There's no need to be dramatic, for goodness' sake. It was just a cat! I hardly see what all the fuss is about. Honestly, I've never seen so many people at breakfast on a Sunday morning. Haven't you all anything better to do than sit around, buzzing about conspiracies and murderous lethifolds and snubbed ghosts?

While I haven't any idea what the cat has to do with it, one can hardly quibble with the message left for our consideration: *Enemies of the Heir Beware!* Indeed. I hate to think that anyone here needs this warning, but we know it to be true: there are undoubtedly secret traitors in our midst, and it is our duty to purge such corruption anywhere we find it. It may be sobering to consider this point, but it was an apt reminder on a night when we had so joyously celebrated the blessings of our Protectorate.

It was a wonderful Feast, second only (in my experience) to last year's when Our Lord chose to join us in celebrating His birthday. Hufflepuff House should be extremely proud of the honour bestowed upon their own most famous son. The Fat Friar did us all proud with his acceptance speech; we could all learn from the courtesy he showed to our guests from the Ministry.

And I suppose we might all take another lesson from Gryffindor's Sir Nicholas: if you cannot lend a gracious presence to a celebration, it is no doubt best to excuse oneself and keep away so as not to spoil others' enjoyment. Of course, his behaviour earlier in the week was not a credit to him or his House; it is surely far better to suffer one's disappointments quietly and with dignity.

Now, I'm certain that you all have homework to busy you today, so carry on!

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

You are a mean, vindictive, pretentious prat.
Order Only

I just wanted to check in before tomorrow night, especially following recent anxieties about Regulus. Everything's been fine here. No need to worry at all.

Well, no, actually it was rather worrying when he came into the shop the other day. He was buying some stone pot or jar or some such, of all things, but it seems it was a completely innocent transaction. I suppose even Reg needs homewares now and then.

I have to confess to hiding away behind the stacks and leaving Miss Tonks Nymphadora Dora Miss Tonks Tonks to deal with it, which she did admirably, due only in part to her having no idea what a potential danger he poses to me and, by association, to herself.

She's a very pleasant young woman and certainly exceptionally able, although perhaps a little clumsy, which in a shop full of breakable household items is not ideal! We've almost made a game of it, though, guessing what will get broken each day. It doesn't actually matter that a few items get smashed, of course. There's rarely anything we can't fix with a quick reparo, which is a spell Miss Tonks Tonks is most accomplished at casting.

I do wish she wasn't so averse to her first name, mind you. Tonks just doesn't seem an appropriate way to address a pretty young woman, but she's repeatedly asked me not to call her Miss Tonks, as we've known each other a while now, and outright refuses to answer any permutation of her first name. It's a little frustrating, if I'm honest. But if it's what she wants, I suppose I have no choice.

On an unrelated note, one of the customers this morning said something about a large fire south of the river last night. I doubt it really means anything, Halloween enthusiasm or an early start on Bonfire Night, probably, but did anyone else hear anything of it? Bill, you're down that way, aren't you?

After that murder a few weeks ago, I just wondered if it was worth checking whether this was another anti-muggle or anti-muggleborn thing. I'd pop down myself and have a look, but if the MLE are sniffing around, I'd rather not risk being recognised unless it's necessary.
Bet you never thought you'd have to hide from my wretched brother, but I can see you skulking behind the shelves.

You don't suppose what he bought had anything to do with Voldemort's 'birthday'? Though why he'd need crockery for that is beyond me.

And it's interesting that my cousin objects to her name. I have to say I hadn't noticed in her letters, but perhaps it's just that she feels comfortable telling you her preference. You have that avuncular effect on people, as I recall.

I feel quite sorry for him, really. He doesn't seem much happier with his position in the new order than the rest of us. That said, I'd rather not risk a run-in if I can avoid it.

I suppose it's possible, but I can't imagine anyone could turn up to the Lord Protector's birthday do with a common pot like that as a present and still be alive at the end of the festivities. Unless the pot had something fairly special in it. I dread to think what that might be. No, I think it's more likely it's just a general household pot. He has to eat, after all.

Perhaps it's just a little easier to say things like that to someone outside the family, especially when everyone in the family is named after someone else. She might've feared that she couldn't profess a disinclination towards her name without insulting someone or other's great aunt twice removed or some such.

I'm very glad to have her help around the shop. It really was a very good idea to offer her the position. Have you heard from her recently? Is she happy here, do you think? She seems happy, but I suppose she has so few options, she might just feel obliged to stay.

There's the Order as well. I feel quite confident we could trust her,
and she definitely has a lot of skills that might prove useful. What do you think? Perhaps it's too soon.

alt_sirius at 2009-11-02 03:07:56
(no subject)

Now that I think on it, it's more likely as Alice says, that she has to be careful about endorsing her Muggleborn father by preferring his name to her given one.

As to the Order, well, I haven't had an owl from her in a while, actually, but I'm prepared to risk easing her in. Thus far she certainly hasn't balked at my contact or assistance, and everything she's done with and for Arthur suggests that she could be a valued member if she's given the chance.

alt_arthur at 2009-11-02 03:29:40
(no subject)

I'd be in favour of taking the risk with her, myself.

alt_alice at 2009-11-01 18:15:43
(no subject)

I'm glad to see everything is going well, Remus, love. And it's good to hear you're getting on with Tonks. I suppose if that's what she wants to be called, it's what you should call her, isn't it!

And please keep us informed about Regulus. It does make me nervous that he is in your neighbourhood.

Oh, by the way, Ian has written you a nice card with a drawing in it. I'll send it off. He was worried about what you'd do during the full moon this month, and was asking after you, but I told him that you were smart and resourceful, and that he shouldn't worry. I know that I don't!
You're right, of course, Alice. I am trying to respect her choices, especially on something so personal as her own name, but it just doesn't seem appropriate to call a young woman by her surname. Perhaps I'm just getting old, hm?

It makes me a little nervous too, but I think if he'd recognised me, I'd be long gone by now, so that's some small comfort.

Please tell Ian I shall look forward to receiving his card, but that there's really no need to worry. Everything is very well set up here. It's not Moddey Dhoo, but it's certainly secure enough.

Well, I'm glad to hear that! I'll certainly tell him as such, although I know he'd adore a note from you if you can spare it.

And you'd better watch it with the "getting old" talk! After all, if you're getting old, and I was old enough to be your Prefect, where does that leave me?

I'll certainly do my best to pop a note through for Ian.

You know I age in dog years, Alice, whereas you will be 17 forever, at least in my eyes.

You're sweet.

And as far as Tonks is concerned, she did help Arthur with Dean Thomas's paperwork, which was
an enormous risk, and hasn't yet breathed a word, so we know she can keep a secret. She writes regularly to Sirius, which shows her sympathies. And she wants to be known by her Muggleborn father's last name, which also lets me know where her heart lies.

I'm not sure of everyone else's thoughts on the matter, but I think that if you trust her, Sirius trusts her, and Arthur's got a good feeling about her too, that's good enough for at least a trial interview I should think. If it doesn't look like she's up for it, you can back off now without too much danger.

And I'd rather break her into the group gently, in a controlled sort of way, rather than wait until an emergency arises, tell her the lot right then and there, and have to trust that she'd do the right thing.

✉ alt_lupin at 2009-11-01 23:00:59
(no subject)

I hadn't thought of it that way, but you're right, of course. It would be far better to ease her in gently, if indeed we do decide to pursue it further.

✉ alt_bill at 2009-11-02 03:32:32
(no subject)

I've actually been at the Burrow all weekend, so I didn't learn about it until tonight when I apparated home. The site is certainly not in my neighbourhood. I'll see what I can find out tomorrow.
2009-11-01 11:08:00

Worst party ever

Well I have no plans to attend a Deathday Party ever again if I can help it, and I would advise the rest of you to do the same. It was freezing, for one, because if you get a load of ghosts in one place the air goes all chilly. For two, did you know that ghosts eat horrible, rotten food? I didn't. Apparently the more the food reeks, the more they convince themselves they can still taste it. Though they aren't truly tasting or eating it, they're just floundering around in it helplessly. I don't think I can imagine anything more undignified than being a ghost.

That toilet ghost, Myrtle, was at the party moaning on about how much everyone loathes her. Honestly, after hearing her complain I can't see why anyone wouldn't. Peeves was actually useful for once and drove her away with a fistful of mouldy nuts. And then the group of headless ghosts showed up and were awfully full of themselves. Losing one's head - what a brilliant thing to be proud of, that. I don't really care whether or not Gryffindor's ghost gets to go on the headless hunt, but this one particular ghost, Sir Patrick, was pretty rude and gobbling off all over the place, especially to Harry. So when he showed up we were all more than ready to leave, and as we were heading for the Entrance Hall, Harry thought he heard someone or something speaking in Parseltongue. I didn't hear anything, but I don't have a pet snake or study the reptilian tongue. I don't know if Harry could actually make out any words but it must have been the Heir of Slytherin talking, because when we followed the voice up some stairs we ran right into Granger's petrified cat. And then there were those words on the wall, which I suppose everyone must have seen by now. It was all quite exciting but Harry might be a little unhappy because Granger is his mudblood and that means that no one should bother her cat without asking him first. And Granger's gutted too, obviously, because when you think on it the cat's probably her only real friend.

All of that happened but I scarcely had any pudding. Did they serve anything good? Last year there was treacle tart but it was sort of watery, I was hoping for a nicer one this time.
Was it dead? The cat? That does sound absolutely horrible. I can't imagine seeing Pyewacket like that.

And who is the Heir? Heir of what? How are we supposed to know whether we should beware if we don't even know if we're enemies with it?

I just hope it isn't the Heir of Cat and Kneazle-Hating or something.

What kind of Slytherin are you, Pansy? I thought everyone knew about the Heir of Slytherin, but you're the third or fourth person who's been asking about it so I guess it's not such common knowledge.

Anyway, of all the school Founders it was Salazar's idea to keep mudbloods out of Hogwarts, but back then no one would listen to him so he ended up leaving the school. But before he left he figured out a way to make it so that his heir would return to school one day and cleanse the school of mudbloods.

What's odd is that its happening now, when mudbloods are only here as servants and such. But like the Head Girl said, we must not be doing enough to keep the school clean, or else the Heir wouldn't be warning us, would he?

Anyway, we all thought the cat was dead, but the Headmistress figured out that it was actually petrified. I think the heir petrified it because it belongs to Granger. Maybe he thinks that mudbloods shouldn't be allowed to have pets.

Well, it didn't say Heir of *Slytherin* did it?

I'm glad to hear the cat isn't dead, at any rate.
You're right about it being odd. You'd think that the Heir of Slytherin would be happy or something with the current state of things. Seems to be an awfully petty thing, to come back after all these years just to petrify a cat that didn't ever do anything to anyone.

@alt_draco at 2009-11-01 17:45:14
(no subject)

No, but I knew about it because when I was growing up some of my relatives had good stories about the legend of the Heir of Slytherin. I never heard about any "chamber of secrets," though. I wonder what that is?

Maybe he thinks we're slipping. Maybe he's a legilimens and can see into peoples' thoughts and he knows that they're not really loyal. The point isn't the cat, the point is the message, and its saying we'd best watch ourselves.

@alt_pansy at 2009-11-01 17:48:29
(no subject)

Oh. Well, regardless, it's not very nice. And sort of creepy.

@alt_draco at 2009-11-01 17:49:56
(no subject)

I'd be careful what you say, now that the Heir is here.

@alt_pansy at 2009-11-01 18:00:40
(no subject)

That makes me feel so much better. Gee, thanks, Draco.

Hey, when are you lot studying Potions this week? I might stop by.
Tuesday night. The empty classroom across from Muggle Studies this time.

Maybe Patil or Finnigan knows something about the chamber of secrets or else a book that would talk about it, since they've done all that extra reading about history?

Yeah, or maybe Pince knows. 

Or even Binns. Even though he's a bit of a barm-pot, he might at least have heard of it before.

Maybe! Maybe someone can ask on Tuesday, if they can get his attention anyway.

Why don't we all just ask? He'll have to pay attention, then, won't he?
I think that's a really good idea.

I very much doubt you have anything to worry about, Miss Parkinson. Not unless there are problems in your conduct of which I am unaware, that might put you at risk.

At any rate, with regard to your observation, it is possible - nay, probable - that the animal was not the intended target. Or if it were, then it is likely that it serves merely as a message, as Draco pointed out. Now, as unpleasant as it is to contemplate, it is also true that even the best of wizards must at times behave in ways that are less than 'nice' in order to protect and promote our way of life. I do not yet know whether this incident is something of that nature, but in any event, purebloods are hardly at risk. There is no need to fear.

I checked "Hogwarts, a History" this afternoon but it doesn't say anything about the Chamber, or the Heir. And no one in Ravenclaw Corner knows much about it.

I'm going to keep looking, though. There has to be something.

Let me know if Professor Binns actually tells you anything!!

Of course I'll let you know.
Strictly speaking, son, she is not allowed pets.

Now, what is all this about writing? And the chamber?

(Your mother thanks you for her card, by the way. I see your lessons over the summer have not left you completely.)

I know that, but it followed her around and I think she was the only one that fed it. Though it ate mice sometimes, too.

Anyway it's just like I said: Harry heard someone talking in Parseltongue, and then he and I - oh, and Weasley, too - found Granger's cat the cat petrified, and there was writing on the wall that said THE CHAMBER OF SECRETS HAS BEEN OPENED. ENEMIES OF THE HEIR, BEWARE.

That's impossible

Someone has arranged an elaborate Halloween prank, I shouldn't wonder. Over-zealous, perhaps, but nothing to worry about. Surely the Headmistress shall uncover the culprit soon and put an end to the trickery.

What an unhappy thought.
I wouldn't want anything to happen to Pyewacket or even Fergus.
I hope that the Heir doesn't hate rabbits, too.
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Hydra, I seriously doubt he bothers with rabbits, especially not one that belongs to you.
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Why not? What's so special about me?
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You aren't even remotely associated with muggles or mudbloods, and consider who your family is, too. Tully will be completely fine.
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Rotten food AND you had to spend time with Myrtle? That sounds like the worst party EVER Draco!
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The music was awful, too. But Harry was trying to get away from people and that daft Gryffindor ghost had him convinced that he was obliged to attend. How was the pudding?
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Oh, it was lovely. But even the worst dinner we've ever had in the great hall sounds better than what the ghosts served.

I don't know what the snake said. No. Just hissing, I couldn't understand. Father is probably going to be angry with me for not knowing.

Of course I didn't do it, that was the stupidist thing I've ever heard. And the cat wasn't really my mudblood's. It was just a cat that hung around. I'm not stupid enough to let my mudblood have a cat. That would be really muggle.

He knows perfectly well that Crookshanks is your cat, Hermione, doesn't he?

It's right nice of him to deny it to Mr Malfoy, to help protect you.

The cat seemed to think of her as its owner, though, even if you would never let her keep it. Cats are just do what they like, really, and you can't teach them otherwise.
Ron were you with Harry and Draco last night? What happened? Did Harry, well I mean I would have thought Harry would be the Heir of Slytherin because he's the Lord Protector's son, so -- but I wouldn't think he'd do something awful to Hermione's cat.

And Hermione I'm so sorry something happened to your kitty, will he be alright? If he was just petrified? I mean everyone's talking about it but no one seems to know anything.

I need to stop writing Pansy's coming

Yeah. I don't know. We went down to the Deathday party--I thought we weren't going to, but then Lockhart saw Harry in the Entrance Hall and was trying to get him to take a bunch of pictures and give interviews and whatever with all those reporters that came for the Feast, so Harry grabbed me and Draco and said we had to go to Nick's party 'cause he'd promised! Anyway, it was really bloody awful. The music was thirty ghosts playing saws that sounded like three hundred people scraping their fingers on a really big blackboard. Ugh! And the food... it was good it was so freezing cold, otherwise it would have stunk us right out. You should have seen the haggis: it was loaded with maggots, so it looked like the whole surface of it was moving.

But, yeah. When we left, we were going to come up for pudding but Harry heard something, so we went tearing up three flights of stairs and found the cat. Or kneazle. Whichever it is.

I actually figured that the writing meant Harry, too. He's the Protector's Heir, right? I'd never heard any of that stuff about Slytherin that Malfoy was telling everybody. So who knows? Harry didn't act like he knew.
Harry must know SOMETHING about the Heir of Slytherin surely. Although Pansy didn't know. Maybe I paid a little more attention to that sort of thing because I was the first in my family to be Sorted into Slytherin so I did a little extra reading.

But anyway Slytherin's heir was supposed to get rid of all the mudggleborns and the Lord Protector DID that so why would anyone

I don't understand but it makes me worried. Actually everyone in Slytherin seems a little worried right now even though most of them are pretending they think it's excellent and they don't mind at all, kind of the way everyone acts when Draco talks about his Aunt Bella.

Well, Harry may know all about that. It's just we didn't talk about it then and I was busy assuming it was about HIM as the Protector's heir and he didn't seem to know anything about the cat or about why anyone would have written that sort of stuff about him.

That doesn't make a load of sense, does it. Okay, I don't know what I'm talking about.

It makes me worried that you say the Slytherins are worried. That sounds really bad.

Oh but even if Harry knows about the heir of Slytherin he might not have opened the secret chamber, people do strange things all the time to impress him you know? I mean like what happened with Lockhart, most of the time it makes him very uncomfortable. He usually wants people to not talk about his father
and he hates it when people make some sort of fuss over him, like Acton did that first week, UGH.

Anyway it doesn't say 'the heir opened this' it says 'enemies of the heir beware' or at least that's what I heard. I haven't gone to look I kind of don't

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@alt_ron at 2009-11-01 23:15:37
(no subject)

Yeah, I don't blame Harry about that. It is creepy the way people get sort of goo-goo about him. I mean, even my mum and my sister read all about him whenever there’re articles in any of the magazines or the Prophet, but there’re loads worse people who follow him about. I heard someone tried to pay off Flint to get a pair of Harry's socks after a Quidditch game last year. That's just-- yeah. Creepy doesn't begin to cover it.

And I totally don't get the part about the secrets chamber or whatever. I mean that's supposed to be somewhere in the school? I was talking about it with the twins and they seem to think they know ALL the secret places in the castle (yeah, I'd bet they're wrong about that, too, but you know them) and they've never heard of it. But they said they have ways to check on it.

I dunno.

Anywiz, I'm kind of hoping it does mean Harry, one way or the other, 'cause I'm definitely not his enemy, right?

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@alt_neville at 2009-11-02 02:37:16
(no subject)

It is all really weird.

Who does Harry have as enemies, though?
Well, there was Macnair, wasn't there? And whoever attacked him at the train when we came back to school. I mean, who knows who might think that hurting Harry or kidnapping him would be a good way to get back at his father?

I don't know if he'll be all right, I mean Madam Pomfrey said it would be all right, that as soon as some ingredients have grown she'd be able to fix him, but that she'd have to be careful, because it isn't really right to dose a cat with ingredients that were supposed to be for real students who aren't slaves or animals. But she said she'd do it, so I think she will, only it might take awhile.

Hermione, I'm ever so sorry about Crookshanks, but I'm glad Madam Pomfrey thinks she can help him. How long will it take before she can do whatever she needs to do to fix him?

Yeah, I'm really sorry, too.

I remember seeing him around the castle sometimes. He seemed sort of, well, smart? Like he knew what he thought about you when he looked at you. I could never decide if he thought I was okay. And he seemed pretty wary of the twins, but that's understandable, y'know?

Anyway, I'm sorry he got hurt and that it hurts you. It was pretty awful to see him hanging there like that last night. I couldn't blame you being upset.
I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Did you see what Professor McGonagall wrote to Mr Malfoy? If the Chamber had been opened, something more dramatic would have happened than just a petrified cat?!!!

So there IS a Chamber. And bad stuff happens when it opens!

Did you lot find out anything more from Binns than we did?

Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Yeah I saw that, and it was lucky I did because we did get Binns to talk about it some. I think I'll do a separate entry but not put it under the lock so if Pan anyone sees me writing it won't matter if they look over my shoulder.
Interesting...

Just when I think things are calming down around here, something else happens. I don't know what is going on, and I am not going to ask any questions. It seems like we are not going to obtain any new information. We just all need to keep our eyes open and use common sense.

I have been thinking about that message though. I don't know what it means, but it could be more complex than we think it is or simpler than we are making it out to be. I think we just need to watch what happens next. We need more clues. We are not going to know what's going on or what's likely to happen until it does. It is only then that we can find a pattern and see what it means or what we need to do.

I must say, I do agree with the head girl, and add that we must not over dramatise the situation. We don't want things like this to happen, but we must find the meaning of it. And we can not do that with wild rumours flying around. All will be revealed in due course.
A Very Eventful Weekend.

For me this weekend was kind of crazy. And sorry Mum for not writing in the journal on your birthday. I am most terribly sorry, I didn't want to miss that. I am glad you liked the place mats. I wasn't feeling myself on Friday. So I stayed in bed and slept all day. Don't worry, I am absolutely fine. I really hope the day was as wonderful as it sounds in your entry.

I was going to write yesterday after the feast, but with all the (for lack of a better word) excitement, I decided not to. I did not want to write about last nights events. I knew if I did I probably would be overly dramatic. I will admit, I don't like it one bit. I am nervous as I don't know what is going to happen next. Percy has been most comforting though. Especially with me being a little jumpy today. Fred and George have discovered a weakness of mine, and they are using it to their advantage.

Can we just have a month with no surprises?

Don't worry about me missing a day of classes. I have gotten myself so far ahead, there is no way I could fall behind.

Your family is all pureblood, isn't it? Because if it is then you shouldn't have to be worried. At least that's what Draco told me. But I am a little worried, anyway.

I think being worried, while unwanted, is a natural sensible reaction. It means that you realise that things are out of your control, and you don't know exactly
what to do next. No matter what our blood status is in this situation, I think it is a perfectly normal reaction to have.

alt_hydra at 2009-11-02 00:08:29  
(no subject)

I hope some of the bigger kids can find out more about what the secret chamber is, and how the cat was petrified.
Knowing things makes me feel better, a little bit. But maybe this is just something that happens on halloween, and it won't happen again. That's what I am hoping.

From,  
Hydra

alt_ginny at 2009-11-02 00:09:32  
(no subject)

Yes, one can only hope.

alt_molly at 2009-11-02 02:34:10  
(no subject)

I truly did love the place mats, dear. Thank you again.
I'll take you at your word that you're feeling better, and I'm glad that you're ahead in your classes.

Charlie sends you his love.
While we spent a very quiet day at an excellent inn near Burghley, it seems that Hogwarts has been awash in excitement - yet again.

Minerva, kindly enlighten me as to what exactly is going on in your school. Petrified cats? Messages on the walls? Young Marvolo hearing voices that may-or-may-not speak Parseltongue? Apparently it is far too much to ask that any visit of Ministry personnel pass without some incident to complicate the occasion. At least there is one consolation, for this occurred entirely without relation to my own presence at the school; I was beginning to believe myself cursed. Nonetheless, shall still remind Crispin to clear my calendar for the day following Draco's match. We should not like to be forced to extend our stay; however, if this year is anything like the last, we must be prepared for calamity at any major event!

But enough of that, at least until I am more informed as to what precisely has so gripped the school as to make it teem with gossip.

To return to the gala for a moment, the fireworks were particularly well-received by Our Lord. Indeed, most of His gifts pleased Him. Curiously, there was one gift that I had not expected to see. It seems an ambitious, but foolish civil servant cast his eye on a pair of antique duelling wands recently acquired by the Ministry. He doubtless admired the set and thought it would make a highly suitable - and memorable - present to bring to Our Lord's attention ... in his own name. Imagine Narcissa's and my surprise when Lucretia Prewett's wands were presented to Our Lord 'from His admiring servant, Gaddeus Gaffert.'

Mr Gaffert was wise enough not to make this presentation in person. I have business at the Ministry to-morrow, as usual, however, and be assured I shall seek him out to discuss the ... appropriateness ... of his unusual interpretation of protocol, to sign his own name to an item already legally ceded to Our Lord's treasury!

Well, as I said, we proceeded from Buckingham to Burghley, where we spent a particularly pastoral day and enjoyed an excellent wine along
with a superb concert at the refurbished Peterborough Cathedral. Every excursion seems to have a price, however - such as leaving my correspondence on the journals until our return this evening!

I have a little reading to do for Presto and NRBC. Perhaps to-morrow I shall have some answers before I return to Court. If not, then I am sure we shall learn much more on our jaunt up to the school for the Quidditch.

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@alt_mcgongall at 2009-11-03 13:22:31
(no subject)

There appears to have been an incident involving a cat being Petrified and some vandalism of the walls - 'The Chamber of Secrets has been Opened. Enemies of the Heir, Beware.' Mr Marvolo, your son, and Ron Weasley appear to have been the unlucky students to discover the scene. Of course, no-one knows what to make of it, especially as Mr Marvolo has repeatedly denied any involvement; so we must assume that there is some partisan running about the castle expressing their enthusiasm for the Protectorate in a rather tasteless way.

The students are all a-flutter; but I doubt very much that the message on the wall had any real significance. If the Chamber of Secrets had been opened, something far more dramatic would have happened than a Petrified cat.

@alt_lucius at 2009-11-03 15:05:06
(no subject)

Yes, once I got more of the details from my son, it seemed clear that someone had decided to stage a rather intricate prank. Good luck in catching the tricksters.

@alt_molly at 2009-11-03 22:26:31
Order Only

Well, that's what you tell Lucius Malfoy. Now what do you think's really going on, Minerva?
Oddly enough, essentially the same, Molly - though I am more concerned about it, of course, than I ought to let on to Lucius.
2009-11-02 16:22:00

Creepy...

I just don't understand why anyone would want to hurt an innocent cat!

Unless they wanted to do something to be mean to Grang Marvolo's mudblood...I've seen it hanging around her when Marvolo has her with him.

But why would they write 'Enemies of the Heir Beware'?

alt_ernie at 2009-11-02 22:17:33
(no subject)

I don't see why it had to happen on the night when our ghost got an honour from the Ministry, too. That's a bit suspicious, I reckon.

alt_susan at 2009-11-04 18:43:51
(no subject)

I know!
Order Only: Cancellations

Arthur, we've had three camps cancel performances that the Players had scheduled for this week, two in Nottinghamshire (Broxtowe and Ashfield) and one in Northamptonshire, at Daventry. We'd expected some trouble, because the word is this sickness is spreading fast. The thing that puzzles us is that I thought it was confined to the muggle camps. But Daventry's only for Mugglborns, right? Unless they've changed since last winter. Poppy, what can you tell us?

I'm still being blocked from talking to anyone besides the fire-answerers at St Mungo's. And they will only tell me that things are 'a bit extraordinary here at present'.

Indeed.

Daventry is solely for Muggleborns. Kingsley, did they specifically say the cancellation was due to sickness, or did they give you some other excuse?

This is the first I've heard of it.

All three admitted it was due to sickness. The two muggle camps were matter-of-fact about it, in a rather grim sort of way. But the clerk at Daventry was obviously scared. Heard him muttering when he turned away that he never thought it'd come there.
I did a bit of a walk about at the site of the fire, early, before coming into work. A huge vacant area, with high board fencing all around it. Apparently an old orphanage had stood on the site many years ago, but it had been torn down long ago and the rubble hauled away, and the empty site was slated for redevelopment.

I don't know what could have gone up in flames in a vacant lot, but by all eyewitness accounts, it was an impressive conflagration. Most of the boards are scorched, many half burned away. Remus, I think I'm picking up traces of very dark magic, blood magic maybe even, mixed in with all the rubble. I'd like your professional opinion, but I hesitate to suggest you mosey over to see for yourself. At least this morning there was a crowd milling around and gawping at the wreckage, and I think I even spotted an Enforcer or two.

(Frank and Dad, do you have any good news out of East Hertfordshire for us?)

Well after all that work that the forgers went through to find and finalise the ruddy St Mungo's forms for us, we couldn't get past the gates. The camp's in total lockdown. NOBODY goes in or out. They're not even letting the wizards working in the administration offices leave.

You're kidding.
Wish I were. Frank was fit to be tied.

damn right I was. had the goddamned bloody forms signed in triplicate, for merlin's sake. cocksucking pencil pushers.

Al's giving me that look so sorry Hermione.

G gracious!

Really? That's odd. Thanks, Bill. I don't know about professional opinion, but I'll try to pop down as soon as possible.
2009-11-02 22:59:00
Good News...Real Good News!!

I am Happy to report that all my extra hours of studying Charms on my own has paid off. I was allowed to take a test today that allowed me to place out of first year Charms. This now means my schedule will be normal starting next week. No more split Transfiguration classes. I will be in all my classes with my own house.

alt_dean

alt_ron at 2009-11-03 11:14:55
(no subject)

Already said it in person, but I'll say it here, too. That's dead wizard, mate. Congratulations!

alt_neville at 2009-11-03 12:41:04
(no subject)

That means that Ron will be able to start hitting you up for revising help in all your classes!

Seriously, mate, that's great.

alt_percy at 2009-11-03 12:43:22
(no subject)

Excellent, Dean. You've made rapid progress, and you're certainly a credit to Gryffindor.

alt_arthur at 2009-11-03 12:45:07
(no subject)

How very pleased I am to read this, my boy. I always knew that given the opportunity, you would make the most of it. Congratulations.
Thanks Mr Weasley! That really means a lot to me.

Thanks Ron, Neville and Percy. Now I just need to catch up with you all in Charms. No Problem though. Everything will be completely normal after the Holidays.

Good show mate!
Well History of Magic was more interesting than usual today.

I heard from Longbottom yesterday that Finnigan tried to ask Binns about the Chamber of Secrets but he couldn't even get Binns to call on him and when he shouted something out Binns just blinked and muttered something about how this wasn't a class on legends but a class on facts. And then he went back to talking about Goblin Rebellions.

So when we had History of Magic today, Draco raised his hand and kept it up until Binns called on him and then he asked about the Chamber of Secrets. But we'd all seen what the Headmistress said to Mr Malfoy, so when he said it was a legend, Pansy interrupted raised her hand politely and said 'but sir, the Headmistress didn't say it was a legend. She said if it HAD been opened, there'd be something worse than a petrified cat.'

So he muttered a little more and then told us the story. He started by telling us what we all already knew, that the school was founded by Godric Gryffindor, Helga Hufflepuff, Rowena Ravenclaw and Salazar Slytherin. And for years they all got on with each other, but then there was a rift because Slytherin realised that it was a bad idea to let in mudbloods and they were untrustworthy. And finally there was a huge fight and Slytherin left. And THAT'S all true, because it's in Hogwarts: A History.

And then he told us the story of the Chamber of Secrets. The legend says that Slytherin built a hidden chamber somewhere in Hogwarts castle, and didn't tell any of the other founders. And he sealed it so no one could open it until his own true heir arrived at school. The heir -- and only the heir -- would be able to open the chamber and unleash 'the horror within,' and whatever was in there would purge the school of everyone unworthy to study magic.

So then I asked him what the horror was, was it a monster inside or something else and he said it was all just a story, the school had been searched many times and since they never found a Chamber of Secrets it must not be real. And Teddy pointed out that since it could only be opened by Slytherin's true heir, it stands to reason no one else
would find it, right? Because you'd probably need to be a family member. Binns said that one of the headmasters or headmistresses would have found it. So then Milli asked if he was saying that the headmasters were better wizards than Salazar Slytherin, and he got really cross and said none of this had anything to do with history and this was a history class and things went back to being really dull.

Anyway this got me wondering about Slytherin's descendants. I mean there could be a lot of people at this point who are a tiny bit related to Slytherin, and they might not even all be in Slytherin House. Were people keeping track, a thousand years ago?

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@alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-04 01:40:25
*I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good*

Draco has a tapestry at his house that shows his family tree but I don't think it goes back a thousand years. And Hydra's family has one too. They'd surely have mentioned it if it traced back to Slytherin but then Slytherin wouldn't have an HEIR he'd have a whole pack of heirs because all the old families are related. Ron's even related to Draco through a cousin, I know that must be true Ron because I heard your mum inherited something from Draco's great-aunt who died a few weeks ago. And there are five Weasleys at the school right now so that would be five more heirs for party.

Really, if anyone's related to Slytherin then practically everyone is, if it's as simple as being a blood descendant.

---

@alt_ron at 2009-11-04 03:16:25
*Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good*

Well, I don't know. Maybe Slytherin's family only had one child in each generation.

Or maybe they had loads of kids in each generation and they all fought until there was only one left alive to marry and have the next batch.

Okay, that's probably not true, but it would make for a wicked story!
Well, that explains why I couldn't find anything in the library!

Dames and Tamblyn say that the Chamber is a myth, too. But Johns says she thinks it's real.

Yeah, but do you think the Chamber is really open, or that it was someone having a laugh, just making us think it was?

If it was someone having a laugh, they've got a really sick sense of humour. I mean, who does that to a cat?

Well, I agree it wasn't nice. It's not like a cat can be a blood traitor, even if this cat seemed to like Granger's company.

But Professor Sprout said she can fix the cat, just not right away. So maybe whoever played the prank didn't realise that the cat couldn't be put back to rights straight off?

Professor Lockhart said he's going to help with the potion and then that cat will be fixed even sooner, though.
Do you really believe it was a prank? I know my Father says it was a prank, but he wasn't there... it felt eerie, didn't it? Like something really wrong had been there. And how many pranksters or people at this school can speak Parseltongue? Only Harry can and not ever very.

Or I guess its possible I was just feeling off from the Death party.

No, I didn't think it was a prank. I mean for one thing, did you see the look on the cat's face? I don't know a lot about cats, I guess, but I've never seen that one look like that--like, I don't know, like someone had set fire to its tail and it'd just realised.

And what about all the water everywhere? It looked Professor Carrow's room after, y'know.

And I agree, I don't know if was the whole thing with Harry saying he heard something hissing Parseltongue or, yeah, I guess it could have been because we'd just been down with all those ghosts, but it was dead creepy.

Still, if your father says it was a prank, I guess I wouldn't want to be the one saying it wasn't. If you know what I mean.

Cats always sort of have the same look on their face. Sort of aloof, you know? But yeah, it didn't look aloof at all.

Like I told Padma, it's not that I think my Father or the Headmistress is lying. I'm just saying that its different if you saw it right after it happened.
Yeah, I agree.

Well, I think if the Chamber were open, really, we'd know, don't you? Besides, your father and the Headmistress said it was a prank.

Yeah, I know what they said.

Well, don't you believe them?

I don't think they're lying. I simply haven't decided what I believe.

I mean, by the time we got there, there were so many people it was hard to see anything. But the Headmistress and Professor Brutka were there and they said that the cat was just
petrified. And then Professor Lockhart pushed through and that's when the Headmistress told the prefects to take everyone back to our common rooms.

So if you saw something that no one else did, you ought to say.

**alt_draco** at 2009-11-04 03:48:00
(no subject)

I didn't see anything aside from what we all already described.

So if you're accusing me of something, you ought to say.

**alt_padma** at 2009-11-04 03:52:39
(no subject)

I'm not accusing anything. You said to Weasley that it felt like more than a prank, so I wondered why you think that, is all.

**alt_draco** at 2009-11-04 03:53:52
(no subject)

It was just a feeling.

But like I said, it might've been because of that awful Deathday party.

I don't know.

**alt_padma** at 2009-11-04 13:36:08
(no subject)

Did you tell the Headmistress? Maybe it would help if you told Professor Slughorn - then he could figure out if it was because of the ghosts or something more...erm, dangerous.
If it's someone having a laugh it must be a much older student, because it would take really powerful magic to petrify a cat, especially to petrify it so thoroughly it would take months to undo. I expect the Headmistress could transfigure something into stone if she wanted but she could transfigure it back a minute later.

And I thought nearly everyone in our house liked cats. I mean there's one in practically every dorm room. Two in mine, if you count Pyewacket. I wonder if it was Professor Carrow, I mean he could have transfigured...

Oh, well, then. It must be real if Johns thinks it is. Come on, I believe what the Headmistress said, but who cares what Dames or Johns or Tamblyn thinks?

Excuse me, Ronald, but they all have parents who were students here, too, so maybe they know stuff from when they were students. Besides, they're some of the best students in their years.

Well I know a bit about Wizarding ancestry and if someone here was related to Salazar Slytherin and they knew it, we'd know it, too. Because who would be quiet about something like that?
Well, that's true. Unless they were hiding it, you know, so they could make it a surprise. I guess that's part of it. After all, if they wanted to really catch people doing things they shouldn't, that would be the way to do it.

It's just that I don't think anyone's claimed to be related to Salazar Slytherin for ages, at least not so far as I've heard from my parents. Well, people claim it all the time, actually, but without any proof. That's what trees and tapestries are for, to prove your Ancestry.

A Gryffindor might be quiet about it.

But you're right really, if anyone could trace all the way back to Salazar Slytherin, surely everyone would know.

I seem to remember someone saying once that Gryffindors can't keep their mouths shut about anything.

All jokes aside, I can't think of anyone in Gryffindor House that would do anything like that.
So there is a legend and it might be true? That's very scary.

Well it does sound like there's a legend. But it could just be someone having a laugh. Either way Draco's right that you're not in danger and neither is your rabbit so don't worry, Hydra.
This has been one of the most unpleasant weeks I can think of recently. If any of you are thinking that coming down with flu is a convenient way to get a rest, all I can say is: Don't.

While I felt quite back to health in only a day or so, I have been far more fatigued than I should be. I even tried a dose of Madam Endora's Energy Elixir, but found it nowhere near as fortifying as a simple cup of tea.

Thankfully I woke Sunday morning feeling fully refreshed, possibly for the first time since the morning before Lucretia's funeral. Just in time for the lovely outing Lucius had planned for us - and well before Draco's first match. I'm quite looking forward to that and would have been shattered had I been unable to go.

It's difficult to credit that an illness so simply overcome could linger so long. Mother says Aunt Cassiopeia has had a cold as well, though no fever, thank Merlin! Mother is in perfect health, as always.

Meanwhile, Lucius has been out of the Manor more than in it. Something at the Department of Mysteries, I think. (I suspect he has also been staying at the St James' house to avoid any hint of malady.) Tonight he is at home, but expects to be called by the Minister most any moment, as soon as any fool sets a fire to burning in town.

It's also absolutely maddening to think it, but as it is now November it is time to look ahead to our annual Christmas celebrations at the Manor. Frankly I would have begun on Monday were it not that I needed to catch up on Witch Weekly and the benefit for the Witches' Institute first. (Yes, I've agreed to host their warlock auction since Madam Peakes has had to step down.) It seems every year it comes earlier!
To your health, cousin!

Oh, tosh, Reg. I can't quite make up my mind whether you're teasing or just in an ironic twist of mood. Not that I doubt your sincerity, dear cousin. But your sobriety may be another matter.

Shall we see you on Saturday?

I'm generally of the view that sobriety is overrated. Also that a regular nip is good for the health. Perhaps you should have fortified yourself better against the crush of colds and condolences.

Unfortunately, at the moment I'm dead sober and likely to stay that way until nightfall at least. I do hope to be able to make it for the Quidditch match on Saturday. I promise to be reasonably well-behaved and no less sober than the Headmistress.

Some of us must mind how those 'nips' add up - both in loosening tongues and in loosening waistlines.

But as I understand it, the less well-behaved you are, my dear, the more you are admired. (Which reminds me ... I may have a favour to ask you.)
Oh?

Do tell.

Or not. It's not to do with your warlock auction, is it?

Hah, see, he's not nearly inebriated enough, dearest.

I dared her to ask Rabastan, but thus far, at least, she has the sense not to wave that wand.

And you can just stop warning very eligible bachelor before I have a chance to sweet them up.

How long have you been awake? Did Fifi bring you a tray?

Well, don't let me discourage you from sweetening me up. What did you have in mind?

No promises of quid pro quo, of course, but no sense abandoning hope before you make the attempt.

It's really the most dreary bore, but it's a fancy dress theme this year. I thought the Dread Captain Regulus would cut quite the dash - and keep me from simply hexing half the
If you go as my escort, it lets Lucius out, which is really best for all concerned, particularly the other half that I don't manage to hex into next month.

Will I need the cutlass this time? Or just the rakish hat with the swishy feather?

Oh, whatever you like. So long as we don't actually use the sword on anyone - well, at the Institute, anyway.

We can discuss the details on Saturday.

Woke about an hour ago - which makes, what? five hours' sleep? And yes, I've just had supper, thank you. Currently considering whether to come down to the study or simply read a while.

Oh, do come down, for a little while at least. I like to lay eyes on you once a day, at any rate.

I still can't believe she kept you so long when you'd been up all night, as well.
Remember, remember, and all that. Funny how many people like a bit o nostalgia wiv their wares. Even if it is just a load o old rubbish.
You're right about the fire site, Bill. I popped down earlier today, and I couldn't get very close, but something dark definitely happened there. I'd say it was almost certainly blood magic, although I couldn't begin to guess what precisely they were doing or what they were trying to accomplish. Perhaps it was some sort of gift for the Lord Protector's birthday? If I were ever going to get him a gift, it would involve setting something on fire.

Speaking of which, any activity in honour of Guy Fawkes?

I hope the Ministry were run ragged putting out those fires.

