

**2010-08-01 12:11:00**

*Harry*


It was an honour to be invited to your party. I hope you enjoyed it as much as the rest of us did! I had a very nice time.



 **alt\_sally\_anne**

Only a month before we go back to Hogwarts. Enjoy the last bit of summer hols, and I'll see you September first.



 **alt\_harry** at **2010-08-03 02:30:29**  
(no subject)

Thanks Sally Anne. It was pretty wizard actually.

**2010-08-01 13:41:00**

*(no subject)*

'Sometimes yer the bludger, sometimes yer the bat.'

Does that even mean anything?

Right, you lot. I'll show you who's got the bigger bat.



 **alt\_wagstaff**

**2010-08-01 15:04:00**

*ORDER ONLY: Frank, Sirius, Kingsley*

Check in, my lovelies!

At the very least, you three ought to have gotten over your hangovers from last night by now. What's the latest? Any luck tracking down Poppy's mysterious man?



 [alt\\_alice](#)

Whatever you've found, I certainly hope that you keep safe.

And what's this "Yes and no" Sirius? You didn't try to infiltrate Harry's birthday party, did you? Because I shall have to be very cross with you if you did.



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 [alt\\_sirius](#) at **2010-08-01 19:59:26**

*(no subject)*

Morning, Allie.

Er. Afternoon, I guess.

I'm not hungover but Frank is. Kingsley already went out and did a reconnoitre of the Knole (at least the southward end) and didn't see anything particular.

Last night we spoke to a few of the locals, who were all too quick to tell tall tales of an unauthorised centaur clan taking up residence in Knole Park, the ghost who regularly haunts the inn at Godden Green and most importantly the apothecary's son who made a cake of his life by carrying on a torrid liaison with the Chipstead camp administrator's wife.

Everyone agrees they've seen a gaunt, snag-toothed man, but no one seems to have the same theory as to who he is or why he's here. The most entertaining story was that he might be the fugitive Remus Lupin, come to take refuge in the leafy expanse of Knole Park - and the going reply to that is that the centaurs will make short work of him if he dares hunt in their backyard.


At any rate, Poppy's right that they all suspect he's an enemy of the Lord Protector ... but for some odd reason, they have not called on the MLE - yet. Frank thinks it may be a sign they don't want to

chance it, if it's someone who stands opposed to the Protectorate. Kingsley's opinion is simply that there are enough violations of Protectorate mandates that they don't want anyone coming in to inspect them.

I'm inclined to think they've simply a clannish attitude and would rather capture this bloke themselves, if possible, and collect the reward.

And no, you don't need to be cross with me. I've been behaving! Well, apart from transfiguring Frank's trousers into kilts. Man has damn attractive legs, Allie, he should show them off more.



 **alt\_frank** at **2010-08-01 20:08:34**  
(no subject)


I'm not hungover.

much.

it's just taking me ages to work out this damn reverse transfiguration. I've got one turned back to trousers again, but they're still tartan pattern. damn you. thought I'd got you drunk enough last night so you wouldn't pull anything.

any road, they made damn sure there wasn't a whiff of MLE about us before they'd open up. one of them, that really old pubman -- Pope -- he even tested the waters by telling me about his semi-legal brewery business, and when I didn't jump down his throat for it breaking the rules, that's when he really started talking.




 **alt\_sirius** at **2010-08-01 20:10:35**  
(no subject)

Leave them tartan - you'll fit in when we walk the old golf course.

Anyway, if you don't hurry up soon they'll stop serving lunch.




 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2010-08-01 20:12:26](#)  
(no subject)

fine, fine, I'm coming out.


but if you laugh too hard, I'm going to have to punch you.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2010-08-01 20:13:37](#)  
(no subject)

Again?




 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2010-08-01 20:17:44](#)  
(no subject)

I only punch someone who deserves it.

not my fault that you're just really, really deserving.




 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2010-08-01 20:22:39](#)  
(no subject)

Wot? It's all about distraction. People here have their attention drawn to your knees, they're not going to look at that polyjuiced face.

Besides, an Auror I know once told me that if he lets himself get too incapacitated on his mission, he deserves a ribbing.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2010-08-01 20:25:54](#)  
(no subject)

I'm sure as hell not wearing any kilts in public.

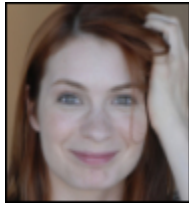
the tartan pants are bad enough.


...and point taken. it was worth it, though. they had stella on tap.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2010-08-01 20:41:38](#)  
(no subject)


Stella on tap - the import fees alone on that convince me that this town's got summat underhanded about it. It's no wonder they don't want MLE nosing in. Kingsley may have it right, after all.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2010-08-01 20:14:33](#)  
(no subject)

Do us a favour, my dove, don't turn them all back.  
And don't punch him *too* hard.




 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2010-08-01 20:16:19](#)  
(no subject)

fine. I'll keep one around for laughs.

you do realise that the Longbottoms fought *against* the Scots, don't you?




 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2010-08-01 20:21:06](#)  
(no subject)

I do.


I'm sure we'll get some use out of it one way or another.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2010-08-01 20:21:50](#)  
(no subject)

minx.




 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2010-08-01 20:22:25](#)**  
(no subject)

and I am not dancing any reel.  
ever.


so don't even try.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2010-08-01 20:23:33](#)**  
(no subject)

Caradoc would be happy to get you a pair of  
ghillies.




 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2010-08-01 20:11:10](#)**  
(no subject)

He does, doesn't he?

Hm. That sort of thing is hard to suss out, especially  
if there are so many other stories and things floating  
around. And for all we know, if it even was him, he might be long  
gone by now. But it's still worth checking up on, I think.

And you still haven't answered my question about the party, love.




 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2010-08-01 20:16:15](#)**  
(no subject)

You might tell *him* that, he's no sense of humour at  
all this morning.

It's true that we can't pass up the lead. Luckily  
we've brought along a champion tracker. Snuffles is always happy  
to follow the scent of trouble, no matter how ripe it might be.

What was your question again?




 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2010-08-01 20:20:13](#)**  
(no subject)

The question of what exactly you were doing at Buckingham, my love.

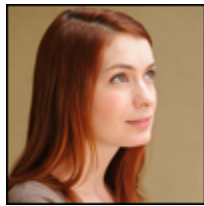
I'm not likely to forget it, either, even you are trying your best to make me think of Frank dancing a reel instead.




 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2010-08-01 20:25:19](#)**  
(no subject)

Same thing I've been doing at Buckingham, Allie. Keeping an eye out.

Gotta go - Frank's wand hand is twitching.




 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2010-08-01 20:28:05](#)**  
(no subject)

...Fine. But don't think I'm anywhere near satisfied.

If it's the other way round, and someone had his eye on you instead, we'd be better of knowing about it than not.



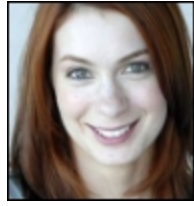
 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2010-08-01 20:40:07](#)**  
(no subject)


Oh, but Allie, I'm used to every bloke having his eye on me!

Though right now, I think it's more accurate to say they're all on Frank. Or at least his trousers.

Wow. He really wasn't able to get the tartan to change. And the back still has some pleats....





 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2010-08-01 20:49:44](#)  
*(no subject)*

You would have made an excellent Quidditch player, love. Or a boxer. You're so very good at dodging.

Go off Snape hunting, but don't think you've heard the last of this.

[2010-08-01 19:57:00](#)

(no subject)

It was a lovely day. Mother proved, once again, that she is a superlative hostess. I'm so glad, after all, that she offered. I simply could not have come home from last night's celebrations and turned round to put together tea today.



 [alt\\_narcissa](#)

And Rigel! What a darling. Naturally, he showed more interest in the boxes and wrappings than most of the gifts themselves. Though I thought his reaction to the toy Abraxan quite the spectacle, and quite telling. When it lit up, whinnied and flew round him, I thought the poor boy would ring down the rafters. I declare it's the first time I've ever heard him wail so. Luckily none of his other presents elicited a similar response. They do go through phases when they can be startled by loud or boistrous toys, after all.

The cake, however - I'm still laughing. Oh, he may have never had cake before, Bella, but he certainly recognised right from the off that it was something he *wanted*. I'll be surprised to learn he's not up half the night from all the sugar. But I do hope Pascoal's pictures come out well. They ought to be priceless.

Speaking of photographs, I'm astonished Mother found that old portrait in Cassie's things. (I'm astonished she's still going through her things - who would have thought Aunt Cassie had room for so much! I'm sure she had compression charms on every suitcase and trunk, and expansion cantrips in every cupboard in the house. It's the only explanation!) In any case, I clearly recall the day Mother and Aunt Walburga had us all sitting for it. The date on the back says 18th August 1970 and I'm sure that's correct. I remember it was so hot, but as it was meant for a Christmas card we were all wearing rather heavy robes. But it had to be taken before we all went off to school. And it took forever, of course! It seems all too obvious now why it was such a trial - even today, Mother said she wished they had not attempted something so bourgeois. You may be sure we never sat for anything like it again. Still. Father does look quite handsome, and Mother and Aunt Walburga, back in their day, were quite the beauties themselves! It was good to see it. I wonder if Mother will really add it to the album or if she'll tuck it away for us to find again in fifty years (or, one hopes, longer).

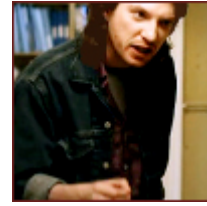
But between last night's festivities and today's, I've had quite enough

excitement of a weekend. I think I'll turn in early, particularly as there's much to be done in the coming week.

**2010-08-02 19:05:00**

*Order Only: Something's up*

Something's up in the department. I don't know what it is. And that worries me.



 **alt\_bill**

Plympton and Massopust have been closeted in meetings the past few days, some with Selwyn--there was that lunch, too--and Massopust went to Court last Friday. I snuck a peek at his calendar, but it didn't indicate what it was about.

All my instincts are itching. I hate being out of the loop.

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 **alt\_sirius** at **2010-08-03 00:54:15**

*(no subject)*

Yes, there's your answer. And a rather transparent one at that.

Do they really think people will trust these messages are private?



 **alt\_bill** at **2010-08-03 01:19:55**

*(no subject)*

Bleeding hell--how could those bastards BLINDSIDE me like this?!

Am going into the office. Immediately.




 **alt\_arthur** at **2010-08-03 01:22:51**

*(no subject)*


Is it any cause for concern? Besides the mere fact that it's a surprise, I mean?



 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2010-08-03 01:24:55](#)**  
(no subject)


The mere fact? The mere fact that the Ministry is doing something with the underlying architecture of the journal spells and I didn't even fucking know?!



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2010-08-03 01:25:29](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, dear.



 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2010-08-03 01:25:51](#)**  
(no subject)

Yeah, you said it.


I'll give a report as soon as I find out more.



 **[alt\\_kingsley](#)** at **[2010-08-03 01:27:11](#)**  
(no subject)

Keep your cool if you go in there, Bill. If you arrive tonight breathing fire because you didn't know, they may very well suspect something's up.




 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2010-08-03 01:27:59](#)**  
(no subject)

I'm not an idiot.

Even if they're treating me like one.




 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2010-08-03 01:32:31](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, my.


Bill--do be careful.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2010-08-03 01:35:05](#)  
(no subject)

Kingsley's right, Bill - steady on. If they did cut you out of the loop deliberately, it may be because they *want* you to throw a wobbly.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2010-08-03 02:21:55](#)  
(no subject)

that's black luck, man.


are the people that were told about it higher up on the pecking order?

older than you?

could be they're shutting you out because of the recent talk they had with your little brother. not that he'd have anything to say about you, but could be they put the whole family on watch. I'd walk careful the next few weeks, make sure that you aren't on any lists, and assume you are on them just in case.

arthur, you get any snubs lately?




 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2010-08-03 02:31:08](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, I get snubs all the time, because I work with muggleborn. But not any more than usual.

There have been one or two joshing comments about Ron, but more in the nature of 'boys will be boys, won't they?' than any firm disapproval.


Bill, you were considered for the post that Massopust ended up getting, weren't you?



 [alt\\_bill](#) at [2010-08-03 02:32:26](#)  
(no subject)

Maybe. Plympton's hinted it, a time or two. I would have been really surprised to get it. I haven't been in the department long enough, and yeah, I'm quite a bit younger.




 [alt\\_kingsley](#) at [2010-08-03 02:36:38](#)  
(no subject)

He may be threatened by you, then. And more than that, Frank might be right, too.


I'm sure you already watch your back, my friend. But yeah, for the next few weeks you might consider growing eyes in the back of your head.



 [alt\\_bill](#) at [2010-08-03 02:37:07](#)  
(no subject)


Bugger.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2010-08-03 01:37:19](#)  
(no subject)

I don't know what the Ministry thinks. But I do suspect what ordinary people will think. They'll love this new feature, I imagine. They'll fall all over themselves to use it, especially those who can't afford owls. And that's more and more people these days.



 **alt\_sirius** at [2010-08-03 03:32:57](#)  
(no subject)

Is it ....

I hate to bring this up, but Frank and Kingsley and I were chatting about it and ....

Bill, is it possible that Percy's said something to Malfoy that has them watching you?



**2010-08-02 19:26:00**

## *Enhancement to the Journal Program*

I am pleased to announce a new enhancement to the journals. It is now possible to communicate more privately with one or two people using your journal. Simply write 'Private Message to' followed by one or two names, and then write the rest of your entry as usual. The content of your message will be invisible to all but the intended recipients, who will be able to reply to it as they would any other journal entry.



 [alt\\_selwyn](#)

So, for instance, if I wished to send a message to Robert and Sarah Smith, I would write 'Private Message to Robert and Sarah Smith' in the subject line. Anyone who regularly reads my journal would see that I had written a private message to the Smiths, but would be unable to read anything further.


To answer a few of the questions I have already been asked:

- \* You may send a private message to only two people at once, but there is no limit to the number of such messages you may write.
- \* If two individuals share the same name, any additional description (such as an address, a town, or a personal description) will suffice. You do not need to write out the exact name provided that no one else shares the nickname (so, 'Private Message to the Razzer' will reach Mr LeStrange unless there is another Razzer with whom we are not acquainted.)
- \* All regulations and policies regarding communication by owl apply to this method of communication as well.
- \* Muggleborns in service who are in possession of journals may use this feature, but their owner of record must always be one of the two people who may view the message.

Many thanks to our gracious and glorious Lord Protector! Any further questions may be left as replies to this entry.

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 [alt\\_bill](#) at [2010-08-03 00:29:38](#)  
*Order Only*

Well. I guess there's my answer.




 [alt\\_rodolphus](#) at [2010-08-03 01:04:48](#)  
*(no subject)*

I somehow doubt there are many more folk named "Rabastan" than there are "Razzer."

Really, though, what a clever method for making the journals more useful than they already are. I don't suppose that the upgrade was inspired by necessary ban of owls this spring past? The journals were enormously helpful for keeping in touch during that period, but it did show the downside of their (previously, at least) very public nature. Especially for those of a relatively taciturn character.



 [alt\\_rabastan](#) at [2010-08-03 01:07:33](#)  
*(no subject)*

What do you know? Could be loads of people out there who've named their first born after me!




 [alt\\_rodolphus](#) at [2010-08-03 01:12:02](#)  
*(no subject)*

Fair point. But would they have named said first born Rabastan or Razzer?


Or Basil?



 [alt\\_rabastan](#) at [2010-08-03 01:15:02](#)  
*(no subject)*

They could use all three names and it would still be better than a certain name that begins with **M**.




 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2010-08-03 01:22:16](#)  
(no subject)

Indeed.


One hopes, however, you will not be inundated with dozens of 'test' messages by enterprising witches hoping to verify that the nickname will, in fact, find you.



 [alt\\_selwyn](#) at [2010-08-03 01:46:14](#)  
(no subject)


Come, Lucius, surely that would be an unexpected bonus from the Rizzer's perspective.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2010-08-03 01:48:40](#)  
(no subject)


Provided they are not young ladies already of his acquaintance, you're quite correct!



 [alt\\_rabastan](#) at [2010-08-03 02:33:56](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, now you've gone and turned my head! Who are these young ladies who are not already of my acquaintance? Why are they so bashful? Now I dare to hope that this new journal feature shall embolden them so that they may finally seek me out, quills trembling from their fingers.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2010-08-03 02:41:12](#)  
(no subject)

Well, I'm certain even one as gregarious as you must have missed a witch or two in this glorious nation. Perhaps in Hunspow or Laxford Bridge there are, unaccountably, a handful who have not experienced your personal attention.

As for the ones who *have* had that happy honour, you might be wise to open their private messages with wand at the ready.




 [alt\\_rabastan](#) at [2010-08-03 02:46:45](#)  
(no subject)

But do the ladies of such Highland regions still have all their own teeth?

I do prefer teeth. Prevents lisping.




 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2010-08-03 03:03:03](#)  
(no subject)

Precisely. So are you sure you want every woman in the realm to write to you, expressing her undying devotion?


Consider the unfortunate (and distasteful) woman who committed the faux pas of Saturday evening. More like that and I fear even your good humour would suffer an injury we can ill-afford. It is too essential to the continued vitality of the Protectorate to allow it to be damaged!



 [alt\\_selwyn](#) at [2010-08-03 01:12:43](#)  
(no subject)


It was indeed inspired in part by the many obstacles to normal owl traffic last year. This provides an alternative to the owl post system that is faster and nearly as private.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2010-08-03 01:16:57](#)  
(no subject)


Pardon me, Sir, but what do you mean exactly when you say "nearly as private?"



 [alt\\_selwyn](#) at [2010-08-03 01:37:11](#)  
(no subject)


The subject line of your entry will still be visible to anyone who looks at your journal. So, should you send a private message to someone, everyone will know that you sent a private message to this person, though they won't be able to read the content. If you send an owl, you will have to wait longer for a response, but it is less instantly obvious to whom you sent it.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2010-08-03 02:34:34](#)  
(no subject)

Ah, yes, that makes sense then. Thank you, Sir.




 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2010-08-03 01:20:50](#)  
(no subject)

Working late?

I'm a little interested to see that a certain someone has not used his feature yet. Perhaps he was reticent to try it before it was officially announced.




 [alt\\_selwyn](#) at [2010-08-03 01:49:56](#)  
(no subject)

I'm working from home at present -- it's a bit distracting what with the children, but the wife does like to see my face occasionally.

And yes, I noticed that as well; he doesn't seem to care for attention, and perhaps he thought a mysterious private post might lead to too much speculation?



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2010-08-03 02:06:55](#)  
(no subject)

It's my experience that he is uncommonly considerate in that wise. Moreso than a boy of his

years ought to be, strictly speaking. You may be right.

Still. I had understood that this innovation was a particular request of his - not only for his own use, but for the benefit it brings to us all - so I was surprised to find he had not yet tried it for his own satisfaction.


In any event, it will be most enlightening to see whether this reduces owl traffic and speeds communications, as Massopust's studies projected.



 **[alt\\_zacharias](#)** at **[2010-08-03 01:29:42](#)**  
(no subject)

Excuse me, sir, but if the people you're writing to aren't related, do you need both their full names? I mean, like, if I was to write to MacMillan and Finnigan, I'd have to write 'Private Message to Ernie MacMillan and Seamus Finnigan' right? Not 'MacMillan and Finnigan' or 'Ernie and Seamus'? I guess that's maybe a stupid question.




 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2010-08-03 01:31:52](#)**  
(no subject)

I think you're right, Smith, but I was sort of wondering the same thing. If I wrote to Lavender and Parvati I'd have to use their whole names.

And I don't think we can write to 'Mum and Dad' either because, well, everyone's got a mum and dad, haven't they? Well, mostly everyone.




 **[alt\\_selwyn](#)** at **[2010-08-03 01:42:08](#)**  
(no subject)

I believe that you have only one Mum and Dad, Miss Patil, so if you write 'Private Message to Mum and Dad' in your journal, the journal magic will direct that to the proper individuals.

On the other hand, should your mother write 'Private message to my daughter,' it would be visible to both you and your twin. If she

wrote 'Private message to my daughter in Ravenclaw,' it would be visible solely to you.




 **alt\_padma** at [2010-08-03 01:44:58](#)  
(no subject)

Really? Nift.

Thank you, sir.



 **alt\_selwyn** at [2010-08-03 01:40:28](#)  
(no subject)

The system, of course, is magical and not merely mechanical. Should you regularly direct messages to particular individuals, the journal magic will adapt to your use and assume that 'Ernie' is the Ernie you usually write to and not some other Ernie.

In fact, I believe that for Hogwarts students the default assumption is that they are writing either to their parents, or to other Hogwarts students, so 'Finnigan' and 'MacMillan' ought to serve. However, if you wish to be absolutely certain, use full names.




 **alt\_zacharias** at [2010-08-03 02:08:11](#)  
(no subject)

How does it know

Thank you, Mr Selwyn.



 **alt\_bill** at [2010-08-03 01:50:22](#)  
(no subject)

It's quite a brilliant extension of functionality to the journals project, I must say. The more ways we encourage our citizens to entrust their personal communications to the Ministry, the better.






 [alt\\_bill](#) at [2010-08-03 01:51:29](#)

*Order Only*

And if THAT isn't enough of a big fat hint to people, I don't know what could be.




 [alt\\_selwyn](#) at [2010-08-03 02:12:35](#)

*(no subject)*

I couldn't agree more, Mr Weasley. This particular innovation has numerous potential benefits.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2010-08-03 01:55:45](#)

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

So what do you all think?



 [alt\\_lee](#) at [2010-08-03 01:58:40](#)

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

You're kidding, right?

No. Bloody. Way.



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2010-08-03 02:05:23](#)

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

We'll stick to our own lock.

We even thought of it first.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-03 02:03:08](#)

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

I think it would be a good idea for you and Ron, and for me and Pansy, to use private messages regularly.

Everyone knows we're mates. It would be odd if we DIDN'T use it.



So long as we never EVER forget that Bellatrix Lestrange can read anything we write in them, and never say things like, 'oh, I'd better go say this more privately.' If anything, I think MLE will pay more attention to the private messages than to things people just wrote in the open.



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2010-08-03 02:06:47](#)

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

Hmm. Good point, Perks.

See, there's a reason we keep you Slytherin lot around. Sometimes we can really benefit from your twisty thinking.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-03 02:08:18](#)

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

Why thank you.

It's sort of the way the rest of us keep you Gryffindors around so we can send you out to battle dragons, if any come calling.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2010-08-03 02:09:01](#)

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

That'll be real weird. I dunno if I'll be able to make it sound convincing. I'm pants at trying to fool anybody.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-03 02:12:35](#)

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

Well, it could just be a load of nothing. Random jokes or making fun of teachers or whinging about homework.

I mean, we're just kids and all, so if you want to keep something really random private, it wouldn't seem too weird.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-03 02:21:35](#)

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

I agree with Pansy. Use it when you want to complain about Acton or even Carrow -- no one in MLE will care if we're complaining about our teachers. Or to make fun of Padma Patil, no one in MLE will care about that, either.

It is a bit odd they're limiting us to two.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-03 02:10:25](#)

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

I was thinking the same thing. As long as it's nothing we wouldn't mind being read by someone at the Ministry. And it's not like I'll be writing personal messages to the twins or something when this will do just fine, but it would be weird if we didn't take full advantage.

And this way, if we do it enough, it won't seem too dodgy when Ron and Neville know something they wouldn't have otherwise, so it'll be easier to hide this.

It's awful interesting they're only letting us write two people at a time, though.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-03 02:07:19](#)

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

I have to admit I'm a little curious what would happen if I started a private message to Pansy and then added a comment under the lock -- would that be a message that really and truly, ONLY Pansy could read?

It makes me a bit nervous, though. What if somehow everything canceled out?



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-03 02:14:08](#)

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

We wouldn't have a good way to check it, so I'd rather you didn't.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2010-08-03 02:18:57](#)

*(no subject)*

This is indeed wonderful news, Mr Selwyn. I must say, I've been waiting for this announcement with a great deal of anticipation.




 [alt\\_bill](#) at [2010-08-03 02:21:21](#)

*Order Only*

PERCY KNEW?!

**FUCK.**



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2010-08-03 02:23:01](#)

*Re: Order Only*

If you have any Calming Draught in your office, I suggest you use it, son.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2010-08-03 02:25:50](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Not surprising, Bill: *Malfoy* knew.


It's really too bad he can't be goaded into telling you lot what he's learned. Even if he's not a willing

informant--

No. Sorry. That's not on.

But if only he'd show you he can be trusted!



 [alt\\_selwyn](#) at [2010-08-03 02:23:00](#)  
(no subject)

Have you, lad?


It's good to know you're making the most of your summer internship.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2010-08-03 02:26:11](#)  
(no subject)

As I do with any opportunity, sir. Thank you.




 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-03 02:33:58](#)  
(no subject)

This is very exciting, sir!

Do the private messages have to be written in just your own journal, or can there be private messages that are comments on someone else's journal? So if someone said something, and you wanted to ask them something private about it, could you do it in their journal?


Thank you!



 [alt\\_selwyn](#) at [2010-08-03 02:48:35](#)  
(no subject)

That is an excellent question and I will need to check with my staff to properly answer it, Miss Parkinson.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-03 02:53:51](#)  
(no subject)

I appreciate it.

It really is a wonderful gift, Mr Selwyn.

**2010-08-02 22:05:00**

*Additional Questions*

Additional questions about the new journal feature may be directed to me (or my staff) here.



(The other entry was growing long.)

 [alt\\_selwyn](#)

Miss Parkinson, ~~I expect to have an answer for you by morning.~~ I believe I have an answer to your question.

Yes, you can make a comment on a journal private by writing 'Private message to whomever' in the subject line of the comment. It should work exactly as it does when you make an entire message private -- everyone will see the subject line, but only the recipients will see the content of the message.

One other remark to all and sundry:

As this is a NEW feature you may expect a few bumps in the road as we get it fully implemented. Please feel free to experiment but be tolerant of slightly idiosyncratic results for the first week or two.




 [alt\\_zacharias](#) at **2010-08-03 03:22:45**  
(no subject)

Oh, I did have another question, Mr Selwyn. And someone else may have asked this already but there were a lot of comments on your earlier post, so sorry if you've already answered this one.

Um. So, if someone writes a private message, and you're not the person they wrote to, can you still send them an answer? I mean, if Ernie wrote to Seamus, I know I couldn't see what they wrote, but could I go to that page in my journal and just write 'Hey, Seamus and Ernie, I wonder if you'd be on for Quidditch on Saturday?' and would they get my message?



 [alt\\_selwyn](#) at [2010-08-03 03:26:27](#)  
(no subject)

You will not be able to reply to the private messages unless you are one of the recipients.

So for instance, Miss Perks has sent a private message to Miss Parkinson. If you examine the entry, you will see that you have no way to write a reply to it, though obviously you can write your own entry to Miss Perks should you wish to speak with her.




 [alt\\_zacharias](#) at [2010-08-03 03:28:37](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, I hadn't tried.

Weird. The quill sort of skips off the page. Wicked!

Er, thank you again, sir.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-03 03:48:10](#)  
(no subject)

Thank you for getting back to me so quickly, Mr Selwyn!

**[2010-08-02 22:12:00](#)**

*Private message to Pansy Parkinson*

This is utterly nift.

I can't wait for our visit! Only a few more days!




 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)**

I've been trying and trying to work out how to do patchwork and I STILL CAN'T GET IT RIGHT.

---



 **[alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-03 03:42:30](#)**

*(no subject)*

So. Very. Wiz-nift.

And just think! We can say that Padma Patil is a foul cow, and she can't tell. Hah.

Ms Macalister has asked me what sorts of food you like, so she could make out a shopping list for Mina, and it'll just be brill.

Did you see what Harry said, about Ron?



 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-03 03:49:09](#)**

*(no subject)*

I like everything except turnips! Well and that thing the elves made that time, that nasty stuff with the fish. I think they were cross about something that day.

I did see what Harry said. And I wonder if it WAS the same nasty woman who was rude to me, who was rude to him. You'd have to be a lot stupider to be rude to Harry, though.



 **[alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-03 04:01:01](#)**

*(no subject)*

...That's true. Maybe she was just warming up with you.





 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-03 03:43:40](#)  
(no subject)

And I'm sure you'll sort out the patchwork. Maybe if you know how to do it by hand first, it'll be easier?




 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-03 03:50:24](#)  
(no subject)

Maybe. It bunches up a little no matter how I put it together -- not a lot, but just enough that the lines don't match up properly. I suppose I should have started with an easier pattern. It doesn't LOOK that

hard...



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-03 04:02:02](#)  
(no subject)


Have you tried sticking charms, so that things stay in place?



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-03 04:02:54](#)  
(no subject)

Oh! I haven't, but that's a really good idea!



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-03 04:08:45](#)  
(no subject)

Well, you can show me once you come here...  
in JUST A FEW DAYS!



**2010-08-02 22:25:00**

*Happy Birthday, Harry*

I've been in disgrace. And I know its spelt disgrace, sorry.



 [alt\\_harry](#)


Well, not really. I mean, nobody took away my journal or anything. Only I caused a scene at the party, Father said, so I had to be extra nice to him. Someone said something about my parents. I wasn't happy about it. But I don't want to write it in the journals. Anyway Father said it was actually true. But I was already hacked off because Ron wasn't invited.

It was a surprise party. If you weren't invited it wasn't my fault. Im sorry if you weren't.

Anyhow, I saw some things. Father didn't tell me about my present till today, the big present I mean, which was the private messages. He said he knows that we had loads of troubles with owls and things last year. So now they ironed some things out in the journals. And one of them is messages. Also he said that as I get older, I need privacy. He has privacy but I was not going to have any. So he said that it was time I was able to do private things. ~~I'm not sure how private~~

In any case I will send my first private message tomorrow maybe. I am trying to decide what to write. And to who. It seems like it should be something good!




 [alt\\_pansy](#) at **2010-08-03 03:06:16**  
(no subject)

It's a fantastic birthday present, Harry.

Really nift!

I'm sorry you didn't have the best time at your party, though. There was a woman that was really rude to Sally-Anne, I wonder if she was the same person. Some people just don't know when to keep their mouths shut.




 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2010-08-03 03:43:17](#)  
(no subject)

I think so too!!! I've been thinking about it more. And liking it more. It's good that other people can use it too.

I dont know. I think she couldn't have been a Slytherin though.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-03 03:47:06](#)  
(no subject)

I know, it's like a present for the whole *country*!


And she *couldn't* be in Slytherin. No way. I think Salazar would come back from the dead and smack her silly if she was.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-03 03:52:38](#)  
(no subject)

The woman who was rude to me was wearing blue dress robes and she had dark hair. And she was absolutely not a Slytherin. She was also not a Ravenclaw (too stupid) or a Gryffindor (too easy to intimidate).



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-03 04:00:45](#)  
*Private message to Harry Marvolo and Pansy Parkinson*

The woman who was rude to me said, 'oh, are you the little halfblood who got into Slytherin?' and then laughed. It's not such a terrible thing to say, really but she used a very insulting tone.

So I gave her a really ~~haw~~ haughty look like I was thinking about how best to squash her and said, 'I am very proud to be in Slytherin House' and then just stood there and glared.

She spilled her drink on herself and made a bunch of excuses to get away from me, like she thought she must have mistaken the wrong person for the little halfblood.

Anyway you can see why I think she wasn't in Slytherin -- no Slytherin would make comments about someone's blood purity unless they knew EXACTLY who they were talking to and were SURE they had it right!



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-03 04:02:00](#)

*Re: Private message to Harry Marvolo and Pansy Parkinson*

It really was a lovely party aside from that, though.

I'm sorry you were in ~~diser~~ disgrace, it's not fair ending up in disgrace on your own birthday.




 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-03 04:04:15](#)

*Re: Private message to Harry Marvolo and Pansy Parkinson*

I know! You'd think a birthday would be sort of like a free pass or something.

But it's good you didn't get into too much trouble, Harry.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2010-08-03 04:04:29](#)

*Re: Private message to Harry Marvolo and Pansy Parkinson*

Well I did stomp out and things.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2010-08-03 04:03:40](#)

*Re: Private message to Harry Marvolo and Pansy Parkinson*

I don't think it was the same. Only I was too angry to really get a good look.

Anyhow blood purity doesnt mean anything. We're glad to have you in Slytherin Sally-Anne. Youre not like some other people.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-03 04:04:46](#)

*Re: Private message to Harry Marvolo and Pansy Parkinson*

hear hear!



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-03 04:15:18](#)

*Re: Private message to Harry Marvolo and Pansy Parkinson*

Well, thank you. I am really proud to be in Slytherin.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2010-08-03 04:32:57](#)

*Private message to Harry Marvolo*

What are you talking to Pansy and Perks about?

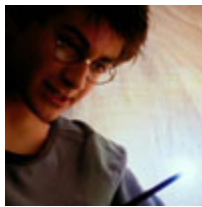
I don't know if I like this...it's going to drive me mad if people leave private comments in my book to each other that don't include me!



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2010-08-03 04:33:30](#)

*Re: Private message to Harry Marvolo*

I mean, I know this is your book and not mine...but still, you know what I mean!



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2010-08-03 15:04:16](#)

*Private message to Draco Malfoy*

Sorry, mate!!

I was just comparing notes on the cow who was mean to me.

Not the same person as was to Sally-Anne.

**2010-08-02 22:34:00**

*Private Message to Draco Malfoy*

I already told Hermione.

She said, 'It's remarkable how good pure blood will out. Normally I'd say if there's something wrong with the bitch, there'll be something wrong with the pup. But Marvolo turned out very well indeed, despite his no-good parents.' Or something like that.




 [alt\\_harry](#)

She called my mother a bitch.

Father said that she didn't say it right but that she was right. They were no good. He took care of me because he could see I was special and not like them. But I don't think that's true.

Anyway, I didnt think you heard it. But you should. She's nasty. I told Father I don't ever want to see her again.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at **2010-08-03 04:20:12**  
(no subject)

Harry, don't be cross with me for asking, but what do you think they were like? I mean, you can't really know either way, can you?

I'm sorry she said that, though. What a cow.

**2010-08-03 12:02:00**

*A point of etiquette*

Our students on the YPL camping trip are, of course, delighted with the new private communication function in the journals, but it has raised a point of etiquette.



 **alt\_sinistra**


Although it is possible to leave a private comment in someone else's entry, I'd encourage students to remember that simply because something is possible does not mean it is polite. In other words, the student whose entry it is may feel excluded or upset that others are talking behind their back about something they said - just like whispering in the corner of a room might make someone feel excluded or laughed at. It would be much more polite to withdraw slightly (in this case, one can easily make a new separate entry.)

Since one of the purposes of the YPL is to help students build social skills and connections that will continue to serve them in their adult lives, I suspect we'll be revisiting this question during the coming school year, once we have all had the chance to experiment more with this new great gift from our Lord Protector (and made manifest by the dedicated work of the Ministry staff involved.)

Mr Selwyn - my very great thanks for your work on this, and your willingness to engage with students who have questions about how the process works. I hope you don't feel I've overstepped in mentioning a matter of social grace that our students - especially our younger students - may not know how to handle well yet.

Finally, for the parents of our rising second years: the camping trip is thus far going quite smoothly, and I'm sure you'll be hearing from your children in the near future: there will be some quiet time this afternoon that will allow for notes in the journals, as well as other times throughout the week.



 **alt\_penelope** at **2010-08-03 17:12:17**  
(no subject)

Thank you again, Professor. I hope Mr Selwyn doesn't think you're overstepping, either, but it really was getting out of hand. An isolated incident or two, I'm sure I could have managed it on my own, or with Pyle.

But when Zimmerman and Stevens both came to me a *third time* between last night and lunch....


Well. I'm glad you were willing to make this a little more official.



 **[alt\\_sinistra](#)** at **[2010-08-04 14:45:10](#)**  
(no subject)

You're quite welcome, Miss Clearwater. I do think it's helped - but do let me know if you hear of further difficulties, and we can sort them out as needed. You were quite right to bring the problem to my attention promptly as with anything that becomes a repeated concern with the same students.




 **[alt\\_lana](#)** at **[2010-08-04 12:03:07](#)**  
(no subject)

Thank you, Professor.

My sister isn't giving you any trouble, is she? I saw that she was making rather liberal use of the new privacy spell.

If Honoria does not behave to standard, she should be sent home. It's beyond time she learns self-discipline.



 **[alt\\_sinistra](#)** at **[2010-08-04 14:44:15](#)**  
(no subject)

Honoria has been behaving quite well. While she - like almost everyone else on the trip - has been making use of the privacy spell, she's been doing so quite appropriately. (And honestly, it's easier than people doing their best from tent to tent late at night as happened last year.)

Now that we've pointed out the etiquette issues - and the first major burst of playing with the new features has died down - I think we'll have an excellent time. And as you know, while there's some relaxation time built in, we keep quite a heavy schedule of activities.



**2010-08-03 13:15:00**

*Private Message to Percy Weasley*


Titchy little second-years! Which group are you going with after lunch? I said I'd go with Jenkins, whichever group she picks.



 **alt\_penelope**

I thought maybe if we could get them going on their nature hike we could...you know...slip away for a few minutes? There's a little clearing I saw on the walk we took yesterday to prepare the pathways for them.




 **alt\_percy** at **2010-08-03 21:30:43**  
(no subject)

Sorry I didn't answer or have a chance to break away with you after lunch. I was sorting out squabbles much of the afternoon on the nature hike, and had to keep a close eye on a couple of the little monsters who were threatening to come to blows.

But they seem to have worked out a truce for the time being. Anyway, I'd like to investigate that clearing with you. Maybe after dinner but before the campfire?



 **alt\_penelope** at **2010-08-03 22:09:19**  
(no subject)

God, it wasn't Donovan and DuMaurier again, was it? Avery practically had to take their wands away while setting up yesterday.

And sure, I'm not on cleanup tonight, so I think we could get away unnoticed.



**2010-08-03 21:33:00**

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



 **alt\_gredforge**

We've been thinking about what would happen if any of us do an 'I Solemnly Swear' comment to a private message post. Don't know for absolutely sure, but we do think that the safeguards we've been using up until now will still continue to protect what we write, as long as you use the protocol we've been using. At the very least, the age charm protection would keep anyone from the MLE from being able to read anything you might write under the lock. Don't think they're allowed by law to hire anyone under the age of seventeen.

On the other hand, we have a hunch that the Ministry will be particularly paying attention to which people are nattering away an awful lot in private messages. It's like writing a big sign and sticking it to your back that says, 'Hullo! Over here! Yeah, I'm writing about a lot of dodgy stuff that I don't want other people to know!' So if you don't want to particularly draw their attention that way, you might consider that bit of friendly advice.



 **alt\_sally\_anne** at **2010-08-04 03:59:30**  
(no subject)

Do even the interns have to be of age? I suppose that makes sense.

The Strettons talked all day about the private messages -- they don't use their journals much but they're going to start, because they want people to be able to place orders with their journals. I don't know how payment is supposed to work, though, normally people send galleons along with the owl that brings the order form.

Anyway they talked a lot about how to make sure no one overlooks the orders and what if someone writes a name incorrectly and on and on about all the ways they could make a customer cross if things don't go properly and whether they can use magic that would catch mistakes.

It got me thinking again about MLE and what they'll be watching for.

I reckon there's a spell, don't you? You couldn't say to the journals, 'find me the traitors' but you could say, if you were MLE, 'find me anyone talking about Sirius Black.' Or 'find me anyone who mentions Bellatrix Lestrange.' Or 'find me anyone who says Lord Pretender.' Some of the time they'll find people saying things like, 'it was Sirius Black who was really the Lord Pretender, thank goodness Bellatrix Lestrange put a stop to him!' But other times maybe not.




 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-04 04:00:10](#)  
(no subject)

I mean if Ron can put a spell on his journal saying 'tell me whenever Perks writes anything' it should be no trouble for MLE to find people who talk about Sirius Black where they think no one can see.

Even if they just say 'poor bloke' it lets them know who to look for. Look at. You know.




 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2010-08-04 11:38:18](#)  
(no subject)

Also.

Yikes.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2010-08-04 11:37:51](#)  
(no subject)

Ugh.



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2010-08-04 17:50:20](#)  
(no subject)

We think the rule about 'you can only send a private message to two persons' is a way to slow down conspirators. It'll be hard to use this feature to get a group of people plot anything--if anyone were stupid enough to try it--and the titles will make it easy to trace if someone DOES use it to try something.



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2010-08-04 19:50:33](#)  
(no subject)

Well, I think I'm rather safe, as long as it's nothing I don't mind saying in front of Harry. I don't think they'll peek too closely in on him, since he's above reproach. He said his Father promised not to look at his private things, too.

Of course that means I can't say above half the things I'd like to, but that's all right too.

**2010-08-04 06:56:00**

*Private Message to Fred Weasley and George Weasley*



Let's see if we can make Percy think we're getting up to something while he's gone.

 [alt\\_ron](#)

Actually, I think we should do something like seal his door shut so he can't get in his room when he comes back. Only I don't know a spell for that. I was trying to work on my locking spell on the door to the chicken coop this morning, but Mum came out and got right through it.

---



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2010-08-04 15:50:24](#)  
(no subject)

We were toying with the idea of hexing his room so all the furniture is hanging from the ceiling. We'd have to do that at the last minute before he comes home, though, or Mum will make us put it back.

**2010-08-04 14:10:00**

## *I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up to No Good: London!*



 [alt\\_terry](#)

The Headmistress has chosen her house in London. Well, it's just out outside of London, really, in a neighbourhood called Chiswick. It's a house that belonged to someone named William Hogarth, a bloke who was famous for the paintings and engravings he did in the 18th century.

I like the house, although I was a little surprised she didn't pick something fancier. Some of the others in the Lord Protector's inner circle have chosen buildings that are almost castles, really. She sniffed when I ventured to ask her about it, and said that it was certainly big enough for the likes of her. She's not going to be holding any fancy parties or anything, and why anyone thinks she would need fourteen beds to sleep in is beyond her.

The house was built around 1700. There are all sorts of interesting pictures on the wall, engravings of some of Mr Hogarth's works, although the original paintings they're based on are in museums. Some of them make up a series of stories. One of them is called 'Gin Lane' and shows all the nasty conditions in the slums at the time. Another series is called 'The Rake's Progress'--I guess a 'rake' used to be what they called someone who is, well, the sort that never gets picked to be a prefect. There are little signs up by the pictures, explaining about how the Rake gets into more and more trouble, doing more stupid and terrible things, until he ends up dying in a madhouse. From one of those diseases you get if, er, you do stupid and terrible things. The Headmistress says Hogarth has really enjoyed a revival since the Lord Protector came into power, because the Ministry likes how he showed so many ways that people--muggles, I guess--did terrible things and lived in what she calls skwaler and then died horribly as a result. 'But I think they're rather missing the point.' she said. When I looked surprised, she looked over her glasses at me and added, 'Hogarth was really quite sympathetic to the poor. He also opposed cruelty to animals.' Which made me wonder a bit: I wasn't sure if she meant *animals like your sort* or not. It's not always easy to tell what she's thinking. And then she sent me off to finish arranging some of the books on the shelves that she's planning to keep here.

*Then* I started wondering what sorts of pictures Hogarth might have done about muggleborns, if he'd been alive today.

Like I said, the house isn't terribly big, three stories, but it is certainly cosy and in good repair. The first two floors are open part-time as a museum so that people can come to see the pictures, but that doesn't bother the Headmistress at all, because most of the time she won't be here anyway. If you continue down the lane outside

toward the Thames river, you come to a famous old pub called the George and Devonshire. The Headmistress took me there once one afternoon, because she said she had a craving for pub fish and chips. There's also an old churchyard near the Thames river where Hogarth is buried, although I haven't had time to explore it.

There are three house elves with the house, and they're good cooks, although they don't like me so much. I guess they're afraid I'm going to do some of their work or something. There's not that much here for me to do. Of course, with the Headmistress' magic, it doesn't take hardly any work to unpack and arrange everything. She has a small salon where she receives visitors in the mornings, and I think she's been to Court once or twice. I can tell she doesn't like going. She works on letters and her research in the afternoon, and she usually has me read to her at night. She'll send me on little errands once in a while, but usually, I'm left to myself. I'm studying all I can with the books from her library, but I don't take out my wand at all. I don't want the house elves to spy that I'm using it and tell her.

Hermione, I hope I'll be able to see you sometime in the next week. The Headmistress said she thought she could arrange it. Which is awful nice of her.

I see from her calendar that Lucius Malfoy is expected to visit next week, too. I'll do my best to stay out of the way when he's here. That man really scares me, and I don't want to see him if I can possibly help it.

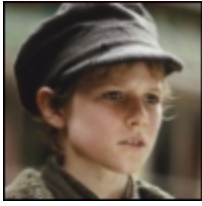



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2010-08-04 19:53:00](#)  
(no subject)

Well, that sounds a very great deal like Professor McGonagall!!

Do you think she'll move in now? I suppose there isn't much time before the school year begins again, so maybe not until next summer. Then they'd be able to fix it up and all. Not that it sounds like it isn't very nice already.

I can't wait to see you. I think Harry isn't looking forward to her visiting, because then he'll have to show her what all he's been doing. They've made him do tutoring for the classes he didn't get great marks in. But it will be all right, I mean, I'm sure she's not going to be nasty, and it will be ever so nice to see you!



 **[alt\\_terry](#)** at **[2010-08-05 00:51:12](#)**  
(no subject)

I think she'll spend at least some time in London before school starts.

