Herdwick I met above Coniston Water.








 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-07-10 14:30:40](#)  
*Order Only*

In fact, I'm perfectly fit. It was only a minor bump, though I believe that the Owl Mistress at Applethwaite will remember me for some time to come.

The innkeep at the Mortal Man, by the way, is my Dearborn cousin, Alun. He and his wife offered me room for as long as I'd like, as they haven't had any visitors here in several years. In fact, they are off to Torquay for the month, so no one is like to notice that I've left.

Frank, I shall Apparate to the place you suggested just at half-nine tomorrow morning unless I hear from you or Alice before then that I'm needed. I have only one item to collect here today, and that's not so important it couldn't be left if you need me.




 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-07-10 15:04:26](#)  
*Re: Order Only*

That sounds like it would be just fine. We're all looking forward to your visit, and I'm very grateful you've timed it so perfectly.

We'll be waiting for you when you arrive.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-07-11 02:47:02](#)  
*Re: Order Only*


Very well then. I see from your entry that you are (all) as ready as you can be to have this baby worm his way out into the world. I trust that the small one is as ready as you are!



 [alt\\_horace](#) at [2009-07-10 15:01:50](#)  
*(no subject)*

I am sorry to hear you've taken a tumble, Poppy. I've been so enjoying these missives of yours. I dare say you'll feel right as rain with a few days rest, and able to return to enjoying the delights of the Lakes.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-07-10 22:07:03](#)  
(no subject)


Yes, this is such a lovely place to spend a bit of time. From my table in the garden here I can see the most striking play of light and shadow across the valley. I've entertained thoughts of staying on indefinitely, but I wouldn't know what to do with myself after a week or two. I'm not a woman made for a life of retirement. So never fear, you shall see me back at Hogwarts before the train arrives in September.



 [alt\\_horace](#) at [2009-07-10 22:15:18](#)  
(no subject)

Very glad to hear it, my dear. The old place wouldn't be the same without you.



 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2009-07-10 17:57:16](#)  
(no subject)

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

Wish I could say something to her. Don't think I'd better, in case Master's watching the journals, but I expect she'll be all right.



 [alt\\_sinistra](#) at [2009-07-11 00:43:00](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, goodness.

Do take care of yourself, Poppy. Or do I have to repeat the lecture you gave me about head injuries being serious, even if they're small? I hope you're planning to take a day or two to recover, at the least.


The ramble up north is quite pleasant, though the weather today has been rather blustery. We gave up our trudging around earlier than usual as a result, and I've been catching up with the journals this evening. (It is a change from trying to sort out the final groupings for the camping trip, at least.)

We've had nothing like your outings (and I could sketch star charts,

but truly, they're better on bigger paper), but we have seen several interesting meteors when the moon's been out of that part of the sky. (I wish I could have put off this trip till new moon, but really should be tending to the last minute trip details by then.)

And I've had a lovely time working over my friend's notes and spotting logic and proofing errors in them. (Not many, but everyone's human, and it's always best to get another set of eyes.) My friend's looking at seeking publication of some of the results: I'm bringing a draft of the write-up back with me should you be interested.

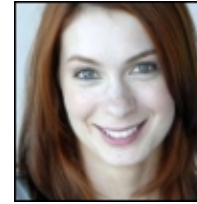


 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-07-11 02:46:11](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, lovely! I'm so glad you are having good weather and good fun. I should be most glad to read what your friend has written. I trust that the quest to publish is easily accomplished.

**2009-07-10 10:53:00**

*ORDER ONLY*



 [alt\\_alice](#)

Yesterday was a long day.

Remus was ever so kind, and spend a good long while with me, talking and drinking tea. Well, he had tea and I had warm milk. And I mostly talked, and he mostly listened. It's such a wonderful gift to be able to simply sit down and talk with a good friend over a cup of something warm, and I was very grateful for his company.

We all dealt with things in our own way -- I kept getting maudlin, and Remus was quiet and jumpy, and Frank made quite a racket in the storage shed and went on a long walk with Winston. He got back early this morning, looking a bit worn out and in the need of some plaster for his knuckles, but he was calm and steady and back to being my dear Frank again.


We had a long talk about a lot of things, and I suggested he take a trip to Blackpool to see if he can catch a glimpse of Neville and Evelyn. He's in need of a pick-me-up, and besides, we need to confer with Augusta about a few things that will be easier done in person. He'll be discrete, of course, and I don't think there's any danger -- it's been almost two years since his last wanted poster went up, and he hasn't shaved for a couple of days, so he doesn't look like his picture very much at all. He'll keep the journal close by in case Kevin decides to make an inopportune entrance, but I can certainly spare him for an hour or two.

In other news, I am sick and tired of being pregnant, and am very much looking forward to not being pregnant any more, thank you very much. My due date is on Tuesday, and Stephen has promised me that he'll whip up something that'll help matters along if nothing has happened by then. Everyone has been quite attentive -- every time I say hello to someone or call out someone's name, they look as if they expect me to tell them that I'm in labour, and they look mildly disappointed when I'm not. Laura tells me that Frank and Remus have gotten into the habit of obsessively checking their journals when they're not in my direct vicinity, just in case. Stephen is constantly pottering about in his laboratory, trying to make sure he has everything as ready as it can be with our limited supplies, and he's even worked it into his lessons with the children -- they've been writing essays about pain-reducing draughts for pregnant women, and

how they're made differently and administered in different dosages than the usual potion. So, in short, absolutely everyone (especially me) has babies on the brain, and we're all as ready as we can be. I can't say I'm not nervous -- my last two births took place in hospital -- but I feel so much better with Stephen here and Poppy on her way. Regardless, this baby is coming, and is coming soon (and thank Merlin for that).

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 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-07-10 19:50:51](#)**  
(no subject)

Have you gotten that last minute burst of energy? For me, it always emerged as an overwhelming urge to clean things! That was always my best clue that I was about to go into labour in the next day or so. Arthur always used to joke that it was as if I was ripping up shreds of newspaper to make a nest or something. I remember moving the stove aside to clean the floor behind it the day before I went into labour with Percy--and mind you, I could barely bend over at that point! It was worst with the twins. More hormones, possibly? I reorganised the entire linen closet, waxed the kitchen floor, and bullied Arthur into taking out and beating the rugs.



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-07-10 20:02:45](#)**  
(no subject)

I have been feeling antsy as of late. Usually, I enjoy working in the garden, but with my poor back and feet, I've been neglecting it for far too long. The past few days, though, I've been weeding like mad, and it does feel quite satisfying. I've also been incredibly thirsty -- although that's probably just the heat.

I haven't moved our stove yet, though! I think Victor would have my head if I tried to do that.




 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-07-11 03:50:57](#)**  
(no subject)

Did Frank actually manage to spy Neville and Evelyn? Oh, my, the children had so much fun in Blackpool. They came back absolutely glowing with excitement. I had quite a time convincing Ginny to settle down

enough to actually go to sleep just now; she kept wanting to pop out of bed to tell Arthur and me 'just one more story' about all the marvelous things they'd seen and done. Really, it was such a splendid and generous thing for Augusta to invite them all. I'm sure they'll talk about it all summer long.



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-07-11 23:02:01](#)**  
*(no subject)*

I'm so glad. Yes, he did make it over there, and  
oh.

I think it's  
hang on  
bother.

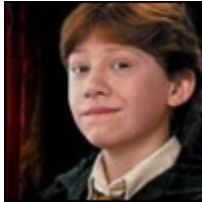
**[2009-07-10 19:43:00](#)**


*(no subject)*

That was a wizard trip Neville! Thank you for inviting me! I think the rollercoaster was the best part. But the water rides were fun to.



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



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-07-11 02:51:13](#)**

*(no subject)*

Heh.

How about that last rollercoaster?! Totally wizard, that, with all the spinning and whirling completely upside down, and that amazing, huge hill we whizzed down from until it seemed we couldn't go any faster and then it whipped us around that enormous curve!!!

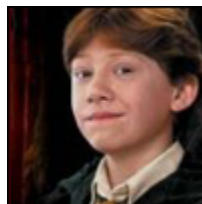
I still think we should have gone a third time.



 **[alt\\_neville](#)** at **[2009-07-11 02:53:23](#)**

*(no subject)*

I'm amazed you lot talked me into going on it even once. But I have to admit it was really fun.



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-07-11 03:31:29](#)**

*(no subject)*

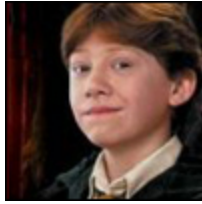
You know it! I thought you were holding on pretty tight as we went up that hill, but then you totally were grinning from ear to ear as we roared down the other side! You know you loved it!!




 **[alt\\_neville](#)** at **[2009-07-11 03:52:31](#)**

*(no subject)*

Well, I was sorted into Gryffindor after all!



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-11 03:58:49](#)  
(no subject)

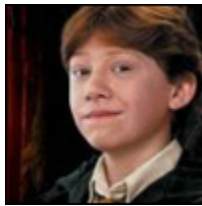
Too right! And don't you forget it!!



 [alt\\_ginny](#) at [2009-07-11 02:57:44](#)  
(no subject)

I still can't believe you went on that one! I don't think I'll ever have the nerve to try it.

I'm glad Evelyn and Marianne stayed behind with me on the ground.



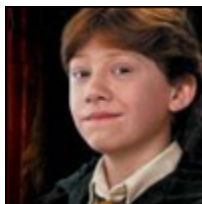
 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-11 03:33:39](#)  
(no subject)


Well, you looked like you had fun on that ride where the tea cups spun round and round and round. I'm pretty sure I'd have sicked up after that if I'd gone on. I felt kind of queasy just watching. I mean, you had the wheel pulled round so far you were getting pulled sideways down onto the benches while it spun!



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-07-11 03:07:12](#)  
(no subject)

That rollercoaster was the BEST.




 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-11 03:34:00](#)  
(no subject)

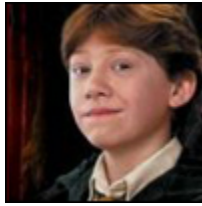
Too right!






 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2009-07-11 03:07:57](#)**  
(no subject)

Maybe I'll ask mum if you lot can come here since she wouldn't let me go with you for some reason. It wasn't because of the water because she goes to Bath all the time. Lucius says there's something wrong with Neville's family. But I dunno what that means.



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-07-11 03:22:03](#)**  
(no subject)

Yeah, we really missed you, today, Parks. You'd have loved the fun house--some of the rooms you walked on the ceiling, and in one, as soon as you walked in, you grew to be like fourteen feet tall, and all the doorways looked like mouse holes until you got across the room and then you'd got tiny, too, and could walk right through!

There were some wild-looking people there, too, and I bet you'd have had a lark making up stories about how they got that way. I mean, there was this one bloke who rode a unicycle and juggled fireballs and knives and caught them in his ear and stuff. He had orange hair that stuck up in spikes and his tongue was forked and flicked way out his mouth when he talked!

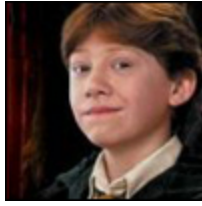
It would be wizard to see where you live, though. I hope your mum lets you invite some friends over.


How long is it til we go camping, anyway?



 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)** at **[2009-07-11 03:51:12](#)**  
(no subject)


I want to know if there's a charm to do a forked tongue or if he transfigured it or if he's a metamorphmagus or what. None of the books in the Hogwarts library are going to say, it's not academic enough.



 **alt\_ron** at [2009-07-11 04:01:18](#)  
(no subject)

Ooooh! I bet he was a metamorphathingy. I've never met anyone who was one, but I hear it's wicked what they can do!



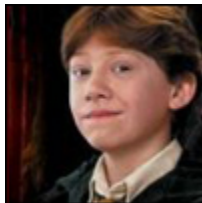
 **alt\_pansy** at [2009-07-11 14:34:20](#)  
(no subject)


Thanks, Ronald. Rub it in, why don't you?

It's a long time til we go. Like, two weeks?

I don't think mum's all that keen to let me have guests, though. She has her ladyfriends over a lot now, though, so it seems to me I should be able to have friends in if I want.

Anyway, it sounds great. Did anyone take photos?



 **alt\_ron** at [2009-07-11 14:45:47](#)  
(no subject)

Sorry. That's not what I meant. Just it would have been more fun if you'd been there, is all.

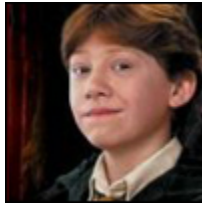
I don't think anybody took pictures. Ginny did bring back a brochure thinger from the wax museum, and we were looking at it this morning, and y'know what? The newest display is supposed to be 'Harry Marvolo being Sorted into Slytherin House'! Only we didn't see it because Mrs Longbottom made us leave before we got that far. We left when we turned the corner into a room about the evil blood traitors, Sirius Black and whasisname Dumbelldoor. I was kind of at the front of the group, so I could see what that room was about. Black looked totally nutters--there was drool hanging down in a long thread off his mouth. Or maybe that was just a spider web and they needed to come dust the display. The whole place was kinda like that, not very well kept up.

But it would have been wizard to see the one about Marvolo, don't you think?



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-07-11 14:55:15](#)  
(no subject)

Yeah it would be nift to see a wax dummy version of Harry. I wonder if it really looks and sounds like him?



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-11 16:04:55](#)  
(no subject)

Yeah, I wondered that about all the wax scenes. Did Merlin really have a high-pitched voice like that? And how about Salazar Slytherin? That was one scary deep voice they gave him!

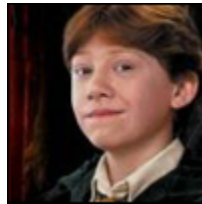



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-07-11 16:13:34](#)  
(no subject)

Well is there a portrait anywhere of the founders? Or did there use to be one that someone might've seen?

Godric Gryffindor looked pretty much like I imagined. When they had Slytherin speaking parseltongue I wondered if it was real or if they had him doing a bunch of hissing. You'd have to be a parselmouth to know wouldn't you?

It would be funny if he was supposed to be saying Hello, my name is Salazar Slytherin! but they actually had him saying Help, my flying carpet is overrun with beetles!



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-11 16:18:06](#)  
(no subject)

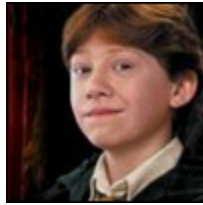
HAHAHAHA!!!! Totally right about that, mate!


You know, I heard someone say that the Lord Protector is a parselmouth like Slytherin was. That's really, really rare, isn't it? I guess he's got all kinds of magic like that that noone else has. That's what makes him Lord over everybody, yeah?



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-07-11 16:32:33](#)  
(no subject)


Ive also heard the Lord Protector is a parselmouth. Marvolos talked about his Fathers snake a few times.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-11 16:35:09](#)  
(no subject)

Yeah, but I guess I figured you can have a snake and not be able to talk to it. I mean, we've got an owl, but none of us can talk to him.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-07-11 02:52:08](#)  
(no subject)

It was great, wasn't it? My family's gone to Blackpool before loads of time, but mostly to walk the promenade, really. It's a lot more fun to do the amusement park with friends. I was really glad Gran agreed to it. I don't think I would have gone on that last roller coaster at all except that Sally-Anne dared me into it. I think I really liked the log flume the best.

Boy, Fred and George were game to try anything. Must get those iron nerves from playing Quidditch.


Evelyn liked meeting my friends and she had a great time, too. (Except I think her stomach's a bit upset from all the toffee and candy floss she ate.)



 [alt\\_ginny](#) at [2009-07-11 02:55:01](#)  
(no subject)

Thanks for inviting us, Neville, it was loads of fun! And I really liked meeting your sister. It's too bad she's not in my year. I hope she ends up in Gryffindor (well, me too!)




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

I'm sorry I couldn't come, Neville. It sounds like it was incredible.


I just don't understand why not. I mean, Mr Rosier let Seamus go.



 **[alt\\_neville](#)** at **[2009-07-11 03:18:03](#)**  
(no subject)

Well, I'm sorry you couldn't come either. But maybe there will be another time.



 **[alt\\_neville](#)** at **[2009-07-11 03:06:41](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, but Seamus, I wanted to say I'm sorry that Gran made us leave the wax museum early without finishing seeing the rest. She gets sort of, um, touchy about some things.



 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2009-07-11 03:08:47](#)**  
(no subject)

Its okay. I reckon Mr Rosier will bring me back to Blackpool sometime and I can see it then.



 **[alt\\_ginny](#)** at **[2009-07-11 03:11:52](#)**  
(no subject)

I didn't quite understand that. Why did your Gran think we should leave? I never heard her say why.




 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-07-11 03:15:09](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, well, it's a little hard to explain. Um, she didn't like what the cards were saying about the famous people, I guess. She said they were changing history and there was no reason for us to be looking at 'em because it was all lies.

Gran can get sort of worked up about that kind of thing.



 [alt\\_ginny](#) at [2009-07-11 03:15:21](#)  
(no subject)


Oh.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-07-11 04:07:56](#)  
(no subject)

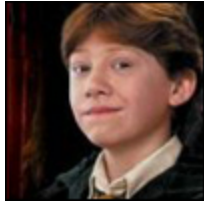
I thought she was worried Marianne was going to get scared down in the Chamber of Horrors. They make it pretty creepy. I was reading the card for some old lady named Maggie Thatcher, it said she was the Muggle Prime Minister back in the old days. The card said she'd attacked the Minister for Magic and snapped his wand and tried to have him arrested for terrorism so she could starve him to death in her secret underground prison. If they'd shown starving wizards further in that would've been pretty awful for the little kids to see.




 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-07-11 14:36:06](#)  
(no subject)

Really? I'd've loved to see that!

Maybe we can go to Blackpool sometime without really little kids along and then we can go through the Chamber of Horrors by ourselves.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-11 14:52:49](#)  
(no subject)

We were reading the picture flier thingy that Ginny brought back about the wax museum this morning, and it said that there's a brand-new exhibit of Harry Marvolo getting Sorted into Slytherin House at Hogwarts. Maybe that's what your gran was cross about--'cause we all know the Hat put him Gryffindor at first, so maybe that's what she meant about changing the facts and whatevering History that she said. Your gran, I mean.

Ginny was all googly eyes about Harry Marvolo, too! It was really hilarious. I mean, she was all upset when the twins pretended they wouldn't give her back the brochure thing.



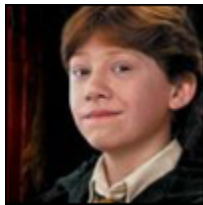
 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-07-11 03:08:12](#)  
(no subject)


Evelyn wasn't the only one. Did you see Perks? Tho maybe that was the rollercoaster. I think she regretted talking you into it.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-07-11 03:18:47](#)  
(no subject)

Yes.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-11 03:24:42](#)  
(no subject)

You were pretty green after that! Did you feel better when you got home? I was wondering how it was to Floo after that.

