

**2009-08-01 00:14:00**

*Happy Birthday, Harry!*

I think I caught a glimpse of you on the balcony, but it was hard to see. I definitely saw Lucius and I think Mr Baddock. But in all the excitement I forgot to actually wish you happy birthday!




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

The fireworks were really amazing, weren't they?

And the best part is, only a couple days until we're all camping!



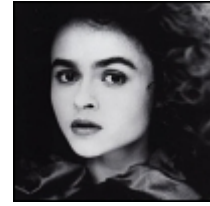
 [\*\*alt\\_draco\*\*](#) at **2009-08-02 04:21:34**  
(no subject)

Look, he didn't respond to you, either. Maybe he's hacked off at everyone.

**2009-08-01 09:24:00**

*XII*

Last evening, during celebration of of Freedom from Tyranny and dear Harry's birthday, Rodolphus and I welcomed our son, Rigel Phineas Lestrangle.



 **alt\_bellatrix**

His birth date is a very auspicious one. Unlike Hydra, his hair and eyes are very dark like mine, and he cries very little, and feeds heartily, without fuss. I'm sure I couldn't be more pleased.

The naming ceremony will take place in two weeks, at ten in the morning at Blackmoor Park, followed by the ritual of ancestral trees, and then mother will provide all with a light lunch.


Otherwise, please forward all Owls bearing gifts to St. James Palace.



 **alt\_sinistra** at **2009-08-02 00:27:21**  
(no subject)

Many congratulations - and I am glad to hear that all is well.



 **alt\_bellatrix** at **2009-08-02 00:44:59**  
(no subject)

Very well, thank you.

**2009-08-01 17:47:00**


*Bill?*

Have you seen Percy? I mean, has he shown up there at your flat?



 [alt\\_arthur](#)



 [alt\\_bill](#) at **2009-08-01 22:53:32**

*(no subject)*

No. Why would he be coming here, Dad?



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at **2009-08-01 22:54:56**

*(no subject)*

I don't know if he'd be coming there. It's just-- something happened, and he and I exchanged words, and he took off and we can't find him anywhere.



 [alt\\_bill](#) at **2009-08-01 22:55:46**

*(no subject)*

Took off how? Did he go by Floo?




 [alt\\_arthur](#) at **2009-08-01 22:56:59**

*(no subject)*


No, he grabbed his broom.



 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2009-08-01 22:57:42](#)**  
(no subject)

Wait, don't all the brooms have tracking charms on them?




 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-08-01 23:09:29](#)**  
(no subject)

He removed the charm, I think. Doesn't want to be found.

Probably was afraid of what I'd do to him once I catch up with him.




 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-08-01 23:12:00](#)**  
(no subject)

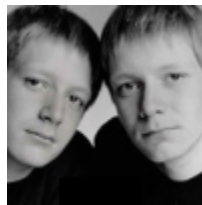
Arthur, the clock hand is still set on "Travelling."

Nothing at Xeno's, or the Diggorys. I'm about to start checking his dormmates homes by Floo.



 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2009-08-01 23:13:50](#)**  
(no subject)

Merlin, Dad, what did Percy do?




 **[alt\\_gredforge](#)** at **[2009-08-01 23:16:07](#)**  
(no subject)

We'd just like to take this opportunity to say that we had nothing whatsoever to do with it. Whatever it was.


Dad, we can't find him anywhere in Ottery St. Catchpole. We're headed to check the fishing hole.



 **[alt\\_ginny](#)** at **[2009-08-01 23:18:32](#)**  
(no subject)

Well, Id like to know! Mum won't say, but she's crying her eyes out.



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-08-01 23:29:36](#)**  
(no subject)


Just keep him there if he shows up. Don't let him leave.



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-08-01 23:32:37](#)**  
(no subject)

Arthur, I just can't believe it. I can't believe that he would do that.



 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2009-08-01 23:39:52](#)**  
(no subject)

Do what?




 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-08-01 23:44:44](#)**  
*Order Only*

I can hardly even bring myself to write it.

I was taking the rubbish out behind the shed this afternoon, and I came on Percy as I rounded the corner, with his wand on a garden gnome he'd trapped under a bushel basket.

He was casting 'Crucio' on it. Or trying to.



 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2009-08-01 23:49:57](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

Bloody hell, Dad! Are you serious? What did you do?



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-08-01 23:55:45](#)**


*Re: Order Only*

I asked him what the hell he was doing. He told me he had to do it. He saw the look on my face and he blustered out that it was 'only a bloody garden gnome.'

I just--I mean, I just went spare. Thundered at him that it was only a bloody life. That's when he took off running.

Molly said he tore into the house--he knocked Ginny down, grabbing his broom. And then took off.



 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2009-08-01 23:57:42](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

Dad, I'm so sorry.

What did he mean about he 'had to do it?'



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-08-02 00:03:03](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

It's this bloody camping trip, that's what. They said the Prefects had to be able to cast Crucio, and I guess he reckoned he needed some extra bloody practise.

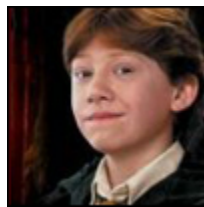



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2009-08-02 11:06:59](#)

*Re: Order Only*

My goodness, Arthur! What a shock it must have been for you and Molly. I do hope you're feeling a little better now.

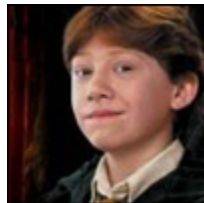
I know you're both furious with him, and I understand, of course, but .. the poor boy, the pressure he must be under. This new regime is no picnic for any of us, but it must be so much worse for those with no hope for a different future.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-08-01 23:34:14](#)

*(no subject)*

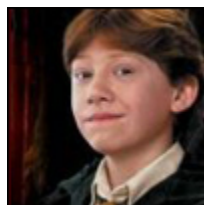
Yeah, I don't know either. Mum's gone nutters and they've all gone off looking for him except they told me to stay home with Ginny. Which is fine.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-08-01 23:35:41](#)

*(no subject)*

I mean if he wants to fly off and go live in the Outer Hebrides, that'd be just wizard as far as I'm concerned.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-08-01 23:37:05](#)

*(no subject)*

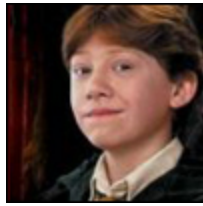
I mean, he's been a complete prick for weeks. Percy, I mean. Completely impossible.




 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-08-01 23:41:18](#)

*(no subject)*

Ronald, this day is terrible enough without my having to wash your mouth out with soap!



 **alt\_ron** at [2009-08-01 23:50:59](#)  
(no subject)

I'm not lying, mum! You try being his little brother.

Honestly.

*Get me my spellbooks from downstairs, Ronald.*

*Don't go in there, Ronald! Can't you see I've got my notes in that room? (Like he owns the lounge, for Crikes' sake!)*

*Haven't you laid out all your things for the trip, Ronald? It's only a five days away!!*


*What did you do with my Prefect's badge. I can't find it anywhere, so you must have hidden it! Stop whatever you're doing there and find it for me!!!*

*Oh, Ronald, I need you to trim the twigs on my broom.*

*Stop making so much noise, Ronald, I'm thinking!*

*Now, Ronald, if you step out of line at all on this trip, I'm warning you, punishment will be harsh! The Prefects can't be bothered with your juvenile nonsense!!!!*

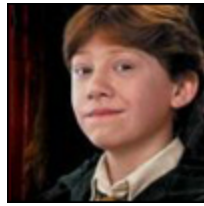



 **alt\_ginny** at [2009-08-02 00:00:32](#)  
(no subject)

Ron, I'm younger than you, and even I know this no time to be whingeing at Mum.

Come down to the kitchen and help me peel potatoes. I'm going to make some bangers and mash. Mum's too upset to cook.





 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-08-02 00:27:56](#)**  
(no subject)

Fine.


But honestly, Gin. You're the one who's all black and blue. I saw you looking at your shoulder, and it's already going purple where he bashed you into that door frame.

And you were limping. Don't pretend you weren't!

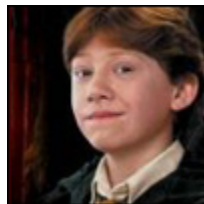
If they find him, I hope they put him on house arrest for a year!


Any way, I'm coming down. I'll be there in a minute.



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-08-02 00:11:04](#)**  
(no subject)

He doesn't know how to summon his own spellbooks by now? That's embarrassing.



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-08-02 00:23:41](#)**  
(no subject)

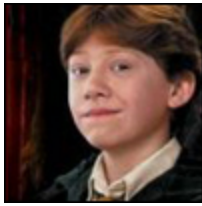
You'd think, wouldn't you?


Actually, it's all about ordering me around. Be glad you don't have an older brother.



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-08-02 00:25:36](#)**  
(no subject)

Believe me, I am.




 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-08-01 23:31:50](#)**  
(no subject)

Hey, Dad!

Could he be on his way to Charlie's?



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-08-01 23:35:22](#)**  
(no subject)

I hadn't thought of that, Ron.



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-08-01 23:36:19](#)**  
(no subject)


I'll check by Floo.



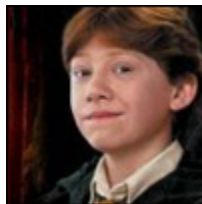
 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-08-01 23:37:23](#)**  
(no subject)


It's a good thought, although I think it's unlikely. And anyway, he couldn't get through. The Dragon reserve has klaxon alarms all around it.



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-08-01 23:38:51](#)**  
(no subject)

Ron, can you think of anywhere else he might have gone? Anywhere at all?



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-08-01 23:42:00](#)**  
(no subject)

Well, yeah.

Have you tried Clearwater's? I mean, I don't know what she sees in him, but I bet he'd go there if he didn't try to go to Charlie's.



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-08-01 23:46:37](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh my goodness. Ron, that's an excellent notion. Thank you.



 **[alt\\_gredforge](#)** at **[2009-08-01 23:47:21](#)**  
(no subject)


We'll check there. He's not at the fishing hole.



 **[alt\\_gredforge](#)** at **[2009-08-02 00:04:00](#)**  
(no subject)

He's not at the Clearwaters, either. No one there has seen him.



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-08-02 00:05:47](#)**  
(no subject)

Boys, just come home. Percy knows where the Burrow is, and I guess I'll just have to trust he'll come home when he's ready.



 **[alt\\_gredforge](#)** at **[2009-08-02 00:06:21](#)**  
(no subject)


On our way, Dad.



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-08-02 00:12:27](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, Arthur, are you sure?



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-08-02 00:13:31](#)**  
(no subject)


What does the clock hand say now, Molly?



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-08-02 00:14:43](#)**  
(no subject)

It's still set on "Travelling."



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-08-02 00:17:02](#)**  
(no subject)

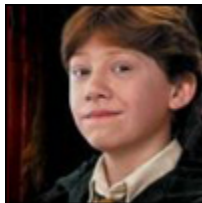
Then I think we just should let it be, Molly.  
He'll come home when he's ready.


And honestly, if that's not until tomorrow, that  
may be for the best. You and I both need to cool down, too.



 **[alt\\_kingsley](#)** at **[2009-08-02 00:46:46](#)**  
*Order Only*


Arthur, I'm sorry, my friend. Hope the boy  
shows up soon.



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-08-01 23:39:03](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh. Hang on. He couldn't get in there, could he?  
Anyway. Even if he flew up there.



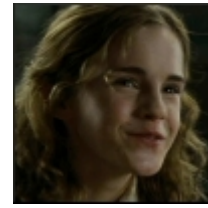
 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-08-01 23:47:47](#)**  
(no subject)

No, he couldn't.

**2009-08-01 19:58:00**

*Order only: it all went lovely!*

Thank you everyone ever so much - it worked wonderfully well - and Harry doesn't suspect a thing, or anyone else for that matter, even after I waited and waited all day to-day for someone to come and take me away, and the play was lovely also!!



 **alt\_hermione**

I know I can't ever see mum again, maybe, but this does help a bit. It does!

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 **alt\_kingsley** at **2009-08-02 00:08:49**  
(no subject)

Pleasure to see you, Hermione. Glad we could give you something that would help, at least a little, and glad you enjoyed the show.



 **alt\_sirius** at **2009-08-02 02:22:14**  
(no subject)

That's a relief.

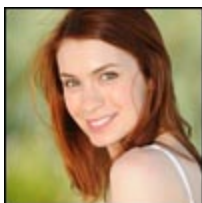
Hermione, is Harry all right? I saw young Malfoy's posts about his birthday, and he's right, the little swot: it's been quite a while since Harry's written anything.


Not that he writes much in the best of circumstances. But I've seen a few people commenting recently that he's been absent.



 **alt\_hermione** at **2009-08-02 11:22:57**  
(no subject)

Well like I said, he says he's written and that no one is paying him any attention. I think he's just being a brat honestly, he gets nothing but attention from the Lord Protector, honestly he lives in his pocket and then there's all the people trying to suck up, so it's really not fair to complain, is it? - anyway, he's fine, only a little out of sorts.



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-08-02 22:08:40](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, I'm so glad to hear that Hermione.

**2009-08-01 20:27:00**

*Er, Marvolo?*

Hey, mate. Happy Birthday. I'm late, I know. Sorry. I tried sending an owl, but it came back tonight with the letter unopened, so I guess you didn't get it. Mum wouldn't let me send you any chocs, 'cause she said you get so many gifts from people you don't even know that the parcel room at Buckingham is probably just buried under a mountain of packages. Maybe that's why the owl didn't make it to you?




 [alt\\_ron](#)

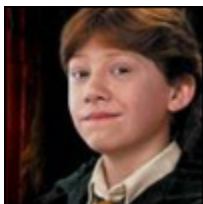
Anyway, I guess I'll see you this week, yeah? It's going to be wizard, I think! (In fact, it might be even better than I'd thought--I think maybe my parents aren't going to let Percy come along. He's in a huge amount of trouble right now, so I think maybe they're going to make him stay home. Which would be completely wizard since it was going to be dead awful to have him there shouting at me all the time.)


Hope you had a good birthday and all. See you soon!



 [alt\\_draco](#) at **2009-08-02 03:00:02**  
(no subject)

This is getting really odd. Harry does get a lot of packages from strangers and nutters, but usually they do a decent job of weeding out the ones that come from his mates. Which is what you are, I guess. Have you noticed that he hasn't written in his book in awhile, either?



 [alt\\_ron](#) at **2009-08-02 03:51:45**  
(no subject)

Well, I guess I figured he was busy and all. What with all the important stuff his father has to do. And it's not like he ever writes much. Which I totally get, don't you?


I mean, what is there really to say about everyday stuff?

And then, there's got to be lots of stuff he can't really say because of who he is and what people would think if they read him saying he's bored all the time or that he likes cheddar and pickle sarnies or

whatever. I mean don't you bet the people who make stilton cheese would get all bent if he said he likes cheddar? And the people who think eating pickle is naff would say rotten things about him in the papers... or maybe not, 'cause who dares write anything bad about Marvolo, but you know what I mean. Anything he says will get talked about for six weeks and twisted all sideways until people think he said there were purple people from Venus who visited him and told him not to ever eat Wensleydale cheese or his ears would fall off. And all those folks would start saying he's nutters when he never said anything even remotely like that in the first place.

But we'll see him this week, so we can find out if there's something wrong or whatever. He's still coming, isn't he?




 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-08-02 04:20:55](#)**  
(no subject)

He is busy, and he does have to be careful about what he says, but he also has that nobels oblige thing, where he has really posh manners and always says thank you. So the fact that he's not even popping in to say something while we're here writing about him is odd, because he wouldn't want people to worry about him.

His mublood said he was coming, so I guess so. She also said he was "miffed."

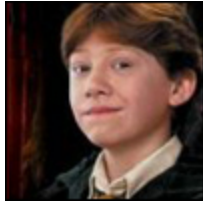



 **[alt\\_neville](#)** at **[2009-08-02 17:01:40](#)**  
(no subject)

I've been wondering why he hasn't posted all summer. I hope his birthday was as good as mine, at least.

Did your brother ever make it home okay?





 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-08-02 17:19:07](#)  
(no subject)

Yeah, Percy's home. He came in right before breakfast and upset Mum all over again, so we had to get our own. He and Dad went off for a long 'talk', and I don't know. He's up in his room now, not talking to anybody. Not that anyone minds that, of course, but we're not allowed to make any noise because Dad says Percy's got a lot 'to think over'.

**2009-08-02 10:36:00**

*Order Only: Percy's Home*

I was making breakfast this morning when Ginny suddenly shrieked so loudly that I jumped and dropped and broke my oval blue platter. I turned around and there was Percy standing there holding his broom, with mud all over his robes and leaves in his hair, looking white-faced and miserable.

When I demanded to know where he had been, he told me he'd flown around for hours, and then spent the night in the treehouse in Cedric Diggory's backyard.




 **alt\_molly**

He went to find Arthur, and they're out in the orchard, talking it out now.

It was such a terrible night last night, not knowing where he was. I was in floods of tears all night, and I'm sure that Arthur and I barely got more than an hour of sleep. But he's home safe now.

We've still got to work out this...this thing. What he did. But I'm trying to hang on to that. He's home safe.



 **alt\_bill** at **2009-08-02 15:38:57**  
(no subject)

Thank Merlin, Mum. Thanks for letting me know. I didn't sleep very well myself last night, and I was going to offer to come this morning to help look for him again if he hadn't shown up by noon.


Do you want me to come for dinner tonight?



 **alt\_molly** at **2009-08-02 15:41:37**  
(no subject)


Oh, please do come. It may be . . . well, it may be a little strained. I don't know if Percy and Arthur will manage to work it all out, but if not, maybe he would talk to you?



 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2009-08-02 15:42:25](#)**  
(no subject)


I'll be there around 5:00.



 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2009-08-02 17:04:48](#)**  
(no subject)


Dad, how did your talk with him go? What did you say to him?



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-08-02 17:08:46](#)**  
(no subject)

Well, I started out by telling him that if he really wanted to get 'Crucio' right, the one to go to would be Amycus Carrow. I told him Carrow'd probably be more than happy to lend Terry Boot to him as a test subject.



 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2009-08-02 17:10:20](#)**  
(no subject)


Ouch.



 **[alt\\_kingsley](#)** at **[2009-08-02 17:11:32](#)**  
(no subject)

No kidding. Arthur, that's really hexing below the belt.



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-08-02 17:28:07](#)**  
(no subject)

I know. I was still very angry. But we talked it out, and he finally admitted to me that he couldn't do it because he doesn't want to do it.

That was a rather big relief.


I told him that if he could take care of Amycus Carrow with just a stunning spell, he probably didn't need to resort to Crucio. I don't know if he'll change his mind, especially if they'll be, er, tutoring the Prefects in that cursed spell next week. But I hope I have him convinced.



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-08-02 17:15:20](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, Arthur, you didn't.



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-08-02 17:17:30](#)**  
(no subject)

Well, it drove the point home rather well, Molly. He's faced Amycus Carrow waving a knife; he doesn't want to be like him.



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-08-02 17:18:28](#)**  
(no subject)

That's true.

**2009-08-02 21:29:00**

*What Happened?!*



It's a little disorienting finding out that you are not who you thought you were...

 [alt\\_dean](#)

Last Friday, Mr Arthur Weasley came to see me again. He told me that I wasn't a mudblood muggleborn at all, but a half-blood! He said he was so sorry that mistake had been made a long time ago, putting me with the mudbloods. Seems that my real dad was really a wizard, but he got murdered before I was born. Mr Weasley then asked all sorts of questions about my education. It was sort of hard to pay attention, because my mind was too busy running through what he'd just told me. My real dad was a wizard?!

Then yesterday, I got a note telling me that I needed to see the head mediwitch at the infirmary right after supper. And What For? I learned to always keep my head down and stay out of trouble several months after I arrived at ~~that~~ hell the camp.

Anyway, I was reminded that my status has been changed to what it should have been all along. As if my time in the camp would have muddled my brain. **Please**, I don't need the repetition; what am I, 2? I was also told that last night was to be my last night at Epping Forrest and that today I was going to some alley to get things in preparation for some camping trip (*great, another wooded area*), and for the school that I am now able to attend in order to learn magic.

After this little chat, I was given a thorough once over to make sure I was free and clear of spreadable infections, and told to be a "good little boy" and get a good night's sleep. I was reminded to be up by 8 so I could get breakfast so that I could leave as soon as the person from the Ministry came to fetch me. I can't remember what office she was from or her name.

Anyway, oh, wait a moment; I think she was from the Office of Purity Control. Anyway, I got my wand today. That was the best thing I have done in my life. I remember when I could only dream of owning a wand (hey, that was just a couple of days ago). When we walked into the store I was given wand after wand to try out. I think I tried at least 50 before the attendant saw what he was looking for. I still can't believe I am the owner of a Hazel wand, 12.5 inches with- what was it, hmm- dragon heartstring. I can finally do real spells. I will never let it out of my sight. And I will never let anyone take it away from me.

I was also given this journal (I lost the last one that was given to me). The lady told me it was most important that I use it on a regular basis. I wouldn't know why it would be important to them that I write in this book!?! Hmmm... Oh well.

So here we are at some pub with an inn attached to it called the Leaky Cauldron, and the woman is annoyingly looking over my shoulder as I write. Nosy bint. Anyway, after a long hot shower (haven't really had a good hot one in ages) and a ~~decent supper for a~~ lovely meal of fish and chips, I decided to write my first entry.

#### -CHANGES-

It's funny how differently I have been treated over the past few days.

So far the meals I have had have gotten better and better. I used to get turnips. I hate those nasty things.

I was actually given new clothes to wear. Tags still on them and all.

I can read whatever I like and not get in trouble.

I get to go to school.

And this is the sixth night I have been able to have a nice warm bed to sleep in. I used to sleep on the floor in a small room with the other Infirmary Rats.

#### -MOOD SWINGS-

At least 5 times today (and several times over the past 5 days), when my mind was free to roam, I wondered if I should be upset with my mother. Then I just decided not to be, and put my thoughts aside.

BUT... I am a half blood and I can own that thought. But my parents... are muggles. And I have been told muggles are not to be trusted. So maybe she lied to me.

Or did she just not know? No, I don't believe that. She must have known.

My mother, if that's what she is, should have known he was a wizard. How could she not have told me? I guess part of me always knew I was different from the rest of them.