I can't wait to see you, either. I've heard so much about Buckingham. There was a book about it in the library, before the Headmistress moved in her books. Seems to be an old Muggle book, so the photos don't move, but it seems very grand.


I hope the Headmistress will arrange for us to meet in some out of the way corner. I imagine there must be some of them in a place that big.



 **[alt\\_hermione](#)** at **[2010-08-05 14:22:37](#)**  
(no subject)

There must be!!!



 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2010-08-04 20:07:46](#)**  
(no subject)


He isn't

Well, I guess I can see how he might be scary to mu

I doubt he'd pay you much mind

The engravings sound interesting.

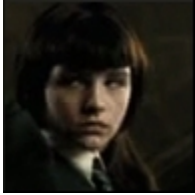



 **[alt\\_terry](#)** at **[2010-08-04 20:32:36](#)**  
(no subject)

I forgot. He's quite a good friend of yours, isn't he? And he's a relative, and he's known you since you were young and everything.

It's just that it's a rather different case for someone like me.

I don't think he really likes having someone of my sort around. I'm perfectly pleased to oblige him and make myself scarce. I'm sure we're both happier that way.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-04 21:19:14](#)  
(no subject)

...yeah, that's probably best.



**2010-08-04 17:33:00**

*I only just thought of it*

I probably should have asked Mr Selwyn this when he made his announcement about the journals the other day, but we were still setting up our tent. The one we were given hasn't been used since last years camping trip, I think.

Someone left a packet of biscuits in it but the had gone really stale, and I didn't even want them, and I found a dirty sock, too, which I definitely didn't want.

And then today we were walking around the moors for hours, it was really windy and now I keep finding little sticks and brambles in my hair.

Tonight there will be some star gazing, which should be lovely.

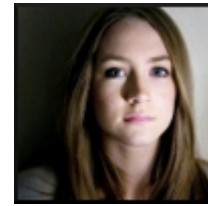
I wonder if I'll be able to see the constellation Hydra from here?

I've never seen it before, maybe Professor Sinistra will help me if she isn't too busy.

Oh, but I almost forgot why I wrote in the first place!

It was to ask if anyone knows whether or not people are allowed to write private messages to our Lord Protector?

It might be nice to be able to, just to send our thanks, or maybe devotional thoughts, and it would be faster than sending an owl, too.



 [alt\\_hydra](#)




 [alt\\_lucius](#) at **2010-08-04 23:55:53**

*(no subject)*

Although the private message function has only been in effect a brief while, I understand that Our Lord has already received a number of messages of thanks and other sentiment. He is, as you must be aware, extraordinarily busy, but He does set aside a certain amount of time each day to monitor the journals and therefore He would, of course, see messages directed to His attention especially. I am sure He has not the time to answer every personal greeting.

However, I am equally certain that He would be, as always, pleased by the gestures of His particular favourites.




 [alt\\_hydra](#) at [2010-08-04 23:58:32](#)  
(no subject)

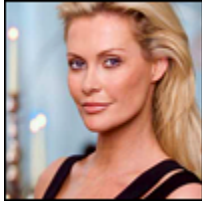
Thank you for telling me Uncle Lucius, that's very good to know.  
Now I should wait and see if Mummy says the same thing and that it's all right to do so.


From,  
Hydra



 [alt\\_bellatrix](#) at [2010-08-05 00:01:30](#)  
(no subject)

As your Uncle already indicated, private messages to the Dark Lord are not discouraged, so long as they are respectful in nature and appropriate in topic. Also as your Uncle said, the Lord is far too busy to answer all personal greetings, particularly when they are trivial in nature. Take care, then, to craft your message carefully.




 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2010-08-05 00:06:59](#)  
(no subject)

I should think Our Lord would be very happy to see that you thought first to thank Him for making the feature possible, Hydra dear.

But I had not even considered that they might offer you a second-hand tent! Are you enjoying the trip, otherwise? And your tent-mates, are you getting on well?




 [alt\\_hydra](#) at [2010-08-05 04:34:53](#)  
(no subject)

Does the tent having been used for the last YPL trip make it second-hand?  
They just might have had some elves tidy it up before it was packed away or brought out again, that's all, but otherwise it's very cosy.  
We didn't get to pick who we stayed in the tents with, so I'm not with any girls in my House.  
There's two Hufflepuffs, a Ravenclaw, and a Gryffindor: Efluvia

Stevens, Ethel Zimmerman, Celia Thompson, Ginny Weasley, and me.

From,  
Hydra




 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2010-08-05 04:54:53](#)  
(no subject)

Ginny Weasley? I must say that seems ... remarkable.

Your comment about the tent not being tidied adequately is exactly the sort of thing I mean, Hydra. Last year we sent one of our small tents with Draco. I ought to have thought of the same for you. At least then you should not have been confronted with others' refuse!

Were you and Professor Sinistra able to find your star? It should have been very, very low on the western horizon, if you could see it at all. Do you know, your cousin Regulus used to think, oh, for a very long time, that because he was named for a star, it was his very own? He used to refer to all our stars that way, so he would speak of finding 'Grandfather' and mean Arcturus (or sometimes Grandfather Pollux). It took quite a while to convince him that it was we who were named for the stars and not the other way 'round!



 [alt\\_hydra](#) at [2010-08-05 04:56:55](#)  
(no subject)

No, we didn't find it, but maybe next time.  
Or if not then, maybe when we're all on holiday?  
I like that story about cousin Regulus and his star.  
I wish he would have got to tell it to me himself, I think he would have if he had read this, don't you?

From,  
Hydra



 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2010-08-05 05:05:12](#)  
(no subject)


Yes, I was afraid of that - it's the wrong time of year, just. But perhaps when we're on holiday. It should be lovely weather for it and not raining at all, by then.

And I'm sure he would have loved to tell you about it, dear. He

Well, he always related well to young people.

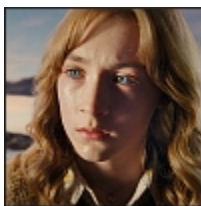
But now, I think you ought to be getting to sleep, sweetheart. You've another long day tomorrow.




 [alt\\_bellatrix](#) at [2010-08-05 00:15:47](#)  
*Private message to Hydra Lestrangle*

If this is in reference to any of the conversations you've had with him during tea, you should indeed write him a private message at once, so long as you have new information to provide him with. And I do hope, small one, that you will have more to say on the matter soon. I still believe that you do not entirely fathom that extremely rare and remarkable experience you've had this past year, and the fact that your mind reflects none of it is unacceptable. Since your Father has managed to convince me that this is not a result of your own sheer stubbornness, and instead an effect of having been Graced by Him, I will make no further attempts to ply the information from you when you return. Our Lord, of course, may do as He pleases until He has reached a satisfactory conclusion to the matter.

Oh, but Mummy is terribly stretched at the moment, Hydra. You know that if you please Our Lord you will be pleasing me as well, so be a good girl, hmm? Try not to get too filthy on your trip. Keep yourself clean and stay close to those you know well.



 [alt\\_hydra](#) at [2010-08-05 04:32:28](#)  
*Re: Private message to Hydra Lestrangle*

He said that if I had any more dreams I should tell him, because even if dreams aren't the same as memory, they reveal truths in the unconscious.

I promise that I did tell Him everything that I remember, and I said I would drink veritaserum if He wanted, and He only said that it wasn't the method He preferred for this situation and that He wanted to know more about my character and not just about what happened.

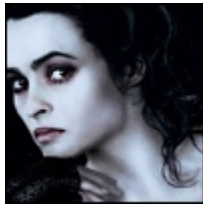
I know that I can please both of you, thank you for being patient because I know how important your work is, and His especially.

Mummy, Ginny Weasley is in my tent and she's one of the ones I hurt last year except in a different way than the others.

She walked beside me on the moors today and it was too windy to talk but I think she wanted to.

What should I do?

From,  
Hydra



 [alt\\_bellatrix](#) at [2010-08-05 04:42:30](#)

*Re: Private message to Hydra Lestrangle*

Don't talk to her, obviously.

You could always try hexing her, should that fail, but I don't think that you'll do that, will you?



 [alt\\_hydra](#) at [2010-08-05 04:49:09](#)

*Re: Private message to Hydra Lestrangle*

I don't know, but thank you for the advice, Mummy.

From,

Hydra



 [alt\\_sinistra](#) at [2010-08-05 01:52:45](#)

*(no subject)*


Miss Lestrangle -

I am always delighted to stargaze even when I've got other tasks. I hope the few minutes earlier were enjoyable. We'll have more time later in the week for a longer

viewing, if the weather holds, but please feel free to come find me any evening you'd like to look upwards. It's a delight to share my joy in the heavens with anyone who's interested.

We're especially lucky next week to have the the Perseid showers: I know you spotted a few falling stars tonight (good eye!) but it's worth keeping an eye out all through this week and into next, if you have a chance to be out somewhere with a clear sky. This year's Perseids should be especially clear, due to the position and phase of the moon.



 [alt\\_hydra](#) at **2010-08-05 04:34:20**  
(no subject)

Oh yes, Professor, I like it very much and I cannot wait to see the showers!

I'm confused though, because I thought they weren't actually stars falling but bits of rock and debris?

Maybe I'm remembering wrong, though?

From,  
Hydra

**2010-08-04 20:07:00**

*Site Selection*

Have been discussing Narcissa's continued quest for a holiday late this month. Shall need to be sure we have all Draco's books and such prior to the trip as there will not be time between returning and his departure for his third year (impossible as it seems to credit that he will begin third year!). I understand that she, Barty and the Razzer made great use of their four hours yesterday to evaluate three of their remaining possible sites. Had hoped to have a decision by the end of the week; doubt this will be possible given that none of the three of them were able to break away to-day for any other visits. Still. The list has been gleaned, and likely will again, before we must simply choose among the best of the bunch.



 [alt\\_lucius](#)

First of the month accounts have been settled; Wizarding Wireless board met on Monday with no particular news of moment. Except perhaps that there is a proposal to create a second signal with varied programming. It is felt that this will create jobs and satisfy the growing demand for additional (wider) range of programmes. Lively discussion: I do not think old Glendower has stirred himself to such animation in perhaps twenty years! Appreciate the desire to increase the market for jobs, particularly with the numbers of halfbloods who have been unable to return to work and subsequently lost their previous positions; not convinced that expanding the WWN is an appropriate response.


Received post from Amanda: back from the honeymoon and busy settling into their new home, closer to Beauxbatons. She enclosed a photograph taken at the Jiaohe Ruins near Turpan and promises Narcissa a length of silk, a ginger jar and a tea set in bone and silver, as well as carved bone haircombs 'as soon as ever they can be unearthed from the packages' and sent through the post. She does sound as though they spent a lovely time, and notes that 'Etienne collected some near-perfect early Tang scrolls which he hopes to incorporate into his lessons very soon.' Reading between the lines, it seems Mother has apparently already begun to wonder how soon she will be a grandmother again. (No need to rush, my dear sister!)



Narcissa informs me that this autumn will be as busy a season as the summer: We have received invitations to no fewer than four weddings, three engagement parties, three coming-of-age presentations, five birthday celebrations and *eight* anniversaries before Halloween! Clearly we shall have some difficult decisions to make as they cannot all be satisfied.

Minerva, I hear that congratulations are in order to you, as well, having made your selection of a home in town. Though perhaps 'in town' is a misnomer. Chiswick, really? And you are leaving it open to touring hours? I shouldn't wonder if you need to hire in a hit-wizard to guard your doorstep against petitioning parents wishing to bring their complaints in person. Nonetheless, I look forward to seeing you in residence from time to time. I do hope you have received the figures we discussed at the last Board of Governors' meeting. As it is the summer holiday, I should expect that the staff have had no pressing demands and have been able to fulfill the Board's request.



 **[alt\\_percy](#)** at **[2010-08-05 01:05:51](#)**  
(no subject)


The idea of expanding the Wizarding Wireless to perhaps a second signal is certainly an intriguing one, sir.

I have been rather struck at Hogwarts at times by the fact that the students do not perhaps listen to the Wireless as much as their parents do. Perhaps a program to appeal to them particularly might not be amiss. One thing I've heard complained of a time or two is that it is sometimes rather difficult to learn about new music, the very latest efforts of brand new bands. Often the music programming on the WWN caters to perhaps an older demographic, shall we say? Or at the very least, it plays mostly music by bands that have been established for five years or more. Perhaps a music programme might be included in the expanded line-up that focuses on brand new bands that might particularly appeal to youth, say of Hogwarts age?

Merely a suggestion, sir. Please, make use of it only if you think it might be of practical application of course.






 **alt\_lucius** at [2010-08-05 03:18:36](#)  
(no subject)

An intriguing suggestion, Weasley. Of course in Parnassus Glendower's day, wireless sets were not allowed at school. I daresay even in my time, while they were no longer contraband, they were ... frowned upon. And there were so few of them within the castle that I should have been shocked had the WWN ever considered the student demographic, as you say. Have matters changed so much in a single generation? And how much time may the average pupil spend in listening to such programmes, when he ought to be revising, writing essays or practising wandwork?

As for making the WWN a platform for new groups, that may be worth exploring - though it is fair to say that there are reasons groups must establish themselves before earning the right to be heard on so wide a distribution as wireless. Still, if there is shortly to be another signal with hours of airtime to fill, there may be an opportunity to showcase trending groups without their failures reflecting poorly on the network, while simultaneously capitalising on their successes.

Nolan may be interested to discuss it. Perhaps in the next quarter.




 **alt\_pansy** at [2010-08-05 05:05:28](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, Lucius, it isn't as bad as all that. You've read about my and Padma's music parties and things. And we sometimes turn on the wireless or play records in the common room you know, just for background music when people are feeling social, like after a Quidditch game, or when it's rainy outside, or on the weekends. And if people need quiet, they just say so and we turn it down, or they go to the library or their rooms or something.

I think it's a good idea, Percy.

I had no idea you couldn't even have a wireless back then.




 **[alt\\_lucius](#)** at **[2010-08-05 05:20:12](#)**  
(no subject)

I was given to understand that your parties mostly comprise music you select and play, rather than the wireless. I'm quite sure I've seen others comment to the effect that certain students brought wireless receivers with them, most not.

Still, I think you'll allow that even totting up the hours one spends in the Common Room, the opportunity to listen - and certainly to listen on a regular basis - is limited.

But if you think the market has grown so substantially ... perhaps.




 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2010-08-05 05:37:49](#)**  
(no subject)

Well, that's sort of the point Percy had, isn't it?

We listen to records quite a bit because the music we like isn't playing on the wireless as much.

I'm not sure it would be worth the cost of an entire new station for just a few hours of listening after dinner or weekends for just Hogwarts, but if there does end up being a new station, I think it'd be nift to think about including some different sorts of music than Celestina Warbeck. Who is liked by lots of people, you know, it's just not everyone's cup of tea. And it'd give a lot of new bands a chance to get heard, and you know how much I like that!




 **[alt\\_lucius](#)** at **[2010-08-05 05:45:05](#)**  
(no subject)

No, no-one would suggest creating a new station simply for Hogwarts' benefit. Though it must be said there are those who have recently left Hogwarts, entering the workforce, who would have similar tastes.

And Miss Warbeck's music is best appreciated by housewives of over 14 1/2 stone, aging warlocks who are hard of hearing and

a peculiar subset of younger wizards who seem to idolise her as much for her sense of fashion as for her emotive properties. I have it on good authority that your former professor, Gilderoy Lockhart, was quite a fan - a status that his memory loss has, sadly, not improved.



 **[alt\\_narcissa](#)** at **[2010-08-05 02:29:04](#)**  
(no subject)

I've no doubt we can reach a decision in plenty of time to make the arrangements, dearest. Already I have eliminated half the short list and between Barty and the Rizzer we have only three more sites to evaluate. It should be no trouble to complete our visits by the weekend.

As for the social calendar, we are always awash in more invitations than we can possibly accept. It is only that we have been flooded this week. I think the months of enforced travel restriction have resulted in rather a lag on planning, such that everyone is only just catching up. Already I anticipate a bevy of birth announcements to begin flowing in from now until Christmas!



 **[alt\\_mcgonagall](#)** at **[2010-08-05 13:49:42](#)**  
(no subject)

Touring hours when I am not in residence, Lucius.  
You know how much I abhor ceremony and to-do; it was the only option that presented itself that was not positively enormous. You do well enough in palaces; I am a school teacher and would only make myself ridiculous.

I shall talk business with you as soon as may be; we've several meetings scheduled, I believe.

**2010-08-04 20:46:00**

*Things*

Things welcome in eggs cooked over the campfire:

cheese  
bacon  
tomatoes



 [alt\\_luna](#)

Things not welcome in them:

cinders  
flies

Magical creatures that can be found in Cornwall that we heard all about this morning:

Pixies  
Mokes  
Knarls

Magical creatures that can be found in Cornwall that curiously our group leaders seemed to know nothing about whatsoever:

Silver Seethies  
Joxaworts  
Gallumping Gornapuffinagers

Constellations I have seen tonight that I particularly like:

Fornax  
Lupus  
Pegasus

And I saw several shooting stars! Professor Sinistra says there will be many more a little later in August when the Perseids swing by earth.



 [alt\\_luna](#) at **2010-08-05 02:19:38**

*Private Message from Luna Lovegood to Xenophilius Lovegood*

I miss you, Daddy. I know you can't read this anymore. But I wanted to say it anyway. I saw the star you picked out for me tonight, and I made a wish on it like

I always do.

But I don't think my wish will come true.

Tell Mummy I love her, please?




 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2010-08-05 21:10:06](#)**  
*(no subject)*

I love the Perseids. August is always a busy time, what with the beginning of harvest and canning, but Arthur and I always do try to make it out at least one summer evening to look up and try to catch a falling


star.



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2010-08-05 21:10:53](#)**  
*(no subject)*

I do hope you are having a good time and you are able to spend some of it with Ginny, dear.



 **[alt\\_luna](#)** at **[2010-08-05 21:11:48](#)**  
*(no subject)*

It's been lovely. They divide the groups up a bit, though, so I'm not in her group all the time.

**2010-08-05 00:02:00**

*ORDER ONLY*

trail's pretty cold, we haven't found much worth writing about other than stories. we found a possible campsite, but it had been abandoned for days, possibly a week or more.




 [alt\\_frank](#)

it really could be either one of them, no knowing which one. it's also just as likely that there never was anyone to begin with. no way of leaving a calling card, as it were, so we're just moving on. Poppy, if you happened to make any friendly talk at all with the locals, perhaps you could get away with writing a letter in a week or so to ask if anything else worth while has happened.

we're headed up to sherwood camp in the morning. give me a chance to check in with turner in person, see if it holds up to his letters. I haven't forgotten about passing along Victor's latest letter either, Al, and if Lucy is around, I'll be sure to tell her you said hello and that the babies are all fine.




 [alt\\_alice](#) at **2010-08-05 04:14:21**  
(no subject)

Thank you for checking in, my darling.

I've gotten a short note from Minerva, and Hermione has her Portkey. Once you're back, you can finish up Evelyn's and we can send hers and Neville's to Algie before the school year starts.




 [alt\\_frank](#) at **2010-08-05 04:15:13**  
(no subject)

good.

yeah.

that works.




 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2010-08-05 04:16:02](#)**  
(no subject)

And how have things been going, then?

You lot all still talking to one another?

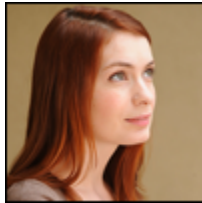



 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2010-08-05 04:22:12](#)**  
(no subject)

you mean other than the fact we've been tramping  
all over the countryside with nothing to show for  
it?

we've been fine.

he spends most of the time as a dog when we're out, which makes  
him loads easier to get on with.




 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2010-08-05 04:27:08](#)**  
(no subject)

Well. Just remember, there will be a nice hot bath  
and a proper dinner waiting for you once you get  
back.

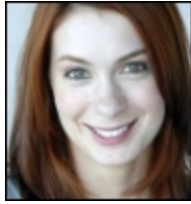
And me, of course.




 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2010-08-05 04:29:52](#)**  
(no subject)

reminds me a bit of the old days, when it was  
you and me.


merlin that was a miserable first winter, but the  
summer wasn't half bad.



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2010-08-05 04:30:40](#)**  
(no subject)

I miss you too, love.




 **[alt\\_kingsley](#)** at **[2010-08-05 13:53:20](#)**  
(no subject)

It's my theory that he spends most of his time as a dog so that he can miss out on most of the camp chores.

That's not entirely a bad thing, though. Both of us are certainly better cooks than he is.




 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2010-08-05 14:07:52](#)**  
(no subject)

that's no mistake.


didn't know you could burn water til now.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2010-08-05 23:27:04](#)**  
(no subject)

You've just had more practice at cooking over a campfire than I have. At home I cook fine.



 **[alt\\_kingsley](#)** at **[2010-08-06 00:12:46](#)**  
(no subject)

Excuses, excuses....





 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2010-08-05 04:15:57](#)**


*Order Only: Private Message to Alice Longbottom*

Hullo, Allie,

Just checking to see if this works. If it can be combined with the Order lock, that is.

If it does work, then Frank should be able to see the subject line but not this note. Good job too, as his knee's been gumming up on him and he will insist on stalking just as much as Kingsley. Any strategy for getting him to take it easy?



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2010-08-05 04:19:51](#)**

*Re: Order Only: Private Message to Alice Longbottom*

Oh dear. He does tend to be stubborn about it, but Poppy will be through at the end of the summer, and that should help a bit.

He isn't too terribly grumpy, is he? Camping rough isn't as easy now as it used to be, I'd imagine.

And aren't we being sneaky? Well, I suppose it's worth a try.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2010-08-05 04:31:52](#)**

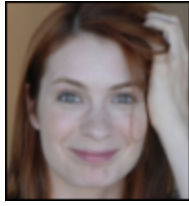
*Re: Order Only: Private Message to Alice Longbottom*

I've got him to use liniment oil once but he complained that the smell attracted insects (and I can't disagree, unfortunately).

And he wasn't half cranky when I switched his tea for prune juice to point out that he's getting too old to be proud about gammy knees and such. I've been keeping the fur on for the most part, though - saves on polyjuice and I find he's more inclined to keep a slower pace when I can run scouting for us.

Seems like he can't see this, after all.

Oi, I've just realised: Makes this a combination lock, dunnit?



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2010-08-05 04:37:01](#)

*Re: Order Only: Private Message to Alice Longbottom*

You are absolutely ridiculous, Sirius Black. Which is one of the reasons I love you.

Don't tease too badly, love. Not all of us are still stuck in their third year at Hogwarts, you know.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2010-08-05 04:25:36](#)

*(no subject)*

oi, black, chatting up the missus in private? cheeky bugger.

can't see the message, though, so I guess the thing works when we're using the lock.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2010-08-05 04:36:04](#)

*(no subject)*

Just telling her how irresistible you are.

And see if I keep playing fetch with you if you go casting aspersions on my disposition!



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2010-08-05 04:39:52](#)

*(no subject)*

I think I like you better when you're a dog.

because dogs can't talk.

or write, for that matter.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2010-08-05 04:49:20](#)


*(no subject)*

Yeah, but we can bite.

And lick. Licking's good.

Maybe that can be a good travel alarm ....




 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2010-08-05 04:51:43](#)**  
(no subject)

hah.

don't think I won't punch you if you're a dog.


s'how you turn off alarms any road.



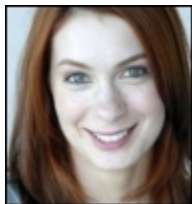
 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2010-08-05 05:08:17](#)**  
(no subject)


Well, you'd have to catch me first, gimpy.



 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2010-08-05 13:50:05](#)**  
(no subject)

Interesting. I do think it's safe. The Order Only lock is created as a sort of security 'back door' built right in at the deepest part of the spell structure for the journals. Actually, I used some techniques I learned up from the goblins when creating the Order lock (I won't bore you with the technical charms explanations, but it's related in spell structure to the protections on Gringotts vaults. Part of it I actually laid out in the Goblin language, to hide it even deeper). So the Order lock should trump anything the MLE has set up to spy on people using the Private Message lock.



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2010-08-05 14:25:49](#)**  
(no subject)

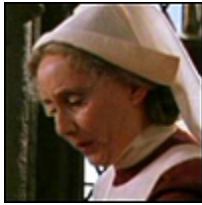
That's certainly good to know.


Not that we'd have much use of it, but I can imagine sometimes it would be nice to be private sometimes, and it is a good deal more secure than sending an owl.

And our lock really has held up marvellously well so far. I know

Moody grumbles about it in his occasional letter, but he grumbles about everything. Perhaps one of these days, we'll convince him that it's secure enough even for him.

If only the new privacy lock was more secure and didn't show names, we could send messages to our Neville and Evelyn. But that's to be expected.



 **alt\_poppy** at **[2010-08-07 02:25:29](#)**  
(no subject)

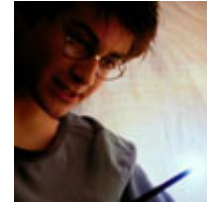
Frank,

I'm terribly sorry to have sent you on a wild goose chase. I hope your time with the Sherwood group redeems the waste of your time in Kent.

**2010-08-05 09:52:00**

*Private Message to Ron Weasley*

Father said that I could tell you that I'm going to Diagon Alley tomorrow. And I wanted to know whether you would come too.



 [alt\\_harry](#)

I mean your family. We can't come get you or anything.

We doesn't mean Father. We means me and the Razzer. Draco will probably be there too. I don't really know.

Anyway I am sorry you weren't invited to my party.

**2010-08-05 13:09:00**

*Very official announcement*

Hallo, hallo boys and girls. And by boys and girls I mean of course the young men and women who will be attending Hogwarts this autumn.




 **alt\_rabastan**

Of late you may have caught a rumour on the wind and I'm here to tell you that it is absolutely true: I'm to be your new Professor of Defence for the coming school year, replacing the tragically absent-minded Mr Gilderoy Lockheart.

I hope no one expects me to regale them with stories of how I tracked down a vicious clan of Gipsy Vampires into deepest Romania and transfigured their eye-teeth into buttons for a waistcoat, because I really don't have those sort of fairy tales to share. I have, however, been Harry Marvolo's private defence instructor for these past few summer months, as well as having other experiences that I believe will make me reasonably suited to the task. So whatever you may have heard about the Rizzer, I'm Professor Lestrangle to you now, and I look forward to teaching you a thing or three. Hopefully even more than that.



 **alt\_alice at 2010-08-05 19:35:30**

*ORDER ONLY*

...Oh dear.

I really do not like this at all.




 **alt\_frank at 2010-08-05 22:24:18**

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

we've crossed wands with a lot of the people they'd use for that sort of job, Al.

and he can't be as bad as the carrows.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2010-08-05 22:28:32](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

They've already got quite enough to handle this term already without facing an instructor who is carrying a personal grudge against their parents.

I know, I know it could be worse, but why did it have to be him? And Dark Arts... you know how many things could go wrong in that classroom?



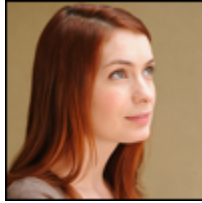
 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2010-08-05 22:30:19](#)


*Re: ORDER ONLY*

technically, if he's holding a grudge, I'm pretty sure it'd be you he'd hold it against.

we'll write them, tell them to watch their backs.

I don't like it much myself.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2010-08-05 22:31:20](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

That doesn't make me feel better in the slightest.

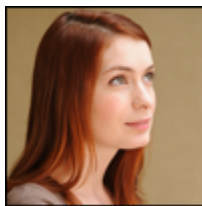



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2010-08-05 22:33:13](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

it was a very fine bit of duelling, at least. you were pretty brilliant, you know.

still are, too.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2010-08-05 22:36:01](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*


Pish-tush.

You're right, though. The best we can do is write them both a letter, and hope he's only

around for the year.

Minerva, Poppy, you'll let us know if you notice anything out of sorts?



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2010-08-05 22:51:19](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

Of course.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2010-08-07 02:03:59](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

Absolutely. But let's hope it never comes to my having to notify you about anything to do with your children and our latest Defence instructor.




 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2010-08-05 23:33:31](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

It could be a deal worse, Allie. I'll say this much for him: He doesn't tend to believe that the sins of the father should be visited on the son. Or mothers and daughters for that matter.

(I'd've said so before but Frank was threatening to snap my wand if I changed back before he and Kingsley had set out fishing lines. Had to wait until they went to check them.)



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2010-08-06 03:24:44](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

I wouldn't call it a sin, exactly.

But it's not like I walked away without a scratch either.

We'll just have to wait and see.





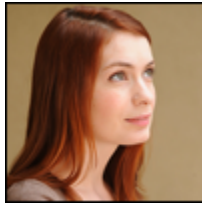
 [alt\\_sirius at 2010-08-06 03:47:52](#)


*Re: ORDER ONLY*

It was him or you, Allie - don't trouble about it. You definitely gave better than you got. But of all of them, he's the least likely to take it out on either Neville or Evelyn.

Seems like he's awfully chummy with Harry. I have to keep reminding myself that he's chummy with nearly everyone - until he kills them.

I've got your man right where I want him, by the bye. And Kingsley, too.



 [alt\\_alice at 2010-08-06 04:48:03](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

Oh, I'm sure he's quite pleasant. And that's almost more dangerous. At least with someone like Carrow, you always know to be on your guard.

And you'd better make sure my man comes back in one piece with his dignity intact, love.



 [alt\\_sirius at 2010-08-06 13:01:48](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

Dignity, check. How about his virtue?

But no, everything's fine, Allie. He and Kingsley didn't quite know what to do this morning when I'd had the last watch of the night, and come dawn the tea was brewed, the brekky in the frying pan and all as nice as you please.

They keep waiting for the other Quaffle to fall. It's brilliant.


I think we'll make it up to Davidson's camp by nightfall, though, so that'll be the end of it for the time being.



 [alt\\_kingsley](#) at [2010-08-07 00:44:49](#)  
*Re: ORDER ONLY*

I still say you smuggled a house elf into the camp somehow.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-05 19:36:28](#)  
*(no subject)*

That's just brilliant, Professor!



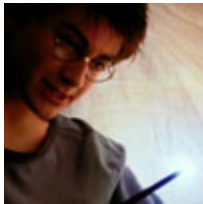
 [alt\\_rabastan](#) at [2010-08-05 19:42:09](#)  
*(no subject)*


I'm glad to hear that you think so, Miss Parkinson.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-05 20:21:11](#)  
*(no subject)*


~~I only know you from stories~~ don't know you very well, but I'm very much looking forward to having you as a teacher, Professor Lestrangle.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2010-08-05 22:52:43](#)  
*(no subject)*

He's excellent!!




 [alt\\_rabastan](#) at [2010-08-05 23:21:31](#)  
*(no subject)*

Well now, Harry, I very much appreciate the assessment. Only if I understand what you and Draco have told me about Professor Lockheart, he was well-liked by some students, particularly the


female ones. Those who enjoyed his classes may find mine quite different, though hopefully not at all unpleasant.



 [alt\\_rabastan](#) at [2010-08-05 23:22:27](#)  
(no subject)


Ah, one of Harry's housemate's, I presume? A pleasure to make your acquaintance, Miss Perks.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-06 01:42:06](#)  
(no subject)

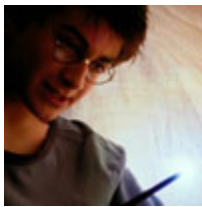
Yes, sir. I was at Harry's birthday party, so I saw you from a distance though we weren't introduced.




 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-05 20:22:32](#)  
*I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good*

He's bound to be less useless than Lockhart was in the end. He told good stories but I don't know how I'd defend myself if attacked by a vampire if I ever had to. If they've the Razzler teaching Harry he must know

something.




 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2010-08-05 22:52:21](#)  
(no subject)

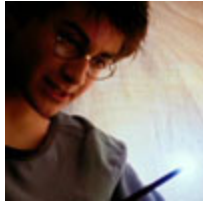
I've been waiting to say


**Brilliant!!!!**



 [alt\\_rabastan](#) at [2010-08-05 23:22:59](#)  
(no subject)


Not sick of me yet?



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2010-08-05 23:35:59](#)  
(no subject)

No, you're the only sane one round here.




 [alt\\_rabastan](#) at [2010-08-05 23:45:50](#)  
(no subject)

I'm absolutely offended!


Now, are you all set for tomorrow?



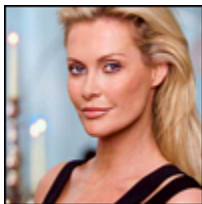
 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2010-08-05 23:50:11](#)  
(no subject)

Yes sir, and Hermione is too. I told her that we'd get her some black robes like students. Only without house badges and things. Of course. So she is happy. She hates the livery. She promises to be extra good.



 [alt\\_rabastan](#) at [2010-08-06 00:01:09](#)  
(no subject)

Right then! I'll be waking up early for a bit of a fly (you can join me if you'd like), and then we'll depart...at a time not to be so publicly disclosed. You know where to find me--lurking round the corner, per usual.




 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2010-08-06 01:48:02](#)  
(no subject)

Congratulations, dear Razzer. Though you realise that Hogwarts will be sadly devoid of dancing girls, swift pints and all manner of diversions.


(I'd accuse you of going to extremes just to avoid being introduced to eligible young ladies, but lucky for you I know better!)



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2010-08-06 02:58:28](#)  
(no subject)


I look forward to taking your classes, sir.



 [alt\\_rabastan](#) at [2010-08-06 03:02:05](#)  
(no subject)

Happy to hear it, Mister Weasley.




 [alt\\_sinistra](#) at [2010-08-07 01:59:02](#)  
(no subject)

Welcome to the teaching staff - always nice to have a new face.

(And after last winter and spring, new stories will, I am sure, be as welcome at the faculty meal table as to students in the classroom: I think we've all heard all the tales any of us are willing to share a dozen times by now.)

My own classroom is in good order, so if you need a hand getting any material cleared out from your predecessor, I'd be glad to assist. (The Hogwarts house elves are most diligent and efficient, but they do occasionally miss something in the change from teacher to teacher, as we all have our own ways.)



 [alt\\_rabastan](#) at [2010-08-07 02:10:28](#)  
(no subject)

Thank you for the warm welcome, Professor. Truthfully, my other duties will keep me away from Hogwarts for some time yet, so I might just have to take you up on your offer--and having said that, I'm sheepishly hoping that it wasn't made only for the sake of propriety, with me having got off on the wrong foot straight away. I do know that you yourself have had your hands full this week, so please don't trouble yourself if your schedule won't allow it.




 [alt\\_sinistra](#) at [2010-08-07 02:15:04](#)  
(no subject)

Honestly offered - I remember what it was like my first year, and how a helping hand is never a bad thing.


I've obviously got my hands full this week, but as we've a few weeks yet before the start of classes, I'm sure I'll have time to see to whatever you prefer about arranging your room. If you'd send an owl for me early next week with what you'd like, I'll see what can be arranged. (And at least that way, if something needs further attention, you can have some warning...)



 [alt\\_rabastan](#) at [2010-08-07 02:25:24](#)  
(no subject)


A simple catalogue of what has been left behind in the classroom (and the living quarters, if you're able to get access to them) would be most helpful indeed. I should be able to manage the rest myself. But yes, if I think of something else, I shall send off an owl. Really though, my needs are few...I would simply like to know what I'm walking into, beyond the expected desks and suchlike.



 [alt\\_sinistra](#) at [2010-08-07 10:46:50](#)  
(no subject)

I can most certainly manage that - most likely next week. I'll let you know as I make progress.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2010-08-07 02:12:37](#)  
(no subject)


Um.

It was interesting meeting you today, sir. And I'm totally looking forward to having you for lessons. You'll be loads better than LøeProfessor Lockhart was. Anyone would, but Harry says you'll be brilliant, and you seemed like you would be. I mean, that thing you did to check whether anyone was

around who oughtn't to have been whenever we went into another shop. That was dead cool.

Anywiz. I'm glad you're going to be teaching us.




 [alt\\_rabastan](#) at [2010-08-07 02:38:03](#)  
(no subject)

Pleasure was all mine, Mister Ron Weasley. And oh, is his name spelled Lock**h**art? I thought for certain it was Lock**h**earth. My mistake.

You must mean the disillusionment detecting? I remember when Harry told me he'd never heard of it before--quite a surprise, that was. Knowing whether or not some odious sod (or even a Harry-smitten lass, like the one we discovered behind that stack of books) is hiding nearby is one of the most basic, yet fundamentally important, ways to defend oneself against a threat. Have to secure your surroundings before you can feel comfortable in them, eh?



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2010-08-07 02:48:15](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, I don't know really. About the spelling. I didn't pay a lot of attention to his books, y'know, or I guess I'd remember about his name. But that's the thing. See? He went on and on about himself and stuff he said he did, but he never showed us anything or taught us how to do anything or really explained it except to say whatever it was was brilliant and it'd got him out of some dead dangerous spot or other.

But you do stuff and then explain.


So that's loads better right there!

But, um. I guess you don't need me to tell you that.

I mean, I just meant I'm glad you'll be teaching us.

Erm. Yeah.




 [alt\\_rabastan](#) at [2010-08-07 02:52:13](#)  
(no subject)

His books sell very well, I'm told. Nonetheless, I don't have plans for us to use them.

And I'm plenty glad myself. I hope that we can all learn from the experience.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2010-08-07 02:46:16](#)  
(no subject)

Well I'm glad he's going to be teaching us, too.



**[2010-08-05 19:35:00](#)**

*(no subject)*

It's difficult to believe the summer is more than half over. But I'm quite refreshed and more than ready to tackle a few tasks I've been putting off.



 [alt\\_narcissa](#)

First things first: Barty, when are you free to review the final three sites? I know Razzer can't break away but Lucius is insistent we make a decision by Monday. Bella too has been anxious to solidify the plan so she can determine whether she may easily work from there for more than a day or two. I've even got Lucius to agree to take Draco to Diagon alone if tomorrow will work for you. If that won't do then I'm sure I could arrange viewing at the weekend instead. Though we'd have to schedule round the Calderwood garden party on Saturday, but that's a simple matter.

Surprised to see Maribel Fleet at Ardenia's yesterday. I must say it made the time pass quickly (though perhaps not quite as peaceably as one might hope). I hadn't quite thought to finish *Serpent's Fork* so soon, anyway. She was telling me that she and her husband dined at *Quiescence* last week and adored it. I remembered the place somewhat ... shabby, but she said they've changed management since the epidemic and have a completely new menu and decor. Perhaps it's time to pay it another visit.

Oh, and Mr Collins, thank you for your message. It's kind of you to offer, but really, no further apology is necessary. I'm sure I didn't even recall the incident until you reminded me.



---

 [alt\\_crouch\\_jr](#) at [2010-08-07 01:51:04](#)

*Narcissa.*

I apologise. I've been tramping all over Kent, Sussex and Hampshire the past day and a half. And not in search of sound, secure holiday properties.

Dash it. I'm sorry.

Funny you should mention *Quiescence*. Pandya was just telling me he'd chosen it for his anniversary and found it quite good. So you may be right to give it another go, though he was using it as an

excuse for appalling numbers in last week's hex and parry trials. Said he'd overindulged.



 **alt\_narcissa** at [2010-08-07 14:04:35](#)

*Re: Narcissa.*

No need to apologise; I've quite enough of that from other sources.

It does pose a question of when to work it in. Would tomorrow early suit you? I'm sure the agency will open the places for us if I contact them straightaway.

Shall we say 8:00? That way we may still come to an agreement by day's end Monday.



 **alt\_crouch\_jr** at [2010-08-08 00:00:10](#)

*(no subject)*

Would it suit?

Yes, absolutely. In all particulars.

**2010-08-05 22:01:00**


*Bill?*

Would you be able to break away for lunch at about 12:30 or so at the Leaky Cauldron? I'm bringing the children to Diagon Alley to shop for school supplies--well, the ones who aren't off camping, that is. Arthur thinks he can get away and meet us then, too. We can make it a family meal, if you like.




 [alt\\_molly](#)



 [alt\\_bill](#) at **2010-08-06 03:04:06**  
*(no subject)*

Sure, I think so, Mum. I'm a little surprised, though. Weren't you going to wait until Percy and Ginny get back?




 [alt\\_molly](#) at **2010-08-06 03:06:03**  
*(no subject)*

there.

Oh, I thought I'd try taking everyone in shifts this time, so I'm not driven half mad trying to keep track of everyone in the crowd. And Ron's made arrangements to meet up with a friend while we're



 [alt\\_molly](#) at **2010-08-06 03:10:05**  
*Order Only*

It's Harry Marvolo he's going to be meeting. Fancy that!

I do feel a pang whenever I think of the boy. I keep thinking, he should have been Ron's housemate, coming over to the Burrow for pick up Quidditch games anytime he pleased. Not living in Buckingham Palace under the thumb of that monster!

Have you heard anything about the hunt for Macnair and Snape?



 [alt\\_bill](#) at [2010-08-06 03:15:04](#)

*Re: Order Only*

The trail's gone pretty cold, as best as I can tell. Well, aside from that rumour of a sighting that Frank and Kingsley and Sirius went to check out.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2010-08-06 03:16:05](#)

*Re: Order Only*

I keep thinking of that photo they found Harry that had been ripped from the newspaper, remember? With the knife thrust through his heart! Well, I suppose they're doing everything possible to keep the boy safe.

If only we knew why he wanted the boy, after what he did to his parents...



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2010-08-06 03:17:32](#)

*(no subject)*

We don't mind if you lose us in the crowd, honest. We can find plenty to do to entertain ourselves on our own.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2010-08-06 03:17:51](#)

*(no subject)*

That's what I'm afraid of!



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2010-08-06 03:18:59](#)

*(no subject)*

I've already written up my list of supplies that I need if you want to pick them up for me, Mum. It's on the right corner of my desk in my room.



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2010-08-06 03:35:14](#)**  
(no subject)

Would you prefer that I do that? I have to take Ginny shopping when she gets back since she needs new robes fitted, so I'll be going there anyway.



 **[alt\\_percy](#)** at **[2010-08-06 03:36:00](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, if that's the case, I can wait to get supplies when I get back. I must admit, I would like to browse in the bookstores a bit.

**2010-08-05 23:17:00**

*Private Message to Lana Sandoval*

How did your first week go - it was this week, wasn't it?



 [alt\\_padma](#)

I was also wondering...you know how you mentioned you'd see if maybe some of us could come and look at your photographs from your party? ~~Could that be seen~~ Well, I just wondered if you had any idea whether that will happen or not. Before school starts again, I mean. And maybe could Parvati come too? She'd love to ~~get out of the house~~ hear about it all.

**2010-08-06 08:29:00**

*Private Message to Lavender Brown*

I haven't heard back from Sandoval. I expect she's really really busy.



How was the week without the Lunatic? I'm sorry she's coming home soon. But do you think your parents might have us, anyway? I know Parvati wrote to you yesterday. Have they said yes anything yet?

 [alt\\_padma](#)

Lav, they had such a row last night! Mum's all upset with Dad because he's been playing in the orchestra more and more and producing less. And it doesn't pay as well, first off, and it's not as responsible, second, or influential. No one notices a cellist but a producer is important, you know? And she's got this idea that if he made himself 'indispensible' at the second wireless station, the one Mr Malfoy mentioned? Well, she's got this idea that if Dad made himself one of the people really running things there, he could 'make something of himself.' Ooh, Dad got so cross at that! He said a good deal about how he provides fine for us, and it's not *her* place to tell *him* how to make money. Mum said she made more in a month than he does in a year, and without her they'd never be invited to snitch parties and we'd never have been able to go to Harry's birthday, and all. She said it's down to her and he's shirking. He didn't like that at all.

Then he said...he said that she needn't bother trying to make so much because we've enough now, and it's not like they've got a chance at the Repopulation Rewards anymore. And that if she didn't work so hard at the studio or try hobnobbing with Narcissa Malfoy so much, perhaps the house would be in better order - and they could work on having another son.

Mum looked like he'd slapped her. He didn't really, of course, but she looked gobsmacked. And she said that as far as she was concerned they'd never have more children since he couldn't hold on to the last one they had.

Then Dad Apparated out. And Mum just...she started cooking. At ten at night. This morning she told us to clean all the house and Dad's still not home. She said he'd gone to work but I don't know if that's so.

Lav. I think Haruman wants to get his own place so we can stay there with him instead of Mum and Dad. They're both going mad, I think.

So will you ask your parents? I'll try Belinda next, if we can't, but I think her whole family are still on holiday at that country house in the Cotswolds.

---



 **[alt\\_lavender](#)** at **[2010-08-06 17:55:49](#)**

*(no subject)*

Ugh--sounds dire! I hate to think of your mum and dad fighting; they're always so sweet to me when I come over.

And *of course* I'll talk to Mum, and I'm certain she'll be happy to have you and Parvati. In fact, she was just talking about having a garden *fete* for some of her friends. Maybe I can convince her to let us have a garden party as well!

And don't mind the Lunatic; she just wanders around and says odd things from time to time. But I'll warn her that her fate will be dreadful if she brings any frogs or mice into the house while you're here!



**2010-08-06 21:13:00**

*Private Message to Harry Marvolo*

So, yeah.

Thanks for asking me. It was fun today. And I'm sorry I misunderstood. About the party and all.



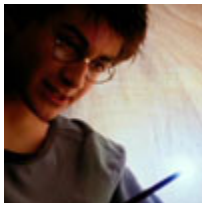
 [alt\\_ron](#)


I guess you don't really need the sneakoscope I got you for your birthday. Not with Professor Lestrage around all the time. He's like a human sneakoscope, innit! With all those things he does to be sure no one's able to do anything dire to you.

