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# **Harry Potter - Three Short Stories**

**Bruce T. Forbes**

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# Introduction

## Harry Patter Fan Fiction

Bruce T. Forbes

2009

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Please read all these stories in the order published as one builds upon the next.

So, what's a Christian Sunday School teacher doing writing Harry Potter stories? While I respect those whose opinion makes Harry Potter out to be the Spawn of Satan just waiting to demonize their children, I do not share their opinion. As one of Israel's top rabbis explained, there are two types of "magic" in literature. First, there is the type that calls on devils and false gods to do things – that's the magic and sorcery that was common at the time the Law of Moses was given and is forbidden by the Holy Bible. Sorry, no demons of false gods in the Harry Potter stories.

Second, there's the manipulation of natural laws – that's not forbidden by the Bible.

What has Harry Potter taught my children? Well, among other things -

- To fight for the Right.
- To lean on and assist friends.
- That Family is is the basic building block of a moral society.
- Not to tease and torment the 'underdog'.
- That Right ultimately triumphs.
- To not give up.
- There is a shred of Good even in the worst person.

And that's just what I can think of off the top of my head.

Enjoy!

# Minerva's Summer Romance

## PART ONE: The Stranger Approaches

Jacob loved Scotland, but only in the summer. Northern winters were getting far too cold for his blood, but just try to keep him in a southern latitude when the heather was in bloom and the skies over the Scottish mountains were as blue as blue could be. This particular June, as in many previous, he was hiking the Highlands clad only in a kilt, hiking boots, and a very broad, hairy chest. His black, curly hair, which hadn't been cut in at least a hundred years, was pulled in a tight, braided ponytail which lay upon the top of his pack and spilled down the back of it, nearly reaching his waist.

Jacob loved the sun and the clear blue sky. He loved the natural heat of the sun touching his body and warming him completely. Most of all, he loved curling up on a large exposed rock and letting the sun warm and recharge him - especially after a long, satisfying meal!

This particular summer Jacob was hiking a range for which most maps gave little or no detail - and blank spots just weren't supposed to exist on twentieth-century maps! It was a wild range, full of deep, dark valleys sliced in between high, narrow ridges - perfect country for hiding a dragon, he thought, smiling. Several times he came upon a quiet, secluded pool and spent a day swimming, feeling as if he was the first human to have ever tread the places. Other times he hiked the ridge lines, the strong summer breeze against his skin.

In the middle of these uncharted Highlands, Jacob came upon the strangest of all sites: a high stone wall punctured only by a double gate which hung between pillars which supported a pair of stone winged boars. And beyond that, on a large knoll overlooking a loch, the largest castle he'd ever seen - and he'd seen a lot of castles!

Inviting himself for a look, Jacob passed between the stone winged boars and started up the long dirt lane that appeared to lead to the castle. It was still morning, and the newly-risen

sun was shining full on the castle, the sun sparkling back from each of the castle's many windows, making it evident there was glass in each and every one - this was not an abandoned structure! He could see several small columns of smoke from various chimneys, testifying that someone still lived here!

Suddenly from around a bend in the lane there was a matronly-looking woman, somewhat slight of build and who carried herself with a calm self-assurance. She wore an emerald green robe and matching witch's hat, and her grey hair, pulled up in a tight bun, was definitely of the sort that had once been a fiery Scottish red, a flame that was still evident in the woman's snapping hazel eyes.

"May I help you?" asked the startled woman.

"Beautiful old castle," Jacob said as he pointed at the knoll above the lock.

"You can see it?" the woman seemed taken aback.

"Yes, shouldn't I?"

"I ask again: May I help you?"

Jacob nodded respectfully and decided to start

the conversation over. "Good Morning, Madam. I've been hiking the Highlands for my summer holiday. I was just admiring your castle..."

"And you can see it? Unaided?" the woman seemed astonished.

"Is there a reason I shouldn't?" Jacob grinned a well-practiced grin. "Is there some sort of magic trying to prevent me from seeing it?"

The older woman looked him up and down several times before answering. "If you can see it, then there's no reason you shouldn't."

"That," Jacob said slowly, "was not an answer."

"And you, Sir," countered the woman, hoping to change the subject, "are half-naked in front of a lady." But Jacob noticed she didn't turn her away but continued to memorize the view.

Jacob laughed as he lowered his pack to the ground and reached in for a plain white shirt with puffy sleeves, which he pulled over his head and then pulled the long ponytail out and let it drop down his back. "Now M'Lady can breathe a little safer," he said with a grin designed to dampen a bit of the fire in the woman's eyes.



"And I thank you, kind Sir," she countered with a slight smile, the fire abating just a bit as she reached for the drawstrings on the front of the shirt, pulled them nearly closed, and tied them in an efficient but nicely-tied bow. "Now: what is your business?"

"As I said, I was admiring your castle. Are there tours?"

"Certainly not; it's a school."

"A school prized for its privacy, I've no doubt."

"Yes, as a matter of ... " But the woman stopped suddenly when her eyes caught sight the man's right hand, which was resting comfortable on the top of his walking stick - his right middle finger held a plain silver ring with ancient scroll work on it. The fire in her eyes hesitated but a second before she looked the man in the face. "Yes; it's a school. But the students were dismissed for their summer holiday yesterday." She paused, still watching the man's ring. "Your name, Sir?"

"Jacob."

"And your family name?"

"Of Ely." And since this was finally a formal introduction, he took her hand in his and kissed it, which dampened a little more of the fire in her eyes. Kiss completed, the woman raised the man's hand to get a better look at the ring - it was exactly what she thought it was! With the man's hand turned over, she could see a small engraving of a sleeping dragon on the palm side of the ring; something not normally visible.

"Well, Jacob of Ely," the woman said slowly, "I think I can arrange a tour for you." Jacob smiled and extended an elbow; a gentlemanly invitation to protect the fair lady on their walk. The woman, enough of a lady to appreciate the gesture, took the elbow, knowing she could then control the speed and direction of the walk.

"You're not from here, are you?"

"As I said, I'm from Ely."

"A few centuries ago, perhaps," the woman said dryly.

"So, you know the ring?"

"I do, Sir. I had a great-grandfather who wore one. His name was... "

McGonagall, I'm guessing," Jacob interrupted; "First name Angus. Just a guess, but you look very much like him... "

"Poor man." The woman smiled slightly.

Jacob smiled politely. "You have his eyes as well, Good Lady."

"Did you know him?"

"Still do. Good man. But don't cross him when he's trying to teach. He takes his teaching very seriously."

"As do I." She paused. "I should like to see him again before I get much older."

"I'll let him know; I'm to see him in the Autumn."

"It's been so many years... "

"Good Lady - you still haven't told me your name."

"Minerva."

The lane led the pair around one end of the loch and on towards the castle. "Thestrals," Jacob said as the lane skirted a small corner of the school's forest, "You have thestrals!"

"The only known tame herd," Minerva said proudly. "Wonderful gamekeeper, you know. The

bigger and more deadly the beast the happier he is."

"Acromantulas?"

She sighed. "He doesn't know we know, but yes. They may have to be cleaned out soon, though. It'll break his heart."

"Can't wait to meet him."

"Break him in slowly. We're aware he's been trying to acquire a dragon egg for some time, and if he knew... "

"I will be the height of discretion."

The great doors to the castle seemed to open of their own accord as the pair approached and entered. Midway up the grand staircase on the other side of the large entry was an older man, dressed all in robes and with a white beard and hair doing their best to reach the steps the man was descending.

"Professor," called Minerva, "Someone for you to meet." The old man descended the stairs with the step of a man half his apparent age and stood before the pair. "Professor, this is Jacob of Ely. Jacob, Professor Albus Dumbledore,

Headmaster of our little school."

Being who he was, Albus Dumbledore spotted Jacob's discreet ring as quickly as Professor McGonagall had. He looked Jacob in the eyes, and after a moment of reflection smiled. "To what to we owe this honor?"

"As I told this lovely young lady," and Minerva smiled, embarrassed, "I've been hiking the Highlands on holiday..."

"You have holidays?"

"Life isn't all study and reflection and lecture, Professor."

"Indeed. I myself plan on a bit of racing this summer."

"As I was saying, I was hiking and came upon your beautiful castle. Minerva seemed surprised I could see it."

"Yes; we have certain protections in place to ensure the average person never discovers us."

"Well," Jacob said slowly, "If I'm not mistaken, then, have I accidentally stumbled upon Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry?"

Jacob was given a luxurious guest room high in

one of the school's towers, complete with its own balcony and an Arabian-decorated bathing room with a pool large enough to hold a dragon. While he was putting the things from his backpack in a small dresser, Professor Dumbledore sent house elves to the guest room, carrying several dress robes as well as several everyday robes for his guest's use, including a chocolate-brown kimono which had a dragon embroidered across the back of the robe and across the two long sleeves that hung as far as the wearer's waist. Jacob smiled at the headmaster's sense of humor.

At a lunch attended by all the staff who'd not yet left for their own summer holiday, Professor Dumbledore introduced Jacob (who was wearing the dragon kimono) as a visiting historian who had literally stumbled across the school and who would be staying as long as he wished and invited the staff to be open and free with any questions or inquiries their guest may make about the school and its history.

## PART TWO: The Scholar

After lunch Jacob returned to his room to

change back into his kilt in order to accompany the tall, half-giant gamekeeper into the forest as he made his rounds to check on not only the thestrals but on several other herds of various magical animals. They returned in time for supper, Hagrid the gamekeeper as excited as a child on Christmas day; it took both Dumbledore and McGonagall most of supper to calm him down and to make him promise to keep the historian's unique nature a secret.

"But 'e waz flyin' wi' the thestrals!" Hagrid whispered loudly as Dumbledore nearly had to threaten the man with a silencing charm. "Ya shouldda seen! 'E's not all that big; seen far bigger ones in m' day! Right friendly, tho'..."

"Discrete, indeed!" McGonagall was heard huffing under her breath as the staff and their guest left the great hall following the evening meal.

The following morning Professor Dumbledore escorted his guest high into the castle to the library. "Here are the history shelves," Dumbledore waved his arms to take in the area

in which Jacob was most interested. "Let me move the bench away from this table; you're probably used to sitting on your haunches..."

"I can get it, really," protested Jacob as he lifted the end of the bench opposite from where Dumbledore was pointing his wand.

"Yes, well. While you begin your study I'll just drop in on our librarian and give her an explanation. After so many years of teenage students, she still surprises quite easily."

Jacob found a book that seemed the least-used book in the history section: 'Hogwarts: A History', and took it back to the desk. Removing his robe so as to not ruin it, he closed his eyes and began to change...

"So you see," Dumbledore explained to Madam Pince, the old, vulture-faced librarian, "He's a member of a very ancient brotherhood who has spent several millennia collecting the history of mankind and processing it to better guide those who just might be listening - they've acted as court councilors, judges, and other such roles, completely undetected. Although human-



born, members of this brotherhood are able to take on the persona you and I know as that one single creature considered the oldest and wisest of all - at least, they were considered so until those who were jealous of that wisdom spread rumors to the contrary."

"Are you telling me," Madam Pince said slowly, "that there's a Dragon in my library? A real Dragon, and not one of those filthy, overgrown reptiles Hagrid moons over?"

"Yes; a real Dragon has called upon our humble school. Come, let's take a peek." And that peek revealed a shiny gold Dragon at the table in the History section. It was merely man-sized and not of the giant beastly variety Hagrid was known to fancy. And, it was sitting on its haunches and carefully turning pages to a book with its man-sized claws; stacks and stacks of books on either side of him, either read or waiting to be read.

"I'm honored beyond belief," Madam Pince whispered. "But why the Dragon form to study?"

"The Dragon mind remembers what it has

processed better and longer than the human mind. In his Dragon form, whatever he sees or experiences is implanted deeper and more permanently than it would be in the human form."

"He won't... That is to say... Well, is he properly... "

"He is a man underneath all those scales. If he is thoughtless enough to make a mess I will clean it up myself."

Jacob spent days in the library, reading as fast as he could - and impressing Madam Pince with the profound reverence he showed each and every book. By the time he was satisfied with what he'd read, nearly every staff member had caught word of who he was and had been up once or twice to discreetly peek at the strange gold Dragon with a passion for books.

### PART THREE: Down the Chapel Aisle

After several weeks of intensive reading, Jacob rubbed his forehead and was tired of reading - after all, this was his holiday! He could come back on a later date and learn more, but right now he was supposed to be relaxing and

enjoying himself! Many of the teachers had concluded their business for the school year and had left for their own holidays prior to the start of the next term; Minerva had even left for a family reunion but had returned on the very morning Jacob had decided he'd read enough and needed to see the school and its grounds.