There was a bit of ruckus, yes, but not that much in our area. It's not really the sort of neighbourhood where people go about setting fires, which is fortunate for us as I'd really rather the shop didn't get burned to the ground so early in its life.

I'm sure the Ministry faced their fair share of trouble, though, with more to come tonight and over the weekend.
Ron I don't think I told you this but back during the summer hols when I was at your house, I tried to get your mum to give some work to my father. You know your mum barter things with people, and my father is always happy to work for food or whatever he can get. My father is very good at fixing things. Like if you have a broom that won't fly straight or a self-stirring cauldron that's always letting things burn, he can figure out why and make it work right, at least for a while.

Anyway that letter you gave me at breakfast that you said was from your mum was actually from my father. He didn't sign it since he didn't know for certain it wouldn't be intercepted but I recognize his handwriting. He said that he and my mum were getting by alright. Thanks to the barter network they've been eating better than they were for a while. He fixed someone's flying carpet and their leaky roof and they paid him in cheese. I never had cheese before I came to Hogwarts, or milk or butter or anything like that, because we didn't have a cow or a goat and didn't have the money to buy anything like that.

And someone else paid them in wool, just pure raw wool but apparently Mrs Weasley told him to to trade THAT to for yarn. There's someone she knows who spins, and if you give him a basket of wool you'll get back half that in yarn. And my mum knows how to knit, even without magic, so before too long they'll even have new socks.

My parents don't actually get on well. With each other I mean. At all. So I was worried It's good to see things are

I was afraid that my father only kept my mum around because of me, and that after I went to school he'd send her away. But it sounds like my mum is alright and still living with my father. I wish I could have a letter from her too. But hearing from my father was better than nothing. I wish he'd said whether he reads my journal. I don't know if he even HAS a journal, they said they sent them to everyone but I don't know if they really did or if they don't count blood-traitors.
Ron, I'm going to write something to my parents and give it to you to send to your mum all right?

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@alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-06 03:07:17
(no subject)

Oh and I told Pansy about the letter Ron so she knows. You can tell her you know if you want, I guess just pretend I told you in person.

---

@alt_ron at 2009-11-06 03:39:43
(no subject)

Yeah, okay.

I, uh, I'm glad your parents are okay. Sounds like things are pretty, well, difficult. When did you see them last? Before you came to school? Or before that?

Er. Yeah, you can give me a letter any time you want and I'll send it for you. Is it okay for you to write? I mean, if it got intercepted, would you get in trouble? 'Cause we could try to figure out some kind of code thing where it would look more like it was me writing my par-
or, I don't know. Maybe that's not good.

Just, y'know, let me know when you have something you want to send.

---

@alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-06 04:03:58
(no subject)

I last saw them in August when I was eleven and the man from half-blood affairs came to get me, you know, before I came to Hogwarts.

I'm not ever supposed to see them or write to them. I'm not going to put their name on the envelope, I'm sure your mum is clever enough to know what to do with it, since she passed my father's letter on to me.
But if you're worried you'll get into trouble if the letter's intercepted and anyone figures it out, that's okay, I'll figure out another way to get it to your mum.

I mean I could send it to her myself but owl post that's odd in some way, like me sending a package to your mum, is much more likely to be searched than ordinary mail like you writing to your mum.

No, I don't mind. At all.

Just. I'd never thought about what it would be like. And what they do to keep you from even writing to them. That's just so wrong. I can't even-

But it's no problem to send whatever you want to my mum. I know she'll be happy to get your package to your parents. It'll make her feel really good, actually, that she could help. She likes that.

So, yeah. No problem.

It's awful to not ever be able to write to your parents. Take it from me.

Sally-Anne, I think it's dead wizard that Mrs Weasley's helping you stay in touch with your mum and dad. Hope you'll be able to keep writing.
Wait a minute--do you mean that Pansy knows you got a letter from Mrs Weasley? Or that you got a letter from your Dad? I mean, is it safe for her to know that, with the law and everything?

Pansy knows I got a letter from my Dad.

I trust Pansy even if the rest of you don't. I mean I understand why you don't want to tell her about the lock yet. But I've been telling her my secrets longer than I've been telling any of the rest of you.

Don't get hacked off! I mean, I just meant I want you to stay safe, okay? I don't want you getting into any kind of trouble. But if she knows, and she isn't telling anyone, that's great.

Neville's right. None of would want you to get into any trouble. Or Ron or Mrs Weasley, for that matter.

And it is a good sign that she can be trusted with a secret like that, yeah? Maybe it shows we'll be able to trust her with bigger ones later on.

I've been telling Pansy things I maybe shouldn't have since last year when she got into all that trouble for asking questions about muggleborns. I told her then my mum was a Ravenclaw.
prefect when she was at school, that she was a dead good witch back when she had a wand and that I loved her.

And she hasn't told anyone, not Lucius Malfoy or her awful aunt or anyone.

And the thing that got her to be quiet -- well at least for a while -- was when I told her if she didn't quit that I would get in horrible trouble. Because people like Lucius Malfoy might think I'd told her a bunch of subversive ideas.
2009-11-05 20:35:00

History Club was sort of

a waste last night. Everyone wanted to talk about what Professor Binns had said during the Slytherin lesson, and about the Chamber, and no one really wanted to talk about the Picts and Saxons and their tributes to wizards at all.

But then it seemed like because Professor Binns told the Slytherins all that stuff in their lesson, he really didn't want to go through it all again with us, even though Linus tried a couple of times to ask some of the questions from the club last night, like who might be descended from Slytherin, and that.

I tried asking Davies about it, since he was in the Corner this afternoon, but he said he's tired of it and that if we all just let it drop, nothing more will come of the whole business. Lana Sandoval says that too, but of course people really are curious, aren't they?

Mum sent an owl this morning saying that Haruman had to work all night last night because people were setting off backrackets all through the half-blood quarters in London and people kept coming to St Mungo's with burns they couldn't heal by themselves.

Ooh, has anyone else heard the new Solstice Night song yet? We played it in the dormitory last night and I lent it to Parvati for her and Lavender to play tonight. It's wiz-nift.

---

alt_harry at 2009-11-06 15:04:56

(no subject)

I haven't heard the new song Padma. Will you lend it to the Slytherins next? I don't think Pansy even has it, she hasnt played it anyway.

alt_padma at 2009-11-06 16:30:23

(no subject)

Really? I would've thought Mr Malfoy That's surprising. Maybe they haven't given it to the record people yet.
But yes, of course, you can borrow it! I'll ask Parvati at lunch so she can bring it to dinner.

Well maybe she's holding out on us. Are you holding out Pansy??

No! I haven't gotten it yet. I've been wanting to hear it, though.

It might be time for us to have another music party. Maybe we can play this, Padma.

Sounds nift. Let's use the classroom near the Hufflepuff dorms, though; it's nearer the kitchens and I think it's warmer.

It's pretty wiz.

Only Percy made them stop playing it in the Common Room last night. If you ask me, any song Percy hates gets extra points.
Yes. I see that I shouldn't make plans as though my schedule were my own.

But Skye, Marlowe Sands, Ely, Telford, Luton and Basildon--all today? Fortunate that I never feel much like eating after I've Apparated. Once.

At any rate, the first two are done, and I'm in Ely somewhere. Damned if I can find anyone to ask directions from, though. Place looks utterly deserted. Not much reclamation here, I take it.

Were you not pleased with your birthday present, then? I had thought it met all of your specifications. Was it the timing, perhaps? You'd have preferred I wait? I'm afraid I wasn't in control of that. Was it the packaging? Too gaudy? You do realise that I can't do better if I don't know how I've failed.

Right. No time for moaning in this itinerary.

Or, actually, there may be. Still too dizzy to walk.

There's not a train to Telford, is there?

I didn't think so.

**2009-11-06 17:28:41**

*alt_regulus*  
**Narcissa**

What time am I expected tomorrow, cousin?

**2009-11-06 18:52:40**

*alt_narcissa*  
**Re: Narcissa**

The match begins at ten o'clock, so we plan to arrive at Hogwarts at twenty before the hour.

If you're recovered from these treks of yours, you might meet us for breakfast, but if you prefer to go straight to the pitch, of course I understand.
I do hope our plans for the auction may go forward uninterrupted. I have grown accustomed to Lucius periodically having to skive off on business, but that makes the necessity no less vexing, when it occurs. No one could argue when important demands of state override personal plans, of course. Well, one must soldier on.

@alt_regulus at 2009-11-06 19:15:19
Re: Narcissa

I think bre akfast's out of the question, cousn.

@alt_pansy at 2009-11-06 19:16:45
(no subject)

all right, Pirate?

@alt_regulus at 2009-11-06 21:07:52
(no subject)

as rain

@alt_pansy at 2009-11-06 21:37:15
(no subject)

Liar.

I'll see you tomorrow.

@alt_narcissa at 2009-11-06 19:40:27
Re: Narcissa

Poor dear.

Remember when I tried convincing you that letting me practise banishing you and summoning you back would be excellent conditioning for learning to Apparate?
Hello.

Are you coming for certain? You're really sure that you'll be there?

Because that would be wizard.

And if you don't want breakfast, you can always have tea after the match. After all, the Hogwarts House Elves put out a very good tea.

And chamomile or ginger tea helps to settle stomachs.

I'll do my best!

Well, good.
I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up to No Good

I haven't seen Master at all since the Headmistress reassigned me. Not until today. The Headmistress sent me to the library to get some books for her. She's been ever so kind to me. She looked over her glasses at me that way she has, and she said *take all the time you need*. So I guessed she meant she wouldn't mind if I snatched a little time to look at the books.

I was paging through one of the books in the charms section. I was so stupid--I wasn't paying attention to which way my back was turned. That's one thing I always had to mind when I lived with Master. Maybe living with the Headmistress I'd started to feel safe. He came up behind me real quiet, and before I knew what was happening, he had me slammed up against the bookcase with his wand at my throat.

He told me to look him in the eye, but I knew better than *that*. Even when Master says he *wants* you to look him in the eye, you mustn't ever do that if you're a *muggleborn*. He likes it best if you show you're too scared of him to meet his eyes. So I looked down at his wand. That was scary enough.

He told me some things. Never mind what. He just wanted me to tell him I belonged to *him*. So I did. I told him I belonged to him always. Would have said anything to him if I could just get away. Then he leaned over and hissed in my ear that if he couldn't have me he didn't see why anyone should. I told him the Headmistress was waiting for the book I was holding and I had to get right back. He let me go. It was all I could do not to run to get out of there.

Didn't tell the Headmistress about it, and won't, I guess. I just--I hope the Headmistress orders me to stay in her office for the next *year*.

---

You're sure you're all right, Terry? He didn't, I dunno, lay any other hexes on you?

That sounds awful. About as awful as him.
I'm all right. Honest. Don't mean to complain. It just--it just got to me.

I don't think of it as complaining if you're telling the truth about him making threats at you.

That's not it. It's sort of hard to explain.

I guess--I just don't usually talk about the sort of stuff Master does to me.

I'd noticed that. I'm not trying to pry or anything, yeah? But if he's threatening you, maybe you need to say something to the Headmistress?

I--I don't know.

I don't even know why it seemed so bad, much less why I said anything. I mean, he's done stuff to me that was lots worse, trust me.
@alt_neville at 2009-11-06 21:04:26
(no subject)

You don't have to convince me. I believe you.

@alt_terry at 2009-11-06 21:05:48
(no subject)

Maybe it's because I'd almost started to get used to feeling safe.

@alt_ron at 2009-11-06 21:05:21
(no subject)

I agree. I think you ought to tell the Headmistress what happened. Especially the part where he said that if he couldn't have you no one should. She needs to know that.

About the rest of it, I dunno how you can stand it, having to always watch what you do like that. I-

I just dunno how you can do it.

@alt_terry at 2009-11-06 21:09:26
(no subject)

Been thinking about that a lot.

It's all I've ever known, really, does that make sense? I've been with him as long as I can remember. It's only in the last week or so that I've really understood what it's like--what normal people can be like, I mean. It all feels so weird. Unfamiliar.

What's he been like in class?
It's been weird. Downright quiet, for him. Wouldn't you say, Ron? He's been absolutely ignoring Dean, hasn't called on him once.

Yeah. But I don't trust him quiet. That just means he's waiting for the right moment to do whatever he's been planning.

He's been a little nicer to the Slytherins than he was before he 'went on leave,' that's how he puts it.

But when he looks at me and Pansy
I think he suspec

I really wish he'd just drop dead. Fall over dead. I mean that happens sometimes doesn't it? People just DIE. I wish he would. Except where would that leave you, Terry, would you stay with the Headmistress or would she have to send you back to the camp? I asked you last year what the camp was like and you said it was better here and that was while you were still with Carrow so the camp must truly be awful, really awful. I don't want you to go back there but I hate Carrow so much.

If you don't want to tell the Headmistress could we maybe pretend that one of us overheard him talking to you in the library? I mean I'm in the library all the time, I COULD have heard him and I could go to tell her that Carrow was threatening her property. She'd probably keep you in her office at least, away from him.
If he just keeled over dead—blimey, I don't even know what would happen to me. He's got the parchment that says I belong to him, but I don't know what that really means, exactly. I've never seen it. I guess that makes me his property. But does that mean, I dunno, that someone can, what's the word, *inherit* me? Guess that would be his sister. I'm pretty sure she's his heir. Or would they just send me back to the camps?

What you said, about telling the Headmistress that Master's threatening her property—near as I can tell, even though she's in charge of me now, that's not true. Wouldn't do any good to say anything to her, I guess, would it? Even if she's got custody of me now, it doesn't change my legal status any under the law. He's right, I *am* his property.

Professor, you're nobody's property. And if we ever find that piece of parchment, we'll use it to light some fireworks. That's all it's good for.

That made me laugh right out loud! Surprised the Headmistress, she asked me what I was laughing at. I had to tell her that one of the portraits made a face at me.

You know that Carrow has a parchment that says you're his property, and the Headmistress knows that I'm sure. But I guess she doesn't much care since she took you away from him right?

And if I weren't talking to you here I wouldn't know. I'd just
know the Headmistress took you so I'd figure that meant you were hers now. So if I heard Carrow threatening her property I could tell her and that should be a good thing.

But I don't have to, I mean you know what will keep you safe better than I do.

alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-07 02:37:28 (no subject)

It should be a good thing that I told her, I mean, not that Carrow was threatening you.

I don't squeal on other students, I mean I suppose I would if I really HAD to for some reason but I try not to. But Carrow isn't a student.

alt_terry at 2009-11-07 13:12:45 (no subject)

Let me think about a little bit, all right? I mean, if anyone should tell her, it probably should be me. That'd be--that'd be acting like a real person, you see. Not like mudblood property. And I need to learn how to do that. Being with Master so many years, I guess I have all sorts of habits to unlearn. It's stuff I had to learn, in order to survive. But I don't want to be like that anymore.

But I just have to work up my nerve a bit first.

alt_terry at 2009-11-07 13:22:30 (no subject)

But I want to say thanks. That means a lot, for you to offer.
Poppy, Frank and Alice:

We stopped by for our usual beginning of the month stop to see our friends with the Sherwood Band. They celebrated Guy Fawkes in their own way, by quietly liberating a half a dozen people from Derby. It seems they've taken a tip from us, and now they have a confederate inside the camp who's providing bogus death certificates, so there shouldn't be a hue and cry. Davidson's obviously thought quite carefully about this, and they've been building up a cache of supplies so they can support more people. Those wands have helped a lot. However, there is a problem they didn't anticipate.

One of the women they got out fell badly ill this morning. Poppy, we're afraid it might be the sickness that's been reported in the Muggle camps, but she's a muggleborn. Once I told them about what Poppy's heard, that it might be spread by fleas, we checked everyone over (us and the Sherwood people as well as the escapees), using Molly's charm. But we found no sign of either fleas or flea bites.

Poppy, these people don't complain, but they're obviously worried about how the ruddy hell they're going to be able to nurse her while they're living rough and sometimes have to move fast to break camp to avoid Bloodhounds or MLE. She has a high fever. Davidson asks if there is anything we can do to help her. I thought--well, I thought about the isolation room you set up for Frank at Moddey Dhoo. Is there any possibility we can bring her there?

Ever since she's fallen ill, she's been insisting that no one should get close to her. Jacinda Chadha, her name is--skinny as a wand, in her late twenties, I'd guess, and obviously one tough lady. They're trying to tend her as best they can by using their wands to float supplies within her reach, but they'll be in a right fix if they have to break camp and move out fast.

Is there anything we can do for them?

Davidson's never really asked anything from us before. He's always rather prided himself on being as self-sufficient as possible, although those wands we gave them have thawed things out marvelously. I
really don't want to let him down now that he's genuinely asking for our help.

alt_alice at 2009-11-06 19:20:20
(no subject)

Oh dear. That does sound dire.

I'll talk with Stephen immediately.

alt_frank at 2009-11-06 19:40:44
(no subject)

it was double the risk with me and mel, and we've tried out the room and have some practice in keeping everything sterile.

alt_alice at 2009-11-06 20:07:54
(no subject)

Agreed. As is Stephen.

We can't leave her there. She's putting the rest of the Sherwood group in danger. We'll take every precaution, and, as Frank said, we've been able to test the system so we know how to be careful.

Stephen says it'd probably be best to Side-Along to the Point, tell her the secret, and then Side-Along again directly into the room as soon as you get here -- it's that room in the Northeast corner that's down a long hallway -- less danger of splinching that way. Frank will lower the wards so you can Apparate inside.

Stephen stressed that you should all be extra careful with contamination -- multiple showers after for everyone -- the Players, the Sherwood group, everyone, and to be extra-vigilant about washing hands before touching food or other people, covering coughs, and watching symptoms for the next week and a half. I'm sure Poppy will weigh in with more, as well.

At least you lot can go to St Mungo's if you get ill (Merlin forbid), but the Sherwood group... I worry what would happen if they were all to get sick. Be careful, Kingsley. Tell them all to be careful, too.
We will. And thank you again, Alice. Davidson won't forget this, and neither will I.

Kingsley, I understand what you are saying about the awkwardness of leaving this woman with the Sherwood group, but honestly, there aren't many good options. If, indeed, the illness is flea-born, and I've heard nothing to contradict that so far, it is very difficult to stop. And she will be a source of the disease wherever she is, if there are fleas about to bite her and then carry it on.

But this is what troubles me, Kingsley. If this is a flea-born disease, how can it be that the Ministry have found no way to eradicate fleas from the camps? It would seem within the capabilities of magic to reduce their population nearly to zero if there were administrative will to do so. And yet, the disease is spreading to new camps and new populations. Are we to think the Ministry wants to see these populations decimated? I get the impression from what I read between the lines in The Prophet that the harvest and a number of industries are suffering from labor shortages, so I find it difficult to believe that this is a planned culling of Muggles, much less of Muggleborns.

And if it is not flea-born?

I don't know what to advise. I see that you need to move her away from the Sherwood group, but where you should take her is a puzzle. Obviously, you are not well-situated to keep her with you. You could Obliviate her and leave her at St Mungo's, but there are definite risks in that course of action. On the other hand, if there is any other option, I really can't advocate that she be quarantined at the Sanctuary; I hate the idea of taking that risk with our children.

I would say that you could bring her here, but I'm not sure how we could conceal her, and I'm as loath to expose this population of young people to this disease when so much is unknown about its spread as I am to allow it into the Sanctuary. And, in any case, there are Ministry
representatives here today doing some sort of security sweep of the school. (In advance of tomorrow's Quidditch match, I suppose. They do this whenever there's a chance that the Protector might take a notion to travel here. I haven't heard that we expect him, but it's always a possibility when his son is scheduled to play.)

If you were to take her to the Sanctuary, I would urge that only one of you have any contact with her, and that person should also be quarantined somewhere before being allowed to return to your midst. The people at Sherwood can be assumed to be at risk; we will have to wait and see if any of them fall ill. I hate to take a cold view of this, but it does provide us with an opportunity to learn something about this disease if it happens to spread amongst that group. Or yours.

I wish I could offer you my full assurance that there is a clear, correct course of action, but there are still too many questions with respect to this disease. I know you will consider the situation with a clear head and make the most responsible choice you can.

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@alt_frank at 2009-11-06 20:17:13  
(no subject)

steve says he's been trained in contamination procedures from St Mungo's, and is sure he can pull it off -- bubbleheaded charms, no physical contact, showers after, and staying far away from Laura and Kate (and pretty much everyone else) until he's sure she isn't contagious and neither is he.

he's ready to set up bunk in Lupin's guardhouse for the duration.

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@alt_kingsley at 2009-11-06 20:27:55  
(no subject)

All right, the decision's made. I'll be at the Point with her in just a few. I'll send a patronus to let you know when we arrive.

Merlin, I hope this is the right decision.
Of course I trust Stephen to take the necessary precautions if this is the decision you have made.

Let us hear how things are progressing, Frank, as there is news to report.

will do, Poppy. thanks.

I'm the only one who's come near her, and I kept my gloves on.

I offered your suggestion of St Mungo's, with an obliviate, and she told me to kill her rather than do that. I'm sorry, Poppy, I know you won't like it. But I'm going to take her to Moddey Dhoo. Frank and Alice and Arabella have given their permission, with Stephen's approval, and so that's what we're going to do. I'll isolate myself from the rest of the Players when I get back, making a separate camp, and we'll wait out the ten days until I'm clear. Luckily, we've had so many performances cancelled that no one's expecting us anywhere for awhile.

Poppy, I also put the bubble-head on myself, just to be safe while transporting her.
Well, if nothing else, it seems that your willingness to help has made inroads with Davidson and his merry band of outlaws.

One thing troubles me - well, many things, but in particular: isn't anyone else at the camps falling ill with this thing? I mean, have they even admitted it's rampaging through the Muggle populations, let alone recognised that of course it's going to infect Muggleborns, too? Merlin, they're all human beings - it stands to reason that if one population gets sick, eventually they all will, including wizards.

If no one who runs the camps has had any troubles, well ... I'd suspect foul play, myself. Even if they're saying it's creating a labour shortage. There has to be something keeping it from magical folk, which means it's likely a man-made problem.

Anyone know? I wonder if there's an opportunity to expose the disease in a Grim Truth?

That is an excellent question, Sirius.

I suppose it's entirely possible that staff at the camps have been affected. Certainly, the whole thing has been kept very quiet by a government that never likes to admit that things in our glorious state are not going well. There's been absolutely no official explanation for why prices are rising steeply in the markets or why certain items that are made here at home have suddenly become nearly impossible to purchase. But there are rumours, obviously. Pomona and I found ourselves in the midst of a lively speculative conversation about it all at the Three Broomsticks on Tuesday evening.

In any case, you are absolutely right. It would be a very significant piece of information if we could learn whether any of the camp staff have fallen ill. Or anyone at any of the factories or farms where people who have the disease worked. If there are, then the risks to the general population are much larger, and the secret-keeping is much more perilous. And, of course, if the only ones to have become
ill are the unfortunates interned in those camps, then we should be asking a great many questions about how their overseers have protected themselves against infection.
2009-11-07 09:20:00

Go Gryffindor!!

Show Slytherin what a **REAL** team can do!! One where **ALL** the players earn their places on the team! And nobody has to **BUY** them a load of fancy-boy brooms so they'll feel big enough to play!!

Go Gryffindor!

**Fly, Score, WIN!!!!!!**

---

**alt_pansy** at 2009-11-07 16:06:28

*(no subject)*

Well, that's petty.

You know Lucius bought those brooms after Draco earned his spot on the team, Weasley.

Course it doesn't help that we're currently ahead.

---

**alt_ron** at 2009-11-07 16:23:27

*(no subject)*

That's a load of bosh, and you know it. They'd never have let him on the team if his father hadn't waved those brooms in front of their noses. I mean, look at him up there. Everytime a bludger comes close, he nearly falls off! He's hanging onto that handle so tight, I can see his knuckles from here!!!

And we just evened the score, so there!

---

**alt_pansy** at 2009-11-07 16:28:36

*(no subject)*

How do you know what Lucius did or didn't do? You're just jealous that you didn't make your team, and that your team has shoddy brooms.

And from where I'm sitting, he looks brilliant.
Don't be daft! I didn't go out for the team. We didn't have any places open—all our positions are filled with experienced players. I mean, look at Fred and George! They're totally keeping your Chasers on the run!

And Wood--saved another!!!!!! Woo!!!!!

It's not his fault that your stupid broken wand made you vom slugs, you know. I don't understand why you always have to pick fights with him.

I'm not the one picking the fights, and you know it.

Look, I know you're sitting up there with the Malfoys, so maybe you should just not talk to me right now. Yeah? Cause I know you kind of grew up with them and all, but honestly, it makes you blind as a post about what a nasty little git he is.

Oh, that's the way it's going to be, is it?

I guess I should just take your advice and not talk to you anymore because of who I grew up with. You're not jumping to conclusions at ALL, ARE YOU. Oh, and while you're making broad judgments about me because of my childhood, you go ahead and call me stupid. WHY DON'T YOU LOOK IN THE MIRROR. Biggoted much?
If that's the way you want it, FINE.

ARSEHOLE.

@alt_ron at 2009-11-07 17:05:47
(no subject)

...  

@alt_pansy at 2009-11-07 17:01:00
(no subject)

And while we're at it, why don't you tell your brothers to stop playing dirty, Weasley?

@alt_ron at 2009-11-07 17:04:43
(no subject)

What do you mean, dirty? Did you see Montague use his stick on Katie Bell a minute ago?

Whoa! Come on!!! Aghhh! So close!

@alt_pansy at 2009-11-07 17:05:31
(no subject)

There's a difference between that and HEXING a BLUDGER, and YOU KNOW IT.

@alt_ron at 2009-11-07 17:07:35
(no subject)

Nobody on our team's hexed a bludger!

Leave it to a Slytherin to think that; that's totally what your team would do.
Oh, that's right, how utterly brilliant! Make it APPEAR as though our team has made the other team's bludger chase after our Seeker!

One problem... oh, that's right, a BLUDGER is CHASING OUR SEEKER.

And who is hitting those bludgers? Well? Who could it possibly be? Oh, those Weasley twins. They NEVER get into trouble, or try breaking the rules!

There's only the two bludgers, you nit. They don't belong to either team.

And if you'd watch, you'd see that they are hitting them at your Chasers! It's just that one's crazy... I dunno, it always turns back around no matter what direction they hit it.

But they're NOT hitting it at Harry. Any imbecile can see that!!!

I AM NOT STUPID. DON'T YOU DARE. You know PERFECTLY WELL what I meant. GIT.

I know you're trying to say that my brothers are cheating. And that's a complete lie!

I mean, you saw Fred trying to block it and
knock it into the ground! They're hardly playing anymore--just trying to get that bludger to stop!

@alt_neville at **2009-11-07 17:34:41** *(no subject)*

They are trying to get that bludger to stop, Parkinson. Fred and George, I mean. And I don't believe they'd try to cheat like that.

@alt_ron at **2009-11-07 17:46:45** *(no subject)*

It's useless trying to talk to her.

Let her think whatever she wants. She only cares what the Malfoys think anyway.

@alt_neville at **2009-11-07 18:03:13** *(no subject)*

I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up to No Good

C'mon, Ron, back off. Someone sure messed with that bludger. It wasn't George or Fred, but she doesn't know 'em like we do. And once it's looked into, I'm sure they'll be cleared.

@alt_ron at **2009-11-07 18:13:31**

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

Yeah, whatever.

@alt_ron at **2009-11-07 18:18:24**

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

Except, you know, they probably WON'T clear Fred and George. I mean look what happened the last time somebody tried to attack Harry.
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up to No Good

Yeah, but the Headmistress is fair, Ron. She won't let them be punished if it can't be proven. And it won't.

What on earth happened, Ron? Are the twins in some sort of trouble?

They didn't do anything. It's not their fault!

Someone seems to have tampered with one of the bludgers in today's Quidditch game, Mum. It ignored all the Chasers in the game and just kept going after Harry Marvolo like it was possessed. Fred and George even tried hitting it to the ground, but it wouldn't give up until it finally knocked Marvolo off his broom.

Oh, no! Is the boy all right, Percy?
**alt_percy** at **2009-11-07 19:29:48**  
(no subject)

I'm not sure. I saw him sitting up when was on the ground, so he mustn't have been too badly hurt. But he got taken off to the Hospital Wing.

**alt_molly** at **2009-11-07 19:36:18**  
(no subject)

Oh, dear! Let me know how he is if you find out, won't you?

But why are the twins in trouble over it? Surely no one thinks they have anything to do with it, do they?

**alt_percy** at **2009-11-07 19:42:59**  
(no subject)

I will, Mum, I promise.

Well, there's been some wild talk, especially from the Slytherins, but it's just because they're the Beaters for the opposing team. I think Ron's panicking a bit prematurely. The Bludgers are kept locked in Madam Hooch's office, and George and Fred certainly didn't have access to them there.

**alt_gredforge** at **2009-11-07 18:40:44**  
(no subject)

If we wanted to hit Marvolo with a bludger, we won't have to hex it. We have useful things called 'beater bats', we're quite handy with them.
alt_ron at 2009-11-07 17:23:53
(no subject)

Why don't you just talk to your pirate friend. He seems to be enjoying the game! Maybe he likes seeing people get hurt.

alt_ron at 2009-11-07 17:29:58
(no subject)

Yeah, that's right.

Sit up there looking smug.

I can't believe what a piece of work you are.

Nice.

alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-07 23:22:43
I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Oh for MERLIN'S SAKE, RON.

alt_ron at 2009-11-07 23:31:11
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

What?

She's the one that went off on me.

alt_molly at 2009-11-07 18:31:42
Order Only

Minerva? What on earth is going on?
I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

The heck?

What is up with that bludger?!!! It was doing that earlier, too.

---

alt_ron at 2009-11-07 17:16:46
(no subject)

I mean, look at the twins... you can see they're just as confused as anybody. They totally don't know what to do to stop it!

I mean, look at Fred trying to fly it down and beat toward the ground!!!

Gah!!! Whoa, that was close! Good thing Harry can fly!!!

---

alt_neville at 2009-11-07 17:30:51
(no subject)

I've never seen a bludger act that way, ever.

---

alt_ron at 2009-11-07 17:33:34
(no subject)

I know!! It's totally mad.

And then it kind of stops for a while, but

OH NO!! It's after him again!!!!

---

alt_ron at 2009-11-07 17:34:37
(no subject)

Arggghhhh!

That was REALLY close!
Oooh, look out!!!

@alt_terry at 2009-11-07 17:37:13
(no subject)

Someone's hexed that thing for sure, but who? No way Fred or George did it!

@alt_ron at 2009-11-07 17:39:33
(no subject)

Yeah, there's no way. I mean, they've practically stopped playing except to try to block that one bludger whenever they can.

I can't believe Madam Hooch won't call a timeout and bag that thing!!

@alt_ron at 2009-11-07 17:40:58
(no subject)

Maybe she'd have to end the game, but still.

Oooh, ackkk!

@alt_neville at 2009-11-07 17:45:09
(no subject)

Wow. That looks like that really hurt.

@alt_ron at 2009-11-07 17:51:31
(no subject)

Well. At least he caught it. I mean I'm not glad the other team catch the snitch, but

He did catch it, didn't he?
I think he did catch it. Guess that means that Slytherin wins.

Well, I guess that ended things. Is he all right? Hermione'll be upset if he's hurt really bad.

(The Headmistress looks pretty hacked off.)

She does, doesn't she.

I can't see anything. Not with all that mud. And now everyone's crushing in around him.

Did you hear it when that thing hit him?!! I mean. Urgh.
Oh, no. What's Professor Lockhart doing? I don't think he can help.

Doesn't look good. I mean, look at everybody down there--I think something bad just happened.

Looks like they're taking him off to the Hospital Wing. Whatever's wrong with him, I'm sure Madam Pomfrey can fix it.

D'you think you can find out if he's okay? I mean, you can get into the hospital wing and ask, but I bet they won't let any of us near there.

I'll ask the Headmistress if I can go. I'm sure she'll say yes; she'll want to know that he's okay, too.

What do you think's going to happen? D'you think they'll expel the twins? Or arrest them?
alt_neville at 2009-11-07 18:25:58
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up to No Good

Of course not. Don't worry, Ron. They'll be okay.

alt_ron at 2009-11-07 18:38:58
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up to No Good

How can you be sure?

I mean, do you really think the Headmistress can keep the MLE from arresting them if they decide they were trying to kill Harry?

Look what happened after the train.

alt_ron at 2009-11-07 19:05:00
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up to No Good

And what if Harry thinks Fred and George were trying to get him? Nobody will believe them then. I don't mean he'd do it on purpose, but you saw what it was doing, and if I was Harry, I don't know what I'd think except I'd be pretty sure whoever hexed that thing wasn't playing around.

This is really not good, Nev.

alt_neville at 2009-11-07 19:14:28
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up to No Good

Yeah, but who would think that George and Fred are trying to kill the Lord Protector's son over Quidditch? And no one knows of any other reason for them to be hacked off at him enough to do something mad like that. It doesn't make any sense, Ron.

Except that someone's obviously got it in for him. Who could it be? And how could they get at the bludgers? I mean, they're kept in Madam Hooch's office, right? Or could someone have hexed the bludger long-distance?
Oh, come on. Nobody thought I'd kidnapped Harry, did they? But they still took my dad in for questioning and smashed up our house, didn't they?

The only difference

So who was it before? Someone who hates the Lord Protector, I'd think. And, y'know, that could be anybody. Well, what I mean is, you wouldn't know who it was unless they got themselves caught, because it's not like anyone goes around carrying signs outside the Ministry saying 'Down with the Protector!' is it?

Last year, it turned out Macnair tried to hurt Harry, I guess 'cause he was mad at his Father. Harry's, I mean.

So who is it this time?

I mean, do we know what they did to Macnair? Did they put him in jail? Or what about that Quirrell bloke who kept turning up here last year and ended up helping Macnair try to kill Harry? What happened to him? Could it be him again?

Or maybe it's Carrow and he's mad about having his servant taken away, because the Protector could probably have stopped that happening if he'd wanted. Or maybe he's really trying to hurt Harry because Hermione didn't do what he wanted when he was trying to get her to take Dean's wand.

You know, it might really be Carrow. D'you think?
Or maybe it's Professor Brutka. What do we really know about him?

Or, or! Dawlish!! He's an Auror, innit? And he doesn't seem really happy about having to work here, now. I mean he almost gave me and Harry a really nasty detention one time just for getting mud in the corridors--and he would have, too, if it hadn't been for Nick getting Peeves to distract him at just the right time. I heard he got sacked from his job by that Bellatrix Lestrange, so I bet he might be hacked off at the Protector, too. And he'd be able to hex a bludger from the stands, I bet, without anyone knowing he'd done it.

Though, I bet Carrow could do that, too. He totally could. Would, too.

So, yeah, really, I'm thinking Carrow.

Oh, wow. It could be Carrow, you're right. Because think about it...he's hacked off at Marvolo for talking to his father and getting him into trouble. And he hates Fred and George because they stick up for Terry. What could be better from his point of view than to hurt Harry Marvolo and then fix it so Fred and George get the blame?

Yeah. That's what I mean. It makes total sense, doesn't it?

I wish the Headmistress would say something.

But I suppose she's up with the Malfoys and Harry and all in the Hospital Wing.
D’you think his Father’ll come here?

I mean, if Harry's got really hurt, He'd probably come, yeah?

And then--

I dunno, Nev.

alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-07 23:35:56
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up to No Good

I can't think of any way to prove it was Carrow. But I don't think the Headmistress will believe it was the twins. If it matters.

alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-08 04:15:11
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up to No Good

Did you see in Mr Malfoy's diary entry? He said that Madam Hooch said it had been hexed but there’s no way a student could have done it. Here: 'I did meet with Madam Hooch before we departed and she confirmed that it had been tampered with, but she is of the opinion that the spell linking it to Harry was beyond the ability of a student.'

So they can't blame the twins, Ron, they haven't even taken their OWLs yet so if it's something too hard for a student -- I mean no offense to you Fred and George because you're awfully clever and you've done some things I wouldn't think a student could do, like this way of writing in the journals. But you haven't done most of them in class so I don't expect anyone will think you could have hexed the bludger.

Anyway then they go on to talk about whether MLE needs to come to Hogwarts to keep Harry safe and that would be dreadful for all sorts of reasons but it sounds like they're not going to blame Fred and George.
You're right, Neville. That's exactly the sort of way he'd like to do it. He'd think that would be the very best sort of revenge.

Blimey, even if the Headmistress doesn't believe it--and I hope she won't--Fred and George had better seriously watch their step around Master.

I think you're right on about Carrow. And he's a teacher, if he wanted to get into the bludgers he probably could. Fred and George couldn't, nor any other students.

Yeah.

What they said about beater bats was right on. I mean hexing a bludger takes all the fun out of it, they didn't even have to do anything to it and it flew straight at Harry.

Besides I saw them trying to hit it away from him as the game went on. If they'd meant for him to get hurt they'd have sat back and laughed.
I hope that everyone who needs to sees it like you do.

That's all.

Yeah, like that Mrs Lestrange. If there's anyone who could get into a hex-me-hex-you duel with Master and probably win, it's her.

Yeah, well, she's also a person my family really doesn't need to have targeting them.
That was quite exciting!

Personally, I think the bludger was affected by the pull of Pluto. Either that, or perhaps it has developed an allergy to the hickory beater bats. Perhaps if they switch to oak, it will be less temperamental.

--

That's--certainly an interesting theory.

It is, isn't it? I'm rather proud of thinking it up.

It makes as much sense as the idea that Fred and George fixed the bludger.

Really? I thought it sounded a bit mad.

Exactly.
What? I don't get it.

I meant that one idea--that the bludger's allergic to the bats OR that Fred and George hexed the bludger--makes just as much sense as the other.

Meaning that both are absolute rubbish.

Oh! Oh right, okay then. Sorry.

I don't think that's what happened Lu.
**2009-11-07 13:51:00**  
*Post-match report*

I've just left the Hospital Wing. Harry's resting there now, and he'll have to stay all night because stupid Lock the bones in his arm have to be re-grown. The mad bludger broke them, and then when Professor Lockhart was trying to fix the break he accidentally got rid of the bones altogether. Harry said it didn't hurt but from what Madam Pomfrey was saying it sounds like growing them back will hurt. That bludger could have done a lot worse, though, so if someone enchanted it for a laugh, they've no idea what's in store for them when they're found out. But it's nothing good, I can tell you that.

The Hospital Wing was packed with people trying to get in to see if Harry was alive or not. Even Professor Carrow's mudblood was all worried for some reason, and that must have been the last straw for Harry because he told him to bugger off. So we all decided we should probably leave, even though Hydra didn't want to.

Weasley, I saw what you were writing about me during the match. You can keep your fat, ugly grubs, bait man, because I'm not taking them. I'll only say that if my Father's purchase of the broomsticks bothers you so much, I suggest you take it up with him and see how much you like where that gets you.

Pansy, I think that's the foulest language I've seen anyone from our year use in the journals so far! Brilliantly done. Thanks.

---

**2009-11-07 22:01:38**  
*(no subject)*

Slytherin played very well, particularly considering the serious distraction. Congratulations to your team, Malfoy.
alt_draco at 2009-11-08 02:39:52
(no subject)

Cheers, Weasley.

alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-07 23:13:31
(no subject)

Oh poor Harry! I didn't try to go see him because it looked like the hospital wing was going to be packed full of people. And I didn't want to get in the way. I'm glad he'll be better soon but having your bones disappear sounds horrid.

I hope they find out who hexed the bludger.

alt_draco at 2009-11-08 02:39:13
(no subject)

His arm was all floppy, like an empty glove. It looked horrid.

They'd better find out.

alt_neville at 2009-11-07 23:42:14
I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To Good

He snapped at you, Terry? You didn't get into more trouble, did you?

alt_terry at 2009-11-07 23:49:27
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To Good

Oh, no. Don't blame him, really. That poncy Professor Lockhart made a right mess of his arm, and guess I asked how he was doing at just the wrong time. He didn't realise I wasn't just being nosy, but I was asking for the Headmistress.

Anyway, I got out of there fast as I could when I saw that Mr Malfoy was there.
Poor bloke. Don't envy him a bit. Madam Pomfrey says that regrowing bones is
dead painful.

Well, I didn't mean to lose my temper, really, so it's
not necessarily a good thing.

You played really well, Draco, you and Harry both,
even with all the distractions and things.

Only a Weasley would think that it's a bad thing to be
able to afford the best equipment money can buy. And
only Gryffindors would try to make playing with
second-rate brooms sound noble! (Sorry Parvati, but
it's true.)

Professor Lockhart must have been really flustered when he cast that
spell. I can't understand how it happened.

Do you think it's the same person who says they opened the
Chamber?

But the person who opened the Chamber said
"Enemies of the Heir Beware" right? So why would
they want to hurt Marvolo, if .. you know, what we
were talking about at History Club.

Maybe there's two of them, and the one who charmed the bludger is
the one that the other one was warning to beware when they said
"Enemies of the Heir".
Maybe whoever opened the Chamber knew someone was after Marvolo again. And he opened it so whatever's in there could protect him. I mean really, who else would the Heir be but Marvolo?
**2009-11-07 14:58:00**

**Shocking**

Never have I seen such a flagrant violation of the rules of sport as in to-day's Quidditch match. Had we not been there to witness with our own eyes, I should never have believed the report.