Anywiz. Bill says that sneakoscope's just a toy, but I actually think it works. I mean, Bill was just saying that because it was going off the whole time he was home for supper last week--but he didn't know the twins had put a whole scoop of pepper in his soup. Well, he didn't know it yet. When he said it. So, y'know, it was going off cause they were there the whole time, too.

I guess I'll see you at the train. Are they going to let you go on it this year? I mean, I guess with Professor Lestrage and all, nothing could happen like last year. But maybe you'll be going with him and just meeting us at school? I didn't even think to ask you about that today.

So, right. I'll see you soon, I guess. One way or the other.




 [alt\\_harry](#) at **2010-08-07 22:18:58**  
(no subject)

Well, the sneakoscope's pretty good. It works, right?  
So.

I think they're letting me take the train. They haven't said anything else. So I'll see you on it. But it is right dangerous. Your dad said that that wizard that's broken out is after me especially. Don't know why. That's the kind of thing nobody ever tells me so as not to worry me. I think I prefer your dad's way better.

Anywiz, I'll see you on the train. You can sit with me and Draco if you want.



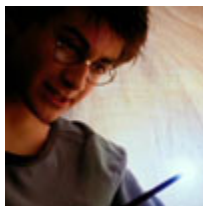
 **alt\_ron** at [2010-08-07 23:34:38](#)  
(no subject)


You mean that Snape person? Or Macnair? I mean, I guess we already knew he's out to get you. Can't see why, though. I guess now maybe he's cross he got sent to Azkaban, but before I mean. Can't see what he's got against you. Him or anyone else, really.

I'll try asking Dad about Snape before we come back, except I know Mum's told him not to tell us anything. She doesn't like us knowing anything that's really serious. Like when all those people first broke out of Azkaban, she and Dad were all listening to the news all the time and seemed like they expected someone to break in our door any minute and we'd have to run for it, but she wouldn't tell us anything. Not a thing. And tried to pretend there was nothing at all wrong, except we oughtn't to go outside ever even if the chickens starved to death.

Sometimes grown ups are just mental.

So, yeah. I'll see you on the train, then.



 **alt\_harry** at [2010-08-08 01:34:19](#)  
(no subject)

Snape, not Macnair. We knew about Macnair. But I guess it's something about my Dad. I mean my not my Father, my dad. And my mum too I suppose. It sounds like your Dad is like my Father not wanting you to know things. Only not to me. I wonder why? Maybe because I'm not his kid.

Yeah they are mental!!

But I'll see you on the train and we can talk then.

[2010-08-07 10:21:00](#)

## *New House*

We're still packing up ready to move house. I never knew we had so much stuff! We picked out our new house, it's called Hever Castle. It's a bit huge really, and mum wasn't sure about it because we don't really need so much space, but dad reckons it'll be okay. It's just sitting there empty at the moment, so we might as well have it. We're going to get some muggles or something to help keep it all clean and decent.



 [alt\\_ernie](#)


Dad also has this idea about using one of the wings to run a healer practice. People who are a bit ill but not really, really ill could come and see dad at our house, instead of having to go all the way into London to go to St Mungos. I think he'd still work at St Mungos a couple of days a week, but if he was at home more, he could see the babies more. He was working so much when me and my brothers were little, he wasn't around that much. It'd be nice for the babies if they got to grow up with dad around more. And nice for Laurie, and for me and Pip when we're home in the school hols.

He also said he could see people's muggles and mudbloods when they get ill, so people don't have to go to all the trouble of taking them in to St Mungos. Mum wasn't sure about that at all, but dad reckons it's a good idea. He's owled the healer department at the Ministry to see what they think about it, and whether he'd be allowed. He's been into the camps before to treat the sick muggles in there, so he knows how to talk to muggles and how to explain our treatments so the muggles don't get scared and all that stuff. I think it'd be really good. I mean, muggles and mudbloods still get ill, don't they. It's only right that we should help when we can.

I can't believe we have to go back to school soon. Dad's taking us up to Diagon Alley to pick up our books and stuff. It'll be fun, I think, getting stuff for Pip's first year. I told him that the sorting hat will look into his brain and know all his secrets and if he's not clever enough for Hogwarts, it'll bite his head off, so he's a bit anxious now. Haha!


---



 [alt\\_hannah](#) at [2010-08-07 17:38:28](#)  
(no subject)

How exciting! Where is Hever Castle, exactly? How big is it? What made your parents decide to pick it?




 [alt\\_ernie](#) at [2010-08-07 18:12:18](#)  
(no subject)

It's in a village called Hever, in Kent. It's not that far from where we lived before, but it's a bit closer to London, and much bigger of course. We've only been there a couple of times so far, because we don't get to move in until after the babies are born, but it's nice. It's got huge gardens and a moat. We picked it because it was the nicest one we saw from the houses the Ministry offered, but there's still lots to do to make it what we want it to be, like changing the furniture and stuff. That's why we need some muggles, to help with all the work.

Maybe I can throw a party after we've moved in, maybe at Christmas, and you can come and see it!

How is your holiday going? Was your YPL week good? Ours was nift.




 [alt\\_hannah](#) at [2010-08-08 02:03:54](#)  
(no subject)

Ooh, I'd love to come if you do a Christmas party! It would be so exciting to see it.

Mum and Dad have both been very busy with work, but we'll be taking a holiday in the Lake District. It sounds a bit boring to Chessie and me and especially to John, but Mum goes on and on about how beautiful the scenery is there and tells us we'll love it. Dad has promised that we'll see a Quidditch match or two, maybe one of the Puddlemere United matches. I think he said that just to keep John from whinging the entire two weeks.




 **alt\_ernie** at **2010-08-08 18:08:02**  
(no subject)

That does sound a bit boring, except the Quidditch match, but maybe your mum's right and it'll actually be really fun. At least if you're out in the countryside you'll be able to run around and stuff.

Maybe you guys can build a treehouse or a den somewhere and sleep there one night and tell stories and have a midnight feast and that. That'd be fun.

I asked my mum about having a party at Christmas and she didn't look mad about the idea, but I reckon she'll say yes eventually. We can start planning it when we get back to school.



 **alt\_ron** at **2010-08-07 23:28:00**  
(no subject)

Whoa! That sounds utterly snitch.

A whole castle just for your family? I bet it's amazing.

Does it have a moat and all? Or towers?

Or what about ghosts? That'd be something. Cause they could tell you all about the people who lived there way back. And I bet some of them at least were wizards. Dad says most of the old Earls and Dukes and whatnots had wizards in the family way back, even if they went all squib eventually. He says that's how they got so much land and such big places built and all. I mean, obviously Muggles couldn't have done all that without any magic way back before they'd even got machines and whatsits--those things Miss Professor Carrow said they used to move big stones and build bridges and wotnot--motors, right? The things that make all the smoke and turned everyone's lungs black?


Anywiz, if you've got a castle that wizards lived in, it's dead likely to have a ghost or two. And you can get the whole story from them. Unless they're the cranky, surly sort.

So.

You really told your brother the Hat would bite his head off? Ha!

We told Ginny they make you do a test and that it hurts quite a lot, but it's over dead quick if you're not up to snuff. The twins told her there's a special song everyone sings if anyone turns out to be a squib, and they have to take their trunks and walk straight back the station as soon as the song's done.



 **alt\_ernie** at [2010-08-08 18:28:28](#)  
(no subject)


Yeah, it's pretty nift. We don't need it all, but there's got to be somewhere for the muggles to live, and if dad uses some of it for his healer stuff too, that'll be some of the space.

It's got a moat and towers and all that, and gardens with mazes and stuff. Some old American bloke used to live there, but he got kicked out when the Lord Protector took over, so it's been empty for a while. There's loads of cleaning to do and fixing things that got broken.

I didn't see any ghosts when we were there, and I don't think it's mentioned in the parchments we got from the Ministry, but I didn't read them all because there were pages and pages of stuff about room sizes and land boundaries and boring stuff like that. I'll get Laurie to investigate when we've moved in though. Me and Pip will be back at school, but Laurie'll be able to look around the whole place room by room and if there are any ghosts he'll definitely find them.

Pip totally believe me too. He spent the whole day wandering around looking really scared and asking us all about what you needed to be good at to get into the Houses and then practising his wand movements and stuff. It was really funny, until he realised I made it up and punched me in the stomach. It was worth it though.



 **alt\_ron** at [2010-08-10 20:45:36](#)  
(no subject)

Yeah, that's brothers for you. It's all pretty much a riot until they punch you in the stomach!

Or hex your nose purple.

Sisters, though. Oi!

**2010-08-07 21:18:00**

*Order Only: Leeds*



 [alt\\_poppy](#)

I won't bore you all with stories of our horticultural studies here at York Gate, except to say that it is truly a lovely facility hard-by the undeniably dreary abandoned Muggle city of Leeds. One doesn't venture into Leeds these days. At least, that's the general wisdom handed out by the locals here. And yet, one cannot escape glimpses of the devastation even on the fringes of what must now be a vast wasteland beyond the fences and barricades.

I shall be very glad to move on tomorrow, though I will again be losing Pomona's company, as she insists that she must go pull weeds and trim vines and harvest her broom beans.

I do have a piece of intelligence for you, however. We decided last evening to walk over to Bramhope where there is a public house much touted for its mead and its meat pies. And it did live up to the recommendation, but we found its atmosphere odd in a way that's difficult to explain--but queer enough we've been talking about it off and on all day today.

The barkeep and serving witch reacted to us with equal measures caution and curiosity--both in higher than usual quantities--as though they were used to serving strangers and expected that some who passed through might be worth especial notice.

And it's just now hit us. The serving witch had a tattoo on her forearm that she made rather obvious to us as she brought our second round of drinks. I think she meant it to seem as though her sleeve had accidentally ridden up, but she made a definite point of jangling the bracelet she wore, and I'm certain she meant us to look. It's a rendering of a constellation that she has marked on her forearm, and although it took us both a while to place it, Pomona and I agree there's no doubt it's Canis Major. With Sirius marked large and black as pitch at its head.

And before you say it, we'd dismiss this, too, as merely the sign under which she made her engagement or bore her first child or cast her first spell, except for the barkeep. He stood out for a phrase he kept returning to, though at first we both supposed it was merely a local way of putting things. You've heard, I'm sure, the way young folk



today use the word 'dead' as an intensifier? Well, this chap uses 'grim' in the same way. 'It's grim brilliant, that,' he said of news that one of his regulars is expecting a grandchild. And 'be careful going out there,' he cautioned several groups as they left, 'it's grim dark on the path until you reach the turning'. And I swear to you I heard one witch say, 'That's the truth, it is,' in reply.


It was all more subtle than this makes it sound, and spread over several hours, but it's been niggling at us and refusing to be dismissed, so we thought it best to tell you.

Now do understand: I'm not saying any of you ought to rush off up here to follow this up. It's only that I think there may be a group here, who are organised and resisting. I haven't any idea what they are about, but I'm rather glad we were slow on the uptake. I think it's entirely safer to leave them to it without our meddling or giving ourselves away to them.

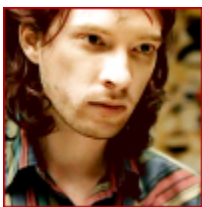
Which is not to say I wouldn't stop back in a few weeks' time on my way back to Hogwarts.


Just to look in on them.



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2010-08-10 02:39:20](#)**  
(no subject)


Very intriguing, Poppy. Thank you to you (and Pomona) for letting us know. I'll put out some feelers to find out what I can learn about that area.



 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2010-08-10 02:40:22](#)**  
(no subject)

I will, too. I think one of the analysts in my network has family from that area although I'm not entirely sure. I will have to check and see.



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2010-08-11 15:30:16](#)**  
(no subject)

I've been thinking.

And I've decided to try sprinkling 'grim' into my



conversation after the manner of that barkeep in Bramhope. Just to see if it elicits any response. Likely it won't. I think, surely, if there is any significance to it, then it must be a very local signal for a very small group of folk in that area around Leeds. (Of course, I feel like a complete pinwindy using such a phrase at all! No one's offered to cart me off to St Mungo's, though, to have my brain looked at, so perhaps I'm the only one who finds it odd.)

In any case, I've decided that I will definitely return north through Yorkshire at the end of the month.

I'll be here at Braunton Burrows in Devon for the next several days, and then I plan to walk a bit up along the coastal path before making my visit to the Sanctuary. I've told Alice to expect me there on the 18th.

**2010-08-08 18:02:00**

*Private Message to Hydra Lestrangle*

Hydra,

It was nice sharing a tent with you during the YPL camping trip. I wanted to have a little chat with you, but it seemed that we were always so busy and never had a chance for private discussions.



 [alt\\_ginny](#)

First, a topic that I am sure you would wish me not to bring up. Last year's incident. I will say no more about it with the exception that I am not angry with you. I forgive you for that. I understand that you were not all yourself during that time and I just want to let you know that I hold nothing against you.

Secondly I would like to be your friend. And to prove this to you I will share a secret with you that no one in my family nor my best friend knows.

Last year when we were sorted into our houses, of course you know I was sorted into Gryffindor. What you don't know is that I was almost marked to be your dormmate. The sorting hat wanted to put me in Slytherin. I was too afraid of what my family might think if I wasn't sorted into Gryffindor since they were all in that house and so the hat yelled out Gryffindor.

Hopefully I can trust you with my secret and hopefully we can be good friends.

Ginny



 [alt\\_hydra](#) at **2010-08-09 14:42:10**

*(no subject)*


Hello,  
Thank you for forgiving me.  
No one else that I hurt has said that they do, so it is nice to hear that.

I'm afraid I don't understand your secret very well, because why would it be bad to be sorted into Slytherin?  
Most people think its the best house and even if it's not a part of your family tradition why would they be upset?

Though it's true my Mum wouldn't like it if I were in Gryffindor. She wouldn't like it if we were friends, either. Maybe we can talk a little bit at school once we're back, but I don't know.

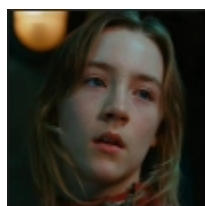
From,  
Hydra




 **[alt\\_ginny](#)** at **[2010-08-09 17:41:40](#)**  
(no subject)

For Merlin's sake,

Hydra, we have to learn to make decisions for ourselves. There are always going to be things our parents don't agree with. And don't worry about the little people that don't know how to forgive. It wasn't your fault. So please don't feel bad.




 **[alt\\_hydra](#)** at **[2010-08-09 19:10:24](#)**  
(no subject)

~~But my parents...~~

Oh yes, I know that, parents are funny that way, aren't they?

From,  
Hydra



 **[alt\\_ginny](#)** at **[2010-08-09 19:18:45](#)**  
(no subject)

Yes they are. So I will talk to you when we get back to school. I'm starting to regret that I was placed in Gryffindor anyway. Maybe you can introduce me to some of the people that you socialise with.

I know, lets plan to sit together on the train once it has left the station. What do you say to that?




 [alt\\_hydra](#) at [2010-08-09 20:13:09](#)  
(no subject)

What about your friend Luna?  
Is she going to sit with us, too?

From,


Hydra



 [alt\\_ginny](#) at [2010-08-10 13:54:12](#)  
(no subject)

Would you like her too? She can if you would like.  
But if you don't I think she would understand.




 [alt\\_hydra](#) at [2010-08-10 14:04:34](#)  
(no subject)

I don't mind.

From,  
Hydra



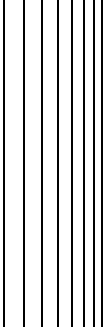
 [alt\\_ginny](#) at [2010-08-10 15:34:02](#)  
(no subject)


I will bring her along then. Don't worry she won't  
cause any trouble.

The ride to school will be a fun one this year.

Did you get an invite to Deans party? I received an owl from  
him yesterday and I thought he said you were on the list of  
invited students.

I will be going to his party this Sunday, will you?



 [alt\\_hydra](#) at [2010-08-10 20:16:51](#)  
*(no subject)*

I don't know if I'm going, it probably depends on if Harry Marvolo is attending or not.

From,

Hydra

[2010-08-08 18:49:00](#)

*Private Message to Percy Weasley*



 [alt\\_ginny](#)

Percy,

I wanted to let you know what a wonderful big brother you are. I admire your ambition and drive to be successful. It was also great to spend the week with you without the others getting in the way so much. I also hope the rest of your internship goes well. I know you will be great.

As I've said before to Luna, I do have a small favour or request to ask of you. As my birthday is coming up this week you can call it your present to me. It will not cost you anything and it will not take much effort for you to complete.


I have written a letter to Mrs Malfoy. This letter I shall slip under your door the morning of my birthday. What is in this letter is of no concern to you or to anyone that shall handle it between myself and Mrs Malfoy. I have been studying all summer during my spare time and have come across some very useful material. So I shall know if you have completed this little favour of mine. I shall know the moment my note was opened and if it was opened by anyone other than the intended recipient. I shall also know if you fail to make the first hand off.

Sometime between my birthday and the end of your internship I would like you to give the letter to Mr Malfoy and ask him to deliver it to his wife when he goes home. Just tell him it is from an admirer. If he should ask who this admirer is feel free to tell him its me only if he asks. Other than Mrs Malfoy, he should be the only one to touch this letter.

If my letter fails to make it to Mr Malfoy, I do want you to know that I have some insurance. I know your secret. I have watched you closely enough this past year, and my suspicions about a certain girl who shall remain nameless were confirmed during the YPL trip. If you do this for me no one needs to know. ***However, if you fail, it will be common knowledge, displayed in the most brilliant possible way, if you know what I mean.***

Your loving sister,  
Ginny



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2010-08-09 14:13:24](#)  
(no subject)

If you had come to me personally and asked this of me as a favour, I would have considered speaking to Mrs Malfoy for you. As a favour.

But despite your attempts to sugar-coat it with flattery (and cloyingly obvious flattery at that) you instead tried to blackmail me into it.

How dare you!


How dare you insult Penny by implying that I'm so ashamed to have her as my girlfriend that I would presume upon the Malfoys' good nature to toady up to them on your behalf in order to keep Penny a secret.

How dare you insult me by trying to force me into anything.

Well, I am not dancing the Tarantallegra at your hexing. If I have to, I will stand up on the bloody Gryffindor table at the bloody Welcoming Feast and announce to the entire school at the top of my lungs that Penelope Clearwater is my girlfriend. But I will never permit you to use me this way.

**Find yourself another bloody owl.**



 [alt\\_ginny](#) at [2010-08-09 17:09:54](#)  
(no subject)

Well you said it, brother.

I never said anything about being Ashamed. Could that be a freudian slip?


Maybe you just said what was on your mind, because you being ashamed of her was never on my mind.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2010-08-09 17:19:45](#)  
(no subject)


Piss off.



 [alt\\_ginny](#) at [2010-08-09 17:34:40](#)  
(no subject)


Careful what you wish for.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2010-08-09 17:49:25](#)  
(no subject)

Are you trying to dig yourself in yet deeper?  
Because if you attempt some stunt to embarrass  
Penny or me simply because I won't do your  
bidding, I will do my utmost next year to make  
your life a living hell. Count on it.



 [alt\\_ginny](#) at [2010-08-09 17:52:27](#)  
(no subject)

Oh Come off your high horse.  
I don't have to do anything to Penny to get to you, if  
I wanted to.

Just watch what you wish for big brother.



**2010-08-08 19:34:00**

*Incompetent service*


Due the a huge mistake on the part of the printer's employees, invites to the gathering here in the country, did not get delivered until this evening. Several of you shall be able to meet Bast between tonight and tomorrow as Mr Peakes allowed me to use her to deliver invites. I hope to see many of you Sunday.



 **alt\_dean**



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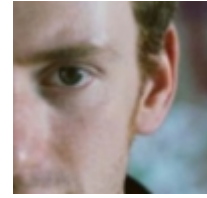
 **alt\_seamus** at **2010-08-09 14:55:44**  
*(no subject)*

I got it! I'm looking forward to coming!

**2010-08-09 08:50:00**

*Penelope?*


Care to meet me at Florian's today? Say at 12:30 p.m., on my lunch break?



I'll buy the Fizzing Whizbee Sundae. Your favourite, I know.

 **alt\_percy**



 **alt\_percy** at **2010-08-09 14:01:38**

*Private message to Penelope Clearwater*

It's become a bit...urgent that, well, our relationship be a bit more public. I hope you don't mind. I certainly don't. I will explain it all when I see you this afternoon.

**2010-08-09 09:26:00**

*Going to Pansy's*

Pansy, Mrs Stretton says I can use the floo sometime after lunch, so I don't know EXACTLY what time I'll be there but probably early afternoon. It might be as late as three.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)

I can't WAIT.

(I didn't make this a private message because if anyone's trying to find me this week, they should know I won't be at the Stretton's.)

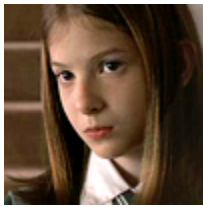
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 [alt\\_pansy](#) at **2010-08-09 15:42:28**

*(no subject)*

HOORAH! It will be so brill to have you hear. I'm camping out by the fireplace until you come.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at **2010-08-09 17:11:48**

*(no subject)*

I hope you brought a book. They had a whole load of shipments they were planning to make before lunch but it turned out they got an order of fruit that arrived from somewhere else and they spent all morning bringing that in. And NOW they're shipping things out. Yes, you'd think they'd use owls, but this is their first try at orders placed by private journal posts, they've got a messenger who's carrying everything through the floo and is going to collect payment. Doesn't that seem utterly mad to you? SO much more trouble than owls.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at **2010-08-09 18:40:14**

*(no subject)*

Don't worry, I've got nothing better to do, and Mina has me fully stocked with tea and sandwiches.

Why all the bother with floo? Or do they depend on people sending their own owls there, and they don't have enough?

Any ways, sounds dead boring. Get here soon!



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-09 17:13:02](#)

*Private message to Pansy Parkinson*

The good news is, I nicked two oranges. (OK I didn't really NICK two oranges, the assistant slipped them to me when Mrs Stretton wasn't looking.)



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-09 18:38:44](#)

*Re: Private message to Pansy Parkinson*

Haha, nice.



 [alt\\_hydra](#) at [2010-08-09 21:12:47](#)

*(no subject)*

It sounds like so much fun.  
I hope you both have the grandest time!

From,

Hydra



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-09 21:39:11](#)


*(no subject)*

We shall!

Do you think... would your mum let you come over for tea one day while Sally-Anne is here? Maybe Wednesday or Thursday? I think it would be brilliant.

If you have plans, or can't come because it's such short notice, that's fine. But I think you'd enjoy meeting the horses, and looking at Sally-Anne's quilting project, and eating Mina's chocolate cake, and it'd be wiz nift.



 **[alt\\_hydra](#)** at **[2010-08-09 21:44:12](#)**  
(no subject)


I don't know, because there are so many things scheduled from between now and when school starts again.

But oh, I forgot all about the horses!

And chocolate cake is my favourite, except maybe for lemon. I will ask Mummy when she gets home tonight, and hopefully either Wednesday or Thursday will work.


From,  
Hydra



 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2010-08-09 21:54:30](#)**  
(no subject)

Good! And I know my mum likes things to be scheduled too, so if she says no, I understand.



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2010-08-10 23:19:22](#)**  
*I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good*


So did you get there or not?

I hope so. I can't believe those Strettons made you wait all day to go. I bet you were glad to get there.

If you did.

Did you?




 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)** at **[2010-08-11 14:20:37](#)**  
*Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good*

Oh! Yes, I got here just fine a few hours after I wrote. I haven't written again because I've been busy. We're having a good time. And we got an owl this morning, Hydra's mum is letting her visit

tomorrow.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2010-08-11 14:46:11](#)

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

Oh.

That'll be nice, I guess.

We're having a big supper tonight cause it's Ginny's birthday. But that means Mum's got about a millionty extra things she wants us to do while she cooks.

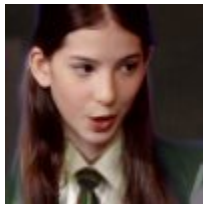
And Ginny's being, well, queer. All secret and moody and you don't think she's

I mean, sometimes you girls get all

well

she's turning twelve and

yeah



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-11 15:16:45](#)

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

What exactly are you asking me about your sister, Ronald?

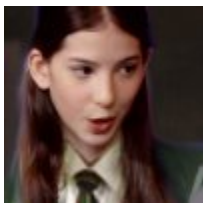


 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2010-08-11 15:38:20](#)

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

Uh. Nothing?

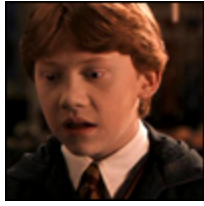
Never mind.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-11 15:42:28](#)

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

Do you think she fancies some boy or what?



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2010-08-11 15:51:32](#)

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

No.

I think she's got that monthly thing that makes girls

y'know

whatever



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-11 15:58:29](#)

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

Ginny hardly needs PMT to be moody and secretive with brothers like you lot!



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2010-08-11 16:42:48](#)

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

PMT? Never heard of it.

And she's lucky to have brothers like us. No one'll get away with doing anything to her with all of us around looking out for her. And we're pretty nice to her, too. Or at least we're not any harder on her than on each other.

I mean, for her birthday, I'm telling her I'll do all her turns with the chickens and goats until we go back to school. That's rather nice of me, I think.

**2010-08-10 14:16:00**

*Private message to the Lord Protector*



 [alt\\_hydra](#)

Dear Sir,

I hope that it's alright that I've chosen to write You here instead of using an owl.

I've been thinking for days of what I need to tell You and I wrote it down on a piece of parchment first so that I won't miss anything or ramble about something that might not be interesting or important.

First, You wanted to know what I told Tom about You and the Protectorate, and I already told You all that I could remember. And it was true, I really did go on an awful lot to him about New London and how wonderful it is, and all of the statues of You, and how the air is cleaner now and wizard-kind is much safer now that muggles are strictly controlled.

Tom was very happy about that.

But what I didn't tell You was that he was very happy with everything...except he didn't like that there were muggles still around at all.

I know that I should have told You that face to face, but it was such a difficult thing to say, I hope You understand.

I find it much easier to write down difficult things.

What Tom said was that the muggle and mudblood filth should be stamped out of England, and especially from Hogwarts, and that he thought You would have taken care of them by now, and that he hoped You hadn't turned soft.

He said that no one can control filth, they can only get rid of it, the way they would get rid of any other rubbish.

That's what he said, but I didn't agree with him and I told him that I thought You had done everything just right because it made the most amount of people happy.

It was so confusing sometimes, though, because he seemed to know so much about You, even though he was from ages and ages ago.

The way he spoke of You, it was almost as if he saw himself as Your Mothe parent.

Sometimes what he said about You made me so upset that I would be cross with him, and I would refuse to speak to Him for a while.

I even tried to flush him down a loo one time.

But then I decided that maybe he didn't mean to be insulting, because Hogwarts really did mean so much to him, he was always asking me about my teachers and classes, and wanted to hear all about my classmates, and also about Draco and Harry.



Especially Harry.

But he seemed to remember everything about the school, and knew ever so much more about its secret passages and hidden nooks than I ever could.

That's why I let him come over me, that first time.

He had shown me what Hogwarts looked like when he was a student, and I wanted to show him what it looked like now, when I was a student.

And then, when he starting taking me over more often, I wouldn't know that he was doing it until something big happened, like when Dennis fell over like a piece of stone, or when Tully was died.

He was so very powerful, my Lord, and he wasn't even a man yet.

Do you think that Harry really killed him?

It didn't seem like anything in the whole wide world could, but if there were one thing that could, it would make sense that it was Your son.

I didn't tell Mummy what Tom said about You.

I'm sure that she would punish me dreadfully for saying such evil words, even if they weren't my own.

She's already so unhappy with me for keeping secrets, even though I swore to her that I wasn't trying to.

Did You say something to her about it?

I don't want to ~~prese~~ presume but she seemed to act differently after our last meeting, like she was leaving it all to You now and would stop questioning.

*Thank you*

I'm also wanted to write so that I could tell You that I very much apologise for being so jumpy the first few times we had tea.

Only I didn't know what to expect, and I thought that it must surely mean that I was in trouble.

~~But you were just~~

~~It was just like~~

But now I would just very much like to serve You and please You, so if we have tea again sometime before I go back to Hogwarts, I would like that.

From,  
Hydra

**2010-08-10 14:45:00**

*Order Only: Meeting with Turner's Group*



 [alt\\_kingsley](#)

We've just gotten back from our meeting with John Turner, Lucinda Scrim, and the group that Davidson split off from Sherwood to join them. Frank received a patronus giving us the location in Bassetlow for the rendezvous. We met them in a clearing in a small copse of trees. Their group now numbers about twenty-five, six of them with wands. That includes a few children. John's sharing the leadership role with Anne Markel, the woman who escaped from Ashfield last June.

Everyone was cautious, I was pleased to see, keeping their wands up until Frank answered all of John's security questions. Then it was smiles all around. They look reasonably healthy, if thin, although we did break out the potion kit for one woman: our rough field checkup indicated she had a blood infection, likely from the laceration she got on her foot last week--not everyone has particularly sturdy shoes. With the wands they had, they managed to heal the cut, but the potion was needed to take care of the last lingering effects. (Thanks for the checklist you included with the kit, Poppy, along with the instructions on diagnostic charms. Both were very helpful.) We also handed around some vitamin potions, particularly for the children. Frank had some blankets and clothing to distribute, too, and those were gratefully received.

After we caught up on their news (three new escapees have joined them this week), Frank let it be known that he had something big to share. He sent his patronus winging through the trees, and a few minutes later, Sirius walked slowly into the clearing.

Given all the posters that have been plastered all over Britain with his mug on it for the last decade, there wasn't a soul there who didn't recognise him. I wish you could have seen the expression on those people's faces at that moment. John dropped his wand, he was so surprised, but I could tell he was afraid to believe. "Tell me what I did when I met you," he croaked out.

"You acted like a total berk," Sirius answered promptly. "Tried to jump ship to go back to France with me. Frank just about tore your head off for it, too, once he got you back to shore."

"Merlin, it IS him!" Turner cried. Some were a little slower to believe. But then joy, absolute joy. Astonishment, fierce elation, tears running down faces as they surrounded him, almost afraid to touch him at first. But John swept him up in an embrace that just about choked the life out of him, and that broke the spell. Then everyone wanted to shake his hand, pound on his back, even tousle his hair. I caught a glimpse of his expression under that press of bodies: both pleased and a little appalled. I think he didn't really grasp until that moment what the very idea of *Sirius Black* truly means to people. The chronicler of truth, the challenger of the status quo. What an amazing gift of hope it gives them.

Then we had to sit down and tell everyone the story of his escape from Bellatrix Lestrange. They hung on his every word, gasping with horror and laughing with delight at all the right places. He didn't tell them anything about his Animagus transfiguration, of course. If anything, that little omission makes the story of his escape seem even more miraculous: Sirius Black, it seems, can escape the strongest bonds and melt through the very walls, leaving the MLE behind gnashing their teeth in impotent despair. It doesn't seem hurt his reputation a jot.

It certainly seemed that way to John, who was so afire with hero worship that he begged to be allowed to swear an oath of loyalty to Sirius then and there. I saw some sidelong glances exchanged at that and a frown from Anne Markel. Sirius was utterly taken aback, but he turned the suggestion aside tactfully enough. It would please him most, he said, if everyone simply continued on with what they were doing, and he assured them that they already had a fine leader in Davidson. I saw Markel's shoulders relax at that.

Of course, everyone wanted to know when he might resume the Grim Truth posts. He was evasive on that, saying nothing's been decided yet. But we told them they can start to spread the word through their network in the camps--cautiously--that Sirius Black has been spotted alive. It may be just the tonic that many of these people need.

Sirius said his farewells and slipped away as we were finishing up our meal. He came back about fifteen minutes later as Padfoot, and spent the afternoon leaning heavily against Frank's chest as he was seated on the ground. Begging to have his ears scratched, the sly bugger. Guess he needed a bit of reassurance, and Frank gave it to him, poker-faced, although I'm sure he'll tease Sirius plenty about it later. This tangible evidence that people regard him almost as the second coming of Arthur Pendragon seems to have rocked Sirius back on his


heels a bit.

Never mind. I'm sure he'll eventually take it in his stride and revert to being the arrogant, tricksy bastard we all know and love.

(Well, sometimes that is!)

Alice, Lucinda gave Frank a letter to pass on to Victor. She's a little thinner, like the rest of the group, but just about incandescent with happiness. It's clear that she's right where she wants to be.




 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2010-08-10 21:10:07](#)  
(no subject)

Kingsley. I'm wonderfully pleased to hear that the items I was able to send were effective, and I'm glad to know there weren't any graver needs.

I'm not the least bit surprised to hear how Sirius was received, though I wonder whether it was entirely wise for him to show himself as Padfoot in the same visit. Are you certain no one suspected?

Does he really mean to encourage people to whisper that he's not only alive but here within the wards of the Protectorate?



 [alt\\_kingsley](#) at [2010-08-11 02:06:31](#)  
(no subject)

Don't think anyone suspected, no. It would take a real stretch of the imagination, as the Animagus transformation is so rare.

We went back and forth quite a bit over the question of what, exactly, should be the rumour we want spread. Of course the Ministry fully believes him to be dead, so they'll be liable to discount anything they hear, at least at first. If the rumours are kept low-key, they might spread far quite far indeed before the Ministry catches on, meaning both that the word will reach far and wide through the realm and they'll be that much more difficult to pinpoint. The simple idea that *he's alive* will be enough, we think, for now.

**2010-08-10 17:36:00**

*A Word a Week*

Mr Marvolo told me that he thought it was a shame I had stopped writing down a vocabulary word every day. His tutor told him that the only way he would learn more words was by looking them up. So I am going to look up words, and use them, and he says that will help him learn. He also says that he is too busy to do it himself - I am not at all sure that that is what his tutor meant, but of course I'll do as he asks.



 [alt\\_hermione](#)

So, the word for today is "trepidation," which means "a feeling of fear about something which may happen." I didn't know that. I had thought it just meant generally being excited for something. That would cover how I feel about going to Hogwarts. I am excited! Getting to see Terry every day and things. But it's still a long way off yet.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at **2010-08-11 01:26:07**

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

Huh.



 [alt\\_ernie](#) at **2010-08-11 17:24:06**

*(no subject)*

I like your words too.



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at **2010-08-11 23:34:57**

*(no subject)*

Thank you sir.

[2010-08-11 20:51:00](#)

*Hey, Gin*

Many happy returns, yeah?

You're my favourite sister, y'know? Well, yeah. Okay, you're my only sister, but for a sister, you're not too bad. Though I guess I don't have too much to go on for saying that. At least, you having a birthday means a really good supper, right? (And Percy having to work meant we all got more of it! Go figure, right?)



 [alt\\_ron](#)

Anywiz, I hope you have fun being twelve.

I meant it when I said I'll do your turns with the chickens and the goats between now and when we go back to school, so you can sleep in or whatever you want to do.

So, um. Yeah. Hope it's a good year for you.




 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2010-08-12 03:16:08](#)  
(no subject)

We're surprised that even with Percy gone there was enough for the rest of us, the way you were shoveling that lasagna on your plate. You'd think it was your birthday or something. Still, can't blame you. Mum is a really good cook.

(And happy birthday again, Ginny. We hope you appreciate our restraint in that we haven't tried any pranks yet on your twelve year old self. Don't worry, the year is young.)



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2010-08-12 03:17:50](#)  
(no subject)


Thank you for the compliment for my cooking, boys.  
I'll remind you of that the next time I serve liver and onions again.



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2010-08-12 03:18:45](#)  
(no subject)


Thought you learned your lesson on the liver and onions the last time you tried serving it, Mum.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2010-08-12 03:19:18](#)  
(no subject)


Oh, don't remind me! It took me days to get all the stains off the kitchen walls!



 [alt\\_bill](#) at [2010-08-12 03:20:38](#)  
(no subject)


Ah, yes. N.A.D.M.A.T.B.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2010-08-12 03:21:45](#)  
(no subject)

What?!




 [alt\\_bill](#) at [2010-08-12 03:23:00](#)  
(no subject)

Thought for sure you'd recognise the acronym, Mum. It's certainly something I say often enough!

"Never a dull moment at the Burrow."




 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2010-08-12 03:23:44](#)  
(no subject)

That's rather good. I'll remember it.


It's certainly true.



 **[alt\\_luna](#)** at **[2010-08-12 03:26:04](#)**  
(no subject)


Thank you for inviting me over so that I could join you all, Mrs Weasley. It was lovely to see Ginny again and be a part of the celebration.



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2010-08-12 03:26:55](#)**  
(no subject)

We'll have you over every time we can possibly manage, Luna dear. It meant so much to Ginny to have you there.




 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2010-08-12 13:21:59](#)**  
(no subject)

Survival of the fittest, yeah? I mean, in this family, you have to dig in and eat all you can before someone else shovels it in.


(And if I were Ginny, I wouldn't be feeling too relieved about that. I'd be worrying what you're up to that's taking so much time to plan!)



 **[alt\\_ginny](#)** at **[2010-08-12 04:18:57](#)**  
(no subject)

Thanks Ron! You are a good bother. I hope you know that.



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2010-08-12 13:22:21](#)**  
(no subject)

Yeah, I've got that figured!



[2010-08-11 23:53:00](#)

*My Birthday!*

Its the last few minutes of my birthday. Its been a somewhat pleasant day. I really do love my family. Thanks Mum for the lasagna. You know it really is my favourite. Also thanks to you and Dad for the subscription to the craft magazine, Luna and I will make good use of it this year. It has loads of good ideas inside.



 [alt\\_ginny](#)

Thanks Luna for coming over. I love it when you are hear. Its always much more pleasant with another girl in the house. And I love the wristlets you made. They are perfect. And I love the fact that they are **green**.

Bill I love the scarves. I will definitely be wearing them.

Fred and George. Thanks for the Sweets. I might have to charm them to that Ron doesn't touch them while we are still here. (Sorry Ron, but you are like the bottomless pit.)

Ron I really appreciate you doing my chores for the rest of the summer. You are a good brother.

Charlie, that purse is very singular. I will have to try hard to find accessories to make to go with it.

I can't help but think how well my family knows what I will like and how you all have made this a spectacular birthday. But I cant shake a feeling that something was missing...


Hmmm, I think I know what that was and I definitely know how to fix it. I will have to work on that tomorrow, with some of my free time now.

There isn't enough time tonight to focus, and I will need my wits about me to fix this problem.

Thanks again for a great birthday.

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 [alt\\_hydra](#) at [2010-08-12 19:42:58](#)  
(no subject)


Happy Birthday.



 [alt\\_ginny](#) at [2010-08-13 02:45:59](#)  
(no subject)

Thanks Hydra, it was a good day.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2010-08-12 20:54:57](#)  
(no subject)

I'm eager to see what projects you end up making with that subscription. I thought some of the charms in it were quite clever!


The twins ate the rest of the lasagna for lunch today. I just can't keep it around! I'm so glad that's what you wanted for your birthday dinner. It's been far too long since I've made that recipe.



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2010-08-12 20:55:30](#)  
(no subject)

And very good lasagna it was, too.



 [alt\\_ginny](#) at [2010-08-13 02:47:49](#)  
(no subject)

I agree. It was a very good lasagna. Luckily for me I ate lunch before you two, so I was able to escape with another small piece.

**2010-08-12 21:44:00**

*Private Message to Barty Crouch, Jr,  
and Rabastan Lestrangle*



 [alt\\_narcissa](#)


I heard back from the agents late this afternoon: They are able to accommodate the security measures you wanted in place and will be happy to reserve the house - and the next two to either side - for the party.

Razzer, they said it was let this week, but you'd be able to send the advance team to prepare the site with protective charms and so on beginning on the 18th. Will that be sufficient? Barty, I think you said you had a list for us of trusted enforcers who could be tasked to work under Razzer's direction? Have you had an opportunity to discuss them yet? If not, perhaps I might offer supper tomorrow so you may go over the nominees. Harry could come as well, of course.

There remains only the question of whether we ought to bring our own elves for the week or rely on the hired staff. I suppose that all depends on whether you foresee any problem vetting them all between now and our arrival.



---

 [alt\\_rabastan](#) at **2010-08-13 04:12:56**  
(no subject)

Should be enough time, so long as the previous tenants leave the place in relatively good order. Along with Barty's group Roddy has agreed to help me double-check the properties for anything unseemly.



 [alt\\_crouch\\_jr](#) at **2010-08-13 19:34:02**  
(no subject)

Is there a reason Buckingham can't send elves and staff along for this excursion? There's no reason Narcissa ought to discombobulate her own household, but I dislike the idea of trusting the party's intimate care and feeding to a large number of hirelings, however well vetted.



 [alt\\_rabastan](#) at [2010-08-13 22:24:21](#)  
(no subject)

I've just seen about that, and it's well in hand. Elves in number to nearly equal our own, plus two women and Boris. Harry will also have his mudblood along to attend to his personal needs, and Mrs Baylock should be coming along with my brother and Rigel.



 [alt\\_crouch\\_jr](#) at [2010-08-13 19:36:19](#)  
(no subject)

Just following up: as I said when you Floo-called last evening, I've lined up a contingent for securing the site. I've notified each of them of the special nature of the assignment--reached the last of them this morning. Full report over supper.

I'll see you in a bit.

**2010-08-13 08:38:00**

*at Pansy's*

I'm having a very good time at Gloss House. I've been learning to ride a horse, and we go swimming a lot -- Mrs Parkinson is busy with wedding plans and Mr Campbell is gone on business a lot so mostly we have it to ourselves.



 **alt\_sally\_anne**

The muggle chef cooks really well (nearly as good as an elf) and the food is SO good. Yesterday Hydra came for a visit and we went riding, I think Hydra really enjoyed that, but then it started raining. There's a box full of old games in the parlour, not just chess and gobstones but a bunch I'd never seen before and we played something called Cluedo where you're investigating a murder and you have to work out which of the other players did it and what spell they used, the pieces talk but they're a little like the mad chess pieces, they shout accusations dramatically and mine kept pretending to swoon. It's a silly game but fun, and Hydra won both times. (And it wasn't because her piece was more cooperative, the second game it was hers who'd committed the crime! you decide that randomly and you can win by accusing yourself, it's part of why I thought it was silly.)

Anyway it was a really nice afternoon. Hydra, I'm glad you could come.



 **alt\_sally\_anne** at **2010-08-13 13:50:39**

*Private message to Hydra Lestrangle*

I hope you felt alright later; I realised after you left you'd eaten about eight of those scone things with the lemon curd in them. Mina just kept bringing more out and they were really good, weren't they? I didn't have much appetite for dinner because I'd eaten so many.



 **alt\_hydra** at **2010-08-13 22:17:48**

*Re: Private message to Hydra Lestrangle*

The scones were so nice, I'm sure I could have ate a full dozen if they'd been served with real clotted cream, the way the Lord Protector serves them. I was a bit sick after and didn't eat much dinner,

which would have probably gotten me in trouble except that I ate dinner alone.

From,  
Hydra



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-14 04:53:20](#)

*Re: Private message to Hydra Lestrangle*

Well, I'm glad you didn't get into trouble. Is real clotted cream nice? I don't think I've ever had it.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-13 13:56:03](#)

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

The groom at Gloss House is a muggleborn named Fowles, he's not much older than Percy. Hydra stared at him like he was bright green, you'd think she'd never seen a muggleborn before and I don't understand it because she sees Hermione all the time in Slytherin. Maybe it was because he was a boy? Or older than us?

Hydra also mentioned she's having tea again with the Lord Protector this weekend. I think she finds the Lord Protector less scary than her own mum.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-13 16:39:14](#)

*(no subject)*

It was quite fun, and Hydra was just brilliant at Cleudo, wasn't she?




 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-13 16:41:44](#)

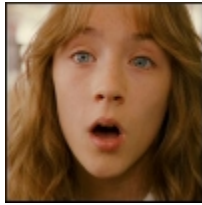
*(no subject)*


Yes, I don't know how she worked it out as quickly as she did!



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2010-08-13 19:41:41](#)**  
(no subject)

Runs in the family, maybe. I mean, her mums a brilliant Auror, isn't she? Maybe she'll be one, too, someday.



 **[alt\\_hydra](#)** at **[2010-08-13 22:17:20](#)**  
(no subject)

I didn't even try very hard at the game, I was just good at it somehow.  
But then Sally Anne tried to show me origami and I was really dreadful, my birds all had tails.

From,  
Hydra



 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)** at **[2010-08-14 04:52:56](#)**  
(no subject)

Origami is tricky, a lot of people can't get the folds right. You were really good at the game though!

**[2010-08-13 12:33:00](#)**

*Hah!*

Apon a time (once) there was a girl with apple cheeks and an affable (did I use it right?) air who liked ambling around the park and angling for fish, even though she hated eating them, because fish are slimy and gross. She was awfully sweet, and was always generous.



 [alt\\_pansy](#)

Then her parents died, because that sort of thing happens all the time in fairy stories. So she was all alone.

Awwww.




 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at **[2010-08-13 16:40:43](#)**  
(no subject)

Beatrice was her name and she was beautiful (in addition to her bouyant personality) although she wore her hair in a bouffant hairdo which was a little bizarre.

Finding herself bereft, she set out to seek her fortune in Brighton.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at **[2010-08-13 16:43:21](#)**  
(no subject)

Cash was running fairly low in the city, which was a pity, and she was confused by currency to begin with, and she was feeling rather contrary due to her long walk. So she sat on the street corner and cried

and cried.