"If it's not too forward of me," Minerva said as she and Jacob ambled their way along the second-floor hallway, which was full of statues of Hogwarts alumni, holding his elbow as on the day he arrived - she was giving Jacob a leisurely tour of the school. "How old are you?"

"A few hundred years younger than this school," Jacob replied.

"How did you become a Dragon?"

Jacob smiled. "I was page to a knight during the Lionheart's Crusade. My master was killed as we landed at Acre and were immediately attacked, and I found myself running for my life. A strange man I'd never seen grabbed me at the end of a dark alley, turned into a dragon, and began to fly off with me." He grinned. "Naturally I

fainted. And, I woke up in the home of the Dragons."

"How long did it take to become a Dragon?"

"Wisdom is an eternal journey, Minerva."

Professor McGonagall nodded agreement.

"However, after learning to read and write my own language... "

"English?"

"English hadn't formalized yet. I was born a Saxon and spoke both Saxon and what became French. Then I had to learn Latin, of course... "

"Of course," agreed Minerva.

"Then I had to learn all the history that had been collected and give my interpretation of the mistakes and triumphs of mankind and what could have been done better through the ages. Then I was ready to go back out into the world and start gathering more Knowledge. A few centuries after that I began accepting positions where I could guide and council."

"How do the brethren come to transfigure?"

"I don't know," Jacob shrugged. "It just kind of happens one day. You know you've finally

become a Dragon when you wake up one morning and have an incredible desire to jump off a cliff and fly. That's one's formal entrance into the brotherhood."

"What of those who don't fly? Surely they don't fall to their death?"

Jacob shook his head. "One is literally held back until you claw your way through the rest of the brethren, who do their best to hold you back until you actually transform." He smiled. "Then there's no holding you back."

"And becoming a Dragon, your aging obviously slows down."

"Considerably. I was one of the very few who's ever transformed before puberty. Four-hundred years of puberty was pretty rough, I can tell you! But I survived it."

"I imagine transfiguring into a Dragon could be something of a stress relief for the not-so-average teenager," Minerva commented dryly.

Jacob only smiled. "Catching dinner on the fly and eating it live certainly helped with the anger."

Minerva winced. "I think I'd prefer pimples."

"For four-hundred years?"

They walked on, Minerva pointing out interesting things as they walked along. "So tell me, Dragon, what do you think of us here?"

"Nice school. Good people all."

"You're not bothered by the titles 'witch' and 'wizard'?"

"Those two titles are the most misused, misunderstood, and misapplied titles mankind ever devised. My mother was an herbalist, and she was burned at the stake as a witch in a day and age when the church forbade any knowledge that wasn't from the Bible."

"The Dark Ages," Minerva sighed sadly. "Not nearly as romantic as the novels make them out to be. One wasn't allowed to read the Bible while at the same time punished for thinking outside its pages. How very logical."

"Not that we're much better today."

"Sadly, no. So you're not put off over the word 'magic', either?"

"What is 'magic' but something that happens that the average person can't explain?" He

smiled. "There are, in this world, two types of unexplainable events we call 'magic'. One is 'religious magic'; humans calling upon gods or demons to do something. And I haven't seen any demon worship here, young lady."

"Let me show you this room, then," Minerva said as she pushed open a set of stained glass doors and they stepped into a room of dazzling white marble and a baroque-painted ceiling. As large as the great hall in which the school dined, the Hogwarts Chapel was as serene, silent, and sacred as any chapel or cathedral Jacob had ever seen, and he'd seen many and even helped build a few. Beautifully-carved oak pews filled the room, hymnals all in place for the worshipper's use. Light was pouring through the large stained glass windows, setting the paintings and the marble afire with light and color. The couple entered the room and made their way down the aisle so Jacob could take in the whole room. "The students have formed quite the chapel choir; I wish you could hear them. A young first year student - Charlie Weasley - what

a voice! It'll be a shame when his voice changes. And the organ! More pipes than any other in Britain."

"How many chaplains does the school employ?"

"None, actually. With as many denominations represented among our students as there are, we simply have a hymn-singing service. It's remarkable how hymns unite members of all faiths together for the time our service lasts, and we often go well over-time." She smiled and her eyes snapped. "Almost like magic."

Jacob was impressed.

"So, since we don't seem to be calling upon demons or false gods in this school," Minerva said with a tight smile as they continued down the aisle, Jacob trying to take in all the paintings at once, "What if it's an action He," and she nodded ahead of them, towards the chapel altar," What if it's something He does?"

"I love the word 'miracle'. It reminds us that even with all we understand and can do today, He," and he also motioned at the chapel altar, "He



knows and can do so much more."

"So, what is the second form of magic, then? The non-demon-inspired variety?"

"I call it 'scientific magic.' There are certain people who simply have 'the feel' or 'the knack' or 'the touch'..."

"Or, 'the gift'?"

"Yes; the gift - to be able to manipulate the natural laws with which He created the world."

"So we're 'manipulators', are we? Well, I've certainly been called worse."

"Tell me - does the organ play itself?"

"Yes. Just lay a manuscript on the stand, choose your stops, and start conducting to get the beat and tempo you wish." Jacob's fingers went down the spines of several music manuscripts on the shelves next to the organ console and quickly chose one he'd not heard in many, many years. He chose his stops and showed the organ the tempo he desired. The rest, as Dumbledore has been known to say: "Ah, music - a greater magic than anything we do here."

PART FOUR: Lend Me Your Shawl

Minerva had school business to attend to most mornings, but she kept her afternoons as open as possible to spend with the Dragon. They visited Hogsmeade several times a week and even went for picnics. She was determined to not be a giddy little schoolgirl, but it had also been a very long time since such a good-looking man had paid her any personal attention.

If Minerva thought she had a secret, though, she was living in the wrong world! The entire school staff was whispering behind her back, and all of Hogsmeade was following the 'we're just friends' association with a gusto that would have made Rita Skeeter look like an apprentice reporter. Just the sight of the two of them strolling up and down High Street set Madam Rosmerta giggling like a school girl every time they passed by the Three Broomsticks pub.

"Have you ever been married?" Minerva blurted out one day while sitting and sipping a drink under the attentive eye of Madam Rosmerta, quickly blushing over her forwardness.

"Six times," Jacob replied. "I was faithful to

each until the day they died."

"As it should be," Minerva nodded approvingly.

"And you?"

"I was engaged once." She sighed. "Left standing at the altar. I was humiliated, as you can imagine. I lost my taste for marriage that day."

"Certainly his loss!"

"How kind of you... "

"To tell the truth? You're a good woman and deserve all the happiness you can have in this life. Somewhere out there is a good man worthy of you. Hopefully someday he'll stumble across Hogwarts... "

Minerva treasured those words the rest of the day, as she knew a Dragon would never lie.

One evening Jacob was not to be found in the castle at supper time, and upon inquiry Hagrid informed Minerva that he had seen the Dragon walking alone on the path to the Lookout, a quiet, private place on a cliff overlooking the loch. All the teachers knew the place - it was where sweethearts went to be alone, and every one of them had to retrieve a student or two each year

before teenage hormones simmered too long and came to a boil. Minerva pretended to be interested in supper and excused herself as soon as she could, stopping at her office to put a shawl around her shoulders before taking the walk to the Lookout, suspecting at the same time that the rest of the staff were placing bets on the outcome of her evening.

Jacob was seated on the bench usually occupied by young sweethearts, wearing his kilt and plain white shirt. His hair was undone and blowing with the evening breeze. His profile, to put it bluntly, took Minerva's breath away. She stepped back down the path, catching her breath and muttering to herself, wondering what on earth she was doing there and what if anyone ever found out and what would he think of her.

Fifteen minutes after Minerva had first spotted Jacob, he was still sitting on the bench alone, enjoying the coming sunset. He turned his head at the sound of an attention-getting 'meow', and smiled as a fully-grown cat jumped up onto the bench beside him.

"Well, hello, Gorgeous," Jacob said as he scooped up the cat and began to scratch its neck and slowly pet its back. The cat, in return, found a comfortable place on the man's lap, closed its eyes, and purred loudly.

All eyes were on the school entrance as Jacob returned to the castle - alone. What they didn't know was that the cat knew cat-sized entries into the castle none of them were thinking to watch. She was not going to give anyone the satisfaction of winning a betting pool.

A few mornings later Jacob was having a working breakfast with Professor Dumbledore in the Headmaster's office. He told him about the cat that had been coming from the forest for the past several evenings to sit with him.

"Describe this cat to me," asked the headmaster, and Jacob did so, a broad smile coming across his host's face and his eyes twinkling.

"You know this cat?"

"I do."

"Does it have a name?"

"It does."

Jacob waited for Dumbledore to divulge the name, but the man just continued smiling.

"Well... ?"

"I will tell you only with the promise that you never indicate in anyway to anyone from whom you learned it."

"Agreed."

"The cat's name is Minerva."

There was a moment's pause in the conversation while comprehension came across Jacob's face. "As in - your transfiguration teacher?"

"The very same."

"A-h," was Jacob's only reply. But then Dumbledore's smile and twinkling eyes spilled over on to Jacob's face.

"I am compelled to ask what your intentions are towards my teacher ... and my friend."

Jacob paused and answered slowly. "An innocent summer romance. Nothing more; nothing less. Something to remind her that she's worth being loved by someone."

Dumbledore smiled and nodded. It was obvious Jacob had answered correctly.

"Professor, could you help me with something?"

"I dare say I could."

That evening Jacob was waiting at the Lookout as he had been for several evenings. The cat approached with its usual meow and purr, settling on his lap for the expected neck and back rub, and Jacob obliged the cat the treat for several minutes. Finally he stood up, holding the purring cat in both hands against his bare chest, and smiled mischievously.

Quicker than the cat could react the human became a dragon, and with kilt left behind they were soaring over the long, deep loch and toward a small island a mile away which was rarely visited. The cat did not take to this kindly and was trying its best to claw its way out of the dragon's grasp, which, considering a cat's dislike of water, was a very foolish thing to do.

The golden Dragon landed lightly on the little island, right next to a small dining table with two

chairs, a simple candelabra lighting the bone white china and the shining crystal glasses awaiting the diners. Cat and Dragon transfigured at much the same time, and Minerva was neither silent or calm about the shock she'd received in finding herself suddenly flying. Jacob, however, had crouched down to keep his privates private and was listening meekly to a stream of words I'll not record. But when she'd almost finished her venting, Jacob spoke up.

"Lend me your shawl. Please."

"Why should I?" She was still angry.

"When you transfigure, good Lady, you have the ability to bring your clothes along. I don't have that ability and didn't think that far ahead."

"Would serve you right if I don't! And who told you? Who gave me away... ?"

"Can't tell; promised."

Minerva shot an angry look towards the castle and Jacob thought he heard the name 'Albus' hissing from the woman's mouth. But Jacob could see humor working its way into Minerva's eyes.

"Very well," he said in mock meekness. "I'll just



get your chair for you, then... "

"No you won't and we both know it! Here," and she swung her shawl off her shoulders and toward the still-crouching gentleman. Right at that moment, however, two house elves appeared from nowhere, one to seat Minerva and one to hand Jacob a shiny green robe.

"Thank you, Albus," Jacob whispered to himself, embarrassed.

"You're welcome," whispered Professor Dumbledore, standing atop the Astronomy tower with an eye to his telescope - few knew he was an expert lip reader; many a student would be horrified to learn just how much their headmaster learned while watching the students during meals in the great hall.

"We will be waiting on you this evening," said the house elf who had seated Minerva. "To begin, we have prepared a wonderful soup... "

Sometime later, as the couple finished dessert and were holding hands and looking as if Love's First Kiss was finally an inevitable event, Albus Dumbledore put his telescope under his arm and

quit the Astronomy tower, his mirthful laughter echoing as far as the gamekeeper's cabin. And a few minutes after the inevitable event finally occurred, a craft looking very much like a Venetian gondola silently beached itself against the little island so the romantic couple could return to the castle with no more embarrassing wardrobe issues.

"As bad as a porch light coming on," whispered Jacob as he motioned at the boat.

They climbed aboard and the craft launched itself for a slow, romantic return trip to the castle, which gave the couple time for Love's Second (and possibly Third) Kiss.

And yes, Dumbledore sent a house elf to retrieve the kilt and shirt at the Lookout, hoping his guest would plan a little better in the future... But first he stuck his head in his fireplace to inform Madam Rosmetra and everyone else at the pub that she had won the betting pool as to when the kiss would happen. He then joined the rest of the staff, already en route to the Three Broomsticks Pub, knowing drinks would be on

the house.