It is lucky for all concerned that Marvolo had the opportunity to end the match when he did; moreover that he was not harmed severely. The incident, naturally, has thrown all our plans into disarray. We shall be laying tea adjacent to the hospital wing, so that we may remain close by in case of need.

I have already ordered a full investigation to determine who hexed that bludger, you may be sure! I expect Minerva and Madam Hooch to have an answer before supper.

---

**alt_pansy** at **2009-11-07 20:51:37**

(no subject)

So they don't know what happened yet, for certain?

Is Harry going to be all right? When his arm went all rubbery, that just looked awful.

---

**alt_lucius** at **2009-11-07 20:54:51**

(no subject)

We know that it was hexed; that much was clear. We do not know whether it is another tasteless prank gone too far, such as the writing at Halloween, or whether it bears a more sinister intent.

Fortunately, Harry will be fine by morning, though I daresay he is in no pleasant mood. And no wonder; regrowing bones is an arduous process, as I understand.
I'm glad he'll be all right. And he did win the match, so that's something.

Indeed, he showed great determination. His Father would be proud.

I'm sorry we rushed off after Harry and left you and Reg in the stands. Did you get any tea at all?

And what were you scribbling during the match, hm? Every time I glanced over you were writing.

No need to fret, I think.

Now, tea!

And no more books. They make you pensive, and that's no good.

I hope that Harry Marvolo's recovery will be quick, Mr Malfoy.

Let me assure you that my House's team is just as anxious as you to learn who could have hexed that bludger. It was indeed very shocking.
Yes, one of the many advantages of wizarding physic is its ability to heal almost any non-lifethreatening injury and this is no exception. Though it must be observed your Head of House made an innocuous broken bone that much more arduous to mend.

And no doubt your twin brothers' proximity to the incident speaks to your own interest in proving their innocence. For his part, Harry does not believe the perpetrator to have acted in malice. As to whether he is correct or merely thinking wishfully, we shall see.

Whenever events affecting the Lord Protector's son are in question, I am sure you agree the utmost diligence is appropriate.

Of course, sir.

Smug bastard. As if Fred or George would do such a thing.

You have to admit that the boys have been known to commit more than the occasional foul in their Quidditch careers, son.
Cobbing or blatching, sure. Any Beater would in the heat of the game, truth to tell. But hexing a bludger? They'd never do that. They'd think it'd be beneath them.

Yes, well, Lucius Malfoy may not particularly care what the truth is. That's what got your mother and me worried. Particularly after Ron's escapade at the beginning of the year.

I'm not worried about Fred and George, Arthur, I'm worried about Minerva. Maybe it was only a matter of time before he dragged her name into the mess.

Oh, wonderful. Yet another thing to fret about.

She hasn't responded at all to my earlier query this afternoon, asking what was going on. Not surprising if she's having to deal with the likes of Lucius Malfoy, but still, I wish she would pick up her quill and let us know!

I'm here now, Molly, dear.

You needn't be concerned. All is well with me, apart from the fact that I still do believe that
Carrow to be a madman. My name hasn't been too besmirched yet.

alt_molly at 2009-11-08 01:34:08
Re: Order Only

Language, Bill!

alt_bill at 2009-11-08 01:35:23
Re: Order Only

Oh, come on, Mum. He can't read it, and you can't tell me you're not thinking it yourself.

alt_regulus at 2009-11-07 21:01:24
(no subject)

Miss Parkinson and I are having a lovely tea in the kitchens, cousin. The elves have spared nothing in setting us our feast. Linen, silver, finger sandwiches, cakes.

Give our regards to the young hero. I trust the Matron has him on the mend already?

Send for me when the hour for leave-taking arrives. Until then, I am comfortably ensconced and in very pleasant company. Worry not for us!

alt_lucius at 2009-11-07 21:04:35
(no subject)

Which answers my question to her about her tea and her whereabouts.

He'll be back to rights by morning, Pomfrey says. Until then he is trying his best to rest - if, that is, he can be left alone for more than a few moments at a stretch.

No doubt you and Miss Parkinson are hatching some fantastical picaresque about your exploits on behalf of the Lord Protector.
That's ours to know and yours to wonder, as you are not here to join in. Now do go away and leave us to our pleasant afternoon.

Might I join you and Pansy? If you wouldn't mind?

Of course, you may. Provided you know your way to the kitchens.

I do know the way! It was one of the first things I learnt.

Smart girl! A very practical first thing to learn.
alt_lucius at 2009-11-07 21:36:35
(no subject)

It is hardly necessary to be rude, my young cousin. For a good many reasons, which you may remember if you gave the matter more than a passing thought.

alt_narcissa at 2009-11-08 01:44:31
(no subject)

Regulus, we're leaving. If you can tear yourself away from the scintillating company of elves and urchins.

alt_regulus at 2009-11-08 01:51:39
(no subject)

On my way. Should I meet you in the entrance hall or the hospital wing? I believe Miss Parkinson might wish to come along and say good-bye herself.

alt_narcissa at 2009-11-08 01:56:34
(no subject)

Entrance hall. We've left Harry trying to get some sleep. Of course Pansy may come with you, and Hydra if she is still there as well.

alt_regulus at 2009-11-08 02:02:47
(no subject)

Hydra's gone off to her room. She tired of us, I think. The day's excitements may have been too much for her.

alt_rodolphus at 2009-11-08 03:26:47
(no subject)

Fraught with worry for her future husband, no doubt. Poor Duckie. Cheers for entertaining her.
She did seem a bit preoccupied. Perhaps you are right about the reasons. She didn't say, and we didn't pry. She seems to enjoy school reasonably well. I'm not sure I was so well-adjusted my first year. I recall feeling rather miserable until Christmas, at least. At any rate, yours is too polite to let on if things are not to her liking.

Why are things continually going awry at this school? It's just a load of children. Can they really be so difficult to manage?

I have all but given up on Minerva McGonagall's ability to maintain an atmosphere devoid of calamity whilst Marvolo is in her charge. There is no question of her administrative capacity, but it seems that from the moment he departed his Father's side he has been a catalyst for mayhem - or at least, certainly an attractor for it.

While I am certain she is more than capable of managing children under normal circumstances, we may be forced to the realisation that she is out of her depth where Marvolo is concerned.

Father, I don't think Harry looks for trouble, and I don't see why he attracts it. You'd think people would be scared of trying to mess about with him. I don't understand it.

I tried to get in the way of the bludger but it would just go around me every time. And then I felt like I should be focusing on chasing, and really, I just didn't know what to do.
It is vexing, I understand, son, but by nature of who he is, and the belief that at Hogwarts he is attainable, he is like to become a target. There are a number of people and organisations with an interest in seeing that he comes to harm.

As for your part, it was perfectly plain that you were doing what you could. Your beaters could have been more on the spot, as well - a fact sadly lost on your captain, it would seem. (Though not, I will note, on the opposing team's beaters.) It was a good instinct to impose yourself in lieu of being able to beat the bludger away. However, as unacceptable as it would have been to allow Harry to come to harm, it was equally distressing to your mother to see you attempt something so dangerous quite so often!

Nonetheless, you acquitted yourself well on the pitch, son, and we're both very proud of you.

Do you think that the bludger was maybe meant to just be a prank? Sort of like what you said about the person who claimed to open the Chamber of Secrets? Maybe it isn't really someone trying to hurt Harry this time, but justa person having a laugh in a really roundabout, thoughtless way?

She knows, Draco. But knowing a thing, it does not always follow that one is happy for its necessity. You know that there are times when we all must suffer through actions we find distasteful.
Had the bludger been the work of a student, then I should be more likely to think it born of the same mischievous, if impolitic, spirit that prompted the Chamber message. Now I am not so sure. I suppose it depends, in part, on what your uncle finds when he examines the evidence.

alt_narcissa at 2009-11-08 04:42:44 (no subject)

Yes, dear, Mother knows what you were trying to do, and you were right to do it, of course. I just hate the thought of anything happening to you - or Harry, either of you. You flew brilliantly.

And our tea was rather scattered, wasn't it? Well, nevermind; I shall be certain to send a whole fresh jar of plum jam to get you through to the holidays.

Don't fret about the bludger, darling. Your father and uncle shall sort it all, I'm sure.

alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-08 04:27:14 (no subject)

That was so brave of you Draco. I was sitting with Daphne and also with Belinda and Morag, and Belinda couldn't bear to watch but Daphne and Morag and I saw it all. We all thought you were really brave to try to get in the way of that mad bludger, and your flying was brilliant.

I'm glad Madam Hooch said it couldn't have been a student because I don't think any student at Hogwarts would want to hurt Harry. I mean I lived last summer with Oliver Wood and he's the captain of the Gryffindor team! But even he never had anything bad to say about Harry.

alt_bellatrix at 2009-11-08 02:50:53 (no subject)

I'm sure that our Lord will speak with Rufus if he wants an official inquiry done on these "bludgers," and knows that I will get it underway at once. If
Draco's account is accurate, the fact that the bludger appears to have been targeting Harry specifically is of grave concern.

We certainly don't want a repeat of last year's events.

alt_lucius at 2009-11-08 03:03:16
(no subject)

No, indeed, we do not. It was highly irregular. I did meet with Madam Hooch before we departed and she confirmed that it had been tampered with, but she is of the opinion that the spell linking it to Harry was beyond the ability of a student.

I do not know whether an increased MLE presence at the school is warranted, but of course it shall be as Our Lord wills. Meanwhile, Rodolphus' opinion of the bludger may be of great assistance in tracing the source of the threat.

alt_rodolphus at 2009-11-08 03:25:33
(no subject)

Been reading along, just thinking I'd fancy a look at the offending quidditch paraphernalia.

alt_lucius at 2009-11-08 04:21:38
(no subject)

I am sure the Headmistress would welcome your expertise.

alt_narcissa at 2009-11-08 04:34:29
(no subject)

And I would wager that Hydra would welcome a visit from her father, as well. It would do her a world of good.
We’ve had an eventful few days here at Moddey Dhoo.

Ms Chadha is settled in to her new room, and Stephen spent a tireless evening working to reduce her fever. According to him, at this point, the best we can do is manage her symptoms and give her the strength she needs to “ride it out.” Her fever broke this morning, which is a good sign, and we’re hoping it stays away.

He set up some monitoring charms, so he can see how she’s doing from a distance. She’s been quite insistent that no-one enter her room, even with all the precautions in place. So he’s going to try to keep his distance, both for safety’s sake, and for her own peace of mind. So far, we’ve levitated food and potions into the room and she’s been able to take them and use them, but she’s awfully weak.

She had an awful lot of questions about this place – Kingsley told her a little, but she was hardly in the state to pay much attention at the time. Stephen says that she asked him whether it was true that we had been saving Muggleborn children, and when he told her that we had, about thirty all told, she was quite moved and burst into tears. She was also glad to hear that he’d come out of the same camp.

We’ve talked to everyone at the Sanctuary about how to be careful, and to not approach Stephen while he’s caring for Ms Chadha. Laura was the only adult that was against her coming here initially, and she’s still rather angry about the fact that her husband is putting himself so much at risk, but Stephen has put his foot down on the issue. I’m hoping they sort everything out between the two of them, as it’s already a bit tense around here to begin with!

In a related note, Felicia Saint’s parents are ill – one of the stones on her ring is nearly black, and the other is dark and cloudy. She’s beside herself with worry. I hope for all our sakes that they pull through. I know there isn’t much we can do, but if at all possible, could you check on the Saints, Arthur?

Other than that, we continue our day-to-day work and preparation for winter. Danny has been working hard to winterize the stables, and we’ve all been helping him stack hay. We’ve had quite a successful
pumpkin crop, and the last of the potatoes and carrots are in the root cellar. We’re trimming the fruit trees, planting our garlic and cauliflower, and thinning out our turnips. The children continue to grow like weeds, and Colin and Alec have progressed quite well thus far. They’ve really taken to their Defence training sessions that Frank has them taking part in – he’s got quite an obstacle course set up, and the two boys love clambering over things and dodging hexes. They’ve been working hard on their Shielding charms and deflection. They’re also doing quite well at Charms, and, at Stephen’s urging, have been spending some time studying epidemics and how they progress. I want to show you some of their essays, Minerva, you’d be so proud of both of them. Alec in particular has come along in leaps and bounds since he first got here.

I’ll be certain to keep everyone informed as to Ms Chadra’s progress, and Stephen’s.

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@alt_poppy at 2009-11-08 01:09:06
(no subject)

Alice, thank you for the update. As Stephen must be aware, fevers sometimes come and go, and in some of the more virulent diseases, the first break of fever is a threshold leading to the onset of more severe symptoms.

What symptoms besides fever and weakness has she exhibited?

I'm sorry to be impatient. It's not my best trait.

@alt_alice at 2009-11-08 05:34:15
(no subject)

Her left leg goes numb every now and again. It comes and goes, and shifting positions doesn't seem to help. She seems to be keeping down what little food she's eaten so far, but doesn't have much of an appetite.
Of course I shall check on the Saints, Alice, so please tell Felicia so. It may take a few days. If it's one of the camps that has been closed, I'll have to wait for the weekly census reports.

Arthur, have you been able to learn anything about whether any of the camp staff have been reported to be ill of this disease? Or anyone outside the camps--for instance, in the factories or at the farms where people who have fallen ill in the camps worked? Any hints of such cases?

Sirius is right. The answers to these questions could tell us a great deal.

I haven't replied to your questions yet, Poppy, because I'm still gathering data, with the help of Norma Brownmiller, who is trying to trace some of the very same issues. She is going to be giving me a report later this week, and I'll be sure to pass on whatever I learn. Griderson at least seems to have awakened enough to the danger under his department's jurisdiction that at least he's stopped with the stupidity of trying to pretend that nothing's wrong.

I haven't heard of any of the camp administrators falling victim to whatever this thing is, not yet anyway. Certainly, some of them have had the flu that's been going through all the Ministry departments, but this thing in the camps seems different. At least Brownmiller tells me that the Healers believe they can distinguish the two. Something about the diseases' signatures when they cast certain revealing spells; Healers' charms are not my area of expertise at all, and I couldn't make much of Norma's jargon when she tried to explain.
Of course, it could be that some of the camp administrators are falling sick, and someone's burying that information. But I don't think so. Bill's been keeping a careful eye on the various rosters that flow through his department, and his analysts are pretty good at ferreting out information when the Ministry's attempting to hide something. (Except, of course, for anything having to do with the Department of Mysteries or the Unspeakables. Wish we could get some eyes in there, but no luck yet.)

@alt_poppy at 2009-11-08 05:59:06
(no subject)

Thank you, Arthur.
As I told Alice, I'm afraid impatience is a failing of mine. I apologise for pestering you so unmercifully.

@alt_kingsley at 2009-11-08 02:00:49
(no subject)

Thanks for the news about Ms Chadha. I'll pass it along with a Patronus to Davidson. He'll appreciate hearing it, I'm sure.

@alt_alice at 2009-11-08 05:32:09
(no subject)

Thanks, Kingsley. Stephen also mentioned that he'd be keeping track of effective potions and sending them along, in case the Sherwood group gets sick.

@alt_frank at 2009-11-08 05:35:29
(no subject)

Kingsley, mate, how's camping alone treating you? you get bored,you can ask ben to send along the chess set to you, I'll play you a match or four if you want.
That's a good idea; I'll ask Benjy to send it along.

The camping's been fine, though of course it's a bit of a bore that I have to do both the cooking and the cleanup chores myself, since there's no one else to split them.

Well, of course it was the only thing to do, wasn't it - and of course you all must do what you can to aid her.

But, here's me being practical-minded again. Having her there means your Stephen can observe first-hand what this affliction is and how it seems to operate. And that may tell us a great deal about how to halt its spread.

Good luck to you all.

He's been keeping a log-book of everything, and will send it along to Poppy once all is said and done. Although I hope she'll never have to use it at Hogwarts (Merlin forbid), she might have some suggestions to make to other nurses and mediwitches and wizards based on what we've found.

That's my clever Allie.
Despite all the Quaffles we've got in the air, we still manage to run a smart ship. Or would it be a smart defence?

I've never been good with metaphors, I'm afraid.
Well, today was quite interesting all told. Before the game I got a letter from mum, which didn't make any sense at all, really, and it was good to hear from her, I guess. And I went on a bit of an adventure with a Pirate after the match. We had some tea, went looking for treasure, and found a bottle instead. So, we stuck a message in it and sent it off to the Great Squid. I hope he doesn't choke on it by accident or think it's a tunafish by mistake or something. Is the Great Squid a he? I don't think I know. Maybe it says in Hogwarts, a History.

Anyways, tea turned out to be brilliant, especially the treasure-hunting part after, and I think Hydra had fun too, although she seemed to be a bit quieter than normal, and she's pretty quiet to begin with. I'll bet it's cause she was so concerned about how Harry was doing in the Infirmary. But there were a lot of people there, and we didn't want to be a bother, so we went off and had tea instead. Tea is good if your stomach is a little upset and you need something warm to settle it, or you need your mind taken off things.

I read what Lucius said about Madame Hooch, how she thought the spell on the bludger was really advanced and stuff. And I'm glad that it probably wasn't any student or anything, because that would have been really awful. And at the beginning it really did kind of look like that was happening. I think it's hard not to jump to conclusions when you're really worried about something.

And I was really worried about something bad happening to Harry.

And, I think a lot of other people were worried, too.

I hope we find out what really happened.

---

I was really worried.

Belinda screamed and covered her eyes but I thought it would be worse NOT to see and have to guess what was going on from the things other people were saying. (I was sitting
with her and Morag and Daphne. Belinda and Morag said they'd cheer for Slytherin today.)

I think even the Gryffindors were really worried. You know I lived with Oliver Wood last summer and I could see when he realised there was something really wrong with that bludger, he looked positively horrified.

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**alt_pansy** at **2009-11-08 05:29:58**
*(no subject)*

That was really nice of Belinda and Morag to sit with you. They're pretty nice people in general, really. It's been fun studying with them this term.

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**alt_pansy** at **2009-11-08 19:35:00**
*(no subject)*

Some people are being a bit dense today, aren't they?

Honestly.

There are so many other *more important things* to be worried about.

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**alt_lucius** at **2009-11-08 05:24:44**
*(no subject)*

What letter is this? We barely had a chance to catch up before the match went sour.

---

**alt_pansy** at **2009-11-08 05:27:27**
*(no subject)*

Well, she wanted to see how I was doing, and she said she had a friend she wanted me to meet when I came home over hols.

Do you know what she's talking about?
... I've no idea. Unless ....

I haven't had much contact with your mother since summer, as you know. But I have heard - perhaps I had better not be the one to tell you. I could be wrong.

I sort of guessed as much. I just didn't know if you'd met him or knew who he was or something.

You are far too clever, Little Bit.

Mr Prospero Campbell is his name, I believe. I have met him a handful of times only; he is from Berwick, if I recall correctly.

I had heard that he and your mother struck an acquaintance. I did not realise she considered him a serious prospect. Interesting.

Are you all right?

I don't know yet.

She seemed pretty happy in the note.
I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

RON YOU THICKHEADED NITWIT THE TUNAFISH BIT WAS THE CODE WE TALKED ABOUT, REMEMBER?

You're supposed to say something! I think you're even supposed to say something about a fish but at least say SOMETHING! She wants us all to meet!

Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

I really think we'd better. If Professor Carrow's going around petrifying people, I mean.

Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Has Ron seen this Neville? Because I think Pansy was going to apologize and if he hasn't can you tell him?

It's wretched outside but I don't know if I want to talk in the castle. Maybe it'll stop raining soon.

Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Yes I saw it.

All right?

Why does she think I'd want to talk to her? About fish or anything else.
alt_ron at 2009-11-08 20:18:31
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

I didn't think she was speaking to me anymore.
And honestly? I'm not sure I'm speaking to her.

alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-08 21:41:09
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Ron, from what Pansy knows, you asked her a bunch of questions about Lucius and then acted all strange and quit talking to her.

It looked to HER like you decided based on that talk that you couldn't be friends with her anymore.

alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-08 21:42:11
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Mr Malfoy I mean.

She calls him Lucius all the time and so sometimes I slip. I'd just better not ever slip where he can see or hear! Because he likes it when Pansy calls him Lucius but I don't think he'd like it much coming from me.

alt_ron at 2009-11-08 20:40:06
Oh, fine.

My grandmother used to sing a song sometimes that went like this:

Tunafish, tunafish, swim and swish,
catch it, broil it, and make a wish.
Season it with paprikash, put it in a dish,
then serve it with a special fork and call it delish.

I always thought it was just sort of daft, but I guess you might understand it.
Hi Weasley.

I'm sorry I thought it was your brothers at first, okay? I really am.

But I'm not sorry that Draco and Harry have been my friends for as long as I can remember. And I'm not sorry that when my father died, Lucius Malfoy was there for me and my mum when we really needed it. That's just the way it is.

You've got loads of brothers and a sister and a mum and a dad. I've got my mum, and them. They're my family. And when you say those things about Draco and Lucius, you might as well be saying them about me. So that's why I got angry.

Are we still friends?

And that is a silly song, but I sort of like it. I wonder if there are really tunafish in the Great Lake, or if it was just the first sort of fish that came to mind, because I've been thinking a lot about tunafish for some reason lately. Especially the last few days.

Look, the thing is that from the first time I met him, Malfoy has always insulted me and my family because my dad's job isn't as important as his and because we've got a big family. I mean, he's even rude about our house, and I don't think he's even seen it. So fine, he thinks he's so great? Whatever. I don't like him. He doesn't like me. If I have to get along with Malfoy to be your friend, then I guess that's your problem, cause it's not happening. But y'know? I thought the reason we were friends didn't have anything to do with who we know, yeah? It's just, y'know, you and Sally Anne are, I dunno, we just have a good time. It's like with Neville. You and Sally Anne don't make fun of him like some other people do. It's not about who he knows or how much money his gran has or how he talks or whether he makes high marks in lessons, it's just all good. That's what I thought you were like. But now if I don't lick
Malfoy's boots when he says, then you're going to shout at me? That's not right.

**alt_sally_anne** at 2009-11-08 21:52:56
*I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good*

Pansy doesn't expect you to like Draco! How thick do you think she is? Pansy expects you to quit giving her grief about the fact that SHE likes Draco!

And even if she didn't we have to live with him, Ron, in case you hadn't noticed.

**alt_ron** at 2009-11-08 22:16:13
*Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good*

She did, too, yesterday. It all started because she was all upset about the fact that Malfoy and I got into it. It was what I said about Malfoy that made her call me a-- well, you saw it, what she said. I mean, yeah, by the end, I figured she was slagging me off because she was up there sitting with them, but that's not how it started. Go look!

**alt_pansy** at 2009-11-08 21:56:18
*(no subject)*

But I'm not Draco. And I don't want you to be best mates with him if you don't want to, or lick anything. Because that's just gross.

And you're right. I thought we were friends because of more than who we were raised by too. And I think those reasons are still there, aren't they?

**alt_ron** at 2009-11-09 01:31:49
*(no subject)*

Yeah, okay. I think so, too.

I didn't really understand why you were cross, and I guess I didn't know some other stuff, too, so
it just got messed up. I didn't mean you to think I didn't want to be friends any more because I do.

So, yeah. I know it's okay now, but I wanted to write that down. That I'm sorry, I mean. See? I do know how to say it. Though maybe I need some more lessons so I can remember how to be sorry for what needs apologising for, like the fact there're no tomatoes for dinner, or that it was coconut cream for pudding not treacle cake, or because it's raining again and if you go out in it you get all wet in your shoes. That turns out to be a really useful thing to know how to do, saying sorry, and I wouldn't be nearly so good at it if you and Sally Anne hadn't taught me.

Heh.

alt_pansy at 2009-11-09 01:42:19
(no subject)

I hate wet shoes. Cause then your socks get all wet too, and they smell bad, even when you dry them on the grate. Eurgh. And it takes forever to get warm once your feet are all wet.

But I happen to like coconut cream, thank you very much. Especially when there are toasty bits of coconut on top. Yum.

alt_ron at 2009-11-09 03:24:44
(no subject)

Oh. In that case, I'm sorry when it's not coconut cream but something else instead. If it's something you don't care for much.

alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-08 21:48:54
I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

She wants you to meet us by the lake and the sooner the better in case that wasn't clear. Lucky the rain's gotten less heavy at least.
**alt_ron** at 2009-11-08 22:18:30
(no subject)

Huh.

I guess I'll have to look and see if there's any tuna next time I'm out at the lake.

**alt_pansy** at 2009-11-08 22:21:54
(no subject)

Good plan.

**alt_molly** at 2009-11-08 21:06:44
*Order Only*

His grandmother used to sing a song that went like what??

**alt_sirius** at 2009-11-09 15:02:07
*Re: Order Only*

Looks like a code to me, Molly. Dead clever of them to work it out, though it's a little sloppy and obvious. Far too ridiculous to be useful for long. Then again, they're young. And not everyone can be a criminal mastermind at the age of twelve.

**alt_sally_anne** at 2009-11-08 21:48:07
(deleted comment)
Okay. I'll be there soon.

Well say something about tunafish in the Great Lake so she knows you got it, she's not going to want to go tromping out in the rain if she's not sure.

Wait. You mean it wasn't enough I wrote out that stupid song? I'm supposed to say tunafish in the great lake or it doesn't work?

And bugger it all Ron you got me so wound up I snapped my quill while I was writing and things went out of order, at least no one can see the bits they aren't supposed to see, I know because I looked over Pansy's shoulder.

I know. I'm totally confused.

Look I said tunafish and lake in the same place, so can we just go out there already?
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Yes we're getting our cloaks on right now. UGH I think it's started raining again but at least there won't be anyone out to listen in.
2009-11-08 08:19:00
I'm all right

Well my arm is all right. But Terry isn't. He might be a Mudblood but he isn't a cat that you can just FREEZE.

Professor Carrow I heard about what you did, and I want you to know that you had better keep your hands off my Mudblood, for ever. You are NOT ALLOWED to touch her or see her or use magic on her. You are in the biggest trouble.

alt_harry

2009-11-08 13:28:37
ORDER ONLY

Granger, what does he mean by 'I heard about what you did'?

alt_mcgonagall

2009-11-08 19:00:36
Re: ORDER ONLY

Professor Carrow caught Terry in the library and tried to intimidate him. He had him at wandpoint and everything. But Terry didn't want to tell you. But I told Harry, so I suppose that's what he's talking about.

alt_hermione

2009-11-08 16:35:57
(no subject)

Who's Terry?

From,
Hydra

alt_hydra

2009-11-08 17:03:55
(no subject)

He's talking about Boot, Hydra.

alt_pansy
He's Professor Carrow's Mudblood.

Harry did something bad happen? I didn't go to breakfast because my tummy was upset from raiding the kitchens with cousin Regulus and Pansy last night. It's awfully quiet in the common room, though. I might be the only one here.

From,
Hydra

I'm sorry to hear you're feeling less than well today. Those tea cakes were a temptation, weren't they?

What's happened? Was he paralyzed?

What did Professor Carrow do?!?

I don't know what Professor Carrow did but his Mudblood is all frozen like the cat.
That's awful.

I'm glad you're better, mate, and I'm really sorry you got hurt at all. Your flying was dead amazing, though, and y'know, I was rooting for the other side, but your catch was completely wizard.

But what's happened? What's Professor Carrow done? Did he try to do something to Granger?

No he didn't do anything to Granger but I bet he will if Father let him.

Hermione?

Are you all right? What happened?

Nothing!! He's talking about what happened with Terry and Professor Carrow. He thinks there's a conspiracy or something. That Professor Carrow's finally gone round the bend.
Have you gone up to the Hospital Wing to see him? Fred and George did, and they were ever so hacked off when they got back.

I just hope—that it didn't hurt. Whatever got done to him. Blimey, what a terrible thing.

What's going to happen to Professor Carrow now? I mean, can they prove anything?

He's fine, it's all regrown and all. He looked pretty unhappy. He made me read to him for a little while but then he had to go to sleep and Madam Pomfrey said that it didn't make sense for me to stay up with him, so I went home. And today he's just been a little off I suppose but all right, he can write again and all.
First my property's taken away, and then it's rendered unusable.

I will be seeking restitution.
We went up to see Terry in the hospital wing this morning. He was brought in during the night, and the weird thing is that Nearly Headless Nick was found next to him, also petrified. We don't know of any charms that would petrify a ghost as well as a person, so it must be either really advanced or really dark, or both.

Madame Pomfrey says that she can restore him, but it's going to take months. We have to wait for the mandrakes to mature.

He looked really scared of whoever did it, his eyes were wide and his mouth was really thin, like it gets when he is really scared.

Amycus Carrow, you are so dead.

How do you know it was Carrow?

He's the Transfiguration professor so if he wanted to transfigure someone into a statue he could, don't you think? I thought it was him with the cat and he JUST threatened Terry, it MUST be him.
MacMillan, you know what we talked about at History Club? Well....

You heard about Carrow's mudblood? And Malfoy's post, about the hospital wing?

Come and find me in the Corner this afternoon and we can go somewhere to talk.

Oh, and Belinda and Morag, you ought to come too. I know you were sitting with Perks yesterday, so you might have seen or heard something different to the rest of us.

This is all well suspicious!! I'm on my way to find you!!
Attention Fellow Students

The Head Boy, the Prefects, and I have conferred with the Headmistress, and I wish to share with you what I know at the present moment.

1. Yesterday, a bludger was hexed with a very sophisticated charm that interfered with its performance, causing it to target Slytherin's Seeker, Harry Marvolo. We have been told that the Lord Protector has appointed a special investigator to examine the bludger and to search for evidence. Any students with first-hand information that could help in apprehending those who tampered with school property and intended harm to Our Lord's son, should speak to their Prefects or go directly to the Headmistress.

2. Mr Marvolo has recovered from his injuries and was released from the hospital wing this morning. For this, we are very grateful.

3. Last night two creatures met with petrification here in the castle: a ghost, Sir Nicholas de Mimsy Porpington, and a mudblood servant, Boot. Madam Pomfrey hopes to restore them to health (along with the kneazle petrified Halloween night) in several months' time, when this year's Mandrake crop matures. In the meantime, the victims will remain in a special, private area of the hospital wing, off limits to students.

That is as much information as we have at present.

It would be a great help to the Headmistress if each of us would refrain from the temptation to gossip. Wild rumours and innuendo do no good and may do real harm to the efforts of those investigating these troubling events. If you have questions, please direct them to your Prefects. Better yet, wait for updates from the Headmistress and staff; they will keep us informed as their inquiries yield answers.

Finally, congratulations to Slytherin House and to Harry Marvolo on their defeat of Gryffindor House yesterday. Well played, all!
Thanks Sandoval.

Cheers, Marvolo. I'm glad you're feeling better.

Thank you, Miss Sandoval.

You're welcome, Malfoy. It really was a brilliant game. Good show!
As Paracelsus is my witness, yesterday was an awful day.

First there was that dreadful business with young Marvolo's broken arm. He had suffered a great deal of very nasty bruising, but I can tell you no more of the Bludger's effect because that imbecile Lockhart vanished every bone in the boy's arm. Vanished them! I hope never again to have to dose a child with Skele-Gro: it is an utterly brutal thing to regrow bone within living tissue. He was very, very brave, and under exceedingly difficult circumstances. As you know there were crowds of well-wishers, and even when I succeeded in evicting all of the young folk, the Malfoys insisted on staying close by, which meant the poor boy was forced to keep up a steely exterior all afternoon and evening.

When his visitors finally took their leave, my patient collapsed into a deep, much-needed sleep, and I thought to hear no more from him until morning. Alas, he was granted no such reprieve. Just as I began my two o'clock rounds, I heard the boy call out, so I cast a silencing spell to keep the rest of the ward from being troubled. But it was not, as I first believed, that he had been woken by excruciating pain in his arm; as I approached, I realised he was not alone! I was appalled to think that someone should have crept past me to trouble him in the night, but I was completely unprepared for what I saw and heard next.

Just as I put my hand out to pull aside the curtain, Marvolo said, 'It was you! You made that Bludger try and kill me?!

I put my eye to the gap in the curtain and received quite a shock. Sitting atop Mr Marvolo on his bed was an elf, the most hideously misshapen elf I've ever seen.

'Indeed yes, sir,' said the elf, his great ears flapping madly.

'You'd better get lost before my bones come back, Dobby, or I might strangle you.' I believe the boy was trying his best to sound fierce, but the elf was unmoved.

'Dobby is used to death threats, sir. Dobby gets them five times a day at Buckingham. You know that's true, sir. And Dobby isn't the only one
He tortures, no. And you know that, too.'

I pulled the curtain ever so quietly aside until I knew that my young patient could see me, but he gave me a look that said I should wait, and so we allowed the elf to go on.

'Calls himself Protector, but does He protect? No! Say it, sir!! You must say it!!!'

'What?'

'Harry Potter must say he knows that He Who Must Not Be Named is not his father,' said the elf. 'Not his father! Oh, Harry Potter knows it, I can see it!! He knows!'

It went on like this for some time, all of it quite mad, but very true. And I believe the elf was right: the boy accepts that Voldemort is not his father, truly. He didn't deny knowing his birth name, either. But he was shaken when the elf's ravings became a litany of the horrors Voldemort has committed—Voldemort and Amycus Carrow. The elf seemed well aware that the boy condemns Carrow for his violence. It was very clever and equally cruel, what the elf had to say. Perhaps I should have cut it short, but it seemed to me that these are truths the boy does need to hear.

He himself brought it to an end when he had heard all he could stomach.

'What do you want from me?' he demanded.

'Harry Potter is the One, the Chosen. He Who Must Not Be Named knows this. That is why he stole Harry Potter and murdered his parents. And Harry Potter must not join Him. No! He must fight. Fight for us, the lowly, the enslaved, we dregs of the magical world! We who are treated like vermin! And Harry Potter knows, knows it is evil to treat creatures like vermin and people like animals. That is what Carrow does. And He Who Must Not Be Named! Harry Potter knows! And he must choose! He must say it!!! And if he will not--'

The boy seized the elf's arm with his one good hand.

'What! What will you do if I don't say-- what? What do you want me to say?'

'If you will not fight Him, you must die!! Fight or die!!!'
I moved as the elf shrieked these words, as quickly and quietly as I could, and caught hold of him. Only then did I see the long, vicious blade he held at the boy's throat, but the knife clattered to the floor as I dragged the elf backwards off the bed.

'Say it!!!' he screamed. 'Say it or die!!'

I tried questioning him, but he was far beyond reason. When I asked how he could have come here if he served at Buckingham, I got only elf gibberish about being unable to answer things his master forbids and frantic efforts to punish himself, though it was a sign of his madness that he did not punish himself at any point in his conversation with the boy. However he has rationalised it, the elf has convinced himself that his mission to Harry Potter is beyond his master's will. I've never seen anything like it. I did try to persuade him that I agreed that Harry Potter is important to us all, and I suggested that the boy must be allowed to grow wise and strong, but it did no good. The elf lapsed back into his raving that the boy must choose now to fight or he must die. He grew frenzied and suddenly broke my grasp, disapparating from the room the moment he squirmed free.

In the silence after his departure, the boy looked at me wide-eyed, but even as I asked if he were all right, the alarm sounded on my fire. He nodded, said he was fine, and turned his head away.

He was asleep when I returned from seeing to Mr Boot. And this morning when I asked after him, he seemed disinclined to discuss what happened in the night.

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@alt_alice at 2009-11-09 01:07:13
(no subject)

How bizarre. And frightening.

I've never heard of a House-elf going rogue like that. Do you really think he's working on his own? That could explain the enchantment on the bludger, but for Merlin's sake, it's difficult to sort out if the elf wants to kill him or save him!

I'm not sure how we'd go about protecting him from something like that. Perhaps the other house-elves would have some insight?
And how terrible about Terry Boot. What's causing it? Any idea?

But he said he served at Buckingham. It's impossible for him to attack or harm Voldemort directly, but I can understand how an elf could twist logic to the point where he could attack Harry, believing that Harry is not really related to his master.

Yeah, they can be as tricky as goblins.

Still. That's disturbing, to say the least. We know who's after Harry, now, but what good does it do us? Have to think on that. I'm not sure it's a good idea to enlist one elf against another, either, Allie. Or how to protect Harry against a foe who can come and go as he pleases.

Meanwhile, about the Chamber - well, I thought I knew every nook and cranny of that castle, but I've never heard of the chamber, except as a bedtime tale my parents used to use to scare us. James, Peter, Moony and I certainly never found anything like an entrance to the lair of a giant beast bent on destruction. It's got to be someone using the legend to his own ends. Who has a vested interest in seeing Hogwarts becomes pureblood only?

Well, we both know the most likely answer to that. Perhaps our very High and Mighty is using an old ghost story as a cover so he wouldn't be directly implicated? He could be trying to drive all the halfblooded students out to make it harder for them to get educated and get jobs, while at the same time, undermining Minerva's authority over the school.

We all know he's using Regulus to do some underhanded things. Perhaps this is something similar.

But... that doesn't make much sense either, because the school
enrollment would be so very small if only the pureblooded students were let in.

Which is all to say that I have no idea, Sirius. None at all.

I can't work out why he'd do that, though - why now, when it seems things are already fairly stable as far as the balance of power goes, and why he'd do it this way instead of simply 'phasing out' the halfbloods. I mean, isn't that the whole point of the laws against Muggleborns, to gradually breed pure lines again? Obviously it's bollocks, as there have always been Muggleborns and Squibs, and always will be, but ... I dunno. It seems short-sighted even for Voldemort.

And Regulus ... Merlin, I dunno what his love notes to Voldemort are about half the time, but you're right, Allie. It's nothing good. Making him Apparate all over on Friday? I know what that does to me, and he's the same when it comes to rapid jumps. It's vicious, that's what. I wish .... Well, it doesn't matter much what I wish.

But Carrow ... it's possible. Perhaps he petrified Terry out of pique, or in utter madness, or in a shrewd attempt to deflect suspicion. We're all supposed to think that he wouldn't harm his own servant, right? But of course, he does, on a regular basis. And as Poppy has pointed out, while the poor lad will be like that for some time, it's not a permanent condition, so it's not as if Carrow has deprived himself of his servant forever.

Nick's case is puzzling, though. Poppy, did you say they were found together? Obviously, Nick must have happened upon the scene at just the right moment and had to be silenced. What sort of spell would freeze a ghost, though?

And what about this Brutka chap? He impressed Lucius Malfoy; that must mean he has a pureblood agenda of his own. He seems clever enough to be able to cast suspicion on someone like Carrow, who's such an obvious candidate for murder and mayhem. What do we know about the man? The chamber's
supposed to house a creature - and he is the Magical Creatures teacher, isn't he?

Do you know, I've been thinking about this all morning: could Voldemort's hand be in the opening of the Chamber? What would he gain from that? And at first I saw it just as you do, Sirius. He's firmly in control of the country as Lord Protector, seems to have absolute sway not only within the Ministry but with the Wizengamot, and people seem placidly content to swallow his ideas and teach them to their young. Why stir the pot?

Except that's what he does, isn't it? Perhaps an occasional dose of horror really does serve his purposes. Especially if he can engineer the event to showcase his power. Suppose there are more attacks and more petrifications of students or staff? And then the Protector solves the mystery and saves us all... just the sort of theatrics he enjoys, I'd say.

Or here's another thought: what if it's a diversion? What if things are not quite as stable in this country as we think? What if he needs to stage a crafted and controlled drama here at the school to draw attention away from things happening elsewhere? Could it be that there is something more to fear from the sickness in the camps than we've yet understood?

Well, I suppose anything's possible. It could be that he wants to further things along faster than he thinks can be achieved through so-called 'legitimate' legislation. For example, if he created this crisis, it might convince people to ostracise halfbloods much more readily than they already do, or even force them to adopt some new restrictions. I wonder if there are any matters of law before the Wizengamot that might tip in the Death Eaters' favour if panic about the Chamber were to spread?
Or this could well be a distraction from what's going on in the camps, I suppose, as you say. A ghastly one, I'll grant you, but if everyone's fixed on what's happening at Hogwarts, then no one's paying much attention to all the prisoners ailing and dying, are they?

But then ... how is he causing it? Even Voldemort can't penetrate Hogwarts without Minerva knowing he's there.

Can he?

Goodness, I hope it's not that he's decided the halfbloods must be purged. I've always thought, as you said earlier, that the notion was to reincorporate the halfblood lines--gradually and in a way that keeps those lines firmly at the bottom of his new, pure society (because there must be a bottom in order for there to be an enviable top).

But I'd be completely unsurprised to see him stirring up further hatred against Muggles and possibly against Muggleborns, too. I'm not sure that they've had much success convincing people to employ them as domestics, so perhaps Voldemort has decided that it's time to kill them en masse. He would definitely need to ready the public for such an extreme programme, and I suppose that the sort of thing we are seeing in our corridors at Hogwarts might be just the sort of first step he would imagine.

I highly doubt that Professor Brutka is involved. Certainly he must have an agenda; but if I recall - well, in any case, such things have happened before, and Professor Brutka was hardly present.
It is greatly disturbing. How fortunate you were there, Poppy, to keep him from harming the boy! Sirius is right about one thing: elf magic gives them the power to go wherever they like. Can Minerva set up some kind of protective ward around the boy's room in the Slytherin quarters?

