

Інформація

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Books > Harry Potter

Basilisk-born

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What if the Dementor attack in 5th year had ended with Harry losing?

What if someone had stepped in to save him? And what if Harry ended up in the past with a chance to be more than he ever was before? A story about a forcibly time travelled Harry and its consequences...

Manipulative Dumbledore, 'Slytherin!Harry', Time Travel!

Rated: Fiction T - English - Mystery/Adventure - Harry P., Salazar S. -

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1. Prologue: Death

Disclaimer: not mine. All Rowling's but I like to torture her characters a little bit...

Information: The story starts at the beginning of fifth year. After that it gets AU, even if I try to follow the plot for a while.

This is a Slytherin!Harry story! There is also time-travel involved (Founders and other) as well as manipulative!Dumbledore. I try not to bash him, but it might come of as slight bashing...

I'm still not sure what to do about Ron and Hermione.

Important: Words written in italics and bold are from Rowling's chapter

'Dudley Demented' in OotP. I needed it to start of the story.

My mother tongue isn't English, so sorry for my mistakes.

PLEASE HAVE PATIENCE WITH THIS STORY - I DON'T USE OC'S AS MAIN-CHARACTERS, SO EVEN IF YOU DON'T THINK YOU

could to tell him to stop, yelled so he could to tell him to keep his mouth shut.

But he knew, it wasn't enough. They needed help. There was no way to survive without...

His hands were searching in the absolute darkness surrounding him. Hard asphalt made his hands bleed but he had no time, he had no time...

"Where's - wand- come on- lumos!"

He said the spell automatically, desperate for light to help him in his search - and to his disbelieving relief, light flared inches from his right hand - the wand tip had ignited. He snatched it up, scrambled to his feet and turned around.

His stomach turned over.

A towering, hooded figure was gliding smoothly towards him, hovering over the ground, no feet or face visible beneath its robes, sucking on the night as it came.

Stumbling backwards, he raised his wand.

"Expecto patronum!"

A silvery wisp of vapour shot from the tip of the wand and the Dementor slowed, but the spell hadn't worked properly; tripping over his own feet, he retreated further as the Dementor bore down upon him, panic and pain fogging his brain - concentrate -

A pair of grey, slimy, scabbed hands slid from inside the Dementor's robes, reaching for him. A rushing noise filled his ears.

Once again, a rush of dizziness threatened to overcome him. His head throbbed with pain and his thoughts seemed unclear and fogged.

"Expecto patronum!"

His voice sounded dim and distant. Another wisp of silver smoke, feebler than the last, drifted from the wand - he couldn't do it anymore,

he couldn't work the spell.

There was laughter inside his own head, shrill, high-pitched laughter...

he could smell the Dementor's putrid, death-cold breath filling his own lungs, drowning him - think... something happy...

But there was no happiness in him... the Dementor's icy fingers were closing on his throat - the high-pitched laughter was growing louder and louder, and a voice spoke inside his head: "Bow to death, Harry... it might even be painless... I would not know... I have never died..."

His fingers went limp, his grasp loosened - concentrate -

But there was nothing, nothing but the darkness, the cold and pain filling his head. His hand was numb and it could have been empty, though it mattered not, the last chance to survive was gone.

Happy thoughts- happy thoughts - happy...

His mind went blank. There was nothing, absolutely nothing he could do anymore. No happiness, nothing but death.

"Bow to death, Harry." The voice whispered again and a deep, black, endless hole came down on his mouth.

Weathered skin were placed the eyes should have been. His body bowed to death. His wand escaped his grasp.

Clattering, it hit the ground.

And then there was nothing but the endless darkness of the black hole, the Dementor pressing its non-existent lips onto his own...

"EXPECTO PATRONUM!"

As suddenly as the darkness had come, it had gone. He fell to the earth, unable to do anything but lay there and wait for death to come. His limbs wouldn't move, his head throbbed with overwhelming pain.

His vision went foggy, but he could still see the flaming figure of a phoenix, gliding through the air. Bright like the sun, golden and warm,

full of fire, life and happiness.

The Dementors cried with pain, as the golden light of the phoenix hit them.

The darkness fled where the light had hit.

The cold withdrew, leaving his limbs lifeless yet warm.

The alleyway was bathed in light, it was so bright it was as if it was imitating the sun.

Red flames danced through the air, burning the black cloth of the Dementors, turning the cold to warmth.

High-pitched screams escaped the lip-less, endless holes, while claw-like death-hands dispersed into ashes.

It took him a moment to understand that the phoenix was a Patronus.

Dumbledore? Hope filled his heart when this word filled his thoughts.

Dumbledore?!

"Dumb..." he began, but he could not finish his word - not Dumbledore?

The bright daylight that came with the phoenix was not the Patronus'.

Although, the happiness he felt was that of a Patronus. But was it Dumbledore's?

The answer came a moment later, when a figure emerged from the darkness of the alleyway. Its black cloak billowed in non-existent wind, a cloak made of shadow and fog, black like the endless hole of the Dementor-mouth, shadowy like the grim, coming for its prey.

It was barely five feet tall, but the magic surrounding it gave it a presence like Harry had never seen one before.

The wind was caressing its black hair that seemed to swallow the light and its eyes glowed with death in the darkness, promising a soundless Avada Kedavra, more beautiful than Voldemort would ever be able to produce, promising green lightning to anyone brave enough to cross its

path.

Not Dumbledore.

Not safe.

Rescue - had to... rescue himself -

His hands chafed at the rough asphalt, searching for his wand again - do not give up -

There was nothing but asphalt, dirt and darkness. His hands began to search faster and faster. His breathing hitched. He could not give up, not now, not after he could finally think clearly again.

And while his hands were searching frantically, his eyes never left the deadly eyes in front of him, daring the figure to stay away, to let him go.

But there was no way to escape this born predator...

Pain shot through his head, dizziness filled his mind - can't give up -

The figure drew near. Its hood prevented its features from being seen.

Just its deadly green eyes gleamed in the light.

It bowed down to him, eyes of death meeting eyes of Avada Kedavra-green.

"Bow to death, Harry!" The voice was oddly warm, like a summer wind in autumn, tingling through the air like the unearthly voice of a High Elf.

"It will be painless. I know, I have been there. Bow to death and move on!"

A gentle hand cupped his head; the other hand moved to draw runes on his forehead and his scar.

"Sleep well, precious child. May you never live again."

And suddenly there was light all around him.

His hands, still bleeding, scraped at the asphalt beneath him, lighting up with symbols he had never seen before.

His chest ached as it began to glow through his shirt.

PLAYING HARRY

sss

A man emerged from the darkness of the alleyway. The figure was shrouded in a cloak which hid his face and actually made him appear as if he truly was nothing more than a shadow - if a shadow could stand upright and had grey eyes, glowing beneath a dark hood, that is...

"You know," the shadow said slowly. "Most likely, you're going to have some trouble because of the boy's spells."

The other one - a man in his early twenties with black, unruly hair and eyes of an even lighter green than Harry's had been - shrugged.

"I may," He answered. "But even if I do, handling it will be child's play."

"Sa..."

"It is 'Harry' now," The man corrected and snatched the vanished boy's lost glasses from the ground. "You should become accustomed to it."

With that he turned the glasses in his hands to look at them from all sides with disdain.

"We'll never speak in public," the shadow objected unhappily, watching the other man intensely.

The green-eyed man didn't seem to be bothered by it at all.

He just shrugged.

"Then do it for me," he said. "I will have to learn to answer to that name now."

"You will," the shadow sighed. "But I never understood why you had to vanish the boy in the first place. He's just a boy - why trouble yourself with schemes to finish him off?"

'Harry' sighed unhappily.

"It had to be that way, Reg," he replied. "He would not have survived tonight. He was never meant to survive."

"That's what you say," Reg pointed out. "Do you have visions, to know such things?"

The young looking man raised an eyebrow at that question.

"I do not," he answered, sighing. "But I learned a long time ago that some things are unchangeable. I tried. I tried to rescue the boy before - I was unable to. I did not even find the place where the boy lived - even when I knew where it was, I could not find it - and I could not rescue others I knew were about to die... Believe me, I tried! Oh! How I tried..."

Reg stayed silent after these words, a contemplating look on his face.

It was clear that he actually hadn't expected the answer he'd been given by 'Harry.'

'Harry' on the other hand turned his head and glanced at the place the vanished boy - the former Harry Potter - had been some minutes before.

"I will be Harry now," he finally said quietly and, oddly enough, sadly. "I have to be Harry now. This was my plan from the start."

He didn't look too pleased, even after claiming that it was his plan they were currently following.

Reg frowned.

"And you really can do it?" he asked the other man doubtfully. "It won't be easy, after all. You'll have to behave exactly like the boy... and... well... you're quite a bit older than him, you know?"

"That is not a problem," 'Harry' replied and closed his eyes in concentration. For a moment nothing seemed to happen, then, slowly but surely, his features and body started to change.

When the changes stopped barely a minute later, he was a little more than five years younger and several inches smaller.

"There we go," he said, while picking up the boy's wand. He gave it an experimental swish, frowned at it for a second and then shrugged.

"A bit different than the wands I normally use," he said. "But then, the craftsmanship might be a bit better than with mine."

With that he channelled his magic through the wand and sparks lit its tip — the wand bowing to the man as its new master.

'Harry' shrugged again before hiding the wand away in one of the wand-holsters he was wearing. Then he proceeded to glamour his longer hair and clothes with his own wand, before turning his gaze back to the glasses in his hand. He frowned at them unhappily again and then changed the lenses of the glasses to window glass.

"Alright," he put the glasses on with a grimace. "How do I look?"

"Like the boy," Reg answered while eyeing the other critically. "Are you sure you're able to play Harry?"

The other rolled his eyes.

"Of course I am," he said.

"Then you'll have to lose your accent," Reg concluded. "No one will believe that you're Harry when you've got a foreign accent."

'Harry' sighed.

"I will lose it," he replied and rubbed his hand over his face — nearly pulling the glasses from his nose in the process which made him frown at them again, clearly unhappy that he was forced to wear them. "I haven't spoken English in a long time. It will take some time to think in it again..."

"You..." But whatever the other one wanted to say, he was interrupted by 'Harry' before even finishing the first word.

"Go! There is someone coming!" 'Harry' said, having heard something that Reg hadn't. "You mustn't be seen!"

Reg reacted instantly. One moment he was there, the next a small black cat fled into the darkness.

Meanwhile, the other man spun around, hiding away his own wand in the process and drawing Harry's before pointing it toward the face of the newcomer.

It was Harry's old babysitter, Mrs. Figg.

Hastily, 'Harry' started to stow 'his' wand away again.

"Don't put it away, idiot boy!" she shrieked. "What if there are more of them around? Oh, I'm going to kill Mundungus Fletcher!"

So she was one of them - Dumbledore's men.

He and Reg had been lucky that she hadn't seen them together. 'Harry' had never been more thankful for the concealing charms on Reg's robes that had hidden the other man long enough that Mrs Figg hadn't noticed him.

'Harry' shook off his thoughts.

He had no time to ponder on near misses.

There were other things to consider.

He was Harry Potter right now - a fifteen-year-old, undereducated wizard. He had time to ponder everything else later, not now when he had to perform for the first time.

He took a deep breath and closed his eyes briefly.

It was time.

He had to play his part...

"What?" he asked, trying to sound stunned.

"He left!" said Mrs. Figg, wringing her hands. "Left to see someone about a batch of cauldrons..."

She rambled on, but 'Harry' tuned her out. Instead he took the time to slip into his Harry-persona.

He had to be Harry now.

He had to answer to 'Harry'.

He had to think about himself as Harry.

He had to simply be Harry from now on!

It would be difficult, but there was no other way if he wanted to reach his goals...

So he let her ramble, sometimes asking questions Harry would have asked, like "This Mundungus has been following me?" and "You know Dumbledore?"

He stood by and watched while she went to Dudley and tried to lift him up.

She stooped down, seized one of Dudley's massive arms in her wizened hands and tugged.

He saw her desperation, her fear while she tried to lift the heavy boy off the ground.

"Get up, you useless lump, get up!"

Dudley either could or would not move, so 'Harry' finally declared that he would help and heaved the boy up from where he lay on the ground.

The boy was heavy, but not as heavy as other things 'Harry' had carried.

Of course, he could not let the fact that he was stronger than the original Harry show, so he tried to look as if he was struggling greatly.

"Hurry up!" said Mrs. Figg hysterically.

She was clearly out of her depth, panicking.

'Harry' could have reassured her, but the young boy he was pretending to be would have had no clue about her terror and so 'Harry' did nothing but stand by and watch.

Instead of telling Mrs Figg that the danger had passed, 'Harry' followed her lead, let her peek around corners, aware that somewhere in the dark there was a black cat laughing at him.

"Keep your wand out!"

He did as he was told, not caring to share that the Dementors were gone and wouldn't dare to return.

Dementors might be monsters, only fixated on their own pleasure - but even they weren't dumb enough to try a stunt like that again when 'Harry' was around.

There were a lot of dangers in the world and dementors definitely were one of the worst - but even they had something they feared even more than anything else.

'Harry' was their greatest fear.

He was dementor-born - and a dementor-born like 'Harry' could kill them without a lot of trouble. They wouldn't risk angering him considering his power over them.

So he let her drag him along and tried to act like a fifteen-year-old should, even when Mundungus Fletcher finally returned and he had to fight the urge to hex the useless scum just to show the man what he thought of him.

It wasn't easy.

He had to ask Mrs. Figg if she would like to use Hedwig to send a message to Dumbledore and he had to act unoffended when she said "he wouldn't understand" when, in reality, he understood very well.

The ministry wanted to disgrace him: they were trying to expel him - well, Harry - and they'd use any excuse they could get. A Patronus, even if it wasn't fully formed, would be enough - not that they knew the Patronus charm cast by Harry's wand had never been fully formed...

Finally they reached the door to number four, Privet Drive. Playing the uninformed boy he wasn't, he asked questions about why he had been followed and shouted after her to wait - because he had still sooo many questions about her, her involvement with the magical world and

Dumbledore...

Luckily for him, Mrs. Figg just went on walking and didn't stop.

xXx

When the woman was finally gone, 'Harry' hesitated for a moment, then readjusted Dudley on his shoulder and took a deep breath.

This was it.

The beginning of his life as Harry James Potter of Privet Drive No. 4, Little Whinging, Surrey.

'Harry' took another deep breath, finally putting his wand away, and prepared to meet 'his' aunt.

This would be a bloodbath...

He sighed, shook his head at his thoughts and finally opened the door and went in.

There was no sense delaying this meeting any further...

'His' aunt, of course, wasn't happy about what had happened.

She fussed over her son, crying "Diddy, Diddy, Diddy!" and 'Harry' let her.

He let her fuss until the first accusations were hurled at him.

"What have you done to my son?" Uncle Vernon growled.

"Nothing," 'Harry' said, knowing perfectly well that Uncle Vernon wouldn't believe him.

"What did he do to you, Diddy?" Aunt Petunia said in a quavering voice, now sponging sick from the front of Dudley's leather jacket. "Was it - was it you-know-what, darling? Did he use - his thing?"

Slowly, tremulously, Dudley nodded.

Harry gave a token of protest - he had to keep up appearances, after all.

He had actually planned to use the developing argument to leave the house with Harry's things and find another place to stay - but that was before the first owl found its way into the Dursley's kitchen.

The letter it carried made 'his' uncle angry - and amused 'Harry' to no end...

xXx

Dear Mr Potter,

We have received intelligence that you performed the Patronus Charm at twenty-three minutes past nine this evening in a Muggle-inhabited area and in the presence of a Muggle.

The severity of this breach of the Decree for the Reasonable Restriction of Underage Sorcery has resulted in your expulsion from Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Ministry representatives will be calling at your place of residence shortly to destroy your wand.

As you have already received an official warning for a previous offence under Section 13 of the International Confederation of Warlocks' Statute of Secrecy, we regret to inform you that your presence is required at a disciplinary hearing at the Ministry of Magic at 9 a.m. on the twelfth of August.

Hoping you are well,

Yours sincerely,

Mafalda Hopkirk

Improper Use of Magic Office

Ministry of Magic

xXx

Harry read it, and then he had to read it again.

He was sure he misunderstood it, but the context didn't change with a second and third reading. He still read the phrases "expulsion from Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry" and "calling ... shortly to destroy your wand". They could not, would not...

Again.

'Harry' read the letter for a fifth time before finally believing it.

They really had done it.

"Expulsion," he thought. "Calling shortly to destroy my wand."

And then he cracked.

He tried to hold it in, tried to not let it be seen by his relatives - but how he wanted to! How he really wanted to!

'Harry' wanted to laugh. He wanted to laugh until he cried.

The Ministry was eager, so eager, to expel him, to disgrace him. Oh, how eager they were, trying to destroy him while playing right into his hands! A fifteen year old Gryffindor might've been unable to think clearly due to fear. But he was no fifteen year old - and he was no Gryffindor. He didn't fear their coming - he laughed at them, them and their eagerness to punish him for his crimes...

And then he could not stop himself anymore.

Maybe it was the stress from all the planning he had done over these last months, maybe it was the relief after confronting the dementors and being able to enact everything like he wanted it to happen or maybe it was simply the huge weight that had finally been lifted off his shoulders just half an hour earlier when the other boy had vanished, never to be seen again.

He didn't know which it was or if it was all those things together. The only thing he knew was that it finally forced its way out of his chest in the form of laughter.

He chuckled.

"What is it now, boy?" Uncle Vernon sneered.

"They are coming to destroy my wand," he answered, still chuckling.

"And you think that's funny?!" His uncle looked at him as if he had lost his mind - and maybe it really looked like that.

"Yes," he answered, not caring that his accent was back. "I really think

that."

"So... destroying your... thing... doesn't that mean they threw you out?" Uncle Vernon asked suspiciously.

"Yes! Yes, it does!" 'Harry' tried to calm himself, but it was nearly an impossible task.

"So you think it funny, that they threw you out?"

'Harry' chuckled again at these words.

"You don't understand the magical world, Uncle," he answered. "And it seems you are not the only one. They cannot throw me out - even if they want to."

"So you think yourself above your own kind, too, don't you, boy?" Uncle Vernon concluded and 'Harry' chuckled again.

"I don't," he grinned at his uncle, wild and feral, adorned with gleaming green eyes and blindingly white teeth. "But they think themselves above all others." For a moment he paused, then his face darkened and his grin gained an evil edge. "They will pay for this!"

Uncle Vernon opened his mouth to reply to this, when the next owl collided with the closed kitchen window.

"OWLS!" he yelled instead while Harry opened the window and freed the owl of its burden. It was another letter.

xXx

Harry -

Dumbledore's just arrived at the Ministry and he's trying to sort it all out. DO NOT LEAVE YOUR AUNT AND UNCLE'S HOUSE. DO NOT DO ANY MORE MAGIC. DO NOT SURRENDER YOUR WAND.