## PART FIVE: The Locket

I'm fairly certain that most people reading this do not want to read about all the hugging and kissing that went on for the rest of the summer. They don't want to hear about swimming with mermaids or riding hippogriffs... or about evenings spent at the Lookout where no one could see them, even from the Astronomy tower... or about the evening that Minerva was seen flying across the loch on the back of the gold Dragon, her hair unloosed and flying in the wind. So instead of torturing you with all the little picnics and candlelit dinners that happened for the final month of the summer holiday, let's just skip to the night before the students returned to school.

Professor Dumbledore had found an excuse to put on a dance not only for the staff but for the villagers in Hogsmeade who wished to attend. Everyone knew it was a farewell party for Jacob, but no one said it aloud so he and Minerva could simply enjoy the night. A formal affair, everyone was in their best robes as they waltzed their way

around the floor. (It was the first time in a century the Tree Broomsticks was closed on a profitable night!) An entire orchestra's worth of instruments had been hired to supply the music, and each instrument played as if for kings and queens. No one could ever remember a more wonderful evening.

And at the end of the evening, Jacob privately presented Minerva with a small gift.

By dawn the next morning Jacob had packed his backpack, leaving its arm straps loose enough that when he stepped out on to the balcony he could transfigure and not break the straps. He smiled, knowing that in a few days he'd be telling Angus McGonagall what a wonderful great-granddaughter he had and that he ought to go visit her soon.

But as Jacob stepped out onto the balcony, he quickly covered himself because there was somebody there. "Not flying away without saying goodbye, are you?" It was Professor Dumbledore, who tactfully ignored his guest's lack of covering as a necessity if he was going to

fly away and not leave anything behind.

"We said goodbye after the dance, actually."

"I meant to me."

"I'm sorry. Rude of me... "

"Thank you, Jacob of Ely," said Dumbledore as he shook Jacob's hand.

"For what?"

"For helping Minerva smile again. It had been too long."

Dumbledore shook the man's hand one more time and stepped out of the way as his summer guest changed into a Dragon and flew away.

"That must feel marvelous," the Headmaster whispered to himself as the Dragon slowly became a speck of gold in the sky and disappeared over the mountains.

The students returned to Hogwarts the evening after the Dragon's departure, ready to refill their heads with everything they'd forgotten over the summer and add to it all sorts of new information, and the day after that Minerva stood in front of her second-year class and smiled.

"Everyone have a good holiday?" Most

everyone appeared to have done so. Charlie Weasley, now a second-year student, raised his hand and asked if she had also had a good summer.

Minerva eyed him with a wicked smile on her face, knowing that sometimes the worst thing you can do is tell someone the truth. "I had a summer romance with a dragon, Mister Weasley. Every evening possible we met at the Lookout, where he let my hair down and held me in his arms while I purred like a kitten."

I have searched high and low, and I can tell you that there are no words in the English language to adequately describe the looks of surprise, shock, horror, and revulsion that wrote their way across the faces of each and every student. It was very clear they thought it entirely possible that she'd enjoy the romantic company of a dragon, and all of them also knew she was an animagus who could transfigure into a cat. But Professor McGonagall as part of a summer romance? No; that part of the picture was just not possible! There simply wasn't enough magic in all the

world...!

"He even gave me this when we parted," she continued as she approached Charlie's desk. Charlie could see it was a golden locket shaped like a dragon's head, and as the dragon's eyes met Charlie's, the nostrils emitted a small amount of steam. "A piece of a dragon's heart," Professor McGonagall explained, a wicked smile on her face.

"Now," she continued as she straightened up and faced the class, her teacher's face replacing the momentary smile. "Shall we discuss my summer romance, or shall we discuss Transfiguration?"

Without another word every student pulled their textbooks open and were instantly ready to begin class, eager to remove the picture of the strictest, most serious teacher in the school having a schoolgirl fling.

It was also a very long time before any students could brave the thought of taking a sweetheart to the Lookout, which gave Minerva time to go there privately and sit and smile, knowing she was, in

truth, loved. After all, what Dragon would ever lie about that?



## **Charlie Weasley - who Talks to Dragons**

Professor Kettleburn, the spry, 90-something Care of Magical Creatures instructor from Hogwarts School of Wizardry and Witchcraft, slowly motioned for his star pupil to raise his head just high enough to see over the rocks they were both hiding behind.

Slowly the red-haired boy raised his head. At sixteen years of age, his freckles and red hair definitely identified him as a Weasley, no matter where in Great Britain's magical community one traveled. The boy was amazed how well the subjects of their field trip blended in with the lush green of the wild Welsh countryside.

"Professor," Charlie whispered, "That's a real nest?! How many... ?

"I count three eggs from here," Professor Kettleburn replied calmly.

In all the decades that the professor had taught

Care of Magical Animals, Charlie Weasley was the first student he'd ever invited on a field trip during the all-too-short summer holiday between school terms. The boy was a natural with magical animals; he'd never seen another student with such a touch. Even Hagrid, the school gamekeeper, was proud of the boy and the ease with which he was able to work with the creatures the gamekeeper thought he had hidden in the forest well enough for no one else to know about. So, the professor finally approached the boy's parents and got their permission to bring Charlie along even before asking the boy – no need to raise his hopes only to have his parents say no. His mother Molly wasn't so sure, but Arthur, always one for an adventure or two himself, quickly gave permission, and the professor thanked them and disappeared while Arthur dealt with Molly's worries. In the end the boy was packed and ready when the professor pulled up at The Burrow one dark morning, driving what had to be the oldest Muggle automobile still street-legal in Great Britain. And now they were deep in

the wild, untamed mountains of Wales where a game preserve known only to the magical world protected an animal that would bring fear into many Muggle hearts – but only if they knew it was there. For the Muggles of Wales, ignorance was indeed bliss.

“We’ve been here an hour, Professor; where do you think their mother is?”

The only reply Charlie received was a deep, angry hiss right behind him.

The two humans turned around very, very slowly and found themselves face-to-face with a female Welsh Green – the mother dragon Charlie had been wondering after.

“Professor...” Charlie whispered.

“Shh,” Professor Kettleburn whispered. “Empty your mind. Now. Think 'Nothing'.”

And as Charlie tried to do just that he felt something touch his mind and his eyes popped open wider than they had ever popped before.

And just as quickly as that, several more things happened: The mother dragon opened her mouth and spat fire while the professor grabbed

Charlie's arm, flourished his wand, and the two of them Apparated into thin air...

... and reappeared some twenty miles away at their campsite next to the ancient Muggle automobile and the small tent they'd been sharing for the past week. Charlie's clothes were burned off except for his boot soles, and his skin was only slightly pink - but he was otherwise unhurt.

Charlie raised his hands to his head, a look of shock on his face.

"Weasley?" the professor asked as he led the boy towards the seemingly-small tent, but through the magic of Magic it was actually a two-bedroom flat complete with electricity, plumbing, and television.

"I heard her thoughts!" Charlie whispered.

"You heard her thoughts?!"

Charlie turned to look at the professor, his face aglow. "I heard her thoughts!"

"And what did she say?"

Charlie turned to face the Professor. "She said, 'I will eat you!'"

Kettleburn, greatly relieved the boy was as

unhurt as he was, led the astonished boy into their tent to find him some fresh clothes.

Needless to say, when Charlie Weasley returned to Hogwarts a month later he knew what his life's work was going to be.

---

Upon graduation, Charlie sought the first post he could that involved dragons. He spent a year in the mountains of Wales studying Welsh Greens (and becoming almost too friendly with a gaggle of tree nymphs for his supervisor's tastes), and then a year further studying Hebridean Blacks in northern Scotland. Finally he received the offer he'd hoped for all along and he was off to the Romanian Dragon Preserve just about as fast as his broom could fly and immediately immersed himself into the various chores involved in maintaining a healthy population of Norwegian Ridgebacks, Hungarian Horntails, and of course Romanian Longhorns.

Although he didn't think being touched by another dragon's mind was anything big or permanent, he somehow had a knack for knowing

when it was time to stop measuring a clutch of eggs and Apparate a safe distance away. He also 'just seemed to know' when a dragon was coming and from which direction it would approach. One of the Greek wizards working with him exclaimed that he had a 'dragon sense', and Charlie thought he had to be right, for his team was the only one who remained unhurt through all their hazardous assignments - unhurt being a relative term; Charlie received his fair share of burns and bruises, but at least he still had all ten fingers and toes.

“Hey!”, shouted Oliver, an American wizard and Charlie's roommate - and a fellow redhead; “Mail's here! And a beauty... !”

A huge snowy owl swooped down towards their shared tent and entered through the kitchen bay window.

“Potter's owl, Hedwig,” Charlie looked up from the monthly report his Qwick-Quote-Qwill pen was writing.

“Potter; the 'Boy Who Lived'?”

“The very same.”

“And your brother Ron's his – how do you Brits say? - his mate?”

“Bosom buddy from their first day at school, from what I hear. But you heard me Mum at Christmas - 'Make no fuss about it; Potter needs time to 'just be a boy'”

“Heard he's a fair Seeker,” the American added.

“In the six years since I graduated my house hasn't won the house cup – I hear Potter's giving them a chance.” Charlie shrugged. “Ron must really need something to send Potter's owl.”

“Protection from the twins, I'd bet.” Oliver grinned and Charlie smiled back. “Hey, I've got older brothers.”

“Protection from Percy, more like. The snit.” Charlie had taken the letter from the owl and offered it the bowl of water and a small plate of meat Oliver had quickly put together as a reward for delivering the letter. Meanwhile, Charlie scanned the letter. “Listen to this! Hagrid finally got hold of a dragon egg! A Ridgeback!”

“Hagrid?” asked Oliver.

“Hogwarts gamekeeper. Collects anything dangerous and thinks they're nice household pets.”

“A Ridgeback a household pet?” Oliver shook his head. “Don't think so. Rocky Mountain Red, maybe, but a Ridgeback?” Oliver shrugged. “So why's he writing?”

“He, Potter, and some girl have convinced Hagrid into letting the babe go if we can take it.”

“What do you think?”

“I'm sure we can find a female to take it. There's a Ridgeback that lost her only babe from this year's clutch.”

The two young men were off to the nearby tent of their supervisor Sasha (a Russian), whom they found in the jacuzzi room of his own tent, relaxing after a long, cold day on bare mountain tops. The man agreed, confirming there was a Ridgeback dame who'd just lost her baby. “We can see if she'll take it in,” he explained. “The trick is in getting it here.”

“Hey!” exclaimed Oliver, turning to Charlie, “You remember my friends that visited in Wales...”



“The ones who thought they were going to teach me how to play quidditch?” Charlie had been, as all those who've read the latest edition of “Hogwarts: A History” are aware, a star quidditch player while at school.

“Yeah; that bunch.” They both smiled. “They're arriving for a two-week vacation in two days; four of us could rig up some sort of carrier, fly in and fly out; deal done.”

So Charlie sent word back via Hedwig to have the infant dragon up the Astronomy tower for them to smuggle her out. He also sent a letter to Professor Kettleburn, begging him not to get anyone in trouble but to please make sure Ron and his friends succeeded for the sake of the baby dragon. So, the following Saturday at midnight, Ron and his two friends mysteriously managed to smuggle the baby dragon through a seemingly empty castle, up the tower, and into the hands of Charlie's friends without running into a single teacher or staff member – all of whom breathed much easier as they watched from a neighboring tower as the four young wizards flew

away and Apparated into the night sky with their precious load. Only the unexpected presence of Draco Malfoy forced the teachers to administer a night of detention to the younger Weasley boy and his friends for their trouble.

Charlie didn't sleep a wink through the night, anxious for the baby dragon's arrival. He paced back and forth through the cold mountain air, straining at every sound, until he finally heard the distinct 'pop' Apparating makes, followed by four hearty cheers from four wizards giving each other high-fives as they slowly settled on the ground in front of Charlie, their cargo settling down between them before they touched down themselves.

'Hungry,' a voice whispered in Charlie's mind. 'Very Hungry.'

Charlie did his best to feed and water the baby dragon for three days, his roommate and his mates aiding in catching fresh food and fetching bucket after bucket of water from a nearby lake. On the morning of the third day, however, when Charlie and the babe, whose name he had been told was Norbert, emerged from the tent, there

was trouble in the form of the Hungarian Horntail dame who'd also lost her only baby of the season blocking their way to the lake. Charlie jumped ahead of the babe, raising his wand in defense. He was terrified as these were known maneaters, but he did his best to stand firm.