I don't really look like **her**, and that **man**, my stepfather, I don't look like him at all. And out of all us kids, I don't look like any of the

others. They all look like each other but I'm the odd man out. Seeing the picture of my real father has made everything so clear. But he's dead, and I have no one to turn to so that I can ask necessary questions.

I won't let it get to me. I need to go be by myself- thank goodness for separate rooms.

Maybe muggles can't be trusted after all!

Do I really mean that?!!

Oh, who knows?!!

At least I have happier thoughts to look forward to tomorrow.

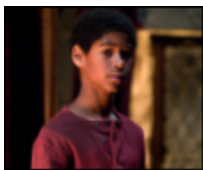
Then again, a camping trip with no one I know- "Oh, Joy"!




 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-08-03 02:40:15](#)**  
(no subject)

Are you having us on? I've heard of halfbloods and even purebloods being turned into mudbloods, on paper, anyway, but I've never heard of a mudblood turning out to be a halfblood. You must be a first.

I might as well introduce myself, then, especially if you're going to be camping with us. I'm Draco Malfoy.




 **[alt\\_dean](#)** at **[2009-08-03 02:52:50](#)**  
(no subject)

Holy Crow!!!

You can read what I wrote? How?




 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-08-03 02:59:01](#)**  
(no subject)

Magic, obviously.

There's a rather lot you don't know about, I bet.  
Well you'll learn it all at Hogwarts, and earlier than that, even, starting tomorrow with the YPL excursion. Ever flown on a broom before?



 [alt\\_dean](#) at [2009-08-03 03:05:18](#)  
(no subject)

No, obviously.

I thought that would be made plain. I have been at Epping Forrest since I turned 8. I wouldn't have done anything that you would consider normal, now would I? I mean come on, there is only so much an "assumed mudblood" would be allowed to do.

Where are my manners? I am Dean Thomas. Its nice to meet you i guess.

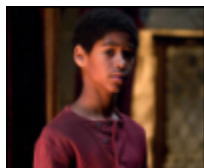



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-08-03 03:19:22](#)  
(no subject)

They gave you a wand, you had to know it was for more than stirring your tea with - though you can use it for that, if you know the right charm. Teaspoons just as handy, though.

Manners, right. Nice to meet you too, I guess.


I know you're probably still upset that you had to spend your whole life as a mudblood 'til now, but you'd do well to get off on the right foot in the coming days. Just some friendly advice.



 [alt\\_dean](#) at [2009-08-03 04:50:21](#)  
(no subject)

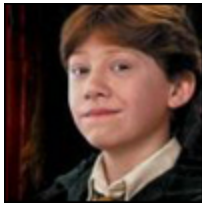
Advice taken




 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-08-03 04:53:10](#)  
(no subject)

Well then, looking forward to meeting you in person tomorrow.






 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-08-03 03:16:38](#)**  
(no subject)

Hello, Thomas. I'm Ron Weasley. I'll be on the camping trip, too, and I think you're to be in a tent with me and my mates Seamus and Neville -- and maybe a few other blokes, too, I'm not sure. Me, Seamus and Neville are in Gryffindor House at school, but since there aren't too many of us we're probably going to have some others in the tent with us. We'll find out when we get there, I guess.

Anywiz, I think my dad set it up that you could be with us. I'm looking forward to meeting you. Is there anything you need that I could bring along? (My Mum told me to ask. But it'd be cool if there is something. I don't mind.)

So, um, I'll see you soon! I think it's going to be a wizard trip!!

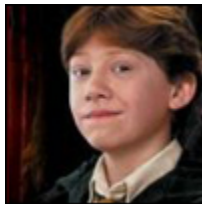



 **[alt\\_dean](#)** at **[2009-08-03 03:24:29](#)**  
(no subject)

Hello Ron,

Its nice to meet you as well. As I am sure you have read (now that I know other people can read my journal),I have just "met" a boy named Draco Malfoy.

Anyway, I have everything I need for the trip. Please tell your Mum I said thanks. See you tomorrow.



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-08-03 14:26:13](#)**  
(no subject)

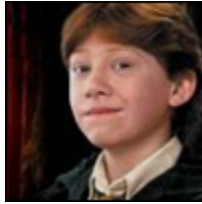
Yeah, watch your step with Malfoy. But it looks like you already know that.


Gotta go pack so we can leave! See you soon.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-08-03 17:50:13](#)  
(no subject)

What's that supposed to mean?



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-08-03 18:22:26](#)  
(no subject)

It means it's not a good idea to get wrongsides with you. Obviously.

Have you got your tent up yet? Too bad about getting stuck with Percy. D'you know if we're allowed to go flying once we've had our tents inspected?




 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-08-03 18:35:27](#)  
(no subject)

True, considering.

He's not being very bossy so far, really. It's odd. I don't know if we can fly yet but I think I'd prefer to eat, the outdoors makes me peckish.



 [alt\\_megan](#) at [2009-08-03 04:46:20](#)  
(no subject)

Ooooooh, you didn't know you were writing to everyone? You're not going to know *so much*. You'd better be careful, it's dangerous not to know things.


But perhaps you'll be able to get away with it for a little bit because you were a mudblood. I mean not really, of course you were always a halfblood, and that's why you did so well. But you were treated like one, so perhaps you don't know any better.

But as a halfblood, I think you should have figured it all out. It's not difficult to know muggles can't be trusted. Everyone knows that.

And of course you're being treated differently now. You're a halfblood, halfbloods are real witches and wizards. It's a

responsibility, being a witch or wizard, and a proper member of our society. We have to be careful, and act correctly. I just think you should know that.




 **[alt\\_dean](#)** at **[2009-08-03 04:53:53](#)**  
(no subject)

No I didn't know I was writing to every one. One often thinks keeping a journal is suppose to be a private affair.

Hmm... I see I have much to learn.



 **[alt\\_megan](#)** at **[2009-08-03 20:16:21](#)**  
(no subject)

Do you? I ~~didn't know mudbloods had priv~~ You must think we're all very intrusive. Perhaps it would be more proper not to comment on your private thoughts. But it's important to know that people will care now that you're not a mudblood. Don't you think?


Good.



 **[alt\\_neville](#)** at **[2009-08-03 11:57:53](#)**  
(no subject)

Hello, this is Neville Longbottom. I'm one of Ron Weasley's dorm mates. I guess I'll be meeting you later today!



 **[alt\\_dean](#)** at **[2009-08-03 14:54:50](#)**  
(no subject)

Hello,

I am sure I will see you. Its nice meeting you.



 **[alt\\_sinistra](#)** at **[2009-08-03 14:17:22](#)**  
(no subject)

Mr Thomas:

I'm delighted to see you've gotten acquainted with your journal!


I'm sure someone's explained a little bit to you already, but I am Professor Sinistra. At Hogwarts, I teach the Astronomy classes, but I am also running the camping trip this week. We'll be making sure to explain the things that will be new to you as we go along, but please don't hesitate to come to myself or to the older students who are assisting if you have any questions.

I know that your tentmates have also said already that they are looking forward to welcoming you and helping you as well.

After the camping trip, you'll be coming back to Hogwarts with me. Professor McGonagall, our headmistress, has arranged tutoring for you until the beginning of the school year, so that we can catch you up with your yearmates.

I must dash to finish up the final preparations before you all arrive later today, but did want to take a moment to welcome you and let you know who I am.



 **[alt\\_dean](#)** at **[2009-08-03 14:55:13](#)**  
(no subject)

Thanks Professor.



 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)** at **[2009-08-03 15:16:00](#)**  
(no subject)

I don't like turnips either. The food at Hogwarts is excellent, you'll like it.

The camping trip's going to be fun, you'll see. Nice to 'meet' you Dean Thomas, my name is Sally-Anne Perks.



 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2009-08-03 15:44:38](#)  
(no subject)

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

Mr Weasley really did it. He's really coming to Hogwarts! I can hardly believe it.

He's got a wand now. His very own wand. Wow.

**2009-08-03 11:29:00**

*Camping*

Is a lot of work. It's hot and too sunny so far.

We seem to be short on poles, too. Does anyone have too many?



 **alt\_padma**



 **alt\_draco** at **2009-08-03 18:10:28**

*(no subject)*

Our tent's up and we have two poles leftover. Greg's bringing them over to you.

So I was wondering, has Lavender or Parvati ever...sort of refused to speak to you before?



 **alt\_padma** at **2009-08-03 19:39:54**

*(no subject)*

Well, it'd sort of be hard for Parvati not to speak to me. So no, not really.

Why, what'd you do?



 **alt\_draco** at **2009-08-03 20:11:34**

*(no subject)*

I don't know, exactly.



 **alt\_lavender** at **2009-08-04 00:33:57**

*(no subject)*


Er, Draco...? I'm a little confused, because I'm pretty sure I'm speaking to you. Unless you did something Un-Gentlemanly that I don't know about.



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-08-04 00:36:53](#)**  
(no subject)


Oh no, sorry, it's not you, or Parvati for that matter. Anyway, I'll figure it out.



 **[alt\\_lavender](#)** at **[2009-08-04 00:51:43](#)**  
(no subject)

Well, that's...Mysterious. I hope you do get it sorted; we wouldn't want you to get all odd and hint-y like Parkinson does sometimes.




 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-08-04 00:53:51](#)**  
(no subject)

I'm not a bit like Pansy and you know it.

Only I think Harry might be avoiding me.



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-08-04 01:17:53](#)**  
(no subject)

Usually when a person isn't speaking to another person, or avoiding them or something, it's because they're cross. The person doing the avoiding, I mean. And usually that means the person being avoided did something.

Maybe he didn't like your birthday present? I'm not sure why not, but maybe he decided he doesn't like whatever you got him anymore.

Haruman did that. He used to really like the Singing Sikh and then overnight it seemed like he thought it was stupid baby stuff.


But he was older when that happened, though.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-08-04 01:20:20](#)  
(no subject)

Even if he didn't like it I don't think it's the sort of thing he'd get cross about. Anyway, hopefully I can corner him later tonight.



 [alt\\_lavender](#) at [2009-08-04 20:56:24](#)  
(no subject)

I'm sorry, I didn't mean it like *that*.



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

*Order Only: Campfire Tales*

I've just come from taking tea with Alice and Remus, where we spent most of our time discussing the camping trip that Alice's Neville and his classmates are attending. We shall be watching the journals with an eagle eye for any news of them, of course. I do hope, Molly, that all is well with your boys.



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

We've been remembering our own youthful days and times spent roughing it. Alice told stories of her Auror training and the investigative treks she and Frank were sometimes assigned; Remus regaled us with stories of his marauding mates and their adventures; they even had me telling tales of my Rafe and of that summer we were in training with Dumbledore, preparing to go abroad for the fight against Grindelwald.

In the course of things, our talk turned to campfire stories and tall tales, which made me think of some odd things I heard in Cumbria just before coming here to the Sanctuary. Alice thought it worth mentioning to you all, so I shall do.

At the moment, it seems that the Lake District is full of stories of Sleepers waking and of Inferi on the prowl! I can't tell you how many times I heard (and overheard) versions of this story as I travelled around the region. I myself saw nothing of the kind, but the stories are widespread and belief in them seems firmly rooted. I've no idea what to make of it. Bad consciences, I suspect, but if there's any chance there's more to it, I suppose it's worth taking note.

If you ask me, the root of the story goes back to something (horrific, yes, but entirely natural) that happened this past spring--late March or early April--when a work detail of Muggle labourers picking cockles was caught by the tide in Morecambe Bay. As you'll know if you've visited there, sightseers are roundly warned against walking out across the sands because the tides return so quickly and so violently. Every year, one or two hapless folk drown there because they ignore the warnings. These poor souls were no tourists; indeed, they had no choice but to work where they were assigned. The punishments for disobedience or inefficiency are harsh, as you must know. The workers were at the mercy of their overseers, who seem to have lost track of time or to have misread the tide charts--those facts are unclear.


What is not in doubt is that only the two gangmasters survived, and that was because they had brooms and were able to fly above the in-rushing tide to save themselves. People all over the area claim to have heard the pitiful cries of the workers, who were, for a time, trapped on a bar that stood higher than the surrounding sands. For a quarter of an hour, perhaps, there were calls for help and then terrible, frantic wailing as the tide rushed up to swallow them.

Over the course of a fortnight, twenty-one bodies were found in various locations around the bay, but it is believed that a further seven or eight were lost to the sea.

And now? Now people tell of seeing Inferi stumbling along the beaches, lurking in the streets on foggy nights, climbing the hillsides, even wandering in the high moors some distance from the bay. I put it down to collective guilt or spontaneous mythmaking: the anecdotes are being told like old witches' winter tales to frighten children and their parents into staying home and minding their behaviour. On the other hand, if there's any truth to it, well. I've done my duty and told what I know. Make of it what you will.

I trust that things are more settled in the Cornish countryside than in the Lake District. I'm sure Professor Sinistra could do without having her charges hear tales of the walking dead from every local they meet!



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-08-04 02:18:53](#)**  
(no subject)

That story did give me the shivers, Poppy. Those poor souls.



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-08-04 02:39:12](#)**  
(no subject)

Indeed. It's unconscionable what was done to them--and left there to die like that!

What I'm not convinced of is whether people are seeing anything up there now beyond their own guilty imaginings.

They ought to be frightened after what they all did, but that doesn't mean there's a single Inferi or mad Muggle on the loose.

Anyway, I hope it doesn't distress Molly to read this. I didn't hear anything of the like whilst I was in Cornwall. Granted, I was only there for three short stops and talked to very few folk in the course of things.

**2009-08-03 18:57:00**

*First evening*

For any parents who want to check in, I just wanted to take a moment to post. Everyone is safely arrived (and my thanks to everyone - Ministry staff, parents, and others - who helped make all of that happen.)




 **alt\_sinistra**

We spent the afternoon setting up the tents, and then getting things together for dinner.

Tonight's meal is quite simple - mostly foods that one can easily cook over a campfire - but tomorrow, we'll be learning some other cooking charms and camping tips that will give us a great deal more variety. Among other things, of course, because there's a great deal more to a good camping trip than spending time in camp.

---



 **alt\_poppy** at **2009-08-04 02:13:46**  
(no subject)

Oh, I'm very glad to know that you've all got there safely and that you are having a good time already.

Best luck for the trip!



 **alt\_sinistra** at **2009-08-04 16:03:08**  
(no subject)

Coordinating that many arrivals certainly did have me pulling out my hair for a while. (And you should be glad you missed my pacing about trying to figure out tents and schedules and all of that, really.)

And of course, it took hours to get everything up and running last night, especially since half of them wanted to chat to the other half more than to find their tent poles. (Fortunately, I'd planned that into the schedule: there's a reason we didn't have much planned last night.)

Everyone seems to be having a decent time practicing the cooking and cleaning charms, right now, though. And this afternoon should be quite fun.

**2009-08-03 20:21:00**

*Camping!*

Mum and Dad, if you're reading this, I've got here and everything's fine--just in case you didn't see Professor Sinistra's note. I'm glad you found my journal before I left!



 [alt\\_susan](#)

We're roasting potatoes and meat on sticks and it's wizard! We got our assignments for tents and things too. I can't remember everybody who's in mine, except I'm pretty sure I'm in with Megan, which will be nice.

I hope we see some Magical Creatures tomorrow! It'd be brilliant if we saw a Selkie on the rocks, but I've heard they're really shy.

---

 [alt-megan.livejournal.com](#) at **2009-08-04 01:00:55**  
(no subject)

Hannah's with us too! And Eloise.

...and Millicent.

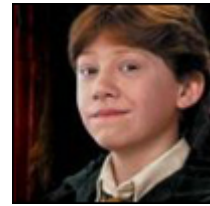
 [alt-susan.livejournal.com](#) at **2009-08-07 01:04:07**  
(no subject)

That's great about Hannah and Eloise! I think if we all just stick together everything will be fine.

**2009-08-03 21:42:00**

*Mum*

You said to write, so I am. We made it here just fine and got our tent up. Thomas seems like a good enough chap. Kind of quiet, but then I guess I would be, too, if it were me. Anyway, it's Thomas, me, Seamus, Neville, Macmillan and Moon in the tent, so we're pretty close in there, but that's okay because who wants to spend time inside a tent? Even a nice one. Ours has a pretty wizard lounge, so if it rains a lot, we can probably come in and play Snap.



 **alt\_ron**

Dinner was okay. I sorta burnt my meat, but it wasn't that bad. And the potatoes were good. Not as good as last night, though.

So, um, tell Fred and George hey. And Ginny. Tell her that Harry Marvolo did come, so she can stop worrying.

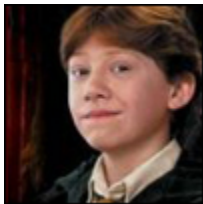
I've got to go. We're practicing juggling some apples we nicked from supper. It's pretty hilarious, actually.




 **alt\_neville** at **2009-08-04 13:32:11**  
(no subject)

Well, you didn't burn the meat last night as bad as I burned the sausages and pancakes this morning.

Sorry about that.



 **alt\_ron** at **2009-08-04 13:52:21**  
(no subject)

Yeah, they looked more like black puddings than regular sausages. Didn't taste too bad, though. Better than the pancakes, anyway. Especially after I dropped them in the dirt. I guess it's a good thing we don't have to sleep rough all the time. We'd probably starve to death. Or get eaten by leopards or manticores or something.

Did you see Seamus this morning? I don't think he's used to getting up so early! He looked almost as bleak as Malfoy!!!



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2009-08-04 14:14:38](#)  
(no subject)

He said that it should be against the law for birds to sing that early.

I bet he hopes a manticore will eat 'em.

**2009-08-04 17:49:00**

**CAMPING!**

Camping! Is! WIZARD!



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

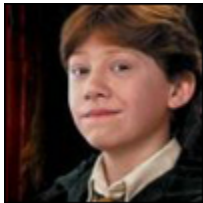


 [\*\*alt\\_neville\*\*](#) at **2009-08-04 23:07:38**

*(no subject)*

I liked the charms lesson this morning a lot. That was wizard, yeah.

On the other hand, don't think I've ever had so many blisters on my feet in my entire life. Guess I brought the wrong shoes for hiking.



 [\*\*alt\\_ron\*\*](#) at **2009-08-04 23:30:48**

*(no subject)*

I think you should tell Professor Sinistra about it. She probably knows some charms to help with that.

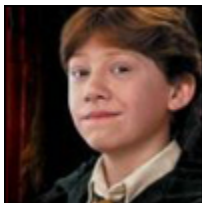
Or is that where you went off to? Where are you now, anyway?



 [\*\*alt\\_neville\*\*](#) at **2009-08-04 23:56:28**

*(no subject)*

Oh, I went off to get some firewood. Will be back at the fireside in a minute.



 [\*\*alt\\_ron\*\*](#) at **2009-08-04 23:28:22**

*(no subject)*

The hike was fantastic, wasn't it? You could see forever from the top of that tor!!

And how funny was it when Summers tried to spell that trout out of the stream and fell in? The look on his face was dead



hilarious! Glad I wasn't standing over there by him. Stebbins looked like he hadn't dried out his socks by the time we got back to camp!

**2009-08-04 20:30:00**

*Our first full day*

Everyone seems to have settled in nicely, and we've had no more than the usual minor camping calamities to deal with - some wet feet, some blisters, some scrapes on knees, that kind of thing. All very easy to deal with. (Students, if any of you discover more blisters in the morning, I've got an easy potion for that handy.)



 [alt\\_sinistra](#)

The charms lesson this morning went very well: I was a little worried it might seem too much like term time, but everyone seemed to get into it quite nicely. (And of course, charms for getting your campfire to burn evenly, or to charm fish out of the stream are rather more fun than some of the standard textbook ones, in my opinion.) We made good use of the charms to make our lunch and dinner, and everyone is, I think, enjoying the novelty of cooking our own food.

This afternoon's hike, we had some lovely weather, and it was clear enough we could see quite a bit of the surrounding countryside from our midpoint on the top of the tor. Even with this many people around, it's still very peaceful, and the space has allowed us to spread out a little into individual groups and conversations quite comfortably. We also saw some blackberry bushes, but regrettably, none of them are quite ripe yet, or we'd have had a lovely bit of dessert this evening.

**2009-08-05 11:58:00**

*(no subject)*

Steady on there, Wagstaff.



 **alt\_wagstaff**

**2009-08-05 15:31:00**

### *Camping continues*

Everyone knows that the Duke of Wellington always said that the Battle of Waterloo was in reality won on the Quidditch pitch at Hogwarts. I think I've gotten a bit of an idea this week of what he was talking about. Dad talked with me earlier this week, about how the decisions you make when you're young, the people you align yourself with in your formative years at school, can entirely shape the rest of your life. Perhaps the next generation's most crucial relationships are being formed, right now, in a tent pitched in the uplands of Cornwall.



 [alt\\_percy](#)

It certainly has been an interesting week so far. Quite inspiring, really, to see how gifted teachers can encourage teamwork. Professor Sinistra has been reshuffling the groups of students every day. Today Lana Sandoval and I have been paired off, and we're in charge of a group of mostly Ravenclaws, although we have Zabini from Slytherin, Jones from Hufflepuff, and Neville and Pavarti from Gryffindor. This morning we spent learning about myths and magical creatures of the moor, a very amusing and spirited session led by Mr Wright, who works with the Magical Creatures Department at the Ministry. It was most kind of him to lend us his time. This afternoon is free time: Lana took about half the group off to hunt for falcon nests. The rest of the group is hanging around here the campsite. (Several individuals, who will remain unnamed, chose to remain behind for fear that clambering over the rocks might cause an unfortunate catastrophe, like breaking a nail. This was regarded by others--also unnamed--as ridiculously poor-spirited, but I think Lana and I have managed to stop the name-calling for now. It is evident that not everyone takes to camping like grindylows to water.)

It's been quite useful, I daresay, to give people the chance to socialise with others outside their own house. After all, isn't that what we'll all have to do once we all leave school? Some are very comfortable doing so. Frequently, of course, these are the students from the more established families, although there are a few, from a more mixed parentage background, who are also doing surprisingly well. It is so encouraging to see our students rise to new challenges, despite the handicaps in their upbringing that some are attempting to overcome.

Star-gazing is planned for tonight. We will have perfect weather for it, as the sky is perfectly clear. Well, it'll be moon-gazing, mostly, as the

moon is full, and so the sky will be too bright to allow us to see much except the very brightest stars.

**2009-08-06 11:10:00**

*(no subject)*

Camping is brilliant. I've learned all sorts of interesting new charms, I think my favorite was this firefly charm that makes pictures and writes letters in the air when it's dark out.