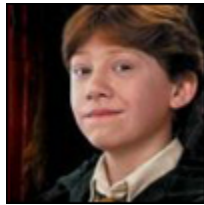
Anyway, it was great, wasn't it? What did you like best?




 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-07-11 04:00:39](#)  
(no subject)

I drank some peppermint tea like Mrs Longbottom said I should and that helped.

I liked the water slides best. Or maybe the ferris wheel. No, the water slides. I really liked the one that was decorated to look like a dragon. Do you think the merfolk live there all the time or do they go home at night?



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-11 04:07:52](#)  
(no subject)

We should have asked them.

Yeah, the ferris wheel was good. I thought it was going to be boring 'cause it didn't spin or drop or fly round and round or anything, but it was nift to be up so high and see out to sea and everything. I thought that one sea gull was going to land in the car with us!


And that dragon water slide was awesome when we shot out through the dragon's mouth like the water was fire. My stomach dropped out on the way down there, just like on the rollercoaster, only we landed with a huge splash!



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-07-11 16:14:29](#)  
(no subject)

The rollercoasters were better. Too bad you're not a Gryffindor Perks. Maybe you'd have enjoyed it more after you dared Neville to go on it!



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-07-11 02:59:20](#)  
(no subject)

I still say its not fair I didn't get to go with you lot.

I dunno what's so wrong with Neville's family, either. Did you notice anything odd about them?






 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-07-11 03:11:34](#)  
(no subject)

His Gran was almost as prim and proper as my Granny. I don't know why your mum doesn't like them. Maybe she and Neville's parents didn't get on at school? His parents weren't there just his Gran. I don't think he has parents.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-07-11 14:45:44](#)  
(no subject)

Well, my father's dead, but if they died fighting against the blood-traitors, that would make them heroes, right? Wouldn't that be a good thing?

I don't get it.

We should see if we can go to Blackpool sometimes with the Young Protectors instead of camping. I mean, as well as camping. That way no one can say it's wrong to go.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-07-11 03:16:50](#)  
(no subject)

No odder than most families, I hope.




 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-07-11 03:26:07](#)  
(no subject)

I think all families are odd. I mean most families you don't really notice because they use company manners when you're company. But if they forget you're there you'll see.

Neville's family probably shoots peas out of straws at their tea cups at breakfast every morning and then reparos the whole mess when they're done. Just for fun. Or something like that. It's always SOMETHING.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-07-11 14:43:25](#)  
(no subject)

Yeah, that's what I thought, Neville. So I don't understand why mum and Lucius think there's something wrong.

I mean, it's not your fault you don't have a mum and dad, right? Just like they're always telling me it's not my fault I don't have a dad?

But then why would they say I'm not supposed to like you? I don't get it.

Grown-ups are weird.




 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-07-11 03:23:22](#)  
(no subject)

Neville's family didn't seem odd to me at all. His Gran is a very proper old lady, very polite in an old fashioned sort of way. Kind of like the Headmistress actually only a little less scary. His little sister is cute and funny. They seemed perfectly respectable. If his Gran wasn't already raising her two grandchildren I expect they'd be after her to have a foster child.

Can we get together sometime soon? Just the two of us? I'm allowed to take ~~my~~ the broom to town all by myself now to use the floo. Oliver will be cross to lose his quidditch target I mean partner for a day but Mrs Wood won't mind if I come to your house.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-07-11 14:38:26](#)  
(no subject)

YES!!!! Come whenever you like. Come now if you want.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-07-11 14:55:53](#)  
(no subject)

Okay I will! See you soon!

**2009-07-10 21:52:00**

*Hey, Neville!!*

Blackpool was sorcerous, mate! Thank your gran for letting you invite us!



 [alt\\_ron](#)

I really liked the diving with dolphins pool--it was amazing when they cast the Bubblehead charm on everybody! I've never seen Fred and George look so funny! (Too bad Percy was off with his girlfriend--his head's big like that all the time, so he'd have been a natural.)

Anyway, I liked the games and the promenade, too, and all the buskers. I mean, some of the stuff was too wizard for Weymouth.

Too bad about Evelyn's friend and that fortune-telling stall, though. She looked white as a sheet after that! Almost as pale as Perks after that last rollercoaster ride, except hers was a kind of green-colour, wasn't it?

The twins said they're going to try making some enchanted hats like those jester ones we saw--and I bet they totally do it. And those single-seater flying carpets? They could probably make some of those, too. I bet they could move to Blackpool and make a million galleons!

Anyway, the games were wicked, too. I thought Wood was for sure going to win that ginormous stuffed dragon in the Catch the Quaffle stall. If he'd just had a bit more time, he'd have done it, too. Of course, the erumpent he did win was big enough. I thought Ginny's eyes would pop out of her head when she saw it! I wonder if they got that back through the Floo with them!!

So, yeah, it was an awesome day. My Mum says I should save something to say in my thank you note to your gran, but tell her thanks now, too, yeah? A dead wicked day!!



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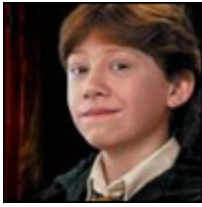
 [alt\\_neville](#) at **2009-07-11 03:41:24**


*(no subject)*

It's too bad Fred and George didn't win one of those hats. They seemed really taken with them, even if the purple did clash horribly with their ginger hair.

I wonder what that fortune teller told Marianne? She wouldn't tell us,

even though we teased her about it up until she flooded home. Hope it doesn't give her nightmares or anything.



 **alt\_ron** at [2009-07-11 03:55:24](#)  
(no subject)

Yeah, Fred and George went and locked themselves up in their room, so there's no telling what they've thought up! You should ask them for a cut of the takings if they figure out something sorcerous to make money off. After all, it was you who took them to Blackpool and helped them get ideas!

Did you see Macmillan playing that game where you try to knock the heads off the garden gnomes? He was dead good at it. I'm thinking of inviting him over next time Mum wants us to clear our gnomes out the garden!

**2009-07-10 22:10:00**

*(no subject)*

Neville I don't know when I'll be able to borrow the owl to send a proper note so please show this to your Gran alright?



 **alt\_sally\_anne**

Dear Mrs Longbottom,

Thank you very much for inviting me to Blackpool. It was a real treat for me. I'd never been to Blackpool before and it was lovely and more fun than I've ever had anywhere I think. I especially loved the water slides and the ~~ferrous~~ ferris wheel. I also really enjoyed meeting Evelyn, she is really cute and I look forward to getting to know her when she comes to Hogwarts.

I will send you a proper note when I can but I have to wait my turn with the owl and my foster family isn't on floo. And I wanted to thank you right away because I had a really nice time.

Also just like you said I drank some peppermint tea when I got home and my stomach feels much better. I'll know better than to eat so much candy floss the next time I encounter it.

Yours truly,  
Sally-Anne Perks



 **alt\_neville** at **2009-07-11 03:25:55**

*(no subject)*

Thanks, Sally-Anne. I was so glad that you and Oliver could come. I showed your note to my Gran, and she said to tell you that you were more than welcome.

(And I just overheard her tell Great Uncle Algie that she liked my friends because she can tell they were really brought up proper, and she'd be happy to host them again anytime. Which I guess means she really liked you AND your thank you note. Saying someone has been 'brought up proper,' that's about the highest possible praise from Gran, that is.)

**[2009-07-11 17:01:00](#)**

*Blackpool yeah!*

Yesterday was wizard! Thanks again, Nev! And tell your gran thanks too. It was really genrous of her to take us all out like that. My gran and granddad said thanks too. Gran said she hopes your great aunt Enid's feeling a bit better now.

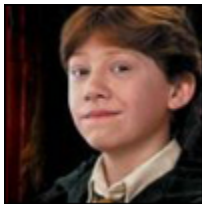



 **[alt\\_ernie](#)**

Blackpool was ace! I've never been there before. It was really fun to see everyone outside school. I've seen Wayne and Bobby and Zach and everyone, but not the other houses. So that was good.

I can't wait for the camp now. It's going to be totally nift!

---



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-07-11 16:12:44](#)**  
(no subject)

Hey, Macmillan! If we ever get to go back to Blackpool together, I totally want a rematch for our magic carpets race. Next time, we both get the same colour carpet, so it's even.

Really, though, you were excellent at that! You got yours going so fast it was smoking!!!



 **[alt\\_ernie](#)** at **[2009-07-11 16:23:08](#)**  
(no subject)

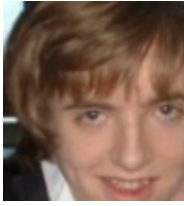
Your on mate, but I will still win yeah!



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-07-11 17:30:37](#)**  
(no subject)

Blackpool's okay, I guess. It's been ages since we were there, I suppose theyve got new rides and waxworks.

Of course, it's not really as nice as Camelot, but it sounds like you had fun, anyway.



 **[alt\\_ernie](#)** at **[2009-07-11 17:50:02](#)**  
*(no subject)*

It was really fun. We just got to run around and go on all the rides and everything.

Camelot's okay, but I don't think it matters where you go as long as you're there with your friends.



 **[alt\\_neville](#)** at **[2009-07-11 22:49:29](#)**  
*(no subject)*

Thanks for coming! I know Gran and my Uncle Algie were glad to have your grandparents come along, too.

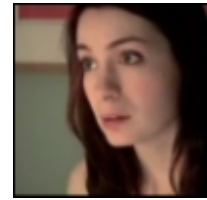


**2009-07-11 19:02:00**

*ORDER ONLY*

My water just broke.

I'm in the garden.



 [alt\\_alice](#)



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at **2009-07-11 23:06:31**  
(no subject)

What!



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at **2009-07-11 23:06:46**  
(no subject)

Alice!



 [alt\\_frank](#) at **2009-07-11 23:08:08**  
(no subject)

where's poppy? is she close? I'm on my way to the garden.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at **2009-07-11 23:07:00**  
(no subject)


what?

which garden?

where is poppy?

are you in pain?



 **alt\_lupin** at [2009-07-11 23:08:07](#)  
(no subject)


Frank! You get Alice, I'll get Poppy.



 **alt\_frank** at [2009-07-11 23:09:05](#)  
(no subject)

right.



 **alt\_lupin** at [2009-07-11 23:09:39](#)  
(no subject)

Where's Poppy!!



 **alt\_molly** at [2009-07-11 23:19:51](#)  
(no subject)

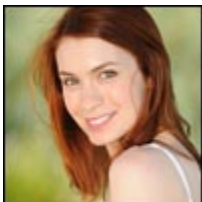
Have you found her yet?


Fortunately, I expect you have a little time,  
although third babies do come faster . . .



 **alt\_lupin** at [2009-07-11 23:28:58](#)  
(no subject)

Yes, thankfully, we're back in the hands of the  
professional. I for one am extremely relieved!



 **alt\_alice** at [2009-07-11 23:10:50](#)  
(no subject)

I'm in the side garden.

The one with the flowers.

Someone should tell Stephen, he doesn't have a journal.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-07-11 23:13:55](#)  
(no subject)

be right there. should I take you to your room?




 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-07-11 23:15:20](#)  
(no subject)

Yes.

Bother. I did like those

I did like those sheets.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-07-11 23:26:50](#)  
(no subject)


Not to worry, dear. They'll clean. That's what cleaning charms are for.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-07-11 23:16:57](#)  
(no subject)

Well, of course she's going to be in pain, you silly man. It's childbirth.



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-07-11 23:07:13](#)  
(no subject)

Wait, hang on, where exactly? I'm coming to find you. Where's Frank!



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-07-11 23:10:49](#)  
(no subject)

Alice, if you can, send up sparks. Your two handmaidens are having trouble finding their own elbows, apparently.



 **[alt\\_lupin](#)** at **[2009-07-11 23:12:43](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh bugger off you. Like you'd do any better.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-07-11 23:16:13](#)**  
(no subject)

Would so. I was James's backup, wasn't I? Piece of cake.

Just don't let her crush the bones in your hand when the contractions come.



 **[alt\\_lupin](#)** at **[2009-07-11 23:18:30](#)**  
(no subject)

HAH! What utter bollocks, you were in bits when Harry was born.



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-07-11 23:20:57](#)**  
(no subject)

Was he now? Somehow I'm not surprised.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-07-11 23:26:26](#)**  
(no subject)

That's enough out of you, Molly.

I was only nervous in spurts. The rest of the time I was chatting up the junior healer. Can't remember her name now. Julia?




 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-07-11 23:28:39](#)  
(no subject)

Anyway, I knew Lily'd be all right. It was James I was worried about. Great pillock when it came to the blood, was James. If he'd passed out, I'd've had to coach her through.

You'd never seen Lily in her worst temper. Enough to fright any sane wizard.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-07-11 23:24:29](#)  
(no subject)

...

Well, perhaps. But that was a first for all of us.

And besides, Lily was screeching and threatening to kill James. I had to get her wand away before she hexed him through the wall.




 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-07-11 23:32:21](#)  
(no subject)

That was a hell of a day.

I really miss them, you know.




 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-07-11 23:33:47](#)  
(no subject)

Every day, yeah.

Anyway, sounds like it's in hand now. And it's just the waiting.

I did hate that part.



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-07-11 23:40:31](#)  
(no subject)

I think the waiting will be much preferably to all this running about. Although I may change my mind in a few hours time.




 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-07-11 23:41:54](#)  
(no subject)

Well, if nothing else, you can have your tea.

You and tea. It's like an obsession.



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-07-11 23:44:34](#)  
(no subject)

Tea is very soothing. I'm fairly sure there have been scientific studies to prove it.




 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-07-11 23:48:48](#)  
(no subject)

S'funny, tea always gives me cramp.


Soothing, right. All that caffeine makes everything else slow down, I suppose.



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-07-11 23:54:20](#)  
(no subject)

I think it's probably making the tea - having to stop and take a few minutes to be calm and do something logical and sensible. Always seems to help me, anyway.




 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-07-11 23:55:25](#)  
(no subject)

Course, I hear you.


Like rolling a spliff.



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-07-11 23:58:08](#)  
(no subject)

I've changed my mind. I'm exceptionally glad you're not here.



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-07-11 23:14:21](#)  
(no subject)

That's actually not a bad idea though. Alice? Sparks would be marvellous.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-07-11 23:17:34](#)  
(no subject)

I'm found!


Frank is carrying me to my room.

Honestly, I don't need it, but he

Oooh! he is rather insistent.

Could you fetch Stephen?



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-07-11 23:18:54](#)  
(no subject)

Best of luck to you, dear. You'll come through it all beautifully, I know, with Frank and Remus and Poppy to help you.



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-07-11 23:19:00](#)  
(no subject)

Yes, of course. I'll get him now.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-07-11 23:40:03](#)  
(no subject)

he's here.

Poppy's here too.

okay.



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-07-11 23:43:24](#)  
(no subject)

Good show, Frank. How are you holding up?



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-07-11 23:48:44](#)  
(no subject)


okay.

I'm doing okay.

as long as she's okay. and I think she is.

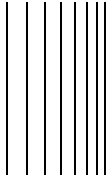
merlin, I could use a drink.



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-07-11 23:52:29](#)  
(no subject)

It's on its way, mate. I'll be with you in a few minutes.






 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2009-07-11 23:53:21](#)**  
(no subject)

okay.




 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-07-11 23:29:16](#)**  
(no subject)

Wait. Where exactly are you?

I think I've come up the wrong stairs.

I can hear you all, but darned if I can see where to go from here.



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-07-11 23:31:18](#)**  
(no subject)

frank's shouting out the door and sending a patronus



 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2009-07-11 23:32:49](#)**  
(no subject)


Poppy? you might've gone up one flight too many,  
just come back down the stairs



 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2009-07-11 23:33:32](#)**  
(no subject)

I'm sending creevy to track you down




 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-07-11 23:34:42](#)**  
(no subject)

Ah.

A patronus, then. Someone is thinking more clearly

now. I shall be there as soon as this enormous dog shows me the way!



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-07-11 23:37:11](#)**  
(no subject)

It's all right, Remus. I've found her! All's well. Though Frank looks a tiny bit ashen.




 **[alt\\_lupin](#)** at **[2009-07-11 23:39:40](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh thank god.

I'll, uh, come and hover nearby then. In case I'm needed. Do you need anything? Water? Blankets?

Tea? I can get tea.



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-07-11 23:43:13](#)**  
(no subject)


Tea would be lovely, Remus. And a nice basin of cool water and that stack of flannels we laid out on the shelf in the laundry.



 **[alt\\_lupin](#)** at **[2009-07-11 23:45:18](#)**  
(no subject)

Right, yes, okay. I'll be right back.



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-07-11 23:47:31](#)**  
(no subject)


Oh, yes. And see if you can locate some twine. A meter would do nicely. A bit less would work.



 **[alt\\_lupin](#)** at **[2009-07-11 23:50:24](#)**  
(no subject)

Twine? No, don't tell me. I'll grab some on my way back.



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-07-11 23:53:59](#)**  
(no subject)

Goodness, Remus. I've no idea what you thought.

Just bring the twine, and I'll show you. We'll use it to make a bracelet that will monitor the baby's heart rate, and Alice's, too. And Frank's, if necessary.




 **[alt\\_lupin](#)** at **[2009-07-11 23:55:59](#)**  
(no subject)

Probably best you never know.

I think I may need one of those heart monitors too. And a lie down in a darkened room with a damp cloth over my eyes. Honestly, Poppy, I don't know how you cope with this sort of pressure.



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-07-11 23:59:04](#)**  
(no subject)

Pressure?

There's been hardly a thing to do in this case. Alice has it all well in hand.


Er, oops! Here we go!



 **[alt\\_lupin](#)** at **[2009-07-12 00:00:13](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh good god!!




 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-07-11 23:44:03](#)**  
(no subject)

You might bring Frank a firewhiskey.


Just in case.



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-07-12 00:25:40](#)**  
(no subject)

Bring him the entire bottle, once it's all over.



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-07-12 00:30:44](#)**  
(no subject)

I brought a good supply with me. Just in case the stock here was getting low.

All's well, Arthur! The boy is perfect. Has all his fingers and toes and a fine set of lungs.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-07-11 23:44:47](#)**  
(no subject)


Sounds like maybe you need to take Frank for a nip of firewhiskey.



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-07-11 23:49:17](#)**  
(no subject)

And, Remus, you might bring something for the children who are clogging up the corridor outside. Or organise them to bring things that would be of use? Cushions for themselves at the very least. No telling how long this might take.



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-07-11 23:51:37](#)  
(no subject)

Would it be morally acceptable to tell them to bugger off? No, no, best not. All right, I'll see what I can do.

**2009-07-11 19:10:00**

*ORDER ONLY*

POPPY!

BABY!

NOW!



 [alt\\_lupin](#)

That is to say, Alice has gone into labour. You're needed. Urgently.

Frank's taking her to ... oh hell, let me check...