'Do not raise your puny stick at me,' came into Charlie's mind very, very clearly.

"You will not hurt the babe," Charlie spoke out loud.

'You cannot care for her; she should die.'

"No!"

'She has no one to care for her or train her.'

"She has ME!"

"And me;" "And me;" "And me." Five voices sounded behind Charlie that he knew was Oliver and his American mates, and to his surprise he could picture every one of them - through the dame's eyes! - standing defiantly behind him in nothing but pajamas or underwear, their wands all joining Charlie's in defending the babe they'd brought from Hogwarts.

The Horntail dame's eyes whorled as she

thought quickly. 'Very well; I will let you try. But if you fail she will have to be destroyed.' With that she lifted her wings and flew off.

Charlie and the other humans collapsed as nerves released them to their fears. Norbert continued to make her way to the lake for a drink.

"Dude," a blond from California said as he watched the dame disappear over the mountain ridge, "You were talking to a dragon; you were answering her, but we weren't, like, hearing her."

"And you were broadcasting with your mind so loud you woke us up!" said one of the other Americans.

"I can hear dragons," Charlie confessed. "Hear their minds."

"Whoa!" exclaimed the blond. "So that's why you always know..."

"Yeah; I think that's why."

True to her word, the Horntail dame began to help Charlie. The morning after their first conversation there was a large deer carcass waiting outside Charlie's tent, and it took Norbert – and Charlie assumed it was actually 'Norterta'

from how the dame referred to the babe with female pronouns – three days to eat it. The day after the carcass was cleaned their was another waiting for them.

Norberta was worse than a puppy in following Charlie everywhere. He had to give up any inhibitions he had for a dragon seeing him bathe or do any other things a human does. He convinced himself that she was a dragon and he was a human and it was no worse than bathing or whatever in front of the family dog. When she was large enough, she even joined him for his evening swim in the lake, he wearing only the hide he'd been born with.

After several months the Horntail dame began to take over teaching Norberta what a dragon needed to teach a dragon and a human would have no clue about. Like flying and breathing fire – you know; little things. After several more months the two dragons were like mother and daughter, despite the fact that they were different breeds. Charlie found himself relegated to the role of big brother instead of mother hen, and he

was fine with that. But through this association Charlie was able to delve deeper into the lives of dragons than any witch or wizard had yet recorded, and Charlie spent several hours each evening dictating his reports as he tried his best to record everything. Occasionally a mirthful laugh entered his head in the voice of the dame, exclaiming 'Is that what you think?' His reply was usually something to the effect of "That's what I saw!" Sometimes she would correct him and sometimes she wouldn't. Most of the time Norberta's voice joined in, giving her idea of what had happened throughout the day. Whether his observations were entirely correct or not, Charlie's reports made incredible reading as they were delivered by owl to the Ministry of Magic and then shared with the scientific ministries of magical communities in other countries.

Autumn came just as Charlie was learning how to mount Norberta's back to fly with her, which was very tricky to do with a dragon that has such a huge, long ridge down her back... but he found that just behind her shoulders there was one spot

just right for sitting that would not do any harm to him.

He also learned that when the urge to migrate south for the winter hits a dragon they do so without further thought – and so, when in midair Norbert and the dame turned south with thoughts of central Africa in their minds, Charlie went with, unable to do anything about it.

“Well, we won't see him until Spring,” Sasha said matter-of-fact.

Charlie did in fact return the following Spring, nicely tanned and ready to write a lengthy report on the wintering habits of dragons and exactly just what burnt elephant tastes like when eaten for weeks on end.

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Norberta was four years old when two owls swooped down on Charlie while taking his evening swim in the lake. Not embarrassed to be seen skinny-dipping by a dragon, an owl or two didn't even phase him.

The Weasley brothers came in two basic sizes and shapes: Percy and Ron were of the long,

lanky variety, while the twins and Charlie were shorter and stockier. His good-natured face wasn't tanned so much as it was freckled to the point that even he wasn't sure where one stopped and the next started.

The first, more-important-looking owl was obviously a Ministry owl; the letter it carried was sealed with all the usual seals and charms, and he knew he'd have to take it back to his tent to open it. The second, carried by his little brother's new owl Pig, was just as obviously a letter from his mother. The only charm needed to open Molly Weasley's letters to her children was to kiss the wax seal and the letter would open. He quickly kissed and read and then suddenly burst out in a whooping cheer and ran for the tents up the shore. Fortunately it was still just wizards and no witches at this camp; there was no one to be horrified at the sight of Charlie racing back from his evening swim too excited to remember minor things like clothing.

"World Cup's to be held in England!" Charlie shouted as the other men came out to see what



all the noise was about. "Ireland verses Bulgaria!"

"Krum will destroy the Irish," began Sasha.

"Takes more than one player to make a team!"

Charlie retorted as his grin got even wider. "And my father has tickets!"

Quittich was talked about the rest of the evening until they all retired to their tents to do their evening reports and get some sleep. Only after Charlie got comfortable in the sitting room recliner did he remember the ministry letter. Muttering all the right words while slicing open the wax seals, the letter unfolded in his hands and he quickly read it. Then he read it again a little more slowly. He even read it a third time before he leaned forward, shock and surprise on his face. "They want what?"

The following day he discussed the letter with Dame (for that's simply what he called her anymore). Once she understood his dilemma, she raised her head regally. "I will do this for you. I will have a clutch of eggs by then. But if any harm comes to my eggs; to my children..." Charlie did not need to see her thoughts to know what she'd

do to any human that harmed her eggs.

Having been charged by the ministry to coordinate the first of the three Tri-Wizard challenges, Charlie rode dragonback on Norberta and was accompanied by Dame as they visited three other dragon preserves and found volunteers to assist with this very important task. To his surprise, dragons were just as good (if not better) at Apparating than humans, thus cutting down their travel time by many, many hours.

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'They're coming!' Dame thought to Charlie's mind as she sensed the two half-giants Hagrid and Madame Maxime approaching their official hiding place in the Forbidden Forest, supposedly located so that no one from the school would know they were there. On queue, all four dragons went into the most ferocious anger acts they could muster in an effort to impress the two half-giants spying on them. Dame sensed the man from the boat also hiding in the trees, and then she sensed one other.

'Who is the child under the cloth no one seems

to notice?' she thought to Charlie.

Charlie turned to looked, Dame slacking up on the rope he was holding to give him a chance.

'I told you - no one can see him,' Dame thought.

'I'll bet it's Potter,' Charlie thought back; 'He's got an invisibility cloak.' Charlie grinned devilishly. 'Breathe some fire his direction... '

Dame did so, lighting a dozen bushes and two trees on fire. Potter turned and ran for his life.

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Norberta trumpeted as Dame, holding her clutch of eggs in a crate specially made for the journey, Apparated above the lake, Charlie on her back and waving to Norberta as well as to any of the humans who might be watching. Supper that night involved a very humorous retelling of the four tri-wizard contestants and how they tried to overcome this first challenge. Every one of them, including any dragons listening in through Charlie's mind, were impressed with the Potter boy's quick thinking and flying skills. Even Dame complemented the boy as being 'most clever.'

"But I had to warn her," Charlie explained.

“When word got back to me that Potter had drawn the Horntail, I told her – I said 'Dame, if you hurt Potter too badly my mother will hurt me.' 'Why?' Dame asked. 'Because she's his mother, too – not his birth mother, but a mother like you are to Norberta.' Her eyes whorled over that, I can tell you! She put on a show to be sure and she didn't hand him anything; Potter earned every inch he gained! I'll tell you this, though: I can see why he's the youngest seeker Hogwarts has ever had! He's good!”

---

A year later Noberta matured to the point that she flew her first mating flight, the honors being won by another Ridgeback twice her age. Charlie's reports to the ministry were full of what dragon PMS was like and how he'd had to take cover behind Dame several times to protect himself from Norberta's preflight temper. Months later, however, Charlie shot the first-ever in-the-nest video of Norberta actually laying eggs and then, a few more months later, dragons actually hatching. The footage made him a hero in the

Ministry's zoology department. Others, like his mother Molly Weasley, thought he was as crazy as the Muggle scientists who, without a scrap of magic, deliberately climb down into the craters of active volcanoes.

---

Norberta was ready for her second mating flight when Charlie took a leave of absence to join the family for his brother Bill's wedding. He was horrified at how badly things at home in Britain had deteriorated and that Voltemort was again rising to power. When he returned to Romania it was a relief to get away from it while also a great worry over his family still being there. Months later an ancient white dragon landed near the lake, and through Norberta he was able to hear and feel what the blind old dragon had gone through as a prisoner in the vaults of Gringott's Bank. Horrified at hearing his brother Ron's voice in the dragon's memory, he also recognized Potter's and Granger's voices as all three of them aided the dragon in its escape to freedom. 'Three Hogwarts students got past goblin security and

freed a dragon... ?!' he thought, amazed.

Norberta and Dame both touched Charlie's shoulders with their snouts when they sensed his thoughts and realized that it was Charlie's brother who had aided the dragon.

'This old one is one of my ancestors,' Dame explained; 'We are in your brother's debt, also to the nest mate your mother took under her wing,' and Charlie understood she meant Potter. 'The female also; we will find a way to repay them.'

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The sun was just rising high in the Romanian mountains as Charlie, Norberta, and Dame were all taking a morning swim. The other dragon researchers were up already as well as they had several early-morning activities planned.

Without a warning a loud 'pop' sounded and a mist appeared in front of Charlie, who had just surfaced near the shore. The mist formed into a lioness - Molly Weasley's patronus.

"Death Eaters attacking Hogwarts with You-Know-Who! All the family gathered there; even Percy! Please come and bring all you can!"

And with that the Patronius lost its shape and melted away.

'What is 'Hogwarts'?' Norberta asked quickly as she could tell this was a very serious message.

Charlie turned to face both dragons. "That was a message from my mother. Hogwarts is a school full of children; the school I attended - I've told you about it before. An evil wizard is attacking to kill Potter – the one my mother took under her wing and who helped free the Old One. My whole family is there, including my mother and my sister." He paused. "I have to go!"

Charlie barely had time to grab his wand with one hand and his bathrobe with the other when Norberta grabbed him around the waist with a huge front paw and leaped into the air while Dame trumpeted loud enough to gather dragons for many miles in every direction.

'I will tell the humans to guard your clutch... ' Dame thought to Norberta as the younger dragon and Charlie Apperated...

... and suddenly it was just after midnight in

Scotland and Norberta and Charlie were over the loch next to that grand old school, circling so they could see what was going on. It was obvious that a battle had been going on – there were holes in the massive old walls of the school and smoke and dust rising from several wings and towers of the complex. And, to Charlie's horror, there were giants!

Norberta swooped low over the Astronomy Tower, where one of the teachers recognized the mop of red hair in the dragon's grip as a Weasley. The teacher waved back at the boy who was waving his bathrobe and shouted: "Bring Hogsmeade! Bring reinforcements!"

Charlie pointed toward the village and Norberta responded immediately. In seconds her huge, fleshy wings were open wide, breaking for a landing in Hogmeade's town square. Madam Rosemerta, who had jumped behind a monument as the dragon landed, laughed with relief when she saw red Weasley hair in the dragon's grip and rushed forward to wrap her shawl around Charlie's waist while shouting at a wizard to get



the boy some clothes.

Charlie could see that there were far more witches and wizards in the town square than actually lived in the town – he understood why as soon as he saw several more people appear, wizards and witches were Apparating from other places and gathering to Hogsmeade as soon as word of the battle reached them.

“No time for that!” shouted Charlie, but the wizard had already shouted “Accio trousers!” and a pair had come flying out of a house and was being presented to Charlie and was magically shrunk to size as soon as the boy had them on. “Death Eaters!” Charlie shouted while he donned his bathrobe and nodded ‘thank you’ to the wizard who’d brought him the pants; “Attacking Hogwarts. We’ve got to join them!”

“But Death Eaters!” one woman exclaimed; “We can’t fight them!”

“Yes we can!” exclaimed Madam Rosemerta. “We must!”

“Who stands for freedom?!” Charlie shouted as he raised his wand and shot angry red sparks

into the air while Norberta reared up and bellowed a dragon's challenge, her wings spread wide over Hogsmeade's rooftops.

"Behind you!" someone shouted.

Charlie turned to see two Death Eaters, left behind to keep order in Hogsmeade, charging towards them, wands raised and ready to attack.

"Death Eaters!" Charlie shouted at the dragon.

Norberta didn't know what Death Eaters were, but she knew they were threatening the great nest of children the humans called a 'school'. In seconds her flame was alive and the two Death Eaters were dead and falling to earth as ash.