What struck me is that it seems that Harry's encountered the creature before? Perhaps he knows it from seeing it at Buckingham palace. Did you hear him call the elf by its name before the elf named itself?

That whole business about the Chosen One--well, obviously the thing was raving, but still, I've always wondered: why did the Lord Protector adopt the boy, after killing his parents? It seems like such a strangely uncharacteristic thing for the monster to do. I can't shake the feeling that there is something special about the boy. And does the elf know what it is, beneath all that madness?

I've never heard of any Chamber of Secrets, either. Arthur's asking Bill to check with his analysts to see if any of them can uncover any helpful information.

(The twins sent me an owl this morning about Terry Boot. They're quite indignant over the whole thing, and inclined to suspect that somehow Carrow's behind it all. Is that what you and Minerva think, too? They did say that you thought that there was a potion that would restore him--as well as Hermione's cat. I certainly do hope that is the case.)

I did have the distinct impression that the boy knew the elf already--and I feel quite certain that I missed the beginning of their conversation. I had the impression that there may have been other attempts the elf has made, that it is not just the Bludger he's used to threaten the boy. Something about the way the boy seemed to be piecing things together suggested this to me.
So much of what the elf said was well informed that I had difficulty discerning whether the elements with which I was unfamiliar were things he'd made up or things he knew that I did not. Merlin knows, there must be many things I don't know about the boy's history. It's undoubtedly true that elves are uniquely positioned to know their masters' secrets. It's possible that he knows something significant about the Protector's motives and plans for the boy. (And that makes me wish he'd said a good deal more!)

As for Mr Boot, I do, at least, know a Potion we can try. Horace, Pomona and I have put our heads together and have decided that we must rest our hopes on a Mandrake restorative. But I'm afraid it will be spring before it can be made. That is a very long time to keep Mr Boot in a hospital bed. On the other hand, he is safe here from anything worse Carrow might think to do.

I don't know what to think about the culprit. I know he is capable of harming the boy, and I suspect he would not hesitate to harm other creatures or even students. Mercy sake, he used Crucio on a student last year! What gives me pause is the ghost. I can easily imagine that Carrow knows spells Dark enough to cause this sort of petrification or transformation of living creatures, but a ghost? Perhaps I'm merely ignorant of the real substance of which ghosts are composed, but I know of no wizard's magic that could have such an effect.

Minerva and I haven't had a chance to discuss it. We've both had our plates rather full today.

@alt_sirius at 2009-11-09 14:29:06
(no subject)

My parents used to tell us about the Chamber - the sort of thing Lily would've called a 'ghost story', despite the fact that there are no ghosts in it at all. You know the sort I mean - 'One day Slytherin's heir shall discover the Chamber, and drive all but the purest out of Hogwarts forever! So be good or Slytherin's Heir will come for you!!' Booga, booga, and all that rot. After we had one too many nightmares, Mother figured the tale had done its trick and stopped using it to ransom good behaviour, but doubtless it's the same sort of thing parents used to tell their children about Death Eaters, Grindelwald, lethifolds and
Dementors - really any sort of bogeyman. It's rubbish.

But it's interesting that someone - Carrow, I suppose, as he's our best option at the moment - is using the legend to promote these attacks. Raise the fear level.

If it weren't an obviously pureblood agenda, one would think they'd find a way to blame me - but obviously, this is one set of incidents they can't explain away as blood-treason.

As for Harry, there was something Dumbledore tried to tell me, that day at the Ministry. It had to do with Voldemort's interest in Harry in the first place, why he went after James and Lily but kept Harry alive. But before he could spit it out we were under attack and I never had the chance to ask. Albus, if you're reading, this would be a good time for some revelation!

@alt_poppy at 2009-11-09 17:04:14
(no subject)

It was lethifolds in my family.

What a perfectly wretched method for controlling children.

@alt_hermione at 2009-11-10 00:55:41
(no subject)

Harry couldn't be, could he? I mean - the stories and all, about the Chamber. And being special and all -

@alt_poppy at 2009-11-09 02:28:10
(no subject)

Have you exchanged letters with the boy recently, Sirius? I assumed that it was from you he'd learned about his parents. I did wonder how much he knew of the story of his abduction. He heard quite a blunt version of it from the elf last night. And before you ask, I have no idea whether the boy believed all he heard--if any of it was truly new to him.
I agree with you both that an elf is a formidable enemy to ward against: their magic is so often beyond us, in those things it does. I've often wondered how it is that elves ended up in service to wizards and not, well--.

@alt_sirius at 2009-11-09 02:44:58
(no subject)

I haven't got anything from him too recently. Not in about a month. But to answer your question, yes, I've answered his questions when he's asked them. I don't believe I've force-fed him anything, though - not since my first forays. And what I have told him has been honest but restrained.

@alt_poppy at 2009-11-09 03:18:37
(no subject)

I have no idea whether the elf is working alone. I hadn't really thought to wonder. I've never heard of an elf rebelling from his master, to be honest. I suppose it may have happened, but most of them seem so entirely self-enslaving that it's difficult to imagine one even conceiving the idea. Doubly so to imagine more than one elf in confederacy. Or that an elf would rebel against his master in order to follow another master's orders? I suppose stranger things happen in this world all the time.

I do find it unlikely that this elf's master is responsible for an attempt on Harry Marvolo's life, as his master would seem to be the Lord Protector himself.

Or. If that were true, it would certainly be a serious turn of events!

I don't know whether you meant to suggest any of those things, Alice. I may just be a bit punchy after this extra long day!
Listen, you'd be surprised what an elf can consider to be 'serving his master's interest' - our elf at home used to take it into his head to toss our rooms for 'contraband' periodically, to curry favour with our mother. And if he found anything in Reg's room, you can bet he'd plant it in mine, because he decided it'd 'break Mistress' heart' to learn Reg had any secrets.

It's possible that, knowing Harry is not Voldemort's real son, this elf has decided that Harry is in no way its own master, and therefore it is not bound by the laws of its enslavement.

Another question is why now? What's set this elf off this year, when it had access to Harry all his life? I wonder if Harry left something where the elf saw it, to suggest that he's not entirely loyal to Voldemort? That might have convinced the creature to go after Harry.

Now I've had a good sleep and a chance to run back over it all, I must say that I think this is the least likely scenario. It doesn't square with what I saw and heard. (Not that an elf can't take it in his head to do the wildest things in the name of serving his master--or mistress. I do not doubt your experience at all.)

However, this elf was in clear rebellion against Voldemort. What he demanded was that the boy should fight the Protector to save the lowly, meagre vermin slaves of the realm (there was a lot of language like that). If Voldemort is the elf's master, then, as you said last night, even if he has conceived the idea of rebelling, he cannot attack his master directly. It would appear that he's latched onto the boy as a champion, as the one with access and opportunity to strike a killing blow inside Buckingham.

Frankly, he appeared to have a rather more mystical notion about the boy's qualifications than that: there was quite a lot of raving about the boy's having been Chosen as The One (trust me the capitalisation was there in his voice).
On the other hand, I am not merely reaching for rhetorical effect when I tell you the elf was mad. I would guess that he has had every bone of his body broken many times in his life; his form is bent into the most grotesque posture; and his character is equally misshapen. By turns, he slavered over the boy, in anticipation of what he could achieve, and then threatened him with the most outlandish gestures I've ever seen any creature offer. He has been broken by his treatment, darkened and twisted into something unrecognisable. He does not behave as elves do, which means we cannot count on what we know of elves to help us understand this one's scheme.

Well, if that's the case, then it sounds more like some sort of ... psychedelic break. It's been abused to the point of delusion, and you're right, there's no judging it by even the maddest elf I've known.

I dunno whether it's better or worse, though, that it sees Harry as a force for good. On the one hand it means it'd prefer for Harry to participate in whatever deranged vision it has of defeating Voldemort; on the other, I don't think much of anyone who threatens Harry, no matter what the perceived provocation! And if Harry doesn't acquiesce to the creature's wishes, if indeed we could even interpret how he is supposed to perform to expectations, well, the elf may come completely unhinged. How do we stop that kind of force?

A psychotic break, you mean to say? Or, oh. Sirius Black! (Were there many elves in that 'scene', then? I'm sure I wouldn't know.)

Perhaps it's as simple as telling the Protector his creature came here to murder the boy.

Honestly! I can't believe I'm even considering such a thing, but the safest course would surely be to see the elf put down. And
yet, I really couldn't live with my conscience if we simply become agents of Voldemort's violence.

Perhaps we should be thinking what more the elf might tell us if we were able to capture it.

alt_sirius at 2009-11-09 16:56:32 (no subject)

Er ... psychotic, then. Sorry. Psychedelic is the other kind, isn't it? Hah! (And don't worry, I've never gone in much for the more ... hallucinogenic substances. They'll kill you, that stuff will.)

As would telling Voldemort about this creature. I don't think there's much danger in not telling him - I mean to say, I don't get the feeling Harry tells him more than he has to do, about how things are for him. Hermione might have better information on how often they correspond.

I can't help thinking that if this elf does know something about why Harry's so important to Voldemort, we've got to work out some way to try to get it to tell us. That might be expressly against its binding, but who knows? Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

But we surely won't get a chance if we hand the creature over to Voldemort without even an attempt to set it straight.

alt_poppy at 2009-11-09 17:08:56 (no subject)

Oh, I hadn't even thought... what if the boy tells his 'father' about the elf? Then we'd really be in a pickle if we hadn't reported what I witnessed.

Minerva?

Hermione? Do you know whether the boy has talked or written to the Protector since he left my charge? Has he told anyone else about what happened with the elf?
Well he certainly won't tell his Father, Madam Pomfrey, he hardly talks to him any more. Except to complain about things, only I don't think he would about the elf, because he wants to sort things out for himself, it sounds like, and anyway he doesn't really think his Father does much. For him, I mean, not in general. He doesn't think that the Dark Lord takes him seriously. Which is reasonable I suppose. I mean, I don't think I would take him seriously if he told me about a deranged house-elf and I didn't already know, would you??

That's reassuring, I suppose. I do feel for the boy; he has not had a happy upbringing.

Well then, Sirius, as long as Minerva agrees, I think you may be right that our better hope is to keep the elf's secret and to hope that he does not make another murderous attack on the boy. I wonder if there is any way to lure the elf into a trap so he could be questioned.

Or, Hermione, I should have asked before: were you aware of this elf while you were at Buckingham? Have you spoken with it before? I wonder if we could think of a safe way for you to question it whilst you are in the Palace over the holidays.

At the very least, we need to consider whether you and Mr Marvolo will be safe there during Christmas if that elf is on the loose.

I haven't spoken to him. Outside of Hogwarts house-elves don't talk nearly so much, and when they do it's not always very nice, or very helpful. But I suppose I could have and not known it. I'm not very good at telling house-elves apart,
unless they wear different things, and all the elves at the
great houses wear uniforms, and of course they do at
Hogwarts too, only at Hogwarts they get to customise them
some.

@alt_mcgonagall at 2009-11-09 21:04:38
(no subject)

I concur, Poppy. Simply put, I trust that Miss Granger can predict Mr Potter better than any of us might do; and I do not believe that it would suit any of our plans if the Lord Protector decided to come to Hogwarts and investigate my mind. I am always uneasy when I am put in such a position, and I believe the chance of the Lord Protector discovering the incident is slim.
2009-11-08 21:14:00
Something Weird

I don't know what is going on, but I don't like it one bit. Something really needs to be done now.

Remember Ron, what you said about that dueling club. I really think it is time someone thought about teaching us how to seriously defend our persons from attackers. It just happened to be a cat, then a mudblood this time. But who has to be next before action is taken?

Not happy at all...

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alt_ron at 2009-11-09 03:55:35
(no subject)

Yeah, I agree. We totally need some practical training in defending ourselves.

Besides, it would be wizard fun!

alt_dean at 2009-11-09 06:13:01
(no subject)

It would be fun, and highly useful.

When do we ever get to come across something that falls into both of those categories?

alt_percy at 2009-11-09 22:45:06
(no subject)

An excellent idea. I'm pleased to see it came from Gryffindor House.
But, um, yeah.

I know what you mean. I don't really think anybody thinks it's going to stop with the cat and Boot.

Yeah, its a little worrisome to think that it wont.

While the petrification incidents you refer to are certainly strange and perhaps upsetting, it is worth stressing that of course no student have been harmed in any such way.

Of course, if you should happen to learn anything that might have a bearing on this subject, please do inform one of your House Prefects, and we will see that the information is passed along to the proper person.

Well I don't always agree with you Thomas but I like how you think kind of. I mean what happens if it Petrifies someone real??

Well yes, we all need to be of a sound mind in troubling times. I would hate to see something happen to one of our fellow students or the staff.
Can't Wait for the Holidays

I can not wait for the holidays to begin. Thank Merlin they are only just a bit over a month out.

Mum, I wish I could come home, now!! I really don't like what is going on here. Even though most people don't think that purebloods are at risk, I am terribly worried. I don't like not knowing what's going on and I don't feel safe.

If it was one isolated incident it would be one thing. But now that there has been another attack, this is much more than a stupid prank gone horribly wrong. There is someone out there, and that person or whatever it is knows exactly what it's doing. If we are not careful it will not stop until someone is seriously hurt.

At least I have Luna to remind me of home, so being here through this madness isn't as bad as it could be. Speaking of Luna and home, we have another package to send to you. Do expect it by the end of the week.

Hope all is well, and please give Dad my love.

Heya. You all right, then?

You mean other than being trapped in the middle of sheer madness?
Yeah, I think I will survive for now.
Well, I'd have thought that you, out of pretty much all the first-years, would know the most about living in the middle of sheer madness. Unless you might come second to Luna, y'know?

Yeah, you are right, but being the youngest and only girl or 7 is a different kind of madness.

True enough. You were pretty safe at home, though there's always the chance the twins might blow us all up or turn us into newts or summat. Are you really scared, then? I reckon there's reason to be. You could join the duelling club if Dean and I get it started. We were talking about it last night, trying to decide which teacher to ask to sponsor it. I was thinking Acton, maybe, but she doesn't like me very much, I don't think. And we thought maybe we could get Percy to ask the Headmistress to start it when they have their Prefects meeting this week, but then Professor Lockhart overheard us and got all wound up about the idea, and I think he's going to start it himself now. So I don't know how it'll be, but you might want to join and learn some more spells to use in case anybody attacks you and tries to petrify you.

Good idea. I will do that.
Ginny, dear, I'm sorry that you've found recent events to be upsetting. Perhaps if you're feeling some of the homesickness that's entirely natural to you in your first year, events may seem even more serious than they really are.

I realise that there are many rumours flying around at the school right now. I'm sure that the Headmistress will do everything possible to make all the students feel secure so that you can trust that Hogwarts is quite safe. And really, if you stay where you should—in class, walking with your friends, and in your Common Room after curfew—I shouldn't think you will have any trouble. The Prefects will tell you if there is anything further you need to know.

The next month will fly by, dear, and I'll be seeing you before you even know it. I look forward to getting the package from you and Luna.

I certainly hope that I'm what I'm telling her is the truth.

I'll look for you at dinner tonight, Ginny, and we'll talk. It'll be all right.

Thanks Percy. Some of the things you said helped. But I just can't shake the feeling that this isn't over. I do hope that there isn't another attack though.
I almost finished up that last set of socks to add to the package last night, except I've run out of wool. Do you have a bit more of the navy blue stuff? If you do, perhaps you can give it to me at supper?

I have an amulet charm that my Dad sent in this last letter that's supposed to protect against the Evil Eye. I don't know if it works against getting petrified, but it couldn't hurt, could it? I'd be happy to lend it to you, since I don't think I'm as nervous about things.

I hope the wool I gave you at dinner will help you finish. Sorry we didn't get a chance to really chat. Take your time though. We can send the package on Thursday.
**2009-11-09 12:01:00**
*Deulling Club!*

We've just had Defence and Professor Lockhart says he's going to start a **DUELLING CLUB!!!!!!**

It's going to be utterly, completely, and in all other ways **WIZ-NIFT!**

He said he'll have sign-up sheets out by the middle of the week. Oh, I can't wait! When d'you suppose we'll start?

This is going to be so much better than AK ever was! And with Professor Lockhart, who's just perfect to teach us all about duelling, too

(I hope it's not on Wednesdays. But even if it is, we'll change round History Club so that everyone can go!)

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**alt_ron** at **2009-11-09 19:17:40**
*(no subject)*

Yeah, like AK only better.

It'd be pretty funny if Jones ended up being the best at duelling in our year!

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**alt_padma** at **2009-11-09 23:00:03**
*(no subject)*

Don't be daft; Jones only won by default because she jumped at every shadow.

If our Defence marks from last year are any judge, it'll be Malfoy and Marvolo, for sure. But that's alright. It'll still be wizard to learn how to really duel.
Let's hope Professor Lockhart is handier with duelling than he is with healing on the fly.

Yeah, I wonder if Harry'll want to join. I don't think I'd want to get close to Lockhart's wand after what happened to him on Saturday!

I don't think that was his fault. I'm sure he just slipped because it was so muddy, or someone jostled him. You know, trying to get to Marvolo.

Padma come on, the only bad thing about DUELLING is going to be having to see his smarmy face.

If you were a girl you'd understand. He's so dashing! And clever!!
Of course I want to join, are you daft?! Duelling! Real duelling!!

I know, right? It's so amazing!
Who wouldn't want to go?

Someone who isn't good at duelling I suppose?

I don't want to duel. Do you think I will have to?

From,

Hydra

I think that's why they call it 'duelling club'
Hydra.
alt_hydra at 2009-11-10 01:24:32
(no subject)
Well I might have to anyway, if Mummy wants me to.

From,
Hydra

alt_harry at 2009-11-10 01:25:36
(no subject)
Maybe. You always have to do what your Mummy wants you to. I guess it's lucky I like duelling cause Father would make me even if I didn't too.

alt_hydra at 2009-11-10 01:29:47
(no subject)
I think it will make her happy if I say I will do it without her telling me to.
Is that the sort of thing that makes your Father happy?

From,
Hydra

alt_harry at 2009-11-10 02:13:28
(no subject)
Well it makes Father happy, but he sometimes doesn't notice, so it's best to wait till he asks. But your Mum might like it if you wrote her and told her about it. I don't know. Maybe she's reading this.
Oh, but it's ever so much fun.

Last year we played a game called AK where each person had someone they had to sneak up on and hex, and your cousin was brilliant at it, he would have won except Jones was paranoid.

Deulling is nift, you'll see.

We won't duel to the death, will we?

Of course not!

Oh, that's good.

That would be a pretty short-lived club wouldn't you think?

It'll be fun Hydra. Don't worry.
Heh. Y'know, you'd have made an ace Gryffindor, mate.

Hope I get to duel you! It's going to be dead wizard!!!

Even with Lockhart. I mean, can you believe it? He'd better let us actually duel--not just listen to him tell stories about himself!

Okay.

But I'm sure we'll get to duel!! And we'll get to do it in front of everyone too. I don't think Lockhart could get away with not letting us duel. It's a CLUB for STUDENTS.

Yes, of course we'll really get to duel!

But maybe not straightaway. Aren't there lots of, y'know, arm positions and protocols one learns first?

Well, sure there are, but the important thing is the spells! And getting them off fast. And protection charms and stuff, and you can't learn that just standing around, hearing about it.
Well, obviously, but the point is that you have to learn it all without the duelling, first, so that when you actually get about to duelling, you know what you're about.

Honestly, Weasley, do you pay no attention at all in Professor Lockhart's lessons? He's always talking about how important preparation is.

Besides, anyone you duel is sure to win. With that wand of yours, you'd like as not hex yourself for them and spare them the trouble.

Oh, come on. All of Professor Lockhart's lessons are exactly the same.

Today we'll hear about how I brilliantly defeated the six-tongued Tongos of BoraBora while treading water in a pool of pirhanas. First I stunned one of the Tongos, fed it to the pirhanas, levitated out of the pool, and whilst twirling around to a perfect landing on a very dodgy rope bridge above the gorge, I cast an utterly devastating Stupefy, catching the remaining seventeen hundred Tongos in their broad, tattooed chests. I finished just as the first of the reporters arrived to take down my story and record it all for posterity in this photograph. It captures me at a particularly rakish angle, if I do say so myself.

If it's not Tongos, it's Hula Horries or Prussian Banshees or Chilean Sea Wolves. Whatever.

It's all talk and talk is BORING. So if it's just going to be a bunch of stories, it might as well be History Club, if you know what I mean.
Oh, honestly. Could you have won out against the Wagga Wagga werewolf or any of them?

If you listen to how Professor Lockhart says he did things, you can be prepared for how to do things yourself.

Well, some of us can, anyway.

Right.

I'd still rather be practicing the spells than listening to him jaw on and on about it all.

Oh, but you forgot the most important part! You forgot to describe what he was wearing!

Ha!

I couldn't tell that part without blushing. It's just too girly, y'know, when he goes on about what colour robes he was wearing and how they were cut... eurgh.
I heard about what happened to Boot. He must have been a very bad mudblood.

Tonight I will clean Master Draco's quidditch uniform, and then bring him tea in the common room. Master Draco, please tell me if you would like biscuits with your tea tonight.

Hello, Dennis.

Did your master tell you to write?

Hello, Hermione.

I asked Master Draco if it was alright if I did, and he said if I felt like it then yes.

Oh.

Well, good on you I suppose.

I know that he was your friend, Hermione. I hope you will be careful.
She's going to be and you should too. If Draco hasn't already told you to be.

Master Draco did tell me.

Yeah, I talked to him. I told him to leave the dungeons as little as he could help it and try to just stay there. I don't suppose you can tell that to Granger, though, since you do more with her than you did with Dennis.

It'd be hard. And also I like having her go do things for me in the library. She can check out books and all really well, so I don't have to. Dennis isn't very good at that sort of thing is he?

No, Dennis isn't. He's only 8 or something. And even if he was I prefer to do my own library errands.
**2009-11-09 20:04:00**

*Marvolo*

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

I think Harry's going a bit bonkers. He keeps wanting me to go get books about house-elves of all things. And he told me about I'm not sure why.

Also, I've heard a lot of people saying things, talking about who the "heir" is, and some people say it's the heir of Slytherin, and some people say it's Harry because he's the Lord Protector's heir, and I overheard someone talking and I thought what if Harry is the heir of Slytherin? Only I know he isn't the one doing this stuff, I'm sure of it, I mean, I wasn't with him in the hospital wing or anything but I'd know because he couldn't hide it if it was him.

What do you lot think?

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**2009-11-10 02:02:40**

*alt_sally_anne* at **(no subject)**

House-elves?

How odd. Although Draco's Dennis thinks he's a house-elf. At least he acts like he does, I mean maybe he's just a good liar too? I don't know what he's like inside his own head.

I don't think it's Harry doing anything, Ron says it isn't Harry and you say it isn't Harry and I don't think either of you would lie to protect him.

I've heard some people reckon it's someone who thinks he's trying to do Harry a favour. And that kind of makes sense, I mean people do all sorts of mad things because they think Harry will like it. Last year during winter hols my foster family was the Strettons and they were horrible to me, awful -- you know actually I remember you even said something at the time so you probably remember. Anyway, towards the end of hols Harry came for a visit. And oh you should have seen it, the Strettons acted SO different. Because they wanted to kiss Harry's arse. Harry was polite because he's always polite to everyone
but I could tell he didn't think much of them.

Anyway, you know, there are people here who WOULD open up a Chamber of Secrets and let out a horror to impress Harry, who aren't clever enough to reckon that Harry wouldn't like it, but I'm not sure whether there's anyone clever enough to find the Chamber and open it but not clever enough to know Harry wouldn't like it.

I mean maybe Padma Patil? She's clever about some things and stupid about others. But -- I mean can you see her opening the Chamber of Secrets and not telling everyone in Ravenclaw Corner how brilliantly clever she was? Because I can't, really. She wants everyone to KNOW she's clever or it doesn't count.

Anyway I still think the most likely person is Carrow and he's transfiguring people and no one's opened anything. I don't know how he did Nick though.

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@alt_ron at 2009-11-10 02:06:33
(no subject)

Yeah. What Sally Anne said. That's what I meant.

@alt_ron at 2009-11-10 02:09:55
(no subject)

Wait. It could be the Head Girl. She's smart enough to do it, I reckon, and I think she thinks Harry is just like his father and would like the same things she does which is only things she thinks the Protector thinks are important. Like purebloods, and talking down about anyone who isn't a pureblood or powerful.

@alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-10 02:11:53
(no subject)

I thought about Lana and I could almost see it. She's clever and horrible and she's the sort of horrible person who thinks everyone else is horrible, too.

So maybe. Maybe it was her. That would explain why she's telling
everyone to stop talking about it, if she doesn't want anyone figuring it out.

**alt_ron** at **2009-11-10 02:27:55**  
(no subject)

Yeah, that makes sense, doesn't it.

And I heard she likes working with Professor Carrow, too, so maybe they're doing it together. Like a conspiracy thinger. When Carrow wasn't allowed to teach, I heard she complained to Professor McGonagall that it was harming some special NEWT project she's working on with Carrow. Psyche Bobolis was saying to Towler that Sandoval was really upset that Carrow wasn't even allowed to talk to students while he was suspended.

Maybe this is her special project.

**alt_hermione** at **2009-11-10 02:32:26**  
(no subject)

I don't know. I think that it's much more likely to be Professor Carrow, as if Lana had a NEWT project, she'd have to tell Professor McGonagall about it, and I don't think that Professor McGonagall would let something like this happen to people, even if they are Mudbl Muggle borns. Only, I don't think she could stop Professor Carrow if he was doing it, even if she did know. He's a Death Eater too you know, like they used to call them Death Eaters back in the day, only they still call each other that I hear, if they're really close to the Lord Protector. So maybe the Lord Protector would help Carrow hide it??

**alt_ron** at **2009-11-10 02:44:15**  
(no subject)

Well, yeah. You're probably right. I mean even if she is really smart and a Ravenclaw, how would she know where the Chamber is and how to open it if no one's been able to find it all this time, not even teachers?
And, yeah. Professor Carrow makes the most sense. We keep coming back to that. It's just that he's so obvious that you don't want to think it's him and miss someone else because we weren't paying attention, right?

@alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-10 03:28:58
(no subject)

Right, that's a good point. What if it's your brother Percy? Or Jeremy Stretton? Or Vince Crabbe?

(Alright I can tell you it's not Crabbe. He can barely manage to open a broom closet and I don't think he can spell 'chamber'.)

@alt_ron at 2009-11-10 04:49:09
(no subject)

Hang on, are you having me on? Or do you really think it might be Percy? I mean, he can be a real nob a lot of the time and he does want people like Mr Malfoy to notice him and think he's got potential or whatever. But do you think he'd petrify Terry? I dunno. I'd believe in a minute that he'd shout at him and probably get him punished if he thought he'd broken a rule, but-

Do you really think so?

I mean, he really does like to have people think he's important and he loves to tell people off. And the twins figure he was trying to learn how to do Imperius before the camping trip when he got in all that trouble with Mum and Dad. I'm not really sure, 'cause they never said what he'd done, but it makes sense because the Prefects on the trip were supposed to be allowed to use it if they needed to. So, I dunno, maybe?

And, sure, I guess it could be Stretton. Things have gone pretty rough for him since that whole potion bit last spring. I mean, he's off the Quidditch team and I heard the Ravenclaws won't even talk to him or let him sit with them in the library. What do you think? You lived with him for a while, right? Could he do it? Is he smart enough? And, y'know, mean
And, yeah, Crabbe's mean enough, but he's totally not smart enough. Goyle, either. Otherwise it could be both of them together. But they'd probably just have pounded Terry not hexed him.

@alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-10 05:24:11 (no subject)

Well -- Percy is pretty honourable honestly, he apologised for delaying me last year when I was trying to find a teacher while you lot were down doing whatever it was you were doing with Macnair.

But, he's definitely one of the people who really thinks muggleborns are creatures. When he caught me hexing Padma last year what really made him furious what that I had the gall to hex a pureblood.

I can't think of any reason he'd go out of his way to be cruel to Terry though. Stretton either, really.

@alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-10 05:26:35 (no subject)

Hold on here's a thought.

What if the Headmistress was going to give Terry back to Carrow? Or someone like the Lord Protector said she HAD to give him back?

What if Carrow was going to do something awful to the cat? I mean it was Hermione's cat, after all.

Maybe someone petrified them trying to protect them from Carrow?
D'you mean like the Headmistress? That she might have petrified Terry?

I heard she used to teach Transfiguration--she taught Dean instead of Carrow before school, right? So I guess she might have done, but I'd think she could just have found someplace in the castle to hide him to be safe. Don't you reckon? And what about Nick?

I don't think it could possibly be the Headmistress. Cause, maybe she might have wanted to keep Terry Boot safe, but why would she have petrified Hermione's cat? And all that 'Enemies of the Heir, Beware' business. It's caused all sorts of upset and rumours, and it's even got some of the parents talking, and that's got to be a real headache for her.

Yeah I don't think it was the Headmistress because she'd have had a better solution. But I do think it could be someone who was trying to be kind instead of cruel except that doesn't explain Nick, unless he saw something and they were afraid he'd tell.

Carrow makes the most sense for the petrifying, I agree. We know he threatened Terry, and didn't he say once in the journals that he'd make some cat live pate if he ever got a hold of Crookshanks?

The only thing that I can't quite make fit with that is the
message. I can't help but think if that if Carrow were to write something on the wall, it'd be something mad about pigeons or something. Not 'Enemies of the Heir, beware.' Carrow's most preoccupied with his own enemies, not anyone else's. I don't think he likes Harry at all, so if Harry's the Heir, why's he warning people off about Harry?

Wait, unless Carrow thinks he's the Heir of Slytherin? I mean, Carrow himself?

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**alt_neville** at 2009-11-10 13:52:11
(no subject)

The twins told me last night they think it's Carrow for sure. I think they're so hacked off about Terry they're not really looking at anyone else.

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**alt_ron** at 2009-11-11 00:00:16
(no subject)

Huh. I'd believe that--that Carrow thinks he's Slytherin's heir.

Is there a way to look up who people are related to?

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**alt_sally_anne** at 2009-11-11 00:56:12
(no subject)

If you have a tapestry or a family register you can but here's the thing.

NO ONE at the school has a tapestry with Salazar Slytherin on it. Or any of the other Founders. There are loads of wizards out there who say they're related to a founder but none of them can prove it.
But, I mean, does anybody really have tapestries that go back that far? It'd have to be a hundred feet long, wouldn't it?

Nobody's got a tapestry going back that far, no. Hogwarts was founded a thousand years ago.

Draco's goes back a long way and I think they've got books that go back further, or out further. It's crazy how many people in Slytherin are distant cousins. And not just in Slytherin, I mean you're related to all of them too Ron.

If anyone would know it would be Teddy. He's the one who told me how you were related to Draco. And he says no one can prove Slytherin's their ancestor.

Only, Terry's never talked to her I don't think, so why would she want to freeze him?

Well, I just don't think she likes any Muggleborns. Did you see what she said about Nick and Terry? She called them both 'creatures'.

I mean, I reckon we're all 'creatures' if you take a broad view of it, but I don't think that's what she meant. She meant as far as she's concerned, Terry's just an animal. Patil talks like that, too, y'know.
Well, yes, but just because people think we're 'creatures' doesn't mean that they want to kill us. I mean most people think we're creatures, honestly they do, haven't you noticed?

I mean, I guess maybe that's true. It's just I didn't grow up with anyone who thought that, I guess, so it wasn't until I got here that I really knew people who think that.

I know that'll just make you think I'm thick.

I was raised the same way as you, I guess, Ron. I can't used to it, the way a lot of people talk about Muggles and Muggleborns and all. Or even halfbloods, like Sally-Anne.

Well even though nearly everyone thinks muggleborns are creatures there's different ways of thinking about it you know?

1. There are the people who don't really, but say they do because they're afraid they'll get in trouble.

2. And there are the people who really think muggleborns are creatures but then so are cats and if you wouldn't kick a cat why would you kick a muggleborn?

3. And there are the people who would do cruel and awful things to any muggleborn who got in their way.
4. And there are people who'd put crucio on a muggleborn for practise if they needed to learn it for a class.

5. And there are people who'd put crucio on a muggleborn for fun.

Professor Carrow is a five. His sister too.

I think Lana Sandoval is a four. I mean Terry wouldn't have had to get in her way even, if she wanted practise with whatever it was she'd figure he didn't count. The only thing that would stop her is that he's school property and she might look at it as being like breaking a window or writing in one of the library books. But if she agreed with Professor Carrow that he was her property and HE said it was alright, well...

Really though I don't think it's Sandoval, she likes rules more than almost anything and she always wants everything to be very orderly. Nothing about the Chamber of Secrets has been orderly.

User: alt_ron at 2009-11-10 02:05:00 (no subject)

Well, he could be the heir that writing was talking about (either of the Protector or Slytherin, really) and still not know anything about who's doing this stuff. Right? I mean the writing said 'Enemies of the Heir Beware'. It didn't say 'Look out if you're somebody I don't like, signed Harry Marvolo.' Right?

I'm just saying, it could be anyone who wanted to impress Harry, or, okay maybe not that because he'd have to know who'd done it in order to be impressed, but maybe it's somebody who is so, y'know, interested in Harry that they wanted to do something for him that they think will make other people be more impressed with him? I know I'm not explaining that right, but there are lots of people who are kind of mad about Harry--like the way loads of girls seem to be about Lockhart, but not just girls and not just because they think he's cute ('cause he's not like that, y'know) but because of who he is, right? And I think it could be somebody who's kind of mad about Harry and the Protector in that way. If so, it's pretty sick, but I think there are people like that, who'd do stuff like that.
You're right. And that would explain why Harry is so bonkers, right? Because he really hates it when anything happens because of him at all, even if it's good or bad, just anything. He hates it for sure. Because of everyone getting punished because of him, I think, but anyway, maybe he really wants to find out what's doing this and that's why he's gone mad for the library. Well, gone mad for sending me to the library. Anyway I think we should try to find out.

Wait. You mean he's not really interested in the books, just in sending you off to get them? Do you think he's just trying to get you out of Slytherin. Like so he can do something while you're gone? I don't mean he's doing bad stuff, but is he doing something else. That he doesn't want you to know about?

Harry's never interested in books, not unless I tell him what's in them. Only you must never NEVER tell anyone I said that, he'd be in such horrible trouble and so would I, the worst trouble of my life. So anyway it isn't anything different than usual, only different books and more of them. And then he has me read them just like always, and tell him what's in them.

Whoa. No offence, but it'd be really great to have you do my reading for me! That's really wizard for him.

And, yeah. I won't tell anybody. I promise.
Harry has you reading all his books for him?
Really?
That lazy sot!

Well I like it, really, I'm glad he does.

Oh I can see that it would work out very well for both of you.

But it still makes him a lazy sot! It's not as if he has to try very hard to get good marks in his classes even, no one wants to give a T to the Lord Protector's son.

Well it isn't so much that he doesn't do the work. He just doesn't like reading or writing alot, which you know a lot of boys are like, but he can be quite smart about things, and I don't think he's stupid or anything, and he does write everything himself, without really asking me. I don't know if that's because I'm a Muggle born though.

Well he'd have to copy it all anyway as it has to be in his handwriting or people would get suspicious.
Anyway Hermione have you learnt anything interesting about elves? With the books Harry's having you read right now? I didn't have a house elf growing up of course. Having house-elves taking care of me is one of the nicest things about Hogwarts really. I mentioned to Pansy once how much I like the smell of rosemary and the elves started making sure my bed linens always smelled a little of rosemary after that. They leave sandwiches for me if I'm up really late. If they think I've stayed up far too late they put out warm milk.

My mum took care of me like that but we never had enough

Not really. I mean, they were kind of nasty once, I suppose, is what all the books say, but I wonder whether that isn't just how the books say that Muggles are nasty, because it makes people feel okay about using them as servants.

So, hang on. Why's Harry so interested in elves?

I don't know...
(Sorry I didn't answer last night. I was finishing up a Charms essay.)

I can't believe Harry's doing this stuff. As to whether he's the Heir or not, or which Heir, I dunno. How much does Harry know about his family tree, anyway?

Could it be whoever's doing it wrote the message just to try to make him look bad? Rather than trying to please him or impress him? A lot depends, I guess, on whether whoever wrote it meant Harry when speaking of the Heir.

House elves? What prompted that? Has he heard anything about House Elves being involved with the Chamber of Secrets at all? If so, who told him?
I have decided to join Duelling Club!
It will be every so much fun, people say, and
Professor Lockhart is in charge, and people also
say that he's ever so dashing, handsome, heroic,
and also looks nice in purple trousers.
But beside that, it will probably be a good learning
experience.
I don't know what to say about the Heir stories, except that I'm trying
not to be anyones enemy, just to be on the safe side.
I do wonder about the ghost, though, because everyone said that the
cat thought it belonged to Harry's mudblood, so maybe that made the
cat an enemy, but why is the ghost an enemy?
Was the Gryffindor Ghost a mudblood, maybe?
I know they used to let them go to school here.
It wasn't even that long again, when you think about it.
How awful.
Tully is getting bigger everyday.
When I first got him he could fit in just one of my hands but now I
have to hold him with two, and I have to hold on carefully, because he
likes to wiggle.
If there's time after classes today I may see if Professor Slughorn
would like to have tea with me.
I've missed chatting with him, and he is my favourite professor!

Morning, Duckie. Will you be bringing Professor
Slughorn some plum cakes to tea?

No.
Plum cakes are your favourite, no one else likes
them!

From,
Hydra
Ah, that's nice. All this talk of dashing purple trousers and favourite professors made me wonder if you'd forgotten your old tea partner.

Of course I didn't forget you Daddy. Do you think Mummy will be pleased that I joined the Duelling Club?

From,
Hydra

As pleased as Tully with a very large carrot, I imagine. And displeased with me for comparing her to Tully in the first place.

Oh good.
I wrote to her and told her but maybe she'll read this.
How is Rigel?

From,
Hydra

Your baby brother is at a wriggly stage himself. Mrs Baylock can scarcely hold him. It's accurate to say that he's thriving exceedingly well.
@alt_hydra at 2009-11-10 16:08:23
(no subject)

He's going to be so much bigger than I remember when I see him next.

From,

Hydra

@alt_rodolphus at 2009-11-10 16:09:16
(no subject)

So he will. Now, I think you have a class soon, eh Duckie? Scoot along and I'll talk to you later.

@alt_hydra at 2009-11-10 16:09:47
(no subject)

Alright, bye Daddy!

From,

Hydra
Fox-Burton and the assessors are nearly done with Aunt Lucretia's remaining possessions. I shall be meeting them at her home today. As soon as the place is emptied and readied for sale, we shall be able to reassign the elf to the Manor full-time. (And thank you again, Regulus, for that generosity.)

From there, it is not terribly far to Aunt Cassiopeia's. Mother has asked me to look in on the poor dear - apparently she is still rather low with the cough she took at the funeral. I'll bring her my restorative, as it did me such good service.

The Institute's auction planning is going very well, indeed. Everyone is quite pleased with the theme, really getting into the spirit, as it were. Invitations went out yesterday. Mrs Bobolis has graciously taken on responsibility for the caterers and I believe I have all but convinced Lucius's friend Nolan to provide the entertainment out of his recording studio's up-and-coming performers. Only a week or two more and it shall be all over and done.

There remains the Christmas party. I've had Mariposa working on that, as well. At least this year I am not also running the St Mungo's benefit at almost the same time! Arranging one party for three hundred people ought to be blessedly simple by comparison.

I have received many letters expecting or requiring me to take some sort of position on this Chamber business at Hogwarts. Obviously, I agree, as any responsible parent would do, that the disruptions are tasteless. The damage to property is never a good example to set for children. However, at least thus far, these pranks have also been relatively harmless - and no student is under threat from this so-called 'Heir.' I have the utmost confidence that the Headmistress and the Professors have the situation well in hand. And if not, that is why the Governors, including my husband, are well-placed to assure the safety and security of all the students by whatever action they deem necessary. Now I really must insist that any further inquiries about these events be directed to the school, which is only appropriate.
She's still ill? Why don't you send the elf with the potion for her, dearest - that way you may avoid exposing yourself again to another inconvenient ailment.

Oh, it's no trouble. I'm sure she's mending. You know she has always had a delicate constitution. I promise I shall take precautions.

Humour me then, my love. Send the elf.

Oh, very well, husband. If you insist. But I warn you, if Aunt Cassie feels slighted I shall make you be the one to visit next!

Offending her sensibilities is the least of my care, darling. Think of your own obligations. If this illness is as pernicious as it seems, you can hardly afford to be set back in your planning yet again.

Moreover, did you not tell me she has also had a mudblood work detail on her property of late?
I ... believe she had one or two, for a short time. What of that?

This isn't more chivalry about protecting me from rude field slaves, or something similarly medieval? Really, Lucius, I can protect myself perfectly well.

I've no doubt that you could; that is far from my point. I should be pleased to explain in greater detail this evening. For the time being, however, just .... Send. The elf.