Arthur Weasley

xXx

This time, Harry didn't even try to suppress his laughter.

Let his relatives think him mad - 'Harry' was far too amused and swamped with other feelings to care about their thoughts.

His teeth gleamed in the kitchen light while he laughed openly at the writer of the letter.

Poor, poor old man Dumbledore!

Dumbledore was going to sort it all out? Oh, yeah, he would!

He would not lose his pawn!

Oh! Poor Dumbledore, who didn't know that his pawn had perished tonight.

Poor, poor old man Dumbledore!

'Harry' cackled like mad.

He had never liked the Headmaster of Hogwarts, so he couldn't help but feel vindictive at the thought of the old man's loss tonight.

Yes, Dumbledore would try to sort it all out!

Poor, poor old fool Dumbledore! He had long since lost his pawn...

"What does that one say?" Uncle Vernon bellowed and 'Harry' forced himself to return to the present. His face blanked out and he looked at his uncle with oddly dead eyes that made the other man shiver just looking at them.

"A reminder to stay here," Harry said sneering. "Almighty Dumbledore is trying to 'sort it all out.'"

"And you are still not worried," Uncle Vernon observed. 'Harry' shrugged and took some deep breaths while his face turned into an even more impenetrable mask.

"I will never be," he said even more calmly than before.

"And why would you not be worried, when they come to destroy your - your thing?" Uncle Vernon asked unhappily, clearly a bit intimidated by the boy's cool gaze lingering on him. "When they do something like that, you must have done something to receive this kind of treatment!"

"Oh, I did," Harry confessed, unperturbed. "I did do magic."

"AHA!" roared Uncle Vernon, slamming his fist down on top of the fridge, which sprang open; several of Dudley's low-fat snacks toppled out and burst on the floor. "So you admit it! What did you do to Dudley?"

"Nothing." But 'Harry's objection wasn't good enough - not that he tried to truly persuade them. Dudley, now feeling safe, accused him further of doing magic and his uncle and aunt of course believed Dudley over him. So he let Dudley describe the Dementor attack, staring at his white-faced aunt - until Dudley lacked the words to describe his feelings. Then he supplied:

"As if you'd never be happy again."

"Yes," Dudley whispered, still trembling.

And again they began to accuse him, so he calmly said, "It wasn't me. It was a couple of Dementors."

"A couple of - what's this codswallop?" asked Uncle Vernon.

"De - men - tors," 'Harry' repeated, slowly and clearly. "Two of them."

"And what the ruddy hell are Dementors?"

"They guard the wizard prison, Azkaban," said Aunt Petunia.

Two seconds of ringing silence followed these words before Aunt Petunia clapped a hand over her mouth as though she had let slip a disgusting swear word. Uncle Vernon was goggling at her.

Well, that was something that 'Harry' had not expected. His aunt knew of Azkaban?

"How d'you know that?" he asked her, astonished.

Aunt Petunia looked quite appalled with herself. She glanced at Uncle Vernon in fearful apology, then lowered her hand slightly to reveal her horsy teeth.

"I heard - that awful boy - telling her about them - years ago," she said jerkily.

And suddenly he knew from whom she had learned it. Still, he could not resist saying something that he knew as false just to see her reaction...

"If you mean my mum and dad, why don't you use their names?"

To his disappointment she didn't answer. Instead he had to watch while Uncle Vernon confirmed the Dementor's existence with his wife - boring. And then the next owl came. And while Uncle Vernon slammed the window shut again, Harry opened the letter.

xXx

Dear Mr Potter,

Further to our letter of approximately twenty-two minutes ago, the Ministry of Magic has revised its decision to destroy your wand forthwith. You may retain your wand until your disciplinary hearing on the twelfth of August, at which time an official decision will be taken.

Following discussions with the Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, the Ministry has agreed that the question of your expulsion will also be decided at that time. You should therefore consider yourself suspended from school pending further enquiries.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

Mafalda Hopkirk

Improper Use of Magic Office

Ministry of Magic

xXx

This letter nearly started another burst of laughter.

So no one was coming?! He still had to consider himself expelled? The ministry really seemed eager to help him!

And then of course, there was poor almighty Dumbledore, rushing to his rescue...

Well, if 'Harry' was a well-behaved pawn, then he would be absolutely grateful to almighty Dumbledore. But he wasn't, and so he could only try to hold back another laughing fit that tickled his throat.

Yes, almighty Dumbledore had stopped the Aurors from coming and destroying his wand! How lovely of him! How grateful he must be for this unnecessary help!

Of course, he would be a well-behaved little pawn, staying here and waiting for rescue!

Almighty Dumbledore - poor Harry will grovel to your feet, licking your shoes and trying to serve you...

'Harry' forced himself not to crack up again.

Oh how he would love this game! Oh how he would love to grovel and to blow it all up in Dumbledore's face! And then the ministry...

"Well?" said Uncle Vernon, recalling 'Harry' to his surroundings.

"I've got to go to a hearing," said Harry.

"And they'll sentence you there?"

"I suppose so."

"I won't give up hope, then," said Uncle Vernon nastily.

"Well, if that's all." But of course it wasn't. It took another explanation, another letter from his godfather simply telling him to stay home, and a Howler after Uncle Vernon tried to throw him out until it was over.

xXx

And now 'Harry' was lying on his bed, sighing. What an awful day to start being Harry. He suddenly wished he had never vanished the boy - not that that had been an option...

So he was lying on his bed, after he had written letters to Ron, Hermione and Sirius, waiting for Hedwig, and repeating one sentence in his mind. One sentence that was still troubling him. But he needed to believe this

sentence - his life might later depend to it. He had to get that right!

And so he lay in the darkness, repeating one sentence over and over again...

"I am Harry James Potter, Son of James and Lily Potter. I am Harry James Potter, Son of James and Lily Potter..." it sounded foreign in his own ears.

It simply sounded wrong - and it was wrong!

His name wasn't Harry James Potter - it had never been. But for now it had to be. He had vanished the other boy and taken his place - and that included taking the name...

"I am Harry James Potter. I am Harry James Potter."

Oh, how he hated that name!

Harry was an awful name for a wizard!

It definitely wasn't a proper wizarding name. It might be a good mundane name, but as a wizard all that counted was ancestry - and the name "Harry" was too young in the wizarding world to show great ancestry. There was no way that "Harry" was a proper wizard name!

And Harry's parents had known that - the only one who didn't was Harry himself...

"I am Harry James Potter, son of James and Lily Potter. I am Harry James..."

"But I am not!" This time he said it aloud, needing to hear the truth, even if it was just for a single time. "I might have to call myself that for the next months, but there is no way I ever will be a foolish Gryffindor like you! I am not Harry James Potter! And I hate being called Harry!"

It felt good to rant, even if it didn't help him at all. He'd have to get used to being called Harry - there was no way to get back the name he had left behind today.

"You have planned this for the last decade," he told himself. "You will not back out now when you have finally nearly reached your goal! Just a little bit longer and you will finally have the revenge you longed for the longest time. They will not cross you again! They will not use you again! And it will be a bitter-sweet revenge when their own pawn delivers the final blow!"

And because of that he had to endure being Harry for the time being.

It was all for the greater good after all!

He grinned like a lunatic when he reminded himself of that.

Oh! How he'd love to throw this sentence back at its owner!

In that moment Hedwig swept in and 'Harry' stopped his rambling.

"Hello, girl," he said instead and waited until Hedwig greeted him like an old friend. "I have some letters for you. Would you please carry them to Ron, Hermione and Sirius?"

She nipped his finger and took off after he had secured the letters. 'Harry' went to his window, looking out and following her flight with his eyes until he couldn't see her anymore. Then his gaze turned to the ground where a black cat was sitting, looking up at him. He winked and then stared into the night again, waiting for the black cat while it climbed up to him. When it reached the window sill, Harry started to pet it.

The cat let him caress it for a few moments, but then it tried to jump into Harry's room. 'Harry' stopped it with his hands.

"Don't turn back, Reg," he said. "I'm sure there are guards in the garden. We would not like to be seen."

The cat purred under his fingers.

"Don't worry. They will come and take me away," 'Harry' said while looking to the stars. "They will be here in a few nights. Until then we have time. And after that, I'm sure they will bring me to Grimmauld

Place. You just have to stay hidden until I can let you in."

The cat rubbed its head on his hand.

"I will have to carry you in, because you won't find it alone, but that's alright. I will do it as soon as everyone is asleep on my first night there.

The Fidelius might stop you from finding it and I from speaking about it, but you know where it should be and I won't have to speak about it to bring you in. Just be ready. I think you will see me arrive. Wait for me there."

The cat purred again, then it stood up and left him the same way it had slipped in. 'Harry' grinned.

The Ministry would be very sorry when he was finished with them - very, very sorry...

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That's it for today. I hope you liked it.

3. Chapter 2: A Twisted Message

Disclaimer: not mine. All Rowling's.

Information: all in italic is from Rowling's OotP.

Oliver Twist: Last year I read the book 'Oliver Twist' and I liked the name. I thought the figure of Oliver Twist was fitting for Harry Potter as a pseudonym when I started to think about a Slytherin!Harry story and a different way for him to go against the Ministry - I just had no idea how he would do it. Then I read *Celestial Requiem* by Raven Dagonclaw and decided to use the Daily Prophet for his protest. I researched the Daily Prophet in the books and found it too bias to even decide to print anything 'Oliver Twist' would print. So I decided that Harry should challenge the Daily Prophet along the Ministry and that he should use the Quibbler to do so. A friend then told me about GenkaiFan's Poison Pen and that she/he was doing the same as I had planned. So I read *Poison Pen* and decided to ask for permission to do the

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Dear Editor,

I've been following your newspaper for years now, but lately, your articles made me more and more wonder about the seriousness of your paper.

For years, you talked about the magical world and its happenings - but a few months ago, you suddenly seemed to change your image. Where you once spoke about facts, now you suddenly seem to prefer gossip - or how else can it be that a serious newspaper, like you claim to be, can print such contradicting articles?!

From the start of the Triwizard Tournament, your newspaper seemed to be more concerned with their sales than actual accuracy - or how else can it be that the articles about Harry Potter contradict my own observations in my day to day interactions with him?!

I'm a student at Hogwarts and therefore more often in contact with Potter than the press. Nevertheless, I expected serious observations and cool assessment when it comes to portraying him in the press, not your printings about a little lost boy or a barking mad individual. I have to say, I have a hard time seeing either in the boy I've seen around the school.

So, how serious are these "facts" you have been printing, really? Will you change your opinion again when new information that you can't ignore comes to light?!

When the boy starts to be a poster-boy for the Ministry, will you then retract the "facts" you have been printing now? Because it seems to me as if your opinion often strangely matches the opinion the Ministry has at that time.

Is this the freedom of the press in the wizarding world: writing the Ministry's preferred versions of events, using facts to lead your readers to wrong conclusions, using unethical means to get your information?

Where is the serious journalism I am looking for?! Even the Muggles are able

to print a newspaper without being biased, inaccurate or libelous.

Why does it seem like the wizarding world is not able to do it?!

Is it out of fear? Is it out of ignorance?

Or is it its people's preference to stick their heads in the sand and ignore any evidence that doesn't fit to their initial beliefs?

I dare you to print this letter. If you don't, I will finally know that your newspaper is nothing more than a simplistic, biased gossip-rag.

Oliver Twist

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"By Merlin!" Was the first thing Barnabas uttered after reading the letter.

"I thought the same, Boss," Becky answered, gritting her teeth. "Will we print it?"

When Barnabas looked up at her, he saw that she was just asking out of principle. Both of them knew they would not be able to print the letter - not as long as the Ministry held the majority of their stocks.

"We won't," he answered, sighing.

"So we proclaim ourselves to be a gossip-rag," Becky said with a bitter tone marring her voice.

"No," Barnabas said, still looking at the letter in his hands. "We don't proclaim ourselves anything. We are a gossip-rag."

This time a bitter tone had also entered his voice.

"And we'll stay one until... I don't know..." he sighed, defeated. "When I entered this newspaper I had great dreams. I dreamed of the serious journalism I knew from my Muggle father who was a journalist himself..."

"Instead you got this," Becky sneered while gesturing arround the office and the newspaper articles which would land in the rubbish bin just because they did not follow the Ministry guidelines.

"Yes and no," Barnabas answered, now slightly smiling, even if his smile was more a grimace than anything else. "When I entered this newspaper we were printing serious news," he clarified.

"Then why?!"

"The Weasley family was one of the major stock-holders in our newspaper," Barnabas answered sighing. "They had to sell their holdings when they suddenly had money problems. I still don't know how that happened... And after that... well, there is no-one who can hold the Black stocks at the moment - not until Sirius Black gives up his right as the Heir of Black or dies. The Prewitt stocks were sold alongside the Weasley's and the Potter's... well, there was no-one interested in them until now. And even if the boy would be interested, he cannot do anything until he is of age and he has too few stocks to make a difference..."

"So there is no major player except of the Ministry," Becky concluded angrily. "And so they can dictate to us what to do."

"Yes, my dear, I fear you're right," Barnabas answered, sighing.

"How much does the Ministry have?" Becky asked bitter.

"Thirty percent," Barnabas answered. "And the Malfoy family, who aids the Minister, have another five."

"And the rest?" Becky asked and Barnabas could hear her hope. He sighed.

"There is ten percent with the Blacks and five with the Potters" he answered "The Weasleys and the Prewetts each had twenty percent - and were the major players because of that. Now those forty percent belong to... wait a minute..."

Barnabas opened his drawer and took out a thick file, looking through it.

"Ah, there it is," he said. "Weasley now belongs to the French side of the

Malfoy family, the Malfoires, the Prewett stocks was divided; ten percent went to the Grim family, five to Evans', and some other minor stockholders like Peverell, Longbottom or Emrys - don't ask me which, they all got shares at nearly the same time. But the fact is, there is no-one there who has more than two or three percent. The only other stockholder who even has five percent is the Flamel family."

"And so the Ministry can do what they like," Becky concluded.

Barnabas sighed and nodded.

"So there is no way..."

"No..."

Becky took the letter again and stared at it sadly. Barnabas knew she hated the fact that they could do nothing but obey the Ministry. To tell the truth, he agreed with her. Still...

And suddenly he smiled.

"Maybe..." he said and Becky looked up. "Maybe we should lose this letter - how about going to Ottery St. Catchpole to do so?"

Becky looked at him as if he had lost his mind. Then he could almost hear the click as she finally caught what he was talking about.

"Maybe," she answered, smiling. "And maybe I'll lose it today at lunch."

"Do so," Barnabas answered. "And now, back to work, my dear. And don't forget, I do not want to see this letter again."

"Yes, Boss" she answered, clutching the letter to her chest while leaving the room. When the door finally closed, Barnabas grinned evilly. He knew he would have problems because of the lost letter, but he would love to deal with them. He finally could best the Ministry - even if it was in a twisted way like this...

"Oliver Twist," he chuckled. "What an interesting choice of a name."

And then he returned to his work as if nothing had happened at all.

"I am a fifteen year old teenager" Harry corrected grinning.

"No, you might be looking like one, but I am sure as hell that you aren't one." Reg answered still looking like wanting to be elsewhere.

"Oh, shut up, Reg, and have a little bit fun!" Harry answered while nearly dancing down Diagon Alley to Gringotts.

They entered together. Harry's glamour fell.

And suddenly Harry's childish behavior was gone, as if it never had existed in the first place.

He walked to one of the tellers and said.

"May you join the warriors today, clan-brother!" his voice suddenly sounded rougher, changing with the language. The Gobbledygook that left his mouth was fluent but accentuated with a more ancient accent.

The teller looked up, stunned to be greeted in his own tongue.

"And may your business go well" he finally answered Harry, intrigued what the wizard-boy in front of him wanted.

"I would like to meet Nardog" Harry said. "My name is Potter."

The goblin blinked again, then his gaze flickered to Harry's scar. Harry sighted, but said nothing.

"Very well Mr. Potter." The goblin finally answered. "I will bring you to him immediately."

And with that he closed his post and brought them through the hall and into the depth of Gringotts Bank.

Harry was not afraid. He knew most of the wizards were either uncomfortable or afraid to enter more than the lobby and their Vaults in Gringotts, intimidated by the golden walls, the figurines out of marble, gold or silver and the floor-high paintings of the goblin wars.

No, Harry wasn't afraid.

He even once stopped and looked at one of the paintings while walking

through the holy halls of Gringotts. The goblin also stopped when noticing Harry did not follow anymore.

"Ah... yes... the battle of the great North Fields" he said proudly. "One of the greatest victories in our history - and thanks to the healers the one with the least deaths."

"And a very bloody one" Harry said, still staring. "It might have been a huge success, but the causality rate was intimidating. It took three days and a lot of Stasis Charms to prevent the most of them from dying."

The goblin stared at Harry, this time angry looking.

"Whatever your history books say, whatever you heard, wizard" he said coolly. "It is wrong. The goblin are a proud and strong race! They were fighting and winning - not lying on the ground dying at the end of the day."

"Winning and dying do not exclude each other" Harry answered but went on. The goblin huffed and followed.

"Wizards" he snorted. "Always want to be stronger than everyone."

"They may want to" Harry answered despite the distance between them which would normally prevent to understand the whispered comment of the goblin. "But my comment was not about power. It was about causalities."

The goblin looked surprised at that.

"Don't you think, talking about goblins dying in masses while fighting against your kind and putting our race down, isn't quite the same?" He asked.

Harry shrugged.

"My kind never fought against goblins - so maybe it might be the same."

The goblin opened his mouth to tell Harry, that they had fought against wizards before - the painting was clearly showing it - but Harry did not

let himself be interrupted.

"But it is not, when talking about the war against the wizards." He continued. "Having lethal wounds and surviving it - that's not about weakness, that's about strength."

The goblin shut his mouth, then he finally uttered.

"You have a strange way of thinking, Mr. Potter."

"Normally the people around me get eventually used to it" Harry answered casually. "Maybe it's because I am an Olde one - maybe they all think differently then the rest. That even would explain some of Uncle Nick's behavior, I think..."

The goblin stared at him, but before he could utter another sentences, he was interrupted by Reg.

"Or maybe it is just you" Reg answered Harry. "Being a child all over again could have done something to your brain, after all."

"It could" Harry answered grinning while following the goblin through a door. "But then I would have gone crazy way before now."

"Maybe you have."

Before Harry could answer, a second goblin entered.

"Mr. Potter I presume" the goblin said, inclining his head.

"Nardog!" Harry answered, bowing. "Have you fought today, my friend?"

The answer was a grin.

"I had a blessing challenge" he answered the question. It was a traditional goblin-greeting, normally only used in formal occasions. The wizard in front of him instead used it since they had met for the first time.