 **alt\_sally\_anne**

We went on a nature hike yesterday and I think I spotted a diricawl and I definitely saw some other birds, including one that was purple and yellow and one that red.

Today we had the Falmouth quidditch team visit in the morning and it was wizard, they showed us all sorts of moves and then we got to fly with them. All the flying I've done this summer really helped. I was the best flier of anyone in my tent, I think I even impressed one of the quidditch players one time when I flipped over to catch the quaffle that was supposed to go to Macmillan but got bumped. That was mostly just luck though, I mean I knew I wouldn't fall from the spin but I didn't really think I'd catch it.

It's been a good opportunity to get to know Katrina Bundy, Sarah Fawcett, and Su Li, they're all in my tent as well. I'd met them before but Katrina's really quiet. Penelope doesn't get too annoyed with us most of the time except for last night when we were using the firefly charm to talk to each other after lights out. I mean I didn't think the firefly charm exactly counted and she HAD told us she didn't want to hear another word, and this seemed like a good compromise, but she was really cross so we put our wands away.

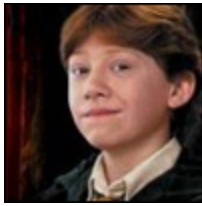



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 **alt\_ernie** at **2009-08-06 20:12:48**

*(no subject)*

That catch you did was ace! You should try out for the team next year, I rekkon you're well good enough.



 **alt\_ron** at **2009-08-07 03:10:31**  
(no subject)

Yeah, Macmillan's totally right about that!

The Falcons don't have anything on the Cannons, of course, but it was wizard to fly with them! Dead awesome!!! And it was wicked flying cross-country this afternoon, too, wasn't it? But I guess you did that already with Wood when you flew to the sea and all, didn't you?

Heh. Yeah, Ollivander told us last night that if we didn't stop levitating Seamus's socks around the tent and go to sleep he was going to set them on fire. But Dean's really got Wingardium Leviosa down now, so we figured it would be worth Seamus losing a pair of socks. Considering what they smell like, it's amazing they don't just catch fire on their own! Just kidding, Finnigan! I think tonight we're going to switch to apples. We had to leave the ones we were juggling with back at the other campsite cause they'd gone all soft and were starting to ooze, but we got some more tonight. If Dean can do apples, we're going to get him to try Brown's makeup case tomorrow! Did you see the size of it when we were packing up today?!!!

**2009-08-06 22:24:00**

*Many brooms*

Hard to believe it's already Thursday!

Yesterday, we spent exploring the moor, mostly, after some discussion of local myths and legends. In the evening, we did some stargazing around the full moon. (More, obviously, before the moon got well-up in the sky.) We did a lot more talking about some of the stories behind the stars - obviously a favorite of mine - and I trotted out some stories from other parts of the world that we don't normally get a lot of chance to talk about in class, as we're so limited in time.

Today we had one of the big event visits of the trip (there's still one more to come...) The Falmouth Flyer quidditch team came down to play with our students, and to show them some flying tricks. Everyone seemed to have fun, even those who prefer to keep well away from a broom. The players were very patient with our students, too.

This afternoon, we flew up - by broom or carpet, depending on preference - to our second location for this week, up near enough Tintagel to make it our home base. I'm looking forward to a whole different range of flora and fauna to explore. Everyone seems pretty well tired out by this point, so there's been a lot of sitting around chatting quietly near the fire this evening.



 [alt\\_sinistra](#)



**2009-08-06 23:59:00**

*A late night ...*



 **alt\_dean**

I am unable to sleep tonight, so I thought I would jot a few things down. So I decided to just have fun on this trip. I enjoy being around my tent mates. I am really glad that I have gotten to know people this week. Ron, Neville, Seamus and Ernie are really nice chaps, and I hope I get to know them more when school starts.

I have been unusually quiet and I am sorry to those of you who have tried to get to know me and I have seemingly given you the cold shoulder.

I had fun today. My favorite part was staring at the stars and listening to Professor Sinistra's stories. I also really enjoyed watching the quidditch. I had never heard of such a thing in my life. But it seems like fun. I hope I will have a chance to play one day, as I decided my feet need to remain firmly planted on the ground for now.

Thanks guys for trying to get me to fly, but let's leave that training to the teachers.

I really liked getting out there on the hikes. I never realized how lovely nature can be. I just wish I had more time as this will all be over soon.

Oh well, I better try to get some sleep I have tomorrow to look forward to.



---

 **alt\_neville** at **2009-08-07 19:38:18**  
(no subject)

If you end up in Gryffindor, I bet Oliver Wood could teach you a lot about flying. Sally-Anne's been staying with his family this summer, and she's learned loads from him. Anyway, I hope you have an easier time of learning to fly than I did.

And no worries if you like being quiet. It's nice, anyhow, that you get to meet people before diving into school and everything.

**2009-08-07 07:33:00**

*Testing??*

Can anybody even see this?!



 **alt\_harry**

**2009-08-07 08:36:00**

*outdoors*



 **alt\_draco**

I haven't decided if I like camping or not. For one the tent is pretty cramped and I think we have more people in our tent than anyone else for some reason. The tent also smells a little off and isn't very nice, but we've really only been in it at night, so I guess it doesn't matter that much. I rather wish I'd been able to bring one of Father's tents, though. They're really posh, with full kitchens inside and everything.

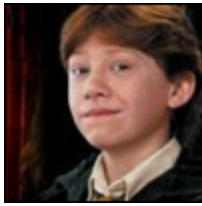
Teddy definitely seems to know the most about being outdoors, probably since he's from Wales. He shared his insect-repelling potion with me yesterday, since the bugs were really bad and kept biting me more than anyone else, even though I was using the charm they showed us on Tuesday. I counted later and I have over thirty bug bites, ugh!


Seeing the Falcons again was pretty wiz-nift. Auggie Orville remembered me from Harry's birthday last year, and asked what position I play at Hogwarts. I told him I'll probably go for chaser. He has the same broom as I do, ha! He seemed surprised that I'd got mine before he even got his.

I tried to talk with Harry about what happened on his Birthday and how I was sorry I had to miss it, and then I asked him why he never writes in his book anymore, either. I'm not sure he was listening to me very closely, though. He didn't say much about it.

Did anyone else hear anything dodgy last night? We all heard something tromping about in the underbrush. Percy Weasley told us it was probably just an animal that was further away than it sounded, and reminded us that there were likely wards cast around the campsite. Still, we all heard it. Vince was so petrified I think he might've been crying! Whatever it was, it made noise for about twenty minutes between midnight and one, and then it stopped.

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 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-08-07 17:10:18](#)**  
(no subject)

Huh. No. I guess I slept right through it. And all I heard before I went to sleep was all that silly hiccupping coming from Brown's tent. Maybe whatever you heard was trying to scare them so they'd be quiet!!!

I'm with you on the tent's smelling manky. I think the problem with ours (besides Seamus's feet) is that Moon brought some kind of nasty-smelling amulet or something. He keeps it under his pillow I think. I don't know what he's afraid of--that he'll catch something or get a taint or something from being in with us.

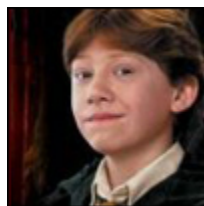
So are you and Marvolo going swimming this afternoon? My group can't seem to make up their minds.




 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-08-07 19:11:25](#)**  
(no subject)

I wasn't going to go swimming but now that it's gotten hot out I suppose I might. I just hope there aren't any kappas in the water.

I don't know if Harry will be swimming or not.



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-08-07 22:22:12](#)**  
(no subject)

Yeah, what's up with you two?

He was down at the water all afternoon and didn't even say hey to you when you came down. I mean, not that I saw. He seems, I don't know, extra quiet this week. Well, maybe that's not it, I mean we had a good time on Wednesday with the creatures and then in the afternoon you should have seen him when he found that jarvie sett. Half a dozen of them popped up, and I'm telling you, they have foul mouths! My Mum's ears would have been blowing steam if I ever talked like that!!! But Harry was hilarious! He kept asking them questions to cheese them off!

But, yeah, the other times I've seen him he's seemed really quiet

| and kind of depressed. I guess maybe he hasn't had a very nice  
| summer.

**2009-08-07 11:26:00**

*(no subject)*

I still can't believe that the Falcons came all the way out to our camp for a demonstration! They did flying practice with us too, and one of their Chasers actually gave me some tips on technique! As much as I love the Cannons, it was pretty wizard to see how another club does things.



 **alt\_susan**

The scenery is really pretty here, and it's easy to imagine Nimue and Morgana and Merlin and other ancient wizards doing great deeds and having adventures. I was so excited to actually see Tintagel; I read that some government wizards have had it all restored so it actually looks like it would have in Uther Pendragon's time, and it's absolutely true and looks *beautiful*.

All the hiking we're doing is a bit tiring though! The prefects have been teaching us lots of songs to keep our energy up, but sometimes we're too out of breath to sing. I think there must be some sort of charm to camp songs though, that makes them stick in a person's head. Someone always seems to be humming them, especially "As I Go A'wandering" and "99 Muggles Up Here on the Wall," and sometimes that person is me!

The prefects taught us the motions to "99 Muggles" around the campfire last night and they were pretty funny. I still don't get "As I Go A'Wandering," though--why would you *want* to sing about having your knapsack on your back?

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 **alt-draco.livejournal.com** at **2009-08-07 16:06:55**

*(no subject)*

I didn't know anyone at all liked the Cannons, and it turns out that Weasley does and now you. What's that about?

 **alt-ron.livejournal.com** at **2009-08-07 16:56:48**

*(no subject)*

Oi! Watch what you're saying about the Cannons, you!

I mean it's easy to root for the Magpies, but they're dead boring, winning all the time. There's no suspense in that. Or Puddlemere. Like watching porridge bubble. My Dad says that with the Cannons, it's about heart: they play every game like it's their last and they always break your heart in the end.

So, yeah. I suppose it's a what do they call it? an acquired taste. Not everyone's got the steel to be a Cannons fan, you know?

 [alt-draco.livejournal.com](http://alt-draco.livejournal.com) at [2009-08-07 19:09:24](#)

(no subject)

I don't think there's anything wrong with supporting a legacy of success, but anyway my team is the Falcons, because they're the roughest. Now *that's* fun to watch.

There's no suspense with the Cannons, either - they always lose!

 [alt-ron.livejournal.com](http://alt-ron.livejournal.com) at [2009-08-07 21:33:24](#)

(no subject)

But they could totally win at any time. And it will be much more meaningful when they do, eventually. I mean, can you imagine how wizard that'll be the next time the Cannons take the league?

You just have to take a long view of these things.

And, yeah, I guess if you like to see people get their heads cracked and their arms dislocated, there's loads to watch at a Falcons game. I can see that, actually. I was sorta surprised they were so, I don't know, normal when they were here. I mean, listening to their games on the wireless, you'd think they eat school kids for breakfast!

 [alt-draco.livejournal.com](http://alt-draco.livejournal.com) at [2009-08-07 22:24:30](#)

(no subject)

You sure you'll still be alive by the time that happens?

I once saw a Falcons-Tornadoes match where the Falcons beater, Nuttwich, hit a bludger so hard the bat cracked apart, and so he threw the pieces of the bat at one of the Tornado chasers. That chaser nearly lost his eye! What a mad wizard match that was.

† [alt-susan.livejournal.com](http://alt-susan.livejournal.com) at [2009-08-11 00:24:56](#)  
(no subject)

Well, I sort of grew up with it, I guess.

† [alt-ron.livejournal.com](http://alt-ron.livejournal.com) at [2009-08-07 16:59:51](#)  
(no subject)

Hey. I didn't know you like the Cannons! 'Let's all just keep our fingers crossed and hope for the best,' yeah? Heh!

So are you going swimming this afternoon? My group, some of them don't know how to swim, which I guess they can't help, or the others don't want to ruin their hair or whatever. I guess Stebbins and Capper are going, and I don't know about the rest.

† [alt-susan.livejournal.com](http://alt-susan.livejournal.com) at [2009-08-11 00:20:11](#)  
(no subject)

Yeah! Go Cannons!



**2009-08-07 12:00:00**

*(no subject)*

Yer a bleedin genius, you are. Top o yer form,  
Wags.

Off to buy rounds for the lads!



 **alt\_wagstaff**

**2009-08-08 09:57:00**

*Weasley!*

You are positively the most horrid person to walk the planet! Moon admitted this morning that **YOU** were the one who put that hiccupping stuff in our tent yesterday!!!



 **alt\_padma**


At least, since I couldn't sleep at all because NOTHING would get rid of those stupid hiccups (and they hurt too, I can tell you!), I cleaned the mud out of my journal. I can't believe that one spell wouldn't do for the whole thing. I had to cast it on every single page - which was not all that easy as I kept hiccupping in the middle of the incan

Tation. UGH. They're still not gone completely!

It's a good job the rest of this trip is so nift, because the camping part is NOT.

How soon do we go home?



 **alt\_ron** at **2009-08-08 15:53:03**  
(no subject)

I have no idea what you're talking about. I didn't do anything to get your journal muddy.



 **alt\_padma** at **2009-08-08 16:32:36**  
(no subject)

I didn't say you did. It fell out of my bag two days ago on the stream bank and then two people stepped on it before Sandoval saw it.

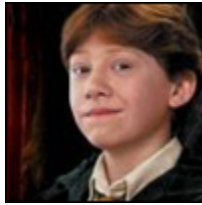
Anyway, I'm not talking about the journal - i'm talking about the hiccup pellets! YOU put them in our tent and don't deny it.




 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-08-09 02:58:54](#)  
(no subject)

Good job Ronnikins!

keep making us proud.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-08-09 12:40:21](#)  
(no subject)

You know, it's really funny how some people hiccup. I mean, some people give a really high, little 'Hic!' and others sound like they're being strangled.

Brown goes cross-eyed and scrunches up her nose and says 'Eek!' instead of really hiccupping. And Morag Macdougall jumps straight up in the air every time she hiccups. You can see it a mile away! And other people hiccup kind of normally, but then afterwards they say 'Gah!' or growl and get this really hideous look on their face.

You'd have loved it. Dead hilarious!! And a load more exciting than learning about divination, which is what we're supposed to do this morning. I mean, what're they gonna have us do? poke at bird poo and cast sticks? Or, just kill me now if they expect me to read tea leaves!!

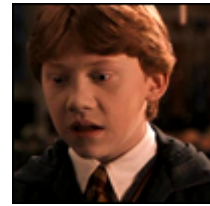
At least this afternoon we get to check out some caves. That ought to be totally sorcerous!!!

**2009-08-09 18:10:00**

Uh.

Well.

That was exciting.



 **alt\_ron**

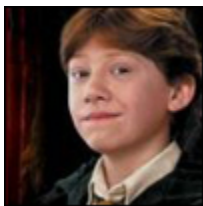


 **alt\_percy** at **2009-08-10 02:33:19**

*(no subject)*

More excitement than necessary. Definitely.

Really, Ronald.



 **alt\_ron** at **2009-08-10 04:06:31**

*(no subject)*

Macmillan's going to be fine. He's snoring away in here now, so there's no need to get all worked up.

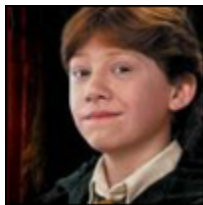
Everything's good.




 **alt\_molly** at **2009-08-10 11:39:17**

*(no subject)*

Well, for goodness sakes! What happened?



 **alt\_ron** at **2009-08-10 14:00:48**

*(no subject)*

Oh, hi, Mum! Guess I was already off to bed last night when you wrote this.

Um, well. We had this cave exploring activity yesterday, y'know, and our group was with Clearwater and Avery, so we went off into the cave like we were supposed to and it was pretty much all right until we found some stuff that a bunch of smugglers had left behind. And then we found a dirty great hole where we figured they'd probably stashed the rest of the goods! So we decided to go down and have a look. You know, we were

supposed to be learning to climb and absay, er, scale down the sides of rocks and use ropes and a few special charms and practice teamwork and trust and stuff, so we figured that climbing down that hole was exactly the sort of thing we were meant to be doing (though maybe not, because Professor Sinistra and that Auror bloke weren't too happy about it in the end). But anyway, it seemed like the most interesting thing we could do, so we got the ropes ready, and it was Macmillan's turn to go first, so he started down, and Morag MacDougal was next cause she's pretty small and we figured they could be on the ropes at the same time, but then Macmillan fell. Or, rather, he hit a security hex and it jolted him pretty badly and made him fall, but he grabbed for MacDougal's rope and so she fell, too. Pretty much right on top of him. And I think they might've hit some of the stuff at the bottom, too. Cause, Mum, it was a smuggler's stash!!! And there were sacks and crates and things down there. Amulets, and some kind of funny, whirly instruments, and a case of wands, and some kind of prickly dried up plants. Anywiz, they both lost their wands on the way down, so they couldn't see anything down there and nobody knew quite how far down they were. MacDougal tried, but she couldn't find a way to climb back up, and, anyway, she got hit by one of the wards when she tried, so we didn't know what to do. And Macmillan thought his arm was broken. (And he was right! You should have seen it when we got him up and Professor Sinistra looked it over properly!)



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-08-10 15:00:17](#)

*Order Only*

My words, smuggled wands! Arthur, Bill, Kingsley, do you know anything about this?!




 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-08-10 15:02:15](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Nothing to do with the Order, Molly, as far as I know.

A whole case of wands? Oh, my. I would dearly have loved to get my hands on that!



 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2009-08-10 15:05:08](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

Blimey. Me, too.

I'm sure the Ministry will be all over those caves, and it'd be impossible for us to trace the stash to the smugglers now. I hope they don't get caught if they come back to get their contraband.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-08-10 17:42:21](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

Indeed. We knew we couldn't be the only ones. I just wish I knew how they got through the wards. As you recall, we didn't have such an easy time of it, and it's not something I'm likely to be able to arrange again soon.

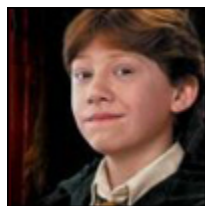
Got to be wizards, though, if they had all that lot, and wands besides.




 **[alt\\_kingsley](#)** at **[2009-08-10 15:07:17](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

No, Molly, I don't know any operatives in Cornwall, worse luck.

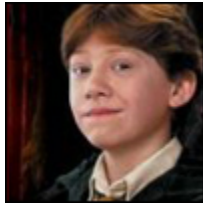



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-08-10 14:01:51](#)**

*(no subject)*

So we were all at the top and Macmillan and MacDougal were at the bottom, and it sounded like a fair way down, only Clearwater said you can never be sure in the dark, especially in a cave because sound plays funny tricks. So, anyway, nobody knew what to do, and Macmillan was moaning like, and MacDougal was getting upset, and Avery sort of went mental and started shouting at everybody. And he and Clearwater didn't agree what to do, and he told her off and ordered her to go get help, and she seemed like she'd had it with him and said, 'Fine!' and flounced off. And there we all were left with Avery, flapping his wand around and

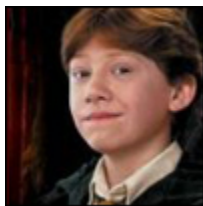
casting every spell he could think of and stalking round and round the hole.




 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-08-10 14:03:01](#)  
(no subject)

So the rest of us kind of put our heads together and made a plan. Well, mostly Parks and Bones figured out the plan and Harry and I did the climbing. And it was really sorcerous, too! We had to figure out what kind of warding spell they'd hit, so I went down the rope and it turned out the sides of the hole were hexed, and I can totally see how Macmillan got knocked off his rope! But then Pansy saw that we could hook the rope through this kind of crevice in the rock overhead and it would hang down pretty much in the middle of the hole, so we could get down without touching the sides. The only trouble was figuring out how to get the rope up there and make sure it would stay! Moon had a bunch of really naff ideas that would never have worked and would probably have ended up with me falling and breaking my neck (which maybe what he hoped, the git). But Brocklehurst and Pansy figured out how to do it and they cast the spells. And it totally worked!!

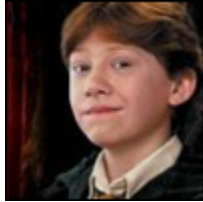
So, anywiz, I climbed back up my rope and then Harry Marvolo used the new rope and swung out over the hole, and then he was able to climb right down. I went down, too, once he'd got down there.




 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-08-10 14:03:38](#)  
(no subject)

And you know what? When we cast Lumos and could see what was down there, it was totally like those stories about Phineas Phelps and the Brotherhood of the Bat! There was all sorts of smuggler stuff down there! Sextants and optical glasses and Sneak-o-Scopes and a whole load of stuff they'd stolen and hidden there. But we couldn't really explore it all because Macmillan looked really bad and MacDougal had started getting sorta shirty about how much time it was taking for us to help her. So we found their wands and then we had to figure out how to get them up, but Pansy'd already got it sorted. She and Bones charmed the ropes to make a kind of ladder, so MacDougal climbed up and

then me and Harry got sort of either side of Macmillan and got him up even though he was really dizzy and yelled whenever we took a step up.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-08-10 14:04:29](#)  
(no subject)

So, yeah. We got out okay, and it's all good 'cause Professor Sinistra was able to cast a charm on Ernie that's kind of holding the pieces of his arm together and she gave him something to drink that made him snore like an erumpent all night. And we're packed up and ready to head back home in a bit.

It was really a wizard trip, though, Mum. And the caving was pretty exciting, all things considered!!



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-08-10 14:59:02](#)  
(no subject)

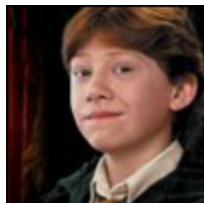
Oh my goodness, Ron! I've received Professor Sinistra's message now with a full report. Percy's right, that's more excitement than anyone needs!


Still, your Dad and I are very proud of you, son. I'm sure you'll tell us all about it again when you get home.



 [alt\\_ginny](#) at [2009-08-10 20:38:48](#)  
(no subject)

That sounds like it was ever so exciting!



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-08-10 20:42:41](#)  
(no subject)

Are you off with Luna today?

If you come home, I'll tell you all about it. And you can help me unpack. I'm sure I heard Mum say it's your turn for laundry.

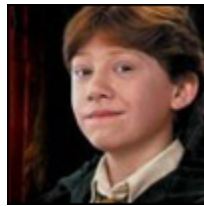





 **[alt\\_ginny](#)** at **[2009-08-10 22:41:42](#)**  
(no subject)

Yes, I'm at Luna's but I'll be home for supper.