... Of course, Lucius.

Enjoy your tea. I'll see you tonight.

Thank you. Until tonight.

My dear Mrs Malfoy, I don't suppose you've run into my wife in the course of your busy errand-running these three days past?

The Razzer also wanted me to pass along a request for the Christmas
party; specifically, he'd very much enjoy the presence of French
dancing girls in crinolines.

@alt_narcissa at 2009-11-10 17:07:22
(no subject)

No, indeed, Mr Lestrange, I have not had the
pleasure of seeing my sister since before we last
went up to Hogwarts. Why, is anything amiss?

As for your brother, how very lucky we all are that the festivities are
being arranged by someone with a sense of decorum. However, you
may tell him, as I shall at the next opportunity, that if he is
enamoured of French dancing girls, he is welcome to bring some as
his guests. Or to fashion a suitable substitute of his own devising.

@alt_rodolphus at 2009-11-11 00:58:27
(no subject)

Mrs Baylock has seen her, but I believe I was
buried in my laboratory when she was last in. Such
is the life of an Auror, but I thought perhaps she
was helping you in your party planning. Seems not.

Nevermind the lout. He is simply still heartsick over the fact that
the Malfoys went to France and he didn't.

@alt_narcissa at 2009-11-11 01:05:17
(no subject)

My sister? Planning for the warlock auction? Can
you imagine the result?

As to the Razzer, perhaps when next your brother
has a wedding anniversary upcoming, he may ask Our Lord for
dispensation to travel, as well.

@alt_rodolphus at 2009-11-11 01:09:28
(no subject)

The imagined result is rather amusing.
Good point; admittedly, his marriage to himself has been going strong for years now.

@alt_regulus at 2009-11-10 23:30:01 (no subject)

Why not go all out and make it a clutch of Veela? They always spice up a party. (The Razzer's usually better at strategy: if you go the whole hog and ask for Veela, you might get dancing girls as a consolation offering.)

@alt_rodolphus at 2009-11-11 01:00:17 (no subject)

My brother has strong feelings about Veela. He long ago determined them "more trouble than they're worth." Who knows what exact, scarring experience led him to form this unpopular opinion.

@alt_narcissa at 2009-11-11 01:07:12 (no subject)

On that score, he shows a remarkable amount of wisdom - and one hopes, very few scars.

@alt_regulus at 2009-11-11 02:09:31 (no subject)

Wish I'd been invited to that party! I've always thought that what I've been missing was a formative experience with Veela.

@alt_lucius at 2009-11-11 02:14:04 (no subject)

For Merlin's sake, Regulus, kindly do not start my wife on a discussion of Veela and their ... attractions.
Well, technically, I was responding to Rodolphus, but I didn't realise Veela were off-limits for Narcissa.

Is this an especially sensitive subject for you, cousin? I wasn't aware.

Lucius ought to know better than to tell me what not to discuss on the pages of my own journal.

Did I never tell you about the single worst modelling experience in my career?

No, indeed. Tell on!

Pay no attention to my husband, cousin dear, he is merely put out because it reminds him there are some things he cannot control.

However, I don't wish to quarrel twice in one day, so, perhaps when you next come for tea.

Which will be ... when?
Well, all right, then. I won't make trouble if that's what's afoot. I wish I could make a date for tea, but, as you know, I'm not my own master. I'm not sure when you'd have time at the moment, anyway. Your schedule looks packed.

What? You're just going to tease and not tell? If I didn't know better I might suspect you of having a bit of Veela up the tree somewhere.

Tease? I prefer 'induce' and 'motivate.' And it's typical of a man to forget that Veela are more than just a pretty face.

You were always skilled at 'inducements'. As I recall, they were often quite painful. Whatever do you mean?

Oh, I think you're getting the picture. Remember what a Veela can become if crossed. (And just as a further 'tease' I shall reveal that the one in my past found out what happens when I am crossed.)
I'm pleased to think the elf will be usefully employed.

Oh, certainly, and in good time, too. It will be most rewarding to give Heddy another set of hands to train. And a rather younger elf than I expected! I hadn't quite realised that Lucretia's elf was a recent offspring.

Well, I'm certainly not up to elf-training, so there you go.

Mercifully, they train themselves. Though of course the creature shall have to learn Lucius's preferences, but Heddy has known those for some time. She is rather slowing down, however, which with his schedule grows less and less practical.
2009-11-10 20:14:00

Stressful Meeting

Muggleborn Labour this morning - more 'urgent' requests for labour details. Discussed at length - far too long, in my opinion. Insisted that MacMillan cut off the conversation as it had grown circular; agreed to meet with him separately later this week in order to review the feasibility of releasing additional mudbloods for unskilled labour. Have also made an appointment with Spencer-Wells in Domestication, to determine their preparedness to meet those requests which lie more properly within their department.

Tea with Ari exceedingly pleasant, although cut short by a request from Pandora to call him home prematurely. She believes Natalie is already exhibiting signs of magic - though at seven months, this is quite unlikely. Made him promise to Floo us if she is right.

Ned has accepted an interim post in Purity Control. Understand he shall be assisting Nott with a project long on his list: Reviewing the record books and intake parchments against Daily Prophet notices and Ministry marriage, birth and death certificates from the last twelve years. Gather that the recent discovery of the halfblood, previously believed to have sprung from two non-magical parents, has weighed heavily on Nott. Despite an otherwise robust and exhaustive process employed when first separating mudbloods from those with a legitimate claim to magic, Theodore has decided to assign Ned to double-check and reassess the genealogies. Well, it should keep him busy, at least!

Pansy, I am sorry again that we were cut short on Saturday. I am always at your disposal, Little Bit, should there be anything you wish to discuss.
It was for a very good reason, though.

And I did enjoy sitting with you and Aunt Narcissa at the game. The box was wonderful, and we had such a good view.

Well, it was an excusable reason, true, though 'good' is not exactly how one would characterise it.

Have you replied to your mother yet?

I haven't. I just wasn't quite sure what she wanted me to say.

I suppose I should let her know I got the letter, at least.
ORDER ONLY

her fever's back.

she's talking in a foreign language right now, pakistani or something, and steve can't understand her, but he thinks she's hallucinating.

we'll keep everyone posted but it doesn't look good right now, no mistake.

steve hasn't gotten sick, though. not yet, any road.

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alt_sirius at 2009-11-11 13:43:09
(no subject)

If he's gloved and masked, does Stephen think he can minister to her?

I wonder ... I don't suppose you noticed the tiff Malfoy had with his wife yesterday? And then his comments about all the requests for Muggleborns to perform 'menial' work? It sounds as if they're fully aware that the disease is spreading, and just bull-headed unwilling to do anything about it!

alt_frank at 2009-11-11 15:05:40
(no subject)

he's in there with her now, using the bubbleheaded charm and gloves.

yeah, seems like he was pretty quick to ask whether her sick relative had any muggleborn workers around.

alt_poppy at 2009-11-11 15:30:41
(no subject)

I'm very sorry to read this, Frank.

Does Stephen have all he needs to treat her?

Do keep us posted.
alt_sirius at 2009-11-11 18:08:29
(no subject)

Poppy,

Do you think we could get more information about what this disease is? I think it's time for a Grim Truth to come out, especially if the Ministry are trying to hide the facts. But to do that we'd need the facts - not just speculation and accusations. I'd have to be armed with material I know to be true, or it'll tear down what the Grim Truth has come to mean.

Of course, we also don't want to make it obvious where we got the information. But is there any chance your St Mungo's contacts are talking to anyone?

alt_arthur at 2009-11-11 18:24:53
(no subject)

Sirius, I'm going to see what I can find out. There have been a number of large meetings here all morning, including many closed doors. Something's afoot, but no telling just what.

I only hope they've decided to do something about the epidemic, but I must tell you that would run counter to almost every strategy I have seen Dolores Umbridge or any of my department heads use to respond to any crisis, ever.

Days like this I wonder how I manage to keep my head, I really do.

alt_molly at 2009-11-11 18:26:54
(no subject)

Please be careful, Arthur!

I don't know how you do it either, dear, but you always do.

I'm going to make a nice stew for supper.
Thanks, Molly dear. I'll be home as soon as I can get away tonight.

I will see what I can do, Sirius.

As it happens--and it happens this way too often--I missed a firecall from my best contact at St Mungo's on Saturday in the midst of all the fuss. It's as well I did hear the alarm: with the Malfoys hovering about, I could hardly have gathered anything useful. I certainly couldn't have asked any leading questions!

Now I think of it, I believe I'll see if I can get through this afternoon.
Today's Remembrance Day, at least that's what my mum called it.

She told me that years ago people used to wear poppies to honour soldiers who'd fought in wars. I don't know why poppies but Mum had this tiny red flower she used to set out on November 11th, it was plastic I think and she'd had it a long time.

She said my muggle grandad, her father I mean, had been in the Royal Air Force and he helped save England from tyranny. He flew in an aeroplane and protected everyone from the Germans who were trying to bomb England so they could invade it and only the RAF could protect people -- well there were some wizards helping too, she learnt about that part when she was at Hogwarts, but there weren't anywhere near enough that they could have done it by themselves.

And she said I should be proud of him but not tell anyone of course, because she understood I had to pretend to be ashamed of my muggle family. But he was really brave and he fought hard and could have died many times and because of muggles like him England stayed free from the Germans. And she said that because of England, France was freed from the Germans later and it's a free country now. Or at least that's what she thought, that France was free, though she wasn't really sure since we don't get any news or anything.

But it sounds from Draco like they are, or at least you know the muggles in France aren't in camps. I don't know what happens to the muggleborns, if they get to go to school or if they spend their lives thinking they're muggles and not understanding their magic when it kind of leaks out, but I don't think there's any law that keeps them from having wands. I don't think Draco knows one way or another but they sure didn't take any muggleborns along when they went, and one of the purebloods they brought along did a runner, they were really put out.

Anyway this doesn't have much to do with anything but I could never tell anyone about my grandad before. And I wanted to. Because he was a hero and the RAF protected the wizards too, not just the muggles, the RAF and their aeroplanes saved everybody.
You didn't know your grandfather, then? Did he die before you were born? Or were you not allowed to meet him?

You don't have to tell me. I just wondered is all.

I met him when I was really little, before the muggles were all sent to camps.

I don't know if he's still alive. I suppose he might be.

And it's really wizard that he flew an aeroplane.

Or, yeah, not wizard, but y'know.
Extremely busy day to-day. Early morning meeting at the Ministry with Spencer-Wells, pursuant to yesterday's Muggleborn Labour committee. Then dropped in to see Dolores briefly, followed by fifteen minutes with MacMillan before the Wizengamot session.

Briefest of luncheons; straight back to the Ministry and into conference with Warrington and Nott; then Buckingham; finally back to the Ministry to confirm that Nott, Spencer-Wells and Dolores had met and reached a suitable conclusion; whereupon we were once again closeted to determine the exact wording of the announcement for the morning *Prophet*. Luckily, Miss Robins anticipated that we would be detained through supper and took the liberty of ordering from Sainsbury's.

Warrington has Bole on the Floo now and Spencer-Wells has contacted Griderson for action to-morrow straight off. Should be able to receive an update from them both during my weekly hour with the Minister.

Suffice to say that the labour demand shall be met and the Muggleborn Labour Committee shall no longer find itself overrun with impossible requests.

Just about to leave when Rookwood stopped me in the entrance hall. No answer would satisfy but that I accompany him immediately down to the ninth level to view new evidence that figures highly in his research. Clear that Rookwood's direction requires additional licence and agreed to raise the matter with the Minister in the morning.
Valerian just came by the breakfast table. There was a note from Father about the bludger incident at the weekends match.

I guess Harry's Father thinks someone might be trying to kill him again, because he's ordered that Harry not fly at all, even at practice. Not until Uncle Rodolphus finds out who put the hex on the bludger. So that means I'm not allowed to fly either.

I really hope Uncle Rodolphus figures out that bludger soon. And I hope whoever did this is bloody satisfied with themselves.

---

Well that doesn't make any sense. I mean, I know you were trying to fly between that mad bludger and Marvolo, but if he's not flying, then there shouldn't be any danger, should there?

It's not really about me being in danger.

Then it really doesn't make sense, but I guess if your dad doesn't want you to fly for now, maybe he knows something that makes it make sense. Maybe?

Anyway, I'm sure they'll let you in the next match. Or, wait. Is that against Ravenclaw? Hm. Maybe I don't want you two in the next match, so we've got a chance.
It doesn't matter because it makes sense to me. It's meant to be a reminder.

The bludger will be sorted out by the next match. It has to be.

I want to know who fixed that bludger as much as anybody. And whoever's messing with Harry needed to get caught yesterday.

But he's moaning about not being able to fly at practice while they haven't figured it out yet?

Boo BLOODY hoo!

You big girl's blouse!!
Yesterday was certainly a terrible day. And today promises no better.

As Lucius Malfoy's post last night suggested, we were all called into a meeting late yesterday afternoon--I had to send a rather hasty owl to reach Molly before supper. The next few days are going to be very busy, what with the orders issued in that session. It's all I can do to spare the few minutes now to write out this report, but Sirius and Poppy, I wanted to pass this on to you both, at least.

I met with Norma Brownmiller earlier this morning to go over the camp census reports with her. Frankly, with the way this crisis is developing I'm astonished the poor woman had any time in her schedule to spare for me. I think she finds it helpful, though, to go over the data with me before presenting it to her superiors. She knows that, unlike Griderson, I won't chunter on and on about how all this death and misery is no more than what the filthy animals deserve.

The weekly briefings now definitely involve both our departments, about 40,000 new cases this week total. One particular point of alarm is that while cases have just begun to crop up in the muggleborn camps, they seem to be more virulent, and spreading even more rapidly than amongst the muggles. More and more camps are being added to the roster every day, including some of our greatest centres of population--it's positively galloping through Birmingham and Manchester, for example.

Norma did have one significant bit of news for me: St Mungo's seems to have all but eliminated the possibility that the infection is spread by fleas. Thirteen of the smaller camps were used as testing laboratories, where through truly labourious effort, complex wards were erected to eliminate all possible flea carriers: rats, birds, cats, dogs etc. Case numbers continued the same trajectory of upward climb the following two weeks, to everyone's great surprise. Now they are trying to figure out whether it was originally flea-borne, but has now mutated so that it has jumped to a new vector of transmission--and what that might be, no one can tell.

Still no cases reported amongst camp administration personnel, or
anyone who has supervisory contact with either Muggles or Muggleborn workers. This has been a point of intense investigation, not to mention concern from the administrators and guards themselves. (Even Lucius Malfoy seems worried about the spread, as you said, Sirius.) There is also a great deal of worry that panic over the worsening situation may heighten security concerns, i.e., cause heightened unrest. No sign of unusual disturbances, though--yet.

I worked late into the night combing the records at Cherwell, and then I confirmed my investigation with a Floo call just before I started writing this. Alice, I am very sorry to say that, yes, Felicia Saint's parents have both been quite ill--her mother especially. While it is hoped that they are past the worst and may yet make a full recovery, both of her older sisters, Anne and Emily, have died. I regret the necessity of passing on this sad news, and Molly and I both send her our heartfelt sympathy.

Now I really must go; Cresus Deverill is waiting. We're to go to Cheadle, Stoke-on-Trent and Fradswell today to oversee what Griderson is calling ‘the effort.’

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alt_molly at 2009-11-12 17:35:54
(no subject)

Not to worry, dear. The nice thing about stew is that it can just keep simmering as long as needed.

You were out the door very early this morning, though.

And I feel just awful for the poor Saint family. I do hope that the Healers are working as diligently as they can, regardless of who the victims are. I for one don’t believe for an instant that wizards and witches are invulnerable.

And please, Arthur, do what you can to protect yourself while you are in the camps. Even if this Deverill chap is with you.
Believe me, I'm being careful. It's more difficult than it ought to be, though - Deverill's daughter, you may remember dear, is one of the students Poppy caught last spring, trying to sell enhancements to the OWL classes. I'm afraid he's been under a lot of pressure to perform, himself, since that embarrassment. And I thought Griderson had it in for me - Deverill seems to show the kind of zeal that can only be possessed by a man in fear of losing his position.

But yes, I'm taking care to touch things and people as little as possible. I'd cast a small bubble round my nose and mouth, but that might be too obvious.

Still, perhaps you'd better go to Bill's tonight.

Oh dear. I'll pass along the news. She suspected as much, but was hoping against hope that the rings were somehow broken.

Arthur, thank you for giving us such a full account. I know they are running you ragged, so I'm especially grateful for the time you took to write us.
I've just finished speaking with my contact at St Mungo's. I did get through briefly yesterday, but she indicated it would be best to wait until tonight when she was assigned to file some of the parchmentwork that is overwhelming them.

Well.

They know many things this disease is not, but they are at a loss to say what it is. It has proven to be fundamentally unlike any previous Muggle diseases. It responds to none of the treatments known to Healers' magic; in fact, they rather fear they may have added to the vehemence of the symptoms in some cases whilst they were testing possible therapies.

They have, indeed, ruled out the notion that it is flea-borne. Healer Cantwell was ever so slightly defensive over this: 'It's only understandable they should have focused on the fleas; you should see the conditions in those camps!'

Sirius, I have sent an owl your way with as many details as I could gather from her. I hope it provides you with the sort of material you require for your next Grim Truth.
Well, the Ministry's announcement recalling all the Muggleborn workers back into the camps has certainly caused a stir. Our office is positively buried in Howlers and other impolite letters, demanding an explanation. I expect the Prophet has probably got a lot of post, as well. We've been instructed only to tell people that all requests will be supplied with Muggles in about a week's time.

Going to the camps yesterday was heartbreaking. The administrators have taken to calling it the 'Hertfordshire Scourge'--but Deverill hastily warned me never to use that where Griderson or Spencer-Wells could hear it. Apparently they believe that naming it will make the thing all too real, as if it's not real already!

We arrived just in time to hear some conversation about whether the camps ought to be closed up and placed on total quarantine, leaving the poor inhabitants to fend entirely for themselves. Deverill was quick to say that he wasn't sure why we would bother to spend time or resources healing the 'creatures' and I felt very near to being ill myself.

We delivered our instructions and I had hoped to ask some questions, but no such luck. Deverill was dead set against staying any longer than absolutely necessary and of course, we were not allowed to walk freely inside the compounds at all. We were at least presented with gloves and told to use the Bubblehead charm, so they have decided to accept some risk, but it was made clear that this is at the insistence of the St Mungo's crews and not by their own good sense of self-preservation. Our guide insisted that the 'animals' present no serious threat to wizards and that the precautions were 'unnecessary but required.'

I have known for some time how very many sleepers there are--so very many more asleep than awake--but today I was struck by the enormity of the Death Eaters' accomplishment. Not that I admire them, anything but, of course, but to have successfully suppressed so many innocent lives simply boggles.

Well, within a week, the countryside will have its Muggle labour force re-instated and will be none the wiser where the reinforcements came
from. I can't see how this will work for long, as they are sure to become just more numbers for the sick rolls, but I gather that much of the discussion in the directors' offices hinged on whether the need for labour outweighed the risk of further infection.

Molly, I don't think I can break away in time for supper tonight, either. Griderson is adamant that we respond to each and every one of these Howlers by personal note. I wish I could simply use a copying spell. I feel like the twins must do when they are forced to write lines.

Goodness. So that's what Malfoy meant?

They're waking--

What condition do you suppose they'll be in? Is it really so simple a matter as waving a wand and voila! new labour ready to be kitted out for whatever work detail needs a body?

And, yes, I suspect you're exactly right, Arthur: supposing they are healthy to begin, it's most likely that these new folk will simply be more for the infirmaries. What are they thinking?

No, don't answer that.

I know what they are thinking. Malfoy, Griderson and their kind.

I wish I knew, Poppy.
See, Gin? We made it through Friday the 13th and nothing bad happened. Nobody got frozen. Nobody got eaten by anything. No mad bludgers came to chase you round the school. Nothing.

You and Bradley and Sandoval can throw out those awful looking necklace things you got. Did you actually buy those?

Who from?

I don't think a bunch of chicken feathers and a couple of beads some third-year made are going to do you any good if a lethifold really does break into Gryffindor and try to smother you. I mean, come on, that thing wouldn't protect you against a mealy worm!

You don't think they'll protect us?

Oh.

What? You bought one, too?

Who from? I heard Tamblyn and Croker were selling stuff, but I can't imagine Ginny and her lot buying from them.

Oh, is that why you were talking to Nerea Gray yesterday? I wondered how you knew her.
Well, the stuff Tamblyn and Croaker were selling did look sort of dodgy. But Gray was showing me a bracelet she got. And it sounded okay, but it was sort of, well, girly.

But, well, Fletcher's uncle is a Healer, and she had some talismans and things. I figured it couldn't hurt.

I heard Corner's Mum sent him some herbs and stuff to hang round his bed, and some blackberry leaves to put into his shoes, and some charmed thingers to hang off each of the buttons on his robe. Did you see them?

I guess nothing's going to get him!

Yeah, I did see him!

At least I didn't take it that far.

Wait.

Tell me you're not wearing one of those necklaces, Nev!

Is that why you've got your robes buttoned to the top today? I thought you were just cold!!!
Okay, I'm not wearing one of those necklaces.

Heh. We'll find out, you know!!!! We have our ways!

You can laugh, Ronald, but these luck charms and amulets and things are getting quite out of hand.

And while you and Ginny may have escaped unscathed, thank Merlin, one can hardly say the same for poor Peakes, or for Bones. Peakes alone claimed to have been pranked on five different occasions yesterday! (If I didn't know better, I'd suspect Fred and George, but I don't think even they would persecute a fellow Gryffindor.)

Oh, come on. I mean, it's pretty naff, but why d'you care?

And what happened to Peakes and Bones? I didn't hear anything.

Yes, well, considering your attitude, it's hardly surprising that no one chose to share confidences with you.
I care because I am a Prefect, Ronald. A Prefect.

@alt_ron at 2009-11-14 17:13:52
(no subject)

A Prefect, Ronald. A Prefect.

Yeah. That, too.
Friday the 13th

I'm glad we Prefects reminded ourselves that yesterday was Friday the 13th, but even so, we had to contend with quite a number of shenanigans.

When will people decide that following a first-year about all day, tormenting him, is really not that funny? Poor Peakes had a terrible time of it. He says he doesn't know who tied his shoelaces, or sealed him in the third-floor bathroom cubicle without toilet paper, or unclasped his bookbag, or put frogs' livers in his hat. I suspect he really does know, but is afraid to say.

And Peeves! You'd think yesterday was a holiday the way he carried on. I think I saw Mr Dawlish at least four times with mop and wand in hand, trying to keep up with that poltergeist. The last I saw Peeves he was going into every classroom on the fourth floor, drawing rude pictures on every blackboard. Really, it's a shame there doesn't seem to be a way to get rid of him.

Personally, I kept an eye and ear out for my twin brothers - it would be just like them to plan something big for the 13th. Ito offered to walk into our dormitory first, but I told him that it wasn't necessary. I learned a dispelling charm in preparation for any pranks I might encounter yesterday.

Yeah, Peeves got into Lockhart's room, too. It was hilarious!!

He drew Lockhart on the board and then made his trousers fall down. The picture's, I mean. Not Lockhart's real trousers, though that would have--

Heh.
It is not funny, Ronald.

Professor Lockhart is our head of house and as such merits a measure of respect.

Well, yeah, I guess.

But it's Peeves you should be telling, not me!

Weasley do you know if it's true that all the mudbloods are being sent back to the camps? Sorry this doesn't have much to do with Friday the 13th. I just thought you might know.

It so happens I did read the notice in Thursday's Prophet, Miss Perks. It is inaccurate to say 'all' the mudbloods are being recalled. Only those who have been in the camps within the last 60 days are being sent back. The article makes it clear that this is merely an additional training protocol.

If you are worried about that odious post by that mutinous man, Sirius Black, I assure you that there is no cause for alarm here at Hogwarts. The mudbloods belonging to Mr Marvolo and Mr Malfoy are obviously not ill nor likely to become so. The man is obviously a raving lunatic.
Oh, all right.

It's not that I'm worried about that man's post but people were talking and it reminded me. I was worried they might take away Harry and Draco's mudbloods as I think they'd miss having their mudbloods serving them. Also I was wondering about the Strettons, you know the foster family I stayed with last winter. They've got LOTS of muggles and mudbloods working on their farm and in their factories. Would they have to send back just the mudbloods that were in a camp in the last two months then? Or all of them?

I'm certain that if the Strettons are worried about such things, there are staff at the Ministry who can answer that question for them, Miss Perks.

Also are they sending back muggles too?

Like I said I'm curious about the Strettons. I got

Why are you worrying about the Strettons? They weren't even nice to you.

They sent me an owl today with a parcel. It was the first I'd heard from them since last January I think, unless you count when I got word they didn't want me back.
It was jam and biscuits, no letter. It looked like they'd sent it off in a real hurry.

Ron I think they're losing a bunch of their muggleborn servants so they're going to want me back to mind their little ones for them again!!!

@alt_ron at 2009-11-15 00:03:20
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Really? Can they do that? Ask for you back when they said they didn't want you before?

That's not right!

What about the Woods? Shouldn't you be going to theirs again?

@alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-15 01:46:17
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Well with the Woods they said at the beginning it was just for the summer. They didn't really offer to take a foster child, I think they got pressured by the Ministry.

I really liked it there and was hoping they'd let me come back. But if the Strettons are willing, I don't know if they will.

@alt_ron at 2009-11-15 01:57:54
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

I could say something to Wood if you wanted. And he could maybe ask his parents for you.

@alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-15 02:41:36
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

I don't like to

Yeah, it's worth a try.
I mean I don't want to be overdramatic about it. I didn't like living with the Strettons but it isn't like they put the cruciatus curse on me or anything awful like that.

They'd have these awful fights in front of me, that was the worst part.

Well, you shouldn't have to go back there. That's all.

That sounds sort of like they don't think they're getting their staff back soon, doesn't it?

Yeah it does.

And as for your curiosity, Miss Perks, I'm sure that's understandable, but don't you think it would be more prudent to ask Stretton about his family?
I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Ugh, Percy, if you don't know, just SAY SO.

Clearly you don't know Jeremy Stretton or you wouldn't suggest I hunt him down and ask him. He might take notice if the farm actually burst into flames around his ears but otherwise he'd rather not know anything at all about his parents' business affairs.

I'd have to go hunt him down. Anyway it's not that I want to know what's going on with the Stretton's mudbloods -- they're just one example.

You write in the journals and you often know this sort of thing, Weasley, so I thought you would be a good person to ask.

Yes, well, I for one think it would be a matter for each family to address on its own.

And while I appreciate your confidence in me, I'm sure I don't use the journals for gossip, Miss Perks.

Neither does Sally Anne. She just asked if you knew what the Ministry is doing about Muggles or if it's just Muggleborns they're calling back to the camps.

That's not gossip.

And you don't have to be a p--ck about it, y'know.
I hardly think it's worth swearing, Ronald. Really, might I remind you that Mum and Dad read our journals? Do you really want them to see that kind of language?

I'm not sure what sort of friendships you're cultivating, Ron, but if this is what you're about, perhaps you ought to consider some better influences.

Yeah, well, it'll just be one more way I'm a disappointment, then. That won't be much of a surprise, will it?

And you can just stop being rude about my friends.

Goodness, Ron, what a thing to say!

Arthur, you don't think he thinks we're disappointed, really?

Oh, my. I don't know what to tell him.

Well, I don't like them sniping at each other, especially out in the journals. But I'm sure the last thing Ron needs is his mother to force him to talk it out in a public forum, either,
Molly dear.

Remember Charlie at that age. He needs his privacy. Let him come to us, when he's ready.

alt_arthur at 2009-11-15 04:20:25
(no subject)

Boys, that's quite enough. Ron, we did not raise you to talk to your brother like that.

Percy, Ron's friends have nothing to do with any of this, I'm sure. Now stop, both of you. You know this sort of thing upsets your mother.

alt_percy at 2009-11-15 04:23:12
(no subject)

Yes, Dad.

Sorry, Mother.

alt_ron at 2009-11-15 04:35:18
(no subject)

I'm sorry.

alt_bill at 2009-11-15 03:41:19
(no subject)

Steady on, Perce. There's no need to be insulting.

alt_molly at 2009-11-15 03:54:11
(no subject)

Percy, really. You two wear me out.

Every one of Ron's friends who we've met has been perfectly polite. I'm surprised at you.
alt_percy at 2009-11-15 04:24:43
(no subject)

Mum, honestly. I'm not--

Sorry, Mum.

alt_bill at 2009-11-15 04:06:06
(no subject)

And as for you, Ron, if I'd still been prefect, I'd've told you to watch your language, too.

alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-15 01:34:40
(no subject)

It's not gossip if it's in the Daily Prophet. I don't get the Prophet so I have to rely on other people to tell me when there's important news.

alt Ron at 2009-11-15 01:35:47

I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

What an arse.

I'm really sorry he was awful about it.

alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-15 01:38:16

Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Oh don't worry about it. I can tell from his answer he just doesn't know. If he were acting superior about it that would probably mean he knew but wasn't supposed to say and I'd see if I could get it out of someone in my house.
alt_ron at 2009-11-15 01:45:28
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

I could still put salt in his water glass or get the twins to hex the shower so it turns him purple tomorrow.

Or bash him in the nose or something.

alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-15 01:46:41
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Save it for sometime when he REALLY deserves it.

alt_ron at 2009-11-15 01:58:51
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Yeah.

You sure he doesn't deserve it this time?

alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-15 03:43:02
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Do you really think you're a disappointment to your mum? She seems a lot more like you than she's like Percy.

alt_ron at 2009-11-15 04:19:59
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Well, I guess I thought I was more like her and Dad than Percy is, but not enough, I guess. And, yeah. They're just really disappointed in me, and I don't really get.

After what happened with the car and Harry and all.
Because of what happened to Dad and the house and everything. And I guess they think I should have--

It doesn't really matter. I can't change it. And I wouldn't have done anything differently. It's like tonight with Percy--if he thinks I don't have the right kind of friends, then I guess he just doesn't want a brother like me. Because this is who I am, y'know? And I don't how to change that, and anyway, I wouldn't.

_Sally Anne_ at 2009-11-15 04:39:21
_Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good_

She's really still cross with you about the car?

She must have been terrified when they got raided. But I still would have thought she wouldn't still be cross with you.

_Sally Anne_ at 2009-11-15 04:41:34
_Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good_

I mean the thing about the raid is --

She passed on a message from my Dad, you know? That's illegal. I mean maybe it was just a one-time thing but she barely even knows me, if you were going to break a law for the VERY first time would you start by breaking it to do a favour for someone you hardly knew?

I expect she's got plenty to hide, is what I mean.

But they didn't find anything, or at least not anything important, since your father still works at the Ministry and everything. So I would've thought that by now she'd have calmed down.
Well, I don't think she'd think about it as being something illegal. It was something she wanted to do because, well, because it was right to do it. And the law is wrong. Unfair and cruel. And she just knows when it's right to help people, so I know she would never have thought about not doing it.

I think you're right that your mum helped me because she thinks the law is unfair. But that doesn't mean she doesn't KNOW what she did was against the law. That doesn't mean she doesn't worry she'll get caught.

And there are a LOT of unfair laws. A LOT.

I mean look at Fred and George.

They realised how unfair it was how Terry is treated by Carrow. They started out just trying to be kind to Terry. But they've broken all sorts of laws, like the code, I'm sure that would be illegal of the Ministry thought it was possible.
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Well, yeah. And I think Mum and Dad thought Fred and George did the right thing to help Terry. And I guess they'd be pretty impressed the twins figured out how to make this secret lock for us to write in the journals--not that they'll ever know about it.

I dunno. Maybe it's because I got in trouble with Harry, and he's not a Muggleborn, he's the Protector's son and they don't like anything the Protector represents, but Harry's not like that. Really he's not. And I didn't think they were against me being his friend. They never said, but I just don't know what it is if it's not that.

And I'm not going to not be friends with Harry because of what they think. If they even do think that.

Argh! I just don't know. I really, really don't.
Greetings, British Wizarding World!

Thus far, our chats have mostly arisen in reaction to events that we can all read, such as incidents at Hogwarts or articles in the *Daily Prophet*, or that we all know to be real, such as the truth about the internment camps and the ills of slavery. This time, for the first time, I am forced to take on the role of a journalist and, to borrow the Muggle term, ‘whistle-blower.’ The Ministry, in addition to forcing you all to perpetuate a grossly unjust society, have also endeavoured over the past several weeks to conceal and contain a serious health threat. My sources inside the Protectorate confirm that the recall of Muggleborn labourers issued on 12 November is actually due to fear of spreading a virulent illness – one for which the Ministry and St Mungo’s have no ready cure.

The disease first appeared in Muggle camps and populations, but has been growing steadily more persistent. This ‘Hertfordshire Scourge,’ so-named because the first reported cases seemed to centre in that county, has spread dramatically throughout the camps, steadily increasing to a recent estimate of 40,000 new cases per week. Originally, the Ministry denied the existence of a problem at all. As it progressed, they insisted to St Mungo’s healers and to its own employees and camp administrations that the illness could not be contracted by anyone possessed of magic. Now it has jumped to the Muggleborn population and, by all reports, it has also increased in severity as it has taken on a new strain. In short, unless it is checked, it can only be a matter of time before the virus will transmit to witches and wizards.

Witnesses have reported that both variants include flu-like symptoms, high fever, sweats and chills. In the Muggleborn strain, those who fall ill are well one hour and debilitated the next; it rarely emerges overnight, preferring to strike at the end of the day – perhaps this is due to fatigue or to some insidious talent of the disease itself to take maximum advantage of the hours during which a person is contagious before showing symptoms. The earliest symptoms are much like those of a very bad flu or cold: severe fatigue, headache, joint pain, sore throat, cough, creeping congestion. Then the tell-tale sign seems to be the onset of a ruby flush to the skin, usually about the time the first spike of fever manifests. These cyclic fevers can rise very high indeed.
Some of the victims may never recover from the damage done by this alone, even if their other symptoms eventually abate. Meanwhile, the flush also develops into a full-fledged rash. As the victims dehydrate, the affected flesh flakes, cracks and peels. Next, many of the victims experience paralysis, beginning with their lower limbs and progressing until they lose even the ability to move their eyes; others fall directly into coma, making it impossible to tell if their limbs have been affected as in the other category of sufferers.

The situation has become so dire already that several camps have been forced to convert significant portions of available shelter into sick wards – if they can be called that, since almost nothing is being done to tend to the ill and dying. There is hope, of course, and not all cases are severe, but the research into the disease thus far has only been able to eliminate causes, not identify cures. The first step is vital to the Healers’ eventual success, but it is not enough.

Friends, I do not raise the alarm on the Hertfordshire Scourge merely to frighten you. It is only a matter of time before someone contracts the disease outside of a labour camp. When that happens, there is every reason to believe that the disease will mutate again, perhaps becoming even more dangerous than it already is.

Witches and wizards of Britain, you must insist that the Ministry and St Mungo’s devote every necessary resource to finding the cure for this horrible virus. You must demand that the effort continue with all possible speed. Most importantly, you must require the camps and Ministry to cooperate fully, including complete disclosure among their agencies, to contain and reverse this devastating disease, or everyone will be at risk. That is more than a warning: It is the Grim Truth.

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`@alt_regulus` at 2009-11-14 17:59:50
(no subject)

Why do you do these things?
It's a public health crisis. Would you rather I wait until it's too late and your kind start dying, too?

How can I not warn people? Circe knows the Ministry shan't do it.

Idiot. Can't you see? You do more harm than good.

Just. Do shut up.

I fail to see how bringing to light a threat the Ministry would rather sweep under the carpet is doing more harm than good. Or don't tell me you believe that we are so far removed from Muggleborn and Muggles that a disease affecting them could not possibly infect wizards?

If no one inside Voldemort's iron fist dare report this plague, then yes, it falls to me. Unlike your general mode of operation, brother, I cannot stand by idly while innocents are destroyed through others' indifference and outright obstruction.

Which of us is standing idle, brother?

I'd love to stay and debate with you, really I would, but it's not to be. I've just received a rather sharp summons--of the sort that admits no delay. So, if you'll excuse me, my obstructionist indifference and I have business elsewhere.
Do not fool yourself into thinking that you are a saviour - martyr, more like. This self-aggrandisement goes too far. Your delusions now take on a new level of menace, creating false alarm where there is no cause for concern. You merely add another crime to your litany of charges.

Listen to your brother, for once.

I heard a rumour yesterday all the muggleborns were being sent back to the camps and someone said it was because the muggleborns were making wizards sick. Hermione you aren't going to have to go anywhere are you?

Percy says it's only people who've recently been in the camps. But doesn't that fit with what Sirius Black is saying? I mean, would it make sense to make them all go back to the camps to train them more, or because they're worried about people getting ill?

What do you mean?

They're supposed to go for training but they're not?

Well, I guess it depends on who you believe, doesn't it? Do you believe this Black fellow or the Ministry?
Well, I mean, I might have missed some of what he said. He kind of went on and on, but the muggles and muggleborns in the camps have got sick, lots of them, and the ministry didn't say anything about it. So that's bad. I get that.

But about the ones who aren't in the camps. Why are they sending them back? Do they want them to get sick, too? That'd be really bad.

So, yeah. I guess Black. But how does he know anything about what's going on in the camps? or the Ministry? He's meant to be in Poland or Turkey or someplace, isn't he?

Well what I'm wondering is -- let's say someone has two mudbloods muggleborns who just came from the camps a few weeks ago, and a dozen more they've had for years. Would just the new ones have to go back? Or all fourteen?

If there's a sickness it would have to be all fourteen or there's not much point.

If it's just the two, then maybe it's training like Weasley says. But if they're saying if you have ANY new mud muggleborns you have to send ALL back for 'training' but if all your muggleborns have been with you for years you don't have to send ANY back, that has to be a lie because it doesn't make any SENSE.

Yeah.

I don't think I even understand what you said!
All right let me say it a different way.

When I was at the Stretton's house last winter they had, oh, ten or fifteen muggleborns working in their house for them. Plus more (and all the muggles, they had LOADS of muggles) in barracks working on the farm and in their factories.

So let's say they got ONE muggleborn from the camps two weeks ago. I expect the Ministry called and said 'oh you need to send us ALL your muggleborns! they need more training!' even though fifteen of them have been with the Strettons for years. Because the one muggleborn from the camps would have exposed all the rest to whatever this awful disease is Black's talking about.

I mean if he's right.

I suppose he might be wrong.

But do you think he is? Or do you think he's trying to make everyone panic over nothing?

I don't know what I think of him to be honest.

It could be either.

What are people saying about this in Gryffindor? In my common room it's the first thing in weeks that's made people stop talking about the Chamber of Secrets for five minutes. Of
course almost no one admits they read Sirius Black so they're all talking about the article in the Prophet instead.

@alt_ron at 2009-11-14 23:58:27
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Well, some people were talking about it before dinner while we were all playing Snap, and they were saying that the Ministry is always covering stuff up and that the Prophet never prints anything about the Ministry that shows it's done anything wrong, and basically everyone knows the Ministry writes the articles that it allows them to print. And so then people were saying that Black's probably right, or anyway, that if there really was an epidemic that started in the camps, the Ministry would probably try to hide it just like he says they've done. And somebody even said that maybe they'd just let a disease like that kill all of the Muggles and Muggleborns, that maybe that's what they want to have happen. But I don't know. My dad works in the department that has to do with Muggleborns, and I don't think he'd let that happen at all. And then, like you said about the Strettons--what would they do if all their workers died? So I don't think that's right. Anyway, Percy made everybody shut up about it and go to dinner.
done to death

I can't sleep. I can't scrub myself clean enough even to sit in my own flat, so I've been walking for hours. The locals are all closed now; I can't even hide in the depths of another glass of firewhiskey in a smoky corner. I'm writing beneath a street lamp, but the page is swimming.

I didn't want to do that! None of it.

I don't want to have done it.

And I can't undo it now. Any of it.

If I could

Even if I could reach all the way back to when it was not yet done. When was that? A dozen years? More.

You knew what you were about when you limited my wand to block any self-harming spell. You know I won't top myself like a Muggle. Of course not. As though I'd care at all the moment it was done, but I'm too proud to be found like that. Too much a Black. Too much a wizard. Too much yours to do it at all.


I can see her. Jaw wrenched open and aside. Eyes wide, locked on mine. And I can hear her.

She begged me.

And I was stone. Like you.

'It makes it worse, begging,' I said. 'You save a shred of dignity if you can keep from doing that.' It's all shreds and tatters in the end, regardless.

I couldn't stand it. I can't.

I won't. Though that's ridiculous, because, of course, I did. Did it, hating it, cursing it, myself, him, you, her, all. Why do we do this?
What do you want that I haven't given, proven, purged? What else?

I wish you wouldn't answer that, but you will. Whether I asked or not. The answer is coming. Worse if you are displeased, but no easier, really, if you found it praiseworthy. Each is worse, more impossible, more

There aren't words for this. But you'll know it whether I write or don't write, and the thoughts are clearer, I know. But the words are mine, for myself, to make it real. Finished.

It won't ever be finished.