"I normally would give you my dagger to answer" the boy said grinning.

"But today I am not equipped with it, so an invitation to train with me will have to do."

At that, Nardog raised an eyebrow.

"No dagger today?" He asked, grinning slightly. "You are lacking, Mr Potter."

"Oh - I do have daggers with me" the boy answered shrugging, "but I laced them yesterday with my venom. I do not recommend using them in a traditional greeting at the moment."

Nardog shuddered.

"I am in complete agreement, my friend" he answered, still shivering at the thought of Basilisk-venom laced daggers in a traditional greeting where the blade was handled with bare hands. "I think I will accept your verbal invitation today."

The boy grinned.

"I thought as much" he answered. Nardog nodded and then waved at the goblin to send him away. Reg looked a moment at Harry, then he, too, left. He had to do some own business at the bank. As soon as the door was closed and the privacy-spells were in place, Nardog returned to their business.

"So, what can I do for you today, Morganaadth?"

The boy's demeanour changed again. His eyes getting cold and calculating.

"How far are you with my plans?" he asked.

"Quite far" Nardog answered while searching for his documents. "I have bought you shares of several companies in the wizarding and Muggle world."

"Mundane" the boy said.

"I beg your pardon?" Nardog asked.

"It's 'mundane world', not 'Muggle world'" Harry answered.

"Mundane world" Nardog corrected, not sure why it was important.

The boy nodded.

"The share is on different names?" He asked.

"Yes, Morganaadth" the goblin answered. "I used every name I could use."

The boy nodded again.

"The other things I asked you to do?"

The goblin handed him a large folder.

"It's everything in there since the death of the last Lord." He said. "I sorted it by person - not that there is so much to sort."

"Thank you. That will do nicely" Harry answered while shrinking the folder with a wave of his hand before putting it away.

"Is there anything else, Morganaadth?" Nardog asked.

Harry looked at him, inclining his head.

"There might" he said casually.

"I will need a barrister soon. Do you know someone I can trust with this" he pointed at the pocket he had stowed away the folder. "And all the other stuff?"

"I will look into it and send you my answer." Nardog said. "You can read Gobbledegook?"

"I think I should manage" Harry replied. "My knowledge is not up-to-date anymore but it sure will do for this."

"Then I will use it to ensure privacy."

Harry inclined his head again.

"It will do for now" he said. "I will tell you as soon as I have installed something saver."

"Something saver?"

"Just one thing I have in my mind" Harry answered.

"So, this would be all for today?" The goblin asked.

Harry pondered, then he nodded.

"I will have to look over the facts you gave me, before doing something

further," he said. "Is there something else you want to share?"

The goblin showed his teeth - the gesture a goblin made instead of shaking their head the negative.

"Then the only thing I need today is to make a withdrawal!" Harry finally said. "My vault, not Harry's Trust Vault."

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Ten minutes later Harry left Gringotts.

Reg still wasn't there so Harry guest that the business of the other wizard was taking longer than planned.

Well, Harry had still some things to do in Diagon Alley.

So Harry left the stairs leading into the bank and went to Ollivander.

The room he entered hadn't changed at all since the last time he had been there - the time he had been eleven and started Hogwarts. It was still packed with wands, old, dusty and lit in dim light.

But there also was a difference to the last time.

Last time the old Ollivander had been able to surprise him, this time his senses already told him, where the old man had hid himself.

And when the man emerged he looked straight in the other ones pale, wide, moon-like eyes.

"Welcome, Mr. Potter" Ollivander said, tilting his head and studying him intensely.

"I was not aware, that you are again in need of my arts."

"I am not" Harry answered. "I still do have my wand."

"Then how come I find you here in my shop?" Ollivander asked, now even more intrigued by the young wizard in front of him. Normally there were just a few occasions a wizard would find his way to Ollivander's shop - and usually he heard about a broken wand before the owner would stand in his door.

"You are not here to buy a second one, are you, Mr. Potter?" he asked.

"What would you say, if I'd answer 'yes'?" The boy asked interested.

"Then I would tell you, that carrying more than one wand was forbidden in 1955 for everyone who was born after the law or who did not have at that time a second one already." Ollivander answered.

"It was?" The boy looked at him surprised. "This is something I must have missed..."

"Then you were here for a second wand?" Ollivander inquired interested.

"I wasn't" the boy answered. "I do have enough wands. I do not need another."

This answer startled the wand-maker.

"You have enough wands? Beg to tell how many do you have in your possession to say such a thing?"

The boy shrugged and waved his hand dismissively.

"That does not concern you, Mr. Ollivander" he said simply. "And it is better when I stay silent about that when possessing them might be a crime."

Ollivander stared at the boy, but he had to give it to him: It really was better to stay silent about something like that.

"So what can I do for you, Mr. Potter?" he finally asked.

"I need a wrist-holster" The boy answered while revealing an old and worn wrist-holster on his right hand. He loosened it and put it on Ollivander's counter.

"I need something like that" he said, "and it needs to be high quality."

Ollivander blinked and studied the leather of the wrist-holster and the wand-shafts he could see looking out of it.

"May I?" he asked gesturing at the wands.

The boy shrugged.

"You may" he said casually, as if he had no problem with a wizard touching his wands. Every other wizard definitely would have denied Ollivander the request or at least would have been wary.

Ollivander first withdraw one of the wands.

It was the one the lad had bought here when he was eleven. This time it was in a good condition - different then the last time Ollivander had seen the boy's wand at the Tri-Wizard-Tournament in Hogwarts. It was neatly clean and polished.

Ollivander put it down on his desk and withdrew the other one.

The only thing he could do was gasp when he held it in his hands - and suddenly he knew why the lad had not been worried about Ollivander having his wands.

While the other wand had felt alright in Ollivander's hands, this definitely didn't.

It had power - Ollivander could feel it radiating off from it - but it also wasn't willing to bow to any master except for its own.

"Where did you get it from?" Ollivander asked, his eyes following the midget carvings of the wand. Runes? "It surly is powerful."

And old, so very old...

Ollivander could not even detect who had crafted it but he could feel the masters present all over it, nearly embodied in the wand itself. Whoever had used this wand, he had used it for a very, very long time. And not only that...

"Does it matter where I got it from?" The boy asked. "I can use it, that's enough."

"You mustn't use it!"

When he nearly screamed that, the boy looked at him surprised.

"And pray tell why not?" he finally asked.

"This one was used for dark magic" Ollivander said. "It is not a good idea to use something like that. Using an object like that will harm you eventually, Mr. Potter."

"It won't harm me" the boy answered. "And it wasn't used for the Evil Arts."

Ollivander sighted at that.

"I do know my métier, Mr. Potter" he told the boy. "And I can tell that this wand was used for rituals. Let me tell you, Mr. Potter, I do not know any ritual that is used for good."

The boy chuckled.

"Do not worry about that, Mr. Ollivander" He said, "There is always something in the world you do not know. But I guarantee you, this wand was never used for evil. It might have killed, it might have healed – but it never was touched with the essence of true evil."

Ollivander wanted to protest, but was cut off by the lad.

"The wand-holster I need, please." He said. "Because even if I know that the other one never was used for evil I do not like the thought of it resting with my other wand in the same holster. Their magic works too differently that it would do both of them any good when it stayed like this for too long."

That Ollivander could not deny, but one moment he still hesitated. Then he sighted and took out his wand-holsters.

"What kind of holster do you like?" He asked. "There are some with some practical spells on it..."

"I want a plain one" The lad answered and Ollivander raised an eyebrow.

"This wand-holster also isn't plain" he finally said, gesturing to the holster on his counter.

"It isn't" the boy answered. "But I can do these runes by myself. I just

don't have the time to craft the holster also."

Ollivander stared at the lad, surprise in his eyes.

"Runes like that aren't easy. To be able to do them you must have not less than NEWT-level Ancient Runes. I don't think you're old enough..."

"Don't worry. I am able to." The boy said and to Ollivander's surprise he suddenly could not even doubt the boy. Whatever had happened in the last five years - the young boy in front of him had definitely aged beyond his years.

"So you just need one holster or will you replace that one?" He pointed at the worn holster on his counter.

"Just one" the boy answered. "I don't want to replace the other one just yet. It belonged to someone dear to me - I will use it as long as I can."

Ollivander guessed that the holster was one of the boy's parents' ones. He could not blame the boy for wanting to keep it.

The boy paid, put the old wand-holster with the old wand in it back on and then the other one right beside the old one with his own wand in it, then he walked out.

Ollivander's gaze followed the boy out in the sunshine. For one moment Ollivander thought that he saw a dead man waiting for the boy.

"Do you have it?" the boy asked the dead.

"I do" the other answered. "It took some time, but I got it."

"Stow it away until later." The boy commanded. "Best would be near you-know-where."

Then Harry Potter and his companion vanished, apparating away - even if the boy should still not be able to.

Ollivander blinked again. And then it dawned to him, that he just had witnessed something from greater importance he had ever seen, a secret buried deeper than all other secrets he had ever come across...

"I know I can trust you" Harry answered, shaking his head. "You have been helping me ever since I rescued you - so why shouldn't I trust you? No. I need someone who can enter everywhere and is no-where found. I need a perfect spy and a loyal friend. As helpful as you are - even you have trouble to enter somewhere unnoticed."

"Well, yes..." Reg said. "But your description - how about Kreature? He is the old house-elf of my mother."

"And he is bound to your brother" Harry answered. "No good."

"Uh... yeah... but..."

"Don't worry. I know whom I want" Harry said and then called "Dobby!"

The next moment there was a crack and the crazy little house-elf appeared.

"Harry Potter sir is calling?" He said, looking up at Harry.

"Uh... yes, Dobby" Harry answered, suddenly not all too sure what to say.

"Uh... are you still a free elf, Dobby?" he finally asked.

"Of course, Harry Potter sir!" Dobby answered. "Dobby likes being a free elf over being Master Malfoy's elf, yes Dobby does."

"So there is no way that you will return in the service of a magical being to replenish your magic?" Harry asked curiously. "Do you want to die?"

Dobby blinked.

"Harry Potter sir knows how house-elf-magic is working?" he asked astonished.

"Uh... yes I do."

"So Harry Potter sir called to bond?" Dobby clarified with a nearly mad gleam in his eyes.

"Uh... yes" Harry answered. "And I wanted to ask you to also ask Winky if she would like to join. I need some loyal house-elves to help with my quest."

"Harry Potter sir has need for Dobby and Winky?" Dobby asked again, then he suddenly grinned. "I's be right back. I's be fetching Winky." And with that and a loud pop he popped away again.

"So that's your master-scheme" Reg said grinning. "Mad house-elves."

"I need someone who can contact me everywhere and without being noticed. Of course I had to ask house-elves. And about the 'mad' thing - you need to be at least a little mad to follow my scheme, don't you agree, Reg?" Harry answered while an evil grin flickered over his face.

"Hey!" the other one exclaimed, but Harry just continued to speak.

"I might have been able to work alone until now - but now I am returning to Hogwarts and the hot phase of my plan is starting. I need someone who can get my correspondence to me or bring me somewhere I am unable to go by myself."

"So you are hiring two house-elves." Reg stated. "Why two?"

"Because they are free" Harry answered shrugging. "And I might need them both."

"I know you better than that, Harry" Reg said. "So - why two?"

"To spy on my favorite target, of course" Harry answered. "And all the others involved with him. Maybe we will find some other allies on the way."

Reg sighted while shaking his head.

"Don't you know enough already?"

"It's better to be prepared" Harry answered. "I might know thousands of things about my enemies - but it's really better to still spy on them. They might change their way without you knowing when you don't."

"What are you, Harry?! A super-spy?!"

Harry grinned.

"Nothing like that" he answered. "But I have fought enough in my life to

know that you need as much information as you can get - and sometimes such information will provide you even more than knowledge. There might even be some allies you can find while spying on your enemies."

"You are mad, Harry, definitely absolutely mad." Reg commended, shaking his head.

"Why, thank you" Harry answered but was unable to say anything more because at that moment there was a loud crack and the elves returned.

"I's been cleaning, Dobby!" Winky cried, trying to free her arm from the other elf. "Why's you bringing me away?!"

Harry looked at the female elf. She looked dreadful. She was wearing a dirty, yellow dress and had big bangs under her blood-shot eyes. In her hand was a dirty rag - what she had maybe used for cleaning just a second before.

"I's been cleaning! I's been cleaning!" she cried, sounding desperate and angry.

"And I'm sure you have done well" Harry answered to her desperate cries.

Winky stop abruptly with repeating her phrase and looked at him.

"No" she told him, big tears quelling out of her eyes. " Winky's a bad elf. Not cleaning good enough."

"Good enough for me" Harry answered, extending his hand to her. "I want you in my family."

Winky stared at his hand, then at him, unable to understand at first. Then comprehension filled her eyes and they went huge.

"You's cannot want me, kind sir" she told him. "I's been a bad elf."

"I don't believe that" Harry answered, still holding out his hand to her "and I still want you."

Again Winky stared at his hand and then at his face. And suddenly her own face lit up, the despair vanishing.

"You's want Winky, kind sir?" she asked. "You's want Winky as your house-elf?!"

"I do" Harry answered, still extending his hand. And finally, with a face as bright as the sun she took his hand.

"Be part of my family, be part of my home. Service for magic, loyalty for loyalty, friendship for friendship, advice for life. So mot it be." Harry hissed softly.

Winky's eyes went huge.

Harry knew she had not understood his words - they were Parseltongue after all - but she knew exactly what he wanted from her.

And then she smiled.

"So be it" she answered and a golden mist came from her body and entered Harry's. The next moment, she glowed in the death-green light that were his eye color, then the light vanished and a very happy and healthy elf stood there instead of the desperate being before.

"Now I!" Dobby said grinning madly. Harry let go of beaming Winky's hand and extended it to Dobby. He repeated his sentence and after Dobby had agreed he also glowed in a green light before standing there like before, grinning madly.

"What's master like us to wear?" Winky asked him, still beaming.

"I don't care" Harry answered. "But I don't like rags or towels. And to tell the truth, it would be best if you would continue to wear what you are wearing."

Winky blinked at that and Harry could see that she was unsure what to think about that.

"I will need you as spies and correspondence in Hogwarts without the Headmaster or any other knowing about it" he explained. "When the need to hide will end, we will choose what you will wear for the rest of the

service-time."

"Master Harry not likes Dumbly-dory to know we's being his house-elves?" Winky asked.

"Yes" Harry answered. "Because I need you at Hogwarts - and in Hogwarts there are just two kinds of elves: free ones and these who bonded to Hogwarts."

Now Winky grinned.

"And we!" she said. "I's will do what master says. What shall Winky do for you?"

"One of you will bring my correspondence to Gringotts or an owl-post-office and back from there. This one also has to do all the tasks I also may need, like shopping or delivering something. The other one I need as a spy. I need to know all about the Headmaster and his findings and planning. I will give this one a recorder to install in meetings. This one also will have to get the information about when and where the meeting is held and so on... It would be best if you would change positions in an unpredictable pattern, so that the Headmaster doesn't find out. When you don't have to do anything, return to Hogwarts and go on as if nothing happened."

Dobby and Winky looked at each other, then nodded severely.

"Yes, Master Harry" they chorused.

"Dobby will begin in this instant" Dobby declared, then he popped away.

"Winky will wait until I's needed" Winky said and then declared steadily.

"I's will return cleaning!" And with that she also popped away.

"Super!" Reg declared as soon as the elves had vanished. "Now you don't have one insane house-elf, instead you have two! How, by Merlin, where you able to find the only two insane house-elves in the whole British wizarding world?!"

"I have been looking long and hard" Harry answered smugly. "If you would have looked, you would have found them also."

Reg shuddered.

"Luckily I haven't" he said, while following Harry, who was returning to Privet Drive. "Luckily I haven't..."

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Later that evening, Harry decided to look through the file he had gotten in Gringotts. The file were informations about the accounts of one 'Harry Potter' - a boy, who did not exist anymore.

Nevertheless the file was important.

Harry opened it and sorted through it. He raised an eyebrow at some things he found in there. The last time he had gotten a statement about the Trust Vault the original Harry had used, had been in 1981 after the death of Lily and James Potter.

Now the Trust looked a lot different. It seemed as if someone had thought about using some things in there for their own benefit. There was still enough gold left for Harry to be able to go to school but the gold that had been in there in case Harry was placed with someone else to raise had vanished. Of course it should have vanished as it had been in there for childcare.

The problem was, that the Dursleys had gotten just enough to pay for the original Harry's school supplies. The rest of the money had been used for the aftermath of the war.

"As if Lily and James had not done enough" Harry murmured while having dark thoughts. "No wonder the Dursleys do not like me or 'Harry'."

The original Harry had been straining their money since he arrived.

Of course, Vernon had gotten a better job some years later and they had started to over-do it with Dudley but Harry also remembered a time

when Dudley and the original Harry had been brought to Mrs. Figg so that Petunia could go to work for some hours. It had been Vernon's promotion when the original Harry had turned four that finally had started the life the Dursleys were living now. And it had been little Harry who had brought the trouble in their house...

"No wonder they resented everything magical after that even more" Harry thought. "That there was not enough left of 'my' parents' inheritance to even feat 'me' would support their beliefs that 'my' parents were jobless thugs."

Harry was relieved that Dumbledore had not known that the Potter family had more money then what was left in the Trust Vault. When the original Harry had been declared Dumbledore's ward the Potter Vaults had long been out of his reach. Harry was sure that Dumbledore would have used even more money for the aftermath of the war if he had had access to the Potter Vault.

"Well, I knew long before that Dumbledore was not to be trusted" Harry thought and turned to the rest of the folder.

In there was also a copy of the will of Lily and James Potter - and it clearly stated who should take little Harry in if they died. Of course, Sirius as Harry's godfather had the first place, but the rest had not even been considered by Dumbledore.

"Alice and Frank Longbottom" Harry read. He knew that they had gone insane some month later - but until then they would have been suitable guardians for little Harry. And after that he still would have been in the care of Augusta Longbottom - Neville's grandmother.

"Amelia Bones", Harry read next. "Well, she still is. There was nothing to stop Harry from being raised there." The last name on the list made Harry snort.

Sometime between 700 and 600 BC

AWAKENING

sss

Once upon a time, long before his name turned into a legend, long before he was remembered as an old, wise man with a wicked sense of humour and one of the greatest wizards of all times, Moridunon Ambreys - later only called 'Merlin' - was nothing but a wanderer.

When he had been young, barely old enough to leave his parents, the raven haired man had gone and travelled the world. He had left and travelled year after year, from one end of the world to the next, barely keeping contact with friends and family.

But, like all things, the wish to travel and see new things ceased over time.

In the end, gold-eyed Moridunon, tired of travelling, returned to the Isles he had called home when he was young.