And since tomorrow's my birthday, I thought I might be able to get one of my ever-so-kind brothers to do my laundry turn for me!




 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-08-10 23:10:35](#)**  
(no subject)

Heh. Shows what you know!

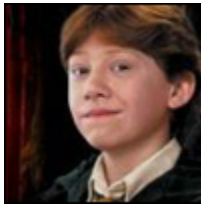
Maybe you'll be cleverer once you turn eleven!




 **[alt\\_susan](#)** at **[2009-08-10 21:50:40](#)**  
(no subject)

I know! I was dead nervous at first that they were going to be stuck in that hole forever, especially Ernie with his poor arm!

But I tried to think about what Professor Lockhart or somebody brave like that would do, and that helped a little bit.




 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-08-10 22:05:39](#)**  
(no subject)

Of course, we were going to get them out! You had some good ideas, too, and it was lucky you and Brocklehurst were there to cast some of those spells.

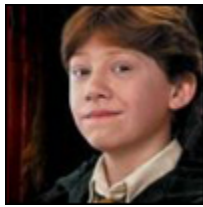
Well, I was thinking more of Jenkins or Gudgeon than Lockhart, and wishing Harry and I had our brooms with us, 'cause then we could have just swooped down and flown them up! But Clearwater was right, even if she or Avery could have summoned them, it would have been dead dangerous to have a bunch of brooms zooming through those caves. They'd have brained someone for sure!!




 [alt\\_susan](#) at [2009-08-10 23:19:42](#)  
(no subject)

It goes to show that this camp was a good idea I think, because I'm not sure we all would of been able to work together like that otherwise.

But now I've gotten this picture in my head of loads of brooms flying 'round braining people, and I can't stop laughing. I think I'm having delayed hysterics maybe. Or maybe your just funny.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-08-11 02:19:19](#)  
(no subject)

Yeah, the camping was brilliant! No doubt about that.

Heh. Just imagine it, rogue brooms zooming around everywhere! It should be a storyline in that new Quidditch comic Neville got from Seamus. Thundering Broomsticks it's called. Actually, you might like it. I bet they'd let you read them if you wanted, 'cause I think Seamus has a subscription now, so he'll be getting it at school.

**2009-08-10 09:20:00**

*Last morning*



 [alt\\_sinistra](#)

Goodness, but yesterday was exciting. You may have already heard some details, but I wanted to reassure everyone that all is well or easily mended, as the case may be. (I've also now had the chance to get a message to the relevant families, because, really, some things one should not hear via these journals.)

Yesterday afternoon, we spent time exploring several of the cave systems on the shore. As many of you may know, these caves have a long history of being used by smugglers but they're generally considered quite safe for exploration. Naturally, I and several Aurors from the ministry checked them out just before the trip, and did not find anything to concern any of us - it looked as if no one had been there in several months at least.

During the afternoon, however, one group of students found a deep hole near a small cache of abandoned supplies, and decided to investigate. (While we had taught them a number of techniques for simple caving, they were supposed to stick to the main system, and not explore beyond that.)

They discovered why, shortly thereafter: smuggler's hideouts do use some fascinating charms and protections. In this case, the sides of the hole were charmed to jolt someone badly if they touched the side. Rather a nice trick, actually, as it is easily avoided by those who know it's there.

Two of the students fell to the bottom - one with a broken arm. At that point, Miss Clearwater sensibly came back to get me, but while she was finding me (no small thing, since I was elsewhere in the caves), the rest of the group continued to try and solve the problem. While I must recognise that they were quite resourceful (especially given their years and skills) and did, in fact, have everyone standing back on the top when I arrived, I do wish they'd waited.

Mr Macmillan did suffer a broken arm - due to the limitations of our first aid kit, I did field care, but a mediwizard will be seeing to him when he gets home and can sleep off the effects of the needed potions. Everyone else is well and whole, and packing up to go home.

All in all, I must say that it seems like this trip has been a success on all levels. For all involved (students, families, and the Ministry staff who have so kindly worked on this project), I do look forward to any feedback that would assist in considering future plans. I also want to thank the Lord Protector and the senior government staff who provided the funding and other resources that made all of this possible: I can assure that our students have learned a great deal and that this experience will greatly benefit them as they grow towards adulthood.

---



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-08-10 15:25:44](#)**  
(no subject)

Thank you for your message, Professor. We are indeed very proud of Ron, and we do appreciate that everyone involved did quite well in coping with an entirely unexpected situation.

**2009-08-10 12:16:00**

*Off to Hogwarts!*



 **alt\_dean**

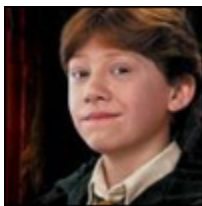
The past week has been interesting. I have experienced some things I never thought I would, and some I never knew about.


I really got the hang of Wingardium Leviosa. That was fun. We started with a pair of Seamus' socks, and then moved to apples. That was still too easy so the next morning, we tried Brown's make-up case. That was extremely funny, trying to keep it away from her like that. Honestly, who needs that much make-up? The prettiest girls (if you can call them pretty) don't need that stuff. And on a camping trip, no one cares if you wake up looking like a troll. Just don't smell like one.

Swimming was fun a couple of days ago, it was hot, and therefore a much needed relief. I hadn't been swimming in such a long time. I was surprised to see I could still do it well.

Well I guess it's all over now and I am all packed up and ready to go. It will be a few weeks before I see any kids again. I'm pretty sure this will be fun. :-(

Hey I know I haven't talked much, but I promise that will change when the new term starts. Keep me in the loop.



 **alt\_ron** at **2009-08-10 18:45:51**  
(no subject)

Hey, mate. It was brilliant to meet you. Glad you could share our tent.


I hope you aren't too bored up there at the school by yourself, though I guess you'll have the teachers around, but y'know what I mean. Remember what we told you about Peeves. I'd be dead worried to be in the castle alone and no one else around to take his mind off badgering me!!

Anywiz, I bet they'll be really impressed by how much you've learned already. And remember to ask if they'll let you get started on flying now before the firsties get there. It would be really great if you'd

already tested out of that without having to take it with them, y'know?

So, yeah. We'll see you soon, I guess!




 **[alt\\_dean](#)** at **[2009-08-10 18:59:06](#)**  
(no subject)

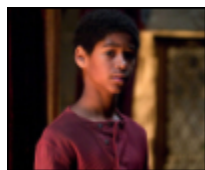
Yeah,


Thanks for the reminders I had already forgotten about Peeves. And I will definately see if I can get some flying in. Hopefully I wont be too bored. See ya soon.



 **[alt\\_neville](#)** at **[2009-08-10 20:30:23](#)**  
(no subject)

Good luck with the tutoring. It'll be nice for you to have a bit of a chance to get to know Hogwarts and meet the rest of the Professors before everyone else arrives. We'll see you at the Welcoming Feast.



 **[alt\\_dean](#)** at **[2009-08-10 20:34:56](#)**  
(no subject)

Yeah , I guess.


I'm used to being by myself. But after the camping trip it will seem so lonely. Oh, well I will see you in a few weeks.



 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2009-08-11 00:28:00](#)**  
(no subject)

I'll send you an owl soon mate.



 **[alt\\_dean](#)** at **[2009-08-11 00:29:20](#)**  
(no subject)

I'll keep an eye out for it.



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2009-08-12 16:56:40](#)**

*(no subject)*

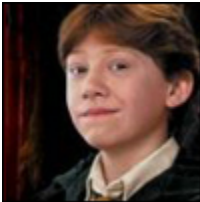
I hope that the camping trip was a good experience for you, Mr Thomas, and that things go smoothly for you during your first week at Hogwarts. There are many people who are wishing you the best possible success as you begin your new life at school.




 **[alt\\_dean](#)** at **[2009-08-12 19:58:59](#)**

*(no subject)*

Thanks Mr Weasley, for all your help.



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-08-12 19:53:39](#)**

*(no subject)*

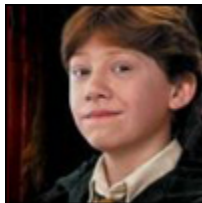
Hey. Did you see the article in the paper about you and Harry?




 **[alt\\_dean](#)** at **[2009-08-12 20:00:09](#)**

*(no subject)*

No I didn't been a bit busy roaming the halls and getting to know this place. What did it say?




 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-08-12 20:10:09](#)**

*(no subject)*

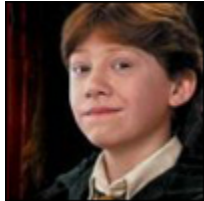
Have you got lost yet? Watch out for the fifth floor, the part above the Charms wing--the corridors up there sometimes switch around and send you somewhere else altogether. And that staircase near the library isn't always near the library. Third Wednesdays or something.


I'll send it to you.



 **[alt\\_dean](#)** at **[2009-08-12 20:13:46](#)**  
(no subject)


Thanks for the warning about that. I been too busy trying to watch out for Peeves.



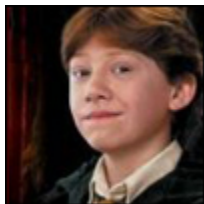
 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-08-12 20:22:07](#)**  
(no subject)


Yeah, if Peeves catches you, you can forget about everything else. He'll get you so turned round you'll never find your way out.



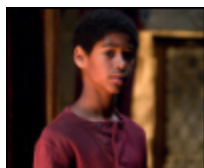
 **[alt\\_dean](#)** at **[2009-08-12 20:15:32](#)**  
(no subject)


I have gotten turned around about twice so far. It seems to be much bigger than anybody's decription makes it out to be



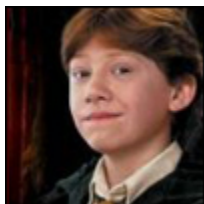
 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-08-12 20:22:36](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, and if you do get really, really lost, someone told me that if you just sit down and sing 'I'm a lonely little petunia in a pumpkin patch' someone'll come find you right away. Don't know if it's true. I never had to use it.



 **[alt\\_dean](#)** at **[2009-08-12 20:25:00](#)**  
(no subject)

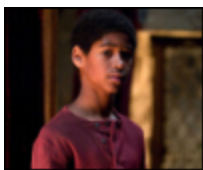
Thats odd. I think I'll just try to find my way back on my own. Singing is more of a girly thing.




 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-08-12 20:32:51](#)**  
(no subject)

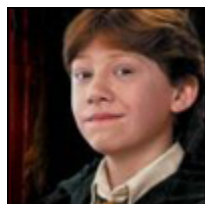
Too right!






 **alt\_dean** at [2009-08-12 20:01:50](#)  
(no subject)

and why am I in the paper anyway?

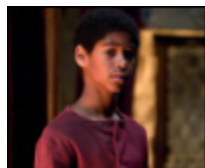



 **alt\_ron** at [2009-08-12 20:14:43](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, they said all about how you were discovered in the camps and how thanks to Harry Marvolo and Professor Sinistra you're learning really fast and how that shows you really are magical and all.

Nothing new. Except for the part about how Harry's taught you everything in a week.

You'll either think it's hilarious or be really cross. I'm not sure. Oh, and the page I sent has a big hole in it because my sister cut Harry's picture out so she can make eyes at it and tell him he's soooo brave and handsome and nift and amazing and she looooooooooves him. I bet she's drawn little hearts all around it!

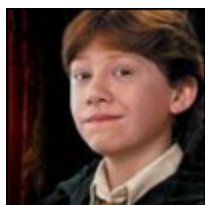



 **alt\_dean** at [2009-08-12 20:22:52](#)  
(no subject)

That's funny! My sisters- oh never mind.

You have to talk to someone to learn anything right? or is there a magical way for them to just dump information in my head? I mean you guys were the only people i really talked to a lot, and that was in the tent before lights out.

Hmm... And thats saying something, if you consider i didn't talk much at all. It seems like this will get more interesting before everyone gets bored with me.




 **alt\_ron** at [2009-08-12 20:32:21](#)  
(no subject)

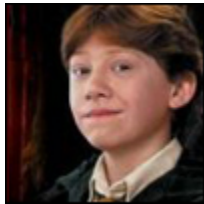
I didn't know you had sisters. Are they-- I mean, you don't have to tell me anything if you don't want to, but where do they live? Are they-- I don't know.


Sorry if you didn't want to talk about it. That's okay.



 **alt\_dean** at [2009-08-12 20:33:38](#)  
(no subject)

Its ok I let it slip. I have 3 sisters and 3 brothers.  
I have not seen anyone since i was 8. So I really  
can't say.

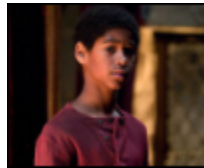



 **alt\_ron** at [2009-08-12 20:40:38](#)  
(no subject)

You're family's as big as--

Oh.

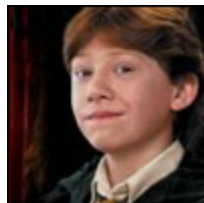
I'm sorry.




 **alt\_dean** at [2009-08-12 20:43:48](#)  
(no subject)

Don't be sorry... It doesn't bother me.

It's the way things are. They are Different.




 **alt\_ron** at [2009-08-12 20:48:14](#)  
(no subject)

Yeah, I guess.

So are you learning loads of stuff? Which  
teachers are you having lessons with? I heard  
Carrow's not at school this summer, so I guess you don't have  
to do Transfiguration. What about Potions? Or Charms?

Tell me they're not making you do History of Magic!! Though  
I wonder if Binns doesn't teach all summer; he'd probably  
never notice he's not got any students in the room. Heh.




 **[alt\\_dean](#)** at **[2009-08-12 21:02:17](#)**  
(no subject)

They didn't say anything about History of Magic. I did talk to Professor McGonagall today. But they haven't told me anything yet. I'm supposed to find out later. She said there would be a note in my room. Haven't been back yet. I guess I should head that way now.

I will let you know later. I think I hear someone coming...



 **[alt\\_lavender](#)** at **[2009-08-15 16:56:53](#)**  
(no subject)

You'd better leave my makeup case alone from now on, Thomas! Or you'll be sorry!

**2009-08-10 19:43:00**

### *A Short Respite*

Hard to imagine that a week without Draco at home could be less relaxing. I do not think there has been a single day without some meeting, appointment or errand.



 [alt\\_lucius](#)

Narcissa, naturally, has been dividing her time between our home and Bella's, and has offered to assist the new parents in reviewing the growing collection of gifts at St James Palace, as well as help plan the naming ceremony. She has, for the most part, been on hand to see to Hydra and the household whenever Druella has not been available. All to the good, but her absence does little to pull one away from long hours spent on the betterment of Our Lord's realm.

Meanwhile, as the *Prophet* has already reported, there is the matter of Highslip, the undesirable who managed to trick his way into our party in France. (I'll repeat, Selwyn, that I shall be interested to see your reports on the vetting process and how he could have accomplished such a deception.) We have convened a series of hearings regarding the culpability of certain of his relatives and associates. It was recently decided that, to their great relief I am sure, Highslip's parents were not aware of his intentions, nor were they involved in corrupting his commitment to the Protectorate. At least one of his friends was not so lucky.

Speaking of luck, I had Crispin make an appointment for me with Pearson, to discuss the situation regarding Narcissa's niece. Lucky for her that her aunt sees fit to forgive her indiscretions - and to prevail upon me to correct the overzealous application of punishment in her case. (And no, it brings no satisfaction that it is her niece, and not mine, who finds herself in need of intervention this time. I would much rather both of them find it possible to span six months or more together without finding a modicum of trouble!) However in this case, it is not entirely Nymphadora's fault. As I suspected, others besides Pearson had a hand in the severity of her suspension - for what motives, I can only guess. Nonetheless, Pearson's information necessitated another interview, this time with one who had the power to call off the spurious investigation into her unfortunate circumstances. Am confident that the aspersions leveled against her

will soon dissipate and she will be allowed to return to employment under certain reasonable restrictions.

Between this errand, which I regret to say took considerably longer than I had anticipated, the other usual occupations (Ministry, various Boards and business obligations), the ongoing repercussions of the successful aspects of the diplomatic mission and of course, personal demands (first of the month accounting, of course, and certain duties I have been honoured to perform for Our Lord of late), one has almost had no time to consider the lack of time.

This afternoon we welcomed Draco home again - however, in something of a mood. I gather that while the camping adventure was rewarding, he rather missed playing a central role in the highlight of the trip - that being, needless to say, the discovery of the trove of contraband late yesterday. (*That* particular detail will be the object of much scrutiny on behalf of the Ministry, I can assure you!) And as I feared, he did not spend nearly as much time with Harry as he hoped. Somewhat concerned as well by this: The boys have never gone for so long without reconciling. Not sure what this reticence of Harry's portends, either. Will make a point to ask after his health when next at Buckingham, in case there is any basis for the lad's disposition. Have a mind to better acquaint Draco with the responsibilities awaiting him as he reaches majority. If nothing else, the experience may serve to provide him with purpose through the final weeks of the summer. Assuming he has completed all his homework assignments from the end of last term, that is.

At any rate, the occasion of his return at least prompted Narcissa to leave Bella and Rodolphus for a few days and, apart from tea with Ari to-morrow, I find myself with a short break as well. Just as well, for I have to go to Hogwarts on Wednesday and there are a raft of meetings that must be attended prior to the week-end.



 **alt\_arthur** at **2009-08-11 14:17:07**  
*Order Only*

I never thought I'd see the day when I'd be grateful for Lucius Malfoy's help, but if he can get the blokes at Internal Affairs to call the crups off Nymphadora Tonks, that would be a bloody good thing.

Though I'd rather be hexed than ever admit it to him.



 **alt\_arthur** at [2009-08-11 14:20:46](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Highslip. That's the defector you met, Sirius, undoubtedly. I've not heard yet the identity of the friend blamed for his 'corruption.' Perhaps Bill can find out.



 **alt\_sirius** at [2009-08-12 15:21:29](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Yes, that's him. Made quite a splash here, giving interviews about what's 'really going on' inside the 'magic curtain,' as they're calling the wards. That all ended a week ago, though. I get the impression that the French ministry doesn't want to jeopardise its trade relations, so they've shut him up. Payoff, is my bet. Still, he got away, and that counts for something. I've been trying to think of a safe way to approach the bloke. I'd love to find out what he knows about operations and the foreign policy meetings Malfoy had, but if the French government is keeping tabs, and if they're trying to play both sides (sympathetic to the Protectorate but defending the rights of Muggleborns in France, that is), it could be a dangerous situation to walk into - even a trap.



 **alt\_frank** at [2009-08-12 02:06:11](#)

*Re: Order Only*

good news is good news. even if it comes from a wanker.



 **alt\_sirius** at [2009-08-12 14:52:40](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Frank's right, Arthur: don't underestimate the value of someone who can be manipulated into doing what you want, just because he thinks there might be something in it for him.

Especially if it also keeps your name clear. Malfoy's an arse, but sometimes a useful one.

**2009-08-11 09:25:00**

*Yeah!*

Hullo!

I'm okay! My arm still hurts abit, but its fixed. Dad sorted it out when I got home and he said its fine and boys break their arms ALL the time and its normal and he broke his arm twice when he was younger, but mum was a bit upset and cried when she saw me but she's okay now.



 **alt\_ernie**


I got extra dinner last night, and I don't have to do any chores until my arm feels better. Yeah!!

Thanks Ron and Harry for climbing down to help me and Morag get out, and thanks everyone else who helped too! Great teamwork yeah!

Camping is still wizard! I hope we go again next summer!



---

 **alt\_pansy** at **2009-08-11 13:44:59**  
(no subject)

You're probably a bit loopy from the potions, still, but you're welcome.

It was scary at first but then when we were trying to think how to help, it was easier. Like a problem in lessons, really.

Anyway, I'm glad you're back and feeling better. My mum says that healing potions leave her feeling woozy for a while, though, so I'm glad your parents are letting you take things slow for a few days.



 **alt\_ernie** at **2009-08-11 14:13:28**  
(no subject)


Haha! Thanks Pansy you're the best!

The potions do taste a bit funny, and dad keeps laughing at me and I don't know why. I don't think I'm being loopy but I might be being loopy when I'm thinking that I'm not being loopy!

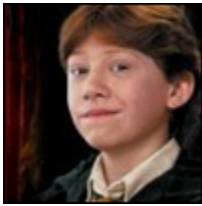



You're the best Pansy. Thanks!



 **[alt\\_susan](#)** at **[2009-08-11 14:43:30](#)**  
(no subject)

Yes, it was just like that, except more *real* than any lesson.




 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-08-11 18:25:37](#)**  
(no subject)

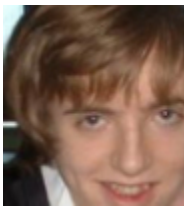
You were great, Parks!

If I ever fall into a really big pit, I hope you're there to figure out how to get me out. Not that I plan to do that or anything, but you know what I mean.



 **[alt\\_susan](#)** at **[2009-08-11 14:28:22](#)**  
(no subject)


Ernie! I'm glad your writing again...I mean, I knew you were just resting and sleeping off the potion but still...



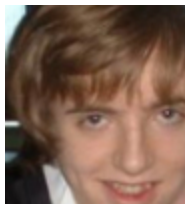
 **[alt\\_ernie](#)** at **[2009-08-11 14:29:49](#)**  
(no subject)


Hullo Sue!



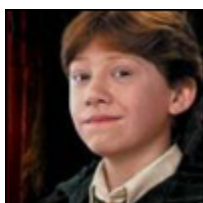
 **[alt\\_susan](#)** at **[2009-08-11 14:44:40](#)**  
(no subject)


You know, normally I'd tell you off for calling me Sue, but since your injured you can call me whatever you like, even "Oi, you over there!"



 **[alt\\_ernie](#)** at **[2009-08-11 15:07:00](#)**  
(no subject)

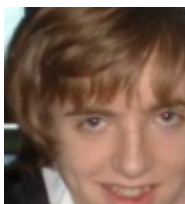
Haha I reckon I'll stick with Sue or Susan for now, yeah?




 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-08-11 18:22:41](#)**  
(no subject)

Yeah, I'm glad you're okay and that your dad, at least, wasn't too upset. My Mum would've gone spare, so I think it sounds like your Mum was about normal. For mums, that is.

Hey. Do we really have to write 20 inches on something we learned about Cornwall--or was Professor Sinistra kidding?




 **[alt\\_ernie](#)** at **[2009-08-11 18:25:55](#)**  
(no subject)

I don't reckon Professor Sinistra knows how to kid.