---



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-07-11 23:13:30](#)

*(no subject)*

You're not going to turn into a great nancy about it, are you? Not that it's not amusing, but don't these things usually take hours?

Then again, it is her third. But it's also her *third*, Moony. I think she's got the gist by now.



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-07-11 23:16:39](#)

*(no subject)*

Her third, perhaps, but the first I've been involved with. I'd rather not be responsible for bugging the whole thing up. I know we've got Poppy out here, and it'll all be fine, but it's not like we can floo to St Mungo's if it goes wrong.

Not that it will, of course. It'll all be absolutely fine. But you can't blame a chap for being somewhat on edge.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-07-11 23:20:02](#)

*(no subject)*


Oh, you'll be fine. The least flusterable person I know.



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-07-11 23:22:43](#)  
(no subject)

Don't feel it at the moment. I'm not sure Alice would really appreciate it if I nipped off for a soothing cup of tea though. Perhaps if I make one for her too ... Does tea help? I'll consult Stephen, and Poppy, if we ever find her!



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-07-11 23:23:06](#)  
(no subject)

We're on the way to my room.

Poppy might be in the nursery.



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-07-11 23:24:04](#)  
(no subject)

Right, yes, of course. I'll check there. She'll be along any minute. No need to worry.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-07-11 23:31:22](#)  
(no subject)


Once you've changed a nappy you never quite forget.



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-07-11 23:36:21](#)  
(no subject)

Do be quiet, Pads. You're not helping.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-07-11 23:41:20](#)  
(no subject)

Wot? All I mean is, you know how to take care of sprogs. It's nothing you need to fret about.



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-07-11 23:49:29](#)  
(no subject)

I don't think I'm in any fit state to be responsible for the care of children right now. Besides, wouldn't be right to abandon Frank just when I've located this lovely bottle of firewhiskey.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-07-11 23:50:14](#)  
(no subject)

See? NOW you're talking about soothing!


Wish I were there. I'll just hoist one in Frank's honour.



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-07-11 23:56:44](#)  
(no subject)

I wish you were here too.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-07-11 23:25:09](#)  
(no subject)

Merlin's bones!

I was just cleaning sick off my pinafore in the nursery. I'll be there directly.

If someone will come here and cover for me in the nursery, that is! Is Laura about? or Lucinda? one of the boys if necessary!




 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-07-11 23:27:24](#)  
(no subject)

Oh thank god.

Don't worry about the nursery, I'll sort it out.





 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-07-11 23:30:14](#)  
(no subject)

Remus.


Where is Alice's room? I thought I knew, but I'm in some blind alley in this place. An attic of some sort.



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-07-11 23:35:39](#)  
(no subject)


Come back down the stairs, Poppy. I'll meet you at the bottom and show you the way.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-07-11 23:29:29](#)  
(no subject)

we're in my room



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-07-11 23:30:41](#)  
(no subject)

But where is that, dear?

Oh, dear!



 [alt\\_kingsley](#) at [2009-07-11 23:32:29](#)  
(no subject)

I hope you don't mind my snickers as I observe how satisfying it is to see member of the Order snapping to attention in such a well-drilled fashion.

Settle down, Remus. Women have been having babies for thousands of years, and somehow the human race has managed to survive.

Alice, best of luck to you, my friend. Remus, make sure Frank doesn't have a heart attack. The Players will be monitoring the journals for the news.




 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-07-11 23:37:48](#)  
(no subject)

~~The human race has, but not all the women make it through in one~~

I know, I know. I think we'll all feel better once Poppy's on hand to keep an eye on things.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-07-11 23:59:43](#)  
(no subject)


Well, if it's any comfort, I've delivered a baby in a pinch. Ginny arrived in the middle of a night in a great hurry, and the midwife was out on another call. The woman finally arrived just as I was tying the cord off. Not that difficult.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-07-12 00:00:28](#)  
(no subject)

Of course not, since I was doing all the work!



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-07-12 00:01:24](#)  
(no subject)

And a splendid job you did of it, too, Molly, dear.

(Better not tell Frank that, though, Remus, until after Kevin's safely arrived.)



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-07-12 00:04:50](#)  
(no subject)

Were you over here with us, Arthur, that would be a great comfort.

As it is, I think Poppy has it all in hand.




 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-07-11 23:39:33](#)  
(no subject)

That's just my point, Kingsley! As eventful as it certainly is, and as much as we all turn into nervous nellys around new babies being born, Alice is something of a pro at this....

I think this is the part where if we were there in person, mate, we'd go get a swift pint until things go further along.




 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-07-11 23:32:35](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, bless!

Frank.

I can hear him, but it's no good. I've gone up and down these steps thrice and can't see how to get out of this wing.




 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-07-11 23:37:52](#)  
(no subject)

Remus.

I've found them. All's well here.

Are you in the nursery, then? Or did you find someone to go?



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-07-11 23:42:05](#)  
(no subject)

Laura's there. Don't worry about it.

**2009-07-11 20:10:00**

*ORDER ONLY*

It's a boy!

well, you lot already knew that, but he's here, Kevin Longbottom, and he's got all his fingers and toes, and I got to cut the cord. he was screaming for a bit, and then he fell asleep, we had to wake him up so he could nurse. that's what he's doing right now.



 [alt\\_frank](#)

Poppy says his reflexes are all good and he's the right colour, and his heart's good too. he's got this thing on his wrist that glows whenever his heart beats.


and Alice is doing okay too, she's tired and a bit sore, and I don't blame her one bit for that. but she's doing fine.

We're all okay.

Brilliant, in fact.



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 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-07-12 00:28:59](#)  
(no subject)

Congratulations and well done!



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-07-12 00:36:44](#)  
(no subject)

she did most of the work.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-07-12 00:39:50](#)  
(no subject)

Right, and I'm sure she let you know it.


(And I'm sure you know enough not to mind anything sharp she might have said to you in the last hour or two.)



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-07-12 00:40:44](#)**  
(no subject)

I've certainly had cause to be grateful that you never did, dear.



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-07-12 00:30:12](#)**  
(no subject)


Oh, how wonderful! Welcome to Kevin!



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-07-12 00:32:50](#)**  
(no subject)


How big is he? Does he have any hair?



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-07-12 00:38:00](#)**  
(no subject)


Molly, the lad weighs seven pounds, five ounces, and I measured him at 53 cm. He has a great mass of hair, though I'd guess it may all go in a day or two. We shall have to wait and see about that.



 **[alt\\_kingsley](#)** at **[2009-07-12 00:31:27](#)**  
(no subject)

Congratulations, Frank, from all the Players. Look for an owl from us to arrive soon.



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-07-12 00:32:01](#)**  
(no subject)

I'll say this again here, because then you'll have it always.

Congratulations, Frank! He's a fine, healthy boy. You and Alice have done well.



 **[alt\\_lupin](#)** at **[2009-07-12 00:33:17](#)**  
(no subject)

It's all true. He's got quite a shock of dark hair, and a very healthy set of lungs!

7lb 5oz, if anyone had any bets place.

Alice was amazing, and Frank did a marvellous job too.

Welcome to the world, Kevin. You have two exceptional parents.

Right. I'm going to go and tell the children.



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-07-12 00:38:11](#)**  
(no subject)

I'm glad you could be there at Moddey Dhoo for this, Remus.

I'm sure there will be quite a celebration tonight!



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-07-12 00:33:43](#)**  
(no subject)

Congrats, mate!

Now you and Remus and Stephen and the others go and smoke cigars and drink up that firewhiskey like proper old boys.

And don't forget to give Alice and Poppy a tiny nip, too.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-07-12 00:38:20](#)  
(no subject)

remus dug up a bottle, and believe me, I'm taking full advantage.

merlin.

it's been a while since we've had a baby. I'd nearly forgotten how goddamn terrifying it is.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-07-12 00:41:35](#)  
(no subject)

Does he look very much like Neville did, do you think, Frank?




 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-07-12 00:47:38](#)  
(no subject)

hard to tell when they're that small. he's red and wrinkly, which is kind of like how Neville was.

he's so small.

his fingers are just... they're the smallest things I've ever seen.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-07-12 00:49:32](#)  
(no subject)

Well, don't tell Remus, since he was such a great nance about the whole thing, but between you and me, Frank, he's quite right. I was worse than James through the whole ordeal of Harry's birth! Just the once was quite enough for me!

But I'm best pleased you are all doing so well. To the proud parents: Well done, both of you!




 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-07-12 00:50:52](#)  
(no subject)

thanks.

Alice is a bit knackered, but she sends her best.



 [alt\\_bill](#) at [2009-07-12 14:08:47](#)  
(no subject)

Congratulations to everyone!




 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-07-13 05:04:35](#)  
(no subject)

Congratulations to you both!

Have you thought of how you shall inform Neville and Evelyn?



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-07-13 14:03:35](#)  
(no subject)

Thank you, Minerva!

Frank and I have actually been talking rather extensively about the entire situation, and we think it's appropriate to begin writing Neville. We believe he's ready, and would be old enough to be responsible and take proper security measures. He's handled himself quite well this past year, and we miss him so very much.

We wouldn't talk of Moddey Dhoo, of course, or anyone else in the Order, but I'd want him to know we were safe, and tell him about Kevin, and give him the chance to write us in return.

Evelyn is still far too young -- I'd worry about her ability to stay discreet.

But we think Neville is more than ready. We'd be incredibly careful - - we'd charm our letters so he would be the only one to open them,



and make sure that he never used our name in any he'd send to us, and funnel them through Augusta.

I wanted to check in with you before we sent off anything, of course.

Do you think we could?



 **[alt\\_mcgonagall](#)** at **[2009-07-13 17:33:10](#)**  
(no subject)

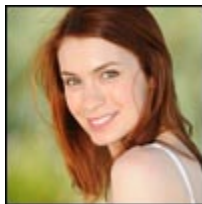
I believe you are correct, Alice; from what I have observed of Neville, he is an astonishingly self-contained boy, and he would be well able to keep such a secret. Certainly he would be better prepared to do so than Miss Granger, and she has risen to the occasion.


That is not intended as a slight, Miss Granger; but you cannot deny that you have a loquacious and extroverted temperament that occasionally gives us cause for concern that you might be indiscreet!



 **[alt\\_hermione](#)** at **[2009-07-13 17:33:36](#)**  
(no subject)


I would never! I promise!!



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-07-13 19:45:49](#)**  
(no subject)

I'm so glad you agree.



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-07-13 14:26:07](#)**  
(no subject)

Thank you all for your well-wishes! We're both doing wonderfully well -- Kevin is perfectly healthy and absolutely beautiful, and I'm in fine form this morning too.

We're sending out proper announcements this week.

**[2009-07-12 08:43:00](#)**

## *A Discovery*

Well, it seems that my instincts were right. I followed up and requested that auror file I found in the personnel file of a mudblood boy, Dean Thomas, based at the Epping Forest camp. Took it home and spent yesterday afternoon perusing it and I've made a rather astounding discovery.



 [alt\\_arthur](#)

The auror file is a record of the investigation of the murder of a wizard, Louis Thomas, back in 1981. He's the boy's father, I believe. And that means that Dean Thomas isn't a mudblood at all. He's a half-blood.


I wonder why he was mistakenly classified with the animals? The only thing I can think of is that for some reason his widow wasn't aware that her husband was a wizard, which would be highly unusual, but I suppose it has happened before. At any rate, it is a terrible mistake and the boy doesn't belong at Epping Forest at all. He belongs, in fact, at Hogwarts.

The question now, of course, is what to do about him. He's twelve now, so he's missed his first year, but that shouldn't be a basis for keeping him out entirely. In fact, I think it's quite urgent that the deficit must be made up in his education. Perhaps some remedial tutoring can be arranged? His parchment work must be processed and reclassified, and I've also sent an owl round to the Hogwarts headmistress to discuss. I imagine that there will be quite a bit of publicity concerning the case, as the circumstances are quite dramatic in a human interest way: boy robbed of his true birthright by his father's murder, but the Ministry steps in to make things right, etcetera, etcetera. In fact, if the boy manages to make the transition successfully, I think it will be an interesting demonstration of the Ministry's truism that true blood will out, that the superiority of a wizarding heritage (even partially diluted, as in the case of a halfblood) will allow him to shine, once he is placed in the circumstances in which he truly belongs, as befitting his true blood status.

At any rate, I plan to go to Epping Forest this week to see the boy and to interview his mother, if I can track her down. And then we'll see about getting him admitted to Hogwarts.

---



 **alt\_arthur** at [2009-07-12 13:56:57](#)  
*Order Only*


You'd better believe there will be publicity about this case. In fact, I'll make bloody certain of it. I don't want there to be any chance that this boy is going to be swept under the rug to cover up any embarrassment about his circumstances. Xeno is going to get a hot little tip from me this afternoon, and I can certainly count on him to make enough noise about this that there will be no way the Ministry can ignore the situation.

Also: I flooded Nymphadora Tonks and arranged to meet her in a park near her flat yesterday. I was a bit hesitant, wondering whether she would chuck things at my head because of the position I've put her in. But she was just as eager to meet with me. It's evident that she's been badly shaken by the accusations and quite worried about what is going to happen to her. But her face brightened right up when I told her I'd found what I needed in the file she nicked for me, and it looks as though it would be enough to force a change in Dean's legal status. She heaved a sigh and said that it was all worth while then, which both pleased me and makes me privately hopeful that she won't disclose my role in the whole business.

I didn't want to offer her money outright, but I told her I'd press Internal Affairs to pay her at least a partial salary while she's on suspension. I think I have enough pull to accomplish that. If it drags on for very long, of course, I'm willing to do whatever I can to help her make ends meet.

She's a plucky girl, your cousin, Sirius. I like her, and I hope we haven't scuttled our chances of using her talents in the future. (Merlin knows the Ministry never will, given her half-blood status. Fools.)



 **alt\_frank** at [2009-07-12 17:38:38](#)  
*Re: Order Only*

good.

and what's she being accused of? was she caught with anything incriminating? or was she just in the wrong place at the wrong time?



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-07-12 23:12:14](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

She'd managed to put the file back that she'd nicked for me and was on her way back out of the department when she was spied--with her bucket and mop, fortunately--so they can't pin anything specific on her about improper access. Which is a bloody good thing, after what happened to Prescott. Just wrong place/wrong time, which is bad enough. I am hoping they'll let it drop eventually, but I don't know how long they will make the poor girl sweat it out.



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-07-13 02:42:17](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

How are Alice and Kevin doing today, by the way? Is the entire sanctuary at sixes and sevens, what with all the excitement?



 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2009-07-13 13:51:09](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

the kids didn't get to bed until eleven they were all so wound up.

and they're both doing just fine. she spent yesterday in bed, and is up and about today, and he's perfect.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-07-13 02:17:28](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

Good. I was fairly certain she would keep mum, but it's hard to tell. Glad to know my faith wasn't unfounded.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-07-13 02:19:43](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

Still I wish there were some way to be sure she doesn't have anything that links her to me, in case something does change her mind.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-07-13 02:45:58](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Well, it's not very politic for me at this point to inquire politely whether she has burned your letters. I think we simply have to hope for the best, unless I see any signs that they're stepping up the investigation in any way. Bill thinks he'll be able to give us some warning if that proves to be the case.



 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2009-07-13 00:31:53](#)

*(no subject)*

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

I saw this and I just couldn't believe it. Dean Thomas? Why, I worked with him, he was one of the Infirmary Rats! And he might be coming to Hogwarts? As a student?

I never would have believed something like that could ever happen.

He was real good to me, Hermione, and we got to be decent friends, the time we spent together.

Amazing.



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2009-07-13 05:05:58](#)

*(no subject)*

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

It is rather like a fairy tale, isn't it? Only, oh Terry, I wish that it was you, I truly do.



 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2009-07-13 14:49:56](#)

*(no subject)*

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

The thing is . . . I was thinking about this some last night. When he comes to Hogwarts (if he comes) he won't be the same at all, really. It'll be right scary for him, showing up and trying to make sense of everything when he's already a year behind. I bet he won't even dare

talk to me, or maybe let on that he even knows me at all. He'll have to be real careful, a half-blood that everyone once thought was a ~~mudbl~~ muggleborn. I know that the halfbloods all worry that they've got to prove that they're proper wizards and everything, and if they set a single foot out of line, they might get busted back to muggleborn status. And I suppose people will be watching him real close.

I just hope-- I dunno. I just hope he won't feel he has to act like a berk to me and all. Just to show he's a proper half-blood and all. Cause I really liked him.

It'll be bad enough that he can study magic openly and we can't.

(Saw it was the full moon the other night, and I thought about your parents, and about you. Hope they got through it okay and all.)



 **alt\_hermione** at [2009-07-13 17:38:55](#)

*(no subject)*

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

I suppose he'll be better off than most of the halfbloods though, won't he? Because everyone will know it's absolutely proved that his da was a wizard, and no one will be able to deny it, and they won't be able to bust him back unless he does something really awful, there'd be an outcry. But they've got to do something, haven't they? Like give him tutors or something? I mean, we managed it last year, to keep up with the other students, but it took a long time, and we'd been taught to write at least, does Dean know how to read and write?



 **alt\_terry** at [2009-07-13 18:52:58](#)

*(no subject)*

### **I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up to No Good**

Dean can read, yeah. He's actually just as good at it as me and you. Guess his mum taught him. That's part of the reason he was an infirmity rat: they only take kids who can read and do at least simple sums, and who are smart enough to follow directions and can make good decisions. He's smart enough to make it at Hogwarts, I think. But yeah, he's going to need tutoring.

I never told him about our secret lessons but just that I used to

help Madam Pomfrey, and now I think that's a really good thing. I'd hate to think he'd betray me, but we'll have to remember the position he's in, and not give him any cause to tattle on the ~~mudbl~~- muggleborns.

But maybe he'll be okay. Anyway, that's for him to decide, I guess. I certainly won't do anything to get him into trouble, by acting too friendly-like.



**2009-07-12 17:47:00**

*If you went to Blackpool*

then I'm glad you had a good time.

But I'm also glad everyone seems to be done talking about it. Mum and Dad took us there when Haruman got his O.W.L. results. But that was a few years ago. Anyway, since then, we've been to Camelot a few times and I like it much better. The Singing Sword Duelling Game alone is completely nift, and Parvati and me both love the Guenevere's Castle Fashion Makeover thing, where you can design robes and armor and things.



 [alt\\_padma](#)

And the rides are much better than Blackpool's, especially the Dragon one. And Merlin's Crystal Cave. The best thing is, hardly anything there is leftover from the muggles. That's what dad says, anyways. Camelot wasn't even properly finished when the Lord Protector took over, so the wizards who decided to continue made it much nicer.

Anyway, maybe if my marks are as good again next year, and if Parvati's marks improve, we can have a proper outing there with friends and all.