"Look!" someone shouted; "Slughorn!"

The crowd pushed a portly-looking man still in his silk pajamas to the front where he was facing Charlie and Norberta.

'Death Eater?' Norbert asked.

"No!" Madame Rosemerta shouted quickly, jumping in between the dragon and Slughorn, and Charlie made a note to ask her sometime how she could hear Norberta's thoughts. "He's Sythern's Head of House!"

"A Head of House who's snuck away during a fight?" Charlie asked, unbelieving, as many in the crowd shouted what they thought of the man; little of which could be recorded in a children's story.

Smoke shot out of Norberta's nostrils at the thought of an adult who wouldn't protect children.

Charlie grabbed the plump, protesting man by the collar of his pajama shirt and turned towards the school, an army of thousands of determined witches and wizards following them as they marched on Hogwarts, those still Apparating into the vicinity running to catch up and swell the ranks – and every one of them understood very clearly that, for good or for ill, this would be their final stand against Voltemort. Many gasped as a dozen more dragons, including a huge silhouette Charlie knew to be Dame, popped into the night sky over them and swooped down to hover just over their heads. Dame landed and hopped along to keep up with Charlie and his army while the two of them wordlessly planned their attack. Conference completed, all the dragons, including Norberta, trumpeted and flew for the school as

Charlie's army came within sight of the great castle.

As soon as the mass of humanity following Charlie entered the school gates, Arthur Weasley, followed by his own small band of fighters, ran out from under the trees and grabbed his son, embracing him. Arthur begged his son to spare a few good shooters to help mop up the grounds, and many split off without a word to follow the elder Weasley back into the trees while the rest continued their determined march on the castle itself.

Charlie watched as two dragons took down the first of the giants attacking the castle. It was not a pretty sight and several in his ranks lost their supper as one dragon ripped at the giant's throat while another disemboweled it. But then the sight was lost to view as the human wave flowed through the great doors of the castle and joined the Battle for Hogwarts.

Having been forced to fight, Slughorn took to the side of Freedom and fought with all his considerable powers. Charlie was up and down

many different staircases as members of the Order of the Phoenix called for his help, but he managed to enter the Great Hall just in time to hear "NOT MY DAUGHTER, YOU BITCH," and watched, stunned, as the mother he only thought he knew stepped in front of Jenny and two of her classmates with all the look and demeanor of an angry, powerful Lioness protecting her cubs and dispatched a female Death Eater into the next world. He had only ever seen his domestic-goddess mother use magic to cook and clean and knit - and to strip contraband from Fred and George, of course. This wasn't the woman he thought he knew!

'That's your mother?' Charlie felt Dame and Norberta both ask at the same time, having watched the duel through Charlie's eyes. The pride Charlie felt was a roaringly loud, positive emotion as he watched his mother turn and take Jenny, Hermonie, and Luna in her once-again gentle arms, tearing his eyes away from this more-familiar scene only at the sight of Harry and Voltemort's duel and the final death of Tom

## Riddle.

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While the victors enjoyed a rest and a hearty meal, the morning sun streaming through the windows of the Great Hall, Charlie was able to lead his family and the Granger girl out of the castle and to the edge of the Forbidden Forest, where a dozen dragons, well-fed on the rare treat of giant meat, waited for him. Potter, unfortunately, was nowhere to be found, and they suspected he'd simply found a quiet corner in the castle and gone to sleep.

"Mum; Dad – this is Norberta." The smaller of the two dragons that had stepped forward at their approach lowered her head to gaze the two humans in the eye. "And this is Dame," and the largest of the dragons also lowered her head, but only to look Charlie's mother in the eye.

"They must be hungry after fighting," suggested Molly Weasley the domestic goddess as Dame allowed the woman to touch her.

"Actually, no," Charlie began slowly. "The giants... " His mother as well as everyone else

paled as comprehension came over them.

Charlie jumped as if pinched and smiled. "Dame says to tell you that you did a honorable job raising me." He paused. "And I say so too, and thank you, Mum; Dad."

There were, of course, hugs. Motherly hugs, fatherly hugs, and grateful son hugs; all delivered with tenderness, dignity, and love. But this was a private family moment; I'll leave them their privacy.

"Norberta says to tell you, Mum, that she thinks you are a very great warrior."

Molly Weasley looked from her son to the two dragons and smiled. "Well, I have to be, don't I?" she replied in a quiet, dignified tone. "I'm a mother."

The dragons all trumpeted their laughter into the bright morning sky while the Weasley men all nodded a very discreet agreement.

"You know," Molly whispered to Charlie, "I've always had a single secret dream; never even told anyone about it; not even your father - it's so silly." She paused, stroking Dame's neck. "Do you think... Is there any way... ?" and her whisper

became far too soft for anyone but Charlie to hear.

And then it was Charlie's turn to laugh.

The great dragon Dame was honored to fulfill Molly Weasley's secret childhood fantasy of flying on a dragon's back.

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*My friends tell me it would be horrid of me to end this story before telling you whether or not Hagrid got to meet Norberta or ever got to fly on one of the larger dragons, and I agree – that would be absolutely horrid of me.*



# Harry Potter and the Morning After: My Ending to the Final Book

*Ms. Rowling didn't even give us a memorial service for the death of our friends! And by the end of the last book they are our friends! So here you go ...*

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Harry Potter was dreaming. Although Voldemort and the Death Eaters had just been beaten and he thought this would be the first night for a very long time that he might dream happy dreams, he wasn't. He felt his body being constricted; absolutely no room to move and barely enough to breath. He couldn't feel Nagini the boa constrictor moving but it was the same feeling. He felt panic rising and was ready to scream...

... when suddenly he was awake.

"Morning, Harry, dear." Molly Weasley was

laying beside him on top of the covers of his bed, high atop Hogwarts in the Gryffindor dormitory tower. A snore made him turn his head and he saw Arthur Weasley fast asleep on his other side. So it wasn't a snake; just a very crowded bed. A quick look around told him that all five beds in the room were full of Weasleys – Charley, Bill and Fleur, Percy, George, Ron, and Ginny, and also fast asleep with the family was Hermione. He immediately felt Fred's absence.

"Mrs. Wesley," Harry said out loud, "What... ?"

"Professor McGonagall let us in last night. You disappeared from the great hall and no one knew where you'd gone. The whole school was searching the castle until that lovely Lovegood girl suggested you'd be in bed. 'After all, Harry's the sensible sort,' she said. Don't blame you; after all you've been though." She smiled. "You've been asleep since yesterday Noon. You missed Charlie's dragons; they had to return... "

"Where's Neville and... "

"Neville's in a guest room with his grandmother; didn't want to leave her alone. Seamus and Dean

are with their families as well."

Harry tried to pull the sheet and blankets over his chest as he sat up. "Not to be rude, but I haven't anything on. I didn't have any pajamas..."

"Then you just stay under the blankets and we'll serve breakfast."

At that there was a cracking sound and a dozen house elves appeared, lead by Kreacher, all carrying various heavily-laden trays of breakfast foods. Everyone in the room woke for the smell of breakfast.

"It's nearly Noon, but none of us have eaten anything sensible since before the battle," explained Mrs. Weasley.

"An owl has brought Master Potter a package," began Kreacher, holding a long, thin package up for Harry to take. Kreacher smiled wickedly. "An owl from Malfoy Manor."

"It looks like a wand," Harry said as he took the offering.

Mister Weasley smiled. "Before the Malfoys left I cornered Lucius and informed him that since you had beaten Voldemort, then Voldemort's wand

now belonged to you. It'll go nice with Draco's wand. It's no secret Voldemort had been headquartered at the Malfoy estate, so I told him that if it didn't arrive today a number of us would come looking for it." At this everyone in the room but Mrs. Weasley snickered - it was obvious who the 'number of us' would have been. "So, there's your own wand's twin... "

"You used his name, Mister Weasley," Harry whispered. "You said 'Voldemort'. Three times!"

Arthur smiled. "I could get used to it."

"Mrs. Weasley," Harry began, "I... I'm sorry. It's all my fault. Fred..."

Mrs. Weasley faced the boy head-on, bringing up the handle end of her wand and touching it to the boy's chin. "Get one thing straight Harry, dear: if you try to take blame for anything that's happened to this family then you'll wish the Death Eaters got hold of you instead of me! None of this is your fault, and if you try to make it so then the stories the boys have told you about my temper will pale in comparison to what I'll do to you!" She took a breath and smiled, her familiar, motherly

face returning. "Are we clear on that subject, Dear?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Harry said slowly, remembering how the woman had taken on Belletrix the day before. "But Fred... I mean..."

Mrs. Weasley's faced softened to what Harry always imagined a 'mommy' face to look like. "Yes, boy; I'm hurting inside more than you can imagine, and I suspect you are, too." The two of them were sitting up by now, and Mrs. Weasley pulled Harry close; he'd never been held like this before. "I've spent most of yesterday and last night crying, and when it's time for you to cry I will be here for you."

"Thanks," Harry said quietly. "But I don't feel..."

"When you do, Harry; when you do."

"Please, Harry Potter, Sir," one of the house elves in the back of the group spoke up – it was Winky, recognizable by the pink skirt she wore in her disgrace of having been set free. "Dobby has not come home for weeks and weeks. Are you knowing where he is?"

Ron and Hermione gasped – no one had told

the house elves!

Harry tried to move his covers, which he was able to do as soon as Mrs. Weasley stood up and handed him his trousers and all the women in the room looked away so he could slip them on. He knelt as Winky approached, Hermione taking the tray from Winky and setting it on the bed.

"Please Harry Potter, does you know where our Dobby has gone?"

"Winky, I am so sorry," Harry began, but his voice choked.

Winky's ears dropped sadly. "Is our Dobby not coming home, then?"

"No, Winky. He died saving seven of us from Voldemort. I'm so sorry."

Winky tried very hard to be brave, and Harry saw in her face the pretended courage he himself was trying to show. He knelt all the way to the floor and took her in his arms as she began to wail, and he held her tight as she cried loudly.

"Told you my Master is a great Wizard," Kreacher whispered to the other house elves. "He even cares for one who is shamed."

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That afternoon, family members of those who gave their lives in defense of the school assembled in the Great Hall. The house elves were there to mourn for Dobby, many of them having earlier Apparated in turns to visit the quiet grave that a wizard had dug by hand to honor the brave house elf, ooh'ing and awe'ing that he even made the headstone exactly as Dobby would like to have been remembered. Some of the parents present were the first Muggles to have entered Hogwarts, and Acting Headmistress McGonagall went out of her way to make them feel welcome and secure.

"Mister Potter," McGonagall called out as the doors to the hall closed and locked themselves so the meeting could be held in private, "Please come forward." Harry stood and started towards her, and Ron and Hermione stood and walked with him.

"I'm sorry, I only called for Mister Potter."

All three stopped, the looks on their faces and the way they took each other's elbows speaking

far louder than words.

"You're right, of course. After seven years why even attempt to break you up now?" One of the staff members moved to get two more chairs, and the three sat themselves next to McGonagall in front of the owl-shaped podium.

Just as the three of them took their seats and McGonagall opened her mouth to begin, the huge double doors to the Great Hall that supposedly locked themselves opened of their own accord, and the professor knew they wouldn't do that unless they had a very good reason.

Standing in the doorway was two wizards who looked as if they'd just stepped out of the Australian outback, a Muggle man and woman standing between them and looking very bewildered.

Before either wizard could say "G'Day" however, Hermione screamed and shot down the aisle at full speed and threw herself into her father's and mother's arms. I needn't tell you that there were tears.

"About eighteen hours ago they acted as if



they'd just woke up," one of the Australian wizards explained as Professor McGonagall reached the emotional reunion. "Right in the middle of something called a 'root canal'." He shook his head. "Poor bloke they were working on!" He paused a moment. "Anyway, we got wind of their story when the police came on the scene - their receptionist is a cute little witch, y'see; tipped us off as soon as she heard the word 'Hogwarts'. We figured you might know what to do about them."

"Yes; I think we do, as you can see. Thank you so very much," McGonagall whispered while Hermione exclaimed that there was so much for her parents to catch up on.

"You've a hole in your castle; you know that, don't you?"

"It's been a long few days," McGonagall explained quietly.

"Me and m' mate here are good with reconstruction; wouldn't mind helpin' a bit while we're here." Both of the Aussies whipped out their wands as if ready to go to work right then and there.

"Thank you. Please, come in and have a seat."