I'm going to write 20 inches on how CORNWALL IS DANGEROUS SO DON'T FALL DOWN HOLES THERE BECAUSE YOU WILL BREAK YOUR ARM AND IT HURTS!!! because that's what I learned about Cornwall! Hah hah!



 **[alt\\_megan](#)** at **[2009-08-12 15:20:06](#)**  
(no subject)

Ooooh, you're lucky you didn't get in trouble for breaking your arm. Does it still hurt?



 **[alt\\_ernie](#)** at **[2009-08-12 15:29:27](#)**  
(no subject)

My mum said I should be more careful and not fall down holes and do what the Professors say rather than seeking out trouble, but I didn't really get told off or anything. I reckon having a broken arm was probably punishment enough anyway!

It feels better today. It doesn't really hurt but it sort of tingles and feels a bit funny.

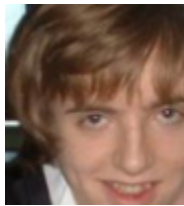


 **[alt\\_megan](#)** at **[2009-08-12 15:40:51](#)**  
(no subject)

That's not punishment, that's consequences. That's what my guardian would say, if I broke my arm.

But she'd say all the rest too. Especially about not falling down holes. And doing what you're told. And being careful, but I'm always careful. I'll be extra careful now, because I think it must be awful to break your arm. I keep moving mine and trying to imagine what it would be like if it was broken, but I don't think I've got it yet.

Ooh, I'm glad for you that it doesn't hurt. But funny like what?




 **[alt\\_ernie](#)** at **[2009-08-12 15:46:34](#)**  
(no subject)

I think Guardians must have a different view on stuff like breaking arms. My mum was a bit cross, but she was mostly just worried and sad that I got hurt.

Its not that awful. It hurt a lot at the time, but its fine now. I doesn't even look brused or anything. It feels funny like when you fall asleep and your arm is underneath you and then you wake up and your arm is all weird and tingly and feels like its not really your arm but someone elses, and then it starts to wake up again but only halfway between sleep and awake.



 **[alt\\_megan](#)** at **[2009-08-14 04:41:30](#)**  
(no subject)

I think guardians and parents have loads of differences.

Ooooooh, I hate that funny feeling. Sometimes it goes away if you rub it. But I'd rather it hurt. A little. Not a lot. If it was a lot I'd rather it was that funny feeling.

**2009-08-11 10:41:00**

*Honestly!*

I have heard some absolutely mad rumors going round about what happened in the cave! Two different people asked me if we'd found a chest full of pirate's gold--one had heard that MLE Hit-Wizards had come and taken it in as evidence, and the other had heard that we were all hiding it in our tents!



 [alt\\_susan](#)

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 [alt-ron.livejournal.com](#) at **2009-08-11 22:08:54**  
(no subject)

Did you see how they got the story all twisted round in the Prophet? (And wasn't that a silly picture of Harry they used? I'd be cheesed off I was him.) And then they made it all about Dean Thomas. I mean I'm not saying what's happened to him isn't dead interesting, but he wasn't even there in the cave with us!!

Incredible!

 [alt-susan.livejournal.com](#) at **2009-08-12 01:58:32**  
(no subject)

No, what'd they say? It does seem like Marvolo has to put up with a lot of people taking silly pictures.

That's so like grownups!

 [alt-pansy.livejournal.com](#) at **2009-08-12 14:46:15**  
(no subject)

They made it sound like Harry was a big hero to uncover the treasure, and like he single-handedly taught Thomas about a hundred spells to get MacMillan out of there. Like Harry being there made Thomas a great wizard, or like they're new best mates.

Not that Harry wouldn't be friendly, I mean. He's very polite to everybody and Thomas deserves to be with us now that he's a real wizard. But they barely know each other, that's all.

It's interesting how the *Prophet* sometimes is very accurate but

other times it reads like a *Bewitching Brunilda* mystery. I tried asking Lucius why once and he didn't really answer. He said something about editors that I didn't quite get.

 [alt-megan.livejournal.com](http://alt-megan.livejournal.com) at **2009-08-12 15:20:18**  
(no subject)

It would be hard to hide it in our tent. There was no room. But I'd like to see pirate gold.

**2009-08-11 12:51:00**

## *Fish*

boot's work assignment has been changed again. Master moved from the Mid-Suffolk district camp to the one in Waveney, which is on the coast. This is the first time boot has ever seen the sea! It is so wonderful. boot would never get tired of looking at it, but boot is too busy to be allowed to just stand around and watch it, much. boot still serves master all his meals, but otherwise boot now works with the shore crews gutting and cleaning fish. Mostly herring, but also cod, plaice, skate and haddock. The woman who showed boot what to do said that the waters were really overfished when the muggles were in charge. but now the fisheries are rebounding. That means their catch is increasing every year. So it is good that the Lord Protector is in charge of everything.



 [alt\\_terry](#)

after waiting on master in the morning, boot gets to the shore just as the trawlers are coming in with the night's catch. They have big wooden trestle tables set up on shore. boot helps the crew unload there, and then the workers sort the fish and start cleaning it, standing at the table, with big flensing knives. boot always tries to get a place at the table so he can look out to sea if he glances up. he can't do that very often, though. The fish have to be cleaned quickly. it's very important to always keep your eyes on what you are doing. It would be very easy to cut yourself badly if you aren't paying attention. They always have to count the knives before the crews are allowed to leave at the end of the day. Yesterday, one of the knives got knocked off the table and buried in the sand. they would have made everyone stay out there all night if it hadn't been found. Of course, animals mustn't be allowed to smuggle any knives back into the camps. That keeps everybody safe.


boot works with the younger part of the crew that simply scales the fish, before the fillets are cut off. That means scraping the fish scales from their sides. The scales stick to everything and fly everywhere. even into boots eyes sometimes. The supervisors try to leave the job of gutting and filleting the fish, which means handling the knives, to the older people, with more experience.

Some of the fish gets used fresh. most of it is dried, so it can be stored and then used during the winter. Fish is very good for you. boot remembers Madam Pomfrey telling him so once.

Master says that he will be taking boot back to Hogwarts at the end of the week.

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 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2009-08-11 18:23:54](#)  
(no subject)

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

Gah, I wonder if I'll ever be able to smell anything but fish again. Master cleans the smell off me with a spell every time I go to serve him a meal (and he still grumbles about stinking mudbloods) but at least he's not forced to smell it all day like I do. And once I leave him to go out back to work, of course, the smell comes back, getting all over my clothes and sinking into my skin.

It's a tiring job. And I see those dead fish eyes looking at me whenever I close my eyes to go to sleep. Urgh.

I'll be really, really glad to get back to Hogwarts. And fish may be good for me, but I don't think I'll eat any for the next year if I can help it.




 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2009-08-13 02:11:16](#)  
(no subject)

**I Solemnly Swear that I am Up To No Good**

Oh I can't wait to see you, Terry!!




 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2009-08-13 11:41:57](#)  
(no subject)

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

I know! Me, too. I suppose you won't get back until the Welcoming Feast. But I'll see you then!



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-08-11 19:17:38](#)  
*I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up to No Good*

We can probably whip something up from our potions kit that'd make smells go away, Professor. But that's not much help to you now.

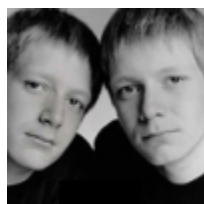
Actually, we're more often trying to purposely brew something that makes a bad smell. Guess it's good to know we can simply use a dead fish instead. Simpler.



 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2009-08-11 19:20:24](#)

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

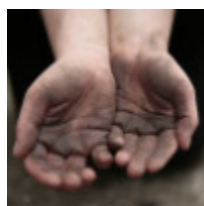
Well, just so you know, Master hates that smell. Which is odd, when you think about it, because there are lots of awful smells that don't seem to bother him in the least.



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-08-11 19:20:55](#)

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

Good tip. We'll remember that, thanks.



 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2009-08-11 19:23:39](#)

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

Hey, I'm not telling you so you can prank him or anything! I don't want you to get into trouble. (Or me either, for that matter).



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2009-08-11 19:26:10](#)

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

Knowledge is power, Professor.

And don't worry. If we ever come to use that little tidbit, we'll make sure to leave you out of it entirely and that it can't be traced back to us.



**2009-08-11 20:12:00**

### *Ginny's birthday*

Ron's home from his camping trip and Bill has come over for dinner, so everyone (except Charlie) was here tonight for Ginny's birthday. Arthur promised faithfully to get home in time for dinner, and he actually managed it for once. I was so pleased. Luna and her father came over to join the celebration, too (Luna's going to sleep over tonight) and so it was quite crowded around our dining room table.



 [alt\\_molly](#)

It is all but impossible to find baking powder again, so I couldn't make a cake, but I made a lovely strawberry and rhubarb crumble that was certainly festive enough (and with all the bottomless teenaged appetites around the table, it was polished off without a single crumb left).

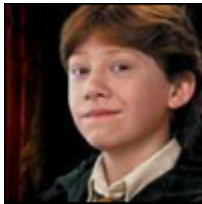
Ginny was ever so excited and touchingly grateful for all of the presents she received. Luna managed to find a beautifully illustrated set of secondhand books by Edward Eager: Half-Magic, Knight's Castle, Magic or Not, as well as another one, The Last Unicorn, by someone I had never heard of before, named Peter Beagle. Percy gave her a new planner for Hogwarts, and Bill a lovely silvertopped ink bottle. Ron gave her a Cornish pixie that he and his friend Seamus had manage to capture and store in a tin that originally had held broom wax. You can imagine that I was not particularly pleased to see that! Cornish pixies can be extremely rude. (The twins, on the other hand, were perfectly delighted. If I had to hazard a guess, I imagine it shouldn't take more than a week before the two of them "liberate" it from its cage to see what it can do. With a little luck, the wretched thing may make a clean getaway.) Charlie sent a set of tooled leather laces for tying back her hair, made of dragonhide (charmed so that they cannot be lost, which is perfectly inspired; Ginny's forever losing her hair ties). The twins gave her a set of origami paper that's charmed to change colour and throw off sparks (I'm sure they were attracted to it because of the miniature fireworks). Ginny's become quite interested in origami since starting a pen friendship with Sally-Anne Perks (an owl that arrived from Sally-Anne this morning brought a folded origami bee, charmed to sing 'Happy Birthday.') This type of paper is a bit tricky to work with, because if you fold it incorrectly, the sparks start going off like mad until the paper goes up in a puff of smoke. The twins have assured her that the challenge will make her learn the figures that much more quickly. I just hope that it doesn't set


the curtains or tablecloth on fire.

Arthur and I gave her clothes and a few more books, as well as the old cherry wood-backed hairbrush and mirror I inherited from my own grandmother. It's lovely to have a daughter of my own to whom I can pass down heirlooms like these.

The conversation around the table was certainly lively. Arthur brought the evening Prophet home, and that caused a stir when the boys read the article about the school's expedition to Cornwall and realised how Ron's role in the events in the caves had been edited out entirely. Well, I can imagine it was rather irresistible for the editors of the Prophet to play up the heroism of the Lord Protector's son's. It worked, judging from the way Ginny eagerly read and re-read the article and read bits out loud. Still, Ron's disappointment is entirely understandable.

But on the whole, it was a wonderful evening. I'm sure the girls will stay up well into the night, giggling under their blankets. Arthur has promised to make them popcorn if they are still awake after midnight. I think there is little doubt that they will be.




 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-08-12 02:35:57](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, Mum! You don't have to go on and on about it, do you? At least they got Harry's bits right. If a bit, well, flashier than it seemed at the time.

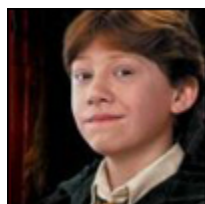
D'you really think the wands were just fakes? I mean, the Auror said so when we were telling him and Professor Sinistra what we'd found down there, and the paper said so in the article, like it was really common for people to be trying to sell second-rate and dud wands all over the place.


Anyway, what's got into Ginny? Did you see that she and Luna cut out that picture of Harry and took it off with them? I spose Ginny's got a whole drawer full of clippings of him by now. And all the giggling! Oi!!



 [alt\\_ginny](#) at [2009-08-12 16:48:02](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, and I suppose you don't have every picture of the Chudley Cannons that has ever come into the house pasted on the walls of your room!




 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-08-12 19:49:35](#)  
(no subject)

Of course I do, but not because I'm in love with them! I don't make googly eyes and blush when I talk about the Cannons.

And I don't kiss their pictures every night before I go to sleep, either.



 [alt\\_ginny](#) at [2009-08-13 01:09:03](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, what rubbish. I've never done anything nearly so daft.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-08-12 16:51:28](#)  
(no subject)

I'm sure I have no idea whether the wands were fakes or not. But I imagine the Aurors must know what they are talking about.

**2009-08-12 18:21:00**

*ORDER ONLY: Dean Thomas*

Today I met with the Thomas boy for the first proper time. I suppose I needn't tell you, Arthur, but he's quite the self-contained little creature. I had expected something more cringing, but he sat very straight and answered all my questions directly, not at all like Boot or even Granger at first. I could not in the least bit divine what was going on behind those glassy little eyes, though I don't doubt that his mind was whirring.



 **alt\_mcgonagall**

Sinistra tells me that he did quite well on his trip, and of course you have seen how he has communicated with the other children, better than I expected. I must admit that I continue nervous. Surely no child could pull through the camps with such an unruffled surface who wasn't concealing deep fault lines behind.


But there is little I can do. I attempted to moderate my demeanor, but he isn't at all the same case as Granger, and I could hardly allow him to believe me *too* kindly; I had to restrain myself to a few comments about feeling unpressured, and to attempting a motherly pat on the shoulder or two.

I do believe, however, that it shall be best for him to receive tutelage and remain with the second-years, if at all possible. He asked me quite plaintively whether he would be forced to fly with the babies, meaning the first-years, and I had to tell him 'yes,' but it was clear that he took it as a blow. Perhaps that self-containedness is pride. Molly, I'm sorry, but I don't believe your Percy would be the best choice to tutor him. I've thought of some of the Ravenclaws. Of course, should he test out particularly poorly, I shall be forced to put him with the first-years in any case.

A troubling boy, even if he doesn't *appear* troubled.



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 **alt\_arthur** at **2009-08-13 14:52:46**  
(no subject)

That's quite an encouraging report about young Mr Thomas, Minerva, thank you. Ron seemed quite taken with him, so I hope he'll manage to make friends, whichever House he lands in once he's Sorted.

His self-possession also struck me when I interviewed him. I shouldn't wonder if it's a side effect of the work he's been doing the past four years in the infirmary at Epping Forest. He's quite accustomed to working with adults, including wizards, sometimes under quite stressful conditions. Healer Hayden, who was in charge there, seems to me to be a decent sort, not the type to brow-beat people just because they might be muggleborns. Hayden was more concerned that the people working there were competent, whatever their blood status.

That's not to say that Mr Thomas didn't suffer the usual indignities of living in the camps, of course, and you may see signs of that eventually. Doubtless you will learn more in the weeks to come, once he settles in a bit.



 **alt\_molly** at **2009-08-13 15:03:58**  
(no subject)

Much as it pains me to admit it, I think you're probably right that Percy might not be the best choice for a tutor. He probably would do his best to be helpful, but I must say that sometimes he shows a little bit too much consciousness of blood status. If Dean is at all sensitive (and I can't help but think a boy in his position must be), Percy's . . . condescension... would probably grate a little. I'm sure I don't know where Percy picked up such an attitude, because it certainly wasn't from Arthur or me.

Perhaps a half-blood instead might be better? Someone calm, friendly and encouraging.

**2009-08-12 20:45:00**

*Busy Day...*



 [alt\\_dean](#)

So I am finally at Hogwarts, and I have to say I have never been in a place so big. I am actually glad that I am here early, so that I don't really have to worry about getting lost when term starts. Until I am sorted, I am staying in one of the guest room that they have for visitors. Its really nice and roomy. There is a fire and everything.

Anywiz, my day was really busy. Right after breakfast, I had to get right down to business. I had to meet with the headmistress first. She said her name was Professor McGonagall. I am not sure what I think of her yet. She seems very stern. I don't think she is one somebody would cross.

Basically I was tested to see what I knew and was told that I would be spending an hour or so studying the following subjects everyday:

Transfiguration

Charms

Potions

Herbology

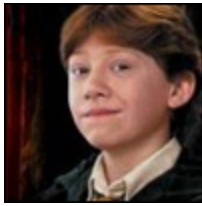
***Sorry, Ron- They said I have to wait to take the flying with the first years. It's not that important right now, but I wanted to let you know that I did ask.***


Anyway, Professor McGonagall said that I have to work hard and catch on quick. She will test me again to see how much I have learned before the start of term feast. That test will show if I can move on or if I will have to take some of the other classes with the first years.

She also said that there is no pressure, but of course there is pressure. I don't want to be in a class with a bunch of kids younger than I am. Flying is bad enough... At least If I do well enough, I can stick with my own age level and get a tutor. That would be better than anything else.

Oh well, my official first day of tutoring starts tomorrow. I had better get some sleep.

---



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-08-13 01:30:52](#)**  
(no subject)

Best luck, mate.

Too bad about the flying, but I don't know how you'd have time with all they've got you doing! When term starts it'll probably feel like a holiday to you!

**2009-08-12 22:16:00**

Oh, Minerva ....

By the way ....

I trust we're in agreement on the matter of salary. Certainly he has experience, but there are standards to set. Precedents, that is.



 **alt\_lucius**

Thought I'd best write it in case your memory is ... hazy ... come morning.

---




 **alt\_mcgonagall** at **2009-08-13 03:05:59**  
(no subject)

Of course we are Lucius.

If I don't remember it you shan't either, you know. You are quite as bad as I am to-night.



 **alt\_lucius** at **2009-08-13 03:11:28**  
(no subject)

inconceivable.




 **alt\_mcgonagall** at **2009-08-13 03:13:11**  
(no subject)

I think my scotch reserves would beg to differ my good sir.

Also that *droll* comment you made about Mr and Miss Mad.



 **alt\_lucius** at **2009-08-13 03:21:09**  
(no subject)

Which? that he's deluded enough to actually think he's the reincarnated Sade or the ... unusual and unfortunate window the journals provide to their ... relationship?



though I don't think we ever quite settled that bet.




 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-08-13 03:25:39](#)  
(no subject)

The latter. I figured out the reincarnated sade bit myself. That bit about alecto complaining about how little sleep she gets.

I am sorry you know. About little Draco. Boys will be boys but of course I am sorry.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-08-13 03:30:15](#)  
(no subject)

Ah. Somewhat more than Amycus, I think, yes.

Regarding Draco, I think you know my position - and my ... stance on that count. Yes, scrapes are inevitable. Still.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-08-13 03:31:42](#)  
(no subject)


Well in any



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-08-13 03:32:18](#)  
(no subject)

Sorry about prior comment. A mishap in pouring.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-08-13 03:35:05](#)  
(no subject)

Still at it? At this -


Good lord, it's ... very late. Think of your scotch reserves. I shan't take respnsibility for all of it!



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-08-13 03:38:52](#)  
(no subject)

Oh come off it Lucius it is the holidays after all, and I did not mean you to take responsibility for any of it really. And now you are working on your own scotch I imagine.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-08-13 03:41:38](#)  
(no subject)

The elf had already poured. No sense putting it back in the decanter.

at any rate, you may be on holiday but you've still charges to consider. A charge, anyway.

self-possessed youngster, must say.




 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-08-13 03:43:28](#)  
(no subject)

Not particularly

Asleep in bed the little tyke I suppose. Elf would tell me if not.

anyhow I suppose he must be sleeping like the dead in his bed, so soft. Compared.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-08-13 03:50:41](#)  
(no subject)

... S'that a comment on the camps or the comfort of Hogwarts? Not sure.

Also still not sure it's wise to indoctrinate him so suddenly to proper society. though of course it's also improper not to remove him at once from the animal filth. Hm.

Bother Weasley and his prying, anyway. As if anyone cares whether their lives are comfortable.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2009-08-13 03:53:20](#)  
(no subject)

Well either really dont you remember dorm  
beds? The ones in Gryffindor were like boards  
really.

He took it fine honestly. Worse to leave him there

I believe I shall go to sleep now. I have called an elf for  
water.

**2009-08-13 19:58:00**

*Order Only: Planning*

Arthur, have you heard anything from Nymphadora? Did Malfoy's manoeuvres help her at all?



 **alt\_sirius**

If not, I think we may have an option for her.

And Moony - for you, too. Have you given any thought to that proposal of mine? Or are you too buried in nappies, lullabies and pat-a-cakes to earn an honest (well, mostly honest) living?

Reason I'm asking is, Justin received his acceptance to Beauxbatons. And as promised, Laura has come through with a rather sizable donation in thanks. Enough to secure the shop and stock it up with household goods - regular items, I think, to help provide something for the struggling housewitch - and so that I can follow it up within the month with a good shipment of the typical supplies.

We'll need staff. If Moony's there to handle Mundungus and some of our more ... unsavoury clientele, then perhaps my cousin would be useful behind the counter to help present a much more legitimate picture to any Ministry snoops who might come nosing about.

It gives her a source of income, one not dependent on the Ministry's clemency, and it gives Moony ... well, it gives him a way to get back in the game. And it protects them both, if you see what I mean.

Well? Is it brilliant, or is it *brilliant*?

(Oh, and Minerva? Merlin's beard. I dunno whether to tease you or task you. It's one thing to plumb Malfoy as an ally, but honestly! And ... I'll stop before you hex me all the way from Hogwarts.)



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 **alt\_mcgonagall** at **2009-08-14 01:27:22**  
(no subject)

*Not a word, Mr. Black.*




 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-08-14 02:06:32](#)**  
(no subject)

Really? Because *several* of them come to mind....

All right, all right, I promise - not another syllable.




 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2009-08-14 02:24:02](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, dear. Sirius.

*Draco dormiens nunquam titillandus.*

Those are the words that come to my mind at this juncture.




 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-08-15 02:41:56](#)**  
(no subject)

Wait, I know this one:

*Per virga punctum is?*



 **[alt\\_lupin](#)** at **[2009-08-14 07:16:04](#)**  
(no subject)

I think I could probably stay out here forever, but you're right, it's time to get back into the game. Kevin's doing well, he's grown so much already, but we need to keep working to try and make things better for not just him but his whole generation. I think I could be of more use based in London, and if it helps Arthur's friend too, so much the better.