Oh, and the mudblood finished the shed and everything that goes under the balcony, too. We thought at first it would be horrid having him about, but he's sort of...well, we don't really notice him that much anymore. Anyway, dad says he's not going to have him build our balcony until we're on the camping trip, so at least we don't have to worry about him being in our room when we're trying to read or anything. For now, you can see the shed he built from our window, so every day we saw him working. He used to take his shirt off after an hour or two out there. Mudbloods are such animals!

**[2009-07-12 19:28:00](#)**

*Ice cream solves anything*

As I predicted, Dad never noticed me slipping away for an hour. The kitchen cupboard knobs were still just as shiny when I got back home all full of ice cream. I might even be ready to tackle tomorrow's round of dusting and polishing.



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

Percy, I'll owl you that book I was talking about, if you're still interested in reading it. There are some scandalous scenes about his bachelor party in chapter seven, but you can always skip over them if you prefer. They're actually my favourite.

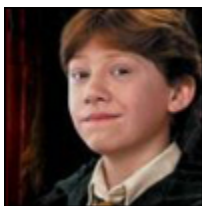
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 **[alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-07-13 02:56:45](#)**  
(no subject)

I am still interested, thanks. It occurs to me I have one to send to you as well, done by perhaps a more minor biographer, but it is worthwhile to compare and contrast their accounts of the Nurmengard negotiations.

I enjoyed our outing as well. Er, meaning, I'm always up for a spot of ice cream.



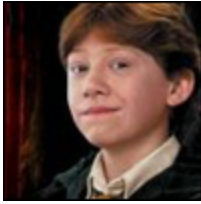
 **[alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-13 14:14:27](#)**  
(no subject)


Percy's got a girlfriend!



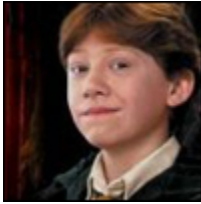
 **[alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-07-13 14:38:11](#)**  
(no subject)


Ronald, how very immature, really.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-13 14:50:50](#)  
(no subject)


Penelope and Percy, sitting in a tree... K-I-S-S-I-N-G!!!!!!



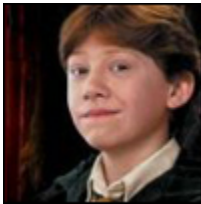
 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-13 16:03:46](#)  
(no subject)


you wish you had a sickle  
you wish you had a knut  
you wish you had a girlfriend  
to kiss your mouth right shut.



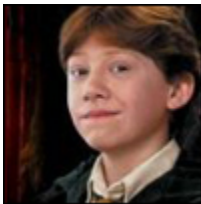
 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-13 16:04:50](#)  
(no subject)


you earned yourself a sickle  
you found yourself a knut  
you got yourself a girlfriend  
who kissed your mouth right shut.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-13 16:05:04](#)  
(no subject)

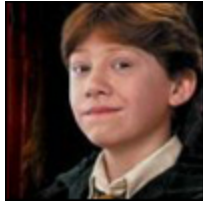
she took your little sickle  
she took your little knut  
she gave you five, six kisses  
to keep your big mouth shut.




 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-13 16:40:18](#)  
(no subject)

Percy likes pumpkin juice,  
Percy likes tea.  
Percy likes Penelope,  
But she'll just wait and see!


Yes, no  
Maybe so!



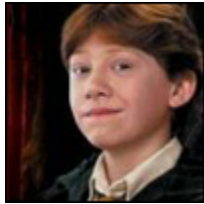
 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-13 16:48:23](#)  
(no subject)


Sea shells, cockle shells  
Eavie, Ivy, Over  
Percy's got a girlfriend  
And there rollin' in the clover!



 [alt\\_penelope](#) at [2009-07-13 21:48:13](#)  
(no subject)

I've learned today, Weasley. You need a life of your own. And a spelling lesson.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-13 22:12:57](#)  
(no subject)

At least I didn't use the one the twins made up:

Sea shells, cockle shells  
Eavie, Ivy, Over  
Percy's got a girlfriend  
And she's a dog named Rover.

Cause that's not very nice. Your not really a dog. Just mad as one to fancy Percy.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-07-14 15:39:14](#)  
(no subject)

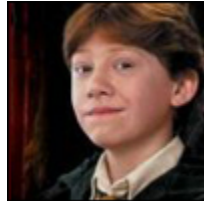
I think there's a peskly little brother somewhere who needs to muck out the goat shed again. Or better yet muck out a dragon's den.


I hope the dragon picks its teeth with your shinbone.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-07-14 15:41:45](#)  
(no subject)

Sorry, Pen Clearwater.



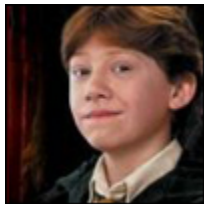
 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-14 16:02:49](#)  
(no subject)


Percy loves Penelope!



 [alt\\_penelope](#) at [2009-07-14 19:24:11](#)  
(no subject)

I wonder if he'll ever realise that he's ruining what slim chance he had to ever get a girlfriend with all of that racket.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-14 16:01:05](#)  
(no subject)

You gave your girlfriend peaches,  
You gave your girlfriend pears,  
You gave your girlfriend 50 knuts to kiss her on the stairs.

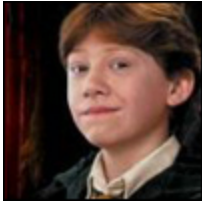
She gave you back your peaches,  
She gave you back your pears,  
She gave you back your 50 knuts and kicked you down the stairs.




 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-07-13 19:16:25](#)  
(no subject)

Percy Weasley? You went for an ice cream with WEASLEY?

Penelope Weasley...has a certain ring to it! Have you set a wedding date yet?




 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-07-13 20:15:08](#)**  
(no subject)

I know. It's really disgusting, innit?

Percy kept the napkin from Fortescue's. That she wiped her lips on. (I know.)

He's got it in the inner pocket of his robes. I saw him take it out and look at it when he didn't think anyone was looking today.

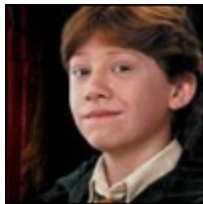



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-07-13 20:39:53](#)**  
(no subject)

That's revolting!

But then I suppose if two completely unfanciable people want to see each other, it makes the world just that little bit safer for everyone else...unless they HAVE CHILDREN!

Ew, ew, ew. It's too gross to even think about!




 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-07-13 20:44:19](#)**  
(no subject)

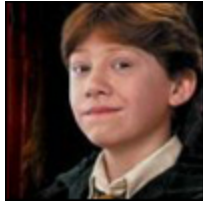
Wot? Percy sprogs?


YERK!



 **[alt\\_percy](#)** at **[2009-07-14 15:44:53](#)**  
(no subject)

Don't be absurd, Ronald. She wrote a book title on it for me, and I pulled it out to consult when I was placing an owl order to Flourish and Blotts.



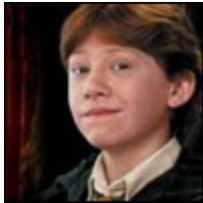
 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-14 16:04:21](#)  
(no subject)


You know you L-O-V-E love her  
You wanna H-U-G-G hug her  
You wanna K-I-S-S kiss her  
Bet you M-I-S-S miss her when you T-R-Y-Y try.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-07-14 17:04:26](#)  
(no subject)

You are such a T-O-T-A-L B-R-A-T.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-14 18:37:03](#)  
(no subject)

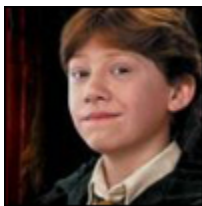
Thanks.


I work kind of hard at it.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-07-14 20:24:48](#)  
(no subject)

It's not a compliment, you P-R-A-T.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-13 20:48:33](#)  
(no subject)

Down in the valley where the knotgrass grows,  
There sat Penelope as prickly as a rose.  
Along came Percy and tried to kiss her cheek.  
Did he get a kiss from her or did he just make her

squeak?

**2009-07-12 19:36:00**

*Beets*

The mudblood hopes never to see another beet as long as he lives.



 [alt\\_terry](#)



 [alt\\_amycus](#) at **2009-07-13 00:47:49**

*(no subject)*

That's one of those wishes that's doomed to be unfulfilled, I'm afraid.

Beets are very good for mudbloods. Very good indeed. In fact, I think it an excellent idea for you to devote an extra hour or two to communing with beets.

Be up at cock crow tomorrow. You're to put in a couple of hours hoeing before bringing me my breakfast.

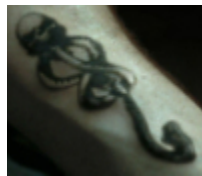


 [alt\\_terry](#) at **2009-07-13 00:48:52**

*(no subject)*

Before your breakfast, sir?

yes sir



 [alt\\_amycus](#) at **2009-07-13 00:57:54**

*(no subject)*

And don't think I won't check with the overseer to make sure you've done it.

You'll work the full shift as usual afterwards, mind.




 [alt\\_terry](#) at **2009-07-13 00:58:27**

*(no subject)*

yes sir






 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2009-07-13 02:26:49](#)  
(no subject)

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

Bloody hell. My own stupid fault, though.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-07-13 01:48:24](#)  
*Order Only*

Oh, glumbumbles!

When will that boy learn not to put his foot in it unnecessarily?

You don't suppose he was hoping to provoke that response? I mean to say, he's cleverer than this, so I do wonder...



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-07-13 02:24:22](#)  
*Re: Order Only*

Well, he doesn't seem to do it very often, Poppy. Still, he is just a boy, and if he is being worked sun up to sun down, I suppose sheer physical exhaustion might make him more likely to make a misstep like that, poor child.

(How are Alice and Kevin doing today, by the way? Not to mention Frank--did he dip very deeply into the Firewhiskey?)



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2009-07-13 14:09:14](#)  
*Re: Order Only*

Alice and the baby are doing very well. In fact, I'm having difficulty this morning persuading Alice that there are more than enough of us here to take over all of her tasks this week. Yesterday, she seemed very willing to stay in bed most of the day, but this morning, she was up first thing. I found her in the buttery. I told her, of course, that she should reconcile herself to the notion that she needs as much quiet rest as she can get this week, but I believe she has other ideas about that.

The baby is in fine form, and I hope he stays well. It came to me this morning how much I depend on the fact that my patients are capable of telling me what ails them.

Of course, here we are chatting on young Mr Boot's entry, and he is the perfect contradiction to my point. An infant might well be clearer in communicating what ails it than this lad is when he's suffered injuries. Honestly, Carrow does test my Healer's vow. Just a small dose of decocted hellabore in his porridge of a morning...

**2009-07-12 22:06:00**

*ORDER ONLY: how we all are*

I am doing a bit better. I haven't told anyone what happened, not even Terry. Harry thinks that I was ill and had a twenty-four-hour flu or some such thing. I don't know what he thinks, really, but he was worried about me.



 **alt\_hermione**

I'm trying not to think very much about a lot of things and I'd rather not talk about them still.


Harry is doing very poorly though. He says that nobody cares what he's doing. I told him he ought to write in his journal more if he wanted people to talk to him. He isn't getting very many owls. I mean he isn't getting any at all, really, not from anybody, which I would have thought he would. Usually before he got a lot because people wanted toglom on to him, sort of, from older people too, like Lucius Malfoy. Only now he isn't getting any. I suppose it must be because all the grownups see him all the time but really, it's too bad, because he just mopes.

Sometimes I feel like moping so that is all right.

It seems silly that I miss Daddy because I hadn't seen him in ever so long, and I didn't think about him very much before, but I knew he was okay somewhere, and now he isn't. Okay somewhere I mean. He isn't anywhere. I suppose at least Mum is okay. But it isn't the same thing as Daddy, even if I do love her a lot.

Oh, and, congratulations Mr Longbottom and Mrs Longbottom. I hope all is well.



 **alt\_poppy** at **2009-07-13 14:30:27**  
(no subject)

I'm very glad to see you writing again, Miss Granger. I've been most concerned about you.

Are you eating properly? And getting sleep enough? You might not think it, but those two things are crucial for good health and for keeping a clear head. If you notice any change in your appetite or begin to have difficulty sleeping, you are absolutely to tell me. Do I make myself clear?


One other thing concerns me in what you say here. Are you keeping some sort of correspondence with Mr Boot? I would urge you to consider that his situation is very precarious at the moment. As is your own, if properly considered. I'm not at all sure that it is a good idea for the two of you to be exchanging owls. Perhaps I've misunderstood what you meant?



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-07-13 14:41:43](#)**  
(no subject)


I've been thinking a great deal about you, too, Hermione, dear. How I wish there could be some opportunity to see you this summer, but even though I have wracked my brains, I can't think of one. I suppose young Harry rarely takes you when he goes out shopping to Diagon Alley or the like?



 **[alt\\_hermione](#)** at **[2009-07-13 17:36:30](#)**  
(no subject)


Sometimes, but I don't usually know beforehand, at least not long before, because Harry doesn't usually know beforehand, he just gets told he's going and then he goes. It's like they think he wouldn't have anything to say about where he's going, well, of course that's not true, but they don't care. I'm glad I'm not him sometimes, even if he is the Lord Protector's son.



 **[alt\\_hermione](#)** at **[2009-07-13 17:34:58](#)**  
(no subject)

I'll let you know, I promise - and also Harry gave me one of his old stuffed toys he didn't want any more and it's made of terry cloth and so I named it Terry, that's all, it isn't Mr Boot!




 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-07-13 17:50:40](#)**  
(no subject)

Ah. I see.

That was very kind of him, I suppose.

I wish I had thought to charm something for you to help you have dreamless sleep. Perhaps when you return to school in September, we can rectify that.



 **alt\_alice** at [2009-07-13 15:33:14](#)  
*ORDER ONLY*

Thank you, Hermione.

Kevin's my third, so naturally, it was over and done with fairly quickly. It isn't as much of a shock to your system, your body already knows what it's supposed to do, and thank Merlin there weren't any complications.

I don't know if you're familiar with magical birthing, but there's a rather neat little charm that Poppy used to monitor our heart rates -- all it takes is a bit of string with a knot on it, and you tie it so that the knot is over a pulse -- it can be tied around the thigh, or the neck, but it's most commonly tied about the wrist. "*Cordis Pulset*" is the spell you use -- you touch your wand to the knot as you say it. The knot glows red every time your heart beats.

The meaning "Pulset" is pretty obvious, of course, but it makes one think of words like "accord" and "cordial" in a bit of a new light.

And I know you don't want to talk right now about everything, but if you ever do, I'm always up for a chat. It's not quite the same using these things as it is talking face-to-face, but it's something.



 **alt\_hermione** at [2009-07-13 17:44:57](#)  
*Re: ORDER ONLY*

That's very interesting, Mrs Longbottom.

I'll talk with you if I need to. I just don't need to right now. Thank you very much.

**2009-07-14 18:09:00**

*ORDER ONLY*

Well, after a rather eventful weekend, we've had a reasonably quiet few days to adjust to our newest resident. He's doing very well, and Alice and Frank are, of course, total pros at this parenting stuff, so he's in the best possible hands. I can't necessarily say the same for his chosen godfather, but I dare say he'll do his best. If nothing else, Kevin will never want for books at Christmas and his birthday, and will most likely come to loath any and all forms of literature. Perhaps he'll develop some terrifying phobia of paper. Who knows.




 [alt\\_lupin](#)

Thank you, Frank, Alice. It's a very great honour.


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 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-07-15 00:42:31](#)  
(no subject)

Thank you, Remus! I'm so happy that you said yes.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-07-15 03:04:55](#)  
(no subject)

Congratulations, Moony!


So. Changed him yet? That was, I think, Lily's favourite part of initiating me to the role.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-07-15 13:40:16](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, wonderful! What splendid news, Remus.  
Congratulations.



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-07-15 13:41:31](#)**  
*(no subject)*

Indeed, congratulations, Remus.

**2009-07-15 11:06:00**

***ORDER ONLY***

Well, we're all settling in quite nicely. It's quite a pleasant change to raise a newborn whilst surrounded by very helpful people. To be sure, Augusta was endless help for both Neville and Evelyn, but after we've all spent so many years here raising so very many babies, I'm surrounded by experts who are more than willing to change diapers and give Kevin a bottle should I be unavailable. It lends itself to remarkable peace of mind.



 **alt\_alice**

I've spent a relaxing past few days, taking quite a few therapeutic baths and enjoying my time just being a full-time mum. I've also finally gotten those announcements in the post, with Arabella and Colin Creevy's much-needed help. He's such an artistic boy, and always eager to please. It'll be back to work as usual fairly soon -- thank Merlin we have a nursery right here so that I'll be able to just pop by whenever I want to check up on Kevin. Frank and I are also adjusting to our new sleeping schedule -- he's such a light sleeper that he sits bolt upright whenever the baby cries. We've taken to having naps of an afternoon to catch up on missed rest.

Poppy has been kept quite busy since she's been here, giving everyone a thorough checking-over. It's so pleasant to have her around -- she's so good with children that all of them absolutely adore her.

That's all the Moddey Dhoo news for the time being.

Bill, I've got a question -- I know you've got a contact at Smythstone, but would it be possible to send and receive items from that contact through floo? Owls would also work, I suppose, though they do tend to be much slower. But is there a secure way for you to floo things back and forth?

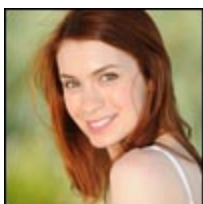



 **alt\_poppy** at **2009-07-15 15:55:10**  
*(no subject)*

Well, Alice, I must say that I believe you've been receiving polished-up reports of my interactions with the young ones. My rapport with children may have been greatly over-estimated. Truth be told, they come



in with trepidation and go out of the room with the sourest faces you've ever seen (because, of course, no one has yet discovered a way to make that Healthy Bones potion taste anything other than nasty). In between the entering and the exiting, there are often quivering lips and a not a few tears.




 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-07-15 16:08:11](#)**  
(no subject)

They absolutely love those little animals you make with sticking plaster and string.

I think it's become a bit of a badge of honour for those that have already gone through check-ups.

I caught Louis Barton trading his pudding for one last night, and that boy has an enormous sweet tooth. I've overheard at least one conversation where you're referred to as the "nice lady who makes animals and nasty potion." So at the very least, they fear the potion, not the potion-giver.




 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-07-15 16:40:31](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, well. I can't take credit for that trick; I learnt it from one of my instructors aeons ago during my training.

It does help keep the littlest ones from squirming off the table whilst one's trying to look them over.



 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2009-07-15 17:54:59](#)**  
(no subject)

Yes, I could transfer items through the floo, I think. As long as it isn't something too big or noticeable. I haven't worked with this contact very long, and don't want to push my luck too far, but he's definitely on our side, all right. Let me know what you have in mind.