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@alt_amycus at 2009-11-15 18:47:53
(no subject)

Crying into your firewhiskey, eh? Never did like whingers. Ought to be thanking Him, you ask me. Why regret? Never regret the scourge and the keen edge of knives, and the pure cleansing flame. Your job is to harvest the grain from the chaff. Why trouble yourself if the chaff blows away in the wind?

Red looks best in moonlight, or by candleflame. A professional would appreciate that, but no, He sends you.

Perhaps He'll send you here for real training up. Seeing as my property has been taken. Could use an assistant, now that I'm back among the pigeons. Find I miss having a devoted bootlicker about.

But perhaps that's why He keeps you.

---

@alt_regulus at 2009-11-15 19:46:46
(no subject)

Perhaps.
Order Only

I've read this over at least five times and I still can't quite believe it.

Merlin, what is that monster making him do?

Re: Order Only

It sounds bloody and soul-killing, whatever it is. I am so very sorry, Sirius.

The Players look as though they will be kicking their heels with precious little to do for awhile. Do you think it might be possible for them try to keep him under surveillance? Kingsley, what do you think?

(nosubject)

Oh, Reg. First Draco's bad news and now you, as well.

Do come see me when you are at liberty again.

I hope this doesn't mean you're begging off the auction?

(nosubject)

Never fear, cousin.

I don't beg.

(nosubject)

Good show.
The boy.

He's feeling morose at being ordered off his broom? Have they decided what interfered with that bludger?

Rodolphus promises a report this week. Draco will be fine. You know how lads are - a little thing like sport is the most important event in his life, for the moment. It's rather sweet, actually.

Now, with Draco, usually a few sweets or a simple parcel from home can make all the difference.

I know what I remember used to cheer up ickle Reg, but I doubt that it still works!

I do still have a soft spot for caramels. I confess.

I suspect that's not what you meant, though. The times you practiced your cosmetic charms on me were more cheering for you than me, however you may remember them.

Or did you have something else altogether in mind?

All right. I'll admit it. It cheers me you're still speaking to me tonight.
No illness yet.

Despite the chess set (thanks, Frank) I'm getting powerfully bored, just hanging out in the woods.

Benjy sent word that all of our remaining performance scheduled through the end of the year have been cancelled. I suspect the Players are out of a job until this epidemic is brought under control, so we're going to have to think of other ways for us to conduct field intelligence.

I got a patronus today from Davidson saying they've seen no other illness yet either in the Sherwood Band, so that's very good news. I hope that our quick action will continue to keep it away from them.

How's your patient today, Frank and Alice? And is Stephen managing to remain healthy today?

so far, steve's still in good shape. we seem to be out of the woods when it comes to fever, and we're waiting to see how bad the rash is. steve's been putting her in water baths and has been real good about keeping her hydrated, so we're hoping it'll help.

That's good news, Frank. If the fevers truly have abated, then I'd say there's good hope.
Friday's post brought an interesting letter from Mama to Orion and me. Mama serves on the St Mungo's Board of Governors, and she asked us if we believed any of our peers might be interested in supporting the hospital's important work by joining a Junior Auxiliary. Orion and I believe that this is a really special opportunity that will provide young adults like ourselves an introduction to civic participation and to the responsibilities our generation must shoulder if Our Lord's realm is to be as strong and proud throughout our lifetimes as it has been in this, our parents' prime.

The first focus of this new group will be to assist the Board in staging its Second Annual Holiday Benefit Gala, with the added enticement that all of the Junior Auxiliary members who lend a hand to the preparations may attend the party on New Year's Eve. In fact, they've scheduled the event later this year so it would fall during our school holidays for just this reason.

All sixth- and seventh-year students of good repute should watch the morning post for an invitation to join this new organisation. The letter will include a smaller reply parchment that you should sign and return straightaway, indicating whether you are able to attend an organisational luncheon on Monday, 21 December. If you enjoy good food, you should definitely attend: I understand the meal will be catered by Monsieur Etienne Froissart of Le Chien Bizarre.

Orion and I agree that this new Auxiliary gives us a really brilliant opportunity to do something good for an institution on which we all depend. Surely St Mungo's deserves our support. Won't you join us?

I think my parents are going to that. Really, only sixth and seventh years?
Cheers, Patil. Your time will come for joining. Your parents were there last year, too, weren't they? I remember my Mother saying she had seen them.

Yes, they were there. Mum said it was very posh. And good for business, she said.
going back to the Strettons

The Strettons owled me today to say that they want me to come back to their house for winter hols. I'd thought this might be coming as I got a little parcel from them the other day. It was the first I'd heard from them in ages.

I also got an owl from the Woods saying that they'd heard the Strettons wanted me back and that was just as well as it wasn't a good time for them to have a guest, and it was only supposed to be temporary anyway. Mrs Wood was very kind about it. Or as kind about it as she could be.

It will be nice to see Gemma and Philip again. I suppose Philip is seven now, Gemma is four, and Marcellus and Valentina are probably walking, they're almost a year and a half old now. The letter wasn't signed so I don't know if Mr Morrison is still working for them or if it'll be someone else, the letter sounded like someone else but maybe Mr Morrison is doing more important things now than writing their letters?

The letter did mention a lot of their mudbloods got recalled. For training? Whatever it was. I reckon one of them was the nanny. Hopefully they'll have their servants back by summer at least.

I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

I wonder how much trouble I'll be in for if I don't bother to pretend they want me back because they like me.

I know perfectly well they want me back to mind their babies for them, or do some other job they usually have mudbloods muggleborns to do.

I wish the Woods had wanted me back. Ron don't bother talking to Oliver if you haven't already, his mum made up her mind. I think they're probably hiding something and they don't trust me, so it's hard having me around.
Fred and George and I talked about it yesterday. And they said they didn't think it would be good to ask. They said right when we came back to school, they'd sort of teased him about making you fly so much this summer, and he'd said something that made them think that while he'd been pretty glad to have you around, his parents felt differently.

And they said they'd got the feeling from other stuff he'd said now and then that maybe the Ministry are sort of watching Wood's family. They said he was kind of weirdly interested when dad was taken in for questioning: I mean, not like he was just curious but like he worries that might happen to his parents. Or maybe it already has done.

So I think you may be right about why you went there and why the Woods might rather you go back to the Strettons now.

It still stinks. Do you think you could stay at school instead? How does that work?

You know how during the camping trip they separated all the halfbloods a few times? One of the things they did was ask us a lot of questions about our foster families.

And when they sent me there I kind of thought they'd leaned on them -- I mean the Ministry had made them agree and then used it as an excuse to come nosing around.

I don't know what they were hiding because I tried really hard not to be nosy you know? I kind of wondered if it had to do with their muggleborns, because they made kind of a big deal of showing me how they slept in the shed by the brooms, but I tried really hard to
mind my own business.

Anyway yeah. I think it's pretty easy to stay at the school, the Strettons just have to give their permission. Think they'll let me? I don't.

@alt_neville at 2009-11-17 01:16:34
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

It'd be a rotten shame if you had to go back to the Strettons.

Any idea how you get assigned to them? It sounds like, from what you said about the last time you went on 'holiday' there, they must have asked for a worker of some kind, maybe even a nursery worker. 'Cause if you like, I could ask my Gran if she could ask to have you stay with us instead. You know, pretending like she needs you as a worker, but really you'd be our guest for the holidays. Gran's a pureblood, and I reckon she can pretend to be as starchy and blood-snobbish and dragonish as the Ministry would like, if I asked her to do it for me.

The thing is, I dunno if it would work. They may not give a choice on who we'd get as a worker, and anyway, they may not want us to be a foster family in the first place, because of my parents and all. I suppose that if the Ministry wants half bloods to work, and they ask, 'what do you want her to come to your house to do?' if Gran tells them she wants you to take care of Evelyn and scrub the kitchen floor and water her African violets, it probably won't sound as convincing as joining all the muggle servants working for the Strettons on that huge farm of theirs.

I'm sorry, Sally-Anne, because I'd like to invite you. Do you want me to ask Gran to try anyway?

@alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-17 01:46:14
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

I don't know exactly how I got assigned to them last year. Originally I think Lucius Malfoy was going to arrange for me to live with Pansy, but then Pansy got in trouble again and her mother got sick. So she had to go live with that horrible Mrs Black for the holidays and there wasn't a lot of time for Halfblood Affairs
to find a place for me.

It's no good having your Gran ask now. I reckon even if the Strettions didn't have a prior claim they'd send a basket of jam to the right person if they had to. It's not that the ministry WANTS people to put their foster children to work, I mean they're supposed to treat us like their children. It's more that they don't care all that much.

@alt_neville at 2009-11-17 01:49:51  
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Well, Ron's right. It stinks.

@alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-17 02:00:43  
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Yeah.

I expect they won't care any more once winter holidays are over, so I'll be able to live somewhere else. If your Gran offered then they might send me to live with you Neville. Although you might be right that because of your parents they wouldn't.

@alt_pansy at 2009-11-16 19:20:07  
(no subject)

Ugh.

Can you come visit me for a little, you think, during hols? Would it be okay with the Strettions? I mean, I'd have to ask my mum and everything, of course, but it's not like last year, I'm not in trouble or anything, so I should be able to have people over for a visit and I really don't want to and it would be nice to have you over, even if it was just for Christmas Day or something. If the Strettions and mum think it's okay.
They might let me for Christmas Day at least. It was awkward having me around that day anyway. I bet they'd be perfectly happy if I disappeared sometime the afternoon of the 24th and didn't come back until first thing on the 26th. They'll probably want me there on Boxing Day though, that's a really busy day for them.

Well, I'll be sure to ask mum first, but I'd like that. And after all, it's Christmas. Everyone should be with someone they like being around on Christmas.

It would be really wizard to spend Christmas with you if your mum doesn't mind.

Do you think they'll send you back with more jams and preserves and things this time? The marmalade was rather good, but I don't think people liked the red currant very much.

I was just thinking that it must feel good to be able to bring something to Parkinson's music parties and all, to share I mean.
alt_ron at 2009-11-17 23:26:57
I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

What a witch! (And I don't really mean that with a W, y'know?)

alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-18 03:12:17
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Isn't she horrid? Is Parvati like her? I don't know Parvati as well.

alt_ron at 2009-11-18 04:00:37
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Just like her, only not as clever. A lot of times when she thinks she's said something really cutting, it's actually just sort of lame.

alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-18 03:11:32
(no subject)

I'm hoping I'll get more jam. It probably depends on whether anyone there has time to pack up a package right now.
ORDER ONLY: Very bad news.

Hooch came to my office, asking for a few days' leave. Seems her sister has died. A rogue Bludger, so they say - she was found in her locked house with her Quidditch kit open and the Bludger zooming around, having smashed everything inside to shards and kindling.

Hooch, naturally, suspects foul play, given the similarity of the death to the recent Bludger incident. I can hardly say I blame her, though there wasn't any evidence. I even have suspicions of who; but, of course, nothing and nothing and nothing can be done, and I have not a shred of evidence either.

Oh. Poor Rolanda! I missed her at dinner tonight, but I never thought-

It is so like them to punish one by harming another.

It's simply barbaric.

It is so like them to punish one by harming another.

Yes, it certainly is.

I'm sorry, Sirius.
History Club Tomorrow

Let me know today if you're coming to History Club tomorrow. Belinda and Morag want to have cake for Corner's birthday, so we need to know how much to get from the house-elves. I don't know if he'll be able to eat, though, with all the magic charms he's got on his wrists it's hard for him to lift his fork!

Mum wrote this morning. She says that she and Dad might bring me and Parvati to the St Mungo's benefit, if our marks are good this term!

Well, I know mine will be, but Parvati, we'd better look over your essay for Charms together before you hand it in. And your Transfiguration work, too, now that Professor Carrow's back in the classroom. Professor Lockhart was ever so nice, but I do think some people might be a little rusty after a couple weeks of not doing much in the way of practical spellwork.

Did anyone else see that flying lessons were cancelled this week? For the firsties, I mean. There was a notice up on the board in our Common Room. I wonder if Madam Hooch is ill? That'd be too bad.

So many people are feeling poorly this term, it seems like. Brocklehurst has been in the hospital wing for a couple of days, which is just as well because nobody could sleep easy with her sicing up overnight and moaning and all. And I heard Thompson tell Electra Bobolis that Rubens has been sniffling for days and Lovegood woke them all up a few times last week, sleepwalking. I suppose that's not really the same as being ill; it's much odder.

Yeah, I'll be there! I was going to come anyway, but I'll definitely come if there's cake!
I'll for sure be there if there's going to be cake.

Towler told me that yesterday morning just as the Gryffindor team finished practicing, Madam Hooch came out of her office looking like she'd been crying. He said Bell asked her if everything was all right, and she just turned around, went back inside, and shut the door! They were all talking about how odd it was.
**2009-11-17 10:44:00**

*So very tired*

Wanderings out on the astral plane at night will do that. I always find it quite interesting, but it doesn't make for a restful sleep. I'm really not very good at that sort of thing yet, because I can't help but have my body echo the journeys my spirit takes. Celia and Portia say I've gone sleepwalking several nights in the last week. Perhaps that will stop as I gain more experience.

The Hidden world at Hogwarts is quite different from the one I know at home. Quite a bit rich and more varied, but perhaps a little more dangerous, too. Frankly, it's no wonder my body's been wandering a bit at night, too, because I probably wanted to get away from whatever-it-was that I sensed, somewhere out there in the Hidden world. I generally like most creatures, the more unfamiliar the better. We can learn so much more from the strange and unexpected, don't you think? But this one just feels peevish. Rather nasty, really, I'm afraid.

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@alt_padma at 2009-11-17 18:03:49  
(no subject)

What *are* you on about, Lovegood?

@alt_luna at 2009-11-17 23:58:25  
(no subject)

Journeys while I'm sleeping. I've been doing it ever since I was a little lass. Why, haven't you ever gone dream walking in the Hidden world? I suppose I shouldn't be surprised if you haven't, because my father says very few people do. It's just something I've had rather a knack for since I was very young. Usually I have the loveliest adventures but at Hogwarts, as I've said, the Hidden World seems a bit more dangerous. It will be quite interesting to explore it a bit more.
Are you feeling quite well, then, Lovegood? Perhaps you should visit Madam Pomfrey for a dose of Dreamless Sleep potion tonight. You don't want to go waking your dorm mates and frightening them to death in the night.

Oh, I'm feeling quite well, aside from being a little sleepy. As for taking a potion that would take my dreams away, I find the idea almost rather shocking, don't you? How is one supposed to find one's way back from the Hidden world if one cannot dream?

How do you learn to sleepwalk? It sounds frightening.

Is it? I've never found it to be frightening. Of course, I've never slept in a place where I'd be likely to get into my trouble if I wander away from my bed. I got down into the Common Room once, but not into the corridor outside, before Portia came down and woke up.

It's not something I learned, really. It's just something I've always been able to do. Like the way some people can roll their tongue, or fly a broom the first time they get on it, or put their leg behind their head or something.
Um, Luna? What is this 'rather nasty' creature you think you're meeting when you go walking at night? That doesn't sound good. You know what I mean?

I've no idea, because I've never met anything like it before. I can't tell you much about it, I'm afraid.

At least, not yet.
Received report from Spencer-Wells. The first muggles have been orientated and sent to their assignments. He anticipates that another twenty-five per cent of the companies will be trained and ready to fulfill their work details by the week-end; remaining groups ought to follow by Tuesday.

Spencer-Wells also warns of some preliminary cases of what might be tuberculosis in certain sectors of the camps - muggle and mudblood areas, unfortunately. All reasonable precautions are being taken to protect the camp staff, of course - and it hardly goes without saying that this is entirely co-incidental to the insane accusations of an incurable, unknown plague. It is nothing at all that the Healers cannot address in the proper course of their other, higher priority duties.

However, this does mean that the mudblood recall may be adjusted to ensure that no threat is passed on to any subjects of the Protectorate.

Court at Buckingham proved almost entertaining this afternoon. The Lord Protector reviewed several petitions with His customary sense of poetic justice. Intrigued by the request for six blocks of New London, near Rotherhithe, for new warehousing including a direct Floo to Ramsgate in order to more easily shift the petitioner's merchandise. Also amused by the complaint levelled against a particular landlord in a rather notorious halfblood neighbourhood. In addition to the expected allegations (high rents, small flats, noise, insufficient heat, etc.), the plaintiff cited 'unpleasant neighbours' as a fault of the owner!

Ned began his internship this week; have promised to take him to luncheon to-morrow after meeting with Dolores, to hear his impressions of the work thus far. Understand that Narcissa's niece has somehow managed to hang on to a measure of the appointment she secured here, though from what I am told, it is doubtless due to some charity on the part of Pearson and her other superiors. To hear Warrington tell it, only one thing distinguishes her more than her hair colours, and that is her clumsiness! He even attempted to lay the blame on Nymphadora for the utter loss of the initial tuberculosis report, saying she had overturned a beaker of tea onto it. Have not
seen her myself, of course, since her evenings were reduced, but somehow do not find the accusation hard to believe. Recall her knocking over a Vitalverdic Vase at the Prewett home, following the funeral; had to intervene with Walburga rather quickly while Rodolphus repaired the thing.

It would never occur to him to actually care about the conditions in which the slum lords make their tenants live, would it?

And as for my cousin .... Well, from what Moony says we can't deny that she's a bit of an erumpent in a china shop. But I can't say I like that snob laughing at her exploits.

Pillock.

Any word on how smoothly the orientation of the new muggles proceeded? I will admit some strong reservations about the long-term viability of that particular resource, though it certainly seems worth a try. There are plenty more where those came from, after all.

As one might expect, some responded more easily than others. I understand that our friends made additional supplies available to ensure co-operation and docility. According to Dolores, a fair few required obliviation to avoid inciting themselves to wholesale revolt or self-harm.

Ned and I are leaving for luncheon in a few minutes; if you are free, you'd be welcome to join us. We can discuss the long-term solutions
in more detail, as I'm sure that will be of great interest to him, as well.

**alt_selwyn** at 2009-11-19 17:34:52  
*(no subject)*

If it weren't for the wizarding manpower required I'd wholeheartedly endorse obliterating the lot; surely that would solve quite a few problems right there.

I had a luncheon meeting scheduled but just got word it's off; I'll come find you and Ned.

**alt_lucius** at 2009-11-19 17:42:21  
*(no subject)*

We are just heading to the entrance hall now.

**alt_arthur** at 2009-11-19 17:51:04  
*Order Only*

'additional supplies available to ensure cooperation and docility.'

What the bloody hell does that mean?

Bill? Any ideas?

**alt_bill** at 2009-11-19 17:51:32  
*Re: Order Only*

No idea, Dad. I'll get the analysts on it.

**alt_sirius** at 2009-11-19 18:33:26  
*Re: Order Only*

Arthur, I know you said you weren't able to ask questions or see anything when you visited the camps, but was there anything in your orders that could explain Malfoy's cryptic comment?
Who's in charge of 'orientating' the Muggles? Maybe someone working for him or her can be enticed to say what they're doing?

@alt_arthur at 2009-11-20 03:06:47
Re: Order Only

I'll see what I can find out.
Mum sent me an owl and said I ought to write more in this, so here we are. It's been quite busy here with lots of lessons going on and loads more homework than we had last year! I know we've got to get ready for when we do OWLs and NEWTs by learning stuff now, and I know from last year how soon the end of year tests just sneak up on you without you even realising that it's almost time for them! But I'm doing loads of work already. I didn't get started early enough last year so I'm writing up my notes from lessons so I can use them for revision later. Wayne says I'm being mad doing it all so early and even thinking of exams, but I reckon it's better to start too early than too late.

It's getting really cold and horrible outside. It's raining like anything and the castle's a bit draughty, or it feels like it anyway, and people are still getting colds and flu like I had a few weeks ago. Some of the firsties are being a bit silly about being homesick too. I saw a girl crying in the corridor near the library the other day, but she ran off when I went over to see if she was okay.

I remember being away from home last year, it was a bit scary at first and sad because I didn't see my mum and dad and brothers very often. But it's nearly Christmas, so there's nothing to worry about really. And Christmas here at Hogwarts is pretty wizard! So the firsties don't need to get so upset about it all. I suppose they don't know that though.

I know what you mean about the firsties. I heard there was one girl who just sat down half-way up one of the moving staircases and wouldn't budge. Just sat there all day until Dawlish came and gave her detention for making a nuisance of herself. Oh, she was maybe from your House, yeah? Is that right?

I dunno, though. I'm going a bit mental myself with all the rain and being stuck inside. Least I'm not mad enough to have started revising for OWLs yet, though! You're having us on about that, right?
Not revising for OWLs yet, mate! That'd be totally mad! I'm just getting stuff ready for revising for this year's end of year exams. It's only a few months after all. I don't want to get caught out again!

I don't know if that firstie was one of ours. It could be. I didn't hear about that though. They've all gone a bit funny, from all the Houses. I don't know which House that girl I saw was from, I didn't get a very good look at her. I don't think she was ours though. Might've been one of yours.

I hope it stops raining soon so the firsties will cheer up. And everyone else too.

Yeah, everybody does need cheering up. My brother Percy's getting really annoying, and it doesn't help he's convinced there's something seriously wrong with Ginny. The twins think she just needs a little jollying up like the rest of the first years, so they keep hiding round corners to scare her to death when they pop out in front of her, and Percy's about to murder them for it.

And if that's not enough madness, last night after dinner, Psyche Bobolis, she's one of our Prefects, y'know--anyway, when we'd all got back to the Common Room and everybody was playing Snap and Chess and whatever, Bobolis comes in, arguing with Dana Kirke about something and they march up to Althea Deverill and just tear into her. And then they're all yelling, but Bobolis is just totally going shouty crackers at the other two. Anyway, Hooper and Percy got in the middle and made them all stop, but then Bobolis takes twenty House points from both of them! From Hooper and Percy, and they're both Prefects, too. Not that House points matter much for us Gryffindors; it's not like we're going to win the Cup or anything, anyway. But still taking that many points from your own House?

It was completely mental.
What was Bobolis shouting at Deverill for?

Well, nobody could tell last night, could they? But Towler was just telling me he thinks it's because of that thing the Head Girl was sending out invitations for. That St Mungo's thing for sixth and seventh years?

Only I guess Sandoval and Psyche Bobolis really hate each other, I mean, really have it in for each other, right? And Bobolis thinks Deverill took her diary and showed Sandoval some stuff Psyche wrote about her.

And anywiz, Bobolis didn't get invited. I mean, Deverill didn't either, but I hear that's because she was selling those potions last spring to people studying for exams. But Bobolis is a Prefect and everything. Except, I guess it's Sandoval's mum who's organising the group and so she can invite whoever she wants and not invite people she doesn't.

Oh, and Towler says Bobolis is cheesed off at Kirke because she's joining the thing even though Bobolis didn't get invited and they're supposed to be friends.
Regulus, I've found the most perfect fancy dress robes for you for next week. You simply must make room in your busy schedule for a fitting at Madam Arkady's on Monday or Tuesday - she is expecting you to drop by.

I'm dashing off to the hall to review the menus with the chefs. The decorations are being delivered on Monday as well; I expect I'll be able to give a little direction as to their placement today while I'm there.

Lucius and I are going to the theatre tonight and we've a luncheon with the Council at Buckingham tomorrow. Regulus, will we see you there? If not, perhaps you'd like to meet for tea in town when you come in to see Madam Arkady.

Walburga sent an interesting note, which Lucius and I discussed over breakfast. She wants Miss Parkinson to visit over the holidays - to see for herself, she says, how the young lady has progressed this year. The interview ought to be amusing, though I daresay Lucius is hardly in a position to dictate Miss Parkinson's movements since he rescinded his status as her guardian last spring. We talked about whether he ought to forward Walburga's owl to Rosalind, but I believe it will be better to tell Walburga to write to her directly if she wants a chance to see the girl.

Lucius did remark that he's pleased with Miss Parkinson's reformation, as indeed, am I, I must say. But then I'm sure Rosalind's own improved health has much to do with it: children are so sensitive to unhappiness in the home.

I should be able to arrange that, cousin. I'm on pins and needles with anticipation to see what you and Madam A have dreamed up for me.

Hopefully she'll be able to let out the robes you've selected; I'm afraid there may be more of me after the caramels you sent this week. Very kind of you. I enjoyed them most wickedly.
And I did receive a summons for the luncheon, so, yes, I will see you and Lucius there. I hope that doesn't rule out having tea in town during the week. You could come along for the fitting and advise us.

**alt_narcissa** at 2009-11-21 21:35:39
(no subject)

I've no doubt that you exaggerate - besides, you've been so thin lately that you could give Letitia Calderwood a run for her Galleons.

If you wish to combine your fitting and our tea, then it shall have to be Tuesday. I'm at St Mungo's in the morning but thereafter free to see to it that you are well and truly turned out for the occasion.

**alt_regulus** at 2009-11-21 22:09:26
(no subject)

Ugh. Letitia Calderwood takes thin to places it was never meant to go.

Tuesday it is. Shall I collect you at St Mungo's, then? I'm rather afraid to go alone to Madam Arkady's, truth be told.

**alt_narcissa** at 2009-11-22 03:36:18
(no subject)

She won't eat you, cousin. Madam Arkady, that is. I fear Letitia Calderwood will hardly let two bites of anything past her lips.

But yes, why not collect me at St Mungo's? It gives me a convenient escape, in the bargain.
As for Mother, if she can't be dissuaded, then I think you're quite right to tell her she must ask the girl's mother herself.

Poor thing. I suspect she'd rather chew off her own foot than return to Mother's trap.

Or am I just projecting?

Oh, now I think you are exaggerating. Your mother's tutelage was the making of that child, if you ask me. Not even Lucius's interest seemed to provide her any self-control before we gave her over to Walburga's attentions.

She still tends toward impertinence, but the way the likes of you and Lucius fall under her spell, I'm not at all surprised. Doubtless Rosalind has taught her more than enough in the arena of bending men to her will.

Well. I haven't a leg to stand on in a discussion of childrearing, though I will say that Mother's methods are not now what you remember from when we were small ourselves. She has grown a good deal more... severe, shall we say? And rather more... shrill.

As for Miss Parkinson's supposed powers to bend men to her will, on that point, I must return your charge of exaggeration. (I can't imagine why you always suspect me of exaggerating, cousin.) At any rate, what I find refreshing about the girl--charming, if you will--is that her behaviour is not yet marred by the wheedling,
manipulative affectations that make so many adolescent girls such a nightmare.

@alt_narcissa at 2009-11-22 05:27:54 (no subject)
Perhaps. Or perhaps I remember a different side that you saw in your mother more rarely.

Regarding Miss Parkinson, I shall have to take your word for her unspoiled nature. I will only say, cousin, that you'd do well to take heed of Lucius's warnings. I should hate to see you come under accusations anything like her mother's ludicrous allegations last spring.

@alt_lucius at 2009-11-22 18:20:14 (no subject)
There is no need to fret on Miss Parkinson's behalf. An hour or two for tea hardly corresponds to re-entanglement in Walburga's web.

I am sure you will agree that even your mother does not exert her influence unduly. As our young friend has seen the error of her previous course, she has no reason to fear an unprovoked action.

And I am equally sure I agree with you as to her character, though I will point out that as yet she does not suspect in you a benefactor, only a curiosity. The wheedling and manipulation are, I fear, inherent in any child. But at least you are correct that Miss Parkinson's fancies are entirely chaste - if not entirely innocent.

@alt_regulus at 2009-11-22 18:42:46 (no subject)
A benefactor? That's not even exaggeration so much as grasping the wand by the wrong end.

I suppose you're having a laugh. Well, do go on.
Well, exactly. You are not now, nor are you likely to be, in a position to provide any sort of support.

Not that the child is a beggar, nothing of the sort, but I am sure you are familiar with the pattern evinced when children sense that the adults around them have the power to grant or deny their wishes.

Hello, Aunt Narcissa.

I enjoyed spending time with you and Lucius at the Quidditch match very much, even though it got a little crazy towards the end.

I've been working very hard on trying to be on my best behaviour so far this term, and I'm glad that you're pleased. I very much want to make you and Lucius and mum and Mrs. Black happy.

I'll be waiting for Mrs. Black's letter.

Yes, your Uncle Lucius has had no cause to complain this year, which is much to the good.

It is of course up to your mother, but if you do go to see Mrs Black I'm certain she will be impressed as well.
looks like we're out of the woods.

we'll give it another week, but we haven't seen any new symptoms in two days. Jacinda is lucid, eating, and fever free. Steve says she's paralyzed her left leg, and she'll most likely have some scarring as well, but the water baths worked for the most part.

Poppy, I'll pass along Steve's report. It's pretty thorough. For the most part, the biggest issues were getting through the fever and keeping her hydrated enough.

He'll stay in isolation for another few days as well, but so far we're okay on that front too.

Other than that, we've got a bunch of worried kids around here. We've tried pretty much everything to keep their minds off of everything, but it's damn hard. Especially with the news about the Saints. One of her stones has still got some colour in it, so we're hoping to hear some good news about her dad.

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Frank, that is such very good news.

I hope you've no further need of your isolation chamber, but I'm well assured that, whatever needs arise, Stephen is well equipped to care for you all.
Ron did you see in Mrs Malfoy's post she said that Mrs Black wants Pansy to come for a visit again? That's the horrid lady she had to spend the holidays with last year. Draco's great-aunt. The one who likes the cruciatus curse almost as much as Professor Carrow.

(You know she's also the mother of Regulus, you know the mad sot with the hook hand who talks all the time about awful secret things he's doing? I don't know why he talks about them all the time given that it sounds like they're supposed to be secret. And she's Sirius Black's mum too. Imagine what their family dinners must have been like.)

Pansy's mum isn't sick like she was last year so Pansy could probably get her mum to forbid her going to see Mrs Black. But she reckons she'll have to go sooner or later so she might as well get it over with.

Anyway Pansy has to say all sorts of dreadful stuff about muggles and muggleborns while she's there and she wants someone to practise with. She asked if I would practise with her because she knows that I know she doesn't mean it. Ron I told her I thought you'd practise with her too but you have to PROMISE to really help her lie, I mean don't flinch when she says 'yes Mrs Black I know that muggles are worse than animals,' it's important that Pansy be able to sound like she means it. She doesn't, you know, she really doesn't, but if she can convince Mrs Black that she only thinks the thoughts they tell her to think, they'll stop paying quite so much attention to what she says. Lucius Malfoy, I mean, and all the rest.

It's important that Mr Malfoy and everyone else just take it for granted that Pansy is a good pureblood who does as she's told and thinks as she's taught. It's really important, because if they start again to think she DOESN'T they'll try a lot harder to make her believe. Also they might not believe she really means it when she starts saying the right things.
Also I really really REALLY hope it stops raining soon. The Slytherin common room is lovely and there's always a fire and nearly always something nice to eat. But Pansy and I can't talk freely there. Nor in our dorm room unless Millicent and Daphne aren't there and we're certain they're not coming up the stairs.

I should look to see if there's some charm that would let us know they're coming, that would help at least.

Uh, no. I didn't see that. I guess I probably skipped over it. All she usually writes about is parties and lunches and people I don't know.

Did Mrs Black really use the Cruciatos on Pansy? And the Malfoys just let her do that? What is the matter with those people? Honestly! Did they do Crucio on Malfoy when he was naughty growing up? I guess that might explain a lot about how he got to be such a nasty tempered git. (Yeah, yeah, I know. You don't want to me to say anything about Malfoy.)

Actually, what I really want to know about those people is how come Pansy seems to think that Regulus bloke is so interesting. She's always turning up in his pages and talking to him. What's up with that?

But, yeah, I guess I can help. It'll be like you two teaching me to say sorry for stuff when I don't mean it. So she has to talk like Malfoy and Patil and Carrow, huh?

So where should we meet? And when? Tomorrow afternoon I told Towler I'd play chess, but he can always get somebody else. Do you want to meet after lunch, then?
It's not urgent. Mrs Black wants to see her during the holidays and those are weeks away still.

And yeah I might have skipped Mrs Malfoy's entry too but Pansy told me about Mrs Black wanting to see her so I went back for a closer look. You should read it, Mrs Malfoy goes on and on about how good it was for Pansy to spent last winter hols with Mrs Black. Mr and Mrs Malfoy KNOW she used crucio on her but Mr Malfoy told her she deserved anything Mrs Black did to her.

I keep having to check to see what your other questions were.

Yes, the Malfoys knew and let it happen, in fact Mr Malfoy sent her there as punishment last Christmas because he meant for it to happen. What is the matter with them? Well I think Mrs Black has a lot in common with Professor Carrow though. I mean I think she quite enjoys being dreadful. I think Mr Malfoy thinks it's for Pansy's own good.

I'm sure Mr and Mrs Malfoy never used cruciatus on Draco ever. But when Harry does something wrong it's Draco who gets punished. I don't think he's ever been punished with cruciatus but it was always a possibility.

I think Pansy finds Regulus so interesting because Mrs Black is his mum and I think he doesn't much like her either. And Pansy's allowed to talk to him. She's not really supposed to talk to Sirius and I think she talks to Regulus because it's as close as she can get without making Mr Malfoy suspicious.

And yes she has to talk like Patil. That would be perfect.

We can probably find an empty classroom some evening. If it ever stops raining maybe we can meet by the lake.
Oh.
Okay, then.

But wait.
If she's got to practice so she's good at it, shouldn't we start now and keep working on it? It's not like she just needs to do it once right before she leaves for hols, is it?
2009-11-22 13:00:00
Totally Wizard!

I got a letter this morning at breakfast from my brother Charlie, but I didn't want to read it then in front so I only just pulled it out and had a look and it was d'you know what he says?

He's coming to Hogwarts next weekend for the YPL meeting!!

I guess Professor Sinistra invited some people who work with dangerous creatures, so Charlie's coming to talk about being a dragon handler!

How dead awesome is that?!!

Anybody know if there's a sign-up list yet?

alt_ernie at 2009-11-22 18:31:38
(no subject)

Dragons?? Wizard!!

alt_ron at 2009-11-22 18:55:25
(no subject)

I know, right??!

alt_pansy at 2009-11-22 21:29:07
(no subject)

I don't suppose he's allowed to bring a dragon with him, is he? Still, that's pretty wicked cool.

I'll bet he has all sorts of great stories.
Yeah, I saw Corner this afternoon, and he was over the moon about maybe having a chance to see a dragon. Says he never gets to see any of the interesting stuff!

But I don't think there's much chance, really. I mean, it's pretty hard to move dragons around safely--y'know without having them get away and go off terrorising the countryside and all.

But I don't know. Maybe he can bring a hatchling. 'Course some people here have already seen one of those, but the rest of us haven't.

Ooooh. That would be pretty wizard.

Are you going to be able to spend any time with him at all while he's visiting?

I wish I had a cool older brother.

I dunno. Maybe at lunch before the meeting or dinner after. I don't know whether he's staying over.

I guess that's one thing about having so many brothers. They can't all be Percy, yeah?

Hey!
Well, you're not likely to end up taming dragons, are you? You've got to admit Charlie's the one with the really wizard job.

What does the other one do? You have another one right I'm not all mixed up?

Oh, you mean Bill? He's the oldest one. Well, he started out working at Gringotts as a curse breaker, but then the Ministry offered him a job and so he's there now.

Wow, that really is wizard, Ron! I can't imagine how brave you'd have to be to work with dragons. (I wonder if there are many really successful dragon handler who aren't Gryffindors?)

Yeah, Charlie's pretty tough. And he's amazing on a broom, which you've totally got to be to survive very long working around dragons!

(Heh. You know what Sally Anne's going to say about that!)
Alt_neville  at  2009-11-23 02:54:20
(no subject)

I reckon it's one career option I can already cross off my personal list. (It'll be dead cool to hear about it, though.)

Alt_sally_anne  at  2009-11-23 04:36:23
(no subject)

Ha that is a good point, Longbottom. I would love to see a dragon but I'd be happier if I could see it from far enough away it can't bite me.

Alt_sally_anne  at  2009-11-23 04:37:29
(no subject)

That is completely wizard. I can't WAIT. Do you really think he might bring a baby one? Maybe? Even if he doesn't and we just hear him talk about dragons that'll still be loads better than really nift.

Alt_ron  at  2009-11-23 05:12:15
(no subject)

Yeah, I really don't know if he'll be bringing anything live. I'm not really sure when dragons hatch. There may be a season or something, but maybe they're like chickens and can lay any time. But even just the kit he wears to work in is really amazing: it's leather that's been made really tough but still flexible, like armour almost, and it keeps him from getting burned and is decent at protecting if a dragon thumps him with its tail or grabs him off his broom with its claws or whatever.

Even so he's got some really wicked scars. Maybe he'll show some of those!
Your brother Charlies coming to talk about dragon handling? WIZ-NIFT!

Yeah. I think you'll really like Charlie. He's got all sorts of really great stories about stuff he's done, and he knows all about the history of dragons all over the world.

Weasley, the list will be up on Professor Sinistra's door first thing tomorrow morning.

I look forward to hearing your brother's presentation.

Hello, fish head.

Did you go sign up yet? For the talk thing?

Very funny, tuna lips.

I did sign up. This morning.

Want me to go with you and watch while you sign up? I could mock your fishy penmanship.
alt_pansy at 2009-11-23 22:33:43
(no subject)

Ha ha. I may write like a fish, but you smell like one.

Sure, the more the merrier. I'm making my way there as we speak. As we write? You know.

alt_ron at 2009-11-23 22:38:09
(no subject)

You'll smell me before you see me, then, I reckon.

alt_pansy at 2009-11-23 22:41:09
(no subject)

Hah! No doubt.
Mr Rosier reminded me to write again

I write to Mr Rosier every week but when he owled me yesterday he said I ought to write in my journal more often. He says that even though he knows what I’m up to because of my owls, there are other people who might be looking for my entries.

I asked Mr Rosier after Hallowe’en about the Chamber of Secrets and what ‘enemies of the heir beware’ might mean. He wrote back and told me the same story Binns told in class, except I think he believes it really exists. He was in Slytherin House after all and I think he believes that if anyone could build a secret room no one ever would have been able to find it was Salazar Slytherin.

But he also told me he doesn't believe anyone at the school at the moment would truly be considered Slytherin's Heir, so the chamber couldn't have been opened and it's just someone using the legend to get away with mischief. But he doesn't reckon I have anything to worry about even though I'm in Gryffindor.

And then when everyone was going on about a muggle plague in the camps I asked him about that. He said that muggles often get sick because they're weaker than wizards. There's been a lot of illness at Hogwarts this year, people getting flu and colds and so on. So it stands to reason the muggles would be getting the same sicknesses but getting sicker because their weak.

He also explained part of the problem is you can't just give potions to muggles. If you do they'll get better, but then they'll get sick again. If you leave a sick muggle be then either they'll die or they'll get better. And the ones who get better will be stronger and probably better able to work and certainly they'll be less likely to get sick next time.

With wizards of course we don't get sick as often. But you also don't want to risk losing a wizard to something silly like numonia because there just aren't that many wizards. If muggles ever become scarce he says then we might have to found a Save the Muggles League but he doesn't reckon that will happen for about a thousand years. If ever.

History club was wizard this week and not just because of the cake. Because people were talking about sick muggles, me and Padma went
and found books about the REAL muggle plague, the Black Plague from the middle ages. That sickness was bad for the wizards too because we didn't have as many potions back then. But finally this wizard in Bohemia named Albertus realised it was carried by fleas. And he knew he had to let EVERYONE know so he sent owls everywhere he could think of to tell wizards to do a flea-banishing charm.

A wizard in Saxony had an idea to help his muggle neighbors by banishing all the rats that carried the fleas, from their whole village. But then later the muggles accused him of stealing their children, which goes to show why it's dangerous for wizards to help muggles!

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@alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-23 16:49:32

I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Does he just believe everything Mr Rosier tells him whether or not it's obviously rot?

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@alt_ron at 2009-11-23 18:26:10

Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Huh? Which part?

About the Chamber or about the Muggles not being able to take potions?

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@alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-23 18:29:00

Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

About the muggles not being able to take potions and all the business about how they'll just get sick again because they're SO different from wizards.

If you put a bunch of wizards in a filthy camp and didn't give them enough to eat they'd get sick too.
alt_ron at 2009-11-23 19:19:04
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Well, yeah, I expect they would get sick just like the Muggles have done.

But I thought there were diseases Muggles get that we don't and ones we get that Muggles can't get. Isn't that true? And my dad said Muggles had different kinds of Healers than we do, so are you sure that our potions work on them?

alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-24 04:32:54
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

There are a lot more diseases that both wizards and muggles can get. And wizard healing works on muggles, it's just we don't usually give it to them.