He had entered the isles of Clas Moridun'n high in the north and had from there traveled south, towards Kaerlud - a settling that would hundreds of years later be part of a city known as Londinium.

Moridunon, a bit tired of wandering, had settled into a clearing for the night. That night when everything had changed for him.

The man who looked to be barely thirty years old— he was by far older, but such was the fate of children born like him - had just eaten and now settled back to sleep, his long, black locks tightly tied with a short leather string for the night and his golden eyes half-lidded, when destiny decided that his life wasn't exciting enough.

So, instead of leaving Moridunon to his well-deserved rest, fate woke him before he could even go to sleep with a loud bang and a blinding flash of white light.

For a moment, the whole clearing lit up, bright as a thousand suns, then a body appeared in the middle of the flash and everything returned to darkness.

The body, face down on the ground, was small compared to a man. For a moment, Moridunon actually wondered if the body was a woman. But then the foreigner groaned and Moridunon reverted his thoughts.

A boy.

The stranger was a boy.

Maybe fourteen or fifteen years old.

Moridunon stared at the child.

Oh, he knew that theoretically the boy in front of him, had he been mundane, or non-magical, would have been considered a man already.

However, the boy was magical – therefore a minor, and still in need of a guardian.

Magical children needed their parents until they were at least twenty, maybe even twenty-three years old, until then, a child's magic still wasn't mature enough to shield most of them properly without a parent's guidance. Being without a parent beforehand would not only endanger the child, but also everyone who came into contact with the untrained magic of said child.

There were few exceptions. Trained children, who had finished their education early. The finished education ensured that children knew how to stabilize their magic, which ensured that they could live without a guardian.

But children like that could be felt by other druids – trained magic was always a lot more contained than untrained – and the boy didn't feel like he had finished training at all.

Seeing that the boy was untrained and therefore not yet old enough to be

alone, Moridunon took a closer look at him. He had short, oddly cut raven hair. The clothes he was wearing were made of a strange material that Moridunon couldn't remember encountering before and their cut...

Moridunon had never seen anything like that. The tunic was too short, the pants... well... the blue colour was unheard of in clothing and the material looked like nothing that could have been made anywhere near Clas Moridun'n or the countries Moridunon had visited... The material was foreign and they seemed to hold up without a girdle.

Of course, there was also the fact that the clothes seemed to be cut for an entirely different person, because they were hanging on the boy. The tunic had a bright coloring Moridunon had never seen before. They were no hide or fur, like Mordunon knew clothes to be.

Moridunon would have thought that they were high ranking clothes, if they had fitted the boy and had fewer holes. As they were now, they seemed more rags than clothes. And rags for a boy like the child in front of him...

No, something was wrong.

Wrong with the clothes.

Wrong with the boy.

Wrong with the whole situation.

"A young druid," Moridunon figured with a frown, deeply concerned.

"Not old enough to have fully matured magic. So most likely accidental magic brought him here."

But druids were revered - young ones nearly as much as older ones - so, no matter how Moridunon looked at it, the clothes the lad was wearing simply weren't appropriate for his assumed rank.

Nevertheless, Moridunon hesitated for another moment.

No matter how innocent the child looked, there were druids out there

who were twisted inside - and willing to twist children's minds until the child in question was as twisted as they were themselves.

Moridunon had met people like that.

Moridunon had fought people like that - and he still shuddered in disgust at the memory.

In the end, no matter Moridunon's experiences in the past, his need to help won out and he stepped forward to take a look at the lad.

Nevertheless, no matter how much he wanted to help, Moridunon still took his staff with him before approaching the young stranger.

The boy was unconscious.

He had blood on one side of his face - a cut that had bled quite a bit - and after Moridunon had crouched down next to him and touched him to assess the rest of him, Moridunon also noticed a slight concussion which was easily treated - if not fully mended in another day or two.

As if it had only been the concussion that kept him unconscious, the boy groaned slightly just after Moridunon healed him.

His eyelids fluttered.

"Are you awake, child?" Moridunon asked but the only answer he got was another groan. Then, the boy's eyes blinked open, revealing a stunning green that had Moridunon blinking in surprise.

Green.

Moridunon couldn't remember any magical or mundane who had ever had eyes as green as the boy's - with one exception...

Sadly, the exception made the explanation how the boy could have ended up alone even worse. Children from that family were jealously guarded - so a boy going missing should have basically been impossible.

For a moment, Moridunon's and the child's gazes interlocked, then, the boy sat up gingerly, his eyes travelling away from Moridunon's golden

ones to look around the clearing.

The child frowned, obviously not expecting to wake up far away from the place he had been before.

And it had to be far away, because Moridunon couldn't see even the slightest bit of recognition in the boy's eyes, only confusion and a slight intrigue, as if the child had never seen a forest like the one surrounding them before.

Moridunon wondered if the child's home had no forests - or if the forests looked far different to the untamed wilderness with its thick coppice of shrubs and other kinds of wood.

For a moment Moridunon thought back to Persia and the different landscape he had encountered there and he wondered if the landscape there would have been more familiar for the boy...

On the other hand, the clearing Moridunon had searched out was full of old and very large trees. Two of them had been used by Moridunon to span a leather awning for the night - just in case rain started to fall. The clearing was surrounded by shrubbery, some raspberry bushes, some currant ones and even a single bilberry shrub.

A bit further away, a small well could be found that gave enough clear water for Moridunon to have a comfortable camp for the night to come. The boy took all of that in and frowned even further, his green eyes full of confusion and no understanding for his current situation.

It was clear that the boy had no idea where he was and what to think of the place he had woken up at.

"A burst of accidental magic and suddenly he is somewhere he has never been before," Moridunon thought while looking the boy in front of him over. "He seems not old enough to be without a parent. His magic is simply not mature enough to be fully controlled by himself."

While there existed some differences between one druid to the next, the times when the magic of a child matured were nearly constant. The first time it would happen to a child would be at ten or eleven. That was the time a child would usually start to train in gaining control since training before that was basically useless because no matter what, a child wouldn't be able to direct their magic until that point of time.

The next change would happen between about seventeen and eighteen. At that point, the magic of the child would start to fully stabilize and accidental magic would totally cease to exist. After that, the last time magic would mature was between twenty-two or twenty-three years of age. Only after that time, a child would have their full strength and all the abilities it was born with. At that time, magic would be stabilized and under absolute control of the trained druid.

On the other hand, if a child wasn't trained, it would be at that final maturity that they would die. Most untrained druids would die earlier – especially if they tried to suppress their own magic – but the strongest, even those who had managed to survive against all odds, would still die at that point.

The child in front of Moridunon looked too young to have experienced more than the first maturity, so seeing him appear out of nowhere in a bout of accidental magic wasn't that surprising at all. Children his age had done stranger things, as far as Moridunon knew.

Still, no matter how common accidental magic was, it didn't explain why the boy had appeared near Moridunon. Normally, bouts of accidental magic like that were there to ensure a child's safety. Sending a child to a stranger, who knows how many miles away from home, was anything but safe for the child...

Moridunon couldn't figure out how accidental magic could have brought

the child to him when accidental magic's sole purpose was to bring a child to safety.

And that thought made Moridunon frown.

His eyes travelled down the child's clothing.

The clothing, foreign as they were, were clearly rags.

The shoes... Moridunon had no idea what kind of material they had been made of, but they sure didn't look like leather. They were ragged and kept together by barely more than a thread.

The clothing itself was far too big for the child and the child...

Moridunon's thoughts trailed off in dark thoughts when he noticed that the boy was clearly a bit too thin for it to be natural.

Did his family have problems?

Famine?

It wouldn't be unusual... but nevertheless, for a druid's child to be unable to get enough to eat was troubling. Normally, druid parents always looked out for their children first since they were a lot more vulnerable until they at least matured a second time...

In that moment, the child's bright green eyes returned Moridunon's gaze.

Moridunon looked back somberly.

"Where do you come from, lad?" Moridunon asked. The lad stared at him as if he was a foreign creature.

Did he not speak Cymráeg?

Moridunon supposed that it shouldn't surprise him too much. Cymraég was one of six dialects the people of Clas Moridun'n spoke. Moridunon guessed that people from outside would see all six dialects as one language, but there were too many differences between at least half of them for people all over the Isles to communicate without trouble.

Indeed, more than two thousand years in the future, most people would

think that the Isles had only had one language at that time. They'd call it Common Brittonic.

"Where do you come from, lad?" Moridunon asked again, this time in Brezhoneg, another dialect that was spoken more near Kaerlud, not sure if he should continue with the languages of Clas Moridun'n or try Persian immediately. Again no reaction.

For a moment, Moridunon thought again about trying Persian, but then, jumping that far thanks to accidental magic would imply the worst, so he didn't want it to be true.

So Moridunon tried the next language: Kernewek, then Gaelg, Gaelige and Gàighlig. Nothing.

In the end, he gritted his teeth and tried Persian, nearly expecting the boy to react.

Nothing.

Another try with one of the Asian languages he spoke, Norse, Greek and Egyptian. Still nothing - and there was no other language Moridunon could think of that he knew how to speak.

The lad had not shown interest in any of the languages Moridunon had used.

So where did he come from, that he didn't know any of these languages?

Then the lad opened his mouth and babbled something. The language he used had a slightly familiar sound, a little like Norse, but as much as Moridunon tried, something prevented him from actually understanding the lad.

A Norse dialect?

After all, the Isles had their dialect - so why shouldn't the Norse have their dialects as well?

"Say it again," he said in Norse but of course, the boy didn't do like he

was asked.

Clearly, he hadn't understood Moridunon's words any better than

Moridunon had his.

Moridunon sighed.

Not a dialect, then?

Maybe another country with a language with little relation with Norse?

Perhaps a country behind the final boundary of the Norse lands?

How far away would that be?!

"He must be from the other side of the world," Moridunon mused and rubbed his eyes tiredly. "Powerful accidental magic indeed. His parents must be proud of him..."

Of course they would only be able to be proud of the lad if Moridunon found some way to send him back to them. If he didn't, they would be nothing but worried, instead.

But to get the child back to where he belonged, Moridunon would have to find a way to communicate first. He stared at the boy, pondering.

How should he start...?

He stopped mid-thought, the answer reaching him the moment he had started to wonder.

It might not be much - but at least the first step was an easy one...

"Moridunon Ambreys," Moridunon said, pointing at his chest. "Moridunon Amrbeys sã-Mons Ambres."

The lad blinked, his face showing his bewilderment. Then his eyes cleared and he seemed to understand Moridunon's actions.

"Harry," He said. "Harry Potter."

Moridunon wrinkled his nose in dislike.

Harry.

That name might have been perfectly normal where the child came from

- but on Clas Moridun'n, people would look at Moridunon strangely if he used it.

In the ears of the Isles' people, the name sounded like something a baby would coo. It sounded like something a parent might give a child to show they cherished it - but nothing a lad like the boy in front of him should use as a formal name.

Maybe it was a normal first name in the home country of the lad - but he was in Clas Moridun'n and here the name didn't fit for a young boy like him. Here on the Isles, a name like that was used by parents for their baby boy, a name of endearment, but not by anybody else.

Moridunon frowned.

He knew some names that used 'Harry' as an endearment as long as the child in question was still a toddler; names like Haraldr, Harastrix, Hadrian - but the child had solely named himself 'Harry'...

It was nothing Moridunon would like to be seen calling the lad in public. People would look at him funny if he'd actually went and cooed at a lad of maybe fifteen years of age.

Moridunon sighed and unconsciously slipped into his mother's native language when he finally went and decided on a course of action.

He couldn't coo at a lad - so there was only one solution...

"I will have to search for another name to call the lad," he murmured under his breath, his voice sliding through the hissed vowels like it was made for speaking like a serpent.

"Why? What's wrong with my name?"

Moridunon's head snapped up when the lad actually managed to produce some words Moridunon actually understood. One moment Moridunon was absolutely speechless, then he suddenly understood why he had actually understood the lad this time around.

"A Parselan," Moridunon shook his head, "I never even thought of trying to use Parseltongue."

"Parselan?" The lad asked. "What's a Parselan?"

"It's a person who can speak to snakes," Moridunon answered absentmindedly while his thoughts turned towards the fact that the boy actually spoke Parseltongue. It felt strange to speak to a person who wasn't his mother in the language of the snakes, but it seemed as if Parseltongue was the only language they had in common.

"A Parselan is a parselmouth?" The lad confirmed.

"Parselmouth?" That was a word Moridunon had never heard before.

What an odd word to use when it came to a Parselan...

Moridunon wondered how many differences existed between Moridunon's Parseltongue and the boy's.

Dialects?

Variations that only occurred in the boy's home country?

Other reasons?

Moridunon shook his head.

It didn't matter.

He finally found a language that was similar enough that he and the lad could talk. A different word here and there should be easily explainable - and was a small price to pay for understanding.

"If a Parselmouth is someone who speaks to snakes, then it seems to be the same," Moridunon finally answered. The boy stared at him intensely, but finally nodded.

"Well, yes, then I'm a... Parselan," he finally said, then he stopped and his gaze intensified. "Are we talking in Parseltongue?"

"You can't tell?"

The lad shook his head.

"I never could. It all sounds like English for me."

The word was foreign to Moridunon. English... whatever language it was, it hadn't been translated into Parseltongue by the lad and therefore didn't have a corresponding association in Moridunon's mind. Not that Moridunon expected a translation of the language name. The serpent's tongue rarely had a word for the different human tongues.

"Eng-lish?" Moridunon therefore asked. "Is that the language you are normally speaking?"

The lad - Harry - nodded.

"What's the name of the land you are from, lad?"

"Britain." The boy answered and Moridunon crooked an eyebrow. That word sounded somehow familiar. While most people called the isles they lived on Clas Moridun'n, there was also another name commonly used by mostly the people living around Kaerlud.

It took a second for Moridunon to remember that name.

Britannia. They called it Britannia... which sounded a lot like the word the lad had used right now...

"Britain - you are talking about Britannia?"

"Britannia?" The lad stopped and seemed to think about that. "Well... yes... but I have never heard someone calling Britain Britannia in a normal conversation before..."

"You do not speak any of the languages of Britannia," Moridunon clarified. Originally, Moridunon had wanted to say 'dialects' instead of 'languages' - but that word seemed to be one of the untranslatable ones... which made Moridunon wonder about how a language could have different words for the same thing, yet no concept of dialects...

The lad meanwhile blinked at him in surprise and confusion. "But I am!" He insisted. "I speak English - like everyone in Britain!"

"Lad... there is Cymráeg, Kernewek, Gaelg, Gaelige, Brezhoneg and Gàighlig - there is no 'English' to speak."

"C...Cymáeg?!" The lad stared unbelieving at Moridunon. "Gaelige?! What are these bloody languages? I've never even heard of them!"

Moridunon snorted.

"You definitely would have, if you were from here," he pointed out.

The boy looked around with a frown on his face.

"I doubt that I am," he said, his gaze traveling over the trees surrounding the clearing. "Wherever I am... it looks foreign. I can't believe that this place belongs in Britain somehow. But I know that Britannia is another name for Britain, so it should be the same, at least theoretically!"

That answer stopped Moridunon's thought-process from one moment to the next.

The boy was sure that Britannia was a different name for his home country.

The boy spoke a language that sounded a bit familiar, yet foreign all the same.

The boy didn't recognize his surroundings and even went so far to describe them as foreign...

Did that mean that Britannia wasn't Britain?

Or did it mean that Moridunon was missing something when it came to the answers the lad had given him so far?

Maybe a country with a similar name?

Maybe... something else?

Moridunon interrupted the second thought. He wouldn't ponder the unknown until he hadn't manage to rule out every other possibility that would at least vaguely explain the lad's odd circumstances...

Nevertheless, Moridunon couldn't help but wonder.

With a shake of his head, Moridunon finally decided to go and actually ensure that there wasn't a possible explanation that Moridunon had somehow missed...

In the end, Moridunon decided to check the more likely of the possibilities by asking some further questions.

He had been travelling the last fifteen years throughout Persia, a small part of Asia, Greece, Egypt and the Norse lands, where the Germanic tribes lived - so asking the boy if he recognised any of the places Moridunon could name might work.

"Tell me: Have you ever heard about Lacedaemon?" Moridunon finally asked, going with an advancing state which had slowly been gaining renown in recent years. "Or maybe Massalia?"

Massalia was one of the most important trading ports that Moridunon knew of.

"Lacedaemon?" The lad asked bewildered. "Massalia?"

Moridunon frowned, but decided to not give up immediately.

"Lacedaemon's main settlement is Sparta," Moridunon said, concentrating on the first question. "Have you ever heard of Sparta?"

"Yes," the lad answered bewildered.

"That's good," Moridunon sighed. "So tell me: where is Sparta from your home? Is it in the West? The North? The South? The East?"

Now the lad looked as if he was utterly confused.

"It is nowhere from my home, I think," he finally answered. "I've no idea if the city of Sparta still stands, actually. I just know that the Spartans don't exist anymore."

"They don't?"

The answer was something that Moridunon hadn't wanted to be true, but at the same time had already suspected.

The boy nodded.

"Their kingdom has been gone for... I don't know... a few hundred years?"

Which only left one conclusion - no matter how much Moridunon had wanted to deny the theory at first.

"How many winters in the future are you from?!" Moridunon asked, feeling overwhelmed by his proven yet so unlikely theory, while in the same moment, the lad cried.

"When by Merlin am I?!"

Those last words from the lad just affirmed Moridunon's conclusion.

The lad was not from this time.

"He travelled in time..." Moridunon thought a bit stunned that something like that was actually possible. "He actually travelled in time."

It sounded unbelievable - yet it was the only conclusion that fit the evidence.

And yet, Moridunon wasn't sure how much he could help the lad with his question of when he was. He had travelled the world, had seen different cultures and people. And Moridunon hadn't been travelling for just a few years - he had travelled quite a few centuries. He had seen people change, had seen cultures change and had learned that nothing was stable - so he was quite sure that no matter what he told the child, he wouldn't be able to answer a question like when... especially when there were hundreds of different ways to count the years and measure time.

The only one who could eventually measure the time between the here and now and the time the lad had come from was the lad himself.

"Can you possibly guess how far back you are?" Moridunon asked the lad.

The lad frowned and Moridunon sighed.

There was not only the problem with the boy actually having travelled in time, but also with the fact that the boy most likely didn't have any

family anywhere near here - and a young druid without family or guidance... Moridunon sighed and shook his head while contemplating if he could get the child to Persia and his family.

He dismissed that thought.

The lad's family wouldn't know about the lad's time jump and Moridunon knew that if they told anyone, there would be repercussions for the lad.

Somebody who knew the future would be highly valuable - and never able to live a normal life.

That wasn't something Moridunon wanted the lad to face... but, what other possibilities were there?

It was at that moment the child hesitatingly spoke up.

"I... I don't know," the lad said. "I've never been good in History... well, it's a dull subject anyway... and Binns definitely doesn't help..."