 [alt\\_kingsley](#) at [2009-07-15 18:41:17](#)  
(no subject)


If you're not sure, Bill, I've asked Arthur to check whether the Players might be allowed to visit Smythstone. Perhaps we could do a hand off.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-07-15 18:49:21](#)  
(no subject)

I did inquire, Kingsley, but I'm afraid I've had absolutely no luck. Not my department, you know, and Haversham at Regulation and Control is an arrogant berk who apparently takes a very dim view of offering cultural events for purposes of entertaining werewolves. 'No bloody point to it. Nothing but a bunch of--' well, I won't insult Remus by repeating what he said.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-07-15 19:35:57](#)  
(no subject)

Well, good. I need to check in with Minerva first, of course, but just as soon as she agrees, I'll fill you in further.

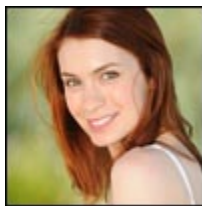
It would be small, and very discreet.


Thank you, Bill.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-07-17 18:55:56](#)  
(no subject)

I can't see why not. It seems appropriate.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-07-17 19:41:24](#)  
(no subject)

Thank you, Minerva. And you can make arrangements with Hermione to get what we need from her?

**[2009-07-16 18:51:00](#)**

*Hither and yon*

I've been here, there, and the next place for several days, having recovered nicely from my bumps and bruises. Really, there's little to say about it all (a day in Pembrokeshire, a morning with the Travellers outside Cardiff, and a most profitable day beyond Chipping Norton). But I won't bore you with the details of all that. Suffice it to say that I've been running this way and that, playing my itinerary a bit more by ear than I have for a while. Not to say this has become a pleasure jaunt. No, indeed. I'm simply following up leads I gathered over the past several weeks, attempting to locate some of the more elusive items on my list.



 [alt\\_poppy](#)


I have had many lovely, long evenings to relax in--I do love summer with its early dawns and leisurely, late dusks--and I've set my tent in some perfectly wonderful spots. One evening recently, I made camp hard by a derelict owl sanctuary (from the days when our messenger friends required protection from a host of dangers that beset them). As dusk settled into darkness, I was visited by this striking bird:



She was not a post owl, at all, so I was surprised when she settled on a branch of the pollarded oak beside my tent and began to click and twitter at me. The stories she was telling must have been rich ones, indeed, judging by her delivery of the narrative. I've never wished so much that I could understand the speech of birds.

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 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-07-17 00:35:34](#)**  
*Order Only*

Of course, I was no such places, though I did manage to visit each of them during my earlier wanderings. I trust no one is attempting to track my movements too carefully.

I promise a report of all that's happening here at the Sanctuary-- when things quiet a bit. We are still going round the clock, and one never knows when there will be a spot of difficulty that requires one's attention. Rest assured that we've seen to all due ceremony and have set this newest child properly on his path.

**[2009-07-17 08:56:00](#)**

*The slow part of summer*

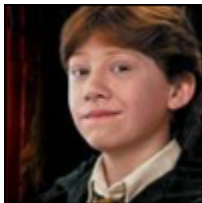



 **[alt\\_neville](#)**

No get togethers with any friends this week. The next time I'll see everyone will be the camping trip in a few weeks. I'm glad, I guess, that I'm not stuck with a tutor this summer like Seamus, but the days seem long, and I've read all my Martin Miggs comics. I've got chores in the garden every day, of course. Me and Evelyn do the weeding, since Gran finds it hard to get down in the dirt to do that. Her right knee doesn't work so good. She used to do only flowers, always got prizes for her roses at the local fair, but now she does vegetables, too, of course, like everyone else. She draws the line at keeping chickens, though. But Great Aunt Enid keeps them, so we get eggs from her.

My Great Uncle Algie took Evelyn and me boating on the River Wyre a few times, and that was fun. He'd said he'd bring over some books this afternoon he thinks I'd like, written by someone called Jules Vern.

The house seems so quiet after Hogwarts.



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-07-18 18:42:05](#)**  
(no subject)

I know what you mean about slow, mate! Sometimes it just seems like there's nothing at all happening here except for chores to do. I mean, we spend some time down at the river and flying and climbing trees in the orchard and stuff, but there's nobody to do it with but the twins and they're usually off by themselves, y'know, thinking up stuff that'll explode or turn Mum's hair purple or make Ginny's ears grow long and twisty. The other day they charmed Dad's chair to sort of moan when he sits in it, and he came home real tired that night and couldn't figure out what it was making that noise for the longest time. That was dead hilarious.

But we're not allowed to annoy Percy. It's mad, really. He's got everyone tiptoeing around because he goes absolutely spare if anybody makes any noise or comes into a room where he is or even if anybody looks at him for too long. So Mum's said that if any of us bother him, she'll makes us pull all the weeds out of the garden by hand. And that's just wrong! As it is, the other day, Mum made me chisel a whole mess of Bundimuns out from under the porch and then

I had to look all around the house for any others. I mean, you don't want to know what lives underneath our porch, you really don't. And she told me I couldn't use any kind of blasting spells to clear out underneath before I crawled in down there.

I'd say you should come visit again, but Percy might kill us or something.

**2009-07-17 11:56:00**

*Positions for next year*

I continue my search for next year's unfilled positions. An interesting job.




Lucius, I have just received a particularly fine bottle of single-malt. I would enjoy company in tasting it, if you were amenable. We have a great deal to talk about. I should think that it will be less onerous over a drink.

 **alt\_mcgonagall**



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 **alt\_lucius** at **2009-07-25 21:18:08**  
*(no subject)*

Indeed, Minerva, I should be delighted.

I confess I had hoped to follow-up with you before now but had not anticipated that so many items requiring attention would await us on return from France.

**2009-07-20 21:31:00**

*Order Only: Kevin*

Alice and Frank, I received your note and Kevin's birth announcement. Thank you! Arthur and I were delighted, and once again, our heartiest congratulations. Hermione, I've charmed a copy to my journal because I thought you might like to see their note, along with the sweet sketch of the three of them. No wonder Remus is so proud of his new little godson:



 [alt\\_molly](#)

Dear Arthur and Molly,

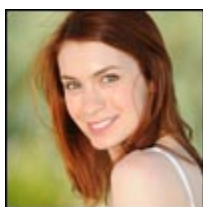
We are all very much looking forward to your upcoming visit! This picture should tide you over in the meantime. We both miss you and can't wait to catch up - we've got a lot of tea to drink to make up for lost time!


fondly,

Alice

hey Arthur I saved some of that firewhisky, I figure I owe you a drink or two haha. frank





 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-07-22 13:24:43](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, Molly, I'm glad you got the letter. I didn't see this post until this morning.

My quillwork is absolutely horrendous. Thank Merlin Colin Creevy lent a hand with the announcements.

And Hermione -- I'm glad you could get a look at our Kevin!

I've been wanting to talk to you, actually, Hermione. I've had a bit of an idea about you and your mum, and how you can stay a bit more connected to her. I should have thought of it sooner. Whenever we take a child from the camps and bring them to Moddey Dhoo, we

make rings for the child and the child's parents. The rings have stones that are set into them that change colour depending on how the other ring wearers are feeling, so that way, the parents can make sure that their children are happy and healthy, and the children can feel connected to their parents.

I've talked to Minerva, and she thinks it'll be all right if we make rings for you and your mum to wear so you can both keep a bit of an eye on one another. All I'd need is a lock of your hair, and a lock of your mum's as well. Bill seems to think he can get the hair from your mum through his connection at Smythstone, and I'm sure we can sort out how to get the hair from you, and get the rings to both of you once they are made. The rings are charmed so that only the person that's wearing it can see it, so you wouldn't have to worry about keeping it hidden.


Well, what do you think? Does that sound all right to you?



 **[alt\\_hermione](#)** at **[2009-07-28 20:07:46](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh yes of course it does!!!



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-07-28 23:54:28](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, I'm glad. I feel silly for not thinking of it sooner, honestly.

**2009-07-20 22:34:00**

*(no subject)*



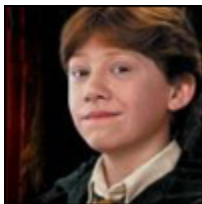
 **alt\_sally\_anne**

The journals have been really quiet lately and I keep thinking it's because everyone else is off doing terribly exciting things, like going to Camelot or Brighton or London or who knows what. Except when I stop to think about it I realise that probably everyone's being quiet because they don't have anything exciting to write about, same as me. I mean all my days go more or less like this:

- 1) Wake up at dawn because the roosters are making noise.
- 2) Breakfast with the Woods and then I help with the washing up.
- 3) Oliver drags me outside to fly around and throw quaffles at him.
- 4) Lunch and washing up. And Mrs Wood tsks at Oliver and tells him that maybe I want to do something other than fly on brooms all day.
- 5) Oliver drags me back out anyway.
- 6) Dinner and washing up.
- 7) Bed.

We don't have a lot of chores because the Woods have the muggles for the farm chores and the mudbloods for the house chores. Well other than the washing up and I think Mrs Wood makes Oliver and I do it because she thinks children ought to have chores to do.

Oliver thinks I ought to see Land's End, he's after his mum to let us fly to Cornwall. He thinks we could fly the whole way down and then floo back. I don't know. It would be a really long way. What's the furthest other people have ever flown in a day?



 **alt\_ron** at **2009-07-21 03:51:55**

*(no subject)*

Cor! How dead lucky are you?! Flying all day and your only chores are washing up after his mum feeds you?

And, yeah. I've never flown very far at all. Down the shops in Ottery St Catchpole is all. Mum would go spare if we disappeared off too far. She says she's got tracker charms on all the brooms.

But I have flown around for hours and hours here at home. It's not really the distance that matters as much as the time on the broom.

And that's not really a problem, though you might want to look up cushioning charms before you go. Is that how you're going to come for the camping trip? That's the wickedest idea ever!

[2009-07-24 11:06:00](#)

## *Barley*

finished with beets for now. boot is working sewing mesh bags with big industrial sewing machines. they have a lot of boys and girls doing this. when the barley is harvested, they take the barley straw and stuff it into the bags. the bags are sent throughout the protectorate to float in waterways and fishponds, because there is something in the barley straw that kills the algae.




 [alt\\_terry](#)

it's nice to be able to work sitting down. the hours are long, but not so much for boot: they do give boot breaks to go serve master his meals and wait on him at night, of course.

master says he's getting tired of fish. must find something different for his dinner tonight. it is important for the mudblood to please his master.



 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2009-07-24 16:27:28](#)  
(no subject)

### **I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up to No Good**

The hours are really long. 6:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m. for the rest of the kids, but I start later and they let me go at 6:00 p.m., so I can serve master. It's boring work, but it can hurt you if you're not careful. There was one of the youngest boys, about five or six, I think, who ran the machine's needle through his finger the day before yesterday. They yelled at him because he was bleeding all over the bags, but they wouldn't even let him go to the infirmary right away. He had to keep sewing until the shift was over.

Master usually works a couple of hours after dinner, too, so that means I get those hours free. I started talking to a man who lives in the next barrack over. We were outside after dinner, and somehow got started talking about the constellations. He was a muggle physics teacher before the Troubles. So he's been teaching me some stuff every night after dinner, and it's been grand: all about orbits and forces and parabolas and stuff. We meet behind the barracks after I serve master his dinner, and Jack shows me the equations by scratching them in the dirt with a stick. He says he likes having the chance to teach again.

**2009-07-24 16:02:00**

*Order Only: The Sanctuary*



 [alt\\_poppy](#)

Oh, my. I've been meaning to write to you about what we are up to here at the Sanctuary, but the days have been so full that I never seem to think of writing. I have given everyone here a thorough looking over--some of them more willingly than others. (Why, yes, I am speaking of you, Frank Longbottom!) The children who have been here all along just needed a once-over and to have their annual anti-infective doses for all the usual things, including a refresher course of the standard Healthy Bones potion. I was more popular for the toffees I brought which promote sharp hearing and vision--those taste good, which is, I admit, all too rare with medicinal substances.

Of course, those who have come recently to the Sanctuary after years in the camps--the Turners and the McGiverns, particularly, as well as the small Fawcett child--they have needed a bit more attention. I'm pleased to say, however, that everyone is in reasonably good shape, though there are a few ailments of a chronic nature that some of them will need to manage going forward.

We've had several fair days in a row this week, so Stephen McGivern and I have taken the older children out to learn about the island's plants and to help us collect some of them. Our first success was Marsh Woundwort, which is one of the key ingredients in All-Heal pastes because it stems bleeding, keeps wounds clean, and works wonders even on very deep cuts. Its roots and stems can also be eaten, though the smell of the stems bubbling in a pot is not especially appealing, so I doubt it will become a staple of meals here at the Sanctuary unless other, more savory items become scarce.

Speaking of things to be eaten, we came across quite a lot of Lamb's Lettuce, which some call 'Corn salad'; its tender leaves (picked in spring and in autumn, but not in this summer season whilst it flowers) are lovely in salads. McGivern made himself a note to return and collect its seeds in order to sow a test crop in the kitchen garden this autumn.

On the opposite tack, we had occasion to teach the importance of distinguishing between wild celery, water parsnip and Hemlock Water Dropwort (called Dead Tongue colloquially), which is perilous if eaten. (It doesn't even have much medicinal use, though it is reputed to have

been used in field hospitals--and certain notorious dungeons--for its paralysing effect on the organs of speech.)

Happily, we were able to collect some Water Figwort, which is excellent in fighting nightmares, and a plentiful supply of Cudweed for the Quinsy Quaff, which McGivern himself devised and has promised to show me. Apparently, it's a real advance over the old treatments for sore throats that go from inflamed to infected in the blink of an eye. We also trussed up a nice mound of Restharrow, which he will use in a restorative for Victor Scrim, who is having some difficulty making water and is suffering swelling in his extremities as a result. It is our plan to settle in and get some serious brewing done over the weekend.

Whilst the rest of us were spading up plants and packing them for transport, young Mr Creevey was busy sketching each item we encountered. He is really very talented as an artist, and such an eager boy. (I was stunned to realise that he is brother to that small serving lad the Marvolo boy brought to the school. I-- Well, suffice it to say that the contrast is appalling.) I had shown Mr Creevey my notebooks and discussed the purpose of keeping a visual record, even one so unskillful as mine, of the items one collects or leaves uncollected in the field, so he took over that task for me on our recent expeditions. I wish I had his ability. Or, failing that, I'd quite like to have his assistance! Yesterday morning after breakfast he shared with me some of the drawings and watercolours he's made--many of them showing the island's animals and birds. His portfolio includes little sketches of lizards and mice, an elegant watercolour of a large grey heron, and another, showing one of the most expressive seals you've ever seen. There was also an impressive study of a Merlin on the wing, followed by a series of quick sketches of the Merlin catching some hapless songbird--a most vivid scene of claws, beaks, and frantic wings! He also seems fond of drawing rabbits and hares (and he was able to tell me in great detail about the differences between them). He asked if I might like one of his drawings, and so I chose this handsome rabbit to keep in my notebook. I trust that it is not abusing his generosity to share it with you.



As you can see, I am having a lovely time here. There are fresh things for meals, drawn from the garden and the sea. There is wonderful company and so, so many stories and songs and drawings and jokes--and such laughter! I don't know when I've had such a holiday!


Oh, Alice: I'm not sure we made it clear, but your bouquet of harebells, came courtesy of the little Bookman boy. It seemed he thought of you each time we saw a pretty flower. Sadly, most of them were weedy, low sorts of things that didn't lend themselves to a cut arrangement. And then there was the Sheep's Bit he was on the verge of adding, but we convinced him that the odour and its appeal to bees would make that a less than happy choice. When we returned home, Miss Little and Miss Saint helped him arrange them in a glass, and I know it was the girls who brought it up to you, so I didn't want the



point of origin to have become obscured.

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 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-07-25 03:34:01](#)**  
(no subject)

Many thanks, Poppy.

Freddy can be such a sweet boy, when he's not neck deep in trouble. He was probably preemptively apologising for something he's planning to do.


I'm so glad you've been having a good visit. Stephen thinks the world of you, you know, and the children loved the chance to go tromping around out-of-doors.



 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2009-07-25 03:35:06](#)**  
(no subject)

I told you it was nothing. just a bit stiff is all.



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-07-25 03:38:09](#)**  
(no subject)

I know, darling.


And I also know that you probably feel less stiff now that it's been looked after, and will finally let Stephen give you some of that poultice he's been trying to get you to try for ages so that you will stay that way.



 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2009-07-25 03:39:02](#)**  
(no subject)

it smells funny.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-07-25 03:40:16](#)  
(no subject)


Oh?



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-07-25 03:41:10](#)  
(no subject)

like raw potatoes mixed with fish.




 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-07-25 03:45:30](#)  
(no subject)

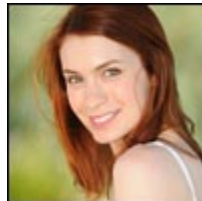
Well.


I'll still love you regardless, even if you are a fishy-potato gimp.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-07-25 03:47:57](#)  
(no subject)

oi. you're asking for it.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-07-25 03:48:45](#)  
(no subject)


Maybe I am.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-07-25 03:49:30](#)  
(no subject)

oh?



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-07-25 14:34:50](#)**  
*Order Only*

I'm having a marvelous time, Alice, and I've especially enjoyed meeting McGivern. He's quite a well-trained potions maker, but more than that, he's an innovator. That's not something that St Mungo's encourages, you know, but it seems that his time in the camps forced him to consider alternative approaches, ways to coax even tiny quantities of his ingredients to yield up their effective powers, ways to combine ingredients differently in order to release properties that hadn't been noticed before or that had been ignored because there were other elements that could supply the desired effect. But when ingredients are limited and one must use what one has to hand, one finds new ways of getting things done. That seems to be something that McGivern is quite brilliant at doing.


His tonsil cure is quite elegant! Honestly, it's a crime he can't publish his experiments. We're all the poorer for having lost him from our society: he's a very clear example of the utter madness of our Protectorate's policies.



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-07-25 13:01:26](#)**  
*(no subject)*

I have been impressed with Colin's talent over the years. Alice often includes one or two of his sketches when she sends her letters. I found an instructional book on sketching in a second-hand book store and bought and owled it to Alice to give to him, and I understand he was delighted with it. He seems quite serious about improving his skill.



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-07-25 19:00:03](#)**  
*(no subject)*

Mr Creevey is certainly eager about his art. He says he wants to be able to put everything he sees into pictures. And he has such exuberance about him--it's rather infectious. I've seen the book you sent: its margins are now filled with little studies of hands, ankles, rabbit noses, baby's lips, garden plants, and the like. Each of the lessons has now been tried again and again.

I'm leaving him with a spare notebook of mine. I hadn't thought to bring art supplies, but it is certainly something they could use here for more than just Mr Creevey. The children have drawn on everything that can be spared for that purpose. They've decorated old copies of the Prophet and the Quibbler, but there aren't many of those here since it's not as though Arabella or Frank or Alice can take out a subscription! Judith Bookman, who teaches the children, tells me she's had Alice and Frank try transfiguring various things into chalk the children could use on the pavement in the courtyard, but they've never had much success with the colour or the texture. (One unfortunate experiment can still be seen on the the kitchen doorstep, which is covered with oily brown stick drawings that will simply not consent to be scrubbed away!)