Muggle potions work on wizards too. Way back before the Lord Protector took over, my Dad took the potion muggles make for pneumonia because he said it tasted less wretched than the potions for it. Or at least my mum said he did. And I've even been vaxinated, that's where they put a potion in you with a needle, which sounds barbaric but my mum swore it means I won't ever get

I can't remember what it is I won't ever get, but it sounded nasty. My mum took me for muggle vaxinations when I was tiny even though we were a wizarding family. She thought they were a good idea even for wizarding children.

alt_ron at 2009-11-24 12:02:26
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

What do you mean they put it inside you with a needle?
alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-24 15:12:30
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Well honestly I'm not sure. I don't remember it and my mother's explanation never made that much sense.

alt_neville at 2009-11-24 18:04:51
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

I've heard of that, actually. My Gran helps out at the soup kitchen at Wyre every couple weeks, and she sometimes takes Evelyn with. Evelyn told me about it, that once the muggles were standing in line waiting for the soup started talking about it, and Evelyn got curious and started asking questions. They put the potion in this sort of tube with a hollow needle sticking out the end. Then they stick the needle into your arm (!) 'cause it's real sharp and then there's something that pushes the potion out of the tube through the needle under the person's skin. It sounds just awful, don't it? Evelyn said she had a nightmare the night after she learned about it. But she said the muggles she heard talking were worried because they couldn't get those needle treatments. It keeps them from being sick, and muggles have used them for ever so long, hundreds of years, but now that wizards are in charge, the muggles aren't getting those treatments.

alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-24 21:57:51
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Right, muggles set a lot of store by those particular potions. That's why my mum mentioned it to me -- she said that no matter what happened at least I'd had my vaccinations. I think this might have been before we realised my magic had shown itself so she was fretting I'd be a muggle too. If you're a half-blood and you don't have magic I think they just say you're a muggle rather than a squib, not that it matters all that much.

I'm glad I don't remember it though as it sounds pretty
It stands to reason muggle potions wouldn't hurt wizards. Because if you think about it my mum was is a wizard but she didn't know it until she was eleven, since back then muggleborns got to come to Hogwarts but they didn't tell them until it was time to start. She got the same potions as any other muggle those first eleven years and I reckon if she got sick on holiday her mum and dad just took her to a muggle healer, not St Mungo's.

Save the Muggles? Really? That would be odd.
I'm just checking quickly in between lessons--Mondays are so dreary--but I'm glad we found those books, though, because you're right, it was really interesting.

I'm meeting Parvati later to go over our Astronomy charts for tonight. D'you think you might want to come along? (Belinda and Morag don't, for some reason.)

I reckon he was joking about that. Anyway yeah I could come revise astronomy with you and Parvati.

I wonder if mudbloods can only have some potions? Because my mudblood got ill and she had potions just like me.
Well, didn't that Mr Selwyn just say that muggles would improve if they're taking our potions, but then they'd just get worse again?

It must be that the potions work on anyone who has magic, whether or not it's stolen magic.
A quiet evening at home is a lovely, decadent thing. Especially such a rainy one when inside it's snug and warm.

I've been working all week at sorting through the boxes from Aunt Prewett's, but I'm nearly finished. I've set the armour to stand guard beside my breakfast table lest anyone steal my toast of a morning.

Now I think of it, most of the items were actually Uncle's--a rather wicked-looking poignard, for instance, and a silver shaving set. (I've been pondering what might happen if its charms have gone wonky at all.) Best of all, there are a great load of books. Inspired Strategies of Death-dealing Duellists by Esme Meretriste seems the most entertaining of them, but there are some real gems in the lot--ancient, obscure, idiosyncratic and utterly ingenious books of history and spellcraft and theory. There's a bit of philosophy in the mix, a medieval navigational manual, and a set of Senecan tragedies with very fine bindings.

One of the boxes contained an interesting assortment of oddments that must have been left at the end of the divvying up:

item, one ball self-tying twine;
item, one murderous thimble that jabs poison into the wearer's finger;
item, one well-worn pack playing cards missing three of its four jacks;
item, one fruit bowl, unwashed;
item, one flask doxy venom;
item, one absinthe spoon inscribed 'Hotel Churn, Cirencester';
item, one long shoe lace (unless it's really a garrote);
item, one chipped desktop espial globe;
item, one bone or ivory cigarette holder etched with ivy design;
item, one lady's hat, chartreuse with peacock tail.

Oh, yes, and one silver button.

I believe I'll take Salazar's Sapience to bed with me; it's a page-turner so far.
Sounds like you've got quite a lot of booty, Pirate.

I think you'd look quite funny in the peacock feather hat. Perhaps it would suit the suit, though.

The book does sound interesting. Salazar Slytherin has been quite a topic of discussion around here lately. Does it have anything in there about his Chamber? And what's a Sapience any way?

It is quite a lot of treasure. Really more than I have room for.

Thank you for saying so. I did try it, but it wasn't quite my colour. You may have something there about the armour. I'll ask him in the morning whether he mightn't like to give it a try.

Ah, sapience. It's a rather archaic and pretentious word for wisdom. The early chapters are about things Slytherin's thought to have said, like 'Muggles breed pestilence' and 'A bloodline once debased can never be re-ennobled' and 'Immortal renown to any who will bring me the heart of Gryffindor on a pike!' and 'Bugger these goblins if they can't take a joke' and 'Sssssssssthththththththththththshhh!'--that sort of thing, interspliced with anecdotes about his life and times.

I will certainly let you know if I find anything at all about this secret Chamber he's meant to have built. So far, alas! there's been no mention of it.

You are quite a jolly Pirate right now, aren't you!

Were you always this irreverent?

It's sort of odd to think that he was an actual person, with
thoughts and feelings, and not just an idea. I mean, I know he was a real person and all, but he's been built up as being so grand and magnificent and symbolic, it's hard to imagine him doing everyday sorts of things like eating or going for walks or washing up. I wonder what it would've been like to have a conversation with him. I'd bet he was frightfully serious about everything.

"Socks must always be perfectly matched. If they are not, it is an insult to WIZARDOM. And, furthermore, the colour of one's shoes should never, EVER clash with one's belt. Horrors!"

Do let me know what you find out.

alt_regulus at 2009-11-23 19:00:42
(no subject)

You find me irreverent? Hm. Well, I suppose it depends what you mean by 'irreverent': I've always been quite serious about somethings and rather less impressed with others. Those opinions have not always coincided with others' ideas, though I'd have said that in all important respects I have my priorities in order. A certain brother of mine would disagree with that, of course, and Mother would only grudgingly agree these days. That's why I say it comes down to what you mean when you use the sort of loaded terms that people use when passing judgement.

And so, of course, it depends what you mean by 'clash': I suspect for Slytherin it meant 'red, gold, blue, and yellow are gauche and must never, NEVER be paired with silver, green, or black--most especially the red and the gold.'

Still nothing to report on Salazar's Chamber. Last night's chapter was all about his special affinity for serpents. Of all types and sizes. Apparently he had a special suit of mail made in which the links were made to resemble scales; it reportedly allowed him freedom of movement that was unheard of in armour because the whole thing could move in the same sinuous, smoothly undulating snakes do. I can't imagine why it didn't catch on.
Oooh, I didn't mean it to be all that. Only I thought that it's nice that you aren't so deadly serious about everything. And a lot of people I know wouldn't ever dare to poke the slightest bit of fun at Salazar Slytherin. And if you were the sort of person who would have made jokes like that when you were in school, I think I would have liked the school-aged you very much too. That's all, really.

I suppose I should really know a bit more about words before I start tossing them around.

That mail thing sounds dead wizard. Did they have any moving pictures of it? Although if it had arm-bits, I don't suppose it would work as well as it ought, because we tend to bend our arms at angles rather than undulate them. It would work brilliantly on the Giant Squid, though.

I don't know that you would have thought much of me when I was in school. I went through quite a serious phase starting in sixth year, but then we all did, really. Things seemed very urgent then that are much less so now.

The answer to your question, I should think, depends as much on what sort of person you'd have been if you'd been in school when I was.

And if we're taking all this speculation that far, we may as well wonder, too, what sort of person you'd be today if you'd been in my year and House.

What do you suppose?
They might seem a little less urgent on the outside, but we've got Chambers and Heirs and Carrows to deal with here, thank you very much.

That's a joke.

I see what you mean, though.

I really, honestly don't know what I'd be like today. That could do with some thought. I suppose the easy answer is that I'd be happily planning the St Mungo's Charity Event with Aunt Narcissa, only she wouldn't be my Aunt, of course, she'd be a friend from school. And perhaps I'd even be happily married or engaged to the Right Sort of Person, and naturally, I'd be living in the Right Sort of Place, decorated in the best of taste.

It's probably not the best answer, or even the right one, but making guesses like that can get very, very tricky. Not to mention dangerous. Especially if you write them where other people can see

Of course, you're right, it was unfair of me to put you up to answering that question.

You ought to take your time about that growing older bit. It's far less rewarding than it seems it should be. I mean to say, when I was your age and a bit, I thought I would never, never be grown up enough to make my own decisions and take charge of my own life. And now I see that I had quite an unrealistic picture of what being responsible for oneself amounts to.

So don't let anyone rush you. Least of all me. I've no idea what I was thinking.
It is far easier to see where you've come from and all that once you've already been there, I'd imagine.

The giant squid in armour. Now that's a truly inspired thought. I suppose it would have to have a Never Rust enchantment on.

And I think the benefit of Slytherin's serpentine mail was that it did not require one to move like a toy soldier with pins for his joints. But I take your point. It might be best suited for someone who needed a full and fluid range of movement. Perhaps Slytherin was aiming to outfit an army of Veela.

The next chapter may be quite an interesting one!

Well, maybe if the scaley bit were right around the elbows and shoulders and wrists, all the places you usually twist and bend, it would be more practical than if it was all over, maybe?

I don't think Veela need armour. But they would look brilliant in it. Even shinier than usual. Or, well, if he liked snakes so very much, perhaps he was planning on creating an army of cobras and pythons and such.

Well, I will say that the right serpent can be quite a formidable weapon. They have a way of commanding respect.
If by having your priorities in order, you mean
-Regulus
-Regulus' friends
-Death Eaters
-Other Purebloods

and all others go hang, then I suppose you could say they're in order, yeah. You're right that I wouldn't say it, however.

Would be like Sally Slytherin to get himself in a lather about something like colour. Though you and your acquaintances seemed to favour unremitting black, from the boots to the hair to the lacquer to the eyeliner, wasn't it? Wonder what your hero would have thought of that nonsense. Anyway, are you suggesting he'd take the time from a busy schedule of murder and mayhem to coordinate his robes? Sounds more like that effete Lockhart bloke to me. (For what it's worth, Father did have a smoking jacket with red in the pattern. I think even Mother had at least two blue frocks and even one reddish one. but then you'd know what was in her closet far better than I, wouldn't you? )

... I think the other three Jacks might be found in Uncle Prewett's old things yet. I remember repairing a Snitch with one of the cards, and didn't he once shrink one down to stand in as the portrait in a broken pocketwatch for--oh, I don't know, some game you were playing. Or we were. I've no idea where the third one is. Perhaps a bookmark?

Your list of my priorities leaves out the only One of any importance. If there is any second place to make it properly a 'list', then second place goes to family. Not that you've any concept of that beyond mocking our Parents' sartorial tastes.

Or have you let slip some nostalgic feeling for Uncle's playing cards? I could send them along if they mean something to you.
Oh, all right. I'll give you the fact that the kohl and paling powder look suited others better than it did me.

alt_sirius at 2009-11-23 22:53:54
(no subject)

You know, I considered putting him on the list, but then your lot are supposed to be so cowed you can't even bear to use the name he chose for himself, can you?

As for the cards, no sentimentality whatsoever, brother. Just wouldn't wish you to think you'd been cheated out of any part of the inheritance.

alt_regulus at 2009-11-23 23:02:03
(no subject)

What are you on about? He wills that He be addressed as 'Lord Protector' or 'My Lord', and His will commands.

I suspect the cards were a bonus rather than a proper bequest. I'm as content with 49 cards as with 52. It's a rather dodgy deck, in any case. The backs have a bunch of doxies cavorting on a plant that looks rather a lot like deadly nightshade.

alt_regulus at 2009-11-23 22:13:55
(no subject)

And you know, now I think of it, I nicked the hair dye off you. And the boots, for that matter. At least they were well broken in.

As for the lacquer and eyeliner, I feel certain you and your mate, Potter, got there long before I did. Not to mention the hair spiking and the studded wrist braces. You two were right ghoulish for a month or three.

Didn't really stick with it, though. Which speaks volumes about
you. Both of you. Not very steady, really. Not what most girls' parents would call good value.

**alt_sirius** at **2009-11-23 23:02:45**  
(no subject)

I know you nicked the boots. You were always a miserable little copycat - and you were always helping yourself to my things. Couldn't have your own sense of style, even then, could you? But the dye? Never. James's hair was already black, you berk. As for me, I had no interest in making my hair look like Snivellus', thanks.

And why do you think I only did it over a summer, hm? We were having a bet on, to see how long it would take you to come running in behind us.

I see nothing's changed. Trying to get a twelve-year-old to build you up, so you can feel better about yourself, are you? Not healthy, Reg. Not in the slightest.

**alt_regulus** at **2009-11-23 23:22:03**  
(no subject)

Not a bit bitter, are you?

**alt_narcissa** at **2009-11-23 23:30:03**  
(no subject)

Oh, do stop, Reg. It's like tapping one of those wand-started monkeys, you know he will never stop whilst you give him any reason to continue.

**alt_sirius** at **2009-11-24 02:59:29**  
(no subject)

Only in the measure of my disappointment, Reg. Only bitter disappointment.
I can see where you got your irreverence from, Pirate. In a non-judgmental way, of course.

You're referring to my so-called sibling there? You can see some family resemblance then?

Truly?

You've met our Mother. Can you trace the line from that generation to this one? No, don't answer that! Really. That way madness lies. And also unpleasantness at tea time.

Much better to say something bracing about my measuring up—or not—to that other bloke.

Well, then. Never in my entire existence have I seen two people that happen to be related be so very, very different.

Oh, that's not bracing enough.

The other bloke is clearly a rabble-rouser and troublemaker, and he most likely eats babies and kittens for brekkie. You, however, do none of those things. At least, not that I know of.

Better?

Ha!

Babies and coddled ducklings, but never kittens.
He's allergic.

So I've completely failed in my bid for Rabble-Rouser of the Year? I suppose there's a month yet to plump up my credentials. You really think I haven't a chance?

@alt_pansy at 2009-11-23 21:50:00
(no subject)

Well, you're behind in Rioting, and can't hold a candle as far as General Mayhem, I'm afraid. You'll have to work on your form a bit. And you haven't got a wax statue at Blackpool, either. So you've got a lot of work to do.

@alt_regulus at 2009-11-23 22:03:09
(no subject)

Oh, well, if you're going to go and bring Blackpool into it, then I suppose I'm right off. But he's been in there for years, so that's not fair to put it in the balance for this year's award, is it?

But I can see the judges are against me. It's always been that way. You'd think I'd be used to it by now.

@alt_pansy at 2009-11-23 22:15:50
(no subject)

Well, it's not the sort of award you'd want to bring home to your mum anyways, so I wouldn't fret over it.

Especially your mum.

@alt_narcissa at 2009-11-23 23:39:08
(no subject)

Reg, really. Must you confuse the poor child?

From what I hear, you've been at more to keep
the peace than to disturb it - as unlike your thrice-horrid brother as possible.

@alt_pansy at 2009-11-23 22:24:40  
(no subject)

Kohl? Really? Are there any pictures of this hair and boots and eyeliner stage? I'll bet you lot all looked like you were in a band or something. I hope you looked as silly as it sounds, because if you did, that would be worth a good laugh or two.

If I end up visiting Mrs Black over hols, I may ask her if she has any old photo albums I can thumb through to see for myself.

Never mind. I'm not quite that brave.

@alt_regulus at 2009-11-23 23:17:17  
(no subject)

Well, next time you want a laugh, you could try the library. That one and his mates left school in '77; I was there a year beyond that.

@alt_pansy at 2009-11-24 02:57:07  
(no subject)

Well, finally, a fun reason to go to the library.

@alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-24 03:00:00  
(no subject)

I know where the annuals are kept if you want me to show you.
**alt_pansy** at 2009-11-24 03:00:22  
(no subject)

Oooh! Something exciting to do after dinner.

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**alt_narcissa** at 2009-11-23 23:33:46  
(no subject)

Oh, I was looking for the shaving set. I thought it might be a nice piece for Draco, once he's a little bit older. Unless you want it for yourself.

Really, I'm not sure what the rest was doing there, though. I suppose you're right and there's always a bit of a muddle at the end of these processes.

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**alt_regulus** at 2009-11-23 23:51:33  
(no subject)

You're more than welcome to the shaving set. I'll send it along tomorrow morning. Are we still on for the afternoon in town, by the way?

I wondered about the number of books that arrived here, too, but Lucius will surely speak for himself if he's missing anything he expected in his boxes.

I don't suppose you'd give us a hint about those robes you picked out? The suspense is tormenting me. It has me resorting to all manner of dodgy conversations in order to distract myself.

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**alt_lucius** at 2009-11-23 23:56:50  
(no subject)

So I see.

I can't tell you much except that I'm grateful it's not me she's pressing into service.

I'm told not to tell you that it's pin
Oh, no you don't!

Never fear, Regulus. It's not pink.

Pin-striped, then?

Pinked edges on the lacework?

Pinch-pleated?

Pinned together with a single large nappy pin?

The mind whirls with the possibilities.

I have regained my quill on the promise that I reveal nothing further.

Also, I'm instructed to correct my statement: Narcissa's is not pink, either. (Apparently there is a difference between periwinkle and pink, and at any rate, she says she had rather Splinch herself than wear pink when Dolores Umbridge is likely to be at the gala. In the first case, I neither knew nor cared about the distinction; in the second, I can readily understand her adamant denunciation of the colour. It certainly looks pink to me, but I am assured I am wrong in this assessment.)
Oh, dear.

I seem to find myself leading someone astray or prodding them on for the third time this evening.

I hate to think what trouble I may be in with Narcissa.

I thought you wanted to be in competition for Rabble-Rouser of the year?

You have me there. I concede.

None of the above.

I promise you will adore it. No need to put yourself on the rack.

I will prepare myself for feeling adoration, then.

Cousin. You raise teasing to new heights, you know.
On the rack? Off the rack?

No, cousin. I'm bespoke.

By any chance was there a copy of Latham's Concise History of the English Wizard in the lot? I also can't seem to find Ignatius' copy of the Travels of Uppsalom or his unabridged Mortus Malleficorum.

I've no doubt that you'll enjoy Meretriste; it was quite a favourite of mine just after I left school.

I know I saw the Latham. I'll have to look for the other two. If I find them, I'll bring them along with me tomorrow.

You know, as events fell out, when I left school there was little time for light reading of Meretriste's sort and less for duelling after his fashion.

If you want the Latham, by all means, keep it. It was only that Draco cracked the binding on mine when he was very young and I remembered that Ignatius' copy had some additional end papers of some interest.

And no, indeed, none of us had leisure by then for idle manuals of style, though you will find, I think, that if one can get past the usual waffle on technique, the parenthetical commentary is highly amusing.
The Minister for Magic has requested that I make a general announcement that she hopes will settle the fears and answer some of the questions regarding illnesses among our muggle labourers.

It was suggested recently by a known enemy of the state that there is a new and dangerous disease spreading among the muggle and mudblood populations; moreover, the suggestion was made that this disease poses a threat to wizarding citizens. This is a lie that was told to stir fears and anxieties and disrupt life in the Protectorate.

In fact, there have been many health problems in the muggle camps this fall, but nothing startling or worrisome. Many wizards have required treatment for flu and colds this year; muggles are not immune to these diseases, and in fact often suffer more severe cases. Moreover flu is extremely contagious and will spread readily from person to person.

While flu is no serious threat to any wizard, it is quite unpleasant. To protect yourself, we suggest use of the bubblehead charm, scourgification spells, and regular handwashing if you must be in close proximity to any muggles who might be harbouring illness. St Mungo's has also made a pamphlet available with useful charms for containing infection and discouraging the spread of illnesses.

Flu may also thoroughly debilitate your muggle labourers. To maintain efficiency among your workforce, we suggest the following precautions for anyone who uses muggle or muggleborn labour:

1. If you permit your muggle labourers to visit muggles at other sites, all such visits must be indefinitely postponed.

2. If you have muggles who become sick, they should immediately be isolated and cared for by other muggles who have already been exposed.

3. Muggles who have recovered and are no longer feverish no longer require isolation, and are excellent candidates for providing care to the sick as they are no longer vulnerable to the contagion. As St
Mungo's is tracking illness and recovery times we would appreciate notification as your muggles return to full health. PLEASE NOTE that while a fever-reducing charm is an excellent way to make an ill wizard more comfortable, it does not make a sick muggle any less infectious. Muggles may not be considered 'recovered' until a day after the fever has gone on its own.

4. If you cannot provide isolation space then you may return your sick muggles to the muggle camps and request a supply of healthy workers from Muggle Domestication. The muggles currently being sent out are being drawn from the reserve pool and may be somewhat disorientated; nonetheless we expect them to perform adequately when given simple tasks.

We will warn you that we cannot guarantee that you will be able to receive the same muggles after they recover, so if you have invested resources in training you may wish to provide their care yourself.

We have also discovered an outbreak of tuberculosis at another camp. Like flu, tuberculosis is no threat to wizard citizens. However, as the potion that cures it tastes rather unpleasant, we recommend the same reasonable precautions as for the flu to avoid exposure. St Mungo's has a brochure on distinguishing tuberculosis from flu. Any muggles with tuberculosis should be promptly returned to the camps. An isolation camp is being established to contain this particular outbreak.

The illnesses this autumn have been thoroughly inconvenient. They are, I hasten to repeat again, NO THREAT TO WIZARDS. However, since we wish our muggle labourers to return to peak efficiency as soon as possible, we would appreciate your cooperation.

Citizens with questions may contact my office or ask them here, though I am extremely busy and cannot guarantee an immediate response. We at Protectorate Affairs do strive for openness and transparency with our citizens.

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@alt_sirius at 2009-11-24 03:02:13

(Order only)

Bollocks.
@alt_mcgonagall at 2009-11-24 03:22:53
Re: Order only
Well put.

@alt_sirius at 2009-11-24 03:36:38
Re: Order only
Isolation camp .... I hope that's not code for a giant graveyard.

@alt_arthur at 2009-11-24 14:52:27
Re: Order only
What a bloody liar!
VIII.

My mother wrote today to say she's already received a great many applications for membership in the new St Mungo's Junior Association. She will be passing those on to the secretary for the Board of Governors, and we should expect to receive official letters of welcome very soon.

Our enthusiasm for this good work has made my mother very happy. I do believe that she's feeling the weight of organising this year's fund raising gala, and she's thrilled to think so many of us are willing to lend our assistance to the preparations at what will doubtless be the rather breathless last stages. Mama put it this way: 'You and your friends will be a welcome infusion of fresh energy just as the committee and I are sure to be feeling quite thoroughly overwhelmed.'

I know I'm looking forward both to the work and to the reward.

We weren't allowed to attend last year's gala, Orion and I. But today's letter included sketches for each of us from some of the top designers our father knows. I'm afraid I'm finding it difficult to decide between two of them, even with the swatches to look at: they're both beautiful in such different ways, and the fabrics and notions are amazing. There's not much time to dawdle over the decision, however. Even if Mama places the order this week, there will scarcely be time to have them ready for a fitting appointment the week we arrive home from school.

Also, and on another note entirely: the sign-up list for next weekend's YPL meeting is filling up on Professor Sinistra's door. As you'll remember, we will be hearing about professions involving the care and control of dangerous creatures, and I gather we will again be hosting several guest speakers. If you haven't signed up yet, Don't delay, do it today!
I still like the high-collared ones best, even if they're both black. Don't your parents want you to have anything with colour? Even a little colour?

Maybe you could get a corsage. My mum makes some corsages that stay on without getting pinholes in your robes - and they open themselves during the evening, you know, so they don't ever get all wilted before the night's even half over. You should ask your mum to see if she'll make you one.

I've all but decided on the high-collared ones. I agree with you, and it will be December, after all. As for colour, well, my father has very particular ideas about what is appropriate for his daughter to wear in public. He's very traditional in an especially Spanish way, you know.

But one of your mother's corsages is an excellent idea. I'll mention it to Mama in my letter tomorrow.

Are there a lot of Spanish traditions that other wizards don't have? I mean, I know we do loads of things slightly differently to a lot of our friends, because we're Kshatriyan.

What's particular about black, then?

Well, I suppose we do have a number of traditions that aren't common here in England.

For instance, the old Spanish families have certain
ceremonies to celebrate their children's arrival and welcome their magic very early in life. Where the first child is a son, there is a special celebration in which all of the male relatives bring charms to place on the baby in order to protect and seal his deep bond to the family. And all children, girls as well as boys, have a naming ceremony on the twelfth day, though I'm not sure it's all that different from what English families do.

Many of us also have a wanding ceremony as soon as our magic manifests; for me, that meant it happened while I was still in my cradle, so I have no memory at all of the day when my wand chose me. Oh, and some Spanish families also practise rituals meant to urge their children's magic to show itself, if a child reaches five or six and has revealed no hints of the magic within.

Papa says that black is demure, and my grandfather says it is the best colour for preserving a girl's modesty. He also says that in his day, Spanish women were not allowed out of their father's houses until they were married. Grandmama rolls her eyes when he says it, though, so I think he's stretching the truth a bit, but really it just means he worries what will become of me when I leave school and take a job and live on my own.

**alt_padma** at **2009-11-24 04:16:44**

*(no subject)*

Oh, we have something similar, too, only it's for anyone. All the women in the family bring charmed figs and banyan flowers and for girls there are silks that represent the virtues and then for boys the men of the family give the baby charmed weapons - you know, arrows, staffs, knives and so on - so that he'll be strong and have potent magic. And everyone has lots of bells to appease the gods so they'll bring the magic right away.

But it's really interesting that you get your wands right away. Do your parents hang on to them for you? Sanji keeps asking for a wand but Dad says he'll just break it if they give it to him now, so they're making him wait until he's 10.

Black is...well, I guess it's all right. Our robes are black, after all. But I think royal blue suits you very well.
And aren't you going to go into the Auror programme? I mean, that's what you told Dames you want to do, right

Oh, of course, our wands are kept safely locked away until we can be trusted to use them well.

Oh, I don't mean to say that I'm expected to wear black all the time, but at a social gathering like the hospital gala, my father would think it most inappropriate for me to wear anything gaudy or self-promoting, and I suppose that if he prefers black, I can wear it. After all, he's paying for the robes!

Yes, I'm definitely hoping to qualify for the Auror programme. It's what I've wanted to do for the longest time--really from the first moment I learned what an Auror does.
Well, the Players are all together again, healthy as can be, and we're needing something to do. We've spent our fortnight of down time repairing and waterproofing all our gear, but now we're at a loss, since our entire performance schedule has been cancelled for the foreseeable future.

Is there any reconnaissance work we can run? Alice and Frank, do you need any particular rare or difficult-to-obtain supplies or potion ingredients that we could run down to earth for you? Remus, do you need anything for your shop, or do you want us to work on finding you any new suppliers? Anyone we should be following (like your brother, Sirius)? Put us to work! If we don't come up with something constructive to do soon, I'm afraid that Emmeline and Benjy will start hexing each other.

Hmm. Perhaps my analysts could use some help.

One sent me something odd this week: two missing persons reports were filed with the Ministry on Monday. A half an hour later, the supervisor to the person who took the reports ordered him to bin the parchment work. No one's going to be looking for the blokes. My informant wants to know why.

Huh. Maybe someone knows they ran afoul of Regulus Black and wants to bury all possible questions?

If you send me the names and addresses, I can see what we can find out.
If you can find him, yeah, it might not hurt to see what the little goblin's up to - but he's cagier than he lets on, Kingsley. He's bloody good at sensing when he's being followed.

On the other hand, he and I both have trouble Apparating, so he's less likely to lose you that way. Maybe Emmeline could discover where that bedsit is, so Moony can rest easier knowing which way to look over his shoulder.

Anyway, we know where he's supposed to be this afternoon - playing dress-up with my socialite cousin - and if I'm reading it right he'll be at her fancy dress auction on Saturday.

If you're that fresh out of missions, yeah - but I've got to say it seems rather a low priority for the Order. Much more worthwhile to see if there's anything to be done to help fan the resistance pockets in New London or wasn't there one the Ministry disbanded up in Spennymoor? I thought I read something about that somewhere. Could be wrong - or there could be nothing left.

Kingsley, now that you mention it, there is something you might look into for me. For us, I should say.

My contact at St Mungo's, Antigone Cantwell, Floo'd me this afternoon. I must admit I felt horridly contrite - she had activated my Floo almost a week ago, and I confess I was in the middle of a muddle at the time. Some half-dozen Hufflepuff girls were in my ward with what appeared to be a bad case of Flummery's Flux; it turned out that they had all eaten transfigured chocolates. I made out something about having been promised by the seller that the bonbons contained no caloric content whatsoever. That may be, but what it *did* contain seemed to be a great quantity of mushroom paste, accounting for the simply staggering diarrhoea experienced by the young ladies. As you can imagine, I was in no position to chat at the time! And then I am sorry to say I quite forgot to return her call.

At any rate, she tried me again this afternoon, when I was blessedly
alone (apart, of course, from my poor petrified patients, Terry Boot not least of the three), and she imparted some very disturbing news.

I admit, I was worried to speak to her again after our last conversation. You see, I feared she might suspect that I had passed on her confidences about the scourge to Sirius (as of course, I had done). I was certain that was the reason for her persistence. It turns out, I was right - she was very concerned about the leak, but had no expectation at all that I was the one who had been the source.

It seems that a mediwitch on her ward, one Fionnula Fitzpatrick, has not reported to work in almost a week, nor has she called in ill. Antigone suspects that Miss Fitzpatrick's absence is evidence that she either was, in fact, the one who informed Sirius, or that she has left to try to make contact with others to force the truth out into the open.

Of course, I was appropriately shocked that Miss Fitzpatrick might be in league with that horrible Sirius Black. But then we both clucked like a couple of old hens at how awful it is that the Ministry must keep the disease a secret lest there be a general panic, and I sympathised with her continued stress in the face of a seemingly unstoppable maelstrom. I'm happy to report that my ability to dissemble does not seem to have suffered for lack of use lately.

Well, my point is that although Miss Fitzpatrick did not, as we know she did not, tell Sirius the the details in his Grim Truth, it looks as if she's done a bunk. And if so, then it might be highly useful to learn to whom she has run with the information.

Bill, I presume that her missing persons' report was not one of the ones your analyst was ordered to bin?

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👤 alt_bill at 2009-11-25 15:44:48
(no subject)

No, that wasn't one of the names. Two men: I've sent the particulars off to Kingsley. Both of them are halfbloods living in New London, if that makes any difference.
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alt_frank at 2009-11-25 18:31:06  
(no subject)

hey, mate

glad to hear none of you got sick. it really is dead nasty. we're clean out of willow and feverfew, and steve said he'd love to get his hands on some boomslang skin, as our stores are running a tad low.

also, Al wanted me to tell you to be on the look out for second hand books -- we have tonnes of muggle stuff from the local library, as well as some general school books from Hogwarts, but they're a bit outdated, so more recent versions would be ace. And we could use some good reference books and the like. magical history, plants, animals, anything would help.

alt_sirius at 2009-11-25 19:11:56  
(no subject)

Frank,

I'll see what I can pass along in the order of books and such, as well.

Boomslang skin is about as difficult to get through the wards as a wand, but I'll try.
Verbal duelling with my idiot brother aside, I have actually been doing some work out here in the wide world. Most recently I've been here in Naples, working on getting some wine and oranges and other holiday produce for imports in time for the season. And wands. I've a line on them, but I think it's best to wait until after the holiday traffic, when things come back to normal. Unless you lot think it should be the other way 'round, and we'll have a better chance when there's an uptick in demand? Let me know - I can go either way.

I heard from Sabola - well, from one of his agents, I should say. Good and bad news.

The bad news is that our source for Javanese cardamom was disrupted. I knew there'd been a bit of a coup in Java, but wasn't sure about how it would affect our cargo until now. I've dug a little deeper in the international news for more information. It seems that the political unrest in Jakarta is fanning out into the countrysides, where our crops are grown, and I guess there was a fire in the warehouse. So no cardamom from there for a while. Also, there's a new customs agent running the border checkpoint at Mbale, which means (I'm told) new bribes. Bit of a hit there - and of course, Sabola says it's to come out of our share (which is patently ridiculous, but not an argument I'm going to win this time. So long as it's not a habit - and someone else takes the hex next time, we'll have to live with it).

The good news is that because of the shortage, Sabola has been forced to look for a new supplier, and he's found one. It's Bengal cardamom, but really, that's to the good as it's more what people expect, anyway. And it's a little less expensive, seeing as how the source is not as far away. So we're getting a break on that. Not quite enough to offset the bribes, of course.

However, there's also a rumour that there's a wizard in Mumbai calling himself a new Prophet, gathering quite a following, I hear. No idea whether he has aspirations beyond wealth and fame, but I can't think otherwise. When did anyone ever build up a cult who didn't want to take over something? So it's anyone's guess whether this chap will cause any ripples that overtake the cardamom crops in South India, either. We'll just have to wait and see.
Oh, and it's possible that Czechoslovakia will be dividing itself into three territories: Czechs, Slovakians, and wizards - so if that happens, Henrich Laszlo will need to get himself back to the Republic to have his (false) parchmentwork and passports sorted. But who knows if it'll go through or not. I've not been following the debates as closely as I ought (to say nothing of the fact that my Czech is limited to only a few phrases and a half-credible accent), so I've no idea how real the possibility is.

However, if it does happen, then the other implication for Laszlo is that it'll be much more difficult to get hold of Ruthenian nogtail eyes - and probably even more impossible to lay hands on flintstone from the Myjavan mountains.

Last, but not least, I've had an owl from Justin Finch-Fletchley! I was dead chuffed to get it; I know the kid took to me, but he's not the sort I'd've expected to write at all. He says he's getting on all right, though reading between the lines he had to defend himself quite a bit at the beginning of the term. He's made a couple friends, at least, who don't seem to mind either that he'd started behind a year or that he's originally British, or even that he's Muggleborn. But he says a few of his teachers do seem to mind it. He mentions a couple by name - there's a Mme DuMetre who can't ever say his name properly (stumbles on the 'ch' and the 'tch', I shouldn't wonder), who never calls on him even when he raises his hand, and there's a M Montrain who's given him almost as much grief as poor Mr Thomas has had at the hands of Carrow. And then, he gets to the interesting part: one of the younger professors, M Froissart, has taken 'quite an interest' in his British pupil. Justin tells me that M Froissart frequently asks him questions about England, British wizarding customs, etc. - none of which Justin can really answer! He's asked me to give him some information to feed to Froissart.

I can't make up my mind whether to tell him how things used to be, or how they are. He has already determined that he should not share his journal with his professor, and for the moment, I quite agree. But the most interesting part is the rumour his fellows told him when he complained of the man's solicitousness: Apparently the students believe that Froissart is to marry a British expatriate witch, living in France.

It's no wonder he wants to know what he's getting himself into!

At any rate, that's the excitement this side of the Channel. While I'm
still here, I've got to get the additional payment off to Sabola before he tries to break my legs or something similarly silly. After that I'll be heading back to the homestead for a bit, just to make sure it's still there. Then Nigel has some engagements in Cannes and Granada before the holidays. Moony, want anything special while I'm out?

Oh, and do let me know about the wands. As I say, I can step things up a notch if we want to slip them through, or hold off until the furor dies down and the customs agents go back to sleep.

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@alt_arthur at 2009-11-25 15:48:15
(no subject)

We always have a crying need for wands, but just as high a need that you keep yourself safe, Sirius. Better that people get them later then never at all because you've been captured.

@alt_frank at 2009-11-25 18:34:02
(no subject)

excellent news about the wands, mate. you and Lupin have a better idea of things, and the more wands we can get the better. we don't need any right now at this instant, so whenever it seems safest to you lot.

I think they'll be more careful during christmas though, might be on the lookout for people shipping things to family that are contraband or whatnot. just a thought.

@alt_lupin at 2009-11-27 20:55:38
(no subject)

I think I'll leave it to your discretion. You always know the right things to get.

@alt_sirius at 2009-11-28 16:16:18
(no subject)

Yeah, I'm a bloody mind-reader. You're the one in the shop, Moony. Anything people are asking for that you can't supply?
I think Frank's right and after Christmas is the time to send the wands through; I just heard about a shipment of fluxweed that got confiscated last week, so they must be on a higher alert.

Do you have any use for loose tobacco? I've got to imagine that pipe tobacco and cigarettes are scarce behind the wards.

And I've got a line on some cotton yard goods, I'll follow up on that.

People don't really ask for anything. They're too scared, Pads, there's a climate of fear over here. No one wants to say anything that could be construed as anti-Protectorate.

We know we're trustworthy, of course, but as far as our patrons know, we could be a front for the Aurors, seeking out insurgents and troublemakers. They don't want to run the risk of asking for teabags and ending up in Azkaban.

Send us whatever you can, and we'll sell it. What we don't have, we need. What we do have is scarce. Everything's welcome.

Sorry, Moony, I didn't realise it was as bad as all that.

I'm home now and I'll dig out the list of embargoed items. That way I can work round it and find alternatives.

I asked Harry what kids want for Christmas this year. I admit I was hoping he'd have an inside-track on some essential item that the shop could provide, but no such luck. He did say he never gets ordinary things like socks, though. So I'm going to do some more looking about. If Sabola is passing off Muggle staple spices as wizard-made, then it stands to reason someone else is repackaging socks and underwear and such as well.
I think we all forget sometimes, as dangerous as our lives are and as much risk as we're putting ourselves in, everyone else here is facing danger too. No one's safe from the whims of the Protectorate, and everyone lives in fear.

I think the children want what children always want, sweets and toys, little things that light up or spin or move or dance and are broken by Boxing Day. They learn to live in fear, just like their parents, but underneath it all, they're still children. The same things still put a light in their eyes.

Harry's a bit of a special case, though. I suspect he gets piles of presents from every corner of the Protectorate. The normal, everyday things with a personal touch would likely mean so much more to him than trinkets or sweets. Will you send him something?

It's maddening to think how complete their control is.

Hm. I'm afraid I'm probably not the best judge of toys and such, since they were thin on the ground for us at Grimmauld Place. But I'll see what I can find. I'd assume the less expensive, the better, so long as it's a reasonable quality.

As for Harry, I'd like to try. Last year of course I sent him something that belonged to him anyway, through Minerva. I suppose I could use the same tactic. I'm sure that if I sent a packet of socks to Buckingham, with or without someone else's name on, there would be a general scandal.
It's a stark reminder of what we're fighting for.

I think cheap and cheerful is best. Children are unpredictable creatures, but it's the parents who are buying, and they just want inexpensive things that will keep their offspring entertained for a few hours.

I'd rather like to see you attempt to send something to Buckingham Palace. The furious outpourings of rage from Lucius Malfoy would be most entertaining. And, in addition to amusing me, it might also prove a suitable distraction from any real presents sent via other routes.

Oh, well, as it's in service of making you laugh, then, cheers.
I've been thinking and I realised I haven't written many entries recently.

I got a parcel from the Strettons today. Or really from Mr Morrison. He's still working for them. His note was very short as he says they're going mad with all the work as they had to send nearly all their mudbloods back, and also on one of their farms the muggles have all gotten sick with flu. Anyway he sent me jam, lots of different sorts -- Belinda and Morag, I'll bring some along when you meet me and Pansy to revise Potions tonight, yeah? Probably the black current and the strawberry and maybe one of the odd ones. There's one that says it's peach, I think it's new as I don't remember a peach sort last year.

Mr Morrison also asked me to send along my measurements as he expects I'll have outgrown last year's clothing.

Let's see. Classes are going alright. Having Professor Lockhart for Transfiguration was very odd. He told me how clever I was, which Professor Carrow never does, but we didn't practise much, mostly we just heard stories. On the other hand I have a lot of ideas now for interesting ways to use transfiguration if I'm ever in trouble. We're back to Professor Carrow and he's a little quieter than he used to be, he doesn't speak to me nearly as often but he'll sit and watch me while we're doing our practical work. Maybe it's just quieter because Thomas isn't in our class anymore.

History club has been very interesting. I was a little doubtful at first because it's always SO boring when Binns talks about it. But, Finnigan and Patil find really good books in the library for us to learn from. Last week we learned about how wizards dealt with the Black Plague, which is a horrid disease that infected both the muggles and the wizards. One of the wizards worked out what was causing it and sent owls everywhere telling everyone else what to do to protect themselves. The Headmaster at Hogwarts at the time got the letter and every student at the school went to work casting scourgification spells that get rid of fleas, and the story goes it worked SO well we still don't ever have fleas at the school, ever, though I guess it doesn't keep away lice as some people had those this autumn.
I signed up as soon as I heard for the YPL meeting where Charlie Weasley is going to talk about dragons. That is SO WIZARD, I mean hearing from healers was interesting and so were aurors but nothing beats dragons.

alt_padma at 2009-11-24 23:04:21
(no subject)

They're revising potions with you again, really?

Huh. I thought Morag said she wanted to revise potions with Linus and me. But, oh, I suppose as you've got jams and all that's bound to attract people.

I've been thinking though, that we really ought to all get a move on revising for exams, since it's almost December already. We had a good group last year. Malfoy, Marvolo, you and Parkinson, Finnigan...maybe we should try that again?