Then, a carriage pulled up and a cute lady with curly hair leaned out and smiled.

(a bouffant! Hah!)






 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-13 16:48:49](#)  
(no subject)

'Dear,' said the darling dame, 'do tell me why you are so distressed.'

'Drat,' said Beatrice. 'I am so dreadfully tired.'



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-13 16:51:19](#)  
(no subject)

'Egads!' Said the lady, whose name was Lady Esther, Esquire. 'Are you at all in the mood to eat? I am an epicure, and am just going to enjoy an enormous meal.' She then winked expressively.




 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-13 16:55:48](#)  
(no subject)

'FABULOUS!' said Beatrice, no longer feeling forlorn. 'I would absolutely fancy a fine feast! Fill me up!' She followed Esther to Esther's home, where she met Esther's frail father, Francis.

'Follow me,' Francis said as Esther flitted off.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-13 17:00:05](#)  
(no subject)

Glorious, glorious food was waiting for them. Beatrice ate with gusto. There was gator from America, lightly battered and fried, and greens, and grouper, and gefilte (which tasted awful) and a great big pudding.


Francis and Esther heaped generous portions on Beatrice's plate, while Francis complained about his gout and Esther looked glamorous.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-13 17:00:55](#)  
(no subject)

What the heck is gator? Oh, never mind, you can tell me later, back in a minute with the next installment.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-13 17:04:43](#)  
(no subject)

It's short for alligator!




 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-13 17:06:17](#)  
(no subject)

People actually EAT alligators?

What do they taste like?



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-13 17:14:25](#)  
(no subject)

Dad went to America after he was done with school, and he had all sorts of weird things to eat while he was there, and that was one. He said it tasted part chicken part fish.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-13 17:26:25](#)  
(no subject)

Your Dad went to America? How did you never tell me about this?

Do you have any pictures from his trip?



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-13 17:40:59](#)  
(no subject)


It was only for a few weeks. He went all over the place for a whole year, China, and India, and Africa too. When he was in America, he went to Louisiana and out west and things to meet with some Potioneers he'd been writing. They were doing really nift things with alternative ingredients. Some of their letters were in that box of dad's stuff that I got this summer.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-13 17:58:16](#)  
(no subject)

That sounds utterly nift.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-13 17:28:59](#)  
*I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good*

My mum got a fellowship after she took her NEWTs to do advanced study at some wizarding school in Switzerland. Anyway, she was going to do it but then she got pregnant with me.

The funny thing is if she HAD done it they'd have been out of the country when everything happened.




 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-13 17:05:01](#)  
(no subject)

Wait, gefilte? How do you even pronounce that?

I think you're making these foods up.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-13 17:20:27](#)  
(no subject)

I found it in the dictionary!

Hang on, let me look it up again. It's pickled fish or something. It sounded utterly foul.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-13 17:29:27](#)  
(no subject)

Ew.

There are things that are good pickled but fish is sort of nasty already.




 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-13 17:04:25](#)  
(no subject)

'Have you explored our handsome home?' Francis asked as they handed her haricots verts and hasty pudding.

'How could I?' Beatrice said. 'However, I would be happy for the opportunity.'

They hopped up from the table and half-skipped to the hallway howling 'HURRAY!' Then hundreds of house-elves hollered 'he's here!' and hared off.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-13 17:11:01](#)  
(no subject)

'I have no idea what they are implying,' Francis said, shaking his head, while Esther implored the house-elves to explain.

One, named Impy, stopped and turned around.

'I is scared, Miss! The Evil Ivan is coming in!'




 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-13 17:13:50](#)  
(no subject)

'Joking! They're joking!' Esther said jocularly with a joyful gesture. 'Back to your jobs!' she said jubilantly to the elves.

But the door suddenly burst off its joists and a jaguar jumped in, jabbing its claws at Francis's jugular!



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-13 17:18:21](#)  
(no subject)

'Kill them all!'


A dark figure stood in the doorway, wearing a kilt.

Esther sat on the floor next to her father, kicking her feet in despair.

Beatrice, having massively more sense, drew her wand from her bouffant. 'Avada Kedavera!' she cried, killing the jaguar. She then pointed the wand at Ivan, who growled.

'Why are you attacking these kind people?' Beatrice demanded.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-13 17:21:17](#)  
(no subject)

K is harder than I thought it'd be.




 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-13 17:25:02](#)  
(no subject)

'Leave us!' Ivan's low voice lashed out at Esther and Francis. 'Laugh all you like!' he said to Beatrice. 'But you know full well that I long for you! I need your levering presence to lift the loneliness that loads my lengthy days! Live with me, and I will let these lovely losers live in peace! Lose me, and my lion will lick their livers!'

Beatrice leaned away from him with loathing.




 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-13 17:29:20](#)  
(no subject)

Lick their livers!

Hah!



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-13 17:33:48](#)  
(no subject)

Beatrice took another look at the malevolent man.

'Marvin?' she muttered. 'Marvin? Is that you?' Marvin was her childhood friend, and she hadn't seen him for many a moon, ever since he'd moved away to Manchester.

He opened his mouth a few times.

'Yeah,' he said, after a little.

'Why did you change your name to Ivan?'

'Seemed more menacing,' he replied. 'Oh Beatrice, I'm mad for you!' he moonily moaned. 'Marry me!'




 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-13 17:41:18](#)  
(no subject)

'No,' said Beatrice. 'Never! After your nasty behavior, I'd rather have nits than a negative nosehair like you!'

Now she noticed a new note on a nail.

'NARCOPENTA,' it said, followed by, '(non-verbal)' so she pointed her wand and thought NARCOPENTA and instantly Ivan/Marvin took a nice nap.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-13 17:46:35](#)  
(no subject)

'Oh dear,' said Esther. 'I don't think I like your friends very much. But at least Father is okay!' Francis opened his eyes and coughed.

'Sorry about that,' said Beatrice. 'Marvin was always a bit odd.'

Esther tied up Martivan and used her wand to lift him in the air. His head knocked against a light fixture. 'Oops,' she giggled. 'I really am opposed to all violence,' she said in an opinionated sort of way as she made him hit his head against the stair post. 'We'll just toss him in the cellar and let him think about his misdeeds.'



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-13 17:55:23](#)  
(no subject)


Politely, Beatrice protested that perhaps permanent petrification would be preferable as a punishment. Martivan would make a pleasant statue, perhaps with his arms placed so as to be useful as a place to put coats and umbrellas during parties with many participants.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-13 17:57:20](#)  
(no subject)

Oooh, it just occurred to me he ought to have piles, as well. Oh well.




 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-13 17:59:31](#)  
(no subject)

'Quite right!' Francis replied. Ether querulously questioned whether they could place a few quilts on top of his head as well, and when Francis agreed, she quickly agreed, quit bumping him against things, and put him in the hall.

So they had a nice new hatrack out of the whole thing, and a jaguar-skin rug, which wasn't really half-bad.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-13 18:05:54](#)  
(no subject)

I said agreed twice. Oh well.

You really are far better at this than I am!



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-13 18:06:09](#)  
(no subject)

Really, this could be the end of the story right here: Beatrice rid of her rash, revengeful romantic stalker and Francis and Esther re-supplied with rugs and racks.



Regardless, however, there remain a few small loose threads, enough (really?) to reach some later letter. Romantically, Beatrice still needs a proper romantic reality, and Esther might find one relaxing, as well.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-13 18:12:14](#)

*(no subject)*

So with that in mind, Esther and Francis kindly set Beatrice up with a suitor -- Esther's brother, Simon, who was simply dashing and looked quite sharp in a suit. He was head of sales in a store at Shropshire, and as soon as they wrote him and told him how simply sweet Beatrice was, he swept onto his broom and scurried swiftly down to see his sister and father and their new guest.

Upon seeing Simon, Beatrice fell into a swoon at his sheer handsome manliness. He was also quite overcome by her bouffant and her swift thinking that saved his father from the savage jaguar.

'Slytherin's scarf!' he exclaimed. 'Sweet Beatrice, let's elope!'



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-13 18:19:16](#)

*(no subject)*

'Take me, Simon!' Beatrice told him. 'Take me now, take me to -- to -- the Tower of London! We'll have the ghosts perform our ceremony!'

So they toddled off to the Tower to tie the knot. Typically, the Tower had tons of tourists, so they tried telling them they could take a tap of butterbeer if only they'd take themselves to some other spot for a short time.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-13 18:25:14](#)

*(no subject)*

Until the tourists left, Beatrice and Simon entertained each other by talking about their childhoods and hobbies.


Simon enjoyed unicycling and collecting oddly-coloured umbrellas, and Beatrice's favourite toy as a child was a stuffed unicorn. Finally, they could go up to the top of the tower and the ghostly Uncle of the



King married them (as he used to be a ship's captain, and they can do those sorts of things). Beatrice swooned again, and Simon cried buckets.

'Oh, Simon, I never thought I could ever be this happy!' Beatrice sighed, patting his arm lovingly as they left the tower and walked under a bridge.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-13 18:30:13](#)  
(no subject)

Hah! You have X!



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-13 18:35:14](#)  
(no subject)


You confused me and I started writing an X one and then realised oh WAIT right NOW I have V.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-13 18:37:18](#)  
(no subject)

Very, very happy, they were, verily. Violins played sweet music in the background and they drank a viscous cocktail of some horrid grownup drinks and danced with verve as they sniffed at violets and and wondered to themselves, is there a verb that begins with V?



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-13 18:41:13](#)  
(no subject)

Windy weather interrupted their wanderings, so they went into a restaurant where the waiter whipped up some watercress soup to warm them up.

They walked slowly home, arm in arm, but as they approached the door, Esther and Francis came running out. 'Ivan... I mean Martin... he's escaped!' Esther whimpered, as Francis wheezed. 'He just woke up and ran out the door! My wandwork must have been off.'


'Oh, Esther,' Beatrice replied, worried. 'I wish I'd killed him too. Now we'll never have a moment's rest!'



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-13 18:42:16](#)  
(no subject)

Wait, you're having Marvivan escape? We've only got three letters left to wrap up the story!



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-13 18:46:51](#)  
(no subject)

It can end on a cliffhanger!



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-13 18:46:35](#)  
(no subject)


'X' marked the spot where they found the man once known as Martin, now as Ivan, howling with xenophobic glee as he drew giant X's on the property of a recent immigrant.

'XERISCAPE!' Ivan screamed maniacally. Don't ask me why he was screaming about desert landscaping. He was mad, mad with a capital X. XMAD.

'XAVADA XEDAVRA!' shouted Simon bravely, which is kind of like the killing curse but easier to aim and not 100% effective, in this fairy tale. 'You should have moved to Xinjiang, you evildoer!'

'I know!' Beatrice cried as the XX curse bounced harmlessly off Ivan's protection shield. 'I know how to defeat him! ACCIO XYLOPHONE!'



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-13 18:52:12](#)  
(no subject)

'Yes!' yelled Simon. 'Wait, how will a xylophone help?'

'Youthful trauma!' Beatrice replied. 'His mother made him study it for years!'

She banged on the xylophone, and Martivan turned around, eyes blazing. 'Yonks!' he cried out. 'That hateful sound! Why are you torturing me so, my beloved Beatrice!'

'Yikes!' Beatrice yelped. 'I am so not your beloved! I'm married to Simon! And you're mad!'

Martivan burst into tears. 'All I ever wanted was to be loved!' he sobbed, his young face twisted in his grief. 'That and a yeti...'



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-13 18:58:21](#)  
(no subject)

'Zoo!' Beatrice shouted. 'Go to the zoo, Martivan! They have yetis! Also zebras! And all sorts of other fascinating beasts!'

Martivan started to move toward the zoo but looked back hesitantly.

'I'll give you ziti!' Simon offered. 'And zinfandel wine! if only you'll go to the zoo!'

So Martivan went to the zoo where he drank zinfandel wine until he zonked out and was carried off by a zephyr to the Zone of Zealotry and was never seen or heard from again!


Beatrice and Simon lived happily ever after! THE END.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-13 18:58:48](#)  
(no subject)

That was fun! Let's go get lunch!




 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-13 19:02:05](#)  
(no subject)

Oooh! Lets!

And we can have EVEN MORE SUGAR for pudding!

Whee!




 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2010-08-13 19:46:30](#)**  
(no subject)

You're both mental, you know.

Absolute nutters.



 **[alt\\_luna](#)** at **[2010-08-14 03:46:10](#)**  
(no subject)

My parents are dead. But I don't think anyone would say I have apple cheeks and I rather like fish.

**2010-08-13 17:47:00**

*(no subject)*

I've just had a lovely evening stroll back along the quiet footpath between flower-strewn hedgerows to my inn in Saunton Sands. I wish I could do it justice with my charcoals, but I'm rubbish at landscapes.



 [alt\\_poppy](#)

I have been keeping a log in my sketchbook of all the plants and creatures I've come across--and Braunton Burrows has an impressive lot of them! They tell me there are 33 different butterfly types, though I've missed most of them. I shall have to come earlier next year. And they claim the dunes are home to nearly 500 wildflower species. No surprise, then, that so many creatures find a comfortable home here. Rabbits, of course, for it is their burrows that lend the place its name, red Devon cattle, rabbits, foxes, hedgehogs, moles, voles, weasels, mink, shrews, field mice (and dormice, too, which are far rarer). This handsome fellow, who introduced himself to me whilst I took lunch yesterday, is a Soay, one of the oldest breeds of sheep and perhaps the only one native to the Protectorate:



I have four collecting cases standing here in my room, full to the gills with toadflax, petalwort, black foxtail, lady's bedstraw, fairy flax, and water germander. I'm especially pleased to have got the latter, which can only be found in any numbers in this one tiny corner of England. One case is entirely packed with Amber Dunedribbler snails, another quite rare commodity, and one requiring a deal of effort to acquire.

I trust that Professor Brutka will appreciate the day I spent broomback, sweeping over the dunes to collect these wee creatures without disturbing the very delicate balance of life amongst the duneslacks. I was ably led in this expedition by Braunton Burrows' warden, Mrs Mary Beaton and her husband, John, whose knowledge of the local flora and fauna would do their teachers proud. Pomona, the Beatons asked to be remembered to you, and we all regretted that you were not able to be along for the outing. You would, no doubt,

have done better with the flying than I did. I was warned that the converging ley lines out in the Burrows can make a broom behave unpredictably, but you have no idea! Goodness! I held my seat, but I was very nearly deposited in the sand several times.

Minerva, I'm sending on a flask of one of the local specialties, courtesy of Mr Phinneas Cooper, proprietor of Braunton Custom Comestibles. It's his best Sea-Buckthorn liqueur, which i will vouch is a powerful intoxicant. I did not, however, sample it until after we completed our discussion of his providing Sea-Buckthorn-based comestibles for the school. We agreed on what I believe is a very fair price for his high-vitamin juices, jams, and extract additives (which demonstrably enhance the mouth-feel of transfigured turnip dishes and which will greatly increase their nutritional value). I've arranged, as well, to source Sea-Buckthorn bark, leaves and berries for my own brewing needs, but we agreed to invoice those items separately.

I'm off tomorrow for Lundy along with Cooper's associate, Sophonisba Pimm, to investigate whether we would be well-served (no pun intended) by purchasing a quantity of Lundy cabbage, which the locals here praise for its adaptability. They say it is perfectly suited for transfiguring and isn't half-bad eaten unturned.

Between now and then, I look forward to a nice walk into town to sample the best the Protector's Arms can offer in the way of supper and company. This is undeniably a quiet corner of the world, though my innkeeper informs me they had a deal of excitement earlier in the summer with men going nude on the Burrows, 'frightening children and elderly walkers!' he said. 'Naturists, they called themselves.' It's his opinion they were misguided youths, imitating old stories of mad muggles who used to bathe nude on the beaches here. 'They've learned their lesson, though,' he told me. 'Proper wizards don't stand for that rubbish.'



 [alt\\_rabastan](#) at [2010-08-13 23:05:13](#)  
(no subject)


Your innkeeper must've never taken in a quidditch match in Falmouth, or he would have seen the yearly tradition involving the entire team of Falcons, the harbour, and no clothing whatsoever.

Specifically, the Falcons believe it's good luck to begin each season with a group swim, sans robes. Far as I know it's been a tradition for

many years back, and has nothing to do with mad muggles whatsoever.

Say, I like your drawing. That's a very dignified sheep indeed.




 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2010-08-13 23:15:21](#)  
(no subject)

Do they generally invite their supporters along for the buff swimming? I may need to revise my idea of the Falcons!

Thank you kindly, Professor Lestrage. I look forward to renewing our acquaintance once we've all returned to the castle--but I trust we shall meet under happier circumstances than we generally did during your years at school!



 [alt\\_rabastan](#) at [2010-08-14 02:31:56](#)  
(no subject)

Large portions of the town, young and old alike, been known to join in, depending on how serious they are about the Falcons. And that does tend to include the majority of those living in the Falmouth/

Cornwall area, or at least did when I was on the team.

You're most welcome, Madam. If it helps, I don't believe I shall be hexing anyone who doesn't deeply and richly deserve it.



**2010-08-14 09:18:00**

*XXXIV.*

Yaxley, you were totally right about that party last night. It was exactly what I needed to do after everything this week. And it was good to see everyone. I was feeling as if I'd spent a month on the moon, but one night out with you and Goshal and Dames and all's well with the world again.



 [alt\\_lana](#)

Johns, you really have to come with next time. Everyone was there. Well, everyone else. We missed you. And you'd have had a good laugh: Chau got absolutely bludgered and started trailing around after Wilda Nokes, telling her and everybody else how he's always secretly adored her. It's not much of a secret now! Nokes looked as though she'd die of embarrassment, and in the end, I think she had to just leave. It really was appalling. And terribly, terribly funny, all the same.


Anywiz, it was crowded down on the platform, but it was really a brilliant place for a party. They'd built the dance floor out over the part that used to have tracks and put the band up on a sort of bridge where there used to be a corridor over to the opposite platform. The sound just flew around all those tiled surfaces, and they'd managed something really fantastic with the lighting: everything sort of glowed, and it made everyone look their best. Calderwood says they use something like it for fashion shoots she's done. She was wearing the most darling silk ensemble in colours that looked like the sea reflecting a brilliant sunset. Fairchild made it specially for her.

I slept until noon today. I can't think when I've ever done that, but Mama and Papa were off early, and Orion took Honoria to Flourish and Blotts to pick up their books. I needed the rest, though, and not just because it was such a late night at Charing Cross. This past week was the start of everything for me, and I'd been so focused on just getting into the programme that now it's really here and begun, it was just a bit overwhelming. Not that we did anything terribly difficult this first week. In fact, it took until Thursday afternoon to get through all the parchmentwork, but then on Friday, they put us through our paces for the first time on the sparring floor and then had us sit a content exam to see whether we've forgotten all we're supposed to know. I think I did well on the written part, but I spent a horrifying amount of time on the mat during the assessment. I'm sure I passed, but it was nothing to boast about, that's certain.

This week we really get down to it. Our first unit is on administration and enforcement, and I gather we're to meet with representatives from all the departments, beginning with the Minister himself and Director Selwyn, and then members of all the major services and specialist units. Some people were saying that we'll be introduced to a group of the Azkaban guards, but I'm not sure that's right.

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 **alt\_padma** at [2010-08-15 00:36:27](#)  
(no subject)

I'm glad you could have a bit of fun after all that. What kind of parchments did you need to fill out? How soon do you get to start going along to observe and all that?

I've been at Lavender's for a few days - well, me and Parvati both. It's been okay, especially since the Browns' fosterling mostly keeps to herself.

Have you had a chance to talk to your mum about coming to look at your albums from your party?




 **alt\_lana** at [2010-08-15 00:50:29](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, there was loads and loads of parchmentwork. I think mine alone will fill a vault. They needed a complete family tree with all the cousins and cousins' offspring for the six most recent generations and the direct line back fourteen generations. There were essays on our philosophies of law enforcement, on the formative experiences from our past that led us to seek careers in magical law enforcement, on the one person who most shaped our passion for justice, on our private views of our own magical selves, on our ambitions with regard to our career trajectories over the next five, ten, fifteen and thirty years (each a separate statement, mind you), oh, and one on our vision for the future of the Protectorate. Of course, there were various legal documents to be read and signed, including a whole series of important oaths, and we each had an appointment to draw up a will!

Have you bought your books yet? And what did you hear about Dark Arts? Did you get in?

Mama says you may come any evening to see the pictures. If no one's about, the elves will let you in and see that there are refreshments.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2010-08-15 01:14:53](#)

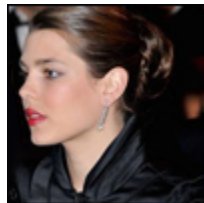
*(no subject)*

Shiva, that's a load of writing - I think that's more than NEWT essays, even!

Thanks for asking about lessons! Yes, I got in to Dark Arts but I haven't got my books yet. I think we'll go one day this week, whenever Haruman's not working and can take us.

I'm sure Mum won't mind when we come by, unless the aunts are coming over. But I don't think they're planning a big supper or anything soon. Is there any time that's better or worse for you?

We've got ever so much to talk about! It'll be nift to see you again.



 [alt\\_lana](#) at [2010-08-15 03:02:50](#)

*(no subject)*

Well, it's hard to say which evening would be best if you're wanting to come for an evening. Last week, there was a fair amount of after-training socialising with people in the programme. There are six of us going through, and I think we all want to sort out where we stand and who we can rely on, that sort of thing.

Let's say Thursday, but you should come along anyway even if I'm not able to be home that evening. Orion might be here, and Honoria certainly will. That's not one of her evenings for compartment lessons with Mrs Fenton-Willett.

**2010-08-15 13:51:00**

*Private Message to Wil Wagstaff*

Buckram Swiveller is a manticore's arse.

Blasted blastin bludger buggerer.



 **alt\_wagstaff**

**2010-08-16 10:58:00**

*Order Only: Frank and Alice*

I spent last evening at the Marisco Tavern--Lundy does have its charms!--where I renewed acquaintance with several young people on holiday. The group included Miss Troy and Miss Van Someren, who left school last year, and Miss Davies, Miss Applebee, and the Frobisher twins, who left school this summer. They've been trekking the coastal paths, it seems, and just arrived on Lundy yesterday suppertime.



 [alt\\_poppy](#)

The salient point is that they shared with me their intention to go next to the Isle of Man.

Do you get many tourists out there? I've never heard you mention it. And while I do realise that casual visitors would have no way of stumbling across the Sanctuary, there is the matter of your boat building and scavenging endeavours. I shouldn't want them to stumble across you unexpectedly. Or find evidence of your being thereabouts.


I did ask if they hadn't considered heading for Scilly instead. I harped rather heavily on the difference of temperature and weather, but I'm afraid I may not have persuaded them, and I didn't wish to sound overly invested in the topic.

At any rate, you are warned that it is not just me you ought to expect on your doorstep in the week ahead. (I shall arrive on Thursday, I believe. I will confirm that with you by Tuesday evening if that's all right.)

The good thing about meeting with these young friends is that it's allowed me another avenue for putting out the cover story for my time with you: today I begin a lovely week of trekking along the coastal path up through Wales, where they've just been. I urged them to recount the highlights of their walk, and that launched them on a nearly operatic exposition of the experiences they've had in places the beauty of which quite overwhelmed their capacities for description--I trust that my enthusiasm for hearing their stories established my cover as far as they were concerned. It was, at any rate, a pleasant way to spend an evening.

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 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2010-08-16 16:05:01](#)**  
(no subject)

Thank you for the heads up, Poppy.

We usually keep our more ambitious projects inside the wards, but I'll do an extra check to make sure we haven't left any tracks in recent weeks.

We look forward to seeing you soon!



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2010-08-16 16:22:10](#)**  
(no subject)

I'm sure you do take good care, but it was startling to think of people tramping around just outside your wards!

I'm looking forward to being there with you. Tell Stephen that I've collected a number of items with his work in mind. Oh, and do thank young Mr Creevey for his addendum to your last owl. I've been diligently keeping up my sketchbook, so I would have some drawings to share with him.

**[2010-08-16 18:59:00](#)**

*August*

I can't believe we're halfway through August and school is going to start in just a couple of weeks. It feels like just yesterday that I was getting on the Hogwarts Express to come home.



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

This summer has just flown by, between all the stuff I've done with Evelyn, the visits to work in the soup kitchen at Wyre, the camping trip with Great Uncle Algie and all the rest. We still need to go to Diagon Alley to get a few more things. We've made one trip, but of course I forgot my list so we'll have to go back again. Evelyn's is getting pretty excited about going off to school. ~~Even though she's really nerv~~

Dean, thanks again for inviting me to your birthday party. I'm sorry I wasn't able to stay long. It was really good weather for swimming and all, so I bet everyone had a lot of fun. Thanks for sending the owl with the bag of chocs and such after I had to go. I didn't expect that, it was really nice!



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 **[alt\\_neville](#) at [2010-08-17 00:37:39](#)**

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

I just spent a half hour at Dean's, only staying long enough to drop off a present for him and say hello to people and then go. I gave him an excuse that Gran was having a family gathering she insisted I come to, but...well, I'll admit that wasn't it. Not entirely. I don't want to snub Dean, exactly. At least not till I can figure out what's really going on with him. But I knew you didn't get invited, Ron, and it didn't feel right to spend the day eating Mr Peake's food and listening to Padma and Pavarti Patil going on and on about how it's important to mix with the right sort. All while they're looking down their nose at me.

Had a bit of a talk with Hydra Lestrage, though. She's nice. I think she deserves a different mother.



 **alt\_ron** at [2010-08-17 02:23:22](#)

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

Oh. Thanks, I guess.

You could've stayed if you wanted.

It's nothing to me if Thomas doesn't like me. I mean, if he wants to run after Patil and Malfoy and that sort, then he's not someone I want to spend time with.


~~It's just I wish he wouldn't~~

I guess that's sort of what you're saying, too.

And, yeah, it was nice of you.

Hydra Lestrage is actually quite nice to talk to. We played cards a few times. And Pansy's right: she's nothing like her mother.



 **alt\_neville** at [2010-08-17 02:40:06](#)

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

To be fair, well--ever since the news came out about my parents, I've not been too comfortable around most of that lot myself.

Guess I'll have to get used to it, going back to school and all. I expect I'll get called a blood traitor behind my back, at least once or twice. I hope it won't be so bad for Evelyn, and that she'll manage to make some friends anyway.



 **alt\_dean** at [2010-08-17 02:17:02](#)

*(no subject)*

Thanks for coming mate. I an glad Bast caught up with you to give you your party bag. I will see you back at school.



**2010-08-16 20:30:00**

*Dean, that was a really*

interesting party. Thanks for inviting us. I was a little surprised when so many grown-ups showed up, though. Especially Mrs Lestrangle I guess that's sort of like Harry's party was, too.

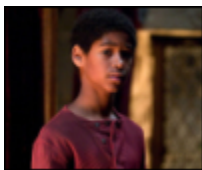



 **alt\_padma**

The band was really good, anyway. I love that it's possible to dance *kathak* to 'Our Borders Are Strong' - it was fun teaching everyone some of the moves.

I hope you like the gloves. Mum says they're good for touring flights, they'll keep your hands warm if you're in the air a long time. Parvati put in the owl treats and the book on owl care because we know you just got an owl too. Anyway, I hope they'll be useful.

We'd been staying with Lavender for a few days, but we went home after the party. Haruman's taking us for our books on Wednesday, though, and Lav will come too so we'll see her again. Plus Sandoval invited me over on Thursday to see the photos from her party. So I think the week will go pretty quickly. And then only a couple more weeks left before school starts. I certainly hope this year will be quieter than last!



 **alt\_dean** at **2010-08-17 02:15:34**

*(no subject)*

Hey thanks for coming. The gloves are great. Do thank your Mum for me, for such an excellent gift. Did she design them herself?

Do tell Parvati that Bast loves the treats. And that book is great. I spent every chance I could get today going over things that would be helpful in her care. Have fun during the rest of your week. And see you back at school.

I look forward to the history club this year. I will definitely come more often.

**2010-08-16 22:17:00**

*Thank You*

Formal thank you notes went out by owl this evening. However I would still like to thank everyone for coming yesterday to my birthday party. I would also like to thank Mr Peakes for giving me a party. I know that I do not deserve so much attention, but thank you for thinking of me.



 **alt\_dean**

Also I would like to thank the persons who had a hand in seeing that my appropriate status was placed upon me. It shows that not matter what obstacle is thrown our way, strong magical blood will always pull through. I am truly proud to say that I live within the protectorate. It is only here where a kid like me could learn his true purpose, and flourish in achieving it.

I am looking forward to going back to school. Mr Peakes and I will stay here another week complete, and then return to New London to shop for school supplies and prepare for the train back to Hogwarts. I agree with Padma, I do hope the up coming terms are quiet an uneventful in comparison to last year.

See you all in a few weeks.

**2010-08-17 08:23:00**

*and if there's more of them*

So many things have happened the last few days. I visited Pansy and Sally Anne at Gloss House and we had a smashing time.

I'd really like a horse now, I think we could keep one at Le'Strange Hill, but Mummy said no.

Daddy said Maybe.

There are grown-up mudblood servants at Gloss, and I'd never seen one before up close.

A grown-up mudblood I mean, I've seen the younger small ones at Hogwarts and I think probably some grown-up ones around New London but not that close before.

He smelled like a horse but I suppose that might've just been the horses.

And then this weekend I was invited to tea at Buckingham again.

It was the loveliest tea I've had yet.

Not just because of the clotted cream and the cakes, but because the Lord Protector and I had such a nice, long talk.

He's so understanding, we're all so lucky to have Him.

We also went to a party at Mr Peakes this weekend, which was for his fosterling Dean Thomas, who I don't know very well.

We didn't stay very long, so I'm sorry if I didn't get to talk much to the people who were there.

Hopefully we'll all get to catch up later when we go back to Hogwarts on the train.

I'm so excited to go back to school now, because I know there will be people to talk to!

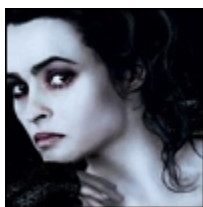
So many people want to talk to me now, and even though I'm not entirely sure why I think it might be because they know that the Lord Protector invites me to tea.

I don't mind, though.

It's nice having new people to talk to.



 [alt\\_hydra](#)



 [alt\\_bellatrix](#) at **2010-08-17 20:35:06**

*Private message to Hydra Lestrangle*

Imagine my horror at the tone of this. Your head is quite in danger of swelling, Hydra. No, not in danger...for it's clearly quite puffed up as is, hmm?

So you think that people want to talk to you because "the Lord Protector invites me to tea?"

I don't suppose that it occurred to you that it might have something to do with significance of your name and your family, not to mention the one who birthed you. No, it didn't occur to you at all. Because even though I've raised you to be anything but, it seems you are still intent on turning out a spoilt, selfish girl who thinks of herself, first and foremost.

You know what I think? I think that you are not properly reverent of your special time spent with our Lord at all.


I think that you see your meetings with Him as a way to make yourself look exotic and desirable.

I think you see it as a means to be envied.

Your actions are deeply shameful, flagrantly disobedient, and I know I don't have to tell you that they won't go unpunished.

Don't go to bed tonight. I will want to see you as soon as I get home.



 [alt\\_bellatrix](#) at [2010-08-17 20:41:28](#)

*Private message to Hydra Lestrangle*

Oh, and do not think for a moment that I missed your clever and oh-so-subtle manipulation in this missive.

*"I'd really like a horse now, I think we could keep one at Le'Strange Hill, but Mummy said no. Daddy said Maybe."*


Do you really think you can manipulate me and that I won't see it?

I know precisely what you are up to, dropping a little crumb about your mean Mummy and your sweet Daddy, all to spur his soft heart on so that he'll come galloping after you on some horse that you can call all your own.

And if not him, then maybe your Auntie Narcissa, hmm? Playing soft to attract soft.

It sickens me and you know it. You know it and yet you do it anyway. Does it make you happy to have ruined my day?




 [alt\\_hydra](#) at [2010-08-17 22:51:47](#)  
*Re: Private message to Hydra Lestrangle*

No it doesn't make me happy.  
I'm sorry, Mummy.

From,


Hydra



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2010-08-18 00:16:44](#)  
*(no subject)*

We'd have talked to you long before that, but you seemed ever so shy. I guess that's just because of what was happening to you, you know. But you can join us on the train if you like or whenever we're in the Great Hall. Or music parties - I'm sure we'll have more of those, too.




 [alt\\_hydra](#) at [2010-08-18 03:46:49](#)  
*(no subject)*

~~A lot of people have already asked me to join~~  
Thank you, I will try to say hello if I see you or your sister in the Great Hall.

I am a little shy I suppose, but it doesn't mean that I don't like to talk to people.

From,  
Hydra



 [alt\\_rodolphus](#) at [2010-08-18 03:51:58](#)  
*Private message to Hydra Lestrangle*

Duckie, I've grown tired of looking all over the house for you. I suppose you're off in some hidden room, playing with Tevis?

See now, I've noticed your Mother's written two private messages to you. What's that about, then?



 [alt\\_hydra](#) at [2010-08-18 03:52:39](#)

*Re: Private message to Hydra Lestrangle*

I've upset her and she wants me to wait up for her.

From,  
Hydra



 [alt\\_rodolphus](#) at [2010-08-18 03:55:15](#)

*Re: Private message to Hydra Lestrangle*

Ah. Well, it so happens that I am waiting up for her as well. I think it's quite likely I'll run into her before you do, and I'll get her to tell me all about how upset she is. How do you like that?



 [alt\\_hydra](#) at [2010-08-18 03:56:39](#)

*Re: Private message to Hydra Lestrangle*

I don't know how I like that.  
Will it be a very loud row?

From,

Hydra



 [alt\\_rodolphus](#) at [2010-08-18 03:59:39](#)

*Re: Private message to Hydra Lestrangle*

Oh, it very well may be. But Daddy doesn't mind it, so don't you trouble yourself, Duckie. You know how to do a sound-proofing charm by now.

Now come down to the parlour and give us a squeeze before you retreat back into your hiding place.



 [alt\\_hydra](#) at [2010-08-18 04:00:13](#)

*Re: Private message to Hydra Lestrangle*

All right, Daddy.

From,  
Hydra

**2010-08-17 15:51:00**

*(no subject)*

Could really use some bees and honey, couldn't we?

Too right, that.



 **alt\_wagstaff**

[2010-08-17 18:06:00](#)

*Private message to Arca Sinistra*



 [alt\\_sinistra](#)

Mum -

Nashira's still busy with orders I need for materials before students arrive, so a note this way seems faster.

Sorry again for not managing to visit: I know I said I'd try, but the YPL debriefing took forever and a day. (Well, till yesterday). And now I'm up to my neck in plans for next year, plus that promise to help Rabastan Lestrangle settle in. (I certainly don't mind, but it is one more thing on my list. Plus there's that wanting to be helpful part, and yet not wanting to be overeager or anything like that.)

Speaking of: did you get a chance to ask Orion about our new addition? Orion keeps saying he's too busy with that secretive Ministry project to write, and he's a lousy correspondent anyway. If you do get him to come for dinner, please ask for me if there's anything I should know about, since they were the same year. I'd hate to put my foot wrong with some old upset, especially given his (and his family's) current influence. Storm was no help whatsoever, but he was enough younger that it didn't surprise me. (And, well, Storm. Barely notices his own feet until he trips over them.)

Everyone seems pleased enough with the YPL work, and there's talk of adding another person to the planning staff next year - since after all, we'd be up to three separate years to plan for, and only so many weeks when events are really feasible. If you know anyone who's free in the summer for at least three or four weeks, and is interested, do pass on the name, and I'll send it along. (They are, of course, doing very careful screening: have I mentioned again how glad I am you invested all that time in tracing all the family lines back? Made it so much easier when they were interviewing me.)

Dai sent me a very brief owl earlier this week: he still hasn't found a new job, and he's still refusing to let me help him out. I keep telling him it's not like I've got much in the way of expenses - and the extra YPL salary as well - but he keeps refusing. If you do hear of anyone looking for someone with good detail skills, I'm sure he'd be grateful of a referral. It's not like he chose his parents, or to get so sick and have his miser of a boss fire him. The good news is that he really is mostly recovered: still some weakness, and he really shouldn't have a



job that requires lifting or lots of walking, but other than that, he's almost back to where he was.

My friend Poppy's gotten some new interesting possible options transfigured foods in her travels - do take a look at her recent journal about it. I know you think that the real foods are best, but honestly, you'd lose it if you had to eat just what we could grow in Scotland in the winter, even with the greenhouses. And feeding students is hard enough as it is. (Though she was grateful for your recipes: if someone's recovering from something, obviously, it's a bit different than feeding the whole horde.)

If things get sorted a bit sooner than I think they will, I'll see about coming for a day or two before term starts, but no promises. Now, I really should go off and poke around the DADA room to make that list.

A.

**2010-08-17 19:04:00**

XXXV.

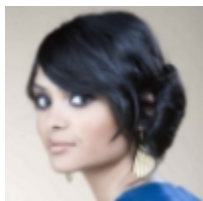
Whoa.


I've never felt so done in, ever.

I've just got home, but I think I need to go straight to bed. Johns, I'll owl you tomorrow about tomorrow night. I'm not sure now whether I'll be up to it. I'm really sorry if I end up bagging out on you.



 [alt\\_lana](#)



 [alt\\_padma](#) at **2010-08-18 00:25:09**

*(no subject)*

What did they have you doing today? Training like the regular Aurors do, like we saw when we toured the Ministry?

You'll be okay for Thursday, won't you?



 [alt\\_lana](#) at **2010-08-18 16:28:48**

*(no subject)*

Oh, no it wasn't that. Actually, we're on break from sparring practice now, and it's nothing as tiring as yesterday.

We met the guards from Azkaban yesterday and one of their handlers. There were three of them--part of the group that have been assigned to search for Severus Snape--and, well, I've never experienced anything so viscerally repellent in my life. It was truly horrifying. Trust me, you don't ever, ever want to be sent to Azkaban!

Not that I think it's a likely path for you, but if you're ever tempted to break the law, you might give it a thought!

**2010-08-17 22:20:00**

*Private Message to (Ned) Pennifold*

Before you do anything else tomorrow morning, pull everything we have filed on Depilda Fescue. In fact, pull everything we have on any persons using either the first or last name: it rings a bell, but not exactly. I have a niggling suspicion it's an alias and may be one of several.



 [alt\\_crouch\\_jr](#)

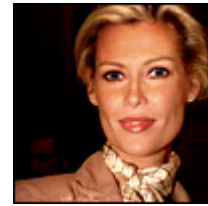
I'm growing weary of the avalanche of private messages coming from this source.

Also. While I'm thinking of things that need doing. See if you can get me an hour with Forney between now and Friday, so we can go over what she hopes I'll cover during next week's training sessions. Tell her to bring the stats she's assembling on the candidates. I want to see what they're made of.

**2010-08-18 09:27:00**

*(no subject)*

Having delayed so inevitably the choice of locale, I am now faced with that unenviable crush of preparations in the shortest time imaginable. Not to mention the over-scheduling of the few days we've left before we depart: I even had to switch my meeting with Revati to avoid missing a session while we're on holiday.



 **alt\_narcissa**

(Mr Collins, regarding your latest owl and private message: Yes, I did receive the sample material. It's an impressive effort, I agree, though it does not quite duplicate the natural 'slub' of a real silk. I think you may also need to pay closer attention to the sheen - I am not sure whether your product aspires to be Dupioni or taffeta, but in neither case does it quite succeed. In any event, I shall pass it on, but I do believe Mrs Patil has already selected her fabrics. You might have sent them to her direct and saved some time.)


I've lunch with the ladies this afternoon; I almost wish I were not going this week, with all the packing, but it will be a welcome break, I suppose. I believe I can predict at least half the conversational topics: Mariah will be full of anecdotes from the YPL camping trip (her daughter is a counselor with the programme) and Diana I'm sure will wish to regale us with tales of her son's Quidditch camp.

Oh - that reminds me: Barty, thank you again for the tickets. I'm sure Lucius mentioned it to you already but he and Draco greatly enjoyed the match on Saturday last. I do think it was good for them to go together. Lucius seems to have so little time these days. I'd hoped the summer would have been less busy for him - but so it goes. At least next week we can all have some much-needed rest and relaxation.

I suppose I ought to throw in a deck or two of cards; I'm sure someone in the entourage can be enticed to play now and again.



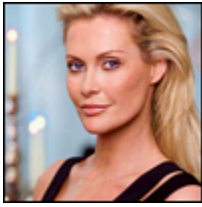
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 **alt\_lucius** at **2010-08-18 14:05:00**  
*(no subject)*

Yes, I caught Barty for only a moment following the Commerce Committee meeting on Monday.

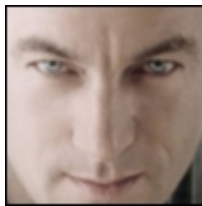
Dearest, did you confirm that appointment for to-


morrow afternoon? I could have had Crispin (or Weasley) take care of it but as you were at Ardenia's only yesterday...



 **[alt\\_narcissa](#)** at **[2010-08-18 14:09:11](#)**  
(no subject)


Never fear, husband. They expect your young guest at three o'clock. I've given the information to Crispin already.



 **[alt\\_lucius](#)** at **[2010-08-18 14:10:55](#)**  
(no subject)


Excellent.



 **[alt\\_lucius](#)** at **[2010-08-18 14:32:45](#)**  
*Private message to Narcissa*


Is Collins bothering you again?



 **[alt\\_narcissa](#)** at **[2010-08-18 14:33:46](#)**  
*Re: Private message to Narcissa*

No; it's fine. Truly. Don't trouble about it - I can handle him.



 **[alt\\_lucius](#)** at **[2010-08-18 14:35:37](#)**  
*Re: Private message to Narcissa*

You will let me know if he refuses to subside, though? There's no reason you ought to endure his hapless overtures.



 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2010-08-18 14:38:33](#)

*Re: Private message to Narcissa*

My knight, as ever. Really I am perfectly capable of rebuffing him when the need arises. But you exaggerate the magnitude of his annoyance. He may be somewhat inept, dear, but he means well. I promise I shall not allow him to pester me too much.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2010-08-18 14:40:52](#)

*Re: Private message to Narcissa*

I do not doubt your ability to see to him yourself, my love, only your tolerance for his brand of idiocy.



 [alt\\_crouch\\_jr](#) at [2010-08-18 18:23:46](#)

*(no subject)*

Not at all. It's a shame to have the box go unfilled. They'd be welcome to use them again when schedules allow, though I suppose it won't be this summer as there will not be many days between your holiday and the start of term.

I'm seeing a match myself tonight, and it looks as though the weather will cooperate. A change from earlier in the week. It bucketed down the whole time I was in Ipswich.

I'm actually thinking of taking tomorrow afternoon off for a long run in the country. It's ludicrous to spend every nice day behind a desk or in a sparring dungeon--or, worse, in an office warren in Ipswich.

Winter will be here soon enough, and next week I'm sentenced to the care and feeding of our new band of would-be enforcers. That's what I shall be doing whilst you are holiday-making. Not that I'm complaining: I'm sure the experience will have its amusements.



 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2010-08-18 18:47:15](#)  
(no subject)

It seems only appropriate that you reward yourself for all the work you have done and will be doing. It's no good letting the whole of summer slip by without enjoying any of it - exercise or no.

Why, just this afternoon I thought I had better make sure that the next several articles are well in hand for *Witch Weekly*, as I know I shall be useless for days after we return. Unless I can muster the energy while we are away to write, but I suspect I shall make better use of the time within the next 24 hours than I could expect while we are away.

I agree regarding the weather, though. We've reservations at *Portico* and I do so hope to dine on the balcony, overlooking the river. Much more picturesque and far less cramped than their indoor dining room.



 [alt\\_crouch\\_jr](#) at [2010-08-18 19:05:57](#)  
(no subject)

Well, quite. And Hopkirk was only last week repeating her old sermon on the need to beware the line beyond which diligence becomes detrimental to efficiency. It sounds like a Muggle philosophy to me, but I'm not averse to taking a bit of restorative time here and there when it doesn't conflict with necessary business.

*Portico*. It was written up in *Londinarium* recently, wasn't it? I haven't been, so do tell me what you think.

**2010-08-18 14:13:00**

*ORDER ONLY*

We've just had a letter from Pomona -- she's been keeping an eye on the Book since Minerva's been in London, and Keisha Omondi in Stevenage just popped up. Bill, could you work out the papers? Frank, do you have enough polyjuice on hand to go straight over once it's set?



 [alt\\_alice](#)

I hope to Merlin it isn't as hard a time to get in as it was last time around.




 [alt\\_frank](#) at **2010-08-18 18:17:52**

*(no subject)*

should be able to manage fine with what we've got on us.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at **2010-08-18 18:20:06**

*(no subject)*

Good.

And you won't dawdle around too much longer, will you?

I miss you horribly.



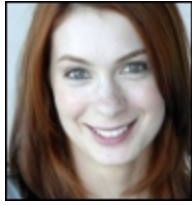
 [alt\\_frank](#) at **2010-08-18 18:22:03**


*(no subject)*

yeah, we spent longer in sherwood than I thought but they needed some extra wand hands, and we've had some really good meetings with davidson out of it.

miss you back.






 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2010-08-18 18:41:53](#)**  
(no subject)

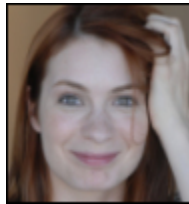
Don't forget, Poppy will be on hand as well, so she'll be able to give us a hand and make sure she's healthy.