The lad pondered that a little bit more.

"Guess some things might have happened in between the story of Sparta I know and my times... Hermione definitely would know all that, but..." the lad shrugged at that. "But it has definitely have to be some time. A few hundred years at least."

"A few hundred years."

Well, that would explain the foreign and strange clothes the boy was wearing as well as the language he was speaking.

"So English is the language of another conqueror of Britannia?" Moridunon asked to clarify the language problem while at the same time wondering who else but the Celts had decided to make Britannia their home. He knew, the lad would likely not know, but it couldn't hurt to hear a second theory.

"Er..." the lad seemed to be a little bit unsure at that. "I think 'English' is... well will be the name of one of your languages... or something like that... I

don't know. But even if it is one of your languages...it... well... the words will a little bit... change over time... I think..."

"Surely," Moridunon agreed. He had lived more than enough centuries to attest to the fact that languages changed - by wind and fire, even Parseltongue seemed to be prone to changing over time considering the different word the lad had used, even if it seemed to change a lot slower than the languages humans spoke. "Languages change over time. It's a fact of life."

The lad crooked his head and looked at Moridunon with a frown as if he couldn't understand how Moridunon could speak of something like that with such surety.

Moridunon looked a bit amused at the child.

"You're still young," he told the child. "You will learn over time."

The lad frowned.

"How...?"

"Just like every young lad," Moridunon said, amused, "you will grow old."

For a moment, the lad looked about to object, but then he blinked and frowned.

"My teacher... he lived longer than average... that's normal?"

Moridunon frowned, but then guessed that the lad was probably like most children who lived with just their family and a few neighbouring magical families - unused to more than just a few druids... and therefore not used to seeing more than a few old druids, if any at all.

Of course, there was also the fact that not only were there different life-expectations with druids - depending on their heritage - but also the fact that the lad most likely hadn't grown up with the most of his family in Persia... if they were still there and hadn't moved to Clas Moridun'n all together some time in the future...

"It's normal for magical beings to live longer than non-magicals," Moridunon finally settled on.

"Oh," the boy said, before hesitating for a moment. "Say, Mori... Mordi..."

Moridunon laughed a bit.

"Moridunon Ambreys," he corrected the lad. "It's Moridunon Ambreys."

The lad sighed.

"Can't I just say 'Mori'?" he asked with a frown. "Mori... Mordidu..."

He stopped and sighed.

"Moridunon Amreys... Ambreys," he corrected himself slowly. "Is such a long name!"

"It's part title, part name," Moridunon corrected.

The boy blinked in surprise.

"Title?"

"Ambreys," the older man explained. "The name is part of my duties. I am responsible for Mons Ambres, so my name implies that responsibility."

"It's not part of your name... or a last name?" the child asked surprised.

"Last name?" Moridunon asked with a frown.

"Family name," the lad corrected himself.

That at least Moridunon understood.

"It's a duty," he said. "Just like your family's name came from their duty. If I will ever have a child, they will be Ambreys like I am. It will be a family name one day."

"Potter was a duty?" the child asked confused and Moridunon sighed.

"Your family's name - not their mundane occupation," he corrected the child.

The lad frowned and opened his mouth to ask further questions, but

Moridunon interrupted him before he could ask further.

"But if you really don't like my name," he added a bit amused. "Most people

in this day and age call me Myrddin. Myrddin Emrys."

The child blinked, but nodded slowly.

"Myrddin, then," he agreed. "Do I really have to call you Myrddin Emrys?"

Moridunon sighed, feeling more amused than angry at the disrespect of a child to his elder.

"You may," he agreed, before looking the child over.

His clothes were made in a way that Moridunon had never seen.

His shoes were strange.

His language not even understandable.

"How well do you know the night sky?" he asked the lad, changing the topic before the lad could come up with even more silly ways to change his name.

The child frowned.

"I... I learned some... but..." he looked upwards and his frown deepened.

"Not enough," Moridunon concluded with a sigh. "Not enough to understand or see the difference to what it was like in the time you came from - if there was a difference at all. You might be only from a few hundred years in the future, after all."

The lad sighed but nodded.

"I'm sorry."

Moridunon waved it off.

"Don't be. You're a child. You're still learning."

Nevertheless, if the child really was only from a few hundred years in the future, he might live long enough to see his family again... even if he couldn't find a way back.

Moridunon narrowed his eyes at the lad.

Time travel.

Moridunon might not have any experience with it - but he also knew

some of the laws of old and he guessed that they wouldn't change when time travel was added... which also might mean some trouble in the future for the child in question...

He sighed inwardly and dismissed the thought.

There would be time for that later.

Until then, there were other important things to think about.

"Myrddin," the child said in that moment. "Do... do you have a way to bring me back? I mean... home?"

Moridunon frowned.

"To the future?" he asked rhetorically and sighed. "Time travel..."

Moridunon trailed off and shook his head.

"Accidental magic has its reasons," he told the child. "So ending up here will also have its reasons."

The child opened his mouth, clearly to object to something Moridunon had said, before closing his mouth again, frowning.

Moridunon watched the lad with attentive eyes.

"You might find a way if you dedicate your time searching," he told the child.

"But until then, there won't be a way for you to return to your home."

The lad's frown deepened.

"Searching?"

Moridunon sighed.

"I am a master in my own way, but my duties have never contained time," he said. "You will have to learn about it from somebody else."

The lad sighed, but nodded in acceptance.

Nevertheless, the question reminded Moridunon about the child's predicament.

The lad was out of his time, without family, without any kind of relatives near him - and without someone who could train him in his magic. Of

course, there was his family - but Moridunon feared for the lad if he actually handed him over.

The Persian family would look after him, Moridunon didn't doubt it, but the family would use the lad's knowledge - and Moridunon didn't want to ensure imprisonment of the lad by the family, even if they might mean well.

Nevertheless, the child needed the training... and without the family, there was no-one there who could train him but Moridunon.

Moridunon sighed and then gestured towards the lad to follow him before he returned to his camp.

The lad followed.

He gestured for the child to sit down and then pulled out some of his dinner that he had planned to eat for breakfast.

"It's late," he said. "And you're in parts unknown for you. You will stay with me for the time being."

The lad frowned.

"You mean until I find someone who can bring me home?" he asked but Moridunon shook his head.

"No," he corrected the lad. "You will stay with me until you're old enough and trained enough to stand on your own feet. Then - and only then - you may go and search for a way back on your own."

Immediately, the lad opened his mouth to protest, but Moridunon silenced him with a look.

"Don't," he interrupted the lad before he could say something. "You're untrained. You need somebody to train you - or there'll be no chance that you will be able to even attempt magic as complex as the kind most likely required for time travel."

The child frowned, clearly wanting to protest for a moment anyway, then

he stopped, thought it over and sighed.

"I guess," he said reluctantly.

Moridunon's lips twitched at that answer.

The lad was still a child - no matter how reluctant he was to agree to anything that would make him look like one.

"You're going to need your staff if you want to continue your training," he added and looked at the lad, expecting him to pull out his staff and check it over for damage.

Instead, the boy frowned.

"Staff?" he repeated.

"The thing you use to help you manipulate your magic," Moridunon explained and pointed at his own in his hand.

Didn't they have staffs in the future?

The lad blinked in surprise, but then he searched his clothes before running back to the space he had been lying in when he arrived to search the floor.

"Where is my wand? Do... do you have it?" He finally asked, still searching.

Now it was Moridunon's turn to be confused. "Your wand?" he repeated and wondered if that was one word that had changed over time even in Parseltongue. "Is this the tool you use as a conduit for your magic?"

The lad looked at the staff Moridunon was carrying, hesitated and then nodded.

"I guess?" he said, sounding a bit unsure. "But a wand is smaller. I doubt we have long... staffs like yours anymore..."

Well, that made sense.

Moridunon himself was shrinking his staff often - if they had found a way in the future to have it constantly short while still being able to contain all the ingredients then it was not surprising that they had

smaller staffs.

"Maybe you lost it before coming here," Moridunon mused thoughtfully.

The lad fixed his glance at something just he could see, while he was thinking back.

"Maybe," he finally said. "I... was in trouble, back home. There were Dementors... I... I could not focus and the Dementor started to suck out my soul... I... might have let it go..."

Moridunon knew nothing about Dementors. He had heard about the creatures, knew that they were one of the Firbolg - immortal magical creatures - but he had never met them. They lived far beyond Egypt. Had they come here, to Britain in the future?

"You can't change it anyway, so stop pondering," Moridunon reprimanded himself aloud.

"Well, you will need a staff and a new master to teach you until you find a way back to where you come from. I already told you, I'm willing to be your new master, nevertheless, you will have to look into a way back on your own once you're trained. I won't stop you from looking, but it'll only be by chance if you find something. Until then, I will teach you all I know - but first I will take you to Kaerlud to get you a staff. You'll need a staff to properly learn how to focus your magic..."

He looked the lad over.

There was just one more important question when it came to teaching magic.

"How many winters have you seen, lad?" he asked the child.

The lad blinked, a bit confused, but answered nevertheless.

"Er... fifteen since a few days."

That meant that Moridunon had been right with judging the lad's age.

The lad had just matured one time in his life. It also meant that they'd

have some time until the child's next maturity - no matter if Moridunon's suspicion was right or not.

He sighed and then gestured for the child to return to their camp for the night.

"Let's settle for the night and tomorrow we'll start travelling towards Kaerlud," he decided. "On the way, I'll also start judging your knowledge of magic and teach you the languages of Clas Moridun'n."

The child frowned, but in the end acquiesced.

For the night, Moridunon ensured that the lad would be the one laying in the safer part of his camp - near the trees and away from the clearing - while Moridunon took the unsafe part where wild animals would reach first.

Of course, there were wards that could be drawn for protection, but those were intricate and time-consuming, so doing it the mundane way was his best option.

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The next morning, they started to wander the moment the sun rose.

"We're walking?" the lad asked while falling into step with Moridunon.

"What about brooms?"

Moridunon frowned.

"Brooms?" he asked.

The lad shrugged.

"Well, I know that Floo-travel is out of question... but port-keys? Brooms?"

At that, Moridunon sighed.

"I have no idea what a port-key is," he said. "And I can't even imaging why you'd need a broom to travel."

The boy shrugged and then launched into a vague explanation that didn't actually contain a lot of information about how to build something like

the things described.

Moridunon guessed that while the elders of the boy's time might have known, the boy hadn't been trained long enough to even understand the theoretical aspects.

"They don't exist here," he said when the lad stopped speaking. "I fear we'll have to use the old-fashioned way and walk."

The answer was a sigh, but the child accepted it with a nod.

Moridunon decided to distract the lad and instead started to ask him questions to see how much he knew about magic.

He found he wasn't impressed with the answers.

The boy had no idea about rituals, about runes or their equivalent in the future and no idea how to even start using Arithmetic to calculate his magic. He was passable at plants and herbs, less so in potions and reading the night sky seemed to be centered on things that Moridunon had never heard about - or maybe knew under different names.

In the end, Moridunon decided to return to the basics.

"Did your parents teach you to control your magic?" Moridunon knew that this was the most important question.

"Er... no." This was an answer Moridunon hadn't expected.

"No? Your parents didn't teach you any kind of control?!"

"I... my parents are dead, sir."

"But your relatives trained you, didn't they?"

It was the duty of the elders to train the young ones, after all, so no matter what, the lad should have been trained at least a bit...

"Er... my aunt doesn't have any magic," the child answered nervously. "But I went to Hogwarts."

It sounded natural, as if the lad actually expected Moridunon to know what he was talking about - as if that man was somebody well known all

over the Isles in the lad's time.

It felt bad to disappoint the lad, but Moridunon wasn't willing to lie even for something small like a famous teacher. Training was built on trust, so truth was the best way to gain it.

"Hogwarts? I fear I have never heard of him. Is he your master?"

As soon as he asked the question he knew he had asked the wrong thing because suddenly the child's face fell and pure horror crossed his features.

"Lad? Are you alright?" Moridunon asked worried.

"I... no! No! No! No! NO!" The lad suddenly cried. "Please... please tell me you know Hogwarts!"

Moridunon frowned.

It was a man.

A single man.

The lad shouldn't have been so upset about the fact that Moridunon didn't know him even if Hogwarts might have been the old man - the teacher - the lad had mentioned before. Every life started some time, and maybe the life of this master hadn't started yet, or he wasn't well known yet...

It shouldn't have mattered.

It was a little thing, in the end - even if it might mean that the lad was a bit further in the past than he had thought. A year less or more shouldn't be that upsetting, after all...

Nevertheless, the child ended up in tears with that revelation.

For a moment, Moridunon hesitated.

Then he sighed and reached out towards the child to hug him.

Normally, tradition said that children not your own or not your relatives' shouldn't be touched - it was basically as bad as lying with somebody

else's wife - but the lad was alone and the only one he had was Moridunon - so touching the child was what Moridunon did, even if it basically meant that he promised the child to be his teacher.

"I'm sorry, lad," he said. "But that's how it is. People are born, they live, they die - and even if they end up well-known, at the beginning, they start like everybody else."

The answer was tears, thousands and thousands of tears.

Moridunon pulled him closer and the lad turned into his embrace.

Fingers tuck into Moridunon's tunic and the lad took ahold of him as if his life depended on it.

Moridunon grimaced.

It was bad.

Really, really bad.

That, at least, he understood even though he didn't understand the reason why.

In the end, Moridunon didn't know how long it took him to calm the lad down before he finally let go of Moridunon to wipe away his tear tracks.

"Are you alright, lad?" he asked.

The child sniffed, but nodded, and Moridunon made a mental note that he had to train the lad in customs as well. It seemed that customs had changed over time and Moridunon wasn't sure if it was for the better...

"If you are... care to explain what shook you so much?"

"I... well... Hogwarts isn't a person," the lad finally replied. "In my time it's... it's a place... to learn. And... it's been a place to learn for at least a thousand years. If... if you don't know it..."

And suddenly Moridunon understood why the lad had suddenly been that distressed.

A place to learn, founded a thousand years in the past - and yet,

Moridunon had never heard about it ever before.

The way it sounded, that place had to have been huge.

There must have been at least fifty or more people there to learn.

And it must have been a good place to learn, well known all over Clas Moridun'n.

No wonder the lad had expected Moridunon to know about it.

No wonder the lad had been so shocked when Moridunon told him he had never heard about it.

"I guess it's well-known where you come from?" Moridunon asked.

The lad nodded.

"Everyone goes there," he agreed. "Well, everybody in Britain."

Moridunon was guessing that the lad had exaggerated the whole thing a bit, but he acknowledged that at least quite a few children must have gone there to learn their magics.

He wasn't sure if that was such a good idea considering the boy's obviously lacking education, but he guessed that the reason the lad didn't know those things lied in the different times he came from...

Not that Moridunon agreed with whatever reason might have been named by the lad's teachers!

Far too many important things were unknown to the lad, and it would be Moridunon who'd be forced to correct them.

In the end, Moridunon just commented on the one important fact that the lad had drawn from the conclusion.

"This means, you ended up a lot further back in the past than you originally thought," he concluded with a sigh.

This also meant something else for the lad: he had no way to return home until he found one and until Moridunon could either dismiss his guess as wrong or find facts to conclude it as right, the child would also be forced

to think that he'd never see his friends and family ever again. He wouldn't live long enough to do so - even if the lad was one of those few druids who'd live longer than a few hundred years, which weren't many, and even fewer when it came to those who would reach a thousand years of age.

"Even if his blood might show that it's pure enough," Moridunon thought with a mental sigh. "Reaching a thousand years for an Olde one with the blood of the immortal creatures in their veins is nearly impossible."

Moridunon knew that.

There were precious few in this day and age who had pure enough blood to live that long - in the future, there'd be even less...

"Yes," The boy replied in that moment while trying to stop his still flowing tears. "And if I don't find a way back, I'll never see my friends again - and they'll never know what happened to me either."

Moridunon understood the lad's fears.

The child had been ripped out of his time and now there was a possibility that he'd never return home... nonetheless, it wouldn't do the lad any good if he dwelt on it right now. There was nothing he could do until he was old enough to find a way back home by himself.

"There's always an answer," he said instead. "If you search for it, you might find it. But for now, you won't be able to go searching - you need someone to guide you, you need someone to teach you. I will do it, for now. Everything else will come later."

With that, Moridunon changed the topic and started to expand the lad's knowledge of plants.

For the first few minutes, the child looked as if he was unwilling to listen, but in the end he huffed and actually focused on the lessons.

Of course, that didn't mean that it turned out to be the last discussion

with the lad, instead, it was just the first in many.

"Why do you always call me 'lad'?" the child complained just a few hours later. "I have a name!"

"It's a baby's name," Moridunon countered. "I'm not going to go around and call you a baby's name."

The child frowned.

"It's a normal name," he countered. "I bet there are at least a dozen Harry James Potters all over Britain!"

That actually stopped Moridunon mid-step.

"Harryjames?" he repeated. "Your name is Harryjames?!"

The lad frowned at him.

"Yes..." he agreed slowly, clearly not understanding why it had stopped Moridunon in his tracks.

The older man sighed.

Of course, the lad wouldn't understand.

Harryjames, unlike Harry, was a very respectable, even exclusive name.

Normally, it was a name only used in the Pendragon family - one of the oldest lines in Clas Moridun'n who were, thanks to their dragon heritage, masters of the land - but maybe that had changed over time...

It wouldn't be the first name which changed that way, after all.

But the lad didn't seem to understand it's meaning.

"Alright," Moridunon finally agreed. "Harryjames it is. I will call you by your name from now on."

The lad frowned.

"It's just Harry," he started, but Moridunon stopped him before he could continue.

"I'm not using a nickname," he countered the child's objection. "It's either 'Harryjames' or 'lad', choose."

The child mulled over that for a moment before he sighed.

"Harry James it is," he agreed and Moridunon nodded before he went back to teaching.

Over the next weeks, Moridunon slowly started to introduce the lad to the languages of Clas Moridun'n, added to his herb and plant knowledge as well as his knowledge about stars, and also started him on writing and the first attempts at controlled magic.

Of course the lad had to make it difficult.

"I can't do magic!" he objected when Moridunon actually suggested to learn how to levitate a stone. It was one of the easiest things to start with when it came to a child's magic. "I don't have my wand!"

Moridunon sighed.

"You don't need a staff for this," he countered in Cymráeg. "It's an easy manipulation, not a complicated runic spell. We definitely won't start on those or on rituals until you have your staff. Runes might be able to support a spell by themselves, but for a beginner or for long spell sequences, working with a staff is always easier when it comes to them."

The child just glared at him.

"I have no idea what you're talking about, Myrddin!" he told Moridunon unhappily in Parseltongue instead of in Cymráeg, which he should have been using. "And I can tell you that without a wand, whatever you want me to do won't happen!"