McGonagall led the two visitors in to the Great Hall and quietly explained to the audience what Hermione had done the summer previous to protect her parents from Voldemort's wrath - she had erased all memory of herself from her own parents' minds, changed their identities, and given them the sudden need to move to Australia. When the girl finally brought her parents forward the entire audience stood in silent respect - touching the hearts of all three Grangers.

Professor McGonagall sat the Grangers next to Arthur Weasley - they knew each other from conversations about muggle artifacts while school shopping - and then she led Hermione back to the head of the room where the Professor recited to the assembly the history of Tom Riddle up to the time that Harry, Ron, and Hermione started their first term at Hogwarts. Then she invited the three to tell the story of their years of schooling and fighting Voldemort, adding in things and asking leading questions to get the three to further tell a particular story. "Yes, you didn't know

I knew that," the professor said more than once as the three looked shocked at what she did know about their escapades. "I wouldn't be a very good Head of House if I didn't keep an eye and ear to my students, would I?" Although it was in fact a somber meeting, there was murmurs of laughter in appropriate places. "He did what?" Mr. and Mrs. Weasley were heard to murmur more than once, and the Creeveys were easily recognizable by their blush when stories of their son's photo-taking was mentioned.

It wasn't until Harry retold the story of watching Voldemort being brought back to life the night of the final Tri-Wizard competition that Harry noticed that in the third row and surrounded by a wizard and witch guard sat Vernon, Petunia, and Dudley Dursley, all three with wide-eyed looks of astonishment and very pale faces.

When it was finally over, Professor McGonagall stood. "I know there are many of you who would like to come up and speak to Mister Potter, Mister Weasley, and Miss Granger. Please remember they been through much and need

time for their own healing. Perhaps we can all show our appreciation to them now?"

The room came to their feet, thunderously applauding Harry, Ron, and Hermione, tears mixed with smiles. Not to be held back, Molly Weasley and Mrs. Granger made her way together to the front and took Ron, Harry, and Hermione in their arms. The doors opened, announcing the end of the meeting, and Professor McGonagall took Harry from Mrs. Weasley and led him to where his aunt and uncle still sat.

"Harry," Dudley said slowly as he stood to face his cousin, "You really did all that? That was the truth? All of it?"

"Yeah, all of it." Harry didn't know what else to say.

Uncle Vernon stood, Harry recognizing that the man was speechless. For the first time ever his uncle extended his hand and actually shook Harry's hand as if he were a fellow Man. There were no words exchanged, but the gesture was loud and clear to one versed in the murky

mysteries of male communication. Aunt Petunia's mouth tried to work as she too stood, but nothing would come out. She finally leaned over just far enough and gave him the briefest of kisses and then managed to say "I'm so sorry, Harry."

"Dursley?! Is that you?" They all turned to see Mr. Creevey stepping up to the little family reunion. "You're Harry's uncle?" Mr. Creevey smiled a big, proud grin. "How could you keep such an awesome secret? You have to be the proudest man on earth! That must be why you've disappeared this past year - under magical protection, no doubt?"

"Creevey?" Vernon managed to whisper slowly. Creevey, you see, was Vernon's assistant at the office.

"Excuse me," Harry mumbled, and he fled the scene.

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An hour after the family meeting ended the entire school quietly joined those already in the Great Hall. Also joining the students were their families and all those who had rushed to the

defense of the school during the Great Attack - which meant that nearly all of Hogsmeade was there along with many, many others who had Apparated to the village and marched on the school with the villagers. There were many wounded among them, and they bore their injuries with quiet dignity.

Where the Headmaster and staff usually sat there was a silent row of more than fifty simple caskets, each draped with the colors of their house. The stool used for the Sorting Ceremony was among the caskets, bearing a grinning picture of Dobby.

Just before the funeral service was to start there was a noise heard in the entry, and a herd of centaur appeared in the doorway.

"May we enter?" Bane, the tough, blond leader asked quietly.

Professor McGonagall was on her feet and striding the length of the hall before the request was completed. "Welcome, all of you. You honor us with your presence." And she nodded her head respectfully. Bane saluted Firenze, who still lay on

blankets in a corner of the room, his wounds being carefully tended by Hagrid.

"Told you they were real," Dennis Creevey whispered to his astonished parents as McGonagall lead the equine warriors to the great hall, where they of their own accord began to line the walls. It was obvious who the muggle parents were as they reacted to the herd's entrance into the room, but all was done with great dignity on the part of the humans and the centaurs.

A somber silence finally fell as Acting Headmistress McGonagall stood at the owl-shaped speaker's podium and welcomed the staff, students, families of the Deceased, and other defenders of Hogwart's.

"Two years ago," the Headmistress began, "we ended our school year in memory of one very brave young man, one Cedric Digory - killed as Tom Riddle came back into his power." She very deliberately used Voldemort's given name. "Last year it was to honor the greatest wizard to have ever headed this school. And today... " She paused as her emotions caught in her throat.

"Today there are so many. Every one of them had the chance to leave. They could have left when we smuggled the underage students out, some of which, as you know, stubbornly returned for the fight." A distinct sniffle was heard from all three of the Creeveys, the family of one such underage hero. "Some of these before us were alumni; not even current students." She looked momentarily to where Remus Lupin and his wife lay silently side by side. "But they came of their own accord because they believed in Freedom. Because of them and those of us who fought beside them, next year's term will end without a memorial service.

"As Professor Dumbledore told more than one student, it is our choices that make us who we are. These who lay before us now made a choice to fight. They made a choice that no one should live in tyranny, terror, or fear. They made a choice that Freedom had to start with them; not with someone else. They made choices that will resound through the history of this school. And so, we are only the first who will honor them."



Professor McGonagall waved her wand, and around the walls of the Great Hall portraits of those being honored appeared, hanging in beautifully-carved frames. Portraits of Cedric Digory and Professor Dumbledore were included.

“Today's service is for the families, the school, and those who defended the school; I have not even admitted the Ministry as we who fought the fight need a ceremony all our own. The rest of the magical community, however, has been invited to the interment tomorrow morning.

“I have asked each of the heads of the Hogwarts houses to stand and tell something of each of these brave souls.”

As Professor McGonagall was the head of Gryffindor, she remained at the head of the room as the two remaining heads of house joined her; one house being without a head. In fact, the only member of that house who had fought the fight was the Head of the House, but he was no longer to be found. Together they went down the line of coffins, each taking their turn at a coffin bearing

their house colors, sharing stories both humorous and somber about each student and alumni. As they finished they removed the house colors from the coffin, so by the time the service was done each of the coffins bore only the Hogwarts seal - a silent sign of unity.

The final casket, and the only one to bear the colors of the house no one wanted to name, was that of Severus Snape, and as the heads of the houses approached it Harry stood.

"Please; May I?"

McGonagall nodded and motioned for him to come forward. As she suspected he would do, Harry recited the memories Snape had given the boy while he died, beginning with the man's earliest memories of Lily and Petunia Evans and concluding with the man's death. Aunt Petunia's look told Harry that she remembered the strange boy from the playground of her childhood.

"So you see, he was as much a hero as anyone here." Harry paused. "I almost don't even hate him any more. In time I hope to be able to forgive him. If nothing else, for my mother's sake."

Harry looked around the Great Hall. "Next time any of you shun or ridicule a fellow classmate or anyone else for whatever reason, remember Professor Snape. Remember how easily your teasing, your ridicule, your snubbing of a fellow human being can affect their choices. Yes, they still make their choice, but we have to do our best to effect them into making the better choice."

With the heads of houses nodding, Harry returned to his seat.

McGonagall approached the speaker's podium once more. "Most of the families have given their consent for their loved one to be interred here at Hogwarts. Those who will be taking their child home..."

"Professor?" It was Mr. Creevey who stood, his wife nodding agreement with something he'd just whispered to her. "We've changed our minds. We'd like Colin to be layed to rest here. With his friends." A single huge tear rolled down the man's cheek as he held the most manly of faces. "It's the right thing..." A quiet sob stopped him from finishing the sentence.

Professor McGonagall smiled and nodded with a most tender look on her face that generations of students would not have thought possible. "It appears, then, that all the internments will take place tomorrow morning. Thank you, Mr. and Mrs. Creevey, and know that you and all the parents of our Heroes will be welcome here at any time, Magic or non-Magic. We will make the arrangements later.

"We will, then, reconvene tomorrow at Sunrise in the entrance hall. Family members who are visiting: please do not hesitate to call upon the students who have been assigned as your hosts for any of your needs – those of you who are new to the magical world I'm sure will have many questions before our memorial proceedings are completed. Supper, then, will be at Eight O'clock, and all who are here are welcome."

The doors to the great room opened on their own power, and a powerfully-built man in a kilt and traveling cloak stood in the door. He was as red-haired as any Celt could be and looked like a male version of Professor McGonagall except for

his youthfulness.

"Grandfather?" the acting head-mistress said, surprised, as she stepped from the podium and towards the door. It was actually her *great*-grandfather Angus; a member of the Brotherhood of the Dragons you read about in the first story...

The embrace as she reached the door was tender, and she even shed a tear or two.

"Someone else here to see you, Lassie," Great-grandfather Angus finally whispered, and another man stepped into the light. He too was powerfully built, his raven-black hair pulled back in a braid that fell as far as his waist. Professor McGonagall fell into this man's arms and they embraced and then they kissed. And as they kissed her hair spilled out of his familiar bun and cascaded down her back and turned from grey to red and shimmered in the light. Her figure filled in curves that had not been filled for quite a few years, and wrinkles softened and disappeared, and she was young again. At least for as long as the kiss lasted, which was *not* a short interval.

"Who? What?" Arthur Weasley asked.

"Well, Jacob of Ely, o' course!" Molly whispered back.

"Oh, of course," Arthur mumbled, not having a clue.

"She really *did* have a summer romance with a dragon?" Charlie whispered.

"Just not the sort of dragon *you* thought," Molly grinned at her family's confusion.

"You *knew* about this?" Arthur asked.

"You don't think Fred and George are the only things she and I discussed during all those parent-teacher meetings, do you? And if even one of my children - or you, Harry - whistle or cat-call, I'll silence the lot of you for good!"

A half-dozen Weasley men and a Potter closed their mouths.

"Does love *really* make you young again?" Davey Creevey asked his mother.

Missus Creevey put an arm around her husband. "If it's the right person it does."

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An hour before sunrise the castle's residents began to trickle down the stairs from the high

towers while others trickled up from the lower levels. By the time the entry doors opened to let in the rays of the rising sun the students were ready to fulfill their task as pallbearers. The rest of the school was in fact empty as even the ghosts gathered in the entry and lined the stairs to watch solemnly as each of the caskets were reverently carried through the entry and out the door, led with great dignity by their Headmistress. As each casket left the hall a centaur stepped up to lead the way to the loch's shore, outfitted with full weapons and looking as regal as any warrior could for the funeral of fellow warriors.

It would have taken a blind or heartless person to not see that Professor McGonagall was struggling to hold on to some shred of dignity as she led the procession, but she was a proud woman who would not appear weak for this important role. Just as the woman thought she would collapse, however, the crowd to one side opened, and Bane, the proud, militant centaur, stepped through and stopped in front of the acting headmistress. After silently staring at each other

for a moment the warrior who had almost killed another centaur for the sin of giving a human a ride knelt before the woman and motioned backwards towards his equine back.

"May one warrior honor another?" the centaur asked simply.

Aware of Bane's violent revulsion to such an action, McGonagall nearly choked on her tears while with the greatest of dignity she settled herself on his back in a sidesaddle position, humbled beyond expression by the honor being shown her. Bane turned with equal dignity and began to lead the procession down to the loch, the headmistress laying a single, dignified hand on his shoulder to steady herself.

In a deliberate act of defiance, short, small Davey Creevy refused to walk behind his brother's casket with his parents but insisted on being a pallbearer, even though it meant he had to raise his arms above his head to help carry his brother's body. He never knew that every time his arms began to give out a witch or wizard respectfully lining the path quietly raised their



wand and shot some extra strength his way.

While Fred Weasley was being borne by his brothers and sister, Arthur, Molly, and Fleur walked soberly behind Fred's casket, holding to each other for support. Harry was ahead of them, however, as the caskets were being carried in alphabetical order and he was in his place bearing Remus Lupin – friend, teacher, and the last of his parents' companions – on this last departure from the great castle. Hermione Granger was helping to carry Tonks to her final rest beside her husband of not even a year.