And you can get your yearly appointment in as well. Which you will not be getting out of, by the way.



 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2010-08-18 18:42:51](#)**  
(no subject)

oh. that. must've slipped my mind.




 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2010-08-18 18:44:21](#)**  
(no subject)

I highly doubt it.

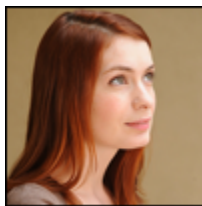
Come home soon, you darling stubborn man.




 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2010-08-18 18:50:11](#)**  
(no subject)

I saw that, Frank Longbottom.


Alice. I expect to be there this evening. Will I need someone to meet me to pass the wards this time? If so, name a time when it would be convenient, and I'll Apparate to the usual spot.



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2010-08-18 19:10:22](#)**  
(no subject)

Lovely! You should be able to come straight in, but if you let us know when you've arrived, we can have a nice welcoming party ready for you!




 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2010-08-18 19:54:17](#)**  
(no subject)

I expect to make it there by half-five. I have one stop to make in Solva and want to get well along the trail from there before I disappear. Luckily, the wind is up today, and that should reduce the chance of anyone's trying to become my companion along the way this afternoon.


I will certainly let you know if anything comes up that would prevent my being able to slip away unnoticed.



 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2010-08-18 20:38:05](#)**  
(no subject)


I have the papers for several false identities already put together and can hand them over to Dad tonight.



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2010-08-18 20:38:38](#)**  
(no subject)

Come over for dinner tonight, dear. You can give them to Arthur then.



 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2010-08-18 20:51:11](#)**  
(no subject)

Thanks, Mum.

Stevanage...blast, that reminds me. Sirius, I've forgotten to get back to you on this earlier, but you asked me to find out where Theresa Taylor worked. I found out a couple weeks ago that she's at Stevenage. It took me awhile to trace her because I assumed she was going under her married name, Spinnet. But she must have ditched that when her husband and daughter were killed, so she's back to using Taylor. She is administrative support to the camp administrator.




 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2010-08-18 20:52:34](#)**  
(no subject)

She's at Stevenage?

Make sure you include an identity for me as well, Bill. I'm going along.




 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2010-08-18 20:53:08](#)**  
(no subject)

Are you sure that's wise, Sirius?

Wait. Scratch that.


That's not wise, Sirius.



 **[alt\\_kingsley](#)** at **[2010-08-18 20:53:54](#)**  
(no subject)


Definitely not. I can go if you need a third.



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2010-08-18 20:54:23](#)**  
(no subject)


Well, we don't need a third.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2010-08-18 20:59:46](#)**  
(no subject)

Course you do. You and Frank to talk to the parents and make off with the baby. Me to check on Terrie. She'll never suspect a thing, I swear.

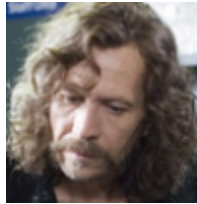



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2010-08-18 21:15:47](#)  
(no subject)

we've got priorities here, man.

we have to put the kid first. no matter what.  
and if something happens and I have to choose  
between saving your arse and getting her out safe, you know  
which way I'll go.

can't say I like you going in to just check on a source when  
arthur would work just as well, either.




 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2010-08-18 21:18:59](#)  
(no subject)

I'd expect nothing less, Frank - and if it looks  
at any point as if it'll compromise the primary  
purpose, I'll back off, I promise.

But *she* came to *me*, mate. She trusted me with a secret that  
could have got her killed if they'd found out about it. Least I  
can do is personally make sure she's okay.




 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2010-08-18 21:20:40](#)  
(no subject)

no. it isn't.

least you can do is let arthur check up on her  
for you.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2010-08-18 21:24:12](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, bugger off.

Besides - they think I'm dead. You they're  
actually looking for. If anyone's at high risk to  
walk into the dragon's lair, mate, it's you, not me.




 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2010-08-18 21:51:48](#)  
(no subject)

fine.


not like I have much of a choice in the matter, but seeing as how you're coming one way or the other, at least this way you'll have papers and polyjuice.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2010-08-18 22:04:09](#)  
(no subject)


Oh, go get your knee examined, gimp.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2010-08-18 22:05:18](#)  
(no subject)

you get your head examined first.




 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2010-08-18 22:06:00](#)  
(no subject)

I'm not the one running round in plaid trousers.

And skirts.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2010-08-18 22:08:14](#)  
(no subject)

and I'm not the fully grown man that thought up that third year prank in the first place.

although it is a fair bit of wandwork. min would be pleased.




 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2010-08-18 22:10:45](#)  
(no subject)

Thanks, tosser.

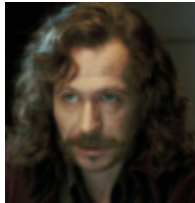
Fancy a pint?




 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2010-08-18 22:11:40](#)  
(no subject)

lead on, wanker.


lead on.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2010-08-18 20:58:06](#)  
(no subject)

No, you can't, Kingsley. You've only just got back to the Players. It'll look exceedingly odd if you hare off again so soon, after being away for more than two weeks before this.




 [alt\\_kingsley](#) at [2010-08-18 21:02:15](#)  
(no subject)

...

That's a fair point, I must admit.




 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2010-08-18 20:56:05](#)  
(no subject)

She risked her life to send me that owl last spring about the source of the epidemic.

The least I can do is make sure she's not suffered any repercussions.

I'll be under Polyjuice, Arthur. Besides, I want to see for myself the situation in these camps. Now I've seen the way the refugees live, especially.




 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2010-08-18 20:58:52](#)**  
(no subject)

I can give you any bloody report you like on conditions inside the camps, Sirius. Trust me.


The point here is to rescue Keisha. We mustn't let ourselves get distracted from that.



 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2010-08-18 20:59:45](#)**  
(no subject)


Wait a minute, Dad. Sirius may have a point. If he makes personal contact with Theresa Taylor, maybe she'd be willing to drop more tidbits of information our way?



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2010-08-18 21:00:12](#)**  
(no subject)

And how's he going to do that, unless he reveals his identity? That would be sheer madness!




 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2010-08-18 21:04:13](#)**  
(no subject)

I think I might test out Poppy's signal phrase, see if it's catching on in Hertfordshire.

If it has, then she might be willing to talk.




 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2010-08-18 21:12:58](#)**  
(no subject)

Which option do you like better, Dad? Sirius coming in with decent identity papers, under polyjuice? Or Sirius trying to sneak in without any papers at all?

Or maybe you'd find yourself followed all over the camp by a big, black dog.






 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2010-08-18 21:13:30](#)**  
(no subject)


Oh, Merlin.



 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2010-08-18 21:16:41](#)**  
(no subject)


Exactly. If he goes in as Padfoot, of course, he can't talk to Theresa. If he transformed back to talk to her, he wouldn't be polyjuiced. Then we would be dodging dragonfire.



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2010-08-18 21:19:37](#)**  
(no subject)


I think you've hit the bludger head on, Bill, darling.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2010-08-18 21:32:36](#)**  
(no subject)

And thanks for your support, you.




 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2010-08-18 21:54:12](#)**  
(no subject)

You do know that Poppy, Molly and I will all take it out of your hide if you aren't careful, love.

I know this is something you feel that you must do. And I hope it ends up being worth while for you, and for the Order.






 **alt\_sirius** at **2010-08-18 21:21:05**  
(no subject)

Oi, I wouldn't--

Well, yeah. I would. But not as recklessly as all that.

Anyway. I didn't ask you lot; I said I'm going. Frank's at just as much risk as I am, and no one's told him to bugger off and hide.




 **alt\_arthur** at **2010-08-18 21:25:57**  
(no subject)

Blast, blast, blast.

I don't like it. I REALLY don't like it. But all right, Bill, bring papers for Sirius, too.

Sirius, I'll give them to you ON THE CONDITION that you remember that finding and retrieving Keisha is our number one task. Everything is secondary to that. Including any little chats with Taylor. If Frank or I give you the high sign and tell you to abort, you'll get out of there with no argument. Agreed?

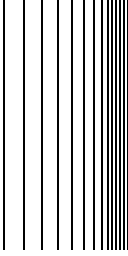


 **alt\_sirius** at **2010-08-18 21:29:10**  
(no subject)

I never said otherwise, Arthur. Agreed, of course.

Anyway, it's unlikely she'd talk to you about it, even if you did use the codewords Poppy overheard. I know who she is already, and even if I won't look like me, I know what to say to her, I think, to get her to trust me.

If I even get the opportunity. It's more likely I'll have to check from a distance anyway.




 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2010-08-18 21:46:24](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, for pity's sake!


Well do be careful, you.



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2010-08-18 20:52:35](#)**  
(no subject)

Excellent. This is a good week for me to do it, too.




 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2010-08-18 21:47:43](#)**  
(no subject)

Alice.

I'm ready to Apparate to the sheltered point just  
outside your wards. Expect me in the next five  
minutes.



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2010-08-18 21:54:40](#)**  
(no subject)

We'll be waiting.

**2010-08-18 14:34:00**

*(no subject)*

Right then, anyone for self-cleaning pots?



 **alt\_wagstaff**

**2010-08-19 09:59:00**

*London!*

We got in yesterday afternoon with a shopping list as long as my *arm*, and it was really nice to spend the night in my old room. And see Hitty again! She fixed us a really big dinner, so I guess she missed us too.



 [alt\\_pansy](#)

And this afternoon, I get to go off with Lucius (hooray!) to finish up some of my school shopping, because mum has loads and loads of appointments with wedding people, and my shopping would never get done otherwise.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at **2010-08-19 14:05:43**

*I Solemnly Swear I Am Up To No Good*

And I'm still waiting on your answer, Granger.



 [alt\\_hydra](#) at **2010-08-19 18:42:03**

*(no subject)*

It must be so fun to go shopping in Diagon Alley with ~~Lue~~ Uncle Lucius, and to have gone around London with him earlier this summer, too.

My Daddy and I already went to the shops, but it was on the same day that Harry and Draco went, too, so we were mostly in a big group.

From,  
Hydra



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at **2010-08-19 19:08:50**

*(no subject)*

Fun for Pansy, I'm sure. Right now for me, it seems to consist of waiting while your Aunt Narcissa's perfumer analyses Miss Parkinson's profile. Or something similar.

I rather think your Aunt would be happy to take you along if ever


you wished to go. Between you and me, I think sometimes she misses not having a daughter to pamper. She's devoted to your cousin, of course, but a son is not quite the same thing at all.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-19 19:37:41](#)  
(no subject)

It is absolutely *brilliant* in here! I won't be much longer. I really liked the vanilla. They're testing how different combinations react on my skin, and we have to wait a little for each one, but it is just so nift, I'd never even thought about that sort of thing before.




 [alt\\_hydra](#) at [2010-08-19 23:05:14](#)  
(no subject)

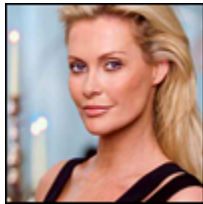
What's a perfumer profile?


From,  
Hydra



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2010-08-19 23:22:07](#)  
(no subject)

I'm sure I've no idea, Hydra. But I've just paid for one.



 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2010-08-19 23:33:17](#)  
(no subject)


Your uncle is teasing you, Hydra dear. He knows perfectly well what he's purchased on Miss Parkinson's behalf.

A perfumer is someone who designs scent. The best perfumers can design individual, custom scents for their clients, attuned to body chemistry, wand length and wood, magic aptitudes, colouring, weight, personal preference and many other factors.

I've been getting mine formulated for me at Ardenia's since I began modelling, or nearly. I plan to take you when you get a little older, too. Of course, until you're fully grown you will have

to have it adjusted periodically. And one's combination changes with pregnancy as well, but generally not too drastically.



 **alt\_pansy** at [2010-08-20 04:29:37](#)  
(no subject)

It was so lovely, Aunt Narcissa.

I mean, I know I've a long way to go yet, but it made me feel so grown up.

Yours has a little rose in it too, doesn't it? It's the first thing I always notice. Even though the rest of it is really different from mine.




 **alt\_narcissa** at [2010-08-20 12:54:56](#)  
(no subject)

I'm glad you found it valuable, Pansy. Mlle Ambrette is very good. Do you know she learned from her mother, who was Ardenia's perfumer when I was your age? So although she's young, she's been doing this for quite some time.

Yes, there is some rose in the top notes of my scent. It doesn't surprise me that yours is quite different, though. As you grow, your scent will likely become a bit more sophisticated as well.


I do hope your mother appreciates Lucius' gesture for the privilege it is. An account with Madam Ardenia is like holding membership in quite a special club.



 **alt\_pansy** at [2010-08-20 13:13:22](#)  
(no subject)

Well, if she doesn't, I most certainly do.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2010-08-20 13:34:55](#)  
(no subject)

... Meaning she is still put out?


I should have thought her too distracted by her own plans to nurse any resentment over yours.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-20 15:03:10](#)  
(no subject)


It's fine. Mum is just being mum. She never really did that sort of thing with her mum, so I don't think she got why I wanted to. That's all.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-19 19:27:31](#)  
(no subject)

Your dad is awful nice to take you around like that. And Draco and Harry can be fun, but I'll bet they dawdled for ages at the Quidditch shops!




 [alt\\_hydra](#) at [2010-08-19 23:04:25](#)  
(no subject)

Uncle Rabastan dawdled, too, he knows everyone who works there.

From,

Hydra



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2010-08-19 23:25:35](#)  
(no subject)

Did you really get your profile done? That's snitch - I mean, it's massive. Where did you go? What did they tell you?

Parvati and I asked Mum for our profiles once, but she said it changes too often when you're growing and it would be a waste of Galleons to do it before we sit for our OWLs.

What's your scent, then?



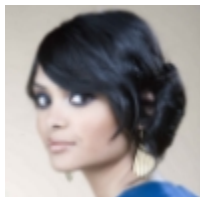
 **alt\_pansy** at [2010-08-20 03:42:43](#)


*(no subject)*

Well, Mlle Givaudan said that the vanilla really fit me well, so that's the main bit. And she said florals were more appropriate for someone our age, so there's some lilac and a little bit of rose too. And some musk, but you can't really smell that as much because it's on the bottom. Bottom note? I think that's right. I got to pick out my own bottle too, and the lady at the counter was sweet, she drew a pansy on the label instead of writing my name.

And it's really nift, they started an account for me, and I'll come back every year until I finish growing. And like Aunt Narcissa said, you go in after you get pregnant because sometimes it changes then too. They're going to keep my account open until I die, they do that with everyone, so they have this massive stack of record books.

It's like my own potion. Just utterly brilliant!



 **alt\_padma** at [2010-08-20 03:50:22](#)

*(no subject)*

That's so nift!


What's Madam Ardenia's like? I know it's really, really posh, but I've never been.

I've been over at Lana Sandoval's tonight, though, that was utterly stupe. We saw her photographs and Mr Sandoval took Parvati on a tour of the paintings and all. And Lana served us chocs and real Turkish coffee. It was amazing. They have this tiled room, it's really incredible.

Anyway. Mum said maybe we could get some patchouli and jasmine, but it's nothing like having a whole scent designed just for yourself, is it? Did they give you enough to wear everyday? Or is it only for special occasions?






 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2010-08-20 04:10:08](#)**  
(no subject)

It's smaller than I thought it'd be, but it's really really beautiful. And understated. And they served an absolutely lovely tea.

And I didn't get too much, because I'll be going back in a year anyways. Mlle Givaudan said that I shouldn't use it too often right away, because then I'd become desensitised, and wouldn't be able to tell when I put too much on. Don't want to overdo it, you know? But if I do run out between now and next year, I can always order more.

Sandoval's does sound nice. I'm surprised she had the time, with all her training and everything.



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2010-08-20 12:16:34](#)**  
(no subject)

It sounds totally snitch.

And we didn't stay very late, of course. Sandoval's very busy, it's true, and the programme is ever so important. But, well, I guess it's sort of like Mr Malfoy. He's very busy, but he makes time for you, too. And Sandoval makes time for her friends even though she's got loads to be going on with.

**2010-08-19 15:24:00**

*ORDER ONLY*

got the baby, where the hell are you?



 [alt\\_frank](#)



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at **2010-08-19 19:26:34**

*(no subject)*

Coming - just need two minutes. Meet you by the old overpass?

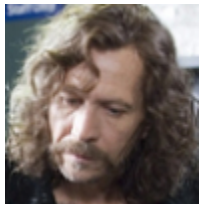


 [alt\\_frank](#) at **2010-08-19 19:28:15**

*(no subject)*

right.

two minutes and not a second more.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at **2010-08-19 19:30:17**

*(no subject)*

Well, if you'd given me a young man's body to polyjuice into, I could run.

I'll be there. Move out if you have to do.




 [alt\\_molly](#) at **2010-08-19 22:35:20**

*(no subject)*

She's all right? Was there any trouble with the parents?




 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2010-08-19 22:41:57](#)  
(no subject)

No, although there was a wrinkle which actually made things easier.


Seems that her mother is actually a squib. They've hidden that fact, and she's been passing as a muggle for years, so that she could stay with her husband. Good thing, too; if they'd known she was a squib they would have sterilised her.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2010-08-19 22:42:29](#)  
(no subject)

A squib? My goodness! How on earth did she manage to hide that?



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2010-08-19 22:47:04](#)  
(no subject)

Well, she and her husband are immigrants, you see. At any rate, she's perfectly familiar with the wizarding world. Well, in Kenya, that is. And because her census records weren't here, she was able to evade the Snatchers when they came for the squibs.

It made explaining things easier. She was vastly relieved that Keisha will have a magical education. Well, aside from both of them being torn up about having her taken away, like all the rest of the parents, of course. Don't mean to diminish that. The ring and the sketch will be a big comfort.

**2010-08-19 15:45:00**

*Order Only: Reporting*

Alice, I know you'll want us to report in sooner or later (preferably sooner) and Frank's giving little Keisha a good once-over, so I figure I may as well write it out the once, and then you can all give me the third degree.



 [alt\\_sirius](#)

So the first thing is: Everything's okay. I think we have a new ally inside the camps.

The less desirable thing is: She recognised me.

I know. It wasn't the plan. I didn't expect her to guess it was me, despite the polyjuice (whiter hair than Dumbledore's, even! could you have *found* a barmier old codger for the disguise?). Anyway. I was prepared to have to make contact carefully, but that administrator, Birchmore, he set me off. Sexist bastard - he made it clear that he expected Terrie to earn her keep with more than filing and correspondence. I stayed in character, I swear - played the role of the scandalised elderly civil servant - but I think something in the way I defended her got Terrie's attention.

After he'd left I told her she didn't have to stand for that sort of treatment. And, well, one thing led to another I guess. I mentioned understanding her situation. I ... may have mentioned Gary in passing. And all of a sudden she looked at me differently. She wanted to know how I knew so much about her - a fair question, honestly. I shrugged and said that we at the Ministry know a good deal about who we let near the camp populations.

It didn't do much good. After a couple more rounds of questions, she checked over her shoulder to make sure we were completely alone and then, quite tentatively, she said: 'Sirius?'

'Sirius Black is dead, Terrie,' I told her, 'and even if he weren't, I should take care with his name if I were you.'

'People haven't called me Terrie for years,' she said. 'Certainly not random strangers who claim to know all about Gary and who are far too old to have been at school when I was. Who are you?'

'I'm a friend,' I said, 'and that's all you need to know right now. I know

that you sent an owl last spring with information that allowed Black to confirm the plague. I'm not going to--' hurt you, I was going to say, but she pushed me into a cupboard and cast all sorts of charms for privacy, wand out.

'How do you know it was my owl?' she demanded.

'Christmas 1976,' I said simply.

She smiled. 'I didn't give a date. There's only three people I can think of who would know the year that happened. It's you, isn't it? Sirius?'

Er. It was a tight squeeze to get both of us in that cupboard.


Anyway, once she got it into her head she didn't let go the notion. She kept saying, 'I knew you weren't really dead!' over and over. Thank Merlin for the *muffliato* spell!

I got her calmed down, but only with a promise that I'd come visit her away from work, where we could talk properly. I think I pretty well convinced her we need more help, inside-track intelligence like the owl she sent me.

That's about the time Frank signalled, so I had to get her put back together enough so we could slip back out - her to her desk and me out of the office altogether - without her boss noticing.

So. Not the way we thought it would go, but a good result, overall, I think. I hope.




 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2010-08-19 20:24:42](#)**  
(no subject)

merlin.

could you at least least have tried a bit harder to maintain your cover, man?

once I've finished this nappy, we are going to have to talk.




 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2010-08-19 20:34:15](#)  
(no subject)

It's not as bad as it could be - in fact, it's probably a good thing, in the end. We wanted the rumour to spread, after all.

And you'd have had trouble with that wanker lording it over her, too. Over any woman, no matter what the circumstances.

I agree I'd have preferred not to be recognised but it's not a tragic outcome.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2010-08-19 21:30:20](#)  
(no subject)

Sirius.

Black.

I cannot believe you let sentimentality (I'm putting that far more politely than you deserve) whisk your brains straight out of your head.


I'd ask what you were thinking, except it's obvious you weren't and that the more apt question is what you were thinking with, except that answer is so obvious it requires no asking.

Hauled you into a cupboard, did she?

Honestly!

Both of you ought to be keelhauled. All of you ought to be. And Frank, that's you, too, for letting this pants for brains talk you into taking him along!



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2010-08-19 21:36:12](#)  
(no subject)


It wasn't like that at all!

I mean to say ....

It wasn't like that. She - I didn't know she stopped using Terrie, after all. And then - I couldn't have guessed she'd see right through the Polyjuice.

I swear, it's not like it was lurid or anything. And she's always been clever. Anyway, snogging was the last thing on my mind.




 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2010-08-19 22:33:56](#)**

*(no subject)*

You do know that this little stunt will make it almost bloody impossible for me to convince Dad it's a good idea to let you have some papers so you can tag along next time.



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2010-08-19 22:34:31](#)**

*(no subject)*

Too right.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2010-08-19 22:38:15](#)**

*(no subject)*

Look, it wasn't that bad. Honestly. If she hadn't known me well it would never have happened.

**2010-08-20 08:16:00**

*Thanks again for having us*

to look at the photographs, Sandoval. It was wizard to see you and hear about your programme. And for everything else. I know you're really busy with training, so it was doubly kind of you to let us come.



 **alt\_padma**

Your home is utterly nift, too. The tiles in that Arab room are gorgeous. And the fountain! It's so stupe, how the photographs hung suspended in the water like that. Parvati said it was good to see Honoria. And your father was ever so nice. It's too bad Orion didn't come say hello. But the rest was really amazing. And Parvati thought the Turkish coffee was ever so elegant.

I'm having a think about all we talked about, too. Your advice means a lot.

Has everyone else got their books yet? That DA textbook looks wicked. *Practical Curses for Every Occasion*? Nift. And who else is taking Arithmancy? I can't wait for that, either, because Professor Vector's really such an amazing Head of House and I've been looking forward to taking her class ever since first year.



 **alt\_pansy** at **2010-08-20 13:14:30**

*(no subject)*

I'm in Arithmancy too. I'm really excited about it!



 **alt\_draco** at **2010-08-20 18:04:50**


*(no subject)*

I'm taking Arithmancy, Dark Arts, and Care of Magical Creatures. We got our books a few weeks ago, and I've already looked through almost all of *Practical Curses*. It's well snitch, though.

I've never really spoken with Professor Vector. What's she like?





 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2010-08-20 21:26:08](#)

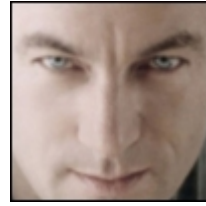
(no subject)

Oh, she's brilliant! Whenever anyone asks a question and she's not sure of the answer, she'll ask a riddle. And she's got a wicked sense of humour, too. This one time, Francis Capper tried to claim he and Chambers hadn't been snogging when she called a House meeting, and she asked him all sorts of questions and told him to answer as quick as he could, you know? So she started with easy ones like 'What are four and four?' and 'Who was the first wizard to cast the Cheering Charm?' and once she got him into a real rhythm, she asked, 'What colour are Chambers' knickers?' and he *answered* her! In front of everyone!

Well. You sort of have to know Chambers to know why that's funny. And Capper, too, I suppose. But it was dead funny. And he hasn't missed any sort of meeting since.

**2010-08-20 10:49:00**

*Private message to Narcissa Malfoy*



 **alt\_lucius**

Have you left already?

All our details are coming together this end. I shall come out directly court is over; suspect Rabastan and Harry may come early, if His Lordship does not require the boy during the day's business.

I've just Weasley's farewell luncheon prior to Buckingham - another project coming along nicely, I think. Still a ways to go, but definitely worth developing, if for no other reason than to enjoy the looks of impotence on Arthur Weasley's face. Still, suspect there is a further benefit, long-term, to dangling the finer things at the boy's fingertips. He could go far ... or he could be immensely useful. If he can grow beyond his banality. Remains to be seen.

In any event, should be able to join you in Aldeburgh no later than six, with Harry and Rabastan if they have not already left by then.

Do you need anything else before I leave London?

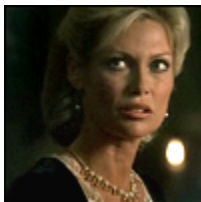


 **alt\_narcissa** at **2010-08-20 20:31:37**

*(no subject)*

We've settled in nicely, husband, and Draco, Harry and Rabastan have already gone down to the beach while we await tea.

I can't conceive anything we lack at the moment, except you, of course.



 **alt\_narcissa** at **2010-08-20 22:11:34**

*(no subject)*

Well, now it occurs to me ....

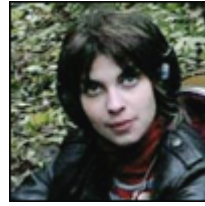
You might wish to bring an extra jumper or two. I've had the elves lay fires in all the bedrooms, just to chase away the mustiness from the place. It's rather amazing, considering the place had been let just last week; one would think it didn't need drying out.

There seems to be a bit of a weather front moving through. It's quite gloomy, in fact. I suppose it's the sea air; we're not used to a place this misty. But as evening draws on, it can get more chilly.

**2010-08-20 11:34:00**

*Work!*

I had some exciting news today. Having made an almost total recovery from the sickness, I thought it was high time I got back to work. My employer at the shop, Mr Ponds, has been terribly generous in allowing me to just work a few days here and there while I built up my strength, but I don't want to take advantage of his charity, so I went in to speak to my old supervisor at the Ministry to see if there were any positions available on the cleaning and maintenance staff.



 **alt\_nymphadora**

They were a bit sniffy, I suppose because of that little misunderstanding last time, so I thought I was out of luck, but they owed this morning to say a spot's just opened up! They want me to start on Monday afternoon, going in again on Thursday.

This time I'll do my level best to stay out of trouble. No trips, no slips, and no getting lost! Perhaps it's not the most glamorous work there is, but it's an important part of keeping the Ministry ticking over. I'm lucky really to be able to take up any sort of work - I could've died of that sickness if not for the hard work of Ministry officials to find a cure. So if I can show my appreciation by sweeping a few floors, that's what I'll do.

Plus, it won't hurt to be a bit more able to support myself. Roll on payday!



 **alt\_poppy** at **2010-08-20 16:56:33**

*Order Only*

I'm pleased you've found work at the Ministry. And most especially pleased that you are feeling recovered enough to consider taking the job.

I do, of course, wish them all pink eye for being so blinded by prejudice that they cannot see how your talents ought really be employed. It will serve them right if you undermine them from within.

Not that I'm pushing you to take any undo risks, mind. Do look out for yourself.

Well done!



 **[alt\\_nymphadora](#) at [2010-08-20 17:21:39](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

Thanks, Madam P. That means a lot to me.



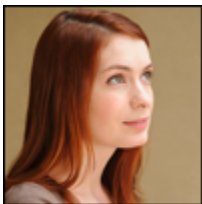
 **[alt\\_nymphadora](#) at [2010-08-20 17:20:02](#)**


*Order Only*

What a load of guff!! I tell you what though, it's much easier to spin out this kind of nonsense when I know I'm not the only one who knows it's not true.

They were a lot more than sniffy - looked at me like I was mud on their boots when I asked about going back. I think they must've had to sack someone on the spot for stealing or something, so desperately need to fill a spot as quickly as possible. Can't imagine they'd have been take me back otherwise.

Still, they did, and that's what count. Hopefully it'll prove useful in the long-run, and I'm pretty sure it'll be a bit easier this time round, knowing I'm not alone.



 **[alt\\_alice](#) at [2010-08-20 17:35:29](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

I'm sure Bill will be incredibly pleased that he'll have you around -- eyes and ears that no-one will pay too much attention to, with keys to nearly every office!

But please do be careful, Tonks. I just know Remus is working himself up into quite the state over all this, and we don't want to give him any more worry than he already has.



 [alt\\_nymphadora](#) at [2010-08-20 18:26:33](#)

*Re: Order Only*

I'll tell you what I keep telling him - I can't not do this. I have a chance to be useful here. I have to take it.

I'm sure you understand, Alice. And I'll be careful, don't you worry. At least now I know what's what, who I can trust, and that there's backup behind me.



 [alt\\_bill](#) at [2010-08-21 03:00:10](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Indeed, I am delighted to have you back, although I'm going to be strict about not doing anything to endanger your position. Just keep your eyes open, don't take any unnecessary risks, show some willingness to chat up any bored workers you find working late...and we'll see what tidbits you niffler up for us. Don't go looking for them, mind. But do keep alert and pass along anything you think the analysts can use, as long as you can do it without risk to yourself.



 [alt\\_lupin](#) at [2010-08-20 19:43:56](#)

*Order Only*

Dear Mr Ponds, what a great humanitarian he is. He ought to be awarded a medal for his services to the Protectorate. I may have to start a petition.



 [alt\\_nymphadora](#) at [2010-08-20 19:56:40](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Consider yourself lucky, Mr Ponds. I was going to put in an awful lot more, implying all sorts of salacious improprieties about my staying here rent free in return for certain "services". It would've been enough to make my dear aunts' heads spin in horror, I suspect, but I somehow managed to restrain myself. You're clearly a good influence on me, after all.



 **[alt\\_narcissa](#)** at **[2010-08-20 20:33:25](#)**  
(no subject)

It's good to see you so recovered, Nymphadora. With any luck, you may be able to give up the shopwork soon and be back to full-time at the Ministry.



 **[alt\\_nymphadora](#)** at **[2010-08-20 22:09:45](#)**  
(no subject)

Thank you, Aunt.

**2010-08-20 16:45:00**

*Private Message to Mafalda Hopkirk  
& Rufus Scrimgeour--Buckingham  
Alert!*



Whichever of you reads this first: that platoon  
of Azkaban guards is needed at Buckingham-  
-NOW.

 [alt\\_crouch\\_jr](#)

My group's at the scene: we're ringing the palace, but we need those  
Dementors to sweep out through the parks and take the scent if it's to  
be found.

Not the ones on Marvolo's detail, obviously, but we'll want the rest of  
the London group ASAP.



**2010-08-20 18:37:00**

*Narcissa*

Would you make up that back chamber for me?

Tell Rizzer he'll have to share the bath and sitting room, so he can just pile his Quidditch kit in his own chamber rather than strew it all over.




 [alt\\_crouch\\_jr](#)

There was a bit of to-do in town this evening, but the Azkaban guards are on the trail and MLE have the perimeter at Buckingham and the Minister's townhouse, so really I'll be most useful there.

Expect me within the half hour.



---


 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at **2010-08-20 23:46:25**  
(no subject)

Of course, Barty.

Have you eaten? We've only just risen from supper but I can have the elves keep a plate warm for you if you'll be as soon as that.

What sort of Nevermind, dear; I'm sure you'll fill us in when you arrive.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at **2010-08-20 23:49:17**  
*Order Only*

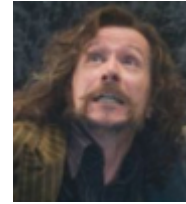
Circe, what's going on down there? If it's Snape - and it would have to be -

Bugger it all, I'll just head back to London.

**2010-08-20 18:38:00**

*Order Only: Crouch's alert*

Bill? Arthur? Anyone know anything about why Buckingham's on alert?



Merlin, Harry was supposed to go on holiday, but I don't recall if he left today or tomorrow.

 [alt\\_sirius](#)

Bugger.



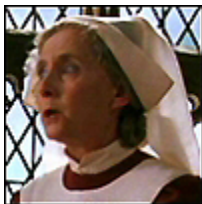
 [alt\\_bill](#) at **2010-08-21 01:13:58**

*(no subject)*

Rumour is Snape was sighted nearby. It does seem to have been something that the MLE is taking seriously-enough to call in Dementors. Every source I have indicates that if he really was there, he's slipped the

net again.

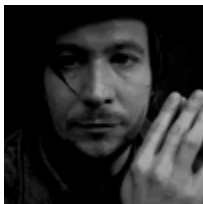
So far.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at **2010-08-21 20:16:39**

*Order Only*

Sirius, what have you been able to discover?



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at **2010-08-21 20:41:59**

*Re: Order Only*

Well, there are a couple charming young ladies who work in one of the kitchens. They've been good enough to feed scraps to the stray for the past couple meals.

Harry did leave, a little after lunch yesterday - long before they spotted Snape. And I think it was Snape, after all, from the sound of it. They described black hair, crooked teeth...he had a wand from somewhere, one of them said, but he wasn't casting verbally. And he Apparated away. Lots of chatter about it all - but nothing about where Harry had gone away *to*, blast it.

I did hear one of them say something about it being a pity Harry had to leave Hermione behind. I gather she's been under the weather.

Hermione, are you all right, kiddo?



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2010-08-21 22:57:24](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Yes, I'm all right. It's just a summer cold, but I couldn't stop sneezing, and everyone said that they'd not want to get sick Mudblood all over them, and anyway did Pepper-Up even work on Mudbloods. So I'm back at Buckingham until they come back.

People mostly are ignoring me.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2010-08-21 23:00:42](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Oh, for Merlin's --

Of *course* Pepper-Up works on ~~mud~~ Muggleborns!

Well, I'm glad you're staying out of the way.

Do you happen to know where they're on holiday? I'd feel better if someone's in the vicinity, in case anything should go wrong.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2010-08-21 23:01:10](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Oh, and do you need anything, kiddo?



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2010-08-22 14:39:46](#)

*Re: Order Only*

They what?!

They left you back at Buckingham? Without Mr

Marvolo to keep anyone from meddling with you?

I don't like that at all.

Not one bit.

Oh, mercy!



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2010-08-22 15:04:06](#)

*Re: Order Only*

She's all right, Poppy. I saw her this morning - she took a chance I might come begging for scraps and was right. She looks okay, maybe a bit puffy round the eyes still, but on the mend.

And she mentioned to the others who were there, cool as you please, how sorry she was she couldn't be with her master up in Aldeburgh.

She said no one's really paying her any mind. She promised she'll keep her head down, too, until Harry gets back and they leave for school. If she keeps to his rooms she should be okay.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2010-08-22 15:41:36](#)

*Re: Order Only*

I'll check on her, Sirius. Let me consult my schedule; I shall need a pretext for going to Buckingham, but I imagine I can summon one up without too much trouble.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2010-08-22 15:51:19](#)

*Re: Order Only*

That's perfect, Minerva - I didn't want to leave her without anyone to look out for her.

But I don't like Harry being off where we can't check on him, either.

I'll be off, then. D'you suppose it's raining in Suffolk?



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2010-08-22 14:41:13](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

Are you feeling better, dear?

I do hope so, but if there's anything you need, perhaps I could offer... I don't know. Will the elves brew some honey and ginger tea for you if you ask?



 **[alt\\_hermione](#)** at **[2010-08-22 15:39:08](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

I am feeling much better. The elves gave me Pepper-up and yes, they'd brew me anything I want. They like me an awful lot.

I still have a cold but it isn't so bad.

**2010-08-20 18:41:00**

*Private Message to Delia Forney*

Forney.

You'll need to shift your plans. It can't be helped unless you can find someone else to take your place next week in the instructors' rota.



 [alt\\_crouch\\_jr](#)

**2010-08-20 20:22:00**

*(no subject)*

Well, I'm back at Gloss House. Shopping's all done. Mum had a few things to finish up today, so we stayed on longer than we thought we would.



 [alt\\_pansy](#)

Harry, is everything all right? While we were out, I saw a bunch of Aurors in front of Buckingham, and they were very insistent that we move along and not stop at all, and there were a bunch of other people trying to see what the Aurors were there for, and no-one would say one way or the other what was going on. But we didn't stay to see, because I wasn't feeling well at all just then, so we went straight to the flat and took the Floo home.

And now that I've had a cup of cocoa, I do feel loads better.

What happened? Does anyone else know? I've been listening to the wireless just to see if anyone did a story on it. I guess we'll find out from the Prophet tomorrow. I hope they've caught one of those men, and that's what all the fuss was over.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at **2010-08-21 01:26:03**

*(no subject)*

Nobody tells me anything. But I wasn't at Buckingham. I'm on holiday.

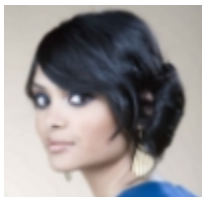
I'll write about it when someone tells me, okay?



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at **2010-08-21 01:52:06**

*(no subject)*

All right. It's good you're okay, though. I was worried something bad might've happened. My stomach was doing flips and everything.




 [alt\\_padma](#) at **2010-08-21 02:13:50**

*(no subject)*

You saw Aurors at Buckingham? Wow. How close by is your London flat?

I bet you're right and someone tried to get to Harry before he went away. But Professor Lestrangle made sure he wasn't there already. I can tell he's going to be a bang-on DADA professor, if he can outdo criminals with that kind of clever thinking.




 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2010-08-21 02:27:32](#)**  
(no subject)

We live off Hyde Park so it's not that far.

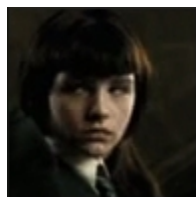
I'm not sure he planned it just like that, but it's a good thing he was away just as well. And they must be pretty thick if they tried to storm Buckingham without even checking to see if Harry was there in the first place.




 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2010-08-21 02:30:25](#)**  
(no subject)

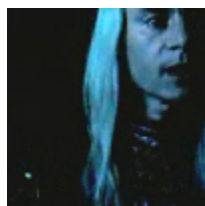
Well, Sandoval says that they've already told the trainees about a thousand times that no matter how much work they do, there's no substitute for the criminal being thick.


So maybe he just made a mistake. I really hope they catch him soon, though. I don't like to think about murderers running about London when we're all so close by. ~~Not after~~



 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2010-08-21 02:51:40](#)**  
(no subject)

Yeah, me neither.

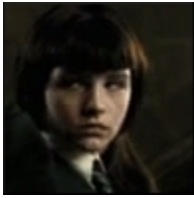



 **[alt\\_lucius](#)** at **[2010-08-21 02:55:46](#)**  
(no subject)

No need to be anxious, Little Bit; the Aurors have the situation well in hand. As Harry has confirmed, he and Mr Lestrangle had already left for our holiday hours before the disturbance - and indeed, the guards were glad of a fresh scent to follow.




In any event, your mother was wise to remove you to Gloss House. You are well otherwise?



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-21 03:08:18](#)  
(no subject)

I feel better now. Earlier, I was sort of shivery and tired and my stomach hurt a little, but the cocoa after helped. And I've got a fire lit in my room and an extra blanket on my bed for tonight.




 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2010-08-21 03:10:56](#)  
(no subject)

Yes, you should be fine. The reaction is not atypical.

If you are still feeling piquey in the morning, ask for another serving of cocoa.




 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-21 03:14:05](#)  
(no subject)

Really?

I don't think you've ever told me to have *more* sweets.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2010-08-21 03:17:06](#)  
(no subject)

It's a fluke. I promise you will hear me recommend the remedy only rarely.

I also assure you I have not lost what remains of my wits.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-21 03:22:30](#)


*Private message to Lucius*

I really miss my Pi Regulus a lot right now.

More than usual.

I don't suppose cocoa helps with that too?



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2010-08-21 03:27:05](#)

*Re: Private message to Lucius*

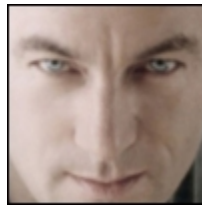
No. But it will help the effect that is making you feel his loss more keenly.




 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-21 03:28:24](#)

*Re: Private message to Lucius*

The effect? So it wasn't just me, was it?



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2010-08-21 03:34:52](#)

*Re: Private message to Lucius*

No, I believe it was induced, given the security measures that were enacted around Buckingham this evening.

But don't worry: The effects you feel are a typical reaction and the chocolate is an equally natural and efficacious cure.

Just don't overdo it.

(You see? I told you I have not gone witless nor entered my dotage ahead of schedule. You need not fear an impersonator.)

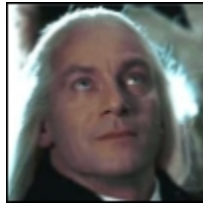


 **[alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-21 03:38:35](#)**

*Re: Private message to Lucius*

Good to know I'm not going spare again. Or that you have been placed under Imperius.

And I much prefer chocolate to Madame Pomphrey's potions.



 **[alt\\_lucius](#) at [2010-08-21 03:41:53](#)**

*Re: Private message to Lucius*

A lucky thing, I think. Otherwise, poor Madam Pomfrey's ward would overflow with students seeking her remedies for their dubious value as pudding.



 **[alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-21 03:43:21](#)**

*Re: Private message to Lucius*

Hah!

That'd be the day.

**2010-08-20 21:09:00**

*Last day of my internship*

I cleared off my desk this morning and turned over the keys to the file cabinet to Mr Crispin. I must confess it's rather a wrench to think that my stint working in London is over...for now, that is. Both Mr Crispin and especially Mr Malfoy have been graciousness personified, and I do feel particularly fortunate for my experience working with them this summer. Mr Malfoy took Mr Crispin and myself out for lunch at the Ouroboros, which was, needless to say, quite a thrill. I was most gratified to have the opportunity to enjoy one of their legendary meals--I had the baked trout with horseradish and cream--not to mention the chance to see the famous green-topped table always set aside for the Lord Protector Himself, whenever He chooses to honour them with His patronage.



 [alt\\_percy](#)


Allow me to say again, Mr Malfoy, how grateful I am for the opportunity you have given me this summer. I was very happy to be of service, and grateful, too, as I've said before, to Mr Crispin's efficient, generous, and informative guidance.

I owe you a great deal, and I won't forget it.

(And thank you again for the tickets to see Krups Laughing. I'm sure Miss Clearwater will be as delighted by your thoughtfulness as I am.)




---

 [alt\\_penelope](#) at [2010-08-21 02:33:52](#)  
(no subject)

you got tickets to **Krups Laughing**? You mean the concert **THIS WEEK**?


BRILLIANT. Bloody BRILLIANT!!!



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2010-08-21 02:39:43](#)  
(no subject)

Yes! And the tickets are spectacular, in the VIP section. I'll send you an owl with all the details.




 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2010-08-21 02:41:12](#)**  
(no subject)

You got tickets to Krups Laughing?


Bloody hell.



 **[alt\\_percy](#)** at **[2010-08-21 02:41:26](#)**  
(no subject)


What do you mean? They're brilliant!



 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2010-08-21 02:42:46](#)**  
(no subject)

Of course they're brilliant! It's just that I've been trying to score one of those tickets for weeks.




 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2010-08-21 02:44:23](#)**  
*Order Only*

And it was going to be my birthday present to him if I'd managed to locate one. Which I didn't.

Upstaged by Lucius bloody Malfoy.



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2010-08-21 02:50:58](#)**  
*Re: Order Only*

Oh, dear. Since he's been given two tickets anyway, then perhaps it's best that you didn't spend your money on it. You would have had to lay out quite a load of Galleons, wouldn't you?



 [alt\\_bill](#) at [2010-08-21 02:53:27](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Which Lucius Malfoy is more prepared to fling around than me, I know.

Although I'll bet he didn't pay a bloody knut for them. They were probably comped.

Bugger.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2010-08-21 02:44:23](#)

*(no subject)*

You're quite welcome to them, Weasley - as Crispin informed me your birthday also co-incided nearly with the end of your internship, and Nolan gave them to me but of course, I can't use them, consider it a

bonus.

I'm sure Crispin would have fallen irrevocably behind without your assistance this summer, given the time he spent away from his regular duties. I'm sorry it was not as exciting as one might have hoped; we can't all of us give out Auror training, however!

Nonetheless, as I said, I found your service overall quite promising. I am sure you will be a credit as well to the name of Head Boy in the coming year. Do keep me apprised of your progress and, when it comes time for you to entertain a permanent position, let me know what strikes you; I believe I can form a reasonable recommendation based on these weeks of acquaintance, provided your trajectory maintains an even climb.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2010-08-21 02:46:26](#)

*(no subject)*

Thank you indeed, sir!

**2010-08-21 17:05:00**

*Private Message to Shivani Johns & Sarah Yaxley*

I've just heard from Pennifold that Burdett-Coutts is getting up another party like the one down Charing Cross tube platform.



 [alt\\_lana](#)

If you can come, meet us on the south side of Trafalgar Square at half-eight. I hear he's got Dark of the Moor to play from the steps of the National Gallery. It'll be snitch and a half to dance up on those plinths where the old muggle statues used to be.

Tell anyone you see. There'll be loads of people--and there's space for it this time!

**2010-08-22 08:57:00**

*Seriously Sorcerous!*

We're going to visit Charlie at the dragon preserve!