Moridunon sighed a bit at the disrespect.

"Don't argue with me," he reprimanded the child, before pointedly continuing in Cymráeg. "It's unbecoming for a child - especially if you don't have valuable arguments to counter me with and use disrespect while talking to me!"

The lad's glare intensified, but he nodded anyway.

"My apologies, Master," he said in Cymráeg, clearly gritting his teeth.

Moridunon sighed, before picking up a stone and handing it to the lad.

"Do as I say," he commanded in the same language.

The lad's lips pressed together, but he took the stone in his left and then used his right to make some odd gestures.

"Wingardium Leviosa!" he cried and Moridunon couldn't help but wonder who had taught the lad such falderal.

He sighed and took the stone from the lad before letting it rise in his hand without any unnecessary gestures or words.

The lad gawked.

"What?... How?" he stuttered, falling back into Parseltongue. "That... that shouldn't be possible!"

Moridunon sighed again.

"It's a simple manipulation," he countered, letting the lad's lapse into Parseltongue slide for the moment. "Of course it's possible."

For a moment the child frowned, but when Moridunon handed back the stone he took it and then stared at it.

Moridunon let him, a bit amused when the lad's face took on a highly concentrated look which ended with the lad nearly walking into a tree or two if Moridunon hadn't reached out and steered him away from them.

Amusingly enough, the lad didn't even notice.

It took nearly three hours until something changed.

One moment the lad was still holding the stone, the next it shot up into the sky as if somebody had thrown it upwards with all their strength.

Of course, that surprised the lad that much that he lost concentration, and therefore his control over his magic.

But then there was a reason why children needed somebody to teach them magic.

Moridunon reacted instantly, the shield he brought into being over their heads with a single rune stopping the stone from actually hitting the child on its way downwards.

The lad gawked.

"Was that me?!" he exclaimed in Parseltongue.

"Yes," Moridunon answered in Cymráeg, amused. "A bit less power might be a good idea for the next time, don't you think?"

The child blushed.

"Er... yes," he agreed, this time actually using Cymráeg. "A bit."

Nevertheless, Moridunon had to admit that he hadn't expected a reaction like this for at least another three to four hours, so he guessed that he might be able to teach the child a bit faster than he had originally expected.

Three hours later, the lad had actually managed to stop throwing the stone as high as he could and instead balanced it about a foot above his hand. It was still a bit high up, but at least it was visible and not trying to reach the clouds anymore...

Of course, this might have been their first, but definitely not their last, argument.

"Why do I need to learn Arithmancy?!"

"Do you or don't you want to learn your rituals and runic casting?"

"What do I need it for?"

"Nothing if you continue to talk to me like that."

...

"I apologize, master. Please, what do I need... rune spells and rituals?"

"Why."

"Yes, master. Why do I need rune spells and rituals?"

"Because you're a druid and I'm your master. I won't let you run around

half-trained and unable to do more than a few tricks to entertain children."

And when the child pouted after that, Moridunon just looked at him with a frown.

"If you don't learn to behave like you should," he threatened. "Then I will add healing and wound treatment as well to your current schedule."

Of course, the threat didn't actually stop the child from getting into another argument with Moridunon some time later.

"Why do I need that knowledge about plants?" he complained. "It's not as if they're useful for anything but cooking."

"They're useful for your survival," Moridunon countered and glared at the child. "And we're using Cymráeg."

The lad just rolled his eyes.

"I'm still learning it," he countered stubbornly in Parseltongue. "And I don't understand why you added all that knowledge about hunting and plants useless for potions and-"

"If it's useless, how about you go and search for our food for tonight,"

Moridunon countered with a raised eyebrow.

That actually stopped the child dead in his tracks.

"What?" he asked, confused. "Why? You have stuff in your bag!"

"Which won't last forever," Moridunon countered. "And where do you think I got it from?"

The lad mulled about that for at least a minute before he slumped, resigned.

"From... forest, master?" he offered sheepishly in Cymráeg.

"Yes," Moridunon agreed while staring at the child seriously. "From the forest."

After that, he added the basic knowledge about healing and wound care

to the child's daily routine.

"You are... punishing... me with... that," the lad concluded while searching for words.

"It's useful knowledge," Moridunon countered. "And if you don't stop behaving like an outcast, I will add lessons in Brezhoneg and Gaelige as well."

That at least ensured that the lad learned behaviour suitable for children - not that it meant that he would escape those promised lessons forever...

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That's it for today. I hope you liked my changes (since there have been complains about the incorrect history in this chapter for years while others wanted me to rework the first chapters in the past to show a bit more about the happenings at that time).

'Till next time

Ebenbild

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PS: Explanations for those who are interested:

1. Moridunon: The name is, according to my research, the oldest version known of the word that later turned into Myrddin and then into Merlin. While I decided against it in the first version, this time I thought 'why didn't I?' and decided to give him the oldest version I knew for a name, since this chapter is from his PoV instead of Harry's (who will use (continue to use) Myrddin).

2. Ambreys: Is suspected to be a title for the high priest of Stonehenge, hence Moridunon's full name 'Moridunon Amrbeys sã-Mons Ambres' (basically: Myrddin Emrys of 'Stonehenge'). The name Ambreys later changed to Emrys. I'll be using the newer version from now on.

3. Clas Moridun'n: Should be 'Clas Moridunon', but I wanted to show that the change was already starting into 'Clas Myrddin/Merlin'. It's an old name

herbology knowledge had improved. He also had learned to hunt, to cook with an open fire and some other stuff needed in the wild.

"Today we will meet an old friend of mine" Myrddin said in Cymráeg. "He is a staff-maker. He will make you a new staff. This should take a few days. After that I will start to teach you fully. Until your staff is ready, I will start you on writing."

"Writing?" Harry carefully formulated. "Why do you... need me to... start... up writing?"

"On writing" Myrddin corrected absently.

"On writing" Harry repeated.

"So you do know how to write?" Myrddin finally asked.

"Yes... my... writing" Harry wasn't sure how to tell Myrddin that maybe their writing types were different, but Myrddin understood.

"I will teach you to write runes." He said. First Harry didn't understand, but when Myrddin repeated the sentence in Parseltongue he finally did.

"Runes" he repeated the word Myrddin had used, filling it in his vocabulary while thinking that he now would have to learn what he had chosen not to in third year. And there was no Hermione to help him with that. He sighed.

Well, there was nothing he could do to change that. He would have to learn what Myrddin wanted him to learn until he and Myrddin had found a way to bring him back to the future.

At least his feet weren't sore anymore and he had gotten used to walking all day.

"Here we are" Harry stopped when he heard Myrddin's voice.

"Don't forget, lad: don't tell anyone that you are from the future. We will tell them you are from a different country, nothing more - do you understand?" this time Myrddin spoke Parsel tongue to make sure that no-one would

understand his words.

"Yes" Harry answered in the same language. That was also something that he had gotten used to. He could chose now to speak Parsel tongue freely without trying to imagine a snake first.

"Good" Myrddin said and then he knocked on the door frame. The door of the small cottage itself was just closed with a simple fur. The village they were in was small - Harry roughly estimated twenty to thirty small, wooden cottages. Myrddin had called the village one of the bigger ones in Britain. Harry did not want to think how big a small one was.

"Come in" a voice said, also in Cymráeg.

"You seem to know who is standing in front of your door, my friend"

Myrddin said and entered, holding the fur open for Harry.

"Of course I do. I heard news of your return here and so I was pretty sure to see you in the next weeks. You never fail to knock on my door frame."

The wizard who answered was an old looking man with white, bushy hair and eyes so bright that they seemed to have no iris at all.

"Ollivanneder" Myrddin greeted smiling. "Let me introduce my apprentice Harryjames. Harryjames, this is Ollivanneder. He is the best staff-maker in Britannia and my friend."

"I greet you, elder" Harry answered. It was difficult to learn all the different greetings Myrddin told him, but when he glanced at Myrddin he saw him nodding. He seemed to have chosen the right one.

"I greet you also, young one" Ollivanneder answered. "You seem not to be from here."

"I am not" Harry answered. "But my master is teaching me Cymráeg so that I will be able to communicate."

"And he does it well" Ollivanneder said smiling and then turned back to Myrddin. "I understand you need a staff for the lad?"

"I do" Myrddin answered. "I have my suspicions of his ancestry but I am not sure so you will have to test him."

"The lad is a Firbolg-born, isn't he?" Ollivanneder asked and Harry opened his mouth to ask what a Firbolg-born was just to snap it shut the next moment. This was a talk between elders - a child was not allowed to butt in. Myrddin had taught him that and Harry dared not to break this rule. The world he was in was foreign to him so it was best to behave like a child should do here.

Ollivanneder instead seemed to have seen the question in Harry's eyes because he laughed at him. "A Firbolg-born is a person born from parents who were both magical creatures like dragons and unicorns." He explained.

Harry blinked, but dared not to say that he definitely wasn't a Firbolg-born.

"He might be" Myrddin answered. "But I suspect him to be an Olde one." And with a glance at Harry he said. "That is someone whose family is descended from a Firbolg-born and whose blood is still as pure as the blood of the Firbolg-born him- or herself."

"There are just a few Olde families in the world" Ollivanneder said.

"I know."

"So you have a reason to believe something like that."

"Yes, a good one" Myrddin answered but didn't elaborate. Ollivanneder seemed content with that so Harry had to conceal his curiosity.

"So... a staff for the lad." Ollivanneder said instead and looked Harry over. "Well, then come with me, young one. Let's see what we are dealing with."

And with that he left his cottage. Harry looked hesitating at Myrddin but when Myrddin nodded, he followed the other wizard. He felt relieved

when Myrddin followed him.

They left the village and entered the forest. There they walked until they reached a hill. On top of the hill was standing a stone-circle with a stone-bed in the middle.

"This is a ritual-circle" Myrddin explained to him. "It is used for healing and other things to do with the human body. You will have to lay down on the stone-bed. Ollivanneder will do the rest."

"Don't fear, my boy" Ollivanneder butted in. "this is a simple ritual. I will need a drop of your blood and a strand of your hair. That is all. The only thing that could feel a little bit odd is when I touch your mind with mine. Don't use Occlumency, just let me do it. I will not read your thoughts."

Harry wanted to ask what Occlumency was but he just nodded and laid on the stone-bed. It felt odd to lie there and to wait that something would happen. When Ollivanneder peaked his finger with a dagger - a ritual dagger - and drew a drop blood, Harry felt nothing. Ollivanneder let the drop blood fall on the ground and suddenly the earth lit up and the stone-circle looked as if it was lit with a hundreds of lamps or with the sun itself. Then Ollivanneder cut a strand of Harry's hair and let it also fall to the ground. Again the stone-circle lit. This time it was too bright to see anything except of white. Then the light dimmed.

"Well, that was powerful" Harry heard Ollivanneder murmur. "You are definitely an Olde one - and a powerful, too."

Harry looked at Ollivanneder baffled. But before he could commend on the older wizards words, sparkling white runes appeared in the sky above him.

Ollivanneder gasped.

Silence, while new runes appeared, this time they were muddy brown.

Ollivanneder gasped again.

"Well, that changes everything." He said and suddenly he sounded old and very serious. "That foul thing will have to leave first..."

"Foul thing?" Harry was not sure he heard right and this time he could not stop himself from speaking.

"Yes, foul thing" Ollivanneder said. And erased with a wish of his hand the writing in the air. "Come on, lad - we will have to talk to your master."

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When Ollivanneder left the stone-circle, Harry followed him confused.

Ollivanneder's face was grave.

Myrddin who had been waiting right outside the stone-circle raised an eyebrow when he saw them return.

"What happened?" He asked.

"You were right" Ollivanneder said. "The boy is an Olde one. And I mean a really Olde one. He is the heir to an Olde family and a really ancient Olde family."

"So his parents were both...?"

"Yes." Ollivanneder answered. "But that's not all."

"What else?"

"Someone seemed to have used the boy in forbidden rituals - and I mean rituals" Ollivanneder said. "The first one hefted a foul thing on the boys soul, keeping it from fully forming and the second one was a line-theft. Whoever did that has to die, Myrddin. A creature like that has no right to live! Line-theft by a normal wizard is grave - by an Olde one it is beyond... beyond..."

"I understand, my friend" Myrddin interrupted. "Just tell me how to remedy it, and I will."

"The line-theft can just be cured with killing this foul creature" Ollivanneder

said. "But it has no effect on the lads magic itself. It is just something that should be atoned for."

"It will." Myrddin answered. "I will teach him so that he can judge the thief."

Ollivanneder nodded.

"I thought as much" he said. "The foul thing that it hefted at his soul will have to be removed. It seems like another soul - or a part of a soul. But it is twisted and evil. The problem is the hole it will leave behind. The boys soul must have lived nearly his whole life with this foul thing attached to it - just rescued by a tiny bit of powerful, ancient magic, which stands like a shield between this foul soul-part and the boys own soul. But still, the boy's soul could not build itself fully because of this foul thing."

Myrddin stayed silence, thinking. Harry looked at Myrddin, then at Ollivanneder and then back to Myrddin. He could not understand how no-one in the future had found out about the soul-piece that was attached to his soul.

Why hadn't Dumbledore found it? Or Madam Pomfrey? Or someone else?

Had never someone thought about looking him over after the night his parents died - because Harry was sure it was that time Voldemort - of course it must have been Voldemort - had left some part of his soul in Harry.

"Harryjames?" Harry looked up when Myrddin addressed him. "Do you have an idea how and when this soul-piece could have entered you?"

"They tell me..." Harry started.

"Told me" Myrddin corrected.

"Yes, they told me, when I... when I toddler... my parents... die... to... rescue me." Harry finally settled for, this time Myrddin said nothing.

"there was a... evil druid... my mother stopped him from... from..."

Harry made a helpless gesture, as if someone was stabbing him. He dared not to use Parsel tongue in front of Ollivanneder.

"To kill you" Myrddin said calmly. "She used her own death to protect you. Your father most likely did the same. So the dark druid was unable to kill you in the end and the only thing he could do was to infect you with his soul - which was also mostly prevented from your parents' protection. I am impressed. Your parents must have been some powerful druids to stop him like that."

"So it is because of my parents... I am not... infec... infec..."

"Infected" Myrddin said and nodded. "It was very impressive magic. You should honour them for doing that for you. They must have loved you more than anything in the world."

A single tear escaped Harry's eyes when he heard that. He had often wondered about his parents. Hearing that the magic they used to protect him was powerful enough to stop Voldemort even now was... indescribable.

"I... no one ever tell... told me much... about them" Harry said. "No one I ask know ... how... they die."

Myrddin didn't answer but a gentle hand found its way on Harry's shoulder and squeezed it.

"Be proud of them, Harryjames." He said. "we will fulfil their work and rescue you from this foul thing in you."

"What are you planning, Myrddin?" Ollivanneder asked.

Myrddin smiled.

"The boy has the soul of a toddler, when we erase the foul thing in him - why not doing what everyone does when wanting a child?"

Harry blinked confused at these words, but Ollivanneder also started to smile.

"As a Firbolg-born yourself you can do it" Ollivanneder said. "I would be unable, but a Firbolg-born has to give up a part of his soul to have a child. So you are willing to be his father in all - blood and soul?"

"My father?!" Harry asked surprised, forgetting that it was a talk between elders again. But Myrddin did not reprimand him, instead he ruffled his hair.

"A Firbolg-born is the son of two magical creatures who themselves have hard souls." He explained.

"Hard souls?"

"Every magical creature has a hard soul. The longer they live, the harder is their soul. A human has a soft soul. Because of that they are dying easily and don't live long. A druid is a cross between a Firbolg and a human. They have a hard part - which the Firbolg has to give willingly to even have a child - and a soft part, which is inherited by the human without his knowledge.

"Firbolg - especially the immortal ones - can change once in their lifetime in a human-like creature and have a child with a human or another human-like creature. Normally they have children with a human - these are called druids - but sometimes, and this is very unlikely but has happened, they meet another human-like creature and have a child with said creature - these are called Firbolg-born.

"The Firbolg-born have one part of the hard soul of one parent and another part of the hard soul of the other parent. So they also have a hard soul and live even longer than normal druids. And then there are the Olde ones. These are the descendents of the Firbolg-born who still have a fully hard soul. These families are also nearly non-existent. I myself do know of two. One is here in Britain and one in Persia. Each family has a physical or a psychical characteristic. I am pretty sure yours

are your eyes."

"My eyes?" Harry interrupted. "But... my mother... her eyes." He stuttered.

"I thought as much when Ollivander called her family an ancient Olde one." Myrddin answered.

Harry blinked. He knew his mother was Muggle-born so how...?

"My mother's parents... no magic" he finally said to clarify his point.

"Parents' parents no magic... parents' parents' parents no magic..."

"Well, that would not surprise me" Myrddin said. "The magic of your mother's family is coupled with the green eyes - when there were no green eyes, there is no magic. I don't think even your mother's family knows why it is coupled with the eye-colour."

"Oh" Harry said while thinking of his aunt's and cousin's blue eyes. When his mother had been the only one with green eyes but the magic in her family was coupled with it... no wonder there weren't more magical family members - and no wonder Harry had inherited her eye-colour...

"So... I am Olde one?" he said.

"Yes." Myrddin answered.

"When children... I give up... soul-part."

"Yes" Myrddin answered. "Like I do. I am the son of a basilisk and a phoenix."

Now Harry stared openly at him, absolutely flabbergasted.

"It is truly like that" Myrddin chuckled. "That's why I am called a Firbolg-born. And that's why I can help you."

"How?" Harry asked while his thoughts returned to the soul-piece stuck in his head.

"We will destroy the foul soul-piece" Myrddin answered. "But we need something to replace it. So I will give you a part of my soul and my

blood. Like that your soul is whole and healthy and well - I will have a son."

"But... then your soul... not whole."

Myrddin chuckled again when he heard Harry's words.

"No, that's fine" he answered. "It is different from your missing part. I will still have a whole soul. Maybe I should better call it a copying of my soul. I copy it and give it to you. It weakens me for a few months but after that I am fine - and I still have a whole soul. It's just that normally people call it 'giving' not 'copying'. Don't worry about me."

"What about... my parents?" Harry asked, fearing he would lose them when he accepted.

"They will still be your parents" Myrddin answered... "You will just have two birth-fathers instead of one, because this ritual will not count as adopting, it will count as a second birth with me as your father."

"Oh..." Harry said. "So then I... call you father?"

"You may." Myrddin answered shrugging. "I would like to be called 'father' by my son, but I won't force you."

Harry stared at the man in front of him and suddenly a single thought shot through his mind. "You could have what you always wanted. You could have a family..."

"But... when I go... away" Harry said aloud.

"It will not change anything. I will not hold you back when you find a way home" Myrddin answered. "But even if you return home - you will always be my son."

Harry smiled at hearing that. Better having a family for just a short time than never having one.