How is summer treating you, Molly? Are the boys staying busy and out of trouble?

**2009-07-24 16:17:00**

*XI*

Now comes that tedious time wherein the nipper's debut is expected any day now (Sunday, to be more precise) and I've got nothing to do but wait around for it to grace us.




 **alt\_bellatrix**

Not true. Plenty to do, including a meeting with Professor Sinistra about the upcoming Youth Protectors League excursion, a face-off (so *she* thinks) with old Hopkirk, a date with Barty to curse Dawlish's new *desk* chair, for his *desk* job, and lastly, supper with Mother to finish arrangements for the naming ceremony.

On that last bit, wonderful news: He has told me that He will likely be able to break His busy schedule and attend the naming ceremony. Praise. The name itself is still undecided. I'm still fond of Ophiuchus, but Rodolphus feels that it will fate him to the nickname of "Opie." The Rizzer thinks he ought to be named Rabastan (not likely!), Cissy likes Cygnus, Rodolphus is fond of anything beginning with "R" (perhaps), and Hydra suggested Daniel, which is just plain silly.

I feel very hot and uncomfortable and, worst of all, slow. I think I shall have the mediwitch go fetch me another tonic. Sunday cannot come soon enough.



 **alt\_lucius** at **2009-07-25 21:25:00**  
(no subject)

Cygnus, in commemoration of your father, would certainly please your sister greatly; however it is also a highly suitable middle name, if Rodolphus prefers a first name more in the family's tradition.

I am sure whatever you choose will be suitable. How fortunate for you that He has consented to attend in person.

[2009-07-26 15:07:00](#)

*Summer*



 [alt\\_megan](#)

My guardian says that summer is the best time to call on people you haven't seen all year but you don't want to fall out of touch with. I'm not *quite* sure why, I think winter would be better. There's not as much else to do in winter, but when I said that she didn't even reply. So I was wrong. I suppose it's too uncomfortable in winter so clever people stay home where they can be sure of being comfortable. My guardian is very sensitive to cold. So am I.

However, I like calling on people. ~~Especially people who don't~~ On Friday we called on my guardian's friend Miss Mildred. We had to floo because I was coming along, and unfortunately I am far too young to apparate. But my guardian's friend Miss Mildred's fireplace was spotless of course, and my guardian hardly minded at all.

Miss Mildred has a foster daughter whose name is Ethel. I don't know if Ethel is *truly* her name, I think perhaps it's not, but Miss Mildred called her Ethel, so I did so also. Ethel is going to Hogwarts next year, and my guardian told me I should speak with her about being a first year.

I didn't have a chance to talk to her at first. My guardian and Miss Mildred had ~~lea~~ a great deal to talk about and of course I wouldn't think of interrupting them. But I watched Ethel and I thought she looked nice. She had Miss Mildred's little dog on her lap, and she kept it quiet and sometimes I saw her looking at me as if she was wondering about me just like I was wondering about her. I wonder what she thought.

But then Ethel ~~got the dog to~~ couldn't keep the dog from barking, and we got sent away to play with the dog. It was great fun. I wish my guardian had a dog. Or even a bird. Maybe a parrot, I think that would be brilliant. But I'm not sure what I would want to teach it to say. So maybe a turtle. I think turtles look very self possessed, and I think my guardian would like that.

Oh, I also told Ethel about Hogwarts of course. I think Ethel will do well at Hogwarts. She's very ~~clever~~ good at getting proper. Of course she would be, my guardian's friend Miss Mildred would only bring up proper people. Just like my guardian. I hope. I do try very hard.

I think Ethel and Miss Mildred might come visit us next week. I hope they do.

P.S. My guardian says that she wouldn't like turtles. Or parrots. Or dogs. She doesn't even like cats. That's why most of the cats stay outside, especially in the summer.

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 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-07-27 03:21:39](#)  
(no subject)

What do you call your guardian? Do you call her Mrs whatever her last name is or something else? Is she going to let you go on the camping trip?

Did Ethel say what house she wants to be in?



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-07-27 04:50:13](#)  
(no subject)

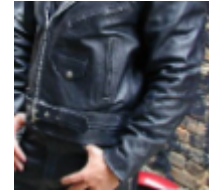
I call her "my guardian" if I'm talking to someone else. Or "ma'am" if I'm talking to her. That's respectful. She was never married so she wouldn't be Mrs, and she doesn't like it if I call her Miss Theophila, even though that's proper. I think that's proper. I'm not sure. I used to call her sister Mrs Wright.

I thought she might not. Camping is grubby. But she says it'll do me good to get out of the house.

Oooh. I didn't ask. I'll ask her next time.

[2009-07-27 21:29:00](#)

*Order only: owls and other news*



Alice, that owl you sent with Kevin's birth announcement finally found me. Poor chap must have been confused as to my whereabouts; from the disgruntled way it demanded food, water and a perch for the day, I gather it went to the homestead in Monaco first and has been backtracking for some time.

 [alt\\_sirius](#)

In any case, Frank, you watch your back, too, mate. Especially if you're as lacking in sleep as I suspect from the sprog's feeding timetable. And Moony - let me know if you need suggestions for how best to corrupt Kevin. Never too early for a godfather to make his friends regret their decision! Have you given him his first lesson in breaking out of his cradle yet?

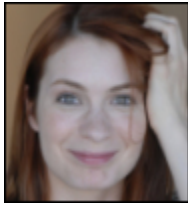
I also wanted to let you lot know how Justin Finch-Fletchley has been doing. We're making great progress, I'm proud to say. He's a fair hand at changing matchsticks to needles already, though he has some trouble with charms pronunciations due to a tendency to stammer. I think that's more self-confidence than any inherent speech defect, though. I don't know if he'll be ready to enter Beauxbatons as a second-year student or not, but he's certainly catching them up as fast as ever he can.

His mother has been asking all sorts of questions, as well, mostly about the efforts to bring about the current regime's downfall. I think her curiosity can be attributed to the new celebrity of Mr Emilius Highslip, who it turns out is the young man who stopped me in the street that day. It seems he *did* defect, after all. I've no time to detail what happened at the moment, but it was rather daring and it put quite the damper on Malfoy's return, I can promise you!

All the excitement has had the effect of increasing Mrs F-F's sympathy to our cause. I've very nearly got her to the point where I think we can expect a sizable donation to the Order. It should be enough to replenish our supplies for next autumn. Once Justin has been safely placed at Beauxbatons I shall be off again on my own little collecting mission for us.

Hermione? How are you doing, kiddo? And how is Harry - I've not seen him write recently. Not that he writes often. But his birthday is coming up and I'm sure he must be at least a little excited about that.






 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-07-28 22:10:29](#)  
(no subject)

It's good to hear from you, Sirius darling. And I'm glad you got our announcement.

That is excellent news about the donation -- that certainly puts me at greater peace of mind. We always seem to be running short of something or another around here, and Merlin knows every little bit helps. And how interesting about that Highslip person! I must admit, I'm glad he took your advice. Daring indeed. Perhaps after all the attention dies down, you can have a talk. I know Frank is very keen to hear about what he'd have to say.

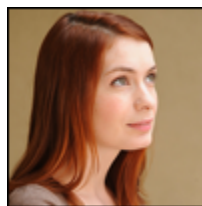
And perhaps you should hold off plotting my son's corruption until he's out of nappies! Bad enough he's got two outlaws for parents.




 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-07-28 22:23:09](#)  
(no subject)

True: Strictly speaking, if we were to plot for maximum irritation in his parents, then we'd have to push Kevin in the direction of a law-abiding toady. And we none of us want that!

Though I'd wager with Remus for a godfather he'll be reading *The Young Wizard's Guide to Manners and Etiquette* within the week.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-07-29 00:15:31](#)  
(no subject)

That old thing!

Mum used to swear by it. When we were little, she'd cast that charm that makes elbows all slippery at mealtimes. Roger would forget and set them on the table almost once a week, and they'd just slide out from under him. The look on his face was just priceless. He nearly broke his nose on a plate of biscuits once.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-07-29 01:34:17](#)  
(no subject)

Tell me about it. I still remember being made to copy out sections to practise penmanship.

I was less fond of the spell that improved one's posture. Mum used to cast that at bedtimes when we'd misbehaved. To this day I can sleep standing up.



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-07-29 08:27:59](#)  
(no subject)

Until he's old enough to read it, I think we'll have to make do with practical lessons and leading by example.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-07-29 20:37:46](#)  
(no subject)


See, and here I was giving you credit for being able to *teach* him to read within the fortnight.



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2009-07-28 22:28:10](#)  
(no subject)

Everything is fine here. I keep intending to write, only things are rather samey samey. It should be different on Harry's birthday, though, I'm getting ever so bored and I'll get to get out!!




 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-07-29 01:36:54](#)  
(no subject)

I'd like to send him something, but I don't dare. Even forging Malfoy's handwriting, I imagine it would be impossible to smuggle an owl into Buckingham!

I hope Bill can get you the ring Arthur mentioned.




 **alt\_arthur** at [2009-07-29 20:01:53](#)  
(no subject)

Well, well, well. So the defection was successful. That is exceedingly interesting news.

He may very well turn you down flat since you refused to help him before, but it might bear some interesting fruit if you try approaching the man again--if you can find him, of course (I wager if he's wise, he'll be hiding from Bella's European agents). He might have some exceedingly useful information about the process of border crossing, not to mention any tidbits he might see fit to share about Lucius Malfoy.


Good news about your cultivation of Mrs F-F. I will be very happy to help spend any Galleons she sees fit to send our way. We have a number of projects which desperately need funding.



 **alt\_kingsley** at [2009-07-29 20:05:22](#)  
(no subject)

About Mrs F-F: I see you haven't lost your touch, Sirius my friend, but I must say I'm not surprised. According to Benjy, you could charm a Hungarian Horntail to give up its horde.



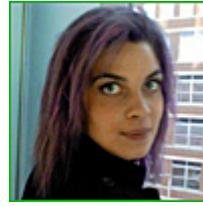
 **alt\_sirius** at [2009-07-29 20:49:09](#)  
(no subject)

Oi, all I did was let our case speak for itself. Despite Didier's insinuations, I haven't had a single cause to complain of ... harassment. I think it's more to do with Justin's progress now that he's getting ~~proper~~ training. (I can hardly call it 'proper' as it's cobbled together from what I remember!)

And Benjy's only got himself to blame, mate, if he was mad enough to stand up for all those tests of ours back in school. He and Davey Gudgeon were about as reckless a pair as me and James - only not quite so skilled, if I do say so myself. We used to set the dares and generally speaking we'd accomplish them; seemed like Benjy and Davey were always getting caught or injured or worse.

**2009-07-28 15:31:00**

*Keeping sane and busy*



 **alt\_nymphadora**


I've started setting tea everyday at four o'clock, on the assumption that those two blokes from Magical Law Enforcement would come around yet again to ask me questions. At first, they were cold and harsh, and rather scary I might add, but once I discovered that the large one liked those little pink teacakes that Mildred from down the hall likes to make, they've been a lot easier to take. I think I even caught the glimpse of a smile when I had everything all prepared before their arrival yesterday.

Each visit goes the same - they ask me why I was in the Auror's file room, what I was doing in there, and I give the same old answers. They stopped pressing me to give different answers after the sixth visit, but it makes me wonder why they keep coming back. They've yet to file charges on me, not that there's any reason for it, but I would think that their time would be better spent on someone other than a lost janitor.

Work is a whole other matter. I'm still suspended, without pay, and I must be reaching the end of the goodwill of both my landlord, and my neighbours. Still, there's lots of odd jobs that need to be done around here, and I'm happy to swap an hour or two of work in exchange for supper or those pink teacakes. It's nice that we all try to look out for each other here, but I can see it on their faces thinking, *it could have been me*.

I just wish that the Ministry would come to some decision so I can either go back to work, or start looking elsewhere. This waiting around is almost all I can bear. I almost hate to ask for help from my relations, but at this point, I'm not sure if I have a choice.



 **alt\_arthur** at **2009-07-28 23:01:50**  
(no subject)

Well, I do agree that they are taking quite a ridiculous amount of time to settle this. I took the liberty of speaking with Haley at Internal Affairs to vouch for your character, and I think I have convinced him to at least restore you to half-pay. I hope you will not have to wait much longer.

I do miss our chats when I'm working late.



 **alt\_arthur** at [2009-07-28 23:04:09](#)

*Order Only*

I've seen her a couple times, meeting with her in the park by her flat. She does feel quite low, and still rather scared, but she is standing firm in keeping me out of the whole mess. I'm certainly grateful for that.

I think that the news that Dean Thomas is going to Hogwarts, thanks to her, has given her heart.

I do think that if this continues on much longer, the Order should see what it can do to assist her in making ends meet.



 **alt\_alice** at [2009-07-29 00:17:16](#)

*Re: Order Only*

hear hear. Especially in light of Sirius's good news.



 **alt\_nymphadora** at [2009-07-28 23:22:09](#)

*(no subject)*

Oh, that would be terrific, Arthur! Thanks so much. You should come round to try some of Mildred's cakes on night, they're worth the trip.



 **alt\_arthur** at [2009-07-29 13:58:30](#)

*(no subject)*

It would be my pleasure.



 **alt\_narcissa** at [2009-07-28 23:06:44](#)

*(no subject)*

Since you came to see me last week-end, I have spoken to Lucius and informed him of the explanations you provided. He has assured me that he

will take the matter up with your supervisor. What was his name again?



 [alt\\_nymphadora](#) at [2009-07-28 23:20:54](#)  
(no subject)

My direct supervisor is Mr Francis Pearson. Just from what the blokes from MLE have told me, I'm not sure it's within his power to get me back to work. But whatever you and my uncle can do to help resolve this mess, it would be appreciated.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-07-29 03:00:36](#)  
(no subject)

I hope you're back at work soon Miss Tonks.

[2009-07-28 15:55:00](#)

*Dean Thomas*



 [alt\\_arthur](#)

I spent a very frustrating morning closeted with the administrators at Epping Forest, finalising the parchmentwork to officially change young Dean Thomas' legal status to halfblood. It took some knocking together of heads, but I think we have worked out most of the kinks. I have been quite anxious to get this all resolved as quickly as possible, as I had arranged with the Headmistress of Hogwarts to have the boy join the rising second years on the camping trip which is being held next week. The transition, of course, may be quite difficult for him, but the camping trip might help him begin to make some friends under less formal circumstances, at least, before school begins. There has been some uncertainty as to whether he should be put with the other children his own age, even though he has missed his first year, or classed with the new first years. In the end, after I discussed the boy's history with his work supervisors, it was tentatively decided to group him with his own age cohorts.

I must say I was pleasantly surprised when I interviewed the boy myself for a half hour. Of course, there are substantial deficits in his education—he will need to be tutored in transfiguration, flying, astronomy, and history of magic. But he is quite bright and is willing to work very hard, according to the healers who have been supervising him in the infirmary where he has worked for the past four years. Unlike many mudbloods of his age, he is able to read and figure perfectly well, which is part of the reason he was selected to work in the infirmary in the first place. (Apparently, his mother was a schoolteacher and tutored him herself, until his magic manifested when he was eight, and he was officially classed as a mudblood and taken away from his family.) Since he has been assisting healers, he has a working knowledge that is quite as strong as that of any other first year of Herbology and Potions and even Charms (although limited to healing charms, mostly, naturally).

He will be leaving Epping Forest this weekend with one of the employees of the Department of Purity Control, who will take him to London and assist him in buying his wand. From there, I believe he will join the rest of the children leaving for the camping trip on Monday. I'll ask my boys Ron and Percy to watch out for him. I believe that he will continue on to Hogwarts with Professor Sinistra after the camping trip is over, where the professors will have the opportunity to

assess him further and give him a bit of a crash course before the other students arrive. I imagine the final decision as to whether he will be grouped with the first or second years can be made then.

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 **alt\_arthur** at [2009-07-28 20:59:36](#)

*Order Only*

I do hope that the boy will be all right, Minerva. He is bright, and very quick to pick things up, according to everyone who has worked with him. I tried to draw him out during our talk, and I think I had some success. It's clear he is quite comfortable talking with adults, and well socialised, but I think he may still be quite overwhelmed by the dizzying change in his status.

Hermione, I traveled to Smythstone and met your mother yesterday and delivered her dental instruments back to her, as well as the ring that's been charmed with the braided lock of your hair. She has been allowed to resume her work (albeit her patient list is now limited to other residents of the werewolf enclaves). I saw her in the set of rooms that has been assigned to her. You may be quite easy that her housing is adequate and comfortable, and that she has plenty to eat. She asked me to tell you that she is quite well, and sends you all her love. She also said to remind you of the night that you and your father picked out a star together, the day you left them, and to assure you that she thinks you whenever she sees it, wherever you may be.

I have the ring for you that's been charmed with the lock of your mother's hair. I just need a way to get it to you.



 **alt\_kingsley** at [2009-07-28 21:02:07](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Arthur, the Players will be performing in London on Friday for the Freedom from Tyranny holiday. I think we can still obtain a permit to perform in front of Buckingham. Hermione, do you think you might be allowed to slip away to see the Players perform?





 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-07-28 21:03:47](#)

*Re: Order Only*

'Freedom From Tyranny' holiday, indeed.

What utter bilge. Especially since it's the commemoration of a bunch of murders.



 [alt\\_kingsley](#) at [2009-07-28 21:06:30](#)

*Re: Order Only*

I know, I know. It always sets my teeth on edge to call it that, too.

(Emmeline gets quite sentimental about the old royal family, really. It was quite a shame.)



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-07-28 22:24:26](#)

*Re: Order Only*

It's quite rich, isn't it?

What we have right now is more tyrannical than anything we've ever had before.



 [alt\\_bill](#) at [2009-07-28 21:07:55](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Hermione, if you can, then you can get the ring from me. I'll be joining the Players for the day, since I'm going to be exchanging reports with Kingsley. I'll be one of the people passing the hat for coins from the crowd. Look for the bloke with ginger hair passing the purple hat, and I'll have your ring for you.

(If you can't get away so that we can meet up with you there, then maybe Minerva can send a house elf to you to deliver it.)



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2009-07-28 22:11:55](#)

*Re: Order Only*

I'm glad to hear that Hermione's mum has her ring, and that Hermione is to get her own soon. Thanks for all of your help with this, Bill. I couldn't have done it without you!




 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2009-07-28 22:29:16](#)

*Re: Order Only*

I can I can!! Harry just gave me the afternoon off! So I'll be out to see you and nobody can complain that I went to see the celebrations, can they?!!



 [alt\\_bill](#) at [2009-07-28 23:07:57](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Brilliant. I'll keep an eye out for you, then.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-07-28 21:12:09](#)

*(no subject)*

I'll be more than happy to keep an eye out for him, Dad, show him around, introduce him to people. The prefects will all try to help him as much as possible.