I mean, that's well stupe, innit!!!!!!!

Dad just found out for sure yesterday, and Mum's going spare, trying to get everything ready. But that's a'right. Just gives her an excuse for going mental about who left their shoes in the hall or their brooms on the steps or forgot to put the gobstones back in their room or left a glass on some table somewhere.

I'm totally going to fly with dragons! Dead wizard!! Hey, Stretton! I'm taking the Silver Arrow along. Dragons should test whether those boosters worked, innit.

The twins have got big plans, too. I don't what they're up to, but Mum's cottoned onto it, and she went shouty crackers at them this morning. At 7 o'clock in the bleedin' morning, too. I mean, honestly, who gets up that early on Sundays? And then she got all the rest of us up and made us get all our laundry down for washing and made Percy get all the luggage down from the attics.

Ginny's still got to have her robes lengthened and Mum's got to buy her books, so I guess they're going to Diagon Alley tomorrow, maybe. And Mum's worried about whether Mrs Diggory will be able to come by and feed the chickens and goats while we're gone, and anytime anyone gets crosswise with her, she says they could be left back to take care of the animals since someone has to do it.

Anywiz, we leave on Wednesday, and I can't wait!!!



 [alt\\_ron](#)



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-22 16:36:12](#)

*(no subject)*


That's brilliant, Ron!!

I hope the Silver Arrow performs just like it ought to. Make sure you don't get hurt or something, because it'd put quite a damper your start of term if you were all chewed up and scorched and everything!

Seriously, though, be careful tunaface.





 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2010-08-23 14:58:02](#)**

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

Heh.

Sorry I didn't write back yesterday. Mum took my book and made me go out and clean out the chicken coop and then repaint it. By hand. With a brush.

I don't know if she was cheesed off about what I said about her or about the fact I answered Patil back. Hard to tell with Mum, and she's really extra wound up with trying to get everything sorted for going away. Mind you, it wouldn't be any different if we'd had weeks to get ready. That just would've meant weeks of her going spare and making everyone work six times harder on chores.

Well. She's not as bad as I probably make it sound. And she did make an awesome dinner last night cause it was Percy's birthday.

Anywiz, I'll tell you all about the dragon preserve when we get back.

See you on the train, Fisheye!



 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2010-08-23 16:06:16](#)**

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

Heh. Sounds like your mum alright.

We'll be sure to sit together so you can tell me *everything*.



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2010-08-22 20:32:41](#)**

*(no subject)*

It's probably a good job Marvolo isn't going with you. With you anywhere nearby, he'd be liable to get eaten by a dragon.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-22 20:41:17](#)

*Private Message to Padma*

You'd better not joke too much about that sort of thing where everyone can read it, Padma. We all know Ron doesn't want to hurt Harry, but there are lots of people reading these things that don't.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2010-08-22 20:48:22](#)

*Re: Private Message to Padma*

Don't you know it's rude to write private messages in other people's journals?

Besides, I don't think he'd *want* to hurt Harry, but that doesn't mean he's not sort of a bad luck hex. Still, as is, I think the only person liable to get eaten up there is Weasley himself. Imagine trying to fly a broom around a dragon!



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-22 21:05:51](#)

*Re: Private Message to Padma*


Well, this is important.

I mean, I know you aren't besties or anything, and I'm not saying this just because I'm his friend. But people can get into serious trouble because of rumours.

And it's not like Harry hasn't gotten into serious danger when Draco or that mudblood of his was around, probably more than when he's been around Ron even. But because of rumours, a bunch of Aurors came over to Ron's house and questioned him for hours.

So saying things like that have serious consequences. Not just with reputations at school and stuff.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2010-08-22 21:15:27](#)

*Re: Private Message to Padma*

Well, if Aurors have already asked him questions about Harry, and he's not had anything to do with the trouble, really, then he doesn't have anything to worry about and they'll know it's all in fun.

But if they did come and talk to him in the first place, then it's obvious that they thought there was something to look out for, and I wouldn't blame Harry in the slightest if he decided to stay clear of Weasley.

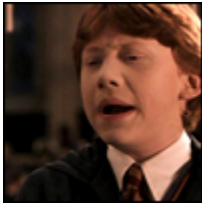
And you should do, too, if you're so worried about the consequences.




 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-22 21:29:53](#)

*Re: Private Message to Padma*

The only thing I'm particularly worried about is Ron getting in trouble again for something he didn't do. That's all.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2010-08-22 21:25:07](#)

*(no subject)*

Oh, ha bloody ha.

Don't be daft, Patil.

**[2010-08-22 13:18:00](#)**

*Stuck at Buckingham*

Well I was very sorry to have to miss the trip with Mr Marvolo. I had a cold. People asked me if Pepper-Up works on Mudbloods. I said I didn't know. I think they were joking, but I had to stay back anyway, instead of going and serving Mr Marvolo.



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

Here nobody pays attention to me. I try to help the house-elves. They don't like me to do that. Without Mr Marvolo I don't have a job, which is sad, and bad. But I think they are going to use me to fetch and carry for the Lord Protector, because he thinks it is essthetically pleasing to have a small page, and I am already here, so he can just use me while Mr Marvolo is gone. That's what Mr Broome says anyway. It would be very hard to train another Mudblood like I have been trained, or to find one that was as intelligent as me and also as loyal as me. That's what Mr Broome says anyway.

I am very pleased to serve my Lord Protector in any way I can and that he thinks that I am intelligent.



 **[alt\\_hermione](#)** at **[2010-08-22 16:48:13](#)**

*ORDER ONLY*

It's horrid not to be around Harry. I mean nobody pays a lot of attention to me, that's true. But I don't want to serve the Lord Protector, he's incredibly creepy looking now. I mean he has this way of staring at you. And then, people look at you when you're around him like they want to know what you're doing there!!! And then sometimes I'm afraid because maybe Harry wouldn't want me to get hurt, but someone might while he's away and can't yell at them. But so far it has been all right because of the Lord Protector, I think, how funny that is, that he would make me safer.

But I think he is going to have me while he is holding court, which will be good, because I can listen in all the time. I'm not supposed to but nobody thinks about Muggleborns anymore, and the Lord Protector said I was trustworthy, I mean, he may think that I get above my station but he also thinks I would never do anything to hurt Harry, which is true, but he thinks that means I would also never do anything to hurt him. Only he isn't Harry. So he's in for a bad

surprise some day!!!

If you tell me what I ought to be looking for then I can listen extra specially well.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2010-08-22 17:03:37](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

Don't do anything too dangerous, Hermione. If he thinks you're invisible, you stay that way.

I suppose the helpful thing would be if they say anything about tracking down Snape. But don't put yourself in harm's way to find out!

I don't like the idea of him making use of you when Harry's not there, either. Be careful.

Are you sure you'll be okay? Maybe I should stick around another day or two until Minerva can invent a reason to visit.



 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2010-08-22 17:55:21](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

Go ahead, Sirius. If she is attending the Lord Protector, I can think of many pretenses. It shall be easier, for I won't have to come up with a reason to wander the grounds; I can merely request an audience.

Hermione, Sirius is right. Keep your head down and never get caught; do not do anything rash!




 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2010-08-22 18:00:00](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*





 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2010-08-22 19:48:58](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

Don't make eye contact, sweetheart. I don't think he'd consider you a worthwhile subject for Legitimency, but it's best to be safe.

And I'm so relieved you have your Portkey, Hermione.



 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2010-08-22 18:23:50](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

any idea why he's so different?

anything you could pick up on as to how would be good. no snooping, mind, just what you overhear.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2010-08-22 18:59:46](#)

*Re: ORDER ONLY*

When you say he looks different, what exactly do you mean?

Has he had an accident? Was he ill and they covered it up? Or has he suffered some other disfigurement?



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-22 17:59:26](#)

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

Right.

I've waited ages and ages, almost an entire month.

And I'm not going to stop asking you until you tell me.

*Is Regulus still alive?*

I need to know.



**alt\_pansy** at [2010-08-22 18:41:13](#)

*Private Message to Hermione Granger*

I'm not sure you understand how much this means to me.

I don't want to threaten or beg or get into a fight with you over this. I've only just started talking to everyone under the lock. From what I've read so far, you're not an idiot, and you can sort out how bad that could be for both of us. How bad it could be for me.

But if he's still alive, if there's even a chance of it, and you know something, anything, I need to know it.

So I'm going to play nice. But I'm not giving this up until you tell me what you know.



**alt\_hermione** at [2010-08-23 13:37:54](#)

*Re: Private Message to Hermione Granger*

No.

Not as far as I know anyway, and I have no reason to think otherwise.

Okay?



**alt\_pansy** at [2010-08-23 15:47:01](#)

*Re: Private Message to Hermione Granger*

Well, fine then.

I'll stop bothering you.




**alt\_terry** at [2010-08-23 13:24:07](#)

*(no subject)*

mudbloods always ready to serve



 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2010-08-23 13:26:21](#)

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

I worry about you being around Him.

Stay safe, Hermione.



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2010-08-23 13:39:34](#)

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

Of course I will.

Do you think Professor McGonagall will bring you along? She knows how much you don't like being around the Lord Protector I think.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2010-08-23 15:57:07](#)

*(no subject)*

I'm sorry you're not along Granger.

I miss you. Helping me I mean.



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2010-08-23 16:15:46](#)

*(no subject)*

Thank you sir.



**2010-08-22 17:47:00**

*Bartemius Sebastian Crouch, Jr!*

Would you be so kind as to step next door for a few moments?



If your friend Basil Lestrangle is with you, bring him along as well, *do*.

 [alt\\_narcissa](#)

And I doubt it, but if my husband happens to be using the parlour Floo, ask him to come with you.

---



 [alt\\_crouch\\_jr](#) at [2010-08-22 22:19:14](#)

*(no subject)*

Sebastian and Basil, is it?

Something has you not best pleased?



 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2010-08-22 22:21:57](#)

*(no subject)*

Your reply, for starters.

Are you coming here or not?



 [alt\\_crouch\\_jr](#) at [2010-08-22 22:25:46](#)

*(no subject)*

We'd be there already, except my friend Basil has doubled over laughing.



 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2010-08-22 22:27:44](#)

*(no subject)*

Then he either shows great fortitude or extreme folly.

I am waiting.



 [alt\\_crouch\\_jr](#) at [2010-08-22 22:31:56](#)  
(no subject)


Provided he doesn't hex me again, we'll be there very shortly.



 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2010-08-22 22:36:17](#)  
(no subject)

If you're trying to gain my sympathy, Barty, it shan't work.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2010-08-22 22:30:07](#)  
(no subject)

Draco, Harry and I are on our way back from a tour of the lighthouse, my love.

What's wrong?



 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2010-08-22 22:35:27](#)  
(no subject)

Frost on the windows in late August? Lighting fires three evenings running to keep off a chill?

I'm neither blind nor half-witted, Lucius.




 [alt\\_crouch\\_jr](#) at [2010-08-22 22:38:04](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, for Merlin's sake. We'll be there in another second.

Don't say anything you'll regret, Narcissa. It's one of the side-effects.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2010-08-22 22:39:18](#)  
*(no subject)*

But I --

Dearest, I thought you had been told by MLE when they went over the arrangements.

We'll be back shortly. Barty, they've been warned already, haven't they?

**2010-08-22 18:03:00**

*Scrimgeour.*

I thought Langworthy had your endorsement to lead security for the Malfoys?




My owl's on its way with a report, but you'll need to send someone through tonight to replace him.

 [alt\\_crouch\\_jr](#)

Someone equipped to manage all facets of this operation.

---



 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at **2010-08-22 23:29:07**  
(no subject)

Thank you for taking things so in hand, Barty.

And I do apologise for my ill temper; you're quite right that the effects are noticeable, particularly in their onset and absence. But it was as much - or more - the lack of adequate preparation as their presence itself that had me so distraught.

I trust there shall be no further incidents? I should hate to have anyone else so impaired, particularly Rigel or Hydra. I've read that infants are especially susceptible to damage under prolonged exposure.

I'm sure Bellatrix would be even less inclined to forgiveness than I if anything untoward were to happen the rest of this week.



 [alt\\_crouch\\_jr](#) at **2010-08-22 23:39:59**  
(no subject)

The spectre of disappointing Auror Lestrangle will surely spur our new lead to make a better job of things than Mr Langworthy managed.

No one faults you for being annoyed that this information wasn't disclosed in your briefing--or for being affected by their proximity. It was an unpardonable failure on both counts.




 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2010-08-22 23:48:38](#)  
(no subject)

Still, I ought not to have been so peevish with you or the Rizzer.

blocking. Does it still hurt? It was gallant of you not to bother




 [alt\\_crouch\\_jr](#) at [2010-08-22 23:49:47](#)  
(no subject)

I'm fine.

It's nothing a little salve won't cure.



 [alt\\_rabastan](#) at [2010-08-23 00:46:13](#)  
(no subject)

I could use a bit of that, if you've any left.



 [alt\\_crouch\\_jr](#) at [2010-08-23 01:23:59](#)  
(no subject)

Ha.

It'll cost you.

**[2010-08-23 12:58:00](#)**

*Holiday*

So I am on holiday. Mr Malfoy took Draco and I up to the fish and chips place so that we could have lunch and read or write in our journals. So I'm writing. I like the place. The girl is nice and she doesn't look at me like I'm a freak. Or a celebrity.



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

Yesterday we saw a lighthouse. It was thirty metres tall, but what was most fun was that we got to ride brooms to it and all around it when we got there. Draco's mum wasn't along then either. So Mr Malfoy showed us all sorts of really wizard broom tricks. I thought I knew a lot of them, but he knows more. Anyhow then we got to the lighthouse. It was pretty wizard too. I'm glad I'm not a Muggle so I don't have to ride in a boat though. Once thirty two ships all sank there in one night. That's what they said anyway.

Mr and Mrs Malfoy were fighting. I'm not sure why but it sounds like about security. I hate security, I wish I didn't have to have it. I know I get cross when I can't do things I want to do; I suppose that's what they were fighting about. I almost wished I hadn't come since it made them so unhappy. But the lighthouse was wizard, and I really did want to go on holiday.

It's too bad that Granger isn't along, though she wouldn't have got to see the lighthouse. Mudbloods can't ride brooms except as a passenger. And not usually then even.



 **[alt\\_hermione](#)** at **[2010-08-23 16:06:36](#)**

*(no subject)*

I'm sorry I'm not along too. I would have liked to see the lighthouse, but mostly I prefer helping you. I like serving the Lord Protector, but you are my master.



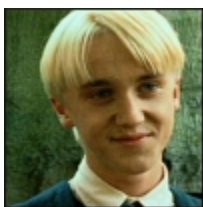
 **[alt\\_narcissa](#)** at **[2010-08-23 16:10:42](#)**


*(no subject)*

Harry, dear, your Uncle and I were not arguing at all. I was cross with the person in charge of your security because he left out some important details I ought to have known. But no one will be unhappy anymore -

and it's not an imposition in the slightest to have you along. We *wanted* you to come particularly.


I take it this is the young lady you and Draco talked about at supper last night? The very attractive one? Mind you are polite and don't pester her too much; I'm sure she's got a young man who might get jealous if you monopolise her attention.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2010-08-23 18:52:31](#)  
(no subject)


Uncle Razzar isn't really that young, though, Mother.



 [alt\\_rabastan](#) at [2010-08-23 18:55:21](#)  
(no subject)


Oi!



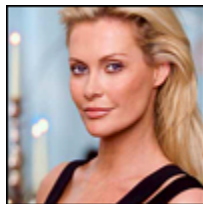
 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2010-08-23 19:26:19](#)  
(no subject)


And I should think you'd be more worried about competing with him for her attentions than a local boy!



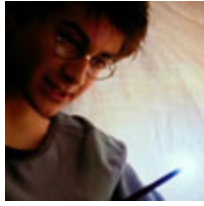
 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2010-08-23 20:02:36](#)  
(no subject)


Well, no worries there. I'm not competing with anyone for some chip girl.



 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2010-08-23 20:05:21](#)  
(no subject)


Quite sensible, my son.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2010-08-23 20:21:04](#)  
(no subject)

I DO NOT FANCY HER AND YOU KNOW IT  
DRACO




 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2010-08-23 20:29:12](#)  
(no subject)

I DIDN'T SAY THAT YOU DID!!

Anyway, do you reckon Uncle Razzar fancies  
her? He ate a LOT of chips.




 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2010-08-23 20:33:50](#)  
(no subject)

Oh. All right then.

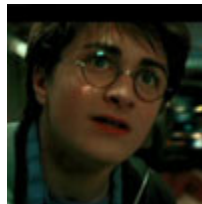
I bet he does.




 [alt\\_rabastan](#) at [2010-08-23 20:36:44](#)  
(no subject)

All right then, you pair of nits. I happen to eat  
a lot of everything, not just chips, so stop your  
speculating.

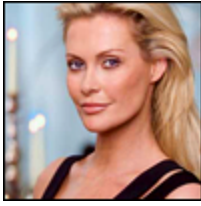
Speaking of, I've got chocs, if anyone wants.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2010-08-23 20:37:34](#)  
(no subject)

Yes please!





 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2010-08-23 19:30:42](#)  
(no subject)


Indeed? Then you've even more reason to be careful.



 [alt\\_rabastan](#) at [2010-08-23 20:00:10](#)  
(no subject)


Cheers, love! Truly, I'm not sure what your son believes to have witnessed, other than the young lady serving me slightly more butterbeer than she served them.



 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2010-08-23 20:02:57](#)  
(no subject)


Oh, no doubt you've done nothing to *encourage* the young witch. Just remember that we are not in the most progressive city of the realm, and you have no more desire for a wandpoint wedding, I'm sure, than any of us.



 [alt\\_rabastan](#) at [2010-08-23 20:04:31](#)  
(no subject)

Certainly not! I've got plenty of other things on my pitch to tend to at the moment.



 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2010-08-23 20:11:16](#)  
(no subject)


Naturally.



 [alt\\_crouch\\_jr](#) at [2010-08-23 21:49:54](#)  
(no subject)

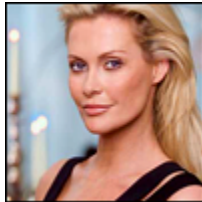
I'm prepared to defend your honour if it comes to that.




 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2010-08-23 20:19:38](#)  
(no subject)

I suppose it just sounded like you were arguing because you were so cross.

I don't fancy her Mrs Malfoy.




 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2010-08-23 20:36:06](#)  
(no subject)

Of course not, Harry.

Only you both seemed to spend a lot of time describing her ... uniform.




 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2010-08-23 16:14:35](#)  
(no subject)

As Mrs Malfoy says, Harry, we were not unhappy about having to provide for your security - it is a price well worth paying to be able to bring you along.

I had thought perhaps we could go on the water to-morrow, but if you are not keen for a boat ride, then perhaps not. It sounds as if you and Draco could eat fish and chips every day and be content.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2010-08-23 17:09:32](#)  
(no subject)

Hiya.

Sounds like you're doing some nift stuff. Even with the security and wotnot. We're off to Stornoway on Wednesday to see my brother and find out about the dragons they keep there. I'm taking my broom, too.

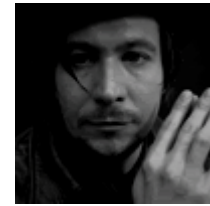
Anywiz, you'll have to tell me all about the seaside when I see you on the train. And I'll tell you about the dragons and the handlers and the preserve and all.

**2010-08-23 19:04:00**

*Order Only: Safe in Suffolk*

Well, relatively safe.

Narcissa wasn't kidding about Harry's protection detail. They've got three of the things in the marshes, just outside Aldeburgh. Nasty, particularly as that's about where I'd planned to base myself. After dark I'll see if there's a likely house in town to use. And yes, I'll be careful. I'm not going back near the marsh, however, if I can manage it.




 **alt\_sirius**

No sign of Harry yet, though. I think by the time I arrived in the vicinity they'd left that fish and chip shop for wherever it is they're staying.

The young woman is rather attractive, though. But don't worry, everyone: It sounds as if she's got quite enough admirers. I wonder if she's kind to animals, though. If she'll give scraps to a stray, then it's a good chance the boy will come back before their holiday's over.



---


 **alt\_poppy** at **2010-08-24 23:12:16**  
(no subject)

Well?

What news?

We'd have heard, I hope, if they'd caught you, so I assume you are spending your time wagging your tail at would-be benefactors and sniffing for information.



 **alt\_sirius** at **2010-08-24 23:38:37**  
(no subject)

It's a quiet little fishing town, so I've been careful not to show up too conspicuously.

I've figured out which houses they're using - not hard at all, it's on Crag Path just across from the water. My cousin does have excellent taste, I'll give her that. But there are two empty houses to either side of the three they're using. And the third one's

in use: Rodolphus arrived today with the rest of his and Bella's brood. No idea how long they'll stay, but no sign of the wicked witch herself.

Twice today I saw MLE leaving the third house and Apparate away. I'm betting they're checking on the marshes, keeping the creatures from encroaching on people as they head out in the morning and return in the evening. I imagine it's tempting for them, particularly when the fishing boats come in after a full day's sail.

I finally caught a glimpse of Harry, walking on the shore with that Draco. Didn't want to risk getting too close, though. Then Malfoy and Narcissa came out as well, so I was just as glad I hadn't chanced it.

No sign of any other uninvited guests.

**2010-08-24 20:59:00**

*Jam, jam, and more jam*



 **alt\_sally\_anne**

The Strettons have been trying to take orders by journal private message instead of just owl post and since I know how to use the journals, they've been having me go through to look for orders people are placing. Except of course people are mostly writing these private messages to Mr or Mrs Stretton so they've been having me read THEIR journals to try to keep up, which means I'm reading all the time but of course I can't write anything since it will show up at Mrs Stretton or Mr Stretton and not me.

Jeremy's been laughing. He knows how to use the journals too, of course, but he never writes in his so he can pretend to his mum and dad that he doesn't and I got stuck with it. Of course I'm going back to school in less than two weeks now so they're going to have to work out some other system.

Mr Stretton had this idea that involves giving journals to the goblins at Gringott's so let's say someone wanted to order jam from the Strettons, they could write a private message that would be to Stretton Jam Ordering and to Gringott's and say, 'I would like to place an order for ten holiday jam parcels at four galleons each, please owl them to the following addresses and I authorise the transfer of forty galleons from my Gringott's bank vault to the Stretton vault.' And the goblins could move the gold from one vault to the other, and the Strettons could send an owl with the jam and it would be very fast because they wouldn't have to wait for payment to arrive.

I don't know whether the goblins would go along with it or not -- journals are a bit new and of course there's the problem of stolen diaries. Is there anything in the magic to keep you from writing in someone else's diary? I can read the Strettons' but they ASKED me to so that might be different. Mr Stretton's been owling people at the Ministry to set up a meeting; of course this wouldn't be JUST for the Strettons they'd do this, but everyone who sells things by owl.

Anyway, I think it's an interesting idea.

I can't wait to go back to school.

---



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-25 02:16:20](#)

*Private message to Draco*

Hello. I hope you're having a lovely holiday. It sounds like you've been doing all sorts of flying and probably having an excellent time.

Mrs Stretton has been after me to try to persuade YOU that this scheme about the goblins is a good idea. Because she thinks you'll persuade your father. So I'm writing you a private message so she'll think that's what I'm up to.

I had a very nice visit with Pansy and it was lovely having Hydra over that day. I am SO ready to go back to school. Are you looking forward to your electives? I don't even have my books yet because the Strettons have been too busy to take us shopping. We may have to do it all by owl post.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2010-08-25 03:55:48](#)

*Re: Private message to Draco*

The Goblins have a tonne of incoming owls to manage every day, I don't know that they'd want to deal with the journals, too. But I can bring your entry to my Father's attention, and you can tell Mrs Stretton I said that I would. No promises that anything will come of it, though.

I'm looking forward to Dark Arts more than anything. I've already read the whole book, and there's a section I want to ask Vince about on the train.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-25 04:01:37](#)

*Re: Private message to Draco*

I can't believe I'm already behind and school hasn't even started yet. Do you think I should read the book in order, once I finally get it, or is there a particular section I should start with? (Dark Arts, I mean; I got in.)

And thank you, you can bring it to your Father's attention if you want to but I certainly don't want to impose. Honestly, it seems

like an interesting idea but I can think of a lot of things that could go wrong. It would've been awfully handy last winter during the quarantine, though. (Not so much for us, since we couldn't get owls at ALL. But for the people who were stuck at home for one reason or another.)



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2010-08-25 04:07:31](#)

*Re: Private message to Draco*

I'll bring it to his attention. At some point or another.

Start with the beginning. There are sections on theory that seem fairly important. An interesting section on psychological mindset, too, which I hadn't thought much about before. That's that section I wanted to ask Vince about, actually. I don't know if you know, but he's already very good at Dark Arts. Greg's not bad at all, either.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-25 02:31:48](#)

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

There was a HUGE row today.

Jeremy said he wasn't going back to school. All the Ravenclaws treat him like he has some nasty contagious disease and he's fed up with it and wants to quit.

His parents were furious, of course.

Afterwards he came and found me and asked me to go flying with him, which I probably shouldn't have but I am SO tired of transcribing jam orders! So we sneaked out and flew to this spot that overlooks one of the really big estates, the one where they make cloth. Jeremy said, 'Do you think you'll come work for my parents after you finish school? They'll probably hire you.'

I said that I didn't know, even OWLS are so far away, for me.

He said that they're expecting him to work for them, but he really doesn't want to do it. He said he doesn't want to work with muggles. And then he got all quiet and looked at me the way people look when they're trying to guess what you think before they say something they're not supposed to say.



I said, 'what is it you don't like about working with muggles?' and then gave him the look that says, 'I already know what you're going to say, and I sympathise, so you can say it.'

So he told me a story. Last year, or maybe the year before, while he was flying over one of the estates he saw one of the overseers beat a man. The overseers are muggles, too, who've agreed to be bosses of the other muggles, so they don't use magic, they actually use -- well, the man was all covered in blood, after, Jeremy said he was nearly sick and you wouldn't treat an animal that way so how come you can do that to muggles?

He said he doesn't want to be a slave driver. He wants to do something that has nothing to do with muggles.

But he doesn't know what else he can do but work for his parents. I said he should go back to school and try talking to friends in other houses. Work hard and get good marks. You know, there were people who were impressed when he stood up to Sandoval last year -- he needs to work out who, and talk to them and see if they've got any prospects for him.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-25 02:54:21](#)

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

Promise me you'll never work for the Strettons, Sally-Anne.

It is an awful place, and they do not deserve you.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-25 03:44:18](#)

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

Well it would be hard working for them if I'm living with you in your flat in London, now, wouldn't it?

I won't ever work for the Strettons. Though to be honest I'd always rather thought their muggles were the lucky ones, at least compared to the ones in the camps.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-25 13:32:12](#)

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

True!



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2010-08-25 19:11:03](#)

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

Well, just be sure you don't tell them you don't plan to work for them when you leave school. Until you actually do go to live with Parkinson and have another job lined up.

(Listen to me, trying to give advice to a Slytherin on being crafty. I know, I know, it's ridiculous.)



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-25 19:19:08](#)

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

It's not ridiculous at all! It just means we've taught you well.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-25 02:57:29](#)

*(no subject)*

I can't wait either!!

And that's interesting to think on about the journals and using them like that. I mean, there'd be a paper record, and a history you could double-check, but I'd bet there'd be all sorts of clever ways people would figure out to get around it and get things for free, which wouldn't do at all. But it would make things much simpler, especially for people that don't have their own owls.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-25 03:47:25](#)

*(no subject)*

I don't know if it's exactly simple but it would mean people would get their jam (or clothes or books or

whatever) much faster. And it would be convenient for people without owls.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-25 03:51:18](#)

*Private message to Pansy*

The Strettons think it's a BRILLIANT idea (naturally, since it was theirs) and have been after me to try to persuade Draco to persuade his father -- not that Mr Malfoy has all that much to do with Gringott's, so far as I know, or the journals, but he's incredibly influential. (You see my private message to Draco up above; that's so I can tell them I TRIED.) (I didn't, mind you, but the Strettons don't have to know.)

Anyway they're reading my entries (what they can see, anyway!) so I have to be tactful about what I say in public. Honestly I think it's a bit daft, who'd trust their money being moved around based on what they wrote in the journals?



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-25 13:09:57](#)

*Re: Private message to Pansy*

Well, you're right in that there's all sorts of things that could go wrong...

And if they make a mistake or something, it's not like the goblins are going to say, "Oh, okay, here's your money back!"

**2010-08-24 21:11:00**

*(no subject)*

I can't believe we're actually here, seeing (and hearing!) Krups Laughing!!!



 [alt\\_penelope](#)

It's the interval right now and the queue for refreshments is too insane to bother, but Percy's trying, anyway. I just thought I'd write this down before I'm too knackered to do it later.

Though I don't know as I'll ever get to sleep tonight!

It's been such a wonderful night. I feel almost guilty that all I could really contribute was a belated birthday dinner before the show. The seats are incredible - any closer and we'd be able to play chords on Willa Morningstar's guitar ourselves!

I know I don't usually make use of so many exclamation points, but really. The place is packed and it was utterly impossible to get in and yet...here we are!

Percy, I know you won't see this until later, or even possibly tomorrow, but I'm dead proud of you for this summer. And for Mr Malfoy's good recommendation. And especially for these utterly incredible tickets! I'm probably the luckiest girl in London and it's down to you.

Sorry that sounds so sappy. But it's true.

Oh, they've flashed the lights. Time to put this away.

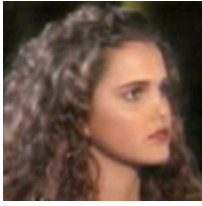


 [alt\\_ginny](#) at **2010-08-25 02:37:56**

*(no subject)*

Oh poo on toast...

You are right about one thing its very sappy. Its good to know that Percy is a good boyfriend, since he Fails at being a bother.



 **[alt\\_penelope](#)** at **[2010-08-25 02:45:59](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, he told me all about your feeble attempt to blackmail him. Did you really think just because we liked to be discreet that he'd jeopardise his future? All because you want to send Mrs Malfoy a fan letter? If it's all so innocent, why don't you just send it yourself like a normal person?

Your brother did what was right and you've no one to blame but yourself if you don't like it.

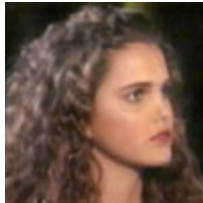


 **[alt\\_ginny](#)** at **[2010-08-25 02:57:57](#)**  
(no subject)

Why don't you mind your own bloody business. Don't fancy yourself as his. You can easily be removed. Don't worry I will take care of my message.

And as far as jeopardising his future, he will take care of that himself. Sometimes his ambitions get him in trouble, so I really can't take credit for that.

Why don't you do me a favour and just stay out of my way.




 **[alt\\_penelope](#)** at **[2010-08-25 03:06:59](#)**  
(no subject)

Goodness, from blackmail to threats without skipping a beat. What a range of skills you have.

It's no wonder he wasn't about to help you pester important people like the Malfoys.

It's my 'bloody business' because you dragged me into it. Here's some free advice, little girl: Don't pick fights you can't possibly win.



 [alt\\_ginny](#) at [2010-08-25 03:12:22](#)  
(no subject)

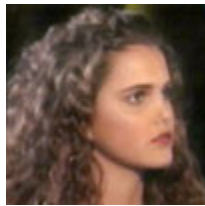
You must forget who I have for brothers. If nothing they can create bothers me, there is nothing I can't face from you.

And here's some advice: If I am such a little girl, you should be ashamed to be seen as having such an exchange with me, in such a public fashion.

If I am such a little girl anything I write you should be able to ignore.

And even if I did drag you into it, why do you feel the need to step into something that is between siblings.


I guess we are begging for attention.



 [alt\\_penelope](#) at [2010-08-25 03:17:38](#)  
(no subject)

Excuse me? *You* are the one insulted *me* without any provocation. From this and from what Percy's told me about your attitude to him, it seems like what your other brothers have taught you is a complete disregard for manners.




 [alt\\_ginny](#) at [2010-08-25 03:20:50](#)  
(no subject)

I have manners for those who matter. Please go cry a river and bore me no longer.

Good night.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-25 03:24:56](#)  
*I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up To No Good*

Geez, Ron, what is your sister's *problem*?



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-25 03:56:08](#)

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

Did Ginny really try to blackmail Percy? What on earth for?

Was there anyone at Hogwarts who DIDN'T know Percy and Clearwater were snogging?

**2010-08-24 22:38:00**

*Private Message to Luna Lovegood*

Luna,

So much has been going on around here. I normally wouldn't say this, but Percy is a big git. All the lovey stuff with him and Clearwater is enough to make anyone sick. Then she has the nerve to be all extra soppy in the journals. At this rate she will make the whole protectorate vomit.



 [alt\\_ginny](#)

Moving on to more pleasant topics, Mum took me to get supplies yesterday. We were in New London for a few hours, especially since my robes needed to be adjusted, and the shops were a little on the crowded side yesterday. I was hoping I would see Dean. We haven't had one of our conversations all summer. He is more of a bother to me than some of these people that live here.


Mum has been a bit off her rocker as well. Everything has to be perfect before we leave tomorrow. Sorry I forgot to tell you. We are going to see Charlie, and a bunch of dragons. I miss Charlie, and I am looking forward to see if there are any female handlers. It will be a great trip. I will try to see if I can bring you something back. I miss you so much.

Also when we pull out of Kings Cross, I just want you to know that I have invited Hydra to make the journey back to school with us. I don't expect she will be able to sit the entire ride with us, but it will be nice to get to know her for part of it.

I will keep you posted about our trip.

Much Love,  
Ginny



 [alt\\_luna](#) at **2010-08-25 18:56:27**

*(no subject)*

How exciting that you will get to see dragons! I hope you have brought your sketch book along and can get some good sketches for me. I remember your Mum once saying that Charlie particularly works with Hungarian Horntails. Do be careful not to get singed, though. Are




you thinking of trying to be a dragonhandler, too?

I do miss you. Lavender ~~is not quite~~ prefers that I ~~pretends that I~~ never Well. Yes. Never mind.

I don't have any objection to sitting with Hydra Lestrage on the train. Why do you want to, especially?



 **[alt\\_ginny](#)** at **[2010-08-25 19:07:13](#)**  
*(no subject)*

I just think it would be nice to have friends in other houses. We were in the same tent on the YPL trip, and she seems nice actually.

**2010-08-25 11:11:00**

*Private Message to Mr Malfoy and Mr Peakes*



Mr Malfoy and Mr Peakes,

My name is Ginny Weasley. I am sorry to bother you sirs, but I have a slight problem in going back to Hogwarts this year. My problem is that I am in the wrong house.

 [alt\\_ginny](#)

Last year when we were sorted into the houses at the beginning of the Welcoming Feast, the hat told me the I would be "better off in Slytherin, even though I'm a Weasley". I was so terrified at the thought off what my parents would think, because the whole of my family has been in Gryffindor, that the hat put me in the house with my siblings.

After thinking about my experiences during last term this summer, I reckon the hat was right. I don't belong in Gryffindor. The quality of my education, and the growth of my skills will be so much better in my rightful house where the students are like minded. I feel that If I stay in Gryffindor I will be at a disadvantage.

Please Sirs, please grant my simple request and place me where I belong.

Thank you in advance for your consideration

Ginny W.

**2010-08-25 11:29:00**

*Private Message to Professors McGonagall  
and Slughorn*



Professor McGonagall and Professor Slughorn,

My name is Ginny Weasley. I am sorry to bother you Profs, but I have a slight problem in going back to Hogwarts this year. My problem is that I am in the wrong house.

 [alt\\_ginny](#)

Last year when we were sorted into the houses at the beginning of the Welcoming Feast, the hat told me the I would be "better off in Slytherin, even though I'm a Weasley". I was so terrified at the thought off what my parents would think, because the whole of my family has been in Gryffindor, that the hat put me in the house with my siblings.

After thinking about my experiences during last term this summer, I reckon the hat was right. I don't belong in Gryffindor. The quality of my education, and the growth of my skills will be so much better in my rightful house where the students are like minded. I feel that If I stay in Gryffindor I will be at a disadvantage.

Please Profs, please grant my simple request and place me where I belong.

Thank you in advance for your consideration

Ginny W.

**2010-08-25 11:51:00**

*Order Only: Minerva?*

What's young Ginny *doing*, writing to you and Malfoy?



It's not anything we need to worry about, is it?

 [alt\\_sirius](#)

Arthur, Molly, anything you know about? Not meaning to pry, of course, but having Percy in Malfoy's pocket is bad enough. If Ginny's telling tales out of school or something like, we need to know.

(In other news, no change here that I can tell. Not that I'm able to tell much, but I'll take Padfoot out for a ramble today and see what I can learn. Maybe we'll get lucky and Malfoy will talk about the youngest Weasley's message.)




 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2010-08-25 19:00:22](#)

*(no subject)*

Oh my word, I just saw this now. We're staying at Stornoway now, you know, and we've been so busy with the things Charlie has planned for us to do that I confess I haven't opened my journal the past day or two. I'll see what I can find out.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2010-08-25 19:02:47](#)

*(no subject)*

Percy told me this morning he asked her for an explanation. She didn't mince words but told him to shove off, that it was a matter between her and the Headmistress.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2010-08-25 19:03:25](#)

*(no subject)*

Oh, dear. Things are tense enough between the two of them already, although I still have no idea why.

Perhaps I'd better try.



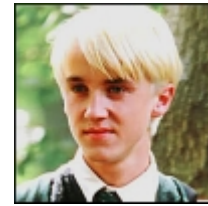
 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2010-08-27 13:19:38](#)  
*(no subject)*

Nothing of the sort, Sirius. It is of no concern to you or any of the Order, I believe.

**2010-08-25 18:45:00**

*Greetings from Holiday*

People keep asking in their journals how our holiday is going so I thought I'd best write about it. (No, Blaise, I don't know that chip girl's name, and I don't plan on asking for it.)



 [alt\\_draco](#)

This town is a pretty snitch place, and all the cottages (ours, I mean) have views overlooking the water. They're not large, but there's definitely enough room for all of us, and we see each other a whole lot more than we would if we were just pottering about New London. Speaking of New London, it's loads quieter here, very peaceful. Except the people can be fun and boisterous, too. Last night they were all lighting bonfires on the beach and turning the smoke into giant coloured animals. We were watching from the windows until Uncle Razzar said it would be safe to go down and join them. One of the men saw Harry and started turning the smoke in his fire into massive, swooping snakes. It was pretty wicked. The animals turned out to just be a warm-up, too; they used the smoke to tell the whole story of Orpheus, and how he became a seer and star-gazer and used magic to speak with all creatures of the magical world. A collection of harps were charmed to play throughout the whole performance, too. After the show a lot of people left but some lingered behind and told ghost stories around the bonfires. The man who made the smoke snakes told us about the Black Hounds. He said they appear in a flash, out of the mist, and just as fast they vanish. They're supposed to be the manifestation of evil, wicked muggles who still want to bring about misfortune. Some people even say that the Hounds can tear people apart with their claws, and then bury your body where it will never be found again. It might've scared Hydra a little but Harry and I thought it was great. The Razzar said it was a good bit of local colour and that it reminded him of old stories about the Grim.

We ended up staying up very late, because Hydra had only been there a day and there was lots to talk about. I still can't believe some of the things she told me.

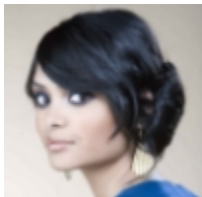
Father and I (and sometimes Harry) have been taking beach walks after breakfast. We've been discussing what's going to happen next year at Hogwarts, mostly--regarding both electives and other matters. It's good. I really thought he might have to go away a lot to do things back in New London, but he hasn't done at all. Mother doesn't seem to want to go out much, though; every time we venture out to explore


she finds some reason to stay in. And then Mr Crouch has to keep her company.

Flying along the shore line is amazing. Sometimes if the wind is just right you can feel a bit sea water spray on your face. No one will let us fly out very far over the water, though. If you fly a little ways outside the village there are all sorts of mouldering boat houses and dilapidated cottages where the wizards used to live back when the town was a muggle fishing village. I can't imagine how depressing it would have been to have to hide yourself away on the fringes of some isolated countryside, living in a heap of rubble that's on the verge of collapse. What a dreary life that must be.

Anyway, I think we're having pudding soon so I'd better finish up. Teddy, I've owled off the beach pebbles you've asked for. Four of them.

---



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2010-08-26 01:47:52](#)

*(no subject)*

It sounds lovely, Draco!

When you say 'what's going to happen next year at Hogwarts' - what do you mean? Is there something planned? Like - oh, I dunno, are the Governors going to let us put on that play or will there be an end-of-term dance or anything?



 [alt\\_zacharias](#) at [2010-08-26 01:50:41](#)

*(no subject)*

Long as it's not basilisks attacking people or teachers going spare, I reckon it doesn't much matter.

Or are they replacing Binns at last?



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2010-08-26 01:55:31](#)

*(no subject)*

No, nothing like that. I mean, the Governors might allow the play but I don't know, it's not come up.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2010-08-26 02:00:33](#)

*Private Message to Padma Patil*

We've talked about how third year is an important one. We're going to be into our electives and there will be two years' worth of younger students looking up to us. It'll be up to people like me and Harry to set the tone for our house, and up to people like you (he didn't say your name, but you're the sort of person he means) to set the tone for yours.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2010-08-26 02:17:36](#)

*Re: Private Message to Padma Patil*

Oh, that sort of thing!

Yes, Sandoval and I talked about that a bit, too, when I went to see her. About Ravenclaw Corner, you know, and how it's important to make sure to single out the ones who are doing really well - and the ones who need to improve their attitudes.

Harry's usually - well, I mean, he's usually so quiet, though. I know he just wants people to like him for him, not because he's the Lord Protector's son - but do you think he'll have the stomach to tell people off if they need it?



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2010-08-26 02:19:33](#)

*Re: Private Message to Padma Patil*

No, and I think that's what Father was trying to imply: that I'll have to be all the more firmer, since Harry feels like he's abusing his position when he has to speak up like that.



 [alt\\_padma](#) at [2010-08-26 19:09:42](#)

*Re: Private Message to Padma Patil*


Oh, for Shiva's sake, he's not abusing anything! He's being a strong leader. You can tell him that, can't you?

But either way, I'm glad your father feels the same way - about



the firsties and such. Sandoval says it's imperative to make sure they fall in line. And between you and me, she's not sure Weasley's the man for it. Your dad seems to think he's got potential, though. Maybe if he weren't such a prat around younger people. I think he probably wasn't like that with your dad, I can't imagine your father standing that sort of thing for long.




 **alt\_lucius** at [2010-08-26 02:07:44](#)  
(no subject)

Her name is Melinda - it's on her name-tag, Draco. I thought you and Harry spent enough time staring at the vicinity to have noticed that, at least.

I have been very grateful that affairs in New London have required nothing more than an hour or two each day to maintain order, leaving us the opportunity I had hoped to spend time. I know even last summer, our schedule demanded more official business than unstructured time. I remember you saying it was not much fun to come along to meetings, luncheons and so on. Your mother knows that as well and, as she and I discussed, has been leaving us to our conferences.

And even at home, you know she is not inclined to spend much time out of doors in the sunshine.




 **alt\_draco** at [2010-08-26 02:17:40](#)  
(no subject)

Why does everyone think I'm looking at the chip girl? I'm not! I only look at her when I want more chips.


And I know Mother stays out of the sunshine, but I'm surprised that she hasn't asked me to stay behind with her for at least a time or two. I'm going off to school soon, after all.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2010-08-26 02:24:11](#)  
(no subject)


Well, she's had you nearly all the summer, hasn't she? Perhaps she simply wants to give your father equal opportunity.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2010-08-26 02:47:30](#)  
*Private message to Lucius Malfoy*


Father, don't you think that Mother and Crouch spend an awful lot of time together...alone?



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2010-08-26 02:54:14](#)  
*Re: Private message to Lucius Malfoy*

What makes you say that, son?




 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2010-08-26 03:00:59](#)  
*Re: Private message to Lucius Malfoy*

It's hard to say, exactly.

Only that why does he want to keep her company? He and the Rizzer are pretty good mates and Mother might want some time with you, I should think, before we're back in New London.




 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2010-08-26 03:06:58](#)  
*Re: Private message to Lucius Malfoy*

Ah. Well, for one thing, you must understand that Mr Crouch was very close to your Cousin Regulus - and I know that, despite appearances, your mother still misses her cousin keenly.

Given the unfortunate start of our visit here, with the Azkaban guards growing too eager, it is small wonder that she has been reminded of her losses more recently. So, if young Mr Crouch is masochist enough to engage in endless rounds of speculation regarding Reg, it's his own lookout.

I have no complaints of your mother, Draco. But thank you for your concern on my behalf.




 [alt\\_hydra](#) at [2010-08-26 02:09:37](#)  
(no subject)

I wasn't lying to you!  
I would never do that.

From,


Hydra



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2010-08-26 02:14:44](#)  
*Private message to Hydra Lestrange*

I didn't say you were lying, I said it was hard to believe. I mean, I know his parents are former Aurors and wanted criminals but he's always seemed like such a harmless plonker, you know? But now it's got me thinking that he's not. I mean, the Rizzer almost died when he was guarding the Lord Protector, so I thought he got his limp that way. I had no idea it was from Longbottom's Mum.




 [alt\\_hydra](#) at [2010-08-26 02:21:25](#)  
*Re: Private message to Hydra Lestrange*

Like I told you, I heard Rizzer and my Daddy talking about it when they didn't know I was there. What do you mean that you think he's not a harmless plonker now?