"I do it." He said. "How doing?"

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Soon Harry realised this ritual was much more complicated than the last one. They returned to Ollivanneder's cottage and the next three weeks they used to prepare for the ritual. Harry was taught how to prepare it and also how to write and read runes. His Cymráeg also improved and Ollivanneder started him on Brezhoneg. Harry hated it. Now he had to change languages when he was talking to either Myrddin or Ollivanneder. But he could see that there was a difference in his ability to remember things. This time he seemed to grasp the new language faster than the last time.

And then the big day arrived, and they returned to the stone-circle in the forest. While Harry helped Myrddin drawing runes and circles in the earth, Ollivanneder soaked the stones and the stone-bed with different potions.

"So... Now I just need to know a few last things" Myrddin said. "I know you don't know your full name so we will have to do it without."

"I know my name!" Harry returned staring at Myrddin.

"Yes, the name you are called, but normally every parent and godfather does choose a name." Myrddin returned. "So Harryjames is likely just the name your mother has chosen."

"Why my mother?"

"Because she has birthed you. It is her right to choose how you are called" Myrddin answered and Harry gave up. He did not know how to tell his soon-to-be father that giving a name in his time was different than here.

"So, what do you also need to know?"

"The names of your parents and your godfather." Myrddin answered. "It is enough, when you know their first and last name. You don't have to tell me their second and third name."

Harry stared at Myrddin. He wasn't sure why Myrddin needed the names

because Myrddin had kept quiet about that part of the ritual.

"My mother's name was Lily. Lily Potter, born Evans" he finally answered.

"My father's James, James Potter. My godfather's name is Sirius Black."

Myrddin nodded and returned to his work without saying anything else.

Harry finally did the same.

Finally they were ready.

Harry undressed himself and then laid down on the stone-bed while

Myrddin cut his wrists. Taking the blood of his wrists Myrddin started

writing runes on Harry's body - some on Harry's forehead, some on his

chest, some on his arms and some on his feet. Then Myrddin healed his

cuts and also carved some runes on his own forehead, wrists and ankles.

Blood oozed from these wounds but Myrddin ignored it.

He then changed to another dagger and started to carve the runes he had

written in his own blood on Harry's body in Harry's flesh. Finally he took

some of the blood oozing from Harry's wounds and rewrote the runes on

his own forehead.

Ollivanneder activated the circle. White light filled the hill.

And then both, he and Myrddin began to chant while Ollivanneder lit one

potion soaked stone after the other with fire. The final one he lit was the

stone-bed Harry was lying on.

Harry had thought that it would hurt, but when the flames reached him,

they caressed him - and then them and all the other flames suddenly

where sucked in him, while the chanting of Myrddin and Ollivanneder

started to get louder and persistent.

And suddenly there was pain, unbelievable pain, starting from his scar

and spreading through his whole body. Harry would have liked to scream

or to curl himself into a small ball but he couldn't. The runes on his body

and the circle-runes prevented both.

So he lay there, screaming silently with pain while he heard the chanting of Myrddin and Ollivanneder. And then, suddenly the pain from his body drew back to his scar - and a black mist oozed out of it, screaming with a high-pitched voice. It vanished as soon as the light of the stone-circle hit it.

And suddenly Harry felt empty. Empty and somehow... not fully there.

Then he felt Myrddin's hands holding his head. Myrddin bowed down to his knees, invisible to Harry's vision. But Harry could feel Myrddin's lips, slightly kissing his forehead. And then he heard Myrddin speaking.

"You are my son."

The stone-circle lit this time in a blue light, blue flames dancing in the night sky.

"You are my flesh."

The runes Myrddin had written with his own blood on Harry and after that carved them in Harry's flesh started to burn. Blue fire lit them and spread beneath Harry's skin.

"You are my son."

The fire reached Harry's eyes and suddenly he couldn't see anything anymore. His eyes burned and hurt while the rest of his body also started to hurt.

"You are my soul."

Suddenly the empty feeling in Harry vanished and warmth spread through his entire body, succumbed his pain.

Myrddin swayed for a moment before he continued.

"You are my son." He said, his grip tightening.

"I give birth to you today."

The blue flames burned Harry's skin with cold fire. His eyes, teeth and ears began to hurt even more. Than his chest joint them, followed by the

veins when Harry's blood decided to burn with blue fire. Finally his skin started to hurt again and his fingertips prickled.

"I name you today. You are my son, your name is Salvazsahar."

This time Ollivanneder joint in. One of his hands got hold of Harry's shoulder.

"I name you my godson. Your name is Serendu." He said.

"I name you your mother Lily's son" Myrddin said. "Your name is Harryjames."

"I name you your father James' and godfather Sirius' son" Ollivanneder joint in. "May your name be what they decided for you."

"So be Emrys" Myrddin finished. "Because I named you my son. Be Potter, because your father James named you his son, be Evans because your mother Lily named you her son. Be Ollivanneder, because Ollivanneder named you his godson. Be Black, because your godfather Sirius named you his godson."

A dazzling bright light erupted from Harry's body - and then the pain stopped. His vision returned and he suddenly could see better than ever. Myrddin let go of him and sighed. Ollivanneder also let go of his shoulder.

"You alright, Salvazsahar?" he asked Harry.

Harry sat up. The inscription on him was gone, his wounds healed and he felt better than ever, as if something in his chest finally had settled.

"Yes, I am" he answered. "I feel great."

Before he could utter another sentence he felt two arms enveloping him.

"Thanks to whoever let you live through this!" He heard Myrddin's voice while he was pressed to a warm chest. "I nearly panicked when this thing oozed out of you! I feared I would lose my son before gaining him."

Harry blinked while letting Myrddin - his father - petting him.

"I... I'm fine, atr" Harry finally chocked out, still half buried in his father's tunic. "I am really fine." It felt strange to call Myrddin atr - father - but the same time it felt right.

"So... can you explain why I suddenly have a different name?" he finally asked, looking from his father to his godfather.

"You have been born again" Myrddin answered. "While you still have your old heritage, you are also my son now. As your father and the only parent alive I have the right to choose your given name - and I told you I won't have a son called Harryjames. But I also did not want to change your name so Ollivanneder and I decided to include your old name in the ritual - to be sure it would stay - and just add our chosen names in front of your old one."

"Oh..." Harry hesitated. "So... I am Salvazsahar Serendu Harryjames what ever now?"

"Yes."

"You know, you will have to show me how to write it" Harry said.

His father grinned.

"I will" he said, still petting Harry's hair. "I will, my handsome son."

Harry blinked, then his eyes suddenly.

"Do I look different?" He asked, suddenly worried.

"Not much" his father answered. "Your hair and eye colour are still the same, but now you have more locks then untameable hair. And maybe your face is a little sharper then before. It is nothing anyone would notice."

"Except of my name-change." Harry said. "People are bound to notice something like that."

"Well - you will have to live with it. I did not like the name Harryjames."

"Believe me, I noticed, atr" Harry answered dryly but also smiling. He

could not even be angry with his father. A name was nothing his heart clung to.

"Well, then I am Salvazsahar now - Salvazsahar Emrys."

It sounded good to say the name, knowing there was a man who had the same last name, a man who had chosen his given name - a man who was his father.

"So, and now we return to the originally purpose for the first ritual"

Ollivanneder said and took out a staff.

"I took the measurements I had from you and your father and build this.

It should be perfect for you."

Harry stared at the staff. It was slender, carved with runes and symbols, lines and circles and it was bigger than himself - but it was perfect. He reached out and took it.

In that moment his hands touched the staff, a shower of sparks erupted from its carvings, bathing Harry and his father in red, green, blue and white.

The warmth Harry could feel from it was even greater then the warmth he had felt from his wand.

Harry's eyes lit with green fire.

"It is perfect" He said, still staring at the staff in his hands. "Absolutely perfect."

"It is oak with dragon-blood, elfin-hair, unicorn-blood, Dementor-blood, Grim-hair, Phoenix-tears, Thunderbird-feather and Basilisk-venom."

Harry blinked.

"Why so much?" He asked astonished.

"To tune it exactly for you" Ollivanneder answered. "These are your most important ancestors."

"Are they?"

"Yes. Your mothers had two equally important lines in her blood - two ancient Olde ones. One of the lines had as ancestors a Dementor- Unicorn couple, the other one a High Elven- Elder Dragon one. Your father James was a descendant of a Grim- Thunderbird couple and well, you know that Myrddin is the son of a Basilisk- Phoenix couple. Having the same magic as your ancestors had in your staff eases its use."

"Oh..."

"And the more of your important ancestors you add, the better is your connection to your staff."

"I understand" Harry answered, still looking at his new staff.

"You can shrink it, you know" Ollivanneder said smiling. "To transport it easier. I have a wrist-holster for your shrunken staff with me."

Harry blinked.

"Can I also use it, when it is shrunken?" He asked.

"Of course" Ollivanneder laughed. "But I would not recommend it for rituals. When your staff is shrunken, its connection with you will be less efficient. It will do no good in complicated rituals."

Harry nodded.

"How do I shrink it?"

"Just want it. Sal" his father answered chuckling. "Just want it."

Harry starred at the staff. Then he willed it to shrink - and it did.

"Wow!" he breathed and his father and godfather chuckled again. "So... now we can finally really start with teaching." His father commented, and Harry groaned. He would have to remember more stuff without being able to write it down!

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That's it for today. I hope you liked it.

8. Chapter 7: ca 650 BC Starting

Legilimency.

His father had been very insistent in these two disciples because they were the only ones that shielded Sal from being exposed as a time-traveller by another more ruthless druid.

At first, learning under his father had been hard. After Sal had gained his staff he had thought, that his lessons would get more Hogwarts-like. He had been wrong. He did not learn spells like the spells in Hogwarts anymore. There still were spells, of course, but the most of them were long chantings and mostly used to aid in a ritual or with a potion.

Crying spells out and fire them at each other did simply not exist.

That didn't mean there was no battle-magic. Runes, written with your empty hand in mid-air or drawn in the ground with your staff, was Sal's new fighting-style.

There were also no wand-movements. He had not to remember how to swing his staff to get a result in his spellwork - a lot of spells he used in daily life were wandless anyway, which had been especially hard on Sal first - but he had no choice. His staff was unable to call out magic like his wand had. Sal had tried it. He had tried a simple lumos-spell with his staff but was unable to get a result. When he had asked his father, Myrddin had answered that this shortened form of magic - Myrddin had never heard of a possibility to just shout a word and swing your staff - was maybe something that needed a more focused staff as they were able to make now. So Sal had to learn the druid's way. He had to know how the runes looked he wanted to draw, how and where to place them in full-fledged rituals and how to use his staff not only in magic but also in fighting against mundane weapons.

Sal loved and hated it the same time.

After some month Sal also had started in blood rituals. These were rituals

every druid had to do to strengthen their body and their magic and finally waking their blood. Without them, Sal would not be allowed to do more than ritual-theory.

The blood-rituals were there to protect Sal's mind and body when using his magic for other rituals. They were the foundation every druid had to have before being allowed to call himself a druid. Sal did not know what would happen if he had not done the blood rituals but had attempted a ritual nevertheless - and he didn't want to know.

He had learned the hard way, that Myrddin and Ollivanneder would not hold back any answers to his questions, even if they were just asked out of fun without expecting an answer - and some things you were better not knowing... like doing rituals without blood-magic, or the sex-lives of your parents and godparents...

"So you will finish with your body strengthening rituals in the next few moons?" Myrddin asked.

"I think so" Sal answered, still calculating the places where the individual runes had to sit on his back.

"How far are you with your memory-runes?" These were another layer of runes to improve his memory - not that Sal needed them. Since the rebirth he hadn't forgotten anything. Instead he had begun to remember. Daily the past days of his life had returned to him, filled with a clearness Sal had never had before.

First it had been forgotten days at the Dursleys' and Hogwarts and also things he had read or learned but had not remembered anymore but after a while he suddenly started to remember his parents and the one year he had with them. It was a gift to him, even if he had to remember the strained faces his parents had worn the last month before their deaths and also the day his parents had died with every cruel detail.

And he did not just start to remember, he also did not forget anymore.

Whatever he was told, he remembered even weeks later. Every lesson he had been given on his way to his new home he had remembered and some details he had not grasped at that time he suddenly understood. He had inherited his new father's ability to memorize everything and finally he understood why Myrddin had hated it to repeat everything over and over again. His father had simply not understood that Sal's memory wasn't as good as his own...

But even if he knew now how his father felt and was now able to remember with just hearing it once, he was not sure if he liked that.

It had not been just good memories that returned to him and suddenly some of the actions of some people who had been in the future around him, seemed different.

He now remembered clearly the guiding in the "right" direction he had gotten in first year. At that time, it had been veiled to him. Hagrid was a nice fellow, taking him away from his mundane relatives, showing him an absolutely new world. But now Sal asked himself how it had happened, that Hagrid had been the one to introduce him to the wizard world.

Of course, Hagrid was huge and intimidating - but Sal had been a target, a target that knew nothing about the mark that had marred his back, signing him up to be shot by a Death Eater.

So why had it been Hagrid?

Why not McGonagall, Professor Flitwick or even Snape?

And how come there was no pamphlet or something else that could tell him something about his new world?

Shouldn't he know some things like the customs, culture or history of the wizarding world before he entered Hogwarts?!

Sal banished the thoughts and turned back to his father's question about his memory-runes.

"I will start with the first layer tonight." Sal answered. "I have prepared the potions and the stone-circle isn't used by anyone else, so there should be no problem."

They were still living in Loandom, but in their own cottage. The city was a magical one - Sal had started to suspect, that it later would become Diagon Alley - and the villagers all knew Sal as Myrddin's son.

Sal hadn't been introduced to them until they had completed the rebirth so that the villagers never knew that Sal first wasn't born as Myrddin's son. And after that there had been no evidence that he ever wasn't. His accent in speaking Cymráeg had dwindled after the ritual and the other languages of the island had come to him naturally.

Now, a year later Sal was as fluent in Cymráeg and Brezhoneg as if he was brought up with them. He could speak the other island-languages enough to understand the most of them and was learning Egyptian. After that his father had told him they would start on Latin, Greek and Norse. Sal did not really look forward to it, but he did not protest. His father had told him, that at some time Sal would likely leave Loandom to seek his way home - and who would know where he would have to go to find it...

"What about the magic strengthening ones?" His father asked in that moment and Sal returned his concentration on the runes in the sandy earth in front of him.

"I have done the first layer two month ago. My second one is ready - I have just to wait until the memory-layer will have settled." He answered dutifully. "And I have started on the blood-wakening."

"That's good." Sal looked up when he heard the colouring of his father's

voice.

"Is something troubling you, atr?" he asked.

"Yes." His father answered and sat down next to him on the ground in their hut. "I wanted to talk to you about something."

"What is it?" Sal asked now stopping to calculate and laying down the stick he had been using to draw the runes.

"It is about you - about your body" Myrddin said. "I noticed that you did not age since you came here."

Sal blinked and Myrddin brushed one of Sal's strands of hair out of Sal's face. Salvazsahar's hair had grown the last year and was now falling to his shoulders.

"I... I did not age?" Sal repeated, not sure if he understood his father correctly.

"Yes, you did not" Myrddin answered the positive. "I was not sure first, but I watched you the whole last year and you did not age a single day since I found you."

"So... I will stay fifteen - forever?!" Sal asked, unsure how to feel about that.

"I am not sure" his father answered. "But I have made up a theory."

"A theory?"

"You are not from this time. Even if you have been reborn here - you still should not exist here because there are no circumstances that would have led to your existence." His father elaborated. "So your body might be in stasis until you return to your rightful time. That means you would be able to grow in mind, but not in body until then."

"But... what is with dying?" Sal asked.

"My theory suspects, that you won't be able to die until you are back in your own time. You are timeless until you reach the day you left your

own time. After that you should age normally."

"So I will be fifteen for the next thousand or two thousand years?!" Sal asked horrified.

"Normally I would say yes" answered Myrddin. "But there is a chance, that when we wake your blood you will gain the control over your age. Like the phoenix who decide when they want to age and when they want to be reborn again, you might be able to change your age. But we will have to look into that, when you have finalized your blood-wakening. Until then I fear you will not age."

"And what will we tell the others until then?" Sal asked.

"I never told them how old you are. If you finalize your blood-wakening until the winter after next winter - and I am sure you will - we won't have to tell them anything." Myrddin answered. "Then you are simply younger then they may first have thought."

"Well... when you think that that's all right" Sal finally answered.

Myrddin smiled at him and ruffled his hair before standing up.

"Complete your ritual tonight and work on your others" He said. "I am sure the rest will come in time."

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Myrddin had been right. Two years later the still fifteen years old Salvazsahar finally, after a long, tiring night, completed the blood-wakening runes on his body.

He had been sitting on the stone-bed in the middle of the stone-circle since midday the day before and now the night ended and the sun greeted him again.

His whole body ached and dried blood clung to his body like a second skin. His arms, torso, feet and face where carved with runes, one of the most complicated circles on the middle of his back, between his shoulder

blades. Every carved rune was very small and very precisely cut. They were arranged in circles, waves and symmetrical pattern and did just habituate some parts of his body.

Sal knew the carving would heal and the runes sink under his skin, like all the other ones had done that he had placed the last two years on his body.

This was the final layer of the blood-wakening runes - the final layer for now. After that he would be able to call himself a druid - even if he would add different layers of runes over the years that would come.

Blood-rune magic like that was the only protection when he worked with rituals. They strengthened his grip on his magic and body, strengthened his mind and memory and wakened the creature - Firbolg - blood in him so that it could aid him in his task.

These runes also lengthened his life because of the strengthening and the more thoroughly connection with his inherited blood and soul. It was normal to never stop with blood-rune magic. Every experience, every new knowledge would be put in runes on his body so that he had aid when he needed it while doing rituals. The more blood-runes the more control he had over the rituals - it was as simple as that.

Sal sighted, then he let go of his knife which he had directed only with his will and magic to carve the runes on his back.

The knife clattered on the stone-bed and Sal stood up and broke the circle he had drawn in the earth of the stone-circle. With that he destroyed the lingering shield-runes and suddenly pain shot through his body. But that was something Sal had expected. The circle might shield him from these emotions until he broke it, but after that he was on his own.

So Sal sat back on the stone-bed again and closed his eyes. He had had to

first destroy the runic circle before activating his own runes. When he wouldn't the circle and his freshly carved body-runes would have easily been able to interact - and that could have been lethal for Sal.

But now, after destroying the rune circle, Sal could try out his carvings. When he had done them right, his pain would succumb but when he had done them wrong... well, then he would never have to worry about something else.

Sal searched for his magic, and then let it flow through his carvings. Incredible pain flowed through his body. His eyes, ears and teeth started burning, then his chest and fingertips followed. After that his skin felt as if it was lit with fire.