I don't know about brilliant though. It's very risky. I'm not quite up there at the top of the Most Wanted list with you, but there's a good chance I could be recognised and turned in. We need to give some serious thought to how we're going to ensure the shop's protected, not so much for me, but if we're putting Arthur's friend in the path of danger, we need to do all we can to ensure her wellbeing.



 **alt\_sirius** at **2009-08-14 10:58:27**  
(no subject)

Too right.

Lucky for you, we know a pureblood wizard of impeccable reputation who shan't mind in the least if you use his name. One might say he 'ernestly' offers it. '78, remember - he's been on the shelf since about '80, I think.

That'll help protect you; so will some cosmetic changes to make you look older and less shady.

As for the shop, I agree. We don't want a Ministry-repelling charm, of course, as that'll be a dead giveaway. Plus we want their business. Could you rig a sort of confundus variant, just so they don't notice you too closely?

And one other thing: obviously, my cousin can't know anything about the other items you'd be selling or the supplies I hope to send you for Kingsley and Moddey Dhoo and wherever else we have need. At least, not unless Arthur thinks she should be brought in. So, we'll want to ensure she can function inside whatever safeguards you implement.



 **alt\_lupin** at **2009-08-14 12:41:03**  
(no subject)

How very decent of him, though no less than I expected of such a fine, upstanding citizen.

I have a think about some sort of protection charm. I'll see what Alice and Frank think too. I'm sure between us all, we can come up with something that will hide me but keep your cousin (I'd quite forgotten she was your cousin. Poor girl!) safely unaware. Unless Arthur brings her in on it all, of course.




 **alt\_sirius** at **2009-08-14 13:03:01**  
(no subject)

Oi, she's Andromeda's daughter, and Andy was the best of the lot. Just because nearly all of them are homicidal maniacs it doesn't mean the entire

family are off their tree. She's a good girl, you'll like her, I think.

Y'know, as far as our pureblood friend, it might behoove us to check on his esteemed pater, just to make sure that the old boy won't suddenly go into shock on discovering he has a son. Then again, he never seemed to notice back in the day, so perhaps it's no skin off his nose. If he's even still alive, old codger, I've no idea.



 **[alt\\_lupin](#)** at **[2009-08-14 13:19:45](#)**

*(no subject)*

I meant poor girl having to be related to you! I'm sure she's perfectly nice. I'll find out soon enough by the sounds of it anyway, or at least our mutual friend will, and I'm sure he'll pass along his

thoughts.

You know, I never thought to check on the old chap. I really ought to have done, especially after all the troubles. I can't imagine he went through anything too terrible, being a genuinely upstanding and decent sort, but in those dark days, you never know. I just hope they didn't single him out because of his association with the parents of another of our mutual friends.

We ought to check. Not just because it's the decent thing to do, either - our pureblood friend ought to at the very least know whether his own father is alive or dead, estranged though they might be.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-08-14 13:25:54](#)**

*(no subject)*

Good point!

Besides, it would be good to know. He really was an all right sort, so it'd be a pity if anything had happened to him.

If he is alive, though, 'estranged' might be the best, safest course. And a memory modification, if he is still kicking, would probably be prudent. Unless Arthur thinks the Ministry won't bother with a thorough background check on a nondescript shopwizard like Junior.




 **alt\_lupin** at [2009-08-14 13:36:59](#)  
(no subject)

It'd be fairly reasonable, I think, for them to be entirely estranged. Junior did, after all, completely fail his NEWTs. Shocking behaviour, especially when everyone had such high hopes for his future.

So if memory modification isn't possible, I think we could get away with it. I doubt they'd be that thorough on some random chap running a shop, although, these days, goodness only knows how much they're spying on us. Better safe than sorry, if we can get to him.



 **alt\_sirius** at [2009-08-14 13:43:39](#)  
(no subject)

Shocking, indeed! It's a wonder he ever got approved for that security deposit. Must've been to do with the gorgeous redhead distracting the landlord.

I know; I don't like dancing in and mucking with his memories, either. Well, we can always find out a. if he's alive and b. wait to see if anyone comes snooping. It's the sort of thing one could do down the road, no need to jump the gate on it.



 **alt\_lupin** at [2009-08-14 13:48:06](#)  
(no subject)

She had a great many skills, but that was certainly one of the most amusing to watch.

You're right, we can wait and see how it goes with Senior. Keep a close eye on the old chap, if he's still alive, and do what has to be done as and when it's necessary.





 **[alt\\_kingsley](#)** at **[2009-08-14 17:33:11](#)**  
(no subject)

The Players and I can help you with disguise charms. Makeup, even, if you're willing to mess with that.


(As for the rest of what you two are nattering on about, none of us can make heads nor tails of it.)



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-08-14 17:36:08](#)**  
(no subject)


Oh, come on, Kingsley, on the contrary, you of all people should realise ... the vital Importance of Being Earnest.



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2009-08-14 19:47:53](#)**  
(no subject)

Neither can I!



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-08-14 20:01:34](#)**  
(no subject)

Not to worry, Molly. It's an old alias of mine, but for a while there, Prongs, Moony, Wormtail and I all had the use of the name - and the identity - whenever we needed a convenient fake persona.

In fact, I think James even borrowed it for a while in the run-up before the wedding, to get some relief from that horrid sister of Lily's.

I promise, we'll let you in on the joke.



 **[alt\\_lupin](#)** at **[2009-08-14 21:45:51](#)**  
(no subject)

Thank you, Kingsley. That would be most helpful.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-08-14 16:15:10](#)**  
(no subject)

Moony, back when I left, I opened a small vault for Junior, in case I needed him again. There were only a couple Galleons in cash, but much more to the point there should be copies of the transcripts and other sundry things you might need to make his identity more credible. I hid the key in Wormtail's mother's back garden, under the shade elm on the treehouse side. Do you think you could get to it?


If not, or if it's gone for some reason, I daresay Professor Slughorn has a copy of the letter of recommendation he wrote. And Minerva might be surprised to find some of his records in the old school files. We could of course start from scratch if necessary, but why bother if the parchment has already been inked?



 **[alt\\_lupin](#)** at **[2009-08-14 21:44:58](#)**  
(no subject)

Shouldn't be a problem once I'm back on the mainland.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2009-08-14 13:39:06](#)**  
(no subject)

And anywiz, I'm a catch. There's many a girl - and a fair number of blokes - would jump at the chance.... Have, in fact.

Whatever else my parents did wrong, they at least gave me looks. The charm I came by all on my own, I like to think. The brains must've come from you and James, though.



 **alt\_lupin** at [2009-08-14 13:42:06](#)  
(no subject)

If you say so.




 **alt\_molly** at [2009-08-14 13:45:17](#)  
(no subject)

My eyes are rolling so hard I think I must have sprained something.

Sirius, you dog.




 **alt\_sirius** at [2009-08-14 13:46:21](#)  
(no subject)

Woof.

Your point?




 **alt\_arthur** at [2009-08-14 14:04:55](#)  
(no subject)

Much as I hate to give any credit to Lucius Malfoy, I am happy to say that that girl is back at work. I saw her last time, and mighty pleased I was to see her, too. She's only back two nights a week, however, because the investigation is still termed 'pending.' Not because they have the slightest bit of evidence against her, I don't think, but merely because Internal Affairs wants to frighten her a bit more about stepping out of line.

I was worried as to whether she'd have any lingering resentment toward me, since, after all, it was my asking her to pinch the file that got her into this mess in the first place. But it seems she doesn't hold any grudge at all. She was as friendly as ever when she chatted with me, I'm relieved to say. I think it really helps that she had such a tangible reward for her efforts, in the change in Dean Thomas' status. She said she's been following his story in the news, and it's clear that she--like me--is taking pleasure in his success in stepping into more decent life for himself.

Still, she is still worried about money, since she's only been scheduled part-time, and so I think she might be entirely open to the idea of another part-time job. How should we approach this? Do you want me to mention it to her, possibly saying it's an opportunity I've heard about through Bill?



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2009-08-14 16:11:07](#)  
(no subject)

Well, it's something, anyway.

And yeah, I think 'through Bill' would be the best angle, particularly as it's Bill who found the potential premises in the first place.

**2009-08-14 14:12:00**

*XIII*

Mother, Cissy and I just finished tea, having settled on the details for Sunday's festivities. It looks as if the weather should be fair enough to hold the naming ceremony outside in the gardens, while the ritual of ancestral trees will be carried out in the grand hall. After all, we wouldn't want any of those tapestries to be sullied by a rouge rain shower.



 [alt\\_bellatrix](#)

Walburga has already brought up the Black tapestry from Grimmauld Place, and Rodolphus convinced Rabastan to bring round the Lestrangle tapestry when he was up from Hampshire on Monday. And, after much Owling back and forth, Rodolphus' cousin Cornelius has promised to bring the Jugson's early on Sunday morn. He had best keep his word, especially as I am not entirely convinced that the Jugson side of Rodolphus' ancestry has proper respect for tradition. When they brought the tapestry over for Hydra's ritual of trees, the thing looked like it had been stashed up in the attic, for I am certain I spied bits of cobweb and such on it. I made my disapproval on the matter entirely clear, so perhaps Cornelius delays now only because he is wisely making sure that the tapestry is in immaculate condition before presenting it to me.

Stephen, I hope that you will consider bringing your young charge along with you on Sunday. It would do the small one good to see the Rosier tapestry, I think, so that he knows how fortunate he is to have been taken in by such a significant and established pureblood family.

As much as I am looking forward to Sunday's events, I will admit that I am just as eager to get back to work. Early reports indicate that the new Auror training programme will pay off very well, but I do feel that my presence is a necessary component of the MLE's eminence, and thus a benefit to the fruition of our Lord's vision for Britain.

Fortunately, we've had a nanny lined up for Rigel for some time now - Mrs Baylock, who also looked after dear Harry when he was an infant, and as such was unavailable for Hydra. How funny that we should acquire the perfect Nanny now, with a child as peaceful and easy as Rigel, when we couldn't do so with Hydra, who wailed so much that I often considered sealing her gob off with spellotape. 'Twas like living with a howler.

Rodolphus has been trying to convince me that Hydra feels neglected with a new baby in the house, but since I haven't been able to find her all day, I will conclude that he's likely projecting.

---




 **[alt\\_narcissa](#)** at **[2009-08-14 22:19:27](#)**  
(no subject)

And of course, we shall bring the Malfoy tapestry tomorrow along with a few presents that seem to have found their way to the St James' house.

Incidentally, I thought I saw Hydra in the armoury, about an hour before our tea. But I can't imagine anyone with her disposition feeling put out by a new brother. Still, who would know her better than her father?

Now, you're certain the Razzer wouldn't rather be named to stand for little Rigel? After all, we stood up for Hydra as well; he might like the chance.



 **[alt\\_bellatrix](#)** at **[2009-08-14 22:23:58](#)**  
(no subject)

She might be in there. Mother still hasn't seen fit to get rid of that suit of armour that attempts to dance rondes with whoever happens by, and for some reason Hydra finds it terribly amusing.

And her Mummy knows better, naturally! At any rate, a period of adjustment is to be expected when it comes to new siblings. Mother still laughs about how I tried to de-gnome Andromeda when she wasn't even one year old.

The Razzer appears set on terminal bachelorhood for now, and Rodolphus said he looked very awkward when he brought the matter up. So it shall be you and Lucius again, and never you fret about it, for if I have my way I shall live to be at least two hundred.

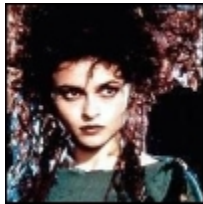



 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2009-08-14 22:38:32](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, I've no doubt that Hydra would never hesitate to come to you, Bella dear, to resolve any ailment or complaint. I simply meant that Rodolphus does spend rather more time with her, so might be a slightly better judge of her moods. Not that I detect any moodiness, of course! No, I'm sure you're right about his real reasons. Send him along to the Manor if you need a respite before your return to the Ministry offices.

Bachelorhood is no excuse, but it's no trouble on our part, if it makes him pall. Honestly, men choose the oddest things about which to be squeamish. Thank goodness for sensible nannies.

As for living to two hundred, I'm sure Lucius plans to continue right along with you! I don't even want to consider what we'd look like at that age. If I could guarantee that we'll remain as ageless as Mother, perhaps, I could face it more gracefully.




 [alt\\_bellatrix](#) at [2009-08-14 22:55:23](#)  
(no subject)

I may just take you up on that, Cissy. Rodolphus and Lucius can sit around the library and smoke cigars and whatnot, and perhaps I will take Hydra to Camelot for the day.

And you will be a beauty for decades to come, my dear. Mother will have to share her secrets eventually, hmm?

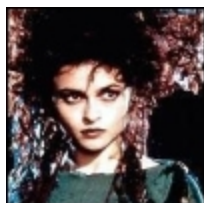


 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-08-14 23:53:01](#)  
(no subject)

Yes, by all means. In fact, there's a trifling project that I've been working on that might intrigue him.

I do try to convince Narcissa that her beauty is unending, but you know your sister. I think she secretly wishes to return to modeling, were it not for the long hours.






 **[alt\\_bellatrix](#)** at **[2009-08-15 02:42:03](#)**  
(no subject)

I shall certainly pass that along to him, Lucius.

She was very good at it, though. Perhaps the opportunity will come her way again.

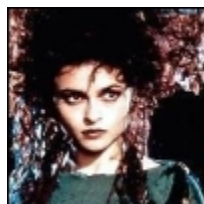


 **[alt\\_narcissa](#)** at **[2009-08-15 02:49:55](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, stuff, you two.

When I need careers advice from either of you, I shall certainly let you know.

As for another opportunity, Bella, I have that at my fingertips. Seeing the likes of Letitia Calderwood and others younger than she coming through the doors of *Witch Weekly*, however, quickly disabuses one of the vanity that motivates any desire for a comeback.



 **[alt\\_bellatrix](#)** at **[2009-08-15 03:08:45](#)**  
(no subject)

Only musing, Cissy.

Little Letitia Calderwood must put levitating charms on her food, seeing as she reportedly keeps down so very little - or perhaps her brother has a potion for that, too? But I suppose she and Troy must put their talents to use somehow, hmm? Poor June Calderwood, she must despair so.



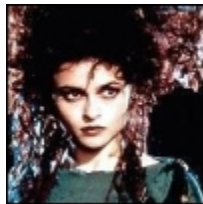
 **[alt\\_narcissa](#)** at **[2009-08-15 03:19:26](#)**  
(no subject)

Apparently it's all vitamin potions and water, these days. Another excellent reason not to return, triumphantly or otherwise.

June, presumably, must wonder whether her grandson will amount to anything more than a street mountebank. Though



it's really thanks to her involvement that the dear boy is not in Azkaban over that whole escapade. After all, the Calderwoods did fund nearly a quarter of the expenses out of pocket. I doubt she would have been so generous had she known she was supporting the boy's more *entrepreneurial* efforts.



 [alt\\_bellatrix](#) at [2009-08-15 03:29:22](#)  
(no subject)

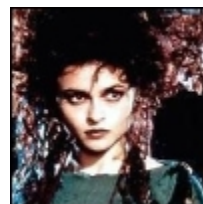
It's tomfoolery like this that makes me despair. Young girls starving themselves? Boys distributing potions to enhance performance on exams? And these are just the ones from the good stock. I hate to think of our children being corrupted by all that, and yet the day that Hydra leaves on the Hogwarts Express draws closer and closer.


Well. There are no other options. I can only hope that the establishment of the Young Protectors League will help to curb some of this worrisome behaviour.



 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2009-08-15 04:18:18](#)  
(no subject)

Well, there's hope yet, dear sister. I understand that Cassandra is the golden child of the Calderwoods and they expect Great Things. She aspires to become either Chief Healer St Mungo's or even Mugwump of the Wizengamot. If it can be believed.



 [alt\\_bellatrix](#) at [2009-08-15 04:28:05](#)  
(no subject)


It's reassuring to know that the one closest to Hydra's age is a good child, at least. For now. And I am so glad that I can rely on dear Harry and Draco to keep Hydra out of trouble during her first year. Such a crucial time, it is.



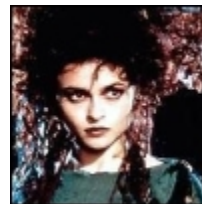
 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2009-08-15 04:37:58](#)  
(no subject)


Draco and Harry, yes.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-08-15 04:40:13](#)  
(no subject)


Well, let us hope, at least, that having Hydra there to look after makes them both more cognisant of their responsibilities.



 [alt\\_bellatrix](#) at [2009-08-15 04:44:20](#)  
(no subject)

Great minds, Lucius. I'm sure ~~Dræ~~ they know how displeased I would be if she were to be eaten by a dragon or stomped on by a giant chess piece!



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-08-15 04:46:38](#)  
(no subject)

I would never presume to advise you, my love, into any venture you do not wish to pursue.

I shall merely point out that you are still as radiant as ever, if not more, and without question more appealing than a slip of a girl.



 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2009-08-15 04:55:58](#)  
(no subject)

Flatterer.

You're just trying to atone for your own little irresponsible episode, drinking with the Headmistress.

Oh, don't mind me. Perhaps I am suffering vicarious post-

partum let-down on Bella's behalf. Certainly she seems in  
blithe enough spirits for both of us.

**2009-08-15 13:20:00**

## *School Stuff*

I don't know about any of you lot, but I'm ready for school to start. Well, not ready ready, but now the camping's done, I'm really looking forward to being back at Hogwarts, cause mostly there's just chores to do here, and staying out of range of Mum's yell, and Not Pestering Percy (the pustule), and wondering what the twins have got up to since they've always got their door locked. And telling Ginny stuff she wants to know about school--and certain people who go there.



 [alt\\_ron](#)

But the good thing is that this afternoon I've got a break from answering all her questions about the marvelous, mysterious Harry Marvolo. (I'm pretty sure she'd rather I'd got her his autograph on a picture instead of the pixie I brought her from Cornwall for her birthday. Especially after it got out in her closet yesterday. Ooooh, that wasn't pretty!) Right now she's stood on a stool in the middle of the kitchen with Mum taking in and doing up some old robes for her to wear for school this year. I think they were Mum's Aunt Mirelda's robes, but I guess she was a bit bigger than Ginny when she wore them. Ginny says they smell like Mustbunnies have been nesting in them for years, and they've got funny pleats in them--or maybe those are just creases from being folded up so long, I don't know.

I'm staying as far away as I can because Mum's got a mouthful of pins, and it wasn't going so well when I looked in earlier. She was muttering about just knitting Ginny some new robes--'cause I guess Mum's better at knitting than sewing--and Ginny looked like she might cry at the idea of that, 'cause-- Well anyway, she wants to have robes like everybody else, and you can't really blame her. And Mum's about spitting pins because every time she casts the hemming charm, it seems like one side or the other hikes up. I thought at first that maybe Ginny was doing it--y'know, twitching her elbow up at just that moment, but then Mum Petrified her and it still happened, so maybe it's just that sewing's tough to do.

Anywiz. I guess on Wednesday, we're going to Diagon Alley, all of us, to get our books and supplies. Mum's all excited about it, cause she won some kind of contest that means she can queue up at Flourish and Blotts to buy a signed copy of Professor Lockhart's new book. Can you imagine entering a contest for that?! I mean, it's not like she won the book, just the chance to stand in line for him to sign it!

So. Any of you lot going to be there on Wednesday? We could try to meet up.

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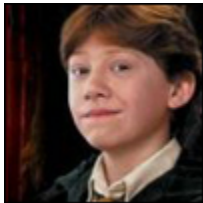



 **alt\_padma** at **2009-08-15 20:17:12**  
(no subject)

She won a contest? Hm.

My mum already has a place for that. She's talking with him about endorsing some of her designs for men.

So I suppose we might pass you in the queue.




 **alt\_ron** at **2009-08-15 21:01:14**  
(no subject)

Yeah, I guess some people won't even be allowed to queue up. I can't even imagine how many people they think are going to be there.

I mean, it's Lockhart is all.

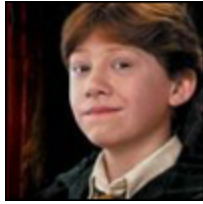
D'you mean your mum makes those fruit-coloured robes like he wears? Aren't they awfully, I don't know, pretty for men to be wearing?




 **alt\_padma** at **2009-08-15 21:29:47**  
(no subject)

No, most of his robes come from Gladrag's don't you know that?


Mum has some shoes and accessories though and those are for boys.



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-08-15 21:53:19](#)**  
(no subject)

Yeah, I don't pay a lot of attention to that sort of stuff I guess. Accessories and all. D'you mean like those little handkerchiefs you can stick out of the pocket on the chest of your robes?



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-08-15 23:35:58](#)**  
(no subject)

Yes. Stuff like that.




 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)** at **[2009-08-15 21:27:26](#)**  
(no subject)

Mrs Wood is taking Oliver on Wednesday but she's been owling back and forth with someone from Halfblood Affairs, they haven't sent the money for my books yet so I'm not sure if I'll be able to buy them that day or not. She said today she's going to try owling the Headmistress next and she might be able to feed an extra child but that doesn't mean she can buy two complete sets of Professor Lockhart's books.

We'll be there though because she has to buy Oliver's books.



 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2009-08-15 21:31:58](#)**  
(no subject)

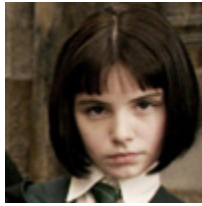
Don't you already have most of them from last year?


You can share mine if you don't get your allowance, though.



 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)** at **[2009-08-16 22:54:59](#)**  
(no subject)

Well I have the ones he required last year but haven't you seen the list? Except I think Mr Weasley's right and some of them are the same books with different titles, I'm going to check before I buy them. The money for my books and robes and all is supposed to come on Monday.



 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2009-08-16 23:06:39](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, I hadn't looked before you said anything. There are a lot of new ones! I suppose perhaps he's made some changes, so maybe they're new editions?

Anyway, mum still hasn't said. But maybe if I can get my money I can go by myself? Maybe Mrs Wood could take me so Mum doesn't have to go?




 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)** at **[2009-08-16 23:12:01](#)**  
(no subject)

Mrs Wood says if you floo to Diagon Alley and meet up with us she supposes she can keep you out of trouble. I said you weren't going to get into trouble and she sighed and then Oliver interrupted to talk to her about broomsticks before she could say anything else.