From,  
Hydra



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2010-08-26 02:26:02](#)  
*Re: Private message to Hydra Lestrange*

Aurors have mastery of diversion techniques, and Longbottom seems to know how to keep a low profile. Almost unnaturally low. I wonder who taught him how to be that way?

And if his parents are dangerous criminals, who knows what he's really capable of? Didn't you see how he blew up on the journals when the news about his parents came out? It was as if he was showing his true self for the first time.



 [alt\\_hydra](#) at [2010-08-26 02:29:58](#)

*Re: Private message to Hydra Lestrangle*

Well I thought you said something like "people can't help who their parents are?"

From,

Hydra



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2010-08-26 02:36:12](#)

*Re: Private message to Hydra Lestrangle*

I was thinking more of other people when I said that, though. People like... Percy Weasley. His family is such an embarrassment. He'll be lucky if he can rise above it, but it's starting to look like he might.

Anyway, I'll be watching Longbottom this year, and you ought to, too. You'd be excellent at diversion, Hydra. No one ever notices imagined you were the one behind the Basalisk attacks. Sort of behind them, at least.



 [alt\\_hydra](#) at [2010-08-26 02:38:21](#)

*Re: Private message to Hydra Lestrangle*

Well all right.

I don't know what I'm suppose to be looking for, though.

But if I know it when I see it, I'll tell you.

From,  
Hydra




 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2010-08-26 02:43:30](#)  
(no subject)

As your father says, son, we did have a talk before coming away on holiday. I know he particularly wanted to spend time with you - *and* Harry, of course - without other influences or distractions. (Though somehow it seems the chip shop does not qualify.)

But dearest, if it makes you feel better, I think it's going to rain tomorrow. We can spend a lovely day together and you may keep me company.

As for Mr Crouch, he's gone to great trouble on our behalf, not only this week but in the preparations. And have you already forgot about the Quidditch tickets he gave to your father for your benefit? He's even cancelled his time with the Auror trainees to remain here, personally overseeing the arrangements. I am not sure you appreciate that remaining here so someone will be at the cottage is more sacrifice for him than you, dear.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2010-08-26 03:10:15](#)  
(no subject)

It's looked like rain every day and we haven't had any yet.




 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2010-08-26 03:17:31](#)  
(no subject)

Well, the coast along here does tend to clouds, but they've blown off well enough.

But last night I was speaking to several of the local witches and they were certain of rain.

I shall make you a deal: Even should it not, we can spend the whole day, if you like.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2010-08-26 03:34:12](#)  
(no subject)

That sounds reasonable. Though if there's no rain I might have to convince you to come outdoors and see the beach, at least.




 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-26 02:57:58](#)  
(no subject)

The show with the smoke sounds wiz-nift. Too bad they limit how far you can fly -- you and Harry are both brilliant fliers, it's not as if you wouldn't be able to make it back. Maybe they're worried Snape and

Macnair found a boat?

Did Professor Lestrage tell you stories about the Grim? I can't wait to have him for Defense.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2010-08-26 03:07:33](#)  
(no subject)

It's probably just for general safety, I suppose, plus storms build up out there over the water.


He told us that in some parts of England they call the Grim the Black Shuck, and in other parts they call it the Barghest. It was mostly muggles who used that term, though, and wizards usually call it the Grim. He said to remember that there are plenty of ordinary black dogs in the world, and that most Grimms are probably just that.



 [alt\\_seamus](#) at [2010-08-26 02:59:10](#)  
(no subject)

Why does everyone keep teasing you about the chip girl? Is she THAT pretty?



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2010-08-26 03:02:32](#)  
(no subject)

No, she's quite common looking if you ask me.

**2010-08-26 13:17:00**

*Pennifold*

I've Floo-called three times, and no one can tell me when you'll be back at your desk. Are you unwell--or skiving off work to watch the training?



 [alt\\_crouch\\_jr](#)

Those Ipswich reports were supposed to be here by breakfast.

Take good care what excuse you offer.



 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at **2010-08-26 18:53:17**

*(no subject)*

Barty, I'm afraid your own attempt to skive off simply won't do. We're starting another round (Razzer won the last) and Rigel's been despondent since you walked out.

Pray come back over. I promise we'll offer a handicap if you'll keep him in your lap this time.



**2010-08-26 14:38:00**

*In our own defence*

we'd like to point out that NO ACTUAL  
DRAGON EGGS WERE BROKEN.



 [alt\\_gredforge](#)

Brooms can always be replaced.

Dragons can always use some extra excitement and exercise, we reckon.

We're still here.

---



 [alt\\_bill](#) at [2010-08-26 19:42:11](#)

*(no subject)*

If Charlie had his way, you wouldn't be. I got a Howler from him.



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2010-08-26 19:42:38](#)

*(no subject)*

What in Merlin's name was he sending you a Howler for?



 [alt\\_bill](#) at [2010-08-26 19:45:15](#)

*(no subject)*

I think he just needed to relieve some pent up feelings. And maybe he blames me since I was the one who had the bright idea that he should invite you all to the Dragon Reserve in the first place.




 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2010-08-26 19:46:01](#)

*(no subject)*

Like we said, no actual dragons were harmed. Not even the baby ones.



 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2010-08-26 19:47:08](#)**  
(no subject)

Maybe that's what's worrying Charlie, but I'll bet Mum was more preoccupied with you.




 **[alt\\_gredforge](#)** at **[2010-08-26 19:47:27](#)**  
(no subject)

Her concern for us is touching.

We're hiding from her now.



 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2010-08-26 19:47:54](#)**  
(no subject)

Get scorched much?




 **[alt\\_gredforge](#)** at **[2010-08-26 19:48:26](#)**  
(no subject)

Not as much as the brooms.

That'll change once Mum finds us, though.

Probably.



 **[alt\\_bill](#)** at **[2010-08-26 19:59:49](#)**  
(no subject)

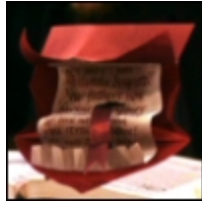
Wait a minute. They were your brooms?


How are you going to play Quidditch this year without them?



 **[alt\\_gredforge](#)** at **[2010-08-26 20:00:31](#)**  
(no subject)

No, they were the Reserve's brooms, fortunately.




 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2010-08-26 20:02:26](#)  
(no subject)

**HOW CAN YOU BE SO CAVALIER!? THEY WEREN'T YOUR BROOMS, BUT THEY WERE STILL DESTROYED. AND YOU WILL BE PAYING TO HAVE THEM**

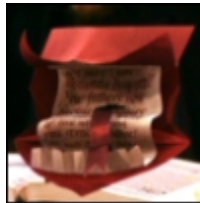
**REPLACED!**


**AND YOU'D BETTER NOT COUNT ON PLAYING MUCH QUIDDITCH WHEN YOU GET BACK TO SCHOOL!!!**



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2010-08-26 20:03:34](#)  
(no subject)


Now, Molly, I don't think we'd better mete out punishments until we've had a chance to cool down and reflect a little.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2010-08-26 20:04:53](#)  
(no subject)

**YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY MEAN TO LET THEM GET AWAY WITH THIS, ARTHUR!**




 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2010-08-26 20:07:33](#)  
(no subject)

Of course not, Molly, dear. There certainly will be consequences. But we'll all discuss it together when tempers have had a chance to cool a little.


Fred and George, I expect you two back at dinner tonight. We will talk then.



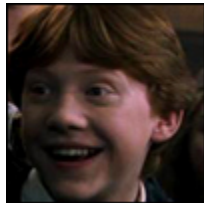
 **[alt\\_percy](#)** at **[2010-08-26 20:13:25](#)**  
(no subject)


Well, I think they should be kicked off the Quidditch team.



 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2010-08-26 20:15:00](#)**  
(no subject)

We'll take your opinion under advisement, but that's a decision your mum and I will be making. It's certainly not our only option.




 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2010-08-26 20:23:12](#)**  
(no subject)

Are you mad? Wood would've wet himself if he'd seen how fast they were going! I bet they broke every airspeed record on the books!!!

Glad it wasn't my broom, though.




 **[alt\\_arthur](#)** at **[2010-08-26 20:25:22](#)**  
(no subject)

Yes, well...

True, but perhaps not entirely helpful, Ron.




 **[alt\\_ginny](#)** at **[2010-08-26 20:23:58](#)**  
(no subject)

You would!

Bloody Pompous arse.




 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2010-08-26 20:29:39](#)**  
(no subject)

Whoa, Gin.

I'd run before Mum sees that language!




 **[alt\\_ginny](#)** at **[2010-08-26 20:31:56](#)**  
(no subject)

I was out of the way ages ago. One knows when to promptly step off.

Besides he deserves it.




 **[alt\\_percy](#)** at **[2010-08-26 20:31:43](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh, so I'm a pompous arse for wanting my brothers to keep from killing themselves out of sheer stupidity?

Not to mention the dragon. Do you have any idea how valuable dragon eggs are? If that dragon had broken her eggs in that rampage, Fred and George would have been working to pay off the debt for the rest of their lives.

It was a Hungarian Horntail, too. That's just brainless.



 **[alt\\_ginny](#)** at **[2010-08-26 20:34:07](#)**  
(no subject)

Not wanting them harmed and keeping them off the team are two different things.

Didn't you know that? Or has your IQ finally declined after such a rapid increase?




 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2010-08-26 20:48:00](#)  
(no subject)

Your insults are as pitiful as your reasoning.


Obviously, the point is that keeping them off the team may make them in the future think twice about pulling such a brainless stunt.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2010-08-26 20:49:14](#)  
(no subject)

That's enough, both of you. We've had enough upset with the twins today without the rest of you going for each other's throats.




 [alt\\_ginny](#) at [2010-08-26 20:52:58](#)  
(no subject)

Sorry Dad,

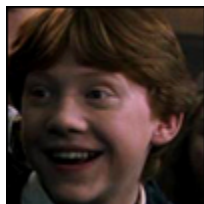
But some big brother he is. Clearly, he doesn't know them well enough to think that taking them off the team will make them stop their pranks.


And plus someone needs to cut him down to size and deflate that head of his.



 [alt\\_arthur](#) at [2010-08-26 23:38:28](#)  
(no subject)

Enough.



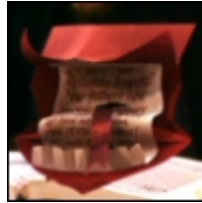
 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2010-08-26 20:35:46](#)  
(no subject)

I thought it was pretty brilliant, myself.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2010-08-26 20:46:38](#)  
(no subject)


Somehow that doesn't surprise me in the least.



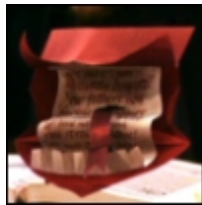
 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2010-08-26 19:57:24](#)  
(no subject)


**IT'S NOTHING TO JOKE ABOUT! I THOUGHT MY HEART WAS GOING TO JOLT RIGHT OUT OF MY CHEST!**



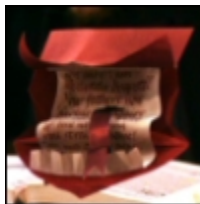
 [alt\\_bill](#) at [2010-08-26 19:58:22](#)  
(no subject)


Not joking, honest, Mum. I understand that Charlie's really upset.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2010-08-26 19:58:38](#)  
(no subject)

**HE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE!**




 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2010-08-26 19:51:34](#)  
(no subject)

**AS WELL YOU SHOULD BE!**

**I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU DID THAT!!!**



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2010-08-26 19:53:19](#)  
(no subject)

That has to rank right up there with one of the stupidest things you've ever done.

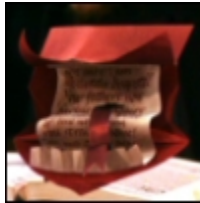





 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2010-08-26 19:54:04](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, we've done much stupider things, trust us.


We're just usually better at hiding it.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2010-08-26 20:21:16](#)  
(no subject)


**I DIDN'T NEED TO KNOW THAT EITHER!!!**



 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2010-08-26 20:09:11](#)  
*I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up to No Good*

Blimey, Fred and George. What did you do? Are you really all right?




 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2010-08-26 20:11:48](#)  
*Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up to No Good*

Oh, we're right as rain. We merely wanted to take a closer peek at a mama dragon who was clutching her eggs.


We just didn't realise that mama dragons are so ... hormonal.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2010-08-26 20:22:47](#)  
*Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up to No Good*

Whoa! I can hear Sally-Anne making cracks about stupid Gryffindors now. Are you two even going to survive long enough to get back to school?



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2010-08-26 20:24:04](#)  
*Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up to No Good*

Our chances go up substantially as long as we keep out of Mum and Charlie's way for the next, oh, four or five hours or so.



A day would be even better, but Dad won't allow that.

Pity.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2010-08-26 20:27:11](#)

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

Where've you gone off to? I'd like to come join you.

Mum's still got smoke coming out her ears, and Charlie's barking at everyone. You don't think he'll get in trouble, do you?



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2010-08-26 20:43:29](#)

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

We nipped up to the north end of the island, round about Port Nis. There's a cave here, which is nice, if a bit damp. At least no dragon flying overhead can see us. Which may be a good thing. We understand they're a bit crotchety with us at the moment.

We'll be back at dinner.



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2010-08-26 20:44:48](#)

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

As for Charlie, we're sure he'll be all right. He's an enterprising young man. Who do you think taught us how to talk ourselves out of almost any kind of trouble?




 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2010-08-26 20:45:10](#)

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


I dunno. This sounds like it might be more trouble than even he can handle.



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2010-08-26 20:45:37](#)  
*Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up to No Good*

We hope not.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2010-08-26 20:48:12](#)  
*I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up to No Good*

What did you want them for, anyway?

The eggs.



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2010-08-26 23:39:57](#)  
*Re: I Solemnly Swear That I Am Up to No Good*

We didn't want them for anything. We just wanted to see them up close.

But we're not sure Charlie believes us.

**2010-08-26 16:20:00**

*A short break*

Our rainy day is progressing well enough, if one can set aside our youngest member's fussing. Not surprisingly, Bella won the last round of *Hexagonal* - though there was a dead heat among three of us for at least thirty minutes prior to two repetitions in quick succession to give her the win. Quite impressed with how quickly Draco has absorbed his new textbooks and the suggested lists of spells at the back. Harry held his own for a good portion of the game as well.



 [alt\\_lucius](#)

Barty, we've decided to take tea - and Razzer, Rodolphus and I have decided to take something more medicinal to keep off the chill, if you're interested. (Have no fear of the toddler: Bella grew impatient and summoned the child's nurse to take him next door for a lie-down over an hour ago.)

Minerva, Horace, I can only surmise that you received a copy of the same request Peakes and I did. I shall leave it to you to answer. Crispin, you might check with Peakes' clerk to make sure his office is sending the response - if not, you'll need to send Form 3A to Ginevra Weasley. I believe the family are causing mayhem at Stornoway currently but given the exchange we've all just seen, they may return home sooner than scheduled.

We've been invited to the Moot Hall to-morrow evening for a small reception and, we're told, a local traditional dance. Suspect the boys would rather decline, though Narcissa seems interested and Hydra has already asked if she might wear some of the robes her Aunt helped her pick out over the summer, before they must be packed away in favour of school uniforms. Much depends on the weather, I think, and whether we all feel the need to escape the confines of the cottages by to-morrow.

---




 [alt\\_crouch\\_jr](#) at [2010-08-26 20:45:39](#)  
(no subject)

I could use something medicinal after all the drooling.

I'm sure some find him darling, but I can think of several things I'd rather dandle on a knee. Nose-grabbing toddlers rank somewhere below Runespoors and Jarveys.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2010-08-26 21:36:48](#)  
(no subject)

Better you than me.



 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2010-08-26 21:50:12](#)  
(no subject)

It's different when it's your own, I assure you.

Still, I rather wish we'd had a camera. I've asked Rodolphus if we might make a pensieve entry once we're back to London.

I expect your mother would be quite amused by the sight of Rigel turning himself almost upside-down to climb across your shoulders. There's something appealing about a man with a young child, provided he doesn't look as if all the guards in Azkaban and half the MLE were about to attack all at once.




 [alt\\_crouch\\_jr](#) at [2010-08-26 23:07:00](#)  
(no subject)

Oh, laugh away. Do.

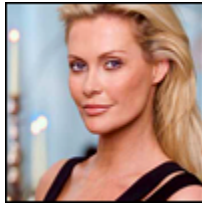
I admit I'm out of my element with people smaller than a pumpkin. But the horror is waning with the passage of time--and a bit of medicinal intervention.



 [alt\\_rabastan](#) at [2010-08-27 00:38:40](#)  
(no subject)

But why does babby


But why does the baby hate me?



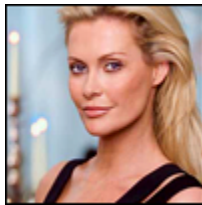
 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2010-08-27 00:39:36](#)  
(no subject)

Possibly because Rigel already perceives the threat you represent with the ladies.



 [alt\\_rabastan](#) at [2010-08-27 00:40:35](#)  
(no subject)


...He's an infant!



 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2010-08-27 00:43:23](#)  
(no subject)

And apparently a perceptive one.



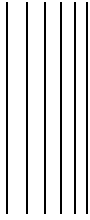
 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2010-08-27 00:43:50](#)  
(no subject)

Or a perverse one.



 [alt\\_crouch\\_jr](#) at [2010-08-27 01:38:34](#)  
(no subject)

And what exactly are you saying about me?



 **[alt\\_narcissa](#)** at **[2010-08-27 01:41:08](#)**  
(no subject)


I? Why nothing, Barty. It's Rigel's opinion that has you worried.



 **[alt\\_mcgonagall](#)** at **[2010-08-26 23:26:37](#)**  
(no subject)

Yes, I did indeed receive the same message, I believe.  
Of course, I shall send her the usual reply.



 **[alt\\_horace](#)** at **[2010-08-27 20:13:29](#)**  
(no subject)

As shall I.

**2010-08-26 17:31:00**

*Luna!*

Luna,

We have barely been here 24 hours and, as you can see from earlier exchanges, things have gotten a little mad. I'm not sure how long we will stay now, but with all the action going on, I was able to sneak away for a while. I was able to get a really good view of some of the dragons, without getting too close or setting them off. So I have one sketch for you so far. It may not be an actual representation as I got a little carried away. But I hope you like this sketch.



 [alt\\_ginny](#)



I miss you bunches and wish you were here.

**2010-08-27 10:20:00**

*Private Message to Ginny Weasley  
and Horace Slughorn*



Dear Miss Weasley,

I regret to inform you that the decisions of the Sorting Hat are final. If the Hat believed that you would be unable to flourish in Gryffindor House, it would not have allowed you to make a decision about which House you would prefer to abide in.

 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#)

If you still feel as though you have been mis-Sorted, you may approach the Head of Slytherin House and request mentorship, or introductions to older Slytherin students. There is no prohibition on inter-House friendship, and indeed, Gryffindors and Slytherins may learn a great deal from each other.

Cordially,  
Minerva McGonagall  
Headmistress, Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry



 [alt\\_ginny](#) at **2010-08-27 17:08:09**

*(no subject)*

Headmistress,

Thank you for your quick response time. I didn't know if such a thing had been done before or if it could be done at all. I just thought I would ask. I hope I haven't cause any trouble in my request.

As you advised, I have written Professor Slughorn in hopes to gain a mentorship. I believe that there is a lot I could learn from associations in that house.

Again, thank you very much for your time.

Ginny W.



**[2010-08-27 10:24:00](#)**

*Private Message to Lucius Malfoy and Horace Slughorn*




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

As Horace has seen, I have sent the usual letter to Weasley Septima. Given her large and outspokenly Gryffindor family, I thought it best to send the letter via journal, not via owl; her mother would undoubtedly read it, and I do not wish to cause domestic strife.

I did not explain to her that young Marvolo is a special case; were she truly a Slytherin, she would have realised it already. However, she may have questions about his situation; I do not think she will ask me about them. Be aware.



 **[alt\\_lucius](#) at [2010-08-27 13:43:50](#)**  
(no subject)

Very good, Minerva. I heard from Peakes that he will provide the standard Governors' reply via journal as well on the theory that the message will be delivered through the same method it was received. I believe my association with her brother made her bold enough to presume she could embroil me personally in her dilemma; however I think you can understand why I should prefer to remain uninvolved.

Currently, I cannot imagine how the girl could consider herself an asset to Slytherin House. But that is beside the point.

How is London treating you? And the new house - you've settled in? Just in time to return, no doubt.




 **[alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2010-08-27 17:31:21](#)**  
(no subject)

Quite.

Perhaps the events of last year have turned her head. That said, she is an intelligent girl and more than usually well-mannered; she is not an embarrassment; were she to turn her mind to supporting her given House rather than seeking a new one, she would do very well indeed, I believe.

London is fine. I am enjoying the house, although I do admit I prefer Hogwarts above any thing. I realise that our Lord wishes me to behave according to my position, but I am grateful that I shall return to my accustomed home in a very few days.



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at [2010-08-27 17:57:12](#)  
(no subject)

Our definitions of well-mannered must differ, then. I'll grant you the girl can comport herself deferentially when she chooses to do so, but she seems altogether hot-headed in any other interaction. Not unlike the remainder of her quarrelsome family. It is as clear from her stock as from her pleas that the Hat made no mistake whatever in placing her in Gryffindor with the rest of them. I shall be interested to see how your Head Boy addresses her deficiencies this year - and whether he recognises in her the same flaws which he must curb in his own nature.

We are indeed fortunate, however, that you are suited both to the service you perform for the Protectorate and to the location in which that service must occur. As our friend Mr Crouch ably demonstrated this week, children are not for everyone. I hope the Rizzer, who is at least amenable to them, remembers his responsibility to *teach* comes before *befriending* all in sight. Though it was an ideal solution to Hogwarts' problem and the Lord Protector's, of course.

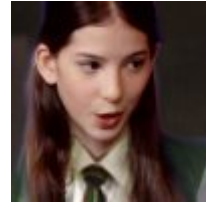


 [alt\\_mcgonagall](#) at [2010-08-27 20:22:13](#)  
(no subject)

I imagine that Rabastan shall do admirably. Better, after all, to befriend students than to terrify them.

**2010-08-27 11:34:00**

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



Gryffindors.


Are you Weasley lot out of trouble yet? Did you have to leave the reserve?

 **alt\_sally\_anne**

You brave-at-heart types are ALLOWED to have common sense, I'm quite sure they don't confiscate it at the door as a school policy.

---



 **alt\_ron** at **2010-08-27 17:58:45**  
(no subject)

Yeah, they're letting us stay.

It's all okay now, really. The other handlers gave Charlie a really hard time yesterday afternoon, and when the twins came in to the hall where everybody eats, they all stood up and mooned them. Even the women did!

That's something, innit. The women.

And then they made the twins carry everything in from the kitchens and serve everybody their food like they were muggleborns or something. Which, y'know the twins. They thought that was hilarious. And they had everyone laughing and it was all good.

Actually, I should tell you about the women handlers, cause they are totally something else. For one thing, they're huge. And most of them strong as men, though there's this one that's really small, but she's amazing. She's got her wand strapped to her forearm like they all do when they're out with the dragons. They've got this really wizard harness that puts the wand right there, so they just curl their thumbs round it and tilt their wrists and they can cast. Anywiz, seems like she wears hers all the time. And she never has to say a spell out loud. No matter what it is. And since she's so small and light, I guess, she can totally creep up on you. They say she can sneak up on a brooding dragon, so it's no wonder she can get the one up on people. So last night, right. We were finishing up eating and everyone was kind of happy after all the mead--they don't have butterbeer and nobody drinks anything but mead at meals, even us kids--so anywiz, we were

all sitting around telling stories--and they were all telling all the daft things Charlie's done since he apprenticed, which didn't half make him cross, y'know! Anywiz, this girl handler, she all of a sudden is right behind the twins and the next thing you know, they're dangling upside down over the table, bouncing up and down in thin air!!!!

Dead hilarious!



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2010-08-27 18:45:42](#)  
(no subject)


Yeah, we really want her to teach us that spell. We think it has great potential.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-27 18:47:47](#)  
(no subject)

Someone might have warned them that mooning the Twins is not the sort of punishment that's going to DISCOURAGE them from doing whatever it was...



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2010-08-27 19:45:57](#)  
(no subject)

You'd think, right?

Only.


The way they did it, it was like it was worse than if they'd called Fred and George something really foul. It was like the worst thing they know how to say. Sort of, this is what we have to say about that, y'know?

And then it was over. And we were all good again.

Except maybe Charlie. He was kind of cheesed off about it still last night. But this morning he took me out on brooms to see a place way off at the far end of the preserve, and it was great. They were worried that maybe the spells that keep the dragons in were getting weak over that way, because the dragons keep flying off that direction whenever they get a chance. But it was all fine. Only he thought maybe they were after some sheep that live down that

way. I guess they had a really good year breeding or summat, so there's lots to snack on. If you're a dragon.



 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2010-08-27 18:56:09](#)**  
*(no subject)*

She does sound really nift. It's a little weird to think of girls with tons of muscles, but she sounds really brill for sure.




 **[alt\\_gredforge](#)** at **[2010-08-27 18:44:48](#)**  
*(no subject)*

Oh, we have common sense.

We just think it's important to develop other aspects of our personality, too.

The Dragon Reserve is brilliant, really.



 **[alt\\_pansy](#)** at **[2010-08-27 18:54:44](#)**  
*(no subject)*

sounds like. Also sounds like you are definitely, absolutely never ever getting a job there.

**2010-08-27 12:54:00**

*Private Message to Professor Slughorn*

Professor Slughorn,

After receiving a reply from the Head Mistress this morning, I understand that the best that can be achieved in my situation is a mentorship with one of the older students in your house. Please Sir, may I request a meeting with you during your earliest opening next week so that we may sit and discuss the situation at hand.



 [alt\\_ginny](#)

Thank you in advance for your help.

Ginny W.



---

 [alt\\_horace](#) at **2010-08-27 20:58:11**

*Private Message to Ginny Weasley*

Miss Weasley

As the Headmistress has stated, the decision of the Sorting Hat is final. It has only been overturned once, in the most exceptional of circumstances, the like of which I doubt we will ever see again. You are far from the first student to feel she has been mis-Sorted, and I fear you will not be the last. Like all the others, you must stay where you are and do the best you can with it. As the Headmistress correctly said, the Hat would not have placed you in Gryffindor House were it not an entirely appropriate fit, whatever you may feel at this present time.

If you wish to form friendships with members of Slytherin House, you are of course entirely welcome to do so in the usual way. Inter-house friendships have been the foundation of Hogwarts, and indeed wider wizarding society, for many, many years, and are certainly encouraged.

If you wish to seek a mentor from among the older students, I suggest you engage one of the Prefects and seek their guidance, but I fear you will be hard pressed to find a student willing to give their time and effort for such an endeavour unless it provides them with some tangible benefit. That is, after all, the Slytherin way.

I myself can offer no further guidance than that.

I must say, you may indeed find yourself relieved that you were not Sorted into Slytherin House, as were I your Head of House, I would find myself compelled to have strong words with you regarding the way you have conducted yourself on this matter. You are, of course, always encouraged to speak to your teachers about any concerns you have, but publicly approaching the school Governors with such a request was brash, ill-considered and inappropriate. And decidedly Gryffindorish.

The friendships formed within ones House can certainly be an important part of ones experience here at Hogwarts, but your overall school experience is what you make of it. Your interest in Slytherin House and the qualities associated with our students is admirable, as is your desire to expand your skills and start considering your future. However, while I am of course biased towards the benefits of my own House, there is much to recommend Gryffindor House also. The skills you will learn and develop in your own House will be just as valuable to you in the future as those you might seek to improve through greater association with Slytherin House.

I hope you will take this advice in the spirit in which it is intended, and use it to go forth in a more positive way as you return for the new school year. I believe you have potential to be a great student, and an asset to your House and your family, but you must consider more carefully both the consequences of your actions, and their appearance to others.

I will see you in your Potions class when you return in September.

Regards

Professor Slughorn



 **[alt\\_ginny](#) at 2010-08-27 21:18:22**

*Re: Private Message to Ginny Weasley*

Yes Sir, thank you Professor.

I look forward to seeing you next week in class as well.

**2010-08-27 13:26:00**

*Private Message to Lucius Malfoy and  
Narcissa Malfoy*



Bella's been called in.


Macnair, apparently.

 [alt\\_crouch\\_jr](#)

I'm on my way, too. You're well covered here,  
and we're sending a team to sweep the village ahead of tonight's  
activities so you should feel free to enjoy the event.


---



 [alt\\_lucius](#) at **2010-08-27 17:30:06**  
(no subject)

Go well, Barty. Good luck.



 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at **2010-08-27 17:32:01**  
(no subject)

Thank you for all your efforts, Barty. Take care.



**[2010-08-27 16:47:00](#)**

*Order Only: Some movement*

Well, there was just a deal of activity through the village. For a moment I thought perhaps H someone had spotted me. But then it turned out it was MLE, beating the bushes to make sure the coast was clear (literally) for the Malfoys' stroll up to the Moot Hall this evening. I've just watched them all head out - Rodolphus Lestrangle and his daughter too, Harry, all of them. But Bellatrix Lestrangle and Barty Crouch weren't with them. I couldn't imagine why they'd stay behind, so I trotted round the back of the cottages. No one's home, apart from the servants. I think they've buggered off somewhere.



 [alt\\_sirius](#)

Frank, Kingsley - if you're travelling you might want to look out for yourselves. If they've gone, I'd imagine it's to do with Snape, but in case I'm wrong ... well, be careful.

I'll see if I can pick up an evening paper. No worries, everyone: Looks as if nearly the whole village have gone to this gathering thingy.

Oh, and there go a couple more MLE, heading up the river toward the marshes. Bet they're keeping the guards from crashing the party.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2010-08-28 13:10:04](#)

*(no subject)*

Sirius?

All well this morning?

I don't know that I like having you home, after all. Knowing that you're flitting in and out of all these dangerous situations is such a wrench.

You're like to be the death of me.




 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2010-08-28 13:23:18](#)**  
(no subject)

I'm fine.

Except I'm a bit confused. Why am I the beneficiary of all this worry?

I really can take care of myself, you know. And contrary to what others may tell you I do know how to be careful when, er, flitting, in and out of danger.



 **[alt\\_frank](#)** at **[2010-08-29 00:29:42](#)**  
(no subject)

thanks for the heads up man but I'm back home safe and sound.

we'll be careful next time we poke our heads out of doors though.

**2010-08-27 17:23:00**

*Private Message to Hermione Granger*

The weather is beautiful. I wish you were here. I am well taken care of. You don't need to worry at all. But it isn't the same to have someone else helping me. You know how everything goes.



 [alt\\_harry](#)

Today we went to the beach and put our toes in the water. But, it was too cold. But, I saw that thing from my birthday, I thought anyway. We can talk about it when I get back.

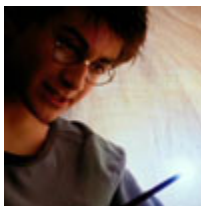
Which is going to be soon. I asked if they were going to give me more space at Hogwarts like they did at Buckingham. But Mr Malfoy doesn't know. I am supposed to ask Father. That would be nice for you, wouldn't it?




 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2010-08-27 20:27:07](#)  
(no subject)

Okay.

I don't think it means you any harm. You know that. But there are other things you should be careful about. All right??



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2010-08-27 20:27:19](#)  
(no subject)


So now you're telling me what to do?



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2010-08-27 20:28:35](#)  
(no subject)

Only when I know you're going to do something stupid. Or are thinking about it. Don't worry, I haven't forgotten that you're the boss of me just because you went away for a week.



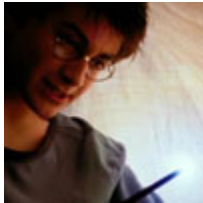
 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2010-08-27 20:28:50](#)  
(no subject)


I didn't mean it like that.



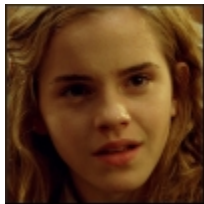
 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2010-08-27 20:29:36](#)  
(no subject)

I know.



 [alt\\_harry](#) at [2010-08-27 20:30:04](#)  
(no subject)

Mr Malfoy said a lot about how I ought to act.  
I'm not supposed to be friends with you.



 [alt\\_hermione](#) at [2010-08-27 20:30:29](#)  
(no subject)

That's all right. We aren't friends. You're my  
master.

**2010-08-27 18:28:00**

XXI

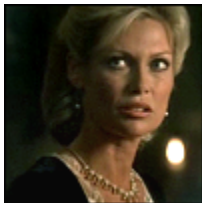
We're about to finish up here. Most unfortunately, we were not told until our arrival that the actual sighting took place at least two days ago. Some of the horde were labouring at the edge of the camp when they glimpsed a large man fitting Macnair's description lingering at the edge of the forest. They kept the sighting to themselves until a guard didn't show up for work last night. In their excitement, they let their secret slip out where the other guards could hear. All three men have been soundly questioned.




 **alt\_bellatrix**

We swept the forest for most of the day. Found the guard's body. Tortured, looks like - it had Macnair's touch - but death came by Killing Curse.

Walden, Walden...I wonder just what it is that you think you are doing. I don't imagine that you even know, yourself. Always the foolish Gryffindor.

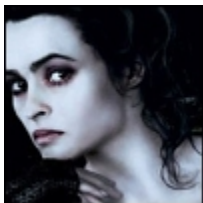


 **alt\_narcissa** at **2010-08-28 00:45:06**  
(no subject)

It's still quite puzzling to imagine what he was about two years ago, when he had made a place for himself. Why sacrifice it all for some mad notion?

And whatever was he doing torturing a camp guard? Well, I'm sure you'll sort it.

Too bad there's little point your returning here this evening. Hydra looked just lovely.



 **alt\_bellatrix** at **2010-08-28 01:14:06**  
(no subject)


I have given it quite a bit of thought. Walden Macnair believes that he was cheated out of the fame and glory he was owed by the Protectorate, and now he's decided to pursue fame and glory by working against us. Oh, the degenerates here think quite highly of

him - for he doesn't just write pompous missives while bedding whores in France, he murders their caretakers and attempts the same on the son of He who has granted their continued existence. They are too dull to realise that Macnair only has his own best interests in mind.

As for the guard, there are many possibilities, the most likely being Walden tortured him for information, then killed him so that he would not be able to report back about it to us.

Ah, did she? I'm sure she enjoyed that just as much as you did. And how's the baby, then? Pining for his new best chum?



 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2010-08-28 01:22:57](#)  
(no subject)

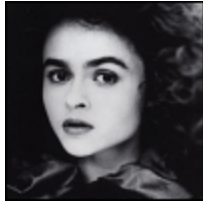
Whether they realise it or not, you'll bring him to the same sticky end soon enough.

We thought it best to leave Rigel in the capable hands of Mrs Baylock. He was sleeping soundly when we got home a while ago. Earlier today there were some cries that could have been 'Bart' however - so I believe our Barty is not yet out of favour, despite his abrupt exit.

As for Hydra, I think she enjoyed herself no end. Not surprisingly her father was her best dancing partner, but the poor child went round one song too many and halfway home Rodolphus had to carry her. (Only for a short distance, though, before Apparating the rest of the way.)

Since it's our last night, and the weather is quite extraordinary, we've decided to stay on the beach a while longer. Though the boys are about to retire.

You could come along. I'm sure Rodolphus would care to sit up and watch the sun rise as well. We could call it a double-date.




 **[alt\\_bellatrix](#)** at **[2010-08-28 01:28:29](#)**  
(no subject)

I don't suppose he'd like to step in on those days when Mrs Baylock takes her holiday? Probably not.

While I am sure that the sunrise is remarkable, I don't know that I can just...sit. Not after such a full day on the job.



 **[alt\\_narcissa](#)** at **[2010-08-28 01:32:05](#)**  
(no subject)

Alas, no. I think you may have hit upon the ultimate threat, however.

... And we don't intend to just ... sit. As I said, the boys are about to retire.

But I take your meaning.




 **[alt\\_bellatrix](#)** at **[2010-08-28 01:35:53](#)**  
(no subject)

Such innuendo, honestly. Have you been at the champagne?

I'll be along in good time. Surely before the sun is up.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2010-08-28 01:40:06](#)**  
*Order Only*

Note to self: Avoid the beach tonight.

**2010-08-27 20:30:00**

*Ready to Go home.*

We haven't been here long, but I am ready to go home. Actually I am just ready to return to Hogwarts. I miss my friends, and I am bored. I wished I had packed a couple of books to jump start the new term. I am excited to see what potions we will be trying out. Well since I only have my drawing pencil I guess I'll make the best of it.



 [alt\\_ginny](#)

Anyway we were out Mum and Charlie and me, today by a particular pen and we saw a couple of dragons doing the oddest things. Mum got all red and Charlie tried to cover my eyes. I think what I saw was actually to rude to draw, nor did I look for very long. As soon as Mum gained her composure she pulled me off straight away.

So today's sketch is Just me. I will get you another dragon sketch tomorrow Luna, at least I will try.








 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2010-08-29 00:39:05](#)**  
(no subject)

You saw dragons DOING IT?

I can't believe you let them cover your eyes up!

Nice drawings. I know what you mean about being ready to go back to Hogwarts.



 **[alt\\_ginny](#)** at **[2010-08-29 03:59:39](#)**  
(no subject)

Seamus, I didn't let them do anything. And yes I guess that what I saw.

But as far as covering my eyes, I don't think I could fight Charlie off if I tried. And once Mum's got a tight hold on you there is no breaking it.

Honestly it wasn't that great to see. I can't even describe what I did see. But if you ask me when we get back to school I will try.

Thanks for the complement about my drawing. I am working on another Dragon Sketch now. I at least wanted to have two.

**2010-08-28 00:46:00**

*Private Message to Minerva McGonagall  
- Miss Weasley*



 [alt\\_horace](#)

Just to let you know, I have replied to Miss Weasley in the usual way regarding this Sorting business. I hope that will be an end to it, but I fear we may yet hear more from the girl as she seemed quite determined to take action against this perceived injustice. Typical Gryffindor.

A copy of my response is winging its way to you by Owl, and another has been placed in Miss Weasley's school record.

I hope your break has been a relaxing one, and look forward to seeing you shortly for the start of term.

With all best wishes

Horace

**2010-08-28 09:51:00**

*(no subject)*



 [alt\\_narcissa](#)

The sunrise was in fact well worth a night's adventure on the beach. Though it was nothing like as rough as some might imagine: We had a fire well above the tide line and blankets charmed to keep out damp and the roughness of the pebbles. I confess I fell asleep a few hours before dawn; Lucius woke me as the first rays were climbing over the water.

Aside from the misunderstanding at the outset, our holiday has been immensely successful. I don't believe Lucius has returned this relaxed in ages - and the opportunity to spend time with Draco and Harry, and particularly Hydra, has been absolutely invaluable, especially after last summer's hectic visits in France and the interminable length of time they spent at Hogwarts last year. I do feel it was a necessary and most welcome diversion.

But as with all things, it grows near the time when we must re-enter our obligations. The packing is nearly done. We've just a few hours left and then it's home.

Which means, naturally, that one must open one's calendar and begin to determine the nature of those obligations. For my part, I've been thinking that once Draco returns to school I really ought to begin that exercise regimen I have been putting off. I've been feeling decidedly sluggish this summer. This week, discussing training methods with Barty and Rizzer, has convinced me that a combination of physical exercise and magical practice would be preferable. Luckily there are no shortage of programmes. Over the next few weeks I anticipate some shopping for a suitable class.

Before that, however, we must make sure all is packed, take a last walk along the beach, enjoy our final luncheon here, then return Harry to Buckingham and regain the sanctuary of the Manor. I do look forward to my own home in many ways.

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 **[alt\\_crouch\\_jr](#)** at **[2010-08-28 18:40:42](#)**  
*(no subject)*

I'm glad you were all able to enjoy the time and the activities. While I was there only in an official capacity, I admit I quite enjoyed the place and company. Thank you for your forbearance where security arrangements took precedence over serendipity--and your understanding when things were not as smooth as we hoped.



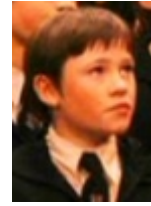
 **[alt\\_narcissa](#)** at **[2010-08-28 18:54:16](#)**  
*(no subject)*

Of course - and while unexpected, you were an unplanned but welcome addition to the proceedings. I hope we did not cause too much disruption to your agenda.

**2010-08-28 19:28:00**

*my summer*

Mr Rosier had me work with a tutor all summer again, but this summer it was less writing and more magic.




 **alt\_seamus**

I'm better at Transfiguration than I was before. And Charms. The main thing Mr Larson (the tutor) wanted me working on was Dark Arts, though. Even though I didn't know if I'd be selected to study it. Mr Rosier said that was fine, I could study it on my own regardless but he had a feeling I'd get in. And I did! I've read the textbook but mostly I worked through some supplementary books Mr Larson ordered for me. There's one book that's just called 'Will and Belief' that's really written for Gryffindors. I don't know if anyone else in Gryffindor this year is starting Dark Arts, but if anyone is they should definitely read it. Let me know and I can get you a copy, though probably not before school starts.

I saw Dean a few times and I went to Draco's party but other than that I pretty much spent the summer with Mr Rosier and Mr Larson.

I can't wait to have Mr Lestrage for Defense! That's brilliant, that is. Does anyone know if they've picked a new Head of House for Gryffindor, what with Lockhart not coming back?




 **alt\_dean** at **2010-08-29 04:10:41**  
(no subject)

Hey Mate,

Guess what! I got into Dark Arts too, and I didn't even try for it. I found out the day we went to buy books. If you are done with 'Will and Belief' by the time we meet on the train can I borrow it then. Or if you could possibly get you hands on another copy before Wednesday, I can send Bast to you to pick it up.


Let me know. Looking forward to seeing you guys again.



 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2010-08-29 05:25:49](#)**  
(no subject)

Excellent, I'm glad I won't be the only one in our House. I'll get you a copy on the train on Wednesday.




 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2010-08-29 05:49:47](#)**  
(no subject)

How'd you get in if you didn't try for it?

I mean, it's good that you're doing it, I suppose, but if you didn't want to do it, and you're taking someone's place who did...that's not so good. You know?




 **[alt\\_dean](#)** at **[2010-08-29 19:12:52](#)**  
(no subject)

I'll tell you what you seek to find, on the train Patil.

Not everyone needs to know, and i can see I've mad a mistake in some of what I have wrote. But I am not sorry that I am in the class.



 **[alt\\_padma](#)** at **[2010-08-29 05:47:38](#)**  
(no subject)

You're not the only one - you'll never guess who else is taking it. Bundy! Can you imagine? Parvati found out from Midgen, who had it from Gemma Bundy in Hufflepuff.

Bundy! I mean, I suppose she can't be too dreadful or Miss Professor Carrow would never have let her in. Still. It'll be an interesting mix and all, I suppose.

I've got a load of books for History Club this year. If you want to keep doing it, I mean. What are your other classes? I don't suppose you're doing Runes or Arithmancy?




 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2010-08-29 13:25:48](#)**  
(no subject)

I definately want to do History Club again!

I'm taking Arithmancy and Divination as well.


And that's odd about Bundy, I don't even remember what she tried doing in that taster class.



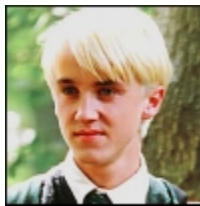
 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2010-08-29 19:26:31](#)**  
(no subject)


A book on Dark Arts just for Gryffindors? What specifically does it delve into?



 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2010-08-30 02:14:37](#)**  
(no subject)


A lot of it talks about putting yourself into the proper frame of mind. It says you have to be true to who you are to make any progress so with Gryffindors your practise of Dark Arts has to come from a place of courage and strength. Actually he says that's true for any sort of magic but especially something really challenging.



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2010-08-30 02:18:22](#)**  
(no subject)

I might like to have a look at it when we're at school, if you don't mind.




 **[alt\\_seamus](#)** at **[2010-08-30 03:12:45](#)**  
(no subject)

Sure, you'd be welcome to.

Mr Rosier says there's a similar book for Slytherins called 'Purpose and Subtlety.' And the Ravenclaw one is 'Test and Mystery' and the Hufflepuff one is 'You'll Manage It

||| Eventually, Keep At It' but I think he was joking about that last one.



 **[alt\\_percy](#)** at **[2010-08-30 21:01:54](#)**  
*(no subject)*

Madam Hooch is the new Head of Gryffidor.



**[2010-08-29 21:30:00](#)**

*Waning Summer*

I've been busy, packing much into these last days before the academic term begins. Pembrokeshire. Berkshire. Cumbria. Bucks. Dorset. All quick stops for this and that item. I've collected respectable numbers of gall wasps, stiletto flies, wormwood moonshiners, and cockchafer beetles, plus more late-season plants than I could list in a reasonable space. I'm on my way back to the castle by a circuitous route, but I'll arrive there well ahead of the Hogwarts Express.




 [alt\\_poppy](#)

I trust that all of the young people preparing for their return to school have had as lovely a long vacation as I have had--and I hope each and every one of them is taking all precautions to return to us in good health.