As Remus Lupin's casket reached the doors to the great entry, Harry felt a cold touch on his arm. He turned briefly and saw Myrtle, the ghost who inhabited the girl's bathroom and quite possibly the first of Tom Riddle's many victims, touching his arm. She smiled weakly at Harry as she leaned forward and tried to give him a short little kiss on his cheek. Harry smiled, understanding the great emotion in a ghost trying to make such strong contact with a mortal. She smiled back, their smiles saying everything that needed to be

said. Myrtle held up one hand and Harry saw a small shell on a chain.

"From the merpeople," Myrtle whispered in her little-girl voice as she slipped the chain over Harry's neck. "I was flushed into the lake last night and they surrounded me and asked me to deliver this to you." Harry smiled again and was out the door, humbly wearing the gift as Myrtle attempted to take his free elbow and float along beside him towards the final tribute.

As it was a long walk to the loch's shore for those bearing the Fallen, other students walked alongside the path, ready to take over for those whose shoulders and arms gave out in carrying their companions to their final rest. By the time they had reached the shore most every student had helped carry one or more of the caskets.

Harry was trying very hard not to see the many faces of those who had Apparated to Hogsmeade in the early morning hours and made the walk to the school to witness this final rite. (McGonagall had unwaveringly informed the Magical community that Hogwarts would not be a

hostel for those attending the services as everyone in the school was mourning and were not fit to be waiting on guests.) Harry couldn't imagine that there was so many witches and wizards in England. He remembered the crowds at the Quittich World Cup and thought that the crowd today had to be larger. The entire path from the castle to the loch was lined with those who had come, all standing silent and sober as coffin after coffin was carried by. Many reached out to touch a coffin as it passed, fresh tears coming to their eyes as they whispered the person's name.

The crowd parted as the procession approached, allowing them and their centaur guard access to the monument that had risen around the tomb of Albus Dumbledore - that tomb now stood at the center of a marble semicircle with enough smaller tombs fanning out to accommodate those being interred. The curved boundaries of the semi-circle was huge carved statues of a pair of phoenix birds; their wings acting as walls to make the monument a quiet,

private place of meditation and thought.

Bane stood soberly at Professor McGonagall's side, a hand on her shoulder as a sign of support, as she read each name from a scroll - just as she had read them at the Sorting Ceremony for so many years, and one by one caskets were placed in tombs and stone lids put in place and sealed with a simple spell. It was a very solemn ceremony right up until the moment that George Weasley stepped forward to seal the final tomb; the one in which his twin brother Fred was being layed to rest. Those gathered should have been warned when George suddenly hit the ground and covered his head just as the tomb suddenly made loud, embarrassing body sounds and emitted fireworks reminiscent of those that had been let off during Dolores Umbridge's unfortunate reign as Inquisitor.

“George... ” Molly Weasley's voice began threateningly as she picked herself up off the marble paving, not even noticing the applause being generated by those who knew - or knew of - the Weasley twins and their unwavering lust for

life.

“No, Molly; no,” began McGonagall as she also lifted herself from the monument floor; “We could hardly have honored one of these boys without one final demonstration, could we? I actually find it somehow quite appropriate.”

Molly did not look like she thought it appropriate in any way, but she conceded to the head of the school.

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As the public, students and faculty, and families mingled at the end of the ceremony, Harry remained in place next to Remus' and Tonks' tomb (the only joint tomb within the monument), a thousand memories filling his head, both good and bad; happy and sad. His mind was a million miles away as he heard his name called. It was McGonagall.

“Mister Potter.”

“Professor...”

“Call me Minerva.”

“I couldn't.”

“You could with practice. You're an adult now;

we're a little more equal." Harry smiled. "I've asked your friends to give us a few moments. Walk with me?"

Minerva took Harry by the arm and led him toward the focus of the monument – the tomb of Albus Dumbledore.

"Professor," Harry began and caught himself. "I mean, 'Minerva'. This one closest to Professor Dumbledore is just a platform; no tomb."

"Read the name engraved on it."

'Cedric Diggory' was engraved on the monument.

"He'd have liked this," Harry whispered. "And so would his parents."

Minerva motioned at a flower arrangement and Harry stopped to read – 'In Memory of our Son'.

"Were they here?"

"Yes; they arrived last night and were allowed to stay in the school. They said to give you their best and to please come visit them."

Suddenly Harry brightened just a little. "We should mount the Tri-Wizard trophy here!"

Minerva's smile was everything a

grandmother's smile could convey. "We were hoping you'd want that; his parents would be so proud." She paused. "Oh, and that which was taken from Dumbledore has been replaced. Along with the ring - yes, we sent someone out who found it, and it's safely hidden right along with the wand. I thought you'd like to know."

"Thank you. I hope they're never seen again." He paused. "And Voldemort? Where's his body...?"

"Ask me not and I'll lie not."

Harry looked at Minerva's face and knew he'd not ask that question ever again.

"Now, turn yourself around, young man," and Minerva wheeled Harry around to take in the full impact of the memorial, and for the first time Harry saw that upon the phoenix's windswept wings were hundreds – perhaps thousands – of engraved names.

"Almost like a war memorial," Harry whispered.

"There's no 'almost' about it; it most certainly is a war memorial. The wings on your left," and she pointed," lists the names of all known deaths in

the magical world due to Voltemort and the Death Eaters. (And he noticed that Myrtle's name began the entire list just as he heard a little girlish gasp exclamation saying "That's my name!") On the right," and she motioned there, "are the names of two rather important groups; the only two organized groups who stood up to Evil and fought it. Both generations of the Order of the Phoenix and," and she turned to face the young man, "Dumbledore's Army'."

"What? We didn't do so much..."

"You most certainly did! You taught a whole new generation to stand their ground and to stand for the Right!"

This was all too much for Harry. He let Minerva guide him to where he could see the names of the Order of the Phoenix engraved on either wing of the one sculptured phoenix-wall, and the names of Dumbledore's Army on the torso of the same bird. He saw that the names of the dead were gold-leafed. He saw the Dursleys standing silently as his aunt touched her sister Lily's name, tears flowing freely down her cheeks. And there was



even the faintest sight of Myrtle, barely visible in the bright sunlight, floating near the monument and fingering her name.

“Look – Neville's parents! They've gold-leafed them. But...”

“They'd might as well be dead, Harry. They deserve the honor, don't you think?”

“I do. I really do.”

“Neville was pleased.”

“Where... ?”

“He's gone for a walk with his grandmother – they needed some quiet time together. Now, come this way,” and she steered Harry to where the wings of the two giant birds met and entwined, making a quiet little hollow into which many of the school's house elves were staring in awe and reverence. When Harry got close enough to see between the entwined wings he saw a simple square pedestal, and atop it was...

“Dobby!” exclaimed Harry; “Look! It looks so real!”

And indeed it did look real. The statue stood, its head half-cocked and one hand raised and

ready to snap its fingers. In the other hand was a sock, just like the one Harry Potter had put in the diary that was handed to Dobby, awarding him his freedom.

What Harry didn't even comment on - didn't even seem to notice - was that there was a statue of himself next to Dobby, his hand on the house elf's shoulder. Many a house elves saw this as proof of the great wizard's humility.

"Told you my master is a great wizard," Kreacher was whispering; "He didn't even notice the statue of himself."

As Harry stepped up to the statue of his friend and caressed it with a soft hand, the tears came unstopped. He looked up at Minerva but couldn't speak, afraid of the flood that was going to come. She stepped up to the boy quickly and whispered: "May I do something I've wanted to do since the day you arrived here?"

"What's that?" he asked, knowing he wasn't going to be able to hold back the flood.

In answer, Minerva pulled his head to her shoulder and held him. "If I don't do it now, Molly

may never give me the chance."

Harry Potter wept, and every house elf who could crowded around him to touch; to comfort.

Minerva finally wept, too.

As Harry and Minerva wiped their faces, someone called for them. "Mister Potter," the voice called again. They turned and found themselves facing Andromeda Tonks, who was holding her grandchild, little Teddy Lupin. It was Harry's first chance to see the baby that was to be his godson.

"Remus and Nymphadora agreed you were to be Teddy's godfather, and I finally agree with their decision."

"Thank you," said Harry.

"I'm old and I don't know if I'm up to caring for a baby." She smiled a grandmother smile. "It will be interesting."

Harry turned to Professor McGonagall. "Winky."

"Aye; I *abso-lutely* approve." She cleared her throat and called the house elf's name.

Winky came running from the crowd of departing house elves. "Was I calling?" she

asked breathlessly as she stopped in front of Harry and Minerva.

“Winky,” began Harry slowly, “Are you happy here?”

“I is a servant; I is happy.”

“I know of a house that needs a house elf.”

Winky's eyes narrowed. “But I is shamed. No one is wanting me.”

Mrs. Tonks understood what was going on. “Oh! But Minerva – we've never had a house elf. I wouldn't know...”

“Winky,” and Harry knelt, “This is a house that has never had a house elf. You will need to teach them who house elves are and what they do and how they are to be treated.”

“I is not knowing about this.”

Harry motioned for the baby and Mrs. Tonks gently handed the little bundle to the boy. “Winky, here is a baby whose mother and father were buried here today.”

“Harry Potter is talking of Master Lupin and Mistress Tonks?”

“I am. Do you know how to take care of a

baby?"

"Ooooh, Harry Potter is knowing that Winky knows such things!"

Harry smiled. "You can demand that you receive no payment and no days off. Here; see the baby."

"Oh," began Mrs. Tonks; "Of course she'd receive a wage. Her own room..."

"NO!" exclaimed Winky; "I is not a liberated house elf; I is still having self-respect. No wage or room! A box with a clean blanket... !"

Mrs. Tonks was appalled, but her need for a nursemaid overrode her sensibilities. "Winky, I am sure you will be able to teach me what a proper house elf should have and do."

By now Winky was holding the baby, who was making baby noises, and an angelic smile was working its way across her face. "I is not sure yet."

"I'm the baby's godfather, Winky," Harry said slowly, "I will be able to come and visit you and make sure you are being treated correctly."

Winky looked from Harry to Mrs. Tonks to Minerva, and then addressed Minerva. "You is not

upset that I would leave?"

"Well, I have been considering giving Hogwarts house elves a wage," Minerva lied. "And, I've been wracking my brain what to do when you refuse one."

"A wage?" Winky was horrified.

"A mandatory wage."

Winky looked back at Mrs. Tonks. "I is coming with you, Mistress Tonks. You will see I is the best nurse for babies that you are ever knowing." Winky smiled at the baby. "Please, may I show my new little Master to the others before we leave?" Mrs. Tonks nodded and Winky ran off to show off her new little charge and brag of her new position.

Somewhere where Harry couldn't see him, Dudley Dursley was talking to a centaur: "You mates are for real?! Centaur's are for real?! All my life... "

The Weasleys, Hermione, and the remnants of the Order of the Phoenix and Dumbledore's Army were all waiting near Dumblore's tomb as Minerva and Harry finally joined them - even

Neville and his grandmother had returned to the monument. Molly put a hand on Harry's face, her quick eyes seeing that there had been tears. "That's a start, Dear," she whispered as she patted his cheek.

Just as Arthur cleared his throat to speak, a melodious cry was heard, and from somewhere above them a red and blue bird fluttered in and landed on Fred's tomb. It cocked its head this way and that, crying, until Harry finally exclaimed: "Fawkes?"

"That's a phoenix, Mum, Dad!" Hermione whispered.

The phoenix that was formerly Dumbledore's companion chirped and turned to face Harry, who pushed his way through the crowd and put out a hand to touch the bird, which hopped up onto Harry's outstretched arm, walked its way to his shoulder, and sat comfortably down while making quiet, calming noises, as if settling into a new home. It rubbed its head against Harry's cheek and cried a happy cry.

"Well," said Ron with a grin, "No more owls for

Harry!"

Hermione, however, was crying. Again.

"What?" asked Ron.

"Don't you understand anything, Ron? A phoenix. A new beginning." She looked up and smiled at Harry. "Welcome to a new beginning, Harry."

---

A week later Harry Potter walked down Diagon Alley and opened the door to the newly-reopened 'Ollivanders: Maker of Fine Wands' and stepped in, the door's bell announcing his entrance.

"Good afternoon," called out a soft voice. "I thought I'd be seeing you soon." Harry remembered the first time the old man spoke those words to him and smiled. Mr. Ollivander looked healthier and happier than the last time Harry had seen him, and his eyes and smile had their old twinkle back. "Haven't come for a new wand, have you? You've got quite a collection already. I hear the twin is even yours now..."

"No, Sir; not a new wand. I... I'm looking for a job."



"Weasley's joke shop not hiring?"

"They hired Ron; something about it being a family business."

Mr. Ollivander grinned. "I doubt there's a Weasley alive who doesn't consider you family, despite your unforgivable lack of red hair. Even old Muriel... "

"I'm hoping for something quiet, actually." Harry admitted. "Not a lot of excitement."