So I think that's a yes. You could tell your mum she said yes, anyway. I mean, we're twelve years old, it's not like we need to be led around by the hand anymore anyway right?



 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2009-08-16 23:28:23](#)**  
(no subject)


Wizard!

Tell her I said thank you. Actually, better yet, don't tell her; we'll just remind her she said Yes

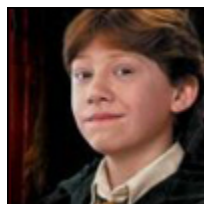
when I see you on Wednesday.


And I'll owl Lucius so he knows he doesn't have to worry about seeing Mum. Honestly, you'd think they're going to challenge each other to a duel the way Mum talks about him.



 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2009-08-15 21:33:20](#)**  
(no subject)

Not that it wouldn't be brilliant to see you.




 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-08-15 21:45:57](#)**  
(no subject)

So are you going to be there on Wednesday, too?  
That would be great!

You're not coming because of Lockhart, are you?



 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2009-08-15 23:23:40](#)**  
(no subject)

I'm not sure if I'll be there or not. I mean. I'd like to go and see everyone, but mum hasn't said for certain yet.

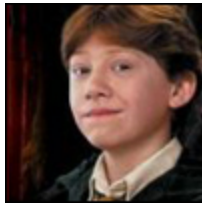



 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)** at **[2009-08-16 22:52:08](#)**  
(no subject)

We are. Mrs Wood was in that same drawing as your mum and also got a place in line. Do you suppose there were people who didn't? Oliver's dad said maybe everyone who entered 'won' and it was all to sell more books.

Anyway the money from the Ministry's supposed to come on Monday so I should be able to buy my books too!






 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-08-17 02:09:12](#)  
(no subject)

That sounds just like something Lockhart would do, doesn't it? I bet you're right.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-08-15 21:50:34](#)  
(no subject)

I'm glad you'll be there, too.

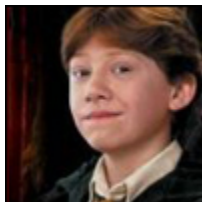
Yeah, my dad was pretty shocked when he saw how many books were on the lists this year. I don't think he realized how many books Lockhart's written. I mean, who knew we hadn't bought them all last year? Dad said he thinks Lockhart just puts new titles on the same old rubbish and sells it again. Mum got pretty cross about that and said the only rubbish is what passes for brains in Dad's head sometimes. And you should have seen the look Dad got on his face then. Before they both started laughing at each other. And then it was all right.


Mum doesn't usually stay cross for very long. Which is a good thing because



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-08-16 22:55:53](#)  
(no subject)

You know I think your father might be right. I'm going to look at the books before I buy them, I don't think it should matter if I have the one with the old title so long as I read it, don't you think?



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-08-17 02:08:13](#)  
(no subject)

I don't know. Mum says we absolutely have to buy all the titles on the list, and she won't listen to anything Dad says against it. So I think she's going to win this one, even though it's going to cost a fortune to get them for all of us.

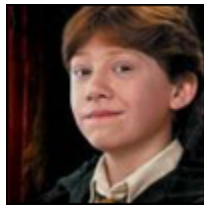
D'you think you can tell by looking at them if they're the same as last years? I guess you read them, then?




 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)** at **[2009-08-17 02:14:30](#)**  
(no subject)

Of course I read them. They were assigned.

I don't know why your mum bothers with buying you any of your books since it's not as if you ever open half of them!



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-08-17 02:29:35](#)**  
(no subject)

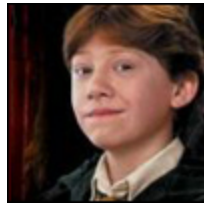
There's no need to get worked up about it! Of course I looked at them. But he read them all to us in class, so there wasn't any point spending a lot of time sitting around with a nose in his books. And anyway, now I couldn't tell you which one he chased the bugbear off the cliff in and which one it was where he fought the banshee or poisoned the lethifold or snuck up on the razor-jawed raptor or bagged the raging watsit or whatever. Honestly, it's all the same story over and over with the blanks filled in differently.


But, yeah. Mum said she was working on a hex to put on our books--the twins and mine--that would make them whack us if we didn't do our assignments. But I don't think she really knows one.



 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)** at **[2009-08-17 02:36:43](#)**  
(no subject)

That is a wizard idea for a hex.



 **alt\_ron** at [2009-08-17 02:45:38](#)  
(no subject)

Oi!

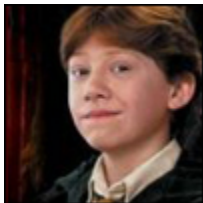
Well, if you see me come to lessons all black and blue some day, you'll know she figured out


how to do it!



 **alt\_sally\_anne** at [2009-08-15 21:30:17](#)  
(no subject)

Oh and your mum should talk to Mrs Wood sometime, she's dead good at sewing spells, especially when she has to make something smaller. You remember that swimming costume I wore when Mrs Longbottom took us all to Blackpool? It belonged to a fat grownup before Mrs Wood adjusted it for me. And it didn't fit me too badly in the end, I mean it didn't fall off at least.



 **alt\_ron** at [2009-08-15 21:44:58](#)  
(no subject)

Huh. I didn't think it looked like it had been fixed at all. Er, I mean, it looked like it was your size and everything. So you must be right that Mrs Wood is pretty good at sewing spells and charming stuff to

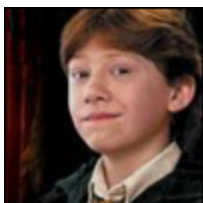
look right.


Mum's better at other stuff, I guess. She gets kind of distracted and then stuff doesn't turn out quite right. Like the stew last night. But usually she's really good at cooking. Just if something else happens at the same time--and sometimes it does around here, y'know. Last night it was the twins. And Percy banging in after them, shouting.



 **alt\_draco** at [2009-08-16 00:08:31](#)  
(no subject)

Knitted robes? Like a giant, robe-shaped jumper? No wonder your sister was practically crying.



 **alt\_ron** at [2009-08-16 02:15:39](#)  
(no subject)

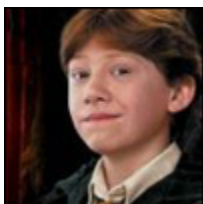
Yeah, well. Mum likes to knit. What can I say?


Anywiz, I think they got the robes sorted. Mum and Ginny were laughing again by supper. Course that might have had something to do with the fact that the twins charmed my dad's chair to levitate. It went a little higher each time he said the word 'and', but it'd drop back down a notch or two if he happened to say 'Molly'. It was pretty hilarious watching him try to figure it out! He was totally pressed up against the ceiling at one point!!



 **alt\_seamus** at [2009-08-16 23:23:46](#)  
(no subject)

Well I won't see you, Mr Rosier said he'd rather have his leg hair plucked out by pixies than put up with the crowds Professor Lockhart attracts. He doesn't know which day yet we're going but definately not Wednesday.



 **alt\_ron** at [2009-08-17 02:05:46](#)  
(no subject)

Hahahaha! I reckon Mr Rosier's right. That there'll be loads of people there. Not so much about thinking it'd be better to have his leg hair pulled out by pixies. Ow! You know that'd have to hurt!!!

Sorry we won't see you. First of September, then!

**2009-08-16 14:31:00**

*Peaceful Sunday*



Thank Merlin it's Sunday.

It's the one day I get all to myself. I must say the tutoring sessions are intense. I will say that out of the subjects I am studying, I think I like Charms better than Transfiguration and Herbology better than Potions.

 **alt\_dean**

Transfiguration and Potions are a lot of work. I was allowed to help brew some potions when I worked in the infirmary at Epping Forrest, but there is so much more to learn. The Professors are really trying to stuff so much in me, that I sometimes feel its leaking out of my ears. But I am working hard to retain the information.

I am most determined that flying will be the only class I take with the first years. So I am even practicing and reviewing notes in the little spare time I get. I feel like so much has happened and it hasn't even been a week yet. And on top of all that they said that I could handle talking Astronomy once or twice a week. The frequency, of course, is up to Professor Sinistra.

I have already had one Astronomy lesson this week. And not to sound like a pansy or anything, but I think that might be my favorite subject. I feel like I can free my mind, and that I can just stand in awe when I look in the sky at night.

But today is Sunday. The only day of the week I don't have lessons. So no extra studying today. I am allowed to walk the grounds, and it's very nice to sit out in the sun with nothing to do.

I did spot the strangest tree today. But I guess I should not be surprised. It was just very violent when a bird flew near it. Hmm, oh well.

I hope you all have fun at Diagon Alley on Wednesday. Wish I could join you.



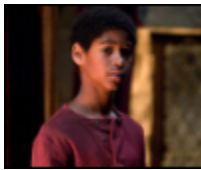
 **alt\_seamus** at **2009-08-16 23:20:51**  
(no subject)


Mr Rosier took me to Rigel Lestranges naming ceremony today. They have these big tapestries for each family and they added Rigel to all of them, it was brilliant. I got to

see Rigel when Mr Rosier held him. He's cute. I mean most babies look grumpy and too red and they cry a lot, but Rigel didn't cry at all.

After the ceremony there was tea and cake and I talked to Hydra some. She's very nice. She's going to be a firstie this year and everyone says she'll be in Slytherin for sure. Mr Rosier asked her if she likes having a brother and she said yes, and he laughed like she'd said no. I suppose she kind of had to say yes. Anyway Mr Rosier said its very nice to have a brother once your grown up, because they can share the job of carrying on the family legacy.

Mr Rosier says he's not braving the Lockhart-mad crowds on Wednesday so I definately won't be there with everyone. Too bad!




 **alt\_dean** at [2009-08-16 23:35:19](#)  
(no subject)

It sounds like it was an over all nice day. It sounds like you enjoyed the naming ceremony with Mr Rosier. I have started to wonder who my guardian will be.

And yes it sounds like there will be scores of people there on Wednesday. Maybe I should be happy I am not going. I just think it would be nice to see everyone again.



 **alt\_padma** at [2009-08-16 23:52:54](#)  
(no subject)

They make you take lessons on Saturdays, too? Wow, you must have so much to catch up on!

It must be fairly easy compared to living in the camps with those awful mudbloods, though.

Potions shouldn't be so difficult, though, it's just following recipes.


And flying can be hard. Seamus showed me a few pointers that helped me. You'll get it quickly, I expect. Boys seem to be better at it (well, except for Longbottom. But nobody's as hopeless at flying as he is, so at least you won't be the worst one ever!).

It sounds like you were looking at the Whomping Willow. We can't really see it from Ravenclaw Tower, but you should know not to go

near it.

Oh, by the way, I'm writing because Mum said I should make an effort to keep in touch with the other YPL people. And you were in my group more than some others, so I'm doing what Mum calls setting an example.



 **[alt\\_dean](#)** at **[2009-08-17 00:08:18](#)**  
(no subject)


Yeah, For the most part they are trying to cram in as much of the first year as they can. And this is so much better than the camp, but I was a little better off than most considering I worked in the infirmary.

I am not worried too much about flying. It was just something that I would have like to get out of the way before the start of term.

And about the tree... I wouldn't go near it if my life depended on it.

And thanks for keeping in touch. But you don't have to try hard to set an example, I thought you seemed nice enough. But thats only looking from the times we were in the same group. I don't know how you interreact with outhter people.



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2009-08-17 01:31:31](#)**  
(no subject)


Well, after all, it's not your fault your father never told your mother he was a wizard. I wonder why not?

But anyway, I think the camp people must have figured out that you were a cut above the others, and maybe that's why you're so much more... well, much nicer than the mudbloods we have at Hogwarts. You didnt meet them because they werent on the camping trip, but some people have them. Mudbloods, I mean. Marvolo and Malfoy each have a servant, and then there's that boot who helps in Professor Carrow's classes.

We have one, too, but he's only doing some building projects for us. He's not coming to school or anything.





 **[alt\\_dean](#)** at **[2009-08-17 02:03:58](#)**  
(no subject)

I'm not sure he didn't tell her. And if she knew, the question would be why didn't she tell me? I guess Muggles can't be trusted.

I didn't know there would be Mudbloods here. But I guess you are right. The people at the camp would have to see something extraordinary in me to keep me around the way the did. They definitely didn't worry about the others the same way...



 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)** at **[2009-08-17 02:28:14](#)**  
(no subject)

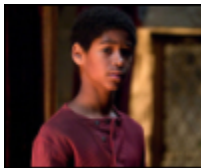
There are only the three, Marvolo and Malfoy's servants and Professor Carrow's servant. Unless you're Sorted into Slytherin I don't think you'll see Marvolo's or Malfoy's all that often, and we


go weeks sometimes without seeing Carrow's.



 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)** at **[2009-08-17 02:17:34](#)**  
(no subject)

Do they have Professor Carrow teaching you Transfiguration or is someone else tutoring you for now?



 **[alt\\_dean](#)** at **[2009-08-17 02:19:24](#)**  
(no subject)

No, Professor McGonagall is tutoring me in Transfiguration.




 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)** at **[2009-08-17 02:20:41](#)**  
(no subject)

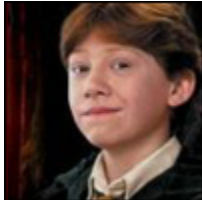
Oh! That's good. She took over some classes last year and I heard she was a good teacher.






 **[alt\\_dean](#)** at **[2009-08-17 02:22:08](#)**  
(no subject)

She's good. Really strict though.




 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-08-17 02:43:51](#)**  
(no subject)

Hey, mate. Glad they gave you a day off! You have to let stuff settle in your head so you can push more in, don't you think?

We'll miss you on Wednesday, but we'll all be at school before you know it. It's odd. I was really dying for school to be over when it was exams, but now I really want to go back. I mean, I like it at home, but I miss having mates to do stuff with. Brothers don't really count. And Ginny for sure doesn't. So, yeah, it'll be good to be back!



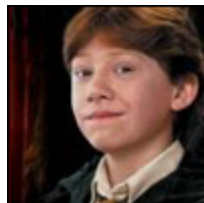
 **[alt\\_dean](#)** at **[2009-08-17 02:55:57](#)**  
(no subject)


Yeah, one really needs a day to let things settle. Let me know how things go on Wednesday.



 **[alt\\_ginny](#)** at **[2009-08-17 14:12:53](#)**  
(no subject)

Oi!




 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2009-08-17 21:12:42](#)**  
(no subject)

Look, I'm not being mean. It's just, mates are different. You have Luna you do things with, and you wouldn't want me or George or Fred or Percy nosing in on the stuff you do with her. Right?

So. Just sayin'.



 **[alt\\_dean](#)** at **[2009-08-18 02:04:11](#)**  
(no subject)

Hey Ron,

Don't be put out with me, but give her a break. If you got seperated from her you know you would miss her. She may not be one of the "boys" but I am sure there is something about her that you find cool enough.

**2009-08-16 15:46:00**

*Camping and Not Camping*

I meant to write about camping before now, but I've been very busy. My guardian keeps me busy with things I need to do before I go back to school. I didn't know there were so many things I could do for her. And do better than anyone else. But there are!



 **alt\_megan**


But I want to write about camping because I liked it. I didn't think it was *too* grubby, even though my guardian made me take two extremely long baths before she let me touch anything when I got back. And all my clothes that I took got washed twice too. I was very clean after that, and it was like no camping had ever taken place. But I thought it was fun, mostly. Even when I fell ~~in the~~ and got so dirty, I didn't mind too much.

I wish we hadn't had so many different groups during the day, though. ~~I almost always ended up with~~ I like it when we're grouped by house better. I think the hat is very clever, much more clever than I realized at first.

Oh! Ethel came and visited and loaned me some books. One of them is a book about finding treasure, and I think it's quite good. I'm going to give it back to her at school. I mean, really Miss Mildred came to visit my guardian, and Ethel just came along, but I wish she would come more often. Or that I could invite Susan, ~~but I don't think my guardian would~~. But at least I got to go camping and see everyone.



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 **alt\_susan** at **2009-08-17 23:32:06**  
(no subject)

Is Ethel that quiet girl in second year? Maybe you could introduce me when we get back to school, cos anyone who's willing to lend out books is someone I'd like to get to know!

I'd like to have you come and stay again, but Mum says everything's a bit too mad around here right now--she's got to get ready to teach her courses in the fall, and get Eddie prepared for Hogwarts.



 **[alt\\_megan](#)** at **[2009-08-18 02:20:25](#)**  
(no subject)

No... I mean maybe. I don't know the quite girl in second year. She might be named Ethel too. But my Ethel is going to be a firstie next year, and I don't know what house she's going to be in. I asked her which she wanted and she seemed confused. Or maybe she didn't want to tell me. But I could owl you the book when I'm done, and then you could give it back to me when we're at school and I could give it back to her. My guardian lets me use her owl. And I'll introduce you too.

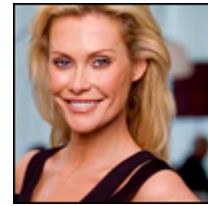
It's okay. It's not fair that you should always have to have me.

Oh! Your *brother's* going to be at Hogwarts. Do you think he'll be a Hufflepuff?

**2009-08-16 18:02:00**

*(no subject)*

The guests have gone and we are down to only the family. Today's was a perfect day. I think the Lord Protector Himself must have ordered the weather as a special gift for Rigel's naming.



 [alt\\_narcissa](#)

The storm clouds are closing in currently, but earlier today it was simply perfect - just enough cloud cover to not feel over-warm while we were outside. I do believe I detected that social columnist from the *Prophet*, as well as the photographer from *Wizard's Quarterly*, though from what I could see they adhered to their instructions regarding discretion.

And little Rigel made never a sound throughout all the protections. What an angel! I remember Mother threatening to cast a silencing charm on poor Hydra. Of course, we almost had to call a recess during Draco's ceremony, even though I'd fed him only an hour before we began. He just would *not* settle in his godmother's arms. But Rigel just smiled serenely and grasped my finger tight as you please.

I must admit that all the tapestries hanging together in the Grand Hall do make such an impressive sight. It makes me almost look forward to the day when Draco and whomever he comes to choose marry. Almost.


We've offered to bring Hydra with us to get her books and supplied, since we've already planned to take Draco and Harry. His Lordship quite flattered me this afternoon by inquiring specifically whether we'd be willing. I know He has kept Harry quite close this summer, but it is only natural for the lad to spend some time with his own friends. I think the young man's conduct and particularly his resourcefulness at the end of the Young Protectors' trip has relaxed Our Lord's protectiveness once again.

What I can't quite decide is whether we ought to make the trek on Wednesday or no. Tuesday I am back at St Mungo's, after what seems too long an interruption. Lucius has one or two meetings that will take him to Dover and Hogwarts as well, in addition to his usual obligations at the Ministry, but I dislike piling a New London shopping trip onto a working day for him. On the other hand, one prefers to avoid the crowds sure to be at Flourish and Blotts' for Professor Lockhart's signing. I suppose it shall partly depend on how things go this week with Bella's return to the MLE.

I haven't discussed with Lucius whether he expects the Parkinsons to make their plans dependent upon ours. I suppose we could add one more to the party, if the young lady's mother were to agree. Such a shame, really. If only Rosa had not insisted on making such a fool of herself, so much unpleasantness could have been avoided.

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 **[alt\\_bellatrix](#)** at **[2009-08-18 01:13:05](#)**  
(no subject)

Thank you for all your help in making it such a special day, Cissy. I shan't forget it. And I am grateful for your assistance in taking Hydra to Diagon Alley as well.

She seems terribly keen on the idea about getting her supplies alongside her cousins, though to be truthful I think she wants a glimpse of that mincing Lockhart fellow.

Let it be said that the girl and I do not share the same taste in some matters.




 **[alt\\_narcissa](#)** at **[2009-08-18 01:21:59](#)**  
(no subject)

It turns out that Wednesday is Lucius' best day this week, more's the pity. I had all but convinced him to have Crispin change his timetable so that we could avoid the signing mania, but he cannot force three different Committees to change their plans. Particularly when some of the members are participating or planning to attend Lockhart's appearance.

Perhaps I shall make sure that we divide and conquer in the Alley. Lucius loves books. He can take the children there while I focus on their robes.



 **[alt\\_lucius](#)** at **[2009-08-18 16:21:12](#)**  
(no subject)

Have I done something that meets with your disapproval to merit such a sentence?




 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2009-08-18 16:40:00](#)  
(no subject)

Of course not, darling.


Are you saying you'd *rather* pick out Hydra's school robes?



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2009-08-18 16:47:40](#)  
(no subject)

The bookshop will be fine.



 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2009-08-18 16:51:45](#)  
(no subject)

Mm-hmm. Just as I thought.

**2009-08-18 15:15:00**

*Back at work*

It is great to have a job to go to each evening, even if it's only twice a week - Wednesday and Sunday evenings from here on out, until I hear otherwise. The investigation hasn't been called off yet, and I get checked up on much more frequently at work than I did even as a new hire, but the worst appears to be over. Still, I'll be on the hunt for a second job, since there's no telling when this is going to be all cleared up.



 **alt\_nymphadora**

Mildred came over as soon as she heard the news, bringing a basket of those silly pink teacakes. She even managed to scare up a small bottle of firewhisky, which accompanied the cakes much better than a cuppa would. She even charmed the purple icing on the cakes to flash "CONGRATS DORA" letter by letter.

I suppose the one good thing from this whole mess, not counting the cakes and firewhisky, is that my knitting is much improved. I'm even knitting in stripes now, and have a whole drawer full of socks to prove it. My feet will never be cold at the rate I've been going. I gave Mildred a pink and purple pair as thanks for the firewhisky, and she just laughed and laughed. I think I'll take that as she liked them.



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 **alt\_arthur** at **2009-08-19 13:31:24**  
(no subject)

I hope to see you this evening. My son Bill mentioned something to me in passing last week that I'd like to discuss with you. An opportunity that just might interest you.




 **alt\_nymphadora** at **2009-08-20 02:33:17**  
(no subject)

Plan to see me about nine or so, if you're still around that late. But you've got me curious - what opportunity is this?





 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-08-20 03:33:07](#)  
(no subject)

A job opportunity, part-time. Stop by for a cuppa,  
and I'll tell you about it.

**2009-08-18 18:06:00**

*Wednesday*

Harry isn't writing and he doesn't want me to say why. But he does want me to say that he's going to be in Diagon Alley on Wednesday too and he's looking forward to it. And he misses you all already from the camping trip. And he can't wait to see everybody. And he's embarrassed about Ginny Weasley wanting his autograph and he hopes she won't be there or won't be like that anyway.