I wish you all fair fortune until we meet again.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at **[2010-08-30 03:53:37](#)**

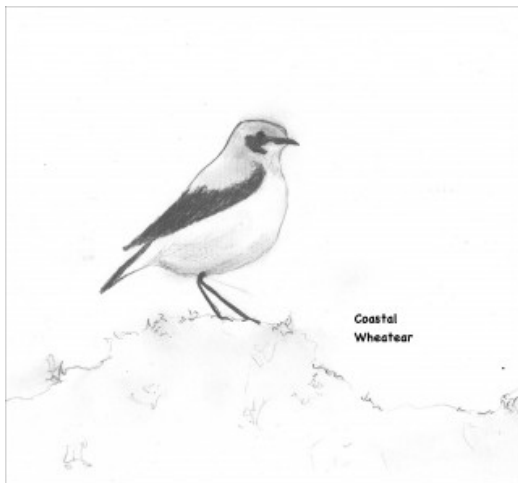
*Order Only: Moddey Dhoo*

While I've done all those things in the course of this collecting junket, I have, of course, spent the end of my holiday here at the Sanctuary with Alice and the children. And with Frank since his return. Rest assured, I was not leaving here until I'd had a chance to examine that knee. I do hope I've managed to do him some good in that regard.

The children and I made short work of check ups, in no small part due to the very fine care they've had now that McGivern is here to brew curatives for them. Of course, it didn't hurt that the weather played us foul and kept us pent up inside for most of my visit--so very different from last summer, when we went rambling and scrambling over the paths to the shore and back, through marsh and meadow, collecting samples of everything in our way, including quite a vivid case of sunburn. This time, however, the August drizzle set in on Man, assuring that we would find comfort in keep's cozy confines. We've enjoyed hearty soups and fresh vegetables alongside broiled fish and utterly indulgent sweets. This lot know how to make and appreciate a good meal! And we've told stories, played games, and sung until our voices could sing no more. (Do you know the one

about the Jolly, Jocund Rover?--I've a suspicion Frank knew several verses of which the rest were innocent--or the one about Millicent Malaprop, whose folly knew no stop? I don't believe I'd heard either of those before, but my experience of the world has now been much enriched!)

I shall miss them all fiercely, every one of my friends here. But I will most especially feel the loss of young Mr Creevey, who has blossomed into a fine wizard and who continues to be a generous and skilled artist. We compared sketchbooks, he and I, and I was unsurprised to see how much his pencilwork has improved. He very kindly shared some pointers with me and has told me that, of the items I sketched this summer, it is this small sketch of a Wheatear from my days on Lundy that seems most successful to his eye.



Of course, I sketch for my own record-keeping and have very little ambition to excel at the craft. Nonetheless, I admit to taking some care with my work and to finding it pleasurable to compare notes with someone as truly adept as he is.


Alice, Frank. Thank you for so many pleasant hours! This small holiday will fortify me for many days to come. I will be quite sorry to leave tomorrow morning, though leave I must. Do take care. I've suggested to young Kevin that he should feel no imperative to continue growing at the pace he's been keeping: at that rate, you'll have him running rings about you before you can say Winston Whizbang, and then what you'll do, I can't imagine. I don't suppose for a moment that he'll take my council, so I'd suggest you brace yourself for an exciting year to come!

And I would be remiss were I to fail to thank you for including my

willow in the memorial garden--such a lovely, meaningful space!--and such a meaningful way to remember my loved ones, Rafe and Rue. They've been gone so many years, and yet one never escapes the loss. I shall add a fond memory of our afternoon in that newly established garden to all the small memories I keep for each of them. And I now I may look forward to next summer when I can return to see how our plantings have flourished.


You are both and all very dear to me.



 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2010-08-30 03:58:28](#)  
*Re: Order Only: Moddey Dhoo*


I miss you already, Poppy dear. It is always so good to have you come and visit, and, as always, it never lasts as long as it should!



 [alt\\_terry](#) at [2010-08-30 20:58:57](#)  
*(no subject)*

boot will be happy to see madam pomfrey again.



 [alt\\_poppy](#) at [2010-08-31 00:05:39](#)  
*(no subject)*

Ah, Mr Boot!

I, too, will be most pleased to return to the structure and routines of the castle. I must admit I'm less fond of sleeping rough these days than I once was. Getting old, I expect.



 [alt\\_sinistra](#) at [2010-08-31 01:33:16](#)  
*Private message to Poppy Pomfrey*

Glad to hear you're heading safely back: I've been rather at loose ends, what with a fair portion of the staff gone. I'm looking forward to hearing about your adventures, and generally catching up. (Did you get a chance to see any starry skies while you were out rambling? I've had far less gazing time than I wanted, though I've had a chance to do more this past week.)

The YPL trips were... well, you've seen the journals, but I've other stories that might amuse you as well. Mostly the same old things and little dramas and moments best appreciated by other people who have to deal with the same students from time to time.

Tea when you get back? I know the first day is always chaos, and you'll have first years needing reassurance (and need to deal with whatever new pranks the older ones have come up with.) But sometime this week, I hope?



 **[alt\\_poppy](#) at 2010-08-31 15:54:33**

*Re: Private message to Poppy Pomfrey*

Oh, yes indeed! Tea would be lovely.

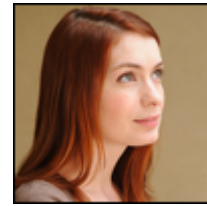
I plan to arrive late afternoon today. Perhaps I will see you at supper?

**2010-08-29 22:10:00**

*ORDER ONLY*

Hello hello!

I realised I haven't written anything in an age and a half, so here goes. Keisha is settling in wonderfully -- she's a bit underweight, but Poppy was able to check her out thoroughly and give her a clean bill of health, and she's already started plumping up a bit. We've thoroughly enjoyed Poppy's visit, and she got quite the personalized tour of the Memorial Garden from Colin.



 [alt\\_alice](#)

We've been enjoying a wealth of fresh veg this summer -- even with sending as many young plants as we did to the Sherwood group, we still clocked in a rather impressive harvest that we'll take full advantage of this winter.

Divyesh Shah has been hard at work this summer practicing his wandwork -- I think he's trying his hardest to catch up with Colin and Alec, even though we've told him at least once already that it isn't a race, and they've had a full year more than he has besides. He starts up Charms, Potions, and Transfiguration right alongside Colin and Alec next week, even though he'll be doing more remedial work. This is the first time we've had two different classes of children in the magical courses (even though Divyesh is a class of one), and although we've gotten quite good at the general classes, it'll be interesting to juggle different skill levels when it comes to magic.


Since all the security scares this summer, we've had to severely curb our earlier plans to open the school to Muggle students, which is an enormous shame. We're still planning on taking on one or two of Davidson's people to see whether we can pass along some basics as to our schooling, and Judith has been working up a collection of lesson plans that can be passed along to any school-aged children that come to Sherwood. Who knows what will happen in the coming months in terms of our relationship with the people of Sherwood, but I hope we're able to continue making inroads there, and if they cannot come to us, perhaps we'll have to make some visits to them.

Other than that, I must admit to feeling more than the usual anxiety about the start of the term this year. My sweet baby girl is starting her first year at Hogwarts, and my little man is going into his third, and I can't help but worry. Even when that awful monster was going around

petrifying everyone last year, I still believed that Hogwarts was a safe place for my children. Now, I'm not so very sure, and my first impulse is to have them here with me. Am I blowing this entirely out of proportion? I don't think my concerns are unfounded, and in times like these, a good deal more is at stake than simply exposing them to a little schoolyard teasing.

I hope things go well, but the fact that I don't know for certain that they will is nerve-wracking. So I'm sending good thoughts their way, hoping for the best, and preparing for all eventualities. Thank Merlin you are Headmistress, Minerva. It does help a little to know that you will be able to keep an eye on both Neville and Evelyn.

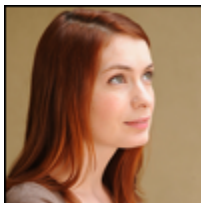



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2010-08-30 16:13:08](#)**  
(no subject)

Allie, if Neville's inherited your good sense and Frank's stubbornness, he'll be fine. (On the other hand, if he's inherited Frank's patience and your sense of outrage, you're right to worry.)

I've decided not to head back down to London. Harry's only there for a day or two more and then he'll be on the train to Hogwarts himself, and I reckon Minerva can look out for him well enough there. Turner wanted me to come back to Sherwood - but I don't think that's wise. For one thing, too long around the genuine article and they'll lose faith, won't they?

And I've got an owl from Terrie. Reminding me that I promised I'd come explain properly. So I think I'll be off to Hertfordshire.



 **[alt\\_alice](#)** at **[2010-08-30 19:13:43](#)**  
(no subject)

It's not Neville I'm worried about. It's everyone else.

I do think you might be more of a distraction than a help at Sherwood, but stopping by here and there certainly can't hurt, as long as it isn't too disruptive. John is very excited about some experimental programmes he's setting up with defence that I think could use a bit of your skill -- there's an awful lot of rusty wands over there, and you are certainly not lacking on inventiveness.

Be careful at Hertfordshire, love. You probably already know I'd say something like that, but it does bear repeating from time to time.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2010-08-30 19:57:47](#)

*(no subject)*

I think ....

Well, Frank could tell you what it was like, being there. I think 'distraction' would put it mildly.

Anyway, they might be better off learning on their own. MLE won't be able to anticipate their duelling styles as easily.

I'm not saying I wouldn't pop in on them now and then, if it's needed. But I've no formal training, not like Frank or Kingsley or you. Like I said, I'm sure I'd shatter their illusions on a close-up inspection, so.

And I'll be fine. You knew I'd say that, as well.



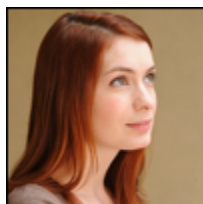
 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2010-08-30 21:41:52](#)

*(no subject)*

thinking with our other head, are we?

can't say I blame you overly much seeing how it's been a bit of a dry spell, between me and Kingsley you didn't stand much of a chance.

how did the rest of suffolk go?




 [alt\\_alice](#) at [2010-08-30 21:50:24](#)

*(no subject)*

Frank!




 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2010-08-30 21:53:14](#)  
(no subject)

I am not. I'm thinking of how she threatened to blow all our covers if I didn't tell her the truth and how she still might if I don't catch her up soon.

The rest of Harry's holiday, you mean? Fine, I suppose. No signs of anything untoward. MLE were all over the area, and the Azkaban guards, but - I dunno, it didn't seem to bother me as much as I thought it would do. I suppose that's down to their handlers keeping them well out of the way.




 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2010-08-30 21:55:48](#)  
(no subject)

just yanking your leash, man.

what about all that talk about black dogs? you scare the locals?




 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2010-08-30 22:10:36](#)  
(no subject)

Yeah. Well, Crouch's insults aside, I'm not that randy a bugger.

As for frightening anyone - well, the *Landing* still offered Padfoot scraps, so I don't think the locals really thought they were seeing a Grim.




 [alt\\_frank](#) at [2010-08-30 22:16:29](#)  
(no subject)

good to know.






 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2010-08-31 02:08:23](#)**  
(no subject)

Hold your hippogriffs, Sirius Black!

Do you mean to tell me that this woman has threatened blackmail? You are absolutely not to go anywhere near her or that camp of hers if that is the case.

No. Absolutely not.



 **[alt\\_sirius](#)** at **[2010-08-31 02:43:15](#)**  
(no subject)


Oh, for Merlin's --

I don't honestly think she meant it, Poppy. Well, maybe before I told her what was going on. But not afterward.

Look, I haven't told her when I'm coming. I can do this two ways. I could sneak up on the place as Padfoot and watch her a few days, see if she's in contact with MLE for any reason. Or I could owl her and tell her when I'm coming, and then sneak up on the place as Padfoot before I'm supposed to arrive, and see if anyone from MLE are watching her.

Which do you prefer? Because either way she knows I'm alive.



 **[alt\\_poppy](#)** at **[2010-08-31 03:20:09](#)**  
(no subject)

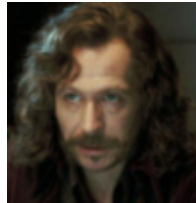
I prefer you to be straight with us, young man.


First you dodge Frank's accusation that you are thinking with something other than your brains by maintaining that this woman has threatened all your identities. And then you tell me she didn't really mean it.

I'd say you're saying whatever suits your purpose and none of it honest.

So.

Third time's the charm. But tell me another untruth, and I'll hex you.




 **alt\_sirius** at [2010-08-31 03:36:04](#)  
(no subject)

When I tried to 'dodge' her without telling her who I really was, back in the camps, she threatened to scream and raise a ruckus. As soon as I admitted that she was right and we were there in disguise, and furthermore who I was, she changed her tune.

That doesn't change the fact that she made me promise to come see her and explain everything properly, and that if I don't, she might panic and tell someone what little she does know.


Does that clarify it for you, ma'am?



 **alt\_sirius** at [2010-08-31 04:11:58](#)  
(no subject)


And I'm still quite willing to sniff about first to make sure MLE haven't got to her. Or she to them.



 **alt\_poppy** at [2010-08-31 16:07:48](#)  
(no subject)

Now you're talking better sense.




 **alt\_alice** at [2010-08-30 21:43:56](#)  
(no subject)

Not all of it comes down to duelling -- I think one of the projects he was keen on involved coming up with defence maneuvers for Muggles, to see if they can gain a bit more of an advantage than

they currently have (which is slim to none).

At the very least you should write him, he could use a sounding board, and you are rather brilliant at Transfiguration which might help. And like you said yourself, if you don't have formal training, you're more likely to come up with something no-one has seen before.

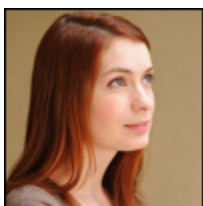



 **alt\_molly** at [2010-08-30 20:44:12](#)  
(no subject)

Arthur will be so pleased to hear that young Keisha is thriving. And that's good news about Divyesh. I don't have quite as clear a memory of him as I do of Colin and Katherine and Freddy (of course, it would be difficult for any boy to get a word in edgewise whenever Freddy's around.) I hope he's become a little less shy this year. I do remember that he was particularly good at maths, wasn't he?

I hope to see Neville and Evelyn when we take the children to King's Cross on September 1, and perhaps Augusta and I can grab a moment afterwards for a cuppa. I'll send you and Frank a full report.

I was thinking: would you like me to come to the Sanctuary to assist with the fall harvest and canning for a few days, once the children are off at school? No need if you think I'll be in the way more than a help. I will be able to bring a couple more bee hives with me. Two of my hives have split and I have some queens to spare.



 **alt\_alice** at [2010-08-30 21:37:40](#)  
(no subject)

That would be lovely, Molly, all round. I'd just love to see you, and it does my heart good to know you'll be able to touch base with Augusta as well.

And yes, Divyesh is rather brilliant at maths. It's a shame none of us specialised in Arithmancy, because I'm sure he'd take to it well. Laura's been brushing up on it a little, as she took it up through her OWLs, but it's been ages, so we'll see what she can come up with.

**2010-08-30 09:42:00**

*going to Diagon Alley today*

Probably everyone else has their books already so I won't see anyone -- well, until Wednesday, anyway. We're buying books and the other things on the list. It's just going to be me and Jeremy, Mrs Stretton has a meeting at Gringott's, I think she wants to find out what the goblins think of the idea of authorising people through the journals to move money around the vaults.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at **2010-08-30 15:00:26**

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

I've mostly been shut up with journals and an order book, but yesterday Mrs Stretton sent me on an errand to the estate where they make whiskey, and I heard some of the muggles talking.

They think that Sirius Black is alive.

More than that, they think that someone HERE saw him alive. In the Protectorate, I mean. And that they knew for certain it was him, not a wizard using polyjuice potion ('that wizard trick that lets them look like someone else' is what they called polyjuice) because of things he'd said.

The thing that was most interesting was this wasn't news. It was two men talking, but one wasn't trying to persuade the other, it was a fact they both knew that they were discussing again. They were wondering if there'd been any sightings near Coventry, and how he got into the Protectorate, and whether he died and was brought back to life somehow and that's how he got through the wards.

Then they started going on about King Arthur.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at **2010-08-30 15:33:57**

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

Wish it were true.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-30 15:37:46](#)

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

It is.

At least according to Gr Hermione.



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2010-08-30 23:08:49](#)

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

Well, but does she really know anything? I mean. How do we know what she knows? Maybe it's just rumours.

I dunno.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-31 02:31:13](#)

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

Yeah.

~~It'd be pretty rotten of her to lead us on like that, now, wouldn't it?~~

*She is just a*

You've got a point.



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2010-08-30 20:35:01](#)

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

We'll want to see any notes you end up taking in that Dark Arts class, if you don't mind letting us do a duplication spell, Perks.

It might help us come up with counter jinxes and such if either of the Carrows try something ugly this year.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-30 21:20:13](#)

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

You'd be welcome.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-30 19:09:39](#)

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

Mrs Stretton just gave us each some money to buy the books and things on our lists -- the required supplies from the Ministry this year said how much each thing cost, so she added up and that's how much she gave

me.

Only, I looked around and found used copies of about half my books, so I had some left over. I was afraid Mrs Stretton wouldn't let me keep it so I spent it all right away, mostly on books, I found a good one on elementary transfiguration that might help me tutor Neville plus I got that book Finnigan has been going on about, except I bought the one that's for Slytherins. The one on Dark Arts.

I don't know if I told everyone, I did get in to Dark Arts.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-30 19:14:41](#)

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

I figured you would!



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-30 19:20:07](#)

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

I know already that I'm going to HATE that class without you in it with me.



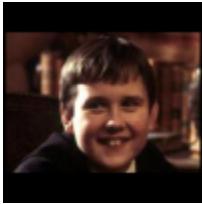
 [alt\\_pansy](#) at [2010-08-30 21:30:16](#)

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

I'm pretty sure I'd be just awful at it, you know.

I must admit to being curious about what all you'll be learning, and I'll bet some of it will be just dead

cool.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2010-08-30 20:32:29](#)

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

You got into Dark Arts?

Blimey.

It was ever so nice of you to spend your extra money on a book to help me. I'll be grateful for the Transfiguration tutoring, thanks.

I just wish I could drop that subject. I'm afraid Professor Carrow's going to be a nightmare this year. More than he usually is, I mean.

Well, I suppose I wouldn't mind what he does to me so much as long as he leaves Evelyn alone. But I bet he won't.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-30 21:21:46](#)

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

I hadn't even thought about how he's going to treat your sister.

I think he's a tiny bit less awful to girls he dislikes than boys he dislikes, if that helps at all.

Which House do you think she'll be Sorted into?



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2010-08-31 02:28:31](#)


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

Well, I admit I hope it's Gryffindor. But she's not at all sure whether she'd rather be in Gryffindor or Hufflepuff.



I think she'd be happier if she ended up in Gryffindor. At least then we'd be together, which would be good especially if it turns out to be a hard year. But I don't like to say anything to her in case she ends up somewhere else. Don't want her to think I'm disappointed in her or anything.



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2010-08-31 01:03:48](#)**  
(no subject)


I've had my books for ages. Why in Protectorate did Mrs Stretton decide to wait so long? I suppose that jam business keeps her busy, though.



 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)** at **[2010-08-31 03:35:48](#)**  
(no subject)

They've been experimenting with taking orders through the private journal entries and it's made things utterly mad around here.



 **[alt\\_hydra](#)** at **[2010-08-31 01:26:36](#)**  
*Private message to Sally Anne Perks*


Sally Anne,

I don't know if you know her at all or if you feel safe saying anything, but can you please tell Luna Lovegood to strike out what she said about Sirius Black? I can't say anything myself, Mummy will see and ask me about it, but she doesn't know you.

If she stands out and talks back now Mummy will never forget her, not ever. And she'll do what she says.

From,  
Hydra



 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)** at **[2010-08-31 03:39:09](#)**  
*Re: Private message to Sally Anne Perks*

Hydra, I didn't see your message until after I saw that Luna had already scratched out what she said about Sirius Black.



But thank you, it was kind of you to think of Luna. Do you think your mother will be happy now she's crossed it out or should she write something else as well?



 **[alt\\_hydra](#)** at **[2010-08-31 13:20:33](#)**

*Re: Private message to Sally Anne Perks*

There's nothing else she can write, really. Sometimes it's best to stop talking. I thought she was a Ravenclaw, but that wasn't clever at all.

From,  
Hydra



 **[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)** at **[2010-08-31 13:31:43](#)**

*Re: Private message to Sally Anne Perks*

She is a Ravenclaw but she's a very odd one.

**2010-08-30 10:01:00**

*(no subject)*

We may be easing back into our regular activities, but it is certainly going to be a hectic couple of days while Draco prepares to return to school.



 [alt\\_narcissa](#)

I've convinced Lucius we should give our son a farewell supper tomorrow and offered Draco his choice of venue. He does take after his father: It did not take ten seconds' deliberation before he requested The Wolsley. Though I see myself in his wish for an intimate affair after being surrounded for the last week by so many additional people. Rest assured, son, I would not have your send-off any other way.

His growing collection of luggage also reminds me of myself. (Yes, Mother, I'm sure you are laughing; I can hear you all the way from Blackmoor Park.) But now we have added guitars and brooms to his trunks it is quite an impressive array.

Meanwhile, Lucius is back to the considerable demands of his schedule and I have my own way of recovering from holiday in order to prepare for the immensely busy autumn. I think Lucius also plans Draco to accompany him to London before supper tomorrow, to complete a few final errands of our son's which would be too embarrassing to accomplish with his mother in tow. And then he'll be on the train and summer will truly be over.



 [alt\\_crouch\\_jr](#) at **2010-08-30 14:44:59**

*(no subject)*


The boy needs an entourage to help port his luggage. Travers and I used to count on Pummel and Dyson to see to that sort of thing. Between the two of them, they could get six trunks from the platform to the horseless carriages in 45 seconds.

Yes. We did time them!

I'm on training detail this week unless something comes up that trumps hexing the fledglings. We're just finished with our first session of the morning, and I can see why Forney's enjoying it so much. There's something satisfying about wiping the smug looks off

those young faces. But that doesn't last all day: apparently they can't take a full day's work yet, so I'm to usher them to tea at half-three, pat them on their wee heads, and bid them adieu until the next day. I don't remember having such a soft time of it when I trained, but I'm told times were different then. At any rate, it leaves me free to see to things that need my attention--and Merlin knows there are enough of those to keep life interesting.



 **[alt\\_narcissa](#)** at **[2010-08-30 14:54:13](#)**  
(no subject)

The elves do well enough to get him to the train, but I'm sure there are several who would gladly vie for the honour of carting on his behalf. He's quite popular among his peers, as you know. In fact, young Crabbe and Goyle look up to him quite a bit. Though I am not certain they could move that quickly, even with an impending threat.

And he's been hinting at an owl of his own, just to add to the confusion.

I admit I sympathise with your trainees. I'm back in *Witch Weekly's* offices today but I'm not certain I can take a full afternoon of it myself.




 **[alt\\_crouch\\_jr](#)** at **[2010-08-30 15:10:19](#)**  
(no subject)

There's no comparison between you and my charges: this programme is their only concern. Or it ought to be if they have any hope of earning a place at MLE. Not one of them has a spouse or child to concern her or demand time from her schedule; not one of them has any significant outside commitment to balance against his work here.


But they will be less soft before this week ends--or they'll be looking for a different profession to apprentice.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2010-08-31 00:33:23](#)  
(no subject)

I don't have that much luggage. Only what's required to get me through that many months away from home and decent shops. And I'm packing more this time because of what happened last year, with the sickness.




 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2010-08-31 00:39:21](#)  
(no subject)

I'm sure it doesn't matter how *much* one brings, Draco, but Mr Crouch's point is well-taken, and I believe fits well with your conversations with your father regarding your cohorts.

I hope we shall none of us have to endure another year like last year's as far as illness is concerned.



 [alt\\_draco](#) at [2010-08-31 01:01:04](#)  
(no subject)

Well, there is that, but Crabbe and Goyle can be clumsy, too. I don't want them dropping anything, especially the guitar.

I hope not as well.




 [alt\\_narcissa](#) at [2010-08-31 01:30:05](#)  
(no subject)

I think you can do better than that, my son. Unless you are playing at being as obtuse as that poor addled Lovegood child.

It may help to note that Messrs Pummel and Dyson were a year behind Mr Crouch in school.




 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2010-08-31 01:56:06](#)**  
(no subject)

Well I don't know when Mr Crouch went to school, or when Messrs Pummel and Dyson went, except that it was ages ago.

But even so, it wouldn't do to make Hydra carry everything.




 **[alt\\_hydra](#)** at **[2010-08-31 02:07:48](#)**  
(no subject)

I won't!  
Or if I do, you'll get everything back minus your sweets.

From,  
Hydra




 **[alt\\_lucius](#)** at **[2010-08-31 02:11:16](#)**  
(no subject)

Dear me, by comparison, your mother and I must have attended Hogwarts at the dawn of civilisation.

I thought you said young Warrington hung about you quite a lot last year.



 **[alt\\_draco](#)** at **[2010-08-31 02:12:44](#)**  
(no subject)

Sometimes. Or tried to, at least. Bode might be harder to convince, however.

**[2010-08-30 14:59:00](#)**

## *Rumours and News*

Under the 'Rumour' category:

Professor Hooch is going to be the new Head of Gryffindor.



 [alt\\_luna](#)

The Slytherin Common Room is going to swap places with the Ravenclaw Common Room, and the Ravenclaw colours will be changing to green and silver, and the Slytherin colours will be changing to blue and bronze. I don't quite believe that one, myself.


Sirius Black is alive, and he was last seen trying to buy a dinner of fish and chips in Manchester. The innkeeper screeched when he recognised his face from the wanted poster, and then when they tried to seize him, Sirius Black sprang into a portrait of King Arthur with the Knights of the Round Table that was hanging on the wall and he mounted the horses of one of the Knights and galloped away, disappearing out of the frame. Which would be quite a neat trick, really, if it's true. I have been told I must not talk about this. Perhaps the method of escape is a secret that the Ministry does not want to get out. Anyway, I am sorry for talking about paintings. Or people who might appear in them.

Under the 'News' category:

A Brindled Cowleree was spotted in Surrey. This is quite exciting, because there haven't been any reports of them in probably at least fifty years or so.

**THERE ARE NO RUMOURS. THERE IS NO NEWS. I AM SORRY.**



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2010-08-30 20:20:07](#)  
(no subject)

It is true that Professor Hooch will be the new Head of Gryffindor.


The rest, I can assure you, is merely rubbish.



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2010-08-30 20:26:16](#)  
(no subject)

And she'll continue refereeing the Quidditch matches? Excellent!



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2010-08-30 20:27:53](#)  
(no subject)

Hardly. That would certainly be a conflict of interest. If there's a match in which Gryffindor plays, another professor will referee.


Possibly Professor Brutka, since he's not affiliated with any particular House.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-30 21:24:37](#)  
(no subject)

I've heard Ravenclaw has quite a nice common room but I don't expect either House would go for a swap.

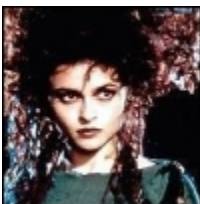


 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2010-08-31 00:03:13](#)  
(no subject)

Um. Okay.

What's a cowleree meant to be? Some kind of cow? Or a bird?

And d'you mean someone saw it or snuck up on it and painted it in spots?



 [alt\\_bellatrix](#) at [2010-08-31 00:20:24](#)  
(no subject)

Small one, I suggest you strike that blaspheme from your journal right this minute, lest I wrench you from your cosy foster home and toss you to the vilest of all camps.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-31 00:53:53](#)

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

Don't you have anything better to do with your time than prowl around the journals looking to see if anyone's said anything wrong so you can intimidate them? You miserable old bag.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-31 00:55:45](#)

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

And Ron FOR THE LOVE OF MERLIN don't let your sister answer her back. Hide her journal if you have to. (She goes spare every time anyone says anything remotely nasty to Luna, but it's really going to do Luna no favours if Ginny starts arguing with Bellatrix Lestrange. Nor your family.)



 [alt\\_ron](#) at [2010-08-31 01:53:44](#)

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

Yeah, I think she knows. Mum's given us all a lecture about what we write here.

Well not just here here, in Luna's pages, but in the journals altogether.



 [alt\\_luna](#) at [2010-08-31 01:12:04](#)

*(no subject)*

~~Why should talking about Crowserees get me into trouble?~~




 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2010-08-31 01:13:38](#)

*(no subject)*

Not that, dear. I think you need to go back and scratch out the paragraph about, well, the individual that you mentioned in Manchester.






 [alt\\_luna](#) at [2010-08-31 01:14:09](#)  
(no subject)

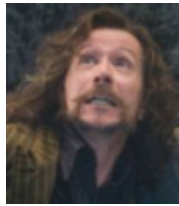
It it illegal to mention his name now, then?


I didn't know that.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2010-08-31 01:19:55](#)  
*Order Only*


Oh, dear. The girl will be obtuse. It's so hard to tell whether it's deliberate or not.



 [alt\\_sirius](#) at [2010-08-31 02:46:38](#)  
*Re: Order Only*

Merlin, Molly.




 [alt\\_bellatrix](#) at [2010-08-31 01:21:49](#)  
(no subject)

Oh yes, I remember your father now. Operated for oh-so long by convincing everyone that he wasn't traitorous in his thinking, oh no, just creative and batty. I see you are taking the same approach. I can assure you, small one, that it will end you up precisely where it ended him.

Get rid of it. Now.

There's a good girl.



 [alt\\_bill](#) at [2010-08-31 01:29:05](#)  
*Order Only*

Merlin. This is as close as she or anyone else has come to admitting that Xenophilius Lovegood didn't die in that bloody epidemic. They had him killed.

Mum, you have to do something. Floo her or apparate to her house, or something, but get that bloody journal entry erased.



 **[alt\\_molly at 2010-08-31 01:29:18](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

I'm on it.



 **[alt\\_bill at 2010-08-31 01:32:14](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

Thank goodness. Hope that will get Lestrage off her back now.

Was it difficult to convince her?



 **[alt\\_molly at 2010-08-31 01:37:38](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

Convince her? There wasn't bloody time for that! I Flooed over to the Brown's, marched in, seized her journal from her, scratched out the entire entry and wrote that message across the bottom myself. (The Browns themselves were out; it was just Luna there. Fortunately.)

Oooh, how I wish I could HEX that monster!



 **[alt\\_bill at 2010-08-31 01:55:17](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

Well, that's a drastic solution, certainly, but it was probably the best one.



 **[alt\\_molly at 2010-08-31 01:56:28](#)**

*Re: Order Only*

Oh, dear.

Bill, I'll get back to you later. Luna has...well,

she's quite fallen apart. I'm going to turn my attention to her now.



**[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at 2010-08-31 03:42:00**

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

I thought Mr Lovegood died from the sickness. Isn't that why they declared Luna a halfblood?

Now they're saying he was a traitor?

Maybe he's actually alive and in Azkaban. It sounds like that's what she's saying. Does it sound that way to anyone else?



**[alt\\_ron](#) at 2010-08-31 16:00:55**

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

Yeah. There's something fishy.

It was Mum who went to the Browns and made Luna change what she wrote. And Mum's been really odd about it. Read us all the riot about what we say where Mrs Lestrangle can see it. But she wouldn't answer any questions about Mr Lovegood.

I mean, I don't believe for a minute that Luna's a halfblood. That was so queer when it happened, it just. It didn't feel true. And I know Mum and Dad don't believe it. And they should know. I mean, they knew Mr Lovegood as well as anyone probably. But they're not telling us kids anything.



**[alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at 2010-08-31 17:07:01**

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

I'm glad your mum went quickly.

Hydra left me a message I didn't see until later, she wanted me to write a private message to Luna telling her exactly what she needed to cross out because she was afraid of what would happen if Luna made her mum any angrier. Hydra couldn't do it herself because her mum would see and

make her show her what she'd written, but she could write to me, and she thought I could write to Luna.



 **alt\_ron** at [2010-08-31 17:18:31](#)

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

Hydra told you to tell Luna...

That's

I'm glad we've got private messages now. But that's just-- And like you said, Mrs Lestrangle can see who you're writing to and privating it or whatever, so it's just

complicated.

This spell's so much better. It's too bad we couldn't give something like it to Hydra if she's going against her mum. And Luna.

Actually, I kind of wish we could let Luna in. I feel bad for her. It'd be like for Terry Boot: he can talk to us, and if he needs help we can figure out something to do.

But Luna's not like Terry. I don't mean about being a muggleborn. It's just that Luna's

unpredictable. I don't think she'd say anything about us if we did let her in, but

it's hard to know with Luna. She doesn't see things the way other people do. And sometimes she just does loopy stuff. And anywiz, now the Aurors are watching her. Or maybe they were all along and that's why Mrs Lestrangle read what she wrote, y'know? Like she's specially looking into what Luna does and says.

I dunno.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#) at [2010-08-31 17:39:32](#)

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

Luna IS unpredictable and odd.


I do think that if she knew about this lock she would never tell a soul, ever, no matter what, I mean even if she were cruciated I think she'd never breathe a word.

But she's not very good at lying and misdirecting. The risk with Luna is that the wrong person would KNOW she was hiding SOMETHING.

Hydra --

Last year she believed that muggleborns were born when a human and a PIG had a baby, do you remember her asking Hermione about that? It's what her mother told her. Only an IDIOT could believe something that stupid, and Hydra isn't an idiot -- I think she believed it because she's so afraid to question her mum in any way.



 [alt\\_neville](#) at [2010-08-31 19:33:49](#)

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

Wow. It sure does sound strange, doesn't it?

Not sure if she's saying that he's still alive. But it doesn't sound like she thinks it was the epidemic that killed him. Unless she honestly thinks that people who are, er, traitorous caught the disease and loyal people didn't.

I don't think she's thick enough to believe something like that, somehow.




 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2010-08-31 01:26:22](#)

*(no subject)*

That's not it, dear. It's just that it's very wrong to even suggest that Sirius Black might be alive. Of course we all know that perfectly ridiculous. And

it was Mrs Lestrangle who had the honour of killing him, you see. So if you imply or say anything that suggests that he is alive, it is, well, quite a serious affront to Mrs Lestrangle's honour. Do you see?



 [alt\\_bellatrix](#) at [2010-08-31 01:16:49](#)  
(no subject)


Am I supposed to be able to read that niffler-scratch? I thought Hogwarts required that students be at least literate before admitting them. How said to see the degree to which things have changed.



 [alt\\_bellatrix](#) at [2010-08-31 01:35:57](#)  
(no subject)

Nicely done, small one. I certainly do look forward to reading your future writings.



 [alt\\_molly](#) at [2010-08-31 01:58:47](#)  
*Order Only*

Oh yes, I'm sure it will entirely please you to read people's words when they write things that are NOTHING BUT LIES.

**2010-08-30 18:36:00**

*Private message to the Lord Protector*



 [alt\\_hydra](#)

Dear Lord,

I'm so sorry that I haven't written to You in some time.

I was very busy with some obligations, such as visiting friends and also my family's holiday to the seaside.

I had a very nice time, and ~~Mother sai~~ it was remarkable to see how rich and wonderous life is in even the far reaches of Your Kingdom. I've been thinking about You, though, and ~~the lovely time~~ how we spent the last afternoon that we had tea at Buckingham.

I might have told You before, but I really think the room that You take tea in is just lovely, the chairs are so comfortable, and those scones that Your elves serve are the best that I've ever tasted.

A friend of mine said that they must be made with real butter and cream.

But besides the scones I mostly like what we talk about.

I was worried that You might be cross with me for what I said about Mother, but she really does confuse me some of the time, especially with the way that she speaks of me to other people and the way that she speaks when we're alone.

I really did think she was happy about my meetings with You, and even on our trip I heard her telling the locals about it, almost boasting.

But in private she doesn't seem quite as happy about it.

Thank You so much for listening, I know that You have so much more important things to think about than what is going on with a school girl like me.

And thank You for not laughing when I told You how I felt about Tom. He didn't laugh, either, when I told him, and I appreciated it very much.

Are You ?

Sometimes I miss him.

I don't know how to tell anyone else that without them thinking that I'm a nutter.

School will start soon, and I feel ready, I think.

I might have new friends, and if not, there's always Harry and Draco and Pansy.

And Tevis, too.

I wish there were a way to keep up our tea times together.

Maybe if You still want to have one sometime, You could come to the school, because they'll probably let You do what You want there, I think.

They already let Uncle Lucius do what he wants, so of course they'll let You.

There's more I'd like to talk about someday, if we can.

It's probably silly, but when we were at the cottage I just wondered some things, like if You ever took holidays, and if so where, and what sort of things You liked to do when You were my age.

I know You're so busy and probably don't think about those days any more, ever.

It's just that if You ever wanted to, You could.

With me, I mean.

From,  
Hydra



**[2010-08-31 12:17:00](#)**

*Summer drawing to a close*



 [alt\\_molly](#)

I've been so busy it's been hard to sit down with my journal. We got back from the Stornoway Sunday afternoon (our visit with Charlie). I was afraid we would be forced to leave early, since some people ventured somewhere that they definitely didn't belong. But eventually, the dragon in question settled down and went back to her eggs and it was determined that they weren't hurt at all. The twins (once they ventured to reappear) took their punishment stoically (we won't go into details) and then spent the rest of the visit doing their utmost to charm all the dragon handlers so that they would be forgiven. And they managed it, too, drat them. Singing songs, telling jokes and funny stories and the like, peppering the handlers with questions. I swear, sometimes I think those two could charm a dementor into joining a sing-along.

I saw one of the few women dragon handlers even pinch George's cheeks right before we left. And Angus Peabody (Charlie's immediate superior) actually told the boys he hoped they would return soon.

Charlie was rolling his eyes so hard behind his back I think he might have sprained something. He hasn't quite forgiven the twins yet.

But aside from that awkwardness (and it was really awkward at first) our visit was wonderful. Stornoway is a beautiful place, with lovely hiking paths all over the island, and every where you turn, of course, you can look out over the sea in all its moods. Lews Castle overlooks the harbor. It was used as a naval hospital back in the 1940s but it was closed before the Protectorate arose. The grounds used to be lovely, they told us, although now they're rather scorched by dragon fire. Apparently there has been a continual tussle with the Ministry about moving the dragon handler quarters into the castle itself, but somehow the budget to make it possible keeps receding into the next financial year. Charlie says that he rather likes the barracks they use instead anyway.


Dragons are fascinating to watch, and of course their scales, hide, eggs and blood are so valuable. I'm tremendously impressed by the caliber of the men and women who live at Stornoway to care for them. It really is essential work that they do. Charlie has obviously well suited to this life, although it can be arduous and sometimes lonely, since the Reserve is rather small. His fellow handlers juggled

schedules with him so that he could devote a few days to showing us around the Island. We toured the village of Gearrannan on the north side of the island, where there are still some houses left with the original blackhouse architecture from the 1700s (well, aside from the thatched roofs of the cottages, which the dragons kept setting alight for fun. They've been replaced with slate roofs. Much less flammable.) And we had a picnic and camped for a night beside Loch Langabhat and stayed up late into the night, talking as we watched the stars overhead.

It was rather a let down to come home. But I know that the bustle here at the Burrow will quiet down when the children head off to King's Cross tomorrow.

Mercy! It's so noisy here today that my ears are ringing--Percy is haranguing the twins because they've hidden his Head Boy badge--but I know I'm going to miss them all horribly once they're gone.




 **alt\_ron** at [2010-08-31 19:02:34](#)  
(no subject)

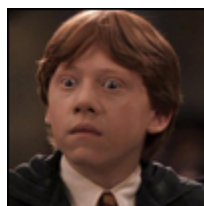
Hey Mum,


Have you seen my broom kit? I can't find it anywhere.



 **alt\_molly** at [2010-08-31 19:14:20](#)  
(no subject)

I don't think so. You might check with Ginny. I can ask Charlie if it got left behind at the guest barracks when I Floo him this evening.



 **alt\_ron** at [2010-08-31 19:40:35](#)  
(no subject)


Ginny?

Wait.

Where's my broom?


Oh, blast! She'd better not--



 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2010-08-31 19:03:20](#)**  
(no subject)


Oh. And yeah, I don't have any socks. D'you know where they are?



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2010-08-31 19:13:48](#)**  
(no subject)

I'm washing all the socks, dear. I'll have the load finished soon, but I would appreciate your help folding them and putting them away.




 **[alt\\_ron](#)** at **[2010-08-31 19:36:47](#)**  
(no subject)

Oh.

er, yeah


but



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2010-08-31 19:57:04](#)**  
(no subject)

Unless you'd rather muck out the goat shed?



 **[alt\\_molly](#)** at **[2010-08-31 19:12:53](#)**  
*Order Only*

I had a wrenching evening last night with Luna.

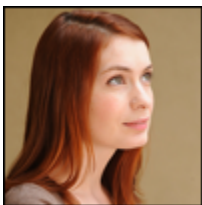
As I said, I nipped over there as quickly as I could when I discovered what she had written in her journal. Thank goodness the Browns weren't there. Once I'd scratched out her entry and scrawled that apologetic message at the bottom, I'm afraid I scolded her quite mercilessly, telling her that she mustn't ever EVER mention Sirius Black in her journal again.

She took it back meekly and then stared down at the journal, open in her lap. And so help me, I went right on scolding her...until I suddenly realised that tear drops were dropping down on the parchment, making the ink run.

She looked up at me and the expression in her eyes--oh, I can't even describe it. 'She said Daddy was a traitor,' she said in that clear, calm way of hers. 'That's why they killed him, didn't they?'

I didn't know what to say. I hadn't any idea that she has managed to put things together like that, but somehow she did. The inside of her mind is such a mystery, but she is a Ravenclaw, after all, and so clever. I just stared at her at a total loss for words until her face crumpled and she collapsed into my arms, and then she cried and cried into my lap as if her heart was breaking. I suppose it was. I haven't ever seen her cry like that for her father, nor for her mother either.

I held her for a long time until she actually cried herself to sleep, as if she were years younger than she was. I was almost frightened by how badly I wanted to tell her about Moddey Dhoo. I know she wouldn't get as solid a magical education there, and Merlin only knows what sorts of trouble could happen if she should simply disappear. But I can't help but feel it might actually be the best place for her. I did extract a promise from her that she won't mention Sirius Black again, and I do think she will keep it. But she's so much like Xeno--her thinking is so odd that it doesn't even occur to you to warn her against doing or saying something that seems absolutely hare-brained that could get her into a cauldron full of hot water, simply because it doesn't even occur to you that she would do such a thing.



 **alt\_alice** at **2010-08-31 19:53:34**

*Re: Order Only*

That is hard, Molly. But I'm so very glad you were there for that little girl.

We'll keep an eye on her too.

I do think that even though it's a hard lesson learned, it's probably better she know that her father didn't die of the sickness, and that she isn't really halfblooded. Not that it changes her situation, but it

might answer some questions she's had about her family, and help her understand how careful she has to be.



 [alt\\_nymphadora](#) at [2010-08-31 21:18:13](#)

*Re: Order Only*

Oh, that poor girl. I wish I could tell her it gets better, but .. well.

At least she has you, Mrs Weasley. I know that must be a great comfort to her.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2010-08-31 21:01:34](#)

*(no subject)*

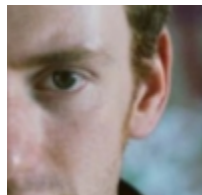
I still haven't found my badge.



 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2010-08-31 21:02:53](#)

*(no subject)*

How careless of you, Perce. Not the sort of behaviour we want to see a Head Boy model.



 [alt\\_percy](#) at [2010-08-31 21:12:17](#)

*(no subject)*

It would be if I had anything to do with it being lost, but I didn't. I left it on the left hand corner of my desk. Someone took it.

And I don't have to think very hard to guess who.




 [alt\\_gredforge](#) at [2010-08-31 21:12:51](#)

*(no subject)*

Well, that's a good thing, then, because you never think very hard anyway.



 **alt\_ron** at [2010-08-31 22:25:44](#)  
(no subject)

Er, Mum?

Could you mend some stuff? I forgot I'd left some things in my trunk from last term.

**2010-08-31 18:27:00**

*Luna*


Here is another sketch for you. i hope you are feeling well.

Ginny



 [alt\\_ginny](#)



 [alt\\_luna](#) at **2010-09-01 13:36:15**  
(no subject)

That's a lovely sketch.

Will I be able to sit with you on the train?

**2010-08-31 19:10:00**

*Private message to Pansy Parkinson*

Jeremy is SUCH A GIT. His parents gave us money to buy our own books and sent us off to Diagon Alley by ourselves. I got some of my textbooks used and used the leftover money to buy more books. Apparently Jeremy decided he didn't need his books at ALL, he'd just borrow from his mates? I thought no one in Ravenclaw was talking to him, but he thought he could get by without books and use the money for who knows what.



 [alt\\_sally\\_anne](#)

His parents are FURIOUS and there is now a huge ROW going on downstairs as I pack.

I. cannot. wait. for. tomorrow.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at **2010-09-01 00:34:40**

*(no subject)*

Ugh.

I'm sorry. That sounds awful.

Just think, by tomorrow, you'll have left them all behind, and you have to come stay with me for an enormous chunk of Christmas hols because of the wedding and all. And getting ready for the wedding. And sorting everything out after, and helping mum write thank-you cards...

I bet I can get you there for an entire week if I don't get into too much trouble between now and then.



 [alt\\_pansy](#) at **2010-09-01 00:36:23**

*(no subject)*

Except for Jeremy, that is. Pity he's coming with. Honestly, how thick can you get for a Ravenclaw?

Well, Loony has that pretty well wrapped up. But

still!