Mr. Ollivander peered deep into Harry's eyes. "I'm not too good at divination, Mister Potter, but I'm reasonably sure you are not destined for a quiet, peaceful life." He paused, his smile getting even wider. "Destiny has something far more interesting in store for you." Harry began to speak but the old man held up his hand. "But until said destiny finds you, I am in terrible need of an assistant. Every piece of stock is in the most horrible condition; everything needs dusting and polishing. Shelves need to be resorted and arranged..."

"I can dust and polish," offered Harry; "I can learn to arrange shelves."

“The position is yours, then.”

And so, for a time, Harry Potter led a quiet, peaceful life.

# Situations for the Brave Harry Potter Fan-Fiction Writer

— Hogwarts *does* need dancing instructors ... and who better than that All-American couple Gomez and Morticia Addams ... played by Antonio Banderas and Catherine Zeta Jones, of course ... !

— And speaking of the Addams family - a new American exchange student enters Slythren House and bests Draco at pretty much everything - Wednesday Addams.

— A wizard recently retired from Her Majesty's Service takes over running the Order of the Phoenix ... you know him as Bond ... James Bond. His warehouse of enchanted muggle artifacts cements a lasting friendship between himself and Mr. Weasley ... Bond will charm Mrs. Weasley into letting Mr. Weasley accompany him on top secret missions ...

— We discover there was a student back in

1963 who was so bad at Transfigurations that he was unable to change himself back into human form - he'd turned himself into a Volkswagon Bug during his O.W.L.S. exams ... I don't remember his last name, but his first name was ... daah! ... Herbie...

— We discover Dumbledore once secretly owned an enchanted muggle artifact he raced during the summer holiday - an automobile affectionately called 'Chitty-Chitty-Bang-Bang'. Can't you just see that hair and beard flowing in the wind... ?

— Mary Poppins is actually a witch who's allergic to broom handle varnish and is constantly being fined for owning an enchanted muggle artifact - an umbrella. She is hired to be either the Social Arts teacher or the House Mum for one of the four school houses. (I'd like to see her take over Slytherin and teach them a few manners... ) It is discovered that Bert the chimneysweep (who currently works at the school) is a Squib ...

— Okay, so you don't want Mary Poppins to take over Slytherin, and after going to the movies

today I agree... I'd much rather see Nanny MacFee take those little brats on ... and what that woman would do with both Draco and Lucious Malfoy!

— An American nun visiting Britain witnesses a murder committed by Death-Eaters. To protect her, she'd hidden at the school. After hearing the students sing the school song (as sung in the beginning of Book One), she begs to be allowed to start a choir. (Her name, you ask? Sister Mary Clarence from the "Sister Act" movies.) Concerts will include such 60's and 70's hits as "Love Potion #9", "I've Put a Spell on You" and "Witchy Woman". Remus Lupin will be identified as the love interest in "Leader of the Pack".

— We discover the Forbidden Forest is actually the Hundred Acre Woods, and Christopher Robin has grown from playing with enchanted stuffed animals to collecting truly monstrous pets ... And, he's currently teaching Care of Magical Creatures ...

— The Sanderson Sisters (Disney's 'Hocus Pocus') take on the dual roles of Potion

## Mistresses and Choir Leaders

— How about a student exchange program between Hogwart's and Sky High... ?

— What if the Muppets attended Hogwarts...

Would Snape survive Miss Piggy's displeasure?

Would Hagrid befriend Animal?

## **From the same author on Feedbooks**

[Grandpa Bruce's Poetry and Hymns,  
Volume One \(2010\)](#)

REFORMATTED June 2010 - a collection of poems and hymn texts; many written for children; just as many written on everyday topics and events. It is best viewed on an e-reader. If you enjoy this, please come and discuss at:

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/create.php#!/group.php?gid=120610104646392>

[Faerie Prince of Temple Square \(2010\)](#)

When you visit Salt Lake City's historical Temple Square at Christmastime and see millions of lights in the trees and bushes, have you ever asked yourself: Are they lights or are they – Faeries? If I find typo's, the corrected versions will be in my "Grandpa Bruce's Gem Mine of Short Stories". If you enjoy this, please come and discuss at:

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/create.php#!/group.php?gid=120610104646392>

## Night Bird Canyon - a Story of Friends and Fiends (2010)

Subtitled 'A Vampire Among the Mormons', this classical Gothic horror story takes place in Northern Utah's Cache Valley in the early years of the Depression. It's not about Mormons or Mormonism; that's just the setting for this classical Good versus Evil tale. I apologize for the twist at the end in the introduction of a well-known character, but I just couldn't help myself. If I find typo's, the corrected verions will be in my "Grandpa Bruce's Gem Mine of Short Stories". If you enjoy this, please come and discuss at:

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/create.php#!/group.php?gid=120610104646392>

## Pilgrim's Progress: Latter-day Sequels (2010)

AUGUST 7, 2010 - totally reformatted; hymns added ... One book and several short stories inspired by Bunyan's classic volume. The book is the story of four of Christian and Chrstiana's grandsons on their pilgrimage, looking through the field glasses of the Latter-day Saint branch of Christianity. Those who believe Latter-day Saints are heretics and Satan-worshippers, I



ask that you read with an open heart and allow yourself to be amazed at how much Christianity you're going to find. Also includes short stories about attractions at Vanity Fair as well as a brand new INDEX & CONCORDANCE for all the works in this book. If you enjoy this, please come and discuss at:

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/create.php#!/group.php?gid=120610104646392>

### [DAY TRIPS to NARNIA](#) (2010)

Rearranged June 13, 2010 ... A collection of 'fan fiction' short stories based on C. S. Lewis' world of Narnia. Although written for fun, most of the stories are moralistic in nature - but I think you will enjoy them anyway. When asked if he was going to write more Narnia books, C. S. Lewis' answer was: "Why not write stories for yourself to fill up the gaps in Narnian history? I've left you plenty of hints - especially where Lucy and the unicorn are talking in 'The Last Battle'. I feel I have done all I can!" (Paul Ford, COMPANION TO NARNIA (San Francisco: HarperSan Francisco, 2005) pg 443) Obviously, Narnia and anything to do with it is owned and copyrighted; hence this is merely 'fan fiction'

and not copyrighted. If you enjoy this,

please come and discuss at:

[http://www.facebook.com/pages/create.php#!/group.php?  
gid=120610104646392](http://www.facebook.com/pages/create.php#!/group.php?gid=120610104646392)

### [Men and Depression: One Man's Journey](#) (2010)

Formatting corrected October 2010 ...

Having lived a lifetime of chronic and suicidal depression, I've compiled things I've wrtten on the topic to be a guidebook and inspiration to those following me along the path. This is in no way a professional medical or mental health text; it is simply one's man's expereinces and what he has learned. If you enjoy this, please come and discuss at:

[http://www.facebook.com/pages/create.php#!/group.php?  
gid=120610104646392](http://www.facebook.com/pages/create.php#!/group.php?gid=120610104646392)

### [Faith, Grace, & Works: a Chord in the Hymn of Salvation](#) (2010)

Christians have debated for centuries whether they are saved by Faith, by Grace, or by Works. This author beleives each of these principles plays a role and seeks to show the role each plays in a Christian's progress towards salvation. If you enjoy this, please come and discuss at:

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/create.php#!/group.php?gid=120610104646392>

### [Pilgrim's Progress: People & Place](#)

#### [Concordance](#) (2010)

Updated Sept. 2010 ... In all my years of reading this classic book, I've never yet found a people & place concordance ... so, here's my first draft of one. If you enjoy this, please come and discuss at:

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/create.php#!/group.php?gid=120610104646392>

### [Percy Jackson - All Grown Up](#) (2010)

UPDATED June 5, 2010; changed one minor character's name ... Three short "fan fiction" stories written after "The Last Olympian" and before the "Heroes of Olympus" series was even announced.

They are my take on what happened to our Hero after the books and are based on the Percy Jackson books and NOT the movie. If you enjoy this, please come and discuss at:

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/create.php#!/group.php?gid=120610104646392>

### [The Power of Hymns](#) (2010)

ADDITIONS, APRIL 2010 ... Music and song have a power like no other. Hymns, to

me, are the most powerful of all music. This is a compilation of my own writings on the subject coupled with addresses and quotes from others. If you enjoy this, please come and discuss at:

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/create.php#!/group.php?gid=120610104646392>

### [Grandpa Bruce's Short Stories](#) (2010)

Minor reformatting June 13, 2010 ... Like a gem mine, you find rocks and you find gems. Hopefully you find more gems in this book than rocks. If you enjoy this, please come and discuss at:

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/create.php#!/group.php?gid=120610104646392>

### [From Boy to Man and Back Again](#) (2010)

CORRECTIONS MADE APRIL 22, 2010 -  
A Chronicles of Narnia "fan fiction" novel -  
Book 1 of my 'Hundred-Year Winter' Series and takes place in the months leading up to the beginning of the Hundred-Year Winter. It tells how and why the Tree of Protection died and how the witch Jadis came to power. It also lets you know something else that was made from the wood of that tree from which the Wardrobe had been built. If you enjoy this, please come and discuss at:

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/create.php#!/group.php?gid=120610104646392>

### [Camilla: Warrior of Narnia](#) (2010)

A Chronicles of Narnia 'fan fiction' novel - Book 1 of my 'Glasswater' series. Taking place in the time of Princess SwanWhite, a 10-year-old girl facing surgery for major burns is taken to Narnia to learn real heroism. She and Princess SwanWhite both learn why, as Father Christmas stated to Queens Susan and Lucy, war is so very terrible when women must fight. If you enjoy this, please come and discuss at:

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/create.php#!/group.php?gid=120610104646392>

### [Second Chance](#) (2010)

A 'Chronicles of Narnia' fan-fiction novel; Book 3 in my 'Glasswater Series', which is written so it can be read out of order. This is dedicated with deepest respect to my fellow brothers and sisters in the Armed Forces of whatever country they serve. PARENTAL NOTE: This story is about a grown-up going to Narnia and deals with themes that affect grown-ups as well as children: healing from suicide, child abuse, illegitimate birth, and the physical and

mental scars soldiers carry from their wartime experiences. These themes are dealt with in a very straight-forward but tactful and respectful manner. Parents may want to read this story first. I promise you it all turns out good in the end - all the correct decisions are made by my characters in regards to these topics - Aslan makes sure of this. If you enjoy this, please come and discuss at:

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/create.php#!/group.php?gid=120610104646392>

### [LDS Lists & Figures](#) (2010)

UPDATED October 2010 - I created this file of information on the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints (LDS) simply to have the material on hand in my own e-reader and am sharing it with you: membership statistics; presidents of the Church; temples; official proclamations; a few missionary tracts; statements concerning the LDS Church and the U.S. Constitution. I will update as needed, usually with each General Conference.

### ["Ye Who Are Weary – Come Home": a 'Mormon' Werewolf](#) (2010)

THIS IS NOT A CHILDREN'S STORY.

Although the wording is tactful, there are startling images.

There are two paths to take with a werewolf story – the first path is spilled over with blood and carnage, while the second path carries the themes of being Foresaken and then Redeemed. I'm a Sunday School teacher – I'm taking the second route as I think Redemption and Deliverance are far more important than all the exciting violence and blood and gore such a story could contain ... Aren't they?

My proofreaders tell me that you deserve to be warned that Edgar Rice Burroughs and H. G. Wells are two of my favorite authors, and since this takes place in much the same time period in which they were writing, I have tried to emulate the language of that time, which means it's pretty long-winded for today's readers. It is also stuffed full of religion – the 'Mormon' culture to be exact. Some things that are talked about are very sacred to we Latter-day Saints, and I think I have carefully balanced the attempt of keeping the sacred while writing a good story. If you think some of the sacred is silly I only hope you can show it the respect you would wish we would show to your sacred things.

[The Whole Armor of God – A Latter-day Saint View \(2010\)](#)

Typos corrected/additions Oct 31, 2010 ...

There are many Christians in the world today who object to the 'warrior view' of the Gospel of Christ. They will not let their children read the military campaigns in the scriptures or even sing the 'battle' hymns. Like it or not, we are in the midst of a war; a battle begun before the earth was even created, and turning our eyes away from it and pretending it doesn't exist is exactly what the Enemy wants. This book is meant to be a 'field guide', describing the battle at hand and those armor pieces the Lord has provided for us to use in the battle. Please come and discuss at:  
<http://www.facebook.com/group.php?gid=120610104646392>





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