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


I wrote this down just as he said it, so. I'm not sure he wanted that last part written down, but I think I'd better be as safe as can be and write it down anyway, so there it is!



 [alt\\_draco](#) at **2009-08-18 23:49:54**  
(no subject)

Tell him I said it's just like Hannah Abbott all over again. But make sure you add that I wrote it in a fun, joking sort of way.



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at **2009-08-19 00:28:32**  
(no subject)

He can read this you know, sir, he just won't respond.

**2009-08-19 19:40:00**

*(no subject)*

Well that was more excitement at Flourish and Blotts than I was expecting.

Ron, you'll be lucky if they let you back in there to shop for your books next year. You may have to do it all by owl order. Is your mum still cross with you?




 **alt\_sally\_anne**

After you lot left we stood in line forever. I couldn't get my copies signed because I hadn't entered the drawing but Mrs Wood got her copy of Magical Me autographed.

Ginny I'm sorry I didn't really get to talk to you since your mum had to take Ron and leave. But your robes looked fine to me. The girl with Mr Malfoy was Hydra Lestrange, she's in your year, did you know? Anyway I'll see you on the train I expect.

Pansy it was nice to see you today. Less than two weeks till we're back at Hogwarts!



 **alt\_padma** at **2009-08-20 01:49:37**  
*(no subject)*


What did Weasley do?



 **alt\_sally\_anne** at **2009-08-20 01:56:27**  
*(no subject)*

Got in a row with Draco.



 **alt\_padma** at **2009-08-20 02:07:39**  
*(no subject)*

Really?

What caused that? Did Weasley cut in the queue or something?




 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-08-20 02:24:49](#)  
(no subject)

No, it was really silly. Draco said something to Ginny about her robes, since Ron had said Mrs Weasley was going to knit her a set, and Ron went up like an exploding snap game.

Anyway then there were books everywhere and Mrs Weasley was screaming at Ron.


Poor Ginny, I don't think she quite knew what had happened. And Hydra looked like she wished she could apparate back home to get away from all the mad people.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-08-20 02:48:34](#)  
(no subject)

He overheard me asking his sister where her massive, knitted, jumper-like set of pathetically homemade robes were. And even though he seemed to think it funny enough the other day when I made a comment about it in his books, for some reason he went off and shouted at me in front of all of Flourish and Blotts, and didn't even care that my parents were there.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2009-08-20 03:34:16](#)  
(no subject)

Well, you probably shouldn't've said anything mean about Ginny with Ronald right there. Really, you oughtn't say anything mean about her at all - Ginny's quite nice.

Was Lucius very cross with you for the row?




 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-08-20 03:35:55](#)**  
(no subject)

And completely lacking in sense of humour as well.

He still is, I think.




 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2009-08-20 03:41:20](#)**  
(no subject)

Well, how would you feel if someone said your hair looked like someone had plastered it back with spell-o-tape?

Not that it does, I'm just saying, for example.

He looked pretty angry when you were all leaving, shoving Harry's mudblood out of the way and all. I hope you're okay.




 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-08-20 03:44:11](#)**  
(no subject)

I would feel like they were a liar, of course. Or maybe blind. And jealous.

I'll be fine.



 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2009-08-20 03:47:34](#)**  
(no subject)

Well, girls are different. And most girls care a lot about whether boys think they dress well. You embarrassed her.

~~He didn't~~ Of course you will. And he'll get over it pretty quickly.




 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-08-20 03:54:47](#)**  
(no subject)

Or maybe I did her a favour and her Mother will stop keeping them all in such an unkempt state, and then she'll have more self confidence.

Really, Pansy, she's about to go to Hogwarts and you know there'll be more to endure than things like "where's your massive jumper-robe."



 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2009-08-20 04:00:10](#)**  
(no subject)

Right, sorry. My mistake. Of course you couldn't have brought any of this on yourself.

Honestly.

Ginny had proper robes, Sally-Anne said so. I don't think her mum's that bad at knitting, either.



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2009-08-20 04:05:37](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh just pack your things and move to Gryffindor already.



 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)** at **[2009-08-20 04:13:31](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh for Merlin's sake both of you stop! Draco's comment wasn't anything to have fits over but Ginny hardly knows him, of course she's going to take it badly.

And they could never let Pansy into Gryffindor, she's far too clever.



 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2009-08-20 01:58:16](#)**  
(no subject)

Hydra's really shy, I'm not surprised she didn't really talk to anyone.

It was wizard spending the day together. Tell Mrs Wood thank you again.

I wanted to ask if we could go to the ice cream parlour with Lucius, but then next thing I knew they were arguing. Mr Weasley and Lucius, I mean. Well, Draco and Ron, really, first, I guess. Too bad.

It's weird. Mr Weasley's so nice. I dunno what he did to make Lucius so angry, but it's hard to imagine Mr Weasley saying anything improper.




 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)** at **[2009-08-20 02:06:31](#)**  
(no subject)

I hadn't realised they disliked each other. Mr Weasley and Mr Malfoy I mean, I knew Draco and Ron didn't get on! Maybe they were just on edge because of the enormous crowd? I don't much like crowds. Too many people pushing.

Hydra seemed nice even if she was really quiet.



 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2009-08-20 02:13:35](#)**  
(no subject)

I think she doesn't like crowds, either. Hydra, I mean. She sort of stuck to Draco's side. Or Lucius', when he was there. But she is rather nice, when she gets over being shy.

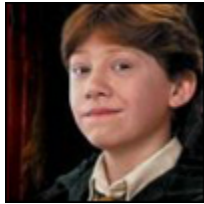
I guess I didn't know they didn't like each other, either. What did Lucius say just when he made all the books fly back into everyone's hands? I got jostled in the queue and couldn't hear.




 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2009-08-20 02:22:33](#)  
(no subject)

I was just glad it wasn't 'come along Pansy,' for a minute I thought he'd sweep you off with him out of habit and I wanted you to keep me company in the queue.

I think Mr Malfoy said something about certain purebloods with more nerve than loyalty or sense ought to reconsider their values. I think he was making a comment about how the Weasleys are all Gryffindors, you know. But I might have misheard.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2009-08-20 13:43:04](#)  
(no subject)

And what exactly is wrong with Gryffindors? There's no need for you to be all superior about how Slytherins are more clever. More concerned about their own skins, maybe, and how many manors and New London town houses they've got and how much gold in their vaults.

So just keep to Slytherin from now on if you think I'm so

Never mind. But there's no need in making nice with my sister, either.

And I'm all right. Thanks for asking.



**2009-08-19 21:21:00**

*Diagon Alley*

was Wiz-NIFT!

Professor Lockhart told Mum that Parvati and I are two of his favourite pupils! And I got to give him the samples, so he had the photographer take a picture of all of us together. And he gave Mum a signed copy of Magical Me, too!



 **alt\_padma**

We also got school robes (that took forever because Madam Malkin wanted to talk shop with Mum) and Sanji went to the joke shop with Dad and they got some silly cards, the spades actually dig and the hearts break and the clubs...well, you get the idea.


I guess we missed Marvolo and Malfoy, though, but I heard from Belinda that it was quite an event! The photographers went mad, she says. And Professor Lockhart gave Marvolo a complete set of books, all signed!! Well, I mean, he almost had to do, didn't he? Still, I'm sure that picture of Marvolo and Professor Lockhart with Mr Malfoy will be on the front page, don't you think?

Anyway, we've got all our quills and parchment and Parvati has a new bookbag and I've a new astrolabe, and we both got new jumpers and frocks for the weekends. And Mum says she's all set for the firsties to buy Robe Pets, too! We've got a whole box of them for the train.

See you all soon!




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 **alt\_draco** at **2009-08-20 02:56:23**  
(no subject)

Too bad we didn't see you. I would have much rather that than who we did see. You know, I thought Weasley was alright after he helped us solve that lethal chess game, but he's still mostly impossible to get along with, most of the time.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-08-20 03:03:49](#)  
(no subject)


Have you noticed how he's always got some sort of smudge on his face? I wonder if sometimes his parents don't send him out as a Floo sweep.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-08-20 03:06:21](#)  
(no subject)

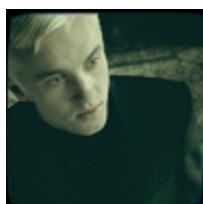
He's just not very civilised, I suppose. And after this I'd have to say his Father isn't, either, even if Pansy seems to think him nice enough.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-08-20 03:17:07](#)  
(no subject)

Linus says his father says that Mr Weasley's too soft-hearted and that's why he's still stuck at the bottom of his department at the Ministry.


Did Weasley really get hit with a flying book? Linus says his nose was bleeding.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-08-20 03:25:03](#)  
(no subject)

He might've. Father and Mr Weasley were trying to keep us from fighting, and they tried too hard because a load of stuff went flying.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-08-20 03:29:21](#)  
(no subject)

If he did get hit, you probably didn't notice the blood because his face was already dirty, I bet.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2009-08-20 03:41:52](#)  
(no subject)

I was sort of being dragged off by Father, so that's why I didn't notice.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2009-08-20 03:42:51](#)  
(no subject)

Oh.

Sorry.

**2009-08-19 21:53:00**

*Well THAT didn't go particularly smoothly*

I suppose I should be grateful, though. We did manage to check most everything off our list--and we found a number of items used, fortunately for my pocketbook.



 [alt\\_molly](#)

The most annoying thing was that after waiting in line ALL that time, I wasn't even able to get Professor Lockhart's signature.

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 [alt\\_arthur](#) at **2009-08-20 02:55:59**

*Order Only*

I'm sorry, Molly, dear. I think under the circumstances I restrained myself as well as anyone could expect of me.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at **2009-08-20 02:59:45**

*Re: Order Only*

I thought I was going to have a heart attack. Going toe-to-toe with Lucius Malfoy, Arthur! What were you thinking?!



 [alt\\_molly](#) at **2009-08-20 03:00:32**

*Re: Order Only*

And then when he pulled his wand out!



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at **2009-08-20 03:03:16**

*Re: Order Only*

That was only to replace the books that were knocked over, Molly.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-08-20 03:09:14](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Oh, Arthur! It's bad enough that Ron got into such a public ruckus with Lucius' son. You can't be seen to be challenging Lucius Malfoy, of all people!



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2009-08-20 03:16:13](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Don't worry, Molly, I'm sure it will blow over. As long as he thinks he's had the last word, I'm sure he's satisfied.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2009-08-20 03:19:10](#)

*Re: Order Only*

That miserable peacocking tosser.

**2009-08-20 15:35:00**

*End of summer*


master has been busy writing up his research notes from the summer since coming back to Hogwarts. he is very pleased with his work. he said he made many important breakthroughs and boot should be proud to have such a clever master. Of course boot always is. boot serves him his meals but otherwise master does not have much call for boot. of course boot sits at his feet when master talks with his sister in his chambers in the evenings.



 [alt\\_terry](#)

the school seems so very quiet after the camps. Of course, it will seem quite different when the students return.



 [alt\\_terry](#) at **2009-08-20 21:08:42**  
(no subject)

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

Dear friends,

It's lonely being back, without any of you here. At least Master isn't paying much attention to me right now. Hermione, I went right away to find Crookshanks to say hello to him, and he seemed glad to see me. Professor Sprout said he had a grand summer catching every single mouse to be found in the greenhouses. She said he's welcome there anytime.

I wonder where Madam Pomfrey is. I haven't seen her at all.

Most of the other teachers are here now. They've been tutoring my friend, Dean Thomas! (Master isn't, though. He said his research notes were too important to set aside to babysit a ruddy halfblood, so I guess Professor McGonagall is tutoring Dean in Transfiguration instead. That's awfully nice of her. I should think she should be even busier than Master. And pretty lucky for Dean, too. Guess he'll find out what Master's like soon enough.)

I peeked into the Great Hall one night and saw him talking to Professor Acton. He started to turn his head my way, and I ducked my head out of sight just in time. I don't think he saw me.

I don't know exactly why I did that. I was thinking about it later. We were such good friends last spring, so why should I be afraid of letting him see me now? I guess it's because everything's different. He's a halfblood now, and I'm a ~~mud~~ muggleborn. I guess I'm putting off the moment he might walk by me and act like I

smell or something. Because he's better than me now.

I went to our secret classroom space, too, Hermione, and nothing's been touched at all. There are even some new books there, second year curriculum! I wonder if you put them there before you left school, or did some magic in the castle know we needed them? Anyway, I spend most of my days there, studying, since Master's not in the mood to care where I go right now. The stuff I learned from that bloke in the camp who taught me Muggle physics this summer has been really helpful for understanding the new Astronomy textbook. I think I'll be able to explain all about Kepler's law when I see you again.




 **[alt\\_hermione](#)** at **[2009-08-25 18:56:00](#)**  
(no subject)

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

Well, I don't know why the new books would be there! The castle, I suppose? Or maybe one of the house-elves. If they took them out of the library it wouldn't really be stealing would it?

Do Muggles have physics that would help with Astronomy? I suppose I don't really know what Muggle physics would be like. Mum didn't talk about physics much.




 **[alt\\_terry](#)** at **[2009-08-26 02:28:17](#)**  
(no subject)

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

It's just a nice thought, I guess, to think that the castle itself might have left us the books. I'd like to think that Hogwarts itself wants us to learn.

I think Muggle physics really would help, although it's hard to tell without having a textbook to look at. Jack--he's the man who was teaching me at the camp--he was a good teacher. He said he was sorry he didn't have a textbook for me to help explain things, with the diagrams and all. Drawing pictures in the dirt with the stick just isn't the same.



 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2009-08-26 02:32:01](#)  
(no subject)

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

When are you getting back to Hogwarts, by the way? Not until September 1, I suppose?

Master hasn't said anything about what he expects this next year, but I hope I'll be allowed to eat my own breakfast early in the kitchens this year, because maybe I could see you then?

I can't wait to see you again. And Fred and George and Lee, you too.



**2009-08-21 05:41:00**

*Order Only: London*

Well then. I'm heading back to the mainland shortly, to wend my way down to London and get things underway for this shop.



 **alt\_lupin**

Alice, Frank - thank you. For everything.

Kingsley, I shall look forward to seeing you again soon. Bill and Arthur, likewise I hope to see you both shortly, and perhaps your friend too if she's amenable to the plan.


Wish me luck.



 **alt\_sirius** at **2009-08-21 13:32:08**  
(no subject)

Luck.



 **alt\_alice** at **2009-08-25 01:10:03**  
(no subject)

I've already said this a million times, so I'll make this a million and one.

You keep yourself safe, Remus Lupin.

I miss you already.

Come back often. You know the way here.



 **alt\_frank** at **2009-08-25 01:29:26**  
(no subject)

best of luck, man.

and remember -- you stay in one piece. after all, you've got a godkid to think about.

**2009-08-24 21:10:00**

**ORDER ONLY**

It's quite interesting how one's world shrinks with a newborn around to care for.



 **alt\_alice**

I spend most of my day in the nursery, giving a hand to Lucinda while I can, but mostly selfishly spending time with my little boy. He's so incredibly expressive. He gets this look on his face when he's trying to sort something out, and he lights up like a Christmas tree whenever Frank picks him up. When I'm not in the nursery, I'm sleeping, eating, at tea with Remus, or out in the garden. While I weed, I sit Kevin right down beside me, swaddled up like a head of cabbage. Lately, it's been one long series of uninterrupted peace.

Of course, now that Remus has left, my routine has a bit of a hitch in it. I've thought of a half-dozen things I've wanted to share with him since he's gone, my first few tea-times without him have been lonely indeed. It's always hard to say good-bye to people, but it makes it easier to know that it's not good-bye forever, and what a joy it will be to be able to send him letters without censoring every word.

The children have been antsy as of late, and the past few days they were all at sixes and sevens because Remus was leaving. It was so hot today that there wasn't the slightest chance they'd learn a thing in the state they were in, so we called off lessons and took everyone down to the sea to splash around a little and run off any excess energy. Right now, we've got a load of tired, wet, sandy children who have just scarfed down a late dinner and are being hosed off in the bathhouse before bed. I'm about ready to go to bed myself.




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 **alt\_frank** at **2009-08-25 01:30:05**  
(no subject)

what is your favourite biscuit? chocolate, or raspberry?



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-08-25 01:30:46](#)**  
(no subject)

Mmmm. I'm partial to either, honestly.


Why?



 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2009-08-25 01:33:25](#)**  
(no subject)

for tea tomorrow. I've got some packets I've been keeping around. and I think Victor made up a new batch of cheese if you want any of that as well.



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-08-25 01:34:39](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, darling. That's really quite sweet of you. That all sounds quite good.



 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2009-08-25 01:36:38](#)**  
(no subject)

well, I may not be the best talker out there, but I make up for it with my rugged good looks.

and charm.



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2009-08-25 01:38:33](#)**  
(no subject)

I look forward to admiring your rugged good looks and charm over a cuppa tomorrow.

Now come up to bed.

**2009-08-25 22:21:00**

*Boards and Business*

Tea with Ari to-day, thank Merlin, as it has been the only relief in a week filled with incessant committees and assorted nonsense.



 [alt\\_lucius](#)

To begin, there was the headline in the *Prophet* on the morning after our outing to Diagon Alley. Had Crispin schedule an immediate appointment with Bole. Naturally he summoned the reporter to answer for his ridiculous story (scuffling over one of Lockhart's books, I ask you!). Hence the retraction from Friday's paper - though not before being subjected, in turn, to an equally tedious request for information concerning the new Hogwarts' faculty and staff. Told Bole exactly what he could do with his nosing.

As promised, took Ned round with me to the Obscurus board meeting last week and to Magical Commerce yesterday. Discussed his alternatives with Nott and Selwyn, as well, since he expressed an interest in camp administration.

Presto's meeting also occurred last week. Reviewed the proceeds from last quarter and the release timetable for the quarter upcoming. Apparently there is a good deal of science directed toward the selection of appropriate dates - particularly those titles of interest to students about to embark for Hogwarts. Stands to reason, certainly, but not, I admit, something I had given any consideration heretofore. Still uncertain what Nolan expects of me, other than the prestige of the Malfoy name on the Board, but it gives one time to review correspondence.

Which one has had increasingly to do oneself. Crispin has been most perturbing of late. When not rushing out on unnamed errands, he has been seriously distracted. Since our return, I daresay, young Miss Kirke has wished to compensate for his long absence. Unfortunately, it would appear that he is losing his previous skill at prioritising her place in his thoughts with *his* place in my employ. He remains an excellent clerk, for the time being, albeit one not quite as dedicated as once he was.

One other matter: have consulted Rodolphus on a private project begun just before our journey to France. Have captured his interest, I think, as I suspected it would with Rigel's appearance on the scene. He recommended I also seek out Peakes for a rather obscure volume in his collection, containing, he believes, a component needed for the project's completion. Should like to finish in time for the beginning of the school term; think perhaps with the information Peakes has, may accomplish it. If, that is, I am able to devote enough time to the process!

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 **[alt\\_bellatrix](#)** at **[2009-08-26 23:08:15](#)**  
(no subject)

My husband's interest is easy enough to capture when it comes to things of that nature. I remember a few years back when Buckingham security intercepted a package (sent by mistake, no doubt, by some well-wisher who knew not what they had done) containing a most innocuous pair of socks. Handsomely knitted, as I recall, but certainly nothing special. Of course, there had to be something wrong with them - who would send anyone at Buckingham socks, of all things? Sure enough, Rodolphus' analysis revealed a curse which compelled the sock-wearer to dance themselves to death or to volunteer amputation, whichever came first. Imagine that! As if inspired by the most delightfully macabre tales. I believe he still has the socks in his collection somewhere.

Pity about Crispin. Perhaps his mood will yet improve.



 **[alt\\_lucius](#)** at **[2009-08-28 01:42:45](#)**  
(no subject)

His mood affects me not at all; his reliability is what concerns me.

I understand that Narcissa has offered to take Hydra with us to the Hogwarts Express on Tuesday? I do not think she intends to allow Draco out of her sight until the train pulls away. Personally I am almost glad the summer is nearly over, except that the proximity of the date also represents my own personal deadline on the project.

Speaking of projects ... shall we see your husband at the MLE

meeting to-morrow? Scrimgeour mentioned consulting him - and rightly so - on the improvements to the system.



 **[alt\\_bellatrix](#)** at **[2009-08-28 04:00:47](#)**  
(no subject)


And yet the two may be related.

Cissy did offer, but I've yet to accept or decline.

Rodolphus and I would very much like to see Hydra off ourselves, if our schedules permit.

He should be there - in a fine mood, no doubt, seeing as he detests meetings.



 **[alt\\_lucius](#)** at **[2009-08-28 18:06:59](#)**  
(no subject)

Doubtless, they are connected. I merely point out that the one is none of my business, while the other is very much something that affects my efficiency.

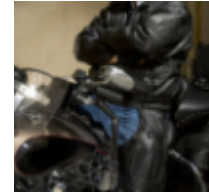
And I told Narcissa as much - for some reason, she seemed to think your return to the Ministry signalled otherwise. Told her to consider herself last year: I think giants could not have kept her from escorting Draco ourselves. I believe she simply enjoyed Hydra's company so much last week that she is looking for an opportunity to experience the care of a daughter vicariously again. Perhaps, if you are both coming as well, we ought all to make a breakfast together and proceed from Kensington to King's Cross afterward.

(No-one *likes* meetings, incidentally, leastwise not for themselves. One wonders how we have not yet come up with a better method of governance!)

**2009-08-28 14:08:00**

*Order Only: Well, I'm off*

Earlier this week, Justin went off to Beauxbatons, so there's really no reason for me to hang about Dijon anymore. Besides, with Moony setting up shop, we'd better have some stock for him to sell!



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

I even got an order from Folkestone Ferriers - that's Malfoy's outfit, remember? - requesting (among other things) Imp ichor, murtlap essence, dried Aspen birch root and something called Sadie Snoozle's Sap of Somnolence. I dunno. It's not Himalayan HotWot (heh) but still. I've a hard time taking some of these brand names seriously.

At any rate, I'm heading south and hope soon to be supplying Folkstone with all the Sap of Somnolence anyone could wish for. I only hope Clarriker doesn't take a notion to test the merchandise or he might sleep right through paying for it!

**2009-08-29 16:23:00**

*(no subject)*

Been down the Friar Tuck once too often, then, mate? But that's what Healers are for, innit.

Oughta look out more o that todger oil. Went like that, and a good price, too. Shoulda kept some back for m'self.



 **alt\_wagstaff**