 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2009-07-28 21:16:30](#)

*(no subject)*

(I think it's brilliant, by the way, that you uncovered what you did about the boy's background. He'll be able to have a decent life now, instead of always staying stuck in the mud, and it's entirely thanks to

you.)



 [alt\\_bill](#) at [2009-07-28 21:20:56](#)

*Order Only*

Bloody hell, Dad. How much of this is a put-on, do you think, and how much of it does he really believe?



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-07-28 21:22:28](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Wish I knew, son. He's been home for almost two months, and I still don't know.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-07-28 21:23:00](#)

*(no subject)*

Thank you, my boy.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2009-07-28 22:05:30](#)

*ORDER ONLY*

bloody great news that, mate.

good to hear that everything worked out with the kid.

sorry that tonks woman got in trouble though. what's the latest on her? she still got a job?



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-07-29 01:39:53](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

They're dragging their heels on reinstating her, but I've been hectoring Internal Affairs as much as I can on her behalf. I think I've managed to convince Haley in that department to at least restore her to half-pay, which should help ease the pressure on her a bit. And she's sticking to her story, that she simply got lost, and leaving me entirely out of it. I'm exceedingly grateful for that.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-07-29 01:40:25](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

And I meant to say thanks to you, too, Frank. If you had never met the boy, if you didn't have that admirable auror's knack for remembering faces, he might have languished at Epping Forest as a drudge forever.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-07-29 01:41:56](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

If only we could save all of them that way.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-07-28 22:28:54](#)

*Order only*

Well done, Arthur!

I hope you're right and the others accept him more readily on the trip.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-07-29 02:57:26](#)

*(no subject)*

There was a halfblood boy our age in a mudblood camp?

That's terrible. I'm glad you found out.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-07-29 03:34:57](#)

*(no subject)*

Yes, I'm glad I found out, too. It was an honest mistake in his legal classification, but it has now been corrected. Of course, he has a rather daunting task ahead of him, to catch up with the others students his age.

I do hope that you and Ron and the rest of your friends will try to make him feel quite welcome next week. Of course, he doesn't know yet what House he is in--and won't, until the Welcoming Feast. It

will all be rather strange for him, not knowing anyone, and everything will seem quite new to him. I've met him several times, though, and I can say that he seems quite a personable young chap. I hope he will manage to make friends quickly.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-07-29 03:40:32](#)  
(no subject)

Of course I'll try to make him feel welcome Mr Weasley.

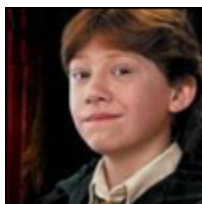
Are they going to sort him like he's a first year then? Even though he'll be with us?




 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-07-29 13:29:11](#)  
(no subject)

Yes, he'll be sorted at the Welcoming Feast.

(Of course I have a sneaking loyalty to my own House, but I think it's quite brave of the boy to agree to leave everything he's ever known and try to carve out a new life for himself at Hogwarts, especially when he's already a year behind. Perhaps he'll be sorted into Gryffindor!)



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-29 21:30:56](#)  
(no subject)

Yeah, I told my dad the same.

I was thinking we should have room in our tent since we didn't ask for a full tent, anyway, so I asked Dad if he could owl Professor Sinistra to see if Thomas could be in with us. I mean, can you imagine if he got stuck in with Malfoy? or with Smith?

I was thinking if he's got his wand already, we could catch him up on charms. And then I remembered that with you helping, he might just learn to blow holes in the roof!


Kidding, mate!

I wonder if he'll have much trouble learning what to do with a

broom? I guess if he does, Neville can make him feel better about that!

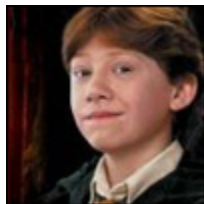
So. Are you bringing your Snap! cards? (They're a lot better than any we've got at home is all. Y'know, louder and wilder. Ours have got kind of tired, I think.) What else are you planning to bring? I got some things from the twins that should be fun to try out!




 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-07-29 22:56:47](#)  
(no subject)

You're welcome to him. I'm glad he's a boy and none of us girls have to have him in with us.

Still, I suppose it's better to find out and put him back where he belongs. But suppose he's learned all sorts of bad habits with the other mudbloods?



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-30 02:40:32](#)  
(no subject)

So you're coming, then?

Thought maybe you wouldn't.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-07-30 04:25:18](#)  
(no subject)

Then he'll unlearn them. Because he's a half-blood. Not a mudblood. Its a really big difference.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-07-30 04:24:18](#)  
(no subject)

Of course I'm bringing my snap cards! And yeah its fine if he's in with us. Definately. Do you think the grownups will be cross if we start him learning how to ride a broom? All the first years passed in the end. Even Neville. So he'll have to do that with the first years even if he's in with us.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-07-30 04:47:40](#)  
(no subject)

Too bad they can't foster him with the Woods for the rest of the summer, Oliver would get him caught right up.



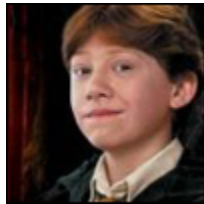
 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-07-30 14:59:41](#)  
(no subject)


Too right!



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-07-30 04:49:34](#)  
(no subject)

I expect he'll have to have flying lessons with the first years even if he's in with us the rest of the time. It'll make for an odd schedule but it's an odd situation. Imagine living for years thinking you were a mudblood and then finding out you'd been a halfblood all along.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-30 12:53:24](#)  
(no subject)

Yeah, but if he's quick at it, he won't have to do it for long. That's what I'm thinking. If we can teach him enough while we're on the trip, he could test out on the first day. Maybe they'd let him do it before the firsties come, even. Dad says he's going from Cornwall straight to school, so he'll have a chance to do some extra lessons and stuff before anyone else gets there.



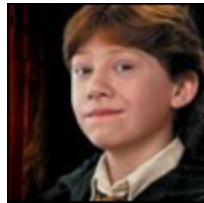
 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-07-30 14:59:37](#)  
(no subject)


I don't think he'll have enough time on the camping trip to practice as much as he'll need to test out.

I mean if you looked around at flying lessons the first day, you

could pick out who'd been on a broom a lot (you, Finnigan, Draco, Harry) and who'd been on one a little (Patil, Brown, Pansy) and who'd never used one before (me, Neville, Bundy). The ones who'd flown a lot all tested out by October. The people who'd flown some mostly tested out before winter hols. The ones who'd never flown before were taking lessons until spring.


I mean maybe he'll have some sort of natural gift but have you ever seen that happen with something like flying on a broom?



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-07-30 20:56:38](#)**  
(no subject)

Well, yeah. I guess you're right about that.

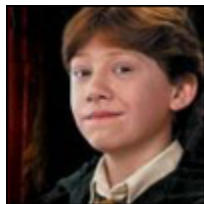



 **[alt\\_neville](#)** at **[2009-07-30 15:05:09](#)**  
(no subject)

Your right. Even if he's behind our year a lot, there's a good chance he'll be better than me at flying anyway. And EVERYONE's better than me at Transfiguration. Hope that'll make him feel

better!

(If you've got stuff from the twins, I hope it doesn't set fire to the tent around our ears!)



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-07-30 22:42:34](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, I didn't mean we'd use it in our tent. You'll see!



 **[alt\\_megan](#)** at **[2009-07-29 14:40:00](#)**  
(no subject)

Ooooooh, that's not right. You mean I only know as much Herbology and Potions and Charms as a mudblood who's exactly my age? Even if he's not really a mudblood. He was learning in a mudblood



camp. And everyone else, like me, was being taught at Hogwarts. So that's still not right. Is it?



 **alt\_arthur** at [2009-07-29 18:24:48](#)

*(no subject)*

Well, it's hardly surprising, my dear, since he has been working in an infirmary for the past four years--and doing quite a good job of it, too. People can learn in all sorts of circumstances.



 **alt\_megan** at [2009-07-30 04:01:32](#)

*(no subject)*

It's not fair. I worked so hard for my I suppose since he really was a halfblood, he had to learn something. Even there. Perhaps they would have figured out he was a halfblood from how well he was doing, if it was as good as a real Hogwarts student.



 **alt\_arthur** at [2009-07-30 14:55:10](#)

*Order Only*

Sometimes their optimistic innocence is almost heartbreaking, isn't it? No, if we hadn't uncovered the truth, he would have ended his days emptying bedpans and scrubbing floors. His cleverness would simply be something to exploit, not proof of his worthiness to hold a wand--because this regime can't face the fact that all who can do magic have the right to do so.



 **alt\_arthur** at [2009-07-30 14:57:35](#)

*(no subject)*

Well, I certainly hope so, Ms Jones. The Ministry of Magic does its best to make sure that everyone is put their proper place in our society.



 **[alt\\_megan](#)** at **[2009-07-30 15:22:36](#)**  
(no subject)

I know.




 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)** at **[2009-07-30 04:45:11](#)**  
(no subject)

Well he couldn't have practised the charms at all, even if he knows the incantations. It's not learning the words that's the hard part or some people's feathers wouldn't have caught fire when they first tried to levitate them.

But this boy should have been with us from the beginning. I expect he'll be able to catch up. At least he can read and write, plenty of mudbloods never learn to do either.




 **[alt\\_megan](#)** at **[2009-07-30 15:21:45](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh! That's true.

I wouldn't want to have to catch up a whole year. That would be awful.



 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2009-07-29 23:12:03](#)**  
(no subject)

Mr Weasley, I don't understand something you said about knocking heads together. If he's really a halfblood, why wouldn't the people at the camps help you bring him to Hogwarts? I mean, wouldn't they want to put him where he belongs?

Oh, and also, do you think he'd like some Chocolate Frog cards to start a collection? I could bring some.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-07-30 04:58:10](#)  
(no subject)

This boy was raised with muggles and mudbloods his whole life up till now and until last week he thought he was a mudblood. So maybe the camp staff was afraid it was too late for him to learn proper loyalty.


To really think of himself as a wizard instead of as a muggle who would be able to use a wand, if he ever got one.

But his real father was a real wizard so it wouldn't be right to keep him there. At Hogwarts he can be taught properly, just like any other half-blood. And he'll be really motivated to work hard don't you think? Because he definitely won't want to go back to the mudblood camp.

It's pretty strange to think about though. You know some of those stories I told you about my village school, well Dean Thomas never had a village school. He wasn't taught the proper way to be a half-blood, he was taught the proper way to be a mudblood.

Imagine what Transfiguration's going to be like for him.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-07-30 14:50:38](#)  
(no subject)

Well, people at first sometimes don't like to admit that a mistake has been made, you see. But of course once the situation was properly explained, they came around. We are all eager here at the

Ministry to see Mr Thomas succeed.

I'm sure any boy would welcome a few chocolate frog cards to start a collection. It is most kind of you to think of it.

**2009-07-29 18:29:00**

*Getting closer*



 **alt\_sinistra**

Goodness, but I have a new appreciation for the Sorting Hat's work right now. As I've mentioned, part of the plan for the YPL camping trip is to give our students new ways to interact with each other, outside of the bounds of formal classes or houses. Setting up how to do that, however, is rather trickier, and I admit I reverted to various repeating patterns to produce random selection most of the time.

This week has, of course, been rather complicated by the addition of Mr Thomas to the trip. That's not to say that I mind the extra changes at all: I agree that it's a wonderful way for him to meet his agemates and learn some skills before coming back to Hogwarts with me for some intensive tutoring before the year begins again.

I do believe I've gotten everything resolved, however. I'm quite glad that Mr Thomas will have tentmates so eager to explain everything to him and help him along. Since most of the other staff are gone for their vacations at the moment, I've also been helping our headmistress round up materials, notes, and other such things for him to work with once we return from camping.

Now, it's down to the last few details, and confirming dates and times with everyone, and getting my own kit packed up to be ready Sunday morning, in order to meet with the older students and get things ready. I've piles of lists, and I don't believe I've forgotten anything, but there is always that lurking fear that I'll completely forget to pack socks or some other silly thing like that.



 **alt\_draco** at **2009-07-30 04:29:31**

*(no subject)*

Random selection? I'll still be with Harry though, right? It's important that I be there with him, Professor.




 **[alt\\_sinistra](#)** at **[2009-07-30 11:41:33](#)**  
(no subject)

The way things are working, Mr Malfoy, is that you had the choice to choose your tentmates. During the mornings (before we get going on our activity for the day), and after we get back in the afternoon, you can spend time with whomever you like. For your day's activities, you will be divided into different groups on five days. (The day you arrive, the day you leave, and the day we move from the moor to Tintagel, there are no formal groups.)

I believe you have two days where you will be with Mr Marvolo, and three days where you will not - but you will still have plenty of time to spend with each other outside of the day's activities. Again, part of the point of this camp is to allow you time to strengthen connections outside of your house or normal class schedule.



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-07-30 14:18:45](#)**  
(no subject)

I know about making new friends in other houses and things, but Harry and I should still be together in case something happens to him.



 **[alt\\_sinistra](#)** at **[2009-07-30 14:33:18](#)**  
(no subject)

Your concern for his well-being is admirable, Mr Malfoy, but have no fear: we have carefully considered all of the necessary safety precautions, and during the day time there will be a number of people around as well (our guest speakers and others.)


All of our plans have been carefully reviewed and approved by the appropriate Ministry staff, and your own aunt gave some excellent advice on specific aspects of our plans.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-07-30 15:10:59](#)  
(no subject)

Fine.



 [alt\\_bellatrix](#) at [2009-07-30 22:39:29](#)  
(no subject)

Don't be shirty with your elders, Neffy. Even when separated from dear Harry, I am certain that you will see to it that no harm or mischief befalls him.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-07-30 22:39:47](#)  
(no subject)


Has your baby come yet?



 [alt\\_bellatrix](#) at [2009-07-30 22:42:26](#)  
(no subject)

No. He has, for reasons unknown, been putting his appearance off.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-07-30 22:43:43](#)  
(no subject)

I can't imagine ~~wh~~ That's too bad.

**[2009-07-29 19:49:00](#)**

*A dull time*

I didn't really expect to miss France but in the weeks since we've been back it's been a complete bore. Father is off doing important political business and Mother has been with Auntie Bella a lot in case the baby comes, which it hasn't yet, even though it was supposed to have come on Sunday.



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

Mostly, though I don't know where Harry's been keeping himself. He only responded to one of my Owls while I was in France, and he never seems to write in his book anymore, either. Father says that the Lord just has a lot of plans for Harry right now and to be patient, and then he took me to Buckingham so I could see him, and the whole time I was there I just sat alone in a drawing room with Dennis, Harry never came round and neither did Granger. I thought I heard his voice in one of the corridors, but when I went out to look all I could see was a big group of adults talking about the muggle camps.

The reason it matters is because Harry's birthday is in a few days and I haven't heard yet what we'll be doing to celebrate. Last year we played quidditch with the Magpies, and then later at the Magpies-Falcons match they let Harry release the snitch. It was dead wiz-nift. Maybe we can do something with more people this time, though, like a party at Buckingham. What do you think, Harry? I hope you'll read this. I got your present in France but I've been waiting to give it to you. Seamus came over to the manor yesterday and I showed it to him and he was mad impressed and had never seen anything like it, of course. We had a pretty good time, though, wish you could have been there.



---

 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2009-07-30 04:21:04](#)**  
(no subject)

It really is a nift present. Thank's for showing it to me Draco. Do you think your Father will take you to Buckingham to give it to Harry in person?



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-07-30 04:27:57](#)  
(no subject)

Well there has to be some kind of celebration going on for his birthday, there always is. So I'll give it to him then. It's just odd that I haven't heard what the plan for the celebration is this year. Maybe it hasn't been sorted yet, but it seems kind of late to not have.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-07-30 04:41:29](#)  
(no subject)

Its on Friday isn't it? Harry's birthday I mean. It does seem late. Though its easy to get to Buckingham with floo. And anyone invited would drop whatever else they were doing.

Mr Rosier is taking me to London for the fireworks for Freedom From Tyranny day. He says there are usually lots of people with Happy Birthday Harry signs in the crowd but I shouldnt worry about my present getting to him (I sent it by owl). The staff knows to make sure he gets things from school friends.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-07-30 04:46:36](#)  
(no subject)

Yeah, but they have to do security things first, because flooing is easy but not just anyone can floo in to Buckingham. I heard that someone unauthorised tried to floo in once and was burnt alive until he was nothing but ashes. And then they swept him into a grate and that was that.

Maybe that's why they're taking so long to say what's happening for his birthday, so it can stay secret. Some bad things almost happened to Harry this year, so maybe the Lord is still worried about that.






 **alt\_seamus** at [2009-07-30 05:04:00](#)  
(no subject)

They burnt him to death really? I'd have reckoned MLE would want to ask him if someone sent him. And then maybe burn him after he answered.

That makes sense about the birthday though. With the stuff that happened this year.

When do you think your aunt will have her baby? I had a cousin born almost a month late once.



 **alt\_draco** at [2009-07-30 05:07:12](#)  
(no subject)

Well like I said, it's just something I heard. I don't really know how or what happened. But still, it'd be a bad idea to just floo in without letting the Lord Protector know first.

I don't think Aunt Bella will let it be a whole month late. Mother's excited, though... I wonder if she wants to have another baby too. I really hope not.



 **alt\_seamus** at [2009-07-30 05:15:50](#)  
(no subject)

Well yeah even without stories about burnings I know I wouldn't just floo over to Buckingham! but if you got invited to a party they'd know you were coming right?

You really think your mum wants to have another baby? Would you want a baby sister or a baby brother? Or would you prefer I guess since you just said you don't WANT either.

I have about a hundred baby cousins and they were all annoying. At least until they got to be five and could play a few games properly.



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-07-30 05:20:49](#)**  
(no subject)

No babies at all, thanks, doesn't matter whether it's a boy or a girl. And Mother might be excited about having a new nephew but I think she's actually too busy with events and teas and things to have a baby of her own. But then again I would have thought Auntie Bella would have been too busy for a baby, too.



 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2009-07-30 05:26:31](#)**  
(no subject)

I would have thought so too! Mrs Lestrangle is really busy and important. MLE keeps everyone safe. Mr Rosier says she's one of the most important people in the government.

If your mum did have another baby you'd only have to see it on holidays, wouldn't you? Although I suppose she sometimes comes and visits during the year and if she had a baby it would probably have to come along.



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-07-30 05:28:47](#)**  
(no subject)

I don't think a baby will be likely to keep her from doing her job, though, so that's good.

Yeah, but it would still change everything, and I don't want that. Some hopefully she hasn't gotten the idea to have one just because her sister did.



 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2009-07-30 05:34:39](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh yeah this baby is your cousin isn't it? When I said before that all my cousins were annoying I didn't mean anything bad about Hydra or Mrs Lestrangle's new baby. Just so you know. My whole family lived and traveled together most of the time so my cousins were always around the way brothers and sisters

usually are.