The Ravenclaw Corner bunch are all starting their revising, so it's getting difficult to ask questions. If, you know, I needed to do. Which I don't. Normally, anyway.

alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-24 23:29:18
(no subject)

Well you know Morag, she never looks in her planner so she might have said 'yes' to both of us.

Morag, no hard feelings if you want to go study with Padma and Linus tonight! We'll even save the jam for another night if you like.

alt_neville at 2009-11-25 17:00:20
(no subject)

It'll be dead cool to hear Ron's brother about dragons, that's for sure.

(My last transfiguration class went real badly. We were doing that lesson about multiplying again, and not only couldn't I figure out how to do it, my spells kept dividing the props instead. Broke the pomegranate open and got pomegranate juice all over
everything. That stuff really stains! He said it was obvious that I wouldn't be taking Arithmancy as one of my optional courses next year.)

@alt_pansy at 2009-11-25 18:36:38
(no subject)

Well, if you know that you divide when you mean to multiply, maybe you should just go at it like you really mean to divide, and it'll sort out.

@alt_pansy at 2009-11-25 18:41:43
(no subject)

I think the blackcurrent one is the best out of the lot, you should definitely bring that. And if Morag wants to wait till next time, it'll keep for that long.

I cannot WAIT for dragons. I had a dream I was riding a dragon last night.
**2009-11-25 11:47:00**

*Remembering*

Today would have been my mum's 39th birthday.

Since she died, I've usually not done lessons on this day, but spent it with my dad instead, making him a special tea, with the seedcake he likes best. But while I'm at Hogwarts, that's impossible, of course. But Mrs Weasley said she'd go over this afternoon to bring my dad some seedcake for me, and I sent him a letter to arrive today, that I hope will cheer him, even if I can't be there.

Ways I am like my mother:

I have her hair, and her eyes, dad says. On the other hand, I also have her fingernails. They tend to break easily. And I bite them, like she did. I'm a Ravenclaw like her--well, like both my parents, really. I like lots of the same sorts of books. Angela Whizwart with her Shining Silver Wand series, the Chessy-Casey books, and the Flying Carpet children, although I still don't think any of them are as good as the Tolkien books. Dad said she never read them, and that makes me sad. I think she would have loved them.

I miss her.

I'm starting to forget her a little.

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**2009-11-26 02:12:45**

*alt_molly at (no subject)*

Luna, dear, I had a lovely afternoon with your father. Xeno is well, and sends his love. He was particularly touched by the letter you sent him, which he read aloud to me as we had tea. He misses you, of course--particularly today. But he is busy with the paper as usual and quite excited by some reports he says he recently received about some rather exotic beasties that have been discovered in Cornwall. I couldn't quite follow everything he was saying, as he got quite excited so that his words all but tumbled over one another, but he says he'll be sending you a letter about it soon.

Thank you for the package you sent. I should have more wool to send
to you and Ginny shortly. You seem to have been quite busy with your needles--I hope you haven't been skimping your revising too much from all your knitting!

Arthur and I both send you our love.

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@alt_hydra at 2009-11-27 15:14:27
(no subject)

That's a sad story.
How did your Mummy die?

From,

Hydra

---

@alt_luna at 2009-12-01 03:57:00
(no subject)

She was a charms researcher, and one day things went rather horribly with one of her experimental charms.
I noticed in that post of his that Mr Black (the good one, I mean, not the awful one) was reading a book about Salazar Slytherin, so I went and looked in the library and Madam Pince has a copy. She also had something called *Lives of the Founders* and a really nifty illustrated book about the duel between Slytherin and Gryffindor. So I've got those for us tonight.

Also Professor Binns mentioned Odric the Odious, and it turns out he was one of the first professors who came to teach after Slytherin left. There's no book about him, but there are a few places where he's mentioned in *Hogwarts, A History* and also in *Great Wizards of the Dark Ages*. Since Professor Binns is still telling us about the Dark Ages, it ought to be useful. Has anyone else noticed that the older the history he's telling, the more likely the books are to agree with him?

Oh, and Finnigan, will you bring that book you said you had about Cnut's court wizard? It sounded like there was a whole section on Hogwarts in there, too.

(Has anyone started practising their wand positions for duelling yet? I've been reading up on it in the library.)

Oh! Is the Salazar book still there, or have you taken it out? If you have, I'd like it after you're done.

I checked it out for History club, but if you like you could look at it afterward. If you promise to take it back to Madam Pince and check it out in your own name, that'd be okay, too.
alt_pansy at 2009-11-25 20:22:01  
(no subject)  
I can do that. Thanks.

alt_seamus at 2009-11-26 18:32:48  
(no subject)  
Yeah I can bring it. No problem.  
I tried some of the wand positions but Ron said I looked like a constipated monkey trying to conduct an orchestra. And unfortunately I think he was right. Maybe I'm doing something wrong.

alt_seamus at 2009-11-26 18:33:24  
(no subject)  
And I don't know where Ron ever saw an orchestra OR a constipated monkey but seriously. I really did.

alt_ron at 2009-11-28 15:43:35  
(no subject)  
Yeah, you really did, mate.  
And yeah, I haven't really seen an orchestra, but as for the other, let's just say that I have a fair idea what that would look like after growing up around Percy. Know what I mean?
**2009-11-27 08:12:00**

*Off the bench*

Some people have seen Harry and I coming back from practice with our brooms lately and rightly put two and two together, asking what was ever determined about that mad bludger. It is true that Harry and I have been allowed to fly again, and it's because my Uncle analysed the bludger and figured out that whoever hexed it did it through the box that the bludgers are kept in, and also that it was a hex meant to injure, not to kill anyway. So I guess it really was just about helping Gryffindor to win the match. Bit mental to think that the Slytherin team is seen as such a threat, but also a bit understandable, too, seeing as we won anyway despite the bludger.

Beyond that it seems the only thing to be done these days is revising. I'm getting bored of it all, even if it is a necessity, but at least there's duelling to think about.

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*alt_lucius* at **2009-11-27 19:57:58**

(no subject)

Perhaps we shall be able to find time to practise a little duelling over the holidays. I fear that Professor Lockhart may be ill-inclined to resume extracurricular activities whilst he is paying the penalty for his over-exuberance in attempting to heal Mr Marvolo.

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*alt_draco* at **2009-11-28 18:58:05**

(no subject)

Practising duelling would be brilliant! Especially over hols as there'll be more time for that sort of thing.

I've got even more ideas for my Christmas gift, so I'll put them in my letter to you and Mother. And just think, Father, it's a very generous gift, really, much more for the benefit of others than myself.
Yes, your philanthropy knows no bounds, son.

Draco have you found out about that thing I asked you to find out about?

Draco, darling, your father and I have been talking about the present you requested. Well ... it's not that we don't wish to please you, sweetheart, but it does present rather a push to fit it in over the holidays. Are you certain you shouldn't prefer it for your birthday, or over the summer, when we have a little more time to plan?

Summer is such an awfully long time to wait, though, and I didn't ask for anything else this year. I already have a lot.

Well, we'll have to see. Mother only just finished planning the Witches' Institute party, and we have our own Christmas celebrations.

Will anyone even be available at this late notice?
I already mentioned it to some people and they seemed very keen on coming. Most kids aren't like Harry and me with our scheduled outings and activities during the holiday. They just sit at home waiting for something to do.
2009-11-27 09:43:00  
*Meeting-heavy week*

Seem to have achieved something of a minor miracle: A jaunt to Hogwarts in which nothing particularly disastrous occurred.

Remembering that it was around this time last year when Draco began experiencing discomfort, Narcissa sent some of her remedies up with me. Was able to take tea with the boys and deliver her parcel. Naturally both boys have been overjoyed to return to their team well in time to practise for the next match. Discussed their Christmas lists; Draco’s request was, I must say, something that bears some thought.

The Board of Governors spent some discussion of the Bludger incident, as well, in particular Lockhart’s involvement after the fact, and the subsequent and most unfortunate vigilante action against Madam Hooch’s sister. In the case of the latter, it was clear that the perpetrator acted independently, if precipitously, in some misguided attempt at retaliation. As for Professor Lockhart, he was called before the Board to answer for his assumption of responsibility and agreed to the suspension of two weeks’ salary in recompense. I daresay Mr Vandemar would rather it be a month’s salary, given Lockhart’s outrageous stipend, but even two weeks’ reduction is, one must admit, a relief to the school’s books.

Off to Presto’s board meeting, then Court. Saturday is Narcissa’s auction, to which Regulus has been kind enough to escort her, so have made plans to go with Ari and Cadmus to the club and perhaps elsewhere to-morrow evening.

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**alt_harry** at 2009-11-28 17:05:23  
*(no subject)*

Thank you for having tea with us too. It was tasty. The house-elves bring special treats when you come. Because it is a special occasion.
It is always a pleasure to see you as well, Harry. And I am very glad that Mr Lestrange was able to provide a suitable explanation, so that you can Draco may return to representing Slytherin so admirably.

It's been nagging at me that I couldn't find out more, to be honest. Any sort of schoolboy hex ought to be easy to identify, but this was something altogether different. I'd almost venture to say that it wasn't cast by a wand, but then brewing a potion to achieve the same effect would be massively inconvenient, I'd think. Too curious.
2009-11-28 12:50:00
Quidditch

Like Draco said we're allowed to fly again. I'm very greatful.

I'm also working on another project or two. I am practising for duelling club a lot. It's useful to have Granger because she can be my target. I can make sure I can track her right with my hands. I'm getting very coordinated. I think it is also good practise for Quidditch.

And then Draco and I have some things we're doing together. It's fun.

The other day Mr Malfoy came to visit and we had tea. I had Granger find out whether the house elves would make the tea cakes that they made for our tea. But they won't, because they're for special occasions. People don't usually say no to me about things like that. But I think the house elves are right. Some things should be for special occasions only.

I'm starting to get excited for Christmas because that's a special occasion. I can't wait to go back to the palace. It's always all decorated. And Father wants to see me and I want to see Father. So I'm glad of that. But there's lots to do first.

---

alt_draco at 2009-11-28 18:59:38
(no subject)

Using Granger for duelling practise is a good idea, maybe I'll try that with Dennis.

You asked if I found out anything - well, I've been looking into it and have found out at least a little. It sounds really complex, though.

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alt_harry at 2009-11-29 01:10:13
(no subject)

Right, and we could switch up, because I bet that he dodges different.

Do you think we can't do complex??
I think we can. Maybe. It will take a lot of time to do it, though, and if it goes wrong that will end up being a lot of time wasted. That's what I'm most worried about.
Goodness - I suddenly realised it had been an age since I'd written here, though not because I've been idle.

Of course, students all know about the upcoming schedule for YPL meetings. (And I must say, I'm quite looking forward to today's meeting myself: our presenters are quite enthusiastic and promise a number of fascinating stories and examples for us.)

The weather, however, is what has been taking much of my time. Every winter I've been here, there's been a certain amount of frustration dealing with observation time, but this fall's weather has been worse, and worse earlier, than other years. Obviously, this puts a huge crimp in my teaching plans, so I've been devoting most of my time to seeing if I can arrange an alternative.

In specific, I've been experimenting with what it would take to project a map of the sky onto an appropriate surface (ideally, a light-colored curved roof, based on my experiments so far). There's quite a lot of incentive, as besides solving the weather issue, it might allow us to examine views of the stars that we cannot see here - either due to the time, or due to our location.

Regrettably, the solutions I've found so far require quite a lot of attention to maintain, as well as requiring the person creating the image to have an extremely detailed knowledge of what should be present, which makes them incompatible with teaching. (Though, if I can work out a few details, it's possible that one of the seventh years might, for example, hold a projection for our first or second years while I discuss it.)

Madam Pince has been most helpful, and I've been asking a few questions of others working in similar areas - but until then, I'm afraid we're left with our wall maps and the occasional patch of starlight when it falls on a class observation day.

Poppy - sorry to neglect our tea recently. Are you free on Monday? If so, I think I'm at an impasse with the current round of research, and won't get new sources to explore for at least a week.
Oh, Aurora, please don't apologise. I know you've been working every minute and then some this term, and to be honest, I've been kept running here on the ward. Tea on Monday would be a most welcome break for me, so let's plan on it!
Dragons!

Well, I never thought I'd be interested in dragons, but it was really exciting. And nifty to see the eggs close up.

The best part though was the end when we talked about the ways dragons get used. The livers and hearts and all. Oh, only when they've died naturally, I guess, because killing them just for their hearts is bad. Well, they say it's bad. But I dunno - some of those dragons seem awfully fierce.

It was interesting to hear how they keep them on the reserves. I mean centuries ago they used to roam free and they'd take whole sheeps and deer and everyone was really afraid they'd get snapped up or breathed fire on or something. So it was good to know that they have enough food to keep them from wanting to fly off, and ways to keep them in the preserve areas.

Oh, Ron, it's almost impossible to believe that was your brother. He's nothing like you at all, he's so much more impressive!

I know what you mean, Patil. It's really brill to hear from people's older brothers and sisters, and learn about what they do. Your brother, for instance, when he gave his talk, it was pretty nifty to see what all he was doing, helping with murders and all that. He was a lot much more interesting than you are.

Well, I think that's only natural, don't you, Parkinson? I mean everyone's older brothers have had more time to do interesting things than we have. Like Belinda's cousin, Geoffrey, he's been to the camps and his father's in the Department of Mysteries, and he knows all sorts of things we don't know yet.
And Melinda's brother, Ned - well, he was Head Boy last year and everyone knows him, and I know you know him pretty well, too - but now that he's left school I'm sure he's got a lot more stories to tell than when he was here with all of us.
This morning included a pleasant surprise: a visit from a former student who once spent his share of days on my ward. If not the odd Quidditch mishap, it was a bite, sting, scratch, or burn from one creature or another that brought Charlie Weasley under my care. When he stepped through my door this morning, he joked that he couldn't remember the last time he'd walked in here on his own two legs without needing to be levitated.

I knew Charlie was expected today, but I never imagined he would make a special point of coming to see me--and then to find that he hadn't come empty handed!

Indeed, he brought me two vials of freshly drawn dragon's blood. I'm not at all sure how he managed it, as all my requests for living dragon's blood have been blocked by the Ministry for more than a year. I do hope that Charlie didn't take undo risks with his own position, but there was no point pretending I wasn't delighted to have it when he slid the two vessels into my hand and winked me to silence. He had a bit of an entourage, of course, including Professors Brutka, Sinistra, and Acton, in addition to the Headmistress. So I thanked him for making a point to greet an old witch and sent him on his way, and then I settled in for an unanticipated day of brewing.

My shelves now hold six precious doses of Cinnabaris Vitalis potion, and I hope that all six expire unused on my shelves in eight months' time. I must say, however, that I will rest far easier knowing I now have the ability to heal traumatic injuries should they befall any of our students this year. I have lived in dread of a student's losing a limb or severing an artery or being mauled by a creature--all things which happen from time to time, all things which could happen again on any given day in this castle. But now I'm equipped to manage whatever befalls.

Molly, your boy has grown into quite an impressive young man. You and Arthur should be so proud.
That's a relief, Poppy. And yes, good on Charlie for getting it to you! He must have planned it from the moment this YPL-thing approached him to come and speak.

From what Moony says, everyone there can use more basics, like tea and coffee and so on. I'm heading into Spain for a few Quidditch matches at the holidays - anything particular you'd like that we think Laszlo can provide legally and the Governors will allow you to purchase?

Chocolate.
Always.

We've gone through it faster than ever this autumn, with all the stress created by the petrifications. Honestly, I've never seen so many nervous disorders in one term. I have fifth-years wetting their beds and children sleep-walking up the towers and Dawlish rousted me at three yesterday morning to see to a child he'd found walking barefoot and drenched through the marshy area out by the lake.

I will need to restock several things very soon:

- Hopgood's In-Vigour
- Euphoric Phizz Tablets
- Sleep-Easy Syrup
- Healer MacCready's Bruise Lotion

It's not a terribly long list this time, and I could brew substitutes for the first three of these if necessary, but the commercial brands are more effective. They're also much easier on young tummies.

Thank you for putting these on your list, Sirius.
Earlier this year I sent a few crates of Bimaristan's Famous Bruise-healing Paste and Poultice. Is the MacCready's much better? I'll look for it if so.

The Phizz tablets - yes, I think I know where to get those at a good price, but the Hopgood's might be a bit of a problem. There was a recall on it not too long ago. I'll see what I can find.

No worries, the Bimaristan's will do perfectly well. I've been using MacCready's for the past several years, but I only chose it because I was offered a large lot for a surprisingly good price. I've made a note to request Bimaristan's instead this time round.

That's bad news about the In-Vigour. I'm seeing far too much anxiety and stress this term, and Hopgood's has been a real lifesaver. I will speak to Horace and Pomona about ingredients; we should consider brewing something here and we'll need to consider what would best serve us. There are, unfortunately, some quite ticklish side effects to all of the standard morale and spirit infusives.

I wonder if there have been problems with Hopgood's that I haven't heard about. That would be troubling, indeed. Do you know where the recall was issued? Was it a government taking the decision or the company itself?

Lemme think, Poppy. I remember reading an article about it in *La Gazzetta di Gufo* a couple weeks ago. It was a company recall, that much I do know. Loosely translated, it sounded like the company was obtained a couple months ago. When that happened, old man Hopgood went off his cork and dosed a whole batch of the In-Vigour with phosphoric tortoise shell.
Guess he couldn't stand the thought of the business changing hands, determined to destroy the remaining product. And the worst part was that although his son keeps a copy of the formula in his safe, the daft old bugger cadged his way in and got to that, too.

So they've recalled the outstanding batches in hopes of reverse engineering it. Which means if you, Pomona and old Sluggy can come up with something without the side-effects, well, you've got the makings of a fortune!

---

**alt_poppy at 2009-11-30 19:18:24**

(no subject)

Oh, dear. We shouldn't count on being able to get more of it, then.

I will certainly mention your suggestion to Pomona and Horace, though I doubt any of us will resign our current jobs for the prospect of riches in the medicinals market.

---

**alt_poppy at 2009-11-30 16:06:09**

(no subject)

I should also have said that in addition to the usual range of headache powders, cough and ague draughts, and fever reducers, Lupin's shop would do well to stock a variety of tonics (the usual ones for tummy- and tooth-ache, obviously, but I'd also expect a good temper tonic to sell vigorously). You might also put Pliny's Dry Dreams Syrup and Suso's Tip-top Toffees on your list. I believe he could stock these without raising the hackles of the Apothecary down the street.

---

**alt_sirius at 2009-11-30 16:14:23**

(no subject)

Yeah, good thinking. I think I've still got the bloke's name for the Dry Dreams stuff.
We are proud of him, and pleased that he found a way to slip you such an important ingredient. He does speak quite fondly of you, Poppy. In fact, he mentioned that while the healers at the reserve are experts at dealing with burns, of course, none of them quite "have Madam Pomfrey's touch."

He spent Sunday at home with us because it was Bill's birthday, so at least I had two of my boys home for dinner. Poor Arthur was stuck at the office all day (on a Sunday!), so he only got an hour or two with Charlie in the evening before Charlie had to leave to go back to the reserve.

How wonderful that Charlie could spend Bill's birthday at home with you. That means he had a chance to see all of his family in one weekend! I know his brothers were eager to see him here: the young one--Ron is it?--seemed positively bubbling with anticipation in his journal last week.

In any case, his visit seems to have been a great success, and, if I were to judge by all the fluttering and twittering I've been hearing in the corridors and at meals, I'd say he inspired admiration in a great many young hearts around this castle. I'd venture to say that Charlie Weasley may single-handedly have done more to raise spirits around here than all the Pepper-up I've dispensed this term.
To everyone who supported our Witches' Institute gala last evening, our thanks. I'd especially like to thank Mr Cuthbert, Mr Warrington and young Mr Peakes, who fetched our highest bids of the evening, along with the charming ladies who bid on these eligible bachelors. And honourable mention to my own cousin Regulus, who while accruing the fourth-highest bid, certainly had the most memorable competition of the evening. I shall be simply fascinated to learn the identity of our mystery bidder!

The preliminary numbers were sent to me via Owl Port this morning, and thanks to all your generosity and showmanship, we have raised over £3,000 - enough for the Pureblood Repopulation Rewards programme and the Ouroboros Project to fund deserving families for the next year.

It is always most gratifying to see the Institute's planning and effort come to fruition.

Pleased to have been of service, I'm sure, cousin. I'd almost got used to the wig by the end of the evening--feel a bit naked without it this morning. And the lace.

I suppose it's not exactly morning anymore, is it?
No, indeed, it is not.
Are you only just waking? Goodness, you must really have had a time last night.

I saw that Lady Percy claimed a dance at any rate. I hope she was a gracious loser.

Well, I think she saved me having to dance with the Minister, so I can't complain.

She did suggest that I might have agreed to be sold to two bidders: she'd have happily paid her last price for an evening with me.

I think it was the hat.

Narcissa tells me that one of your ardent admirers was none other than the horrendous Miss Haversham. I must say it would almost have been worth the amusement to see her, after all these years, still gamely trying to find anyone who'd have her.

I am quite sure yours is a distinguished position as the only bachelor whose high bidder is a warlock. I'm certain the Institute will still be talking of it by next year's benefit; I shouldn't be surprised if a ruling change were already in discussion in certain circles.
I see why you avoid these events. Of course, if you'd been there, perhaps odd little Miss Haversham would have let me alone. Did Narcissa tell you about her robes? Really, it stretched the notion of 'fancy dress' beyond all reasonable bounds. Ugh.

I wonder whether it's at all likely they'll ban it. I had the distinct impression that many of the Institute ladies found it titillating to imagine what we might get up to on our 'date'. Not a few asked me to share where and when our meeting would take place.

This particular type of event, yes. Even if I am blissfully 'safe' from standing on the block myself, the frippery wears my patience rather more than it amuses. Narcissa did try to describe the robes, but I confess it meant nothing. However, I am certain we shall be treated to the ensemble again in Witch Weekly's 'Worst Dressed' column (especially if my wife has anything to do with it!). Perhaps even the Prophet's.

As to whether Wendla would have transferred her attentions, I cannot say. I am just as pleased not to find out, and certainly not to be treated to an explanation of the wrongs I supposedly perpetrated more than twenty years ago. (I assure you I still fail to understand the litany - nor am I likely to ever spend a moment trying to comprehend it!)

For the other ... ah, well, no doubt it did cause a stir in the hearts of romantically-inclined witches. I suspect that even the most vocally outraged Institute members in attendance may well have returned home with more than a twinkle in their eyes. Whether they will admit the same, in the face of their community, however, is quite another matter! We shall see.

I do sympathise regarding Dolores, however. I quite agree with Narcissa when she says she could not let you suffer that fate!
Hm. It's almost enough to make marriage an enticing prospect.

Or, no, actually not. Even if that means I must continue doing my civic duty when called upon, lending myself for the good of the Realm and so on, etc.

It was good of Narcissa, coming to my rescue, though. Even so sincere and selfless a devotion to duty as mine can be strained beyond its limits.

You and the Razzer seem cut from the same cloth on the subject of confirmed bachelorhood.

Speaking as one who resisted rather longer than anyone expected, marriage certainly has its benefits. (And I could not attest as to whether ineligibility for spectacles such as this did not pass through my considerations when I proposed - though it was hardly what one would call a ... priority in my thinking!)

And when will your meeting take place?

Oh, cousin, it would be supremely un gallant of me to betray the details! (Especially in so public a place as your journal.)

Not to mention foolish in the extreme.
A warlock?
Any clue what they're all nattering about?

I took a look at *The Prophet*, Sirius, and it seems that your brother was auctioned off at a charity gala Saturday evening. I gather that each of the bachelors involved promised a dance and a dinner date to the winning bidder.

Your brother's auction caused a stir not only because Lady Percy and Minister Umbridge were amongst those competing to have him, but also because, in the end, he was won by a *gentleman* bidder. I gather this was quite an unprecedented event.

A wizard? That's ... I had no idea he swung that way. Well, that's not true, he's had a crush on Voldemort for years, but still.

Sorry. Laughing too hard to write straight.

To write straight, eh?
Sirius Black.

At any rate, the gossip columns are full even today of speculation about who the mystery bidder might have been. Apparently he wore his robes quite... smartly. And he had such an effective mask that no one has guessed his identity, though believe me there have been many suggestions. All of them are highly romantic, of course, starting with tall, handsome
musicians like Lehonn Njonn of the Warlocks and that young Owain Pritchard or whatever his name is of the Weird Sisters. And then there are those whose notions run towards the rugged, powerful sorts, Scrimgeour and Selwyn and their like, you know. Disturbing. Goodness, here's one who's sure it was one or the other of the Lestrange brothers.

My favourite, though, is the witch from Lower Widdly who is positive that the mystery man was you. I guess a whiff of incest makes it all the more intriguing.
Something's Wrong

Lately I feel like I am a bit off my rocker. I don't know what's going on or why it's happening.

More than once in the past few weeks, something strange has been happening to me. There are times when I clearly remember being in the library or in the common room revising, and I end up some place completely different. Like in another wing of the castle, with no recollection of how I got there.

There was even one time I could have nearly gotten into trouble. Last Saturday, I remember being in the library, revising for Transfiguration, shortly after lunch, and all I remember was opening my book and pulling out my supplies. It's really weird, because I don't remember anything at all after that. The only thing I do remember happening next is that I woke up on the floor of the owlery well after curfew (and I only know this because it was really dark outside). Luckily I made it back to Gryffindor tower unnoticed.

This was the second or third time it's happened. I don't know what to do, and I don't know why I am missing whole chunks of time out of my day.

I'm scared.

First check under your bed to make sure there isn't anything weird under there, and then you should go see Madam Pomfrey.

Pansy found a doll's head under her bed last year and it turned out to be cursed. It caused her all sorts of troubles.

As far as finding yourself places and not knowing how you got there, I think that happens to everyone at some point first year but missing time doesn't sound good so you really ought to go see Madam Pomfrey about it.
Thanks for the suggestion. I looked under my bed, and there was nothing under it. Not even a dust bunny.

I do hope our talk helped, Ginny. The first year can be very stressful, so it isn't surprising and you needn't be alarmed, but I repeat: you might really consider going to see Madam Pomfrey. Not that I say anything's wrong per se that you need to worry about. It's just that she's quite good and wise and will keep her own counsel if you wish to discuss any private concerns, including any you might prefer to not share with your brothers? Lots of the first year students find it helpful to chat with her.

I found a book on knitted charms in the library. There's one to help memory. You knit a little pouch and say a charm over it, and you stuff it with a mixture of herbs and put it under your pillow when you sleep. I think I can get most of the herbs from the first year potion kit, but you might be able to get the rest from Madam Pomfrey, if you think it might help. Anyway, it might be worth trying?
So at this month's YPL meeting Charlie Weasley came and talked about dragon keeping and it was BRILLIANT. I really think I might like to be a dragon keeper someday except I don't much like getting hurt and he gets hurt a lot, he showed us some of his scars and told us that he got knocked off his broom a few weeks ago and almost broke his back.

He showed us his wand, which is specially designed for dragon keepers so that it can't be broken or set on fire AND has a special edge so it can be used like a KNIFE if a dragon attacks you. And he let some of us hold it to see how light it was. It was really light and had the most perfect grip you can imagine, I mean I like my wand a lot but if I ever became a dragon keeper I wouldn't mind giving it up if I really got one of these. His broom was wizard too but he didn't offer to let us try it out, which was too bad as I expect Draco and Harry would've really liked to try it out.

And, he brought eggs for us to look at and one of them was bright red with gold speckles.

AND he held a drawing and gave away some little toy dragons that move and I got one!!! Mine is an Antipodean Opaleye and it's gorgeous, the colours shift around when it moves. It's curled up on my trunk right now. It breathes fire but I checked and the fire that comes out of the toy doesn't actually burn anything, not even parchment., which I suppose makes sense as they do give this to little children. Its fire looks wizard though even if it's not real.

Anyway the whole meeting was brilliant.

Ron? Remember Pansy's doll Marie last year? Maybe her foot wound up under Ginny's bed?

Anyway surely Percy will make her go to Madam Pomfrey but if he doesn't can you try to get her to go? I mean if she
starts saying anything that comes into her head like Pansy did last autumn it wouldn't be good. Your family Your mum doesn't Pansy got in enough trouble, I think if your sister got in that sort of trouble it would be worse.

**alt_ron** at 2009-11-30 14:29:46  
*Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good*

I tried talking to Ginny last night after I saw what she wrote, and she didn't want to talk to me about it. I mean, she got up and moved across the room, which, y'know, fine. Whatever.

I think Percy talked to her, though. I bet he saw what you said.

Anyway, I agree. She should go see Madam Pomfrey.

**alt_sally_anne** at 2009-11-30 16:56:59  
*Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good*

Well if she's anything like the rest of you she'll probably refuse to on account of everyone telling her she ought to.

Your mum will probably write Percy and tell him to drag her there by the ear if he has to though so I expect Madam Pomfrey will get a look at her sooner or later.

**alt_neville** at 2009-11-30 16:18:40  
*Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good*

That's dead cool that you got one of the dragon models. I really wanted one!

**alt_ron** at 2009-11-30 16:59:08  
*Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good*

Hey. You know, Ginny might actually listen to you if you talked to her. D'you think you could?

She acts like I've got plague or something and just rolls her eyes and stomps off.
Well, sure, I'd be willing to try, if you like. Do you really want me to? I can usually get Evelyn to talk whenever she's stewing on something. But she still might tell me to keep my wand out of her business.

That's a good idea Nev. She's got eleven years of practise at ignoring all her brothers when they tell her what to do and she must be pretty good at it or she'd have gone mad years ago. You'd be different.

Well, that's what I never do, whenever I talk with Evelyn--tell her what she should do. Instead, I just ask her what she thinks she should do, or wants to do. And then I listen.

That's usually a better way to get her talking.

I know - like I said in my posting, the eggs are so pretty! But I don't think I'd like to be around fully grown dragons all the time. It sounds exciting, but it's probably really stinky.

Have you ever been near a whole lot of animals? Our mum took us to a petting zoo once, with flying horses and an augurey and jarveys and things, and it was interesting but they all smelled.

Plus, that Charlie Weasley is so dashing - I never thought I'd think a Weasley was dashing! - but he did have a lot of old injuries. Xi Chang said Weasley used to play for Gryffindor, too, and he was always
getting bashed about, so perhaps he's just the type who enjoys it. Glutton for punishment, you know, that kind of thing.

Oh, come on. What's all this stuff about he's so 'dashing'?

Honestly, he's got some scars.

Whatever.

Oh, don't feel bad, Weasley. It's not like you've had a chance to measure up. I mean, like Parkinson said in my post, lots of people thought my brother was really nift when he came to visit, too.

But he's just been out of school and he's done things, that's all, and we haven't yet. And everyone was telling me how nift my brother was, but to me, he's just Haruman. You know?

So it's not surprising that you don't see it - I mean, he's just your brother, to you. But you've got to admit he's got a seriously wiz-nift job. And his protective gear looks really well on him.

Some girls like scars. I don't get why, but they do. Anyway, that's what Lavender said.

(I think it depends on how you get them, though. I mean, you can't get girls to chase you 'cause you cut your hand peeling potatoes like a muggle.)
Girls are mad. I mean, even Bundy and that tiny Sandoval girl were all over giggles yesterday. You could practically see the little sparkly hearts fizzing round their heads.

(Oh, I expect you could if you told them you'd got it taming dragons.)

But honestly, it's not like he's even

oh, forget it.

I thought one thing that was interesting about meeting your brother was he looks just like you but older. It was like peeking into a crystal ball that was just for showing us what you'll look like all grown up Ron. (You might have a different set of scars but you're a Gryffindor, if you're not taming dragons I reckon you'll find some other way to get bashed around.)

Yeah, I used to think

I'm not really like him at all. And I don't guess I ever will be.

Why don't you think you're like your brother?

I mean if there's anyone in your family that I reckon might have been stolen by a house elf
and replaced with someone else's redheaded baby it's Percy not you.

alt_ron at 2009-11-30 17:27:17
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

That's not what they think.

alt_sally_anne at 2009-11-30 17:34:51
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Well then they're wrong.

And I expect they'll notice they were wrong, at some point, and hopefully you'll notice they noticed.

alt_neville at 2009-11-30 19:58:11
(no subject)

Really? That's not what you were telling us at the beginning of the year. You told me and Seamus you were most like Charlie of all your brothers, don't you remember? And that's part of the reason your mum and dad figured it'd be okay if you got his old wand.

(I don't mean to pry, but I, um, saw you talking with him right before he left, and someone seemed sort of hacked off. So maybe that's what changed your mind???)

alt_ron at 2009-11-30 21:17:27
I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Well that was before I went and broke it, wasn't it?

And you probably want to mind your own business, Nev, cause I just act like a nasty little piece of work that doesn't care what happens to my parents and doesn't think about how upset mum is and whose brother has to come
and tell him his family really can't afford for him to put everything they work so hard for at risk all the time.

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@alt_neville at 2009-12-01 00:40:24

Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

If you've quarreled with Charlie, there must not be a single member of your family you're even talking to anymore! You're sniping with Percy and the twins and you said you won't listen to anything Bill says. And you say Ginny won't talk to you. I've seen you stuffing your mum's letters into your trunk without even reading them. Do you know how many years I would have done anything to get a letter from my own mum? Or Sally-Anne? Or Seamus?

Ron, what in Merlin's name has gotten into you lately? What, you're hacked off at your entire family and you've run out of people to ignore, so now you're going to start picking fights with your roommates?

Look, I realize you think the way they treated you after the thing with the car was wrong. But if that's so, why not talk to them and have it all out? Or agree to disagree but at least mend wands with them? Family's family, Ron. You've got a big one, and near as I can tell, they're mostly decent people who treat others right (Well, maybe except Percy.) Which is more than a lot of people at Hogwarts can say.

So go on, tell me to suck a toad, I don't care. Or ignore me for the next month.

But you know I'm right.

Anyway, quit taking it out on me.

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@alt_sally_anne at 2009-12-01 01:03:07

Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

You don't read your mum's letters?

Is that true Ron? You don't even READ them?
alt_neville at 2009-12-01 01:30:08
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

No. He doesn't.

Ron, I don't want to hear you bellyaching and moaning anymore about how your mum and dad just don't understand you. At least not around Sally-Anne or Seamus or Dean or me. Since there's a good chance that none of the four of us will get to speak to our own parents again ever.

alt_ron at 2009-12-01 02:08:56
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Leave it alone, Neville.

I told you what Charlie said and that was just yesterday, so you just shut up about me not talking to my family.

I may not know what it's like to not have one, but you don't have any idea what it's like to have a family and have them tell you your

you can just bloody well shut it

alt_neville at 2009-12-01 03:20:56
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Fine.

alt_sally_anne at 2009-12-01 01:40:18
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

When did you What if Ron if you're not reading any of her letters then how do you know she didn't How can you still be angry when you don't even know
You're mad. I'm just glad I'm in Slytherin and not Gryffindor, in Slytherin we at least know how to TALK to people. Of course I wouldn't expect a Gryffindor to be too AFRAID to read a letter that came from his own mum.

alt_neville at 2009-12-01 01:50:59
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

She's got a point, Ron. Maybe your mum already apologised months ago and you don't even know it. Wouldn't that make things better?

So why don't you read the letters and find out?

alt_gredforge at 2009-12-01 01:39:38
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Ron's been sniping with us?

Well, we must have missed this. We don't remember any recent fights with Ronnikins.

Apart from the one over the boils that we accidentally hexed him with. Or when he borrowed Fred's broom without asking. Or the incident with the sock.

Well. No more fights than usual.

alt_ron at 2009-12-01 02:16:39
Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good

Thanks for putting in for me there.
Scars you got from peeling potatoes are definitely not dashing.

Scars you got from falling down a flight of stairs: even less dashing.

Falling of your broom might do it but only if you were playing quidditch or something at the time.

I definitely think it's more about the story behind it than the actual scar that's the most interesting part.

And if it was a scar you got while catching the snitch in mid-air during the World Cup, well, that's something to brag on, I guess.

I'll bet Harry and Draco'll have all sorts of great Quidditch stories by the time they leave Hogwarts. They already have several.

I guess girls are supposed to be perfect and not get into adventures, because I don't think boys like girls to have any scars.
Two Owls by Noon

I received an owl from the Department of Purity Control this morning, informing me who my foster family would be. That letter said that I would be living with Gareth Archer's family. That seemed wizard. I mean, I know him a little from flying and charms. It would be nice to stay with someone you already know.

But it seems that this isn't the case after all.

I received a second owl from the Department of Purity Control right around noon, as we were sitting in the Great Hall for lunch. This time it was to inform me that the previous communication from that office was to be ignored. The second letter overrides the first and that my new guardian is to be Mr Peakes. The letter said that he is the Chair of the Board of Governors here at Hogwarts and that I should look for an owl from him soon.

I wonder what to expect.

Huh. That's odd.

I wonder why they changed where you're going.

I do too.

I didn't like to say anything before the decision was final, for fear of getting hopes up, but I put in a request for our family to be considered, my boy. I did so hope you would be allowed to come home for the holiday with Ron.
Well, I hope it's cheering to consider that more than one family was willing to welcome you to their fireside for the Christmas! I do hope you have a good holiday, even if you won't be joining us at the Burrow.

@alt_arthur at 2009-12-01 03:47:47
Order Only

Peakes, is it? What a ruddy shame.

@alt_dean at 2009-12-01 05:57:26
(no subject)

Thanks Mr Weasley! It's nice to know that you care so much.

@alt_padma at 2009-12-01 01:25:49
(no subject)

It sounds like you're pretty lucky. I mean, if he's Chairman of the Board of Governors he must be pretty important, like Mr Malfoy or Mr Rosier. So it's an honour that he's taking such an interest in you, isn't it?

@alt_dean at 2009-12-01 02:25:39
(no subject)

I didn't think of it like that. But now that you have said it, you're right. I guess it is an honour, especially if you consider my past. I just wonder why he is interested. I guess I just have to wait for him to write.

@alt_amycus at 2009-12-01 13:01:19
(no subject)

Need someone to look after you during the holidays, do you? Pity I didn't think of that sooner. I would have been more than happy to volunteer. Perhaps next summer...
**alt_molly** at 2009-12-01 13:02:20  
*Order Only*

Oh my stars, no. Over my dead body.

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**alt_bill** at 2009-12-01 13:04:24  
*Re: Order Only*

Don't panic, Mum. I can rig a trip charm. Any letter that comes into the Ministry from Amycus or Alecto Carrow concerning fostering Dean will be immolated before anyone sees it.

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**alt_molly** at 2009-12-01 13:04:57  
*Re: Order Only*

Oh, thank you, dear. That would be a great relief.

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**alt_arthur** at 2009-12-01 13:06:39  
*Order Only*

Very wise. Thank you for thinking of it, my boy. We need to keep that nutter as far away from Dean Thomas as possible.

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**alt_neville** at 2009-12-01 13:09:13  
*I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up to No Good*

No way.

I'll have my Gran storm the Ministry and say we'll take Dean before we let that happen.

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**alt_ron** at 2009-12-01 22:38:37  
*I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good*

That's never happening. No way.
Hey, Dean. What're you doing this afternoon? You're not in the library are you? There's something I wanted to tell you.

No I'm not in the library. I will meet you in the common room. I am on my way there now.
Amid all the department horror reports, I have some good news for a change. Alice, little Felicia's ring should have some colour in her mother's stone now. She was near death, but she has definitely turned the corner and is going to recover.

Also, I had a remarkable bit of news from Charlie, which he passed on during his visit yesterday. This is big: he has managed to discover that the dragons are involved in the maintenance of the wards. More importantly, there are two points during the year that the wards actually go down and the klaxon wards are inoperative: at the moment of sunrise on the day of the summer solstice, and at the moment of sunset on the day of the winter solstice. The wards are down for a total of five minutes before the magic performed with the dragons reactivates them. I believe that they can be safely breached at that time. This is a great secret, but the Ministry does not seem to be overly concerned about security during this time, as it is not known outside the dragon reserve (and, I suppose, the Department of Mysteries).

So I suggest that we perform a test next month. Sirius, do you think we could use it as an opportunity to pass through more wands, if you and Frank could coordinate a meeting via boat again?

That's excellent intelligence, Arthur. Tell Charlie well done!

Winter solstice doesn't give me much time to throw together a commission on a vessel. It's also a pretty rough time for sailing, but ... well, it might be possible.
our boat's still sea worthy. we need to get petrol.

I don't think they'll be on top of things enough to be waiting for us at the place we met before, or even think we'd know to be there when wards are down, but we might want to work out some other place we can meet along the coast. steve and victor and me can go down a ways a few days ahead of time if need be.

design means you can come and visit sometime, Sirius mate. if you don't mind staying for a stretch, that is.

and it also means we can get people out, long as we're careful. don't know how much of this we want to share with Davidson, but if he knows we can funnel people out of the country, that might be an option he'd like to know about.

I can let Davidson know, next time I see him.

damn good news. damn good.

our kids are on edge around here, they'll sleep a bit easier tonight. especially Felicia.

Just for that, I'm sending Charlie a bottle of Firewhiskey.
That's amazing news, Arthur. A test next month definitely sounds like a good idea, but if it all goes well, the potential is immense.