I don't think your mum is going to have a baby. Babies are really messy.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-07-30 06:01:59](#)  
(no subject)

Father says the Irish breed a lot because of the Papist influence.

Wait, are you a Papist? And if so does my Unc, I mean, your guardian, know?




 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-07-30 14:53:19](#)  
(no subject)

Yes I'm a Catholic and of course Mr Rosier knows. He says that religious prejudice between Catholics and Protestants in Ireland was one of the ways that muggles and blood traitors kept true wizards from working together.

All my cousins are purebloods so I'd say the Papist influence turned out to be a good thing wouldn't you? There are way more muggles running around loose over there. If my relatives hadn't had so many babies the wizards in Ireland would be in real trouble.

But even here in England its supposed to be a good thing for purebloods to have cartloads of babies!



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-07-30 15:10:11](#)  
(no subject)

I wasn't saying anything bad about Catholics, you know. I don't care so much what religion people are.

And I know breeding is supposed to be good these days, but it still doesn't mean I want a brother or sister.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2009-07-30 20:02:10](#)  
(no subject)


Well you know Papist is usually a way of saying Catholics worship this muggle bloke who lives in Italy. The pope. No one in my family EVER worshiped any muggle! No ones all that religious really but we're still Catholic.

The pope thought people should have lots of babies. Muggles or wizards it didn't matter. He said people shouldn't use magic to not have babies, spells or potions or anything. And I mean thats what my grandmother says too for WIZARDS but for muggles you want to use some magic to keep them from breeding like rabbits. There are more than enough muggles already.

Anyway have you thought about telling your mum you dont want her to have another? She might not know.

Do you want to have a lot of babies when you grow up? Or one or none?



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-07-30 22:46:51](#)  
(no subject)

I don't think much about how it will be when I grow up, except for the times when I think about how wizard it would be to play quidditch professionally.



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2009-07-30 13:34:58](#)  
(no subject)

I'm sorry Mr Malfoy, Mr Marvolo and I were in with the adults.




 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-07-30 14:17:21](#)  
(no subject)

Oh.

So do you know what sort of party they'll be doing for Harry?



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2009-07-31 13:26:37](#)  
(no subject)


I don't know, I've all day to-day free! Wasn't that ever so nice of Mr Marvolo?



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-07-31 14:38:13](#)  
(no subject)

I suppose you should be able to celebrate Freedom from Tyranny too, but I don't know what you'll do all day if you don't have Harry to wait on.



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2009-07-31 14:42:37](#)  
(no subject)

I'm to be allowed to go out of the Palace and so I can go and see the celebrations in the streets, and the only thing is of course I won't be fed lunch, but that's alright, I never get to see plays and there's supposed to be a troupe just outside the gates and I think they're doing Beedle the Bard and it's going to be ever so much fun!

I hope Mr Marvolo doesn't have trouble with the house-elves, though, they mean well but they often do such silly things, and anyway they can't be company, they never talk or anything.



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-07-31 14:57:05](#)**  
(no subject)

I see. Hmm.

He'll have me for company, so it doesn't matter.




 **[alt\\_narcissa](#)** at **[2009-07-31 03:30:45](#)**  
(no subject)

Darling, I am sorry if it feels as if we have been neglecting you. Your auntie is so very uncomfortable, dear, or we could have gone to get some new things for you to take camping. You must understand that she has been wanting this baby for a very long time.

Your father told me that he inquired, delicately of course, as to the celebrations for Harry's birthday. I gather that Freedom Day will rather eclipse Harry's personal anniversary, for reasons Our Lord wishes to keep private. But we are invited to Buckingham for supper and the fireworks afterward, so I'm sure you'll be able to give Harry your present there in person.



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-07-31 05:13:02](#)**  
(no subject)

Well as long as I can finally see him. He must be so bored with all those adults. Um, even if it is very important, I mean.

Mother, you're not going to want another baby when Auntie Bella has one, are you?



 **[alt\\_lucius](#)** at **[2009-08-01 04:47:31](#)**  
(no subject)

What, and send you back? Nonsense. You're quite past your return policy.




 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-08-01 04:54:45](#)  
(no subject)

Back where, exactly?

You're so droll, Father.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-08-01 04:57:12](#)  
(no subject)


Come into the drawing room. Rodolphus is passing round the brandy. I think as it is also Freedom from Tyranny Day you may have a small snifter.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-08-01 04:57:56](#)  
(no subject)

Really? Brilliant!



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-08-01 05:05:45](#)  
(no subject)

That would be Lucius teasing you.

See? Sometimes you can tell!



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-08-01 05:10:14](#)  
(no subject)

Sometimes it's more obvious than others.

**2009-07-30 08:38:00**

*Thinking about the coming camping trip*

Ron's quite excited about it, although of course, he hasn't lifted a finger to start packing for it. Well, we do have a few days, of course. I'm all packed--except for overnight necessities, naturally. I'll probably have to lend Ron my packing list; I believe he's lost his already.



 [alt\\_percy](#)

I find I'm rather nervous about the responsibilities involved for me as a prefect. Well, not about being a prefect per se. Just that this isn't the school, after all, and that ~~there might be~~

Well, I know that Professor Sinistra has been doing a great deal of planning and preparation work. I'm sure everything will work out fine.



**2009-07-30 10:07:00**

*Ha!*

This has been the best birthday EVER! And it's not even noon.




Thanks for the gifts, everyone. Sally-Anne, Evelyn laughed almost until she choked when that origami toad started singing 'Happy Birthday.' You've gotten real good at that charm! We rescued in the nick of time from her cat, who tried to pounce on it. Guess Fitzwilliam thinks singing toads are not proper or something. Ron, thanks for the chocs and Seamus, for the comic books. I've never even seen that new series you sent me, Thundering Broomsticks. Have you, Ron? Real exciting! I'll keep an eye out for those. I might like to start collecting them. Evelyn was too excited to wait for tonight to have me open her presents, a stack of new books she picked out with Great Uncle Algie, more by that bloke Jules Verne (he's mad, really, but great stories). And I got some other gifts from family that made me happy. I mean, really really happy.

 [alt\\_neville](#)

We're going out for dinner tonight to a restaurant Gran likes. (She says they're the only one in town that knows how to cook her favourite liver and onions right. Though I don't know how you can cook that right, because no matter what you do, it's still liver and onions.)

Thanks for making my birthday brilliant, everyone who's reading this.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at **2009-07-30 17:13:04**  
*ORDER ONLY*

I think he got our letter, Frank.

Happy birthday indeed, my darling boy.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at **2009-07-30 19:53:00**  
*(no subject)*

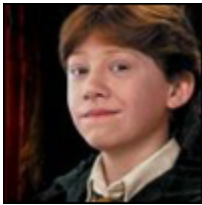
Happy birthday mate!




 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-07-30 20:04:33](#)  
(no subject)

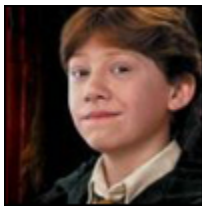
Happy birthday Neville.


I made a bunch of other toads for practise and they've been hopping all over the Wood's house. One was in the teapot this morning when Mrs Wood went to make tea, it hopped out and she screamed but luckily she thought it was funny once she'd calmed down.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-31 02:13:06](#)  
(no subject)

Ha! That's awesome!




 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-31 02:11:45](#)  
(no subject)

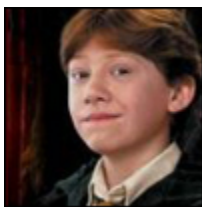
Glad it was a wizard day!


Just so you know--I didn't let the twins anywhere near those chocs. Thought you might worry about that if you thought of it.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-07-31 11:49:12](#)  
(no subject)

Well, that's a relief!



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-07-31 19:00:49](#)  
(no subject)


Bring that Thundering Broomsticks comic with you camping, yeah? Sounds dead nift.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-07-31 21:21:20](#)  
(no subject)


Sure. I bet you'll like it, too.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-08-01 04:19:50](#)  
(no subject)

Hey, Neville, did you get my present? I know it's not much, but I hope you liked it.



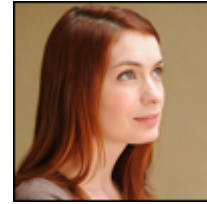
 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-08-02 03:51:01](#)  
(no subject)

I did! Thanks ever so much! We have some Dickens, but not all of them, and my Great Uncle Algie says that *Nicholas Nickleby* is one of his favourites.

**2009-07-30 15:17:00**

*ORDER ONLY*

Twelve years ago, give or take a few minutes, I gave birth to our eldest son.



 [alt\\_alice](#)

When my water broke, I was in the middle of the Auror offices filling out some paperwork for Moody, and Frank was out in the field. It was the first time I think I've ever seen Moody speechless before. I sent off a quick Patronus to Frank, and he very nearly splinched himself while Apparating into the lobby of the Ministry. We rushed over to St. Mungos, had a bit of anxiety waiting around for our lovely mediwitch, Doctor Kilwale, to show, and several hours later, out came our Neville. He was a bright and smiling baby who never gave his mum a moment's worry. I miss him every single day.

It hasn't been easy to keep our distance all these years. He's growing into a fine young man, and I feel as if I've missed most of it. But he's happy and healthy and safe, which is no small blessing.


Twelve years ago, I was holding another little boy in my arms that was very much like the one I'm holding right now, only now that little one is getting ready for his second year at Hogwarts. Merlin. Where has the time gone.



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at **2009-07-30 20:33:44**  
(no subject)

Oh deary me, I seem to have accidentally made too much tea, and some of it's poured itself into your favourite cup. Shall I bring it over?



 [alt\\_alice](#) at **2009-07-30 21:45:59**  
(no subject)

Please do.

**2009-07-31 09:20:00**

*Happy Birthday to Me*

Well its my birthday. Hooray for me I suppose. I'm twelve years old today.



Theres lots of things going on out in the street of course for Freedom Day, and there are a few things going on here at Buckingham, inside the gates

I mean. Father gave me loads of pressies and so did other people. I havent gotten one from anyone at school, but maybe they were counting on their parents giving me one. Not even Draco.

 [alt\\_harry](#)

To-day Im going to help Father give his address over the wireless, I have some things Im supposed to say, and then there's supper with some people and I suppose I'll see Draco then which is good. Even if I am a little mad at him. Nobody has owled me or anything. I would have thought he would have. Or something anyway, a fire call or come along with his dad, so I was able to see him I mean.

But I'm twelve today and I got a new set of Quidditch balls and a broom-polishing kit and a new trunk that's ever so nice, and a lot of jewellery that Im not allowed to wear yet till Im older. And is kind of poncey anyway. And some sets of dress robes including the ones Im going to wear tonight and some old books that are very rare and ought to be in the Restricted section some of which I am allowed to read. And I have been giving every mudblood I see the day off because Father says it's good to be generous on Freedom Day and my birthday especially, and he told me that it was alright that I did that, because it showed I wasnt unreasonable. So happy birthday to me.

**2009-07-31 10:21:00**

*Order Only*

The crowds are starting to swell in front of Buckingham Palace. The gates are closed, and from what I hear tell, they're expected to remain closed all day. Weather's perfect for performing. Bright and warm, but with a thin scrim of clouds to keep the sun from glaring in everyone's eyes. Not too much wind.



 [alt\\_kingsley](#)

The crowd's in a good mood, but I think that's more on account of the weather and having a holiday than out of any particular loyalty to the government. There are shouts that go up, 'huzzah for the Lord Protector' whenever a visible MLE walks by, but to my experienced ear, they sound pretty half-hearted. One woman did raise a shout 'for Harry Marvolo' and that one did rouse a real cheer, and lots of clapping.


We got our stage set up without any trouble, and children are starting to crowd around the front, jostling so they'll get the best view. We're doing "The Dragon's Horde" today, as well as "The Unicorn and Her Girl," both always popular. Benjy has added a speech at the end of "The Dragon's Horde" about greed. Emmeline's been arguing against it, saying that too many people might get the point, but I think it will be all right. We'll see.

Bill found us all right last night, and we've exchanged news and reports. He's hanging around today to help with props and visit a bit, as well as help pass the hat after the show. We were pretty pleased to take the Galleons he had for us off his hands. Supplies have been getting low. Arthur, take a look at the lists we gave him for possible intel sources in in Sussex and Lancashire and cross check them with your records and let him know if you think there's any reason not to pursue them. We also gave him the name of three more possible black market potioners and a few forgers. He said he'll pass that information on, too.

Dorcas is fussing at me that it's time for makeup charms. We'll keep an eye out for Hermione.


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 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2009-07-31 16:16:53](#)**  
(no subject)


I'm actually looking forward to watching the shows at last. I promise not to chuck too many tomatoes.



 **[alt\\_kingsley](#)** at **[2009-07-31 16:18:42](#)**  
(no subject)

You know, it's not too late for you to take the back half of the unicorn. I'm sure Benjy won't mind.



 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2009-07-31 16:19:42](#)**  
(no subject)

I'll pass on the treat, thanks.

**2009-07-31 15:58:00**

*(no subject)*

It's Freedom Day, innit?

Fun an games fer the hoi polloi. Brilliant brisk trade in those fireworks: oughta be sorcerous tonight when they're all going off, up an down the town.

A tip o the hat, then, to Himself an His saveloy.



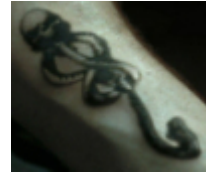
 [alt\\_wagstaff](#)



**2009-07-31 16:06:00**

*(no subject)*

Suspicion: Pigeons must have ratted me out to the rats. Rats are less noisy, anyhow.



Useful, must lay in a bigger supply: hydrochloric acid.

 [alt\\_amycus](#)

Less useful: tidbit. Getting sloppy about washing all the bloodstains out of my linens. And tracking mud in. I've about reached the limits of my tolerance.

Missing: Justine. Difficult to draw together and see the gleams in my notes without my Muse and amanuensis.

200  
66cc

Purple: in the walls, in the sky just before sunset. Not evident under the fingernails, though; cyanosis is a bit bluer in tint.

Remember that.



 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2009-08-01 02:19:35](#)

*(no subject)*

boot is very sorry, sir.

boot will try to get the linens cleaner. and will leave a bucket of water for scrubbing his feet before he comes into master's rooms. boot always wants to please his master.



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-08-01 22:26:42](#)

*(no subject)*


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

We asked our Mum how to get blood out of stuff if you're not using laundry charms. She suggested hydrogen peroxide. Maybe you can get some at the infirmary? And she said be sure to use cold water to scrub it out, not hot, because

hot sets the stain.

Didn't ask us why we wanted to know. A wise woman, our Mum.



 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2009-08-01 22:29:17](#)  
(no subject)

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

Thanks. I knew about the cold water, but not the hydrogen peroxide. I'll see if I can find some.




 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-08-01 22:31:48](#)  
(no subject)

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

You okay there, Professor?



 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2009-08-01 22:46:01](#)  
(no subject)

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

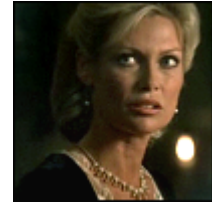
Master's been, well, kind of tetchy the past few days.

I'll be all right.

**2009-07-31 18:26:00**

*Lucius!*

Lucius, i've just received urgent word from Bella. She planned to join us, but it seems the baby thought otherwise: She has gone into labour.



 [alt\\_narcissa](#)

Draco, sweetheart, I'm sorry, I know you were looking forward to seeing Harry on his birthday, but we must leave at once. With any luck you'll greet your new cousin before the end of Freedom Day.

Lucius, please pay our compliments and apologies to Our Lord and meet me at the Floo. She'll need me on hand in case - well, *in case*.

I am certain He and Harry will understand.

**[2009-07-31 18:55:00](#)**

*Harry...*


I'm sorry, but we just barely got to Buckingham when Mother decided we should leave to be there for Auntie Bella's baby. I really begged them to let me stay but Mother just wouldn't budge. I didn't see you anywhere and there wasn't any time, so I left your presents with some elf, named Dobbysy or something, and he promised me that he'd make sure you got them before today was over.



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

Granger, I don't know if Harry's been reading the books anymore, since he hasn't written in ages. I know you have the day off or something, but if you see tell him what I wrote, would you?



 **[alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-08-01 04:18:26](#)**  
(no subject)

I just got home from the fireworks and all. And I saw Aunt Narcissa's post.


Did your cousin get born yet? Hey, if he did, he'll share Freedom Day and Harry's birthday. Won't that be nif wizard?



 **[alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-08-01 04:38:05](#)**  
(no subject)

He was born sometime after eleven and before midnight, yeah, so everyone's making a pretty big fuss about it.



 **[alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-08-01 04:44:30](#)**  
(no subject)

Well, it's kind of a big deal, I think.

Aren't people born on the same day supposed to be, I dunno, linked or something? Like my mum told me that her great-grandmother and her grandmother both shared birthdays. And they could sort of find each other no matter what.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-08-01 04:46:21](#)  
(no subject)

Well I don't know, there was probably other babies born today, not just here but all over the world. They can't all be linked to each other, can they? Maybe its because your grandmothers were

related that it mattered.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-08-01 04:24:05](#)  
(no subject)

You didn't get to see him at all? That's really awful.

Could you see the fireworks from your Aunt's house? I don't know where she lives, exactly. We could see the London fireworks, just barely, the really high ones. But our town also had their own fireworks show, too. It was nift.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-08-01 04:36:45](#)  
(no subject)

No, I didn't.

If we'd been at LE'Strange Hill, which is in the middle of nowhere Hampshire, near Pennington or something, I wouldn't have seen a bloody thing, but luckily Auntie Bella and Uncle Rodolphus (and Hydra) were all staying at St. James, so there was a good view from almost all of the windows. The noise sort of drowned out the screaming.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-08-01 04:40:41](#)  
(no subject)

Why was there - oh.

I dunno. I want my own babies when I grow up but I don't want to have to scream when it happens.

Maybe hearing your aunt like that will make your mother decide she doesn't want another baby, either. Or does she? I didn't see her answer you. Not that I was looking, I mean.




 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-08-01 04:43:31](#)**  
(no subject)

I think she's avoiding giving me an answer, but maybe the screaming put her off the idea. Auntie Bella's screams are really scary, too, I think Hydra ran away and hid somewhere. I'm definitely glad


I'm not a girl.



 **[alt\\_hermione](#)** at **[2009-08-01 23:58:22](#)**  
(no subject)

Well Harry says he's been writing but I don't know if he's telling the truth. And he says of course he saw what you wrote, and that he'll see you at camp. He was a little miffed I think.



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-08-02 00:05:23](#)**  
(no subject)

He hasn't been writing. I haven't seen him write anything in about a month. Or is it just me and I'm not seeing what he writes for some reason. I guess you wouldn't know, would you.

Miffed, really? It takes a lot to get him miffed. Blast.