One moment long Sal thought he had failed and was now paying the price, but then his pain succumbed to a throbbing and finally ended.

Sal blinked and opened his eyes again. He stared down to his fingertips, but they were not different then before. Then he felt his ears - and they were. It was not something most would notice but when Sal felt his ears he could feel that the former round tops were now slightly pointed - elf-like.

So Sal turned his attention to his teeth. They seemed to be a little bit sharper but except of that did not feel different.

"Well... I will find out" Sal thought and blinked. Just to see a shadow fleeing on both sides of his eyes. What...?

"You seemed to have inherited my eyes" Sal looked up and saw his father approaching. His vision zoomed in and suddenly he could see his father clearer than ever. A strange, red, orange and white mist seemed to round him.

"What...?"

"Basilisk-eyes" his father answered. "Yours are still green in its colouring -

not that I expected something different - but they are now as deadly for another creature like the eyes of every other Basilisk."

"So I can kill with my eyes?!" Sal asked horrified.

"Kill with your eyes and heal with your tears, I bet" his father answered.

"The same as I. Maybe you also have the Basilisk venom, we will see.

First you should close your second eyelids before anyone else approaches."

"Second eyelids?" Sal asked.

"You should see their shadow when you blink."

"Oh!" Sal concentrated on the eyelids and closed them without effort. To his amazement he could still see clearly through them. The only different was that the red mist around his father was gone.

"What is this red mist I was seeing?" he asked his father.

"Body heat." Myrddin answered and cupped Sal's chin.

"You have gotten some nice ears." He commented. "Your elven- heritage, I am sure. Well, the rest will show itself in time."

"There will be more?"

"There is more, son. You just don't know it, yet." Myrddin answered. "But the most important one is now your ability to age. Try to concentrate on your body and will it to age."

Sal closed his eyes and concentrated. Then he tried to imagine himself older. First nothing happened, then his skin prickled and finally stopped.

Sal opened his eyes again.

"Did it work?" he asked.

Myrddin looked him over.

"It did" he answered and Sal sighted felt relieve creeping through his body. No-one would ever notice that he was not really aging anymore...

"Try to turn younger again" Myrddin said. "We will have to see if it works

also like that."

Sal nodded and closed his eyes. Again his skin prickled and when he opened his eyes his father nodded.

"Good" he said and let go of Sal's chin. "So this problem is gone."

"Can you also do it?" Sal asked interested.

"I can" Myrddin answered. "But don't forget: Just because you look older doesn't mean your body really is. It is still held in stasis and even if it looks twenty it will still be fifteen, understood?"

"So changing my age will also not change the day I die?" Sal asked.

"No" Myrddin answered. "When your body is old, it is old - even if it looks as if it is still fourteen."

"I understand."

"And now, let's go home. Your godfather is waiting there to congratulate you and we won't make him wait, will we?"

"No" Sal answered, standing up and picking up his clothes. On the way home they stopped at the river so that Sal was able to wash himself.

After that they returned home where Ollivanneder was waiting.

The life went on and finally, ten years later Sal and his father left

Loandom again to travel. Over a hundred years they travelled together.

They went to Egypt, Rome and the North to look for a way home for Sal.

They did not find anything.

No-one had even heard about time-travel and so there was not even the slightest evidence about a way back to the future. When Myrddin finally decided he had travelled enough and returned to Britain, Sal turned East and went to China, Japan and India.

He would not return home for the next centuries and so Myrddin would first see his son again in 370 BC when Salvazsahar finally decided to return home to his father to catch some breath.

At that time Sal would have learned foreign languages and their writing, foreign customs and magic no-one ever heard about in Britain. He would have learned the material arts to their fullest and also would have learned about the connection between body, mind and magic. His knowledge would be tenfold - but nothing he learned would give him even a clue how to return to his own time.

There simply was no-one who ever travelled in time.

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That's it for today. I hope you liked it.

9. Chapter 8: Grimauld Place No

12

Disclaimer: not mine. All Rowling's.

Information: all in italic is from Rowling's OotP.

Oliver Twist: I decided to update chapter 3 with a short version of this to explain about the name 'Oliver Twist'. I also decided to add my explaining how it came to be here so that no questions will be asked about it anymore:

Last year I read the book 'Oliver Twist' and I liked the name. I thought the figure of Oliver Twist was fitting for Harry Potter as a synonym when I started to think about a Slytherin!Harry story and a different way for him to go against the Ministry - I just had no idea how he would do it.

Then I read Celestial Requiem by Raven Dagonclaw and decided to use the Daily Prophet for his protest. I researched the Daily Prophet in the books and found it too bias to even decide to print anything 'Oliver Twist' would print. So I decided that Harry should challenge the Daily Prophet along the Ministry and that he should use the Quibbler to do so.

A friend then told me about GenkaiFan's Poison Pen and that she/he was doing the same as I had planned. So I read Poison Pen and decided to ask for permission to write the same since it really was quiet similar to my original

that was strange with his appearance - and his hair he could easily explain.

As Harry predicted, Moody raised an eyebrow when he saw Harry's hair.

But he said nothing, when Remus Lupin began to speak.

"It's all right, Harry. We've come to take you away." It was really strange to be called "Harry". But he said nothing, except:

"P-Professor Lupin? Is that you?"

"Why are we all standing in the dark?" said a third voice, a woman's.

"Lumos."

And suddenly Harry could see the people in front of him, and not just sense them. He knew the most of them, even if he shouldn't. He had been watching Grimauld Place often enough to know them by now. There were Kingsley Shacklebolt, an Auror, Nymphadora Tonks, another Auror, Elphias Doge, Dedalus Diggle, Emmeline Vance, Sturgis Podmore and Hestia Jones. No-one new. He heard them murmuring about his appearance.

"He looks exactly like James" was the second part of Kingsley's speech to Remus. "Except the eyes - Lily's eyes." Another one said. Harry said nothing. It was not his place to tell them, that he did not look exactly like James - but he could not argue with Lily's eyes. He was family after all.

Instead he focused on Moody who eyed him with distrust in his eyes.

"Are you quite sure it's him, Lupin?" he growled. "It'd be a nice lookout if we bring back some Death Eater impersonating him. We ought to ask him something only the real Potter would know. Unless anyone brought any Veritaserum?"

The truth serum was nothing Harry would like to have, but a question that was easy. He was sure, he could answer the entire question they would throw at him. And Moody was right: He could be a Death Eater

impersonating Harry. Not that he was - a Death Eater, mind you, impersonating Harry he of course did.

"If there just would be a real Harry." He thought, but said nothing and waited instead for the question.

"Harry, what form does your Patronus take?" Lupin asked.

"A stag" Harry answered lying. It wasn't a stag. Well, he could change it to a stag - but when he didn't it was a Phoenix. It had been a Phoenix for a very long time.

"That's him, Mad-Eye" said Lupin and Harry nearly snorted. One simple question and they believed him?! And then it was a question about something another person would have easily seen for themselves would they just have been near Harry while he was casting. Not very secure - but well...

He stowed Harry's wand in his back pocket, while descending the stairs.

"Don't put your wand there, boy!" roared Moody. "What if it ignited? Better wizards than you have lost buttocks, you know!"

While Tonks asked Moody about whom he knew who lost his buttocks and Moody was grumbling about wand-safety Harry discretely took out his wand again and slipped it in his wand-holster, where he carried one of his own. He would need to finish his extra for Harry's wand, but it would do until he got it ready. He just had to wait until it was as secure as the other ones - secure enough that even Moody could not locate them. And it was better like that. He would have a hard time explaining the other wands and of course the rest of the weaponry he was carrying. So he instead asked Remus if they were leaving and where they were going.

"Where are we going?" He asked, trying to sound hopeful while hoping he was wrong. "The Burrow?"

"Not The Burrow, no" Remus replied to Harry's delight. "Too risky. We've set up Headquarters somewhere undetectable. It's taken a while..."

So they were going to Grimauld Place! Harry was so happy, that he didn't mind anything else this night. He let the introduction to the other members flow over himself and when he was sent to pack he needed not more than a few minutes.

And then they were gone, flying through the night sky to London until they reached Grimauld. There Harry got a notice written in Dumbledore's hand and they finally entered the building Harry had been longing to get into for a few months now - Grimauld Place No 12.

Just before Harry could leave the hall, Moody stopped him. With a whispered "Here" he ended the Disillusionment Charm, but then held him back again while everyone entered in the kitchen.

"Why the glamour?" he growled whispering.

"My aunt doesn't like long hair" Harry answered. "So I found a glamour charm and applied it in school when I wanted to have long hair. My aunt doesn't see it, what makes her happy, and I have not as much trouble with long hair as with short, what makes me happy."

He stopped, then asked hesitating. "Will you end it?"

Moody snorted.

"A glamour for your hair? No, when you want to glamour it, do it. As long as it's just as little as that, do what you like - just do it in school and not at home."

"Yes, sir." And with that, Moody let him go. Harry had known that Moody would be able to see right through the glamour. But that was planned. It would have been more difficult when Moody would not have been able to see through it, but would have known it was there. Like that, he had just explain one party why he had glamourised his hair, would it have

been different he might have had to drink Veritaserum - and that was something Harry would like to prevent. Of course he could have just cut his hair, but that was something he had not want to do. He hated to have short hair. And he would not have been able to cast a more undetectable glamour on his forehead - the scar that had to look like the original Harry's. But that was not all.

Someone in his position did not wear short hair - even if no-one told the previous Harry something like that...

Well, the previous Harry had not even been told about his position... but Harry would change that. He would play along until he was ready and then he would show them, that he wasn't Harry Potter.

It just would take some time.

Harry started to follow Mad-Eye in the kitchen, but was prevented from entering by Mrs Weasley who sent him up to the other children. Harry was alright with that. He was not interested in their strategies - well, he was, but he had Dobby to listen in. So instead of trying to listen, he slipped upstairs and opened one of the rooms to get in - and suddenly he was attacked by a very large quantity of bushy brown hair. In the last minute he recognised his attacker and stopped mid-casting. Not that anyone had noticed the spell...

"HARRY! Ron, he's here, Harry's here! We didn't hear you arrive! Oh, how are you? Are you all right? Have you been furious with us? I bet you have, I know our letters were useless - but we couldn't tell you anything, Dumbledore made us swear we wouldn't, oh, we've got so much to tell you, and you've got things to tell us - the Dementors! When we heard - and that Ministry hearing - it's just outrageous, I've looked it all up, they can't expel you, they just can't, there's provision in the Decree for the Reasonable Restriction of Underage Sorcery for the use of magic in life-threatening situations - "

"Let him breathe, Hermione", said Ron, grinning as he closed the door behind Harry.

Hermione did as she was told, and let Hedwig greet him, whom he hadn't seen since he had sent her to his friends. He let her nibble at his ear while still looking at his friends. Friends he had not talked to - friends who knew just the previous Harry. He instead was a foreigner. Looking like Harry, but not being him. He had no idea how the original Harry would have greeted them...

"We're really sorry" the boy said in that moment - Ron, Harry reminded himself, his name is Ron. "I know, you wanted answers the whole summer, but we couldn't give them. You know, Hermione was going to spare, she kept saying you'd do something stupid if you were stuck all on your own without news, but Dumbledore made us - "

" - swear not to tell me" said Harry while still wondering how previous Harry would have reacted to this news. "Yeah, Hermione's already said."

"He seemed to think it was best" said Hermione rather breathlessly.

"Dumbledore, I mean."

Of course she did.

Dumbledore this, Dumbledore that. Harry had known his friends were used to follow Dumbledore's path, but he had never known how much influence the old man had. He sighed.

"I think he thought you were safest with the Muggles - " Ron began.

"Yeah?" said Harry, raising his eyebrows. "Have either of you been attacked by Dementors this summer?"

"Well, no - but that's why he's had people from the Order of the Phoenix tailing you all the time - "

This time Harry nearly grinned.

"Didn't work that well, though, did it?" said Harry, doing his utmost to keep

his voice even. "Had to look after myself after all, didn't I?"

"He was so angry" said Hermione, in an almost awestruck voice. "Dumbledore. We saw him. When he found out Mundungus had left before his shift had ended. He was scary."

This time Harry didn't reply. He had heard enough. Hermione was hero-worshipping the old man and Ron wasn't better. He sighted inwardly. Of course, the man was hero-worshipped by them. They were children. But Harry wasn't - and Harry was sure, that he could be even scarier when he wanted to be. Dumbledore was just a puppet-player, no thread at all to someone who could strike from the shadows...

But the most of his people were Gryffindors - unable to see his flaws and blindly believing his words. But Harry wasn't a Gryffindor. He was the absolute Slytherin - and he would strike when he had Dumbledore cornered without the old man knowing of anything...

But first there was something else, Harry had to do...

That was the moment when he saw that his friends were staring at him as if waiting that a bomb erupted.

"Don't worry. I'm not angry", he said.

"You're not?" He could hear that Ron didn't believe him the slightest.

He shrugged.

"I knew they were following me. And I know, Dumbledore would never have let me leave my relatives when the Dementors wouldn't have happened - but that's fine. I knew he would bring me away from there as soon as the Dementors left. I don't like dwelling in the past. What happened, happened."

"But... but you have tried to get information from us the whole summer"

Ron said stunned. "Why just suddenly give up?"

"Oh, I haven't given up at all" Harry answered grinning, "but I will not

ask you, when you have sworn not to tell. I will get it from someone else..."

"Sirius?", Hermione asked with a knowing glance and Harry just smiled. No need to tell her, that he didn't need most of the information at all - that he had gotten them weeks or month ago... some of them even years ago...

He saw them relaxing and even later, when Fred and George tried to get some information through their extendable ears he just sat beside them, listening uninterested.

That was, until the meeting ended and the adults left. When Mrs Weasley came to get them to eat in the kitchen. She had just advised Harry to tip-toe down the stairs, when...

CRASH.

Tonks was lying on the ground. And while Mrs Weasley cried the young woman's name and said woman apologized, the curtains in the hall opened and the screeching voice of an old lady screamed:

"Filth! Scum! By-products of dirt and vileness! Half-breeds, mutants, freaks, begone from this place! How dare you befoul the house of my fathers - "

Harry stared at the screaming painting and when his eyes and the eyes of the painted woman met, he smiled at her - a gruesome smile, his eyes cold as death. Then he dared her to follow his gaze to his right hand, where a single ring sat, invisible for all he didn't want to see and saw back in her eyes.

Her eyes had widened. She knew. She knew who he was - and he knew she wouldn't dare to befoul his name. There were few families the members of the old families feared, but his was one of them - even if it was just because of the connections his house had. So even when she dared to befoul all the others - she would never say anything foul to him

"Personally, I'd have welcomed a Dementor attack. A deadly struggle for my soul would have broken the monotony nicely. You think you've had it bad, at least you've been able to get out and about, stretch your legs, get into a few fights... I've been stuck inside for a month." Sirius had said and Harry had connected the spots in his head.

"How come?" asked Harry, officially frowning. But inside his mind had been reeling. His godfather sounded not like an adult - he sounded like a boy, searching for adventure and danger. Harry had not liked the thought of that very much. Feeling restless like that was the first mistake that lead to the path of death...

"Because the Ministry of Magic's still after me, and Voldemort will know all about me being an Animagus by now, Wormtail will have told him, my big disguise is useless. There's not much I can do for the Order of the Phoenix... or so Dumbledore feels."

And there had been the second part that had started to let Sirius feel bitter. Dumbledore. Harry could hear it in Sirius voice every time Dumbledore had been brought up this evening. But not just then. He had also heard it in different arguments - and not just that.

Harry had heard not only Sirius bitterness but also the arguing of the others, especially Mrs. Weasley.

One of the most telling sentences was her: "You haven't forgotten what Dumbledore said, I suppose?"

Dumbledore.

Dumbledore.

And Dumbledore again.

As if her argument would count more when it was Dumbledore who had ordered it. As if you had to obey because of Dumbledore.

Harry filled away what he heard for later. Maybe he could use it. Now he

did not need information like that. He had different things at hand - like the argument Sirius at that moment had with Mrs. Weasley about Harry being James.

"He's not James, Sirius!" Mrs. Weasley said furiously. Sirius answer was as heated as hers, even if his voice sounded cold, when he said: "I'm perfectly clear who he is, thanks, Molly"

"I'm not sure you are!" said Mrs. Weasley. "Sometimes, the way you talk about him, it's as though you think you've got your best friend back!"

Well, that was some new approach.

Did they now fully confuse him with his father?!

Harry shrugged inwardly and returned to other things interesting him about the way his godfather acted.

He still listened to their argument about him, but this time a little lost in his thoughts. His mind drifted back to the time they were eating dinner, when Sirius had told him about the usefulness of Mundungus Fletcher.

Harry still could taste the bitterness in Sirius voice when he commented that Mundungus was useful to the Order - not saying that he himself felt anything but.

Oh, yes. His godfather was bitter - and a lot of antipathy was heeding right at Dumbledore and his chronicle decease to toy with his... pawns...

Harry was sure that Sirius would spring into action as soon as he was able to.

Maybe...

Well, this thought had merit, but Harry would not decide for now. He had different things to do - and a maturity of these would not be solved in the next few hours...

But it needn't to be solved by them. Instead he waited till they had spilled everything to him that they wanted to say - inwardly laughing when

Sirius used the term 'weapon' to describe Dumbledore's great plan.

Weapon.

Well, Harry knew Dumbledore's weapon.

Its name was Harry and it was fifteen years old.

Regrettably Harry was no longer available.

But that information was strictly secured until further notice and because of that not shareable.

Not that Harry really felt sorry for Dumbledore and his schemes.

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Finally the day ended and the others went to bed. Of course, Harry followed and after that waited until he heard the snoring sounds of Ron. It was way after midnight until Harry dared to leave the room again. He descended the stairs and stopped in front of the curtain which concealed the portrait. Warily he opened the curtain. The portrayed dame - Sirius's mother - stared at him, but reminded silence as soon as she saw who had dared to open the curtain.

"Lady Black" Harry said courtly.

"Lord Malfoy" she answered.

Harry smiled.

"It's Malfoire" he corrected her. "The English part of my family might call themselves Malfoy now - but I am part of the original House."

"Malfoire" the lady echoed. "Well, how come a pure-blood from a respectable family like yours is in company of blood-traitors and mudbloods?"

"I am scheming something" Harry answered shrugging. "And I am not only Lord Malfoire. I have also some other Houses to my name - and not one of them you would dare to cross. Truth to be told, Malfoire is even the least ancient."

"But you decided to go by their name" Lady Black said, raising an eyebrow. Harry shrugged.

"I am no Lord in my mother's House" he answered casually. "One day I might be, but until then I am still the heir."

"So you used your father's House" Lady Black said. "Pray tell, which House is your mother's? You seemed convinced that it would frighten me more."

Harry just smiled at her and asked.

"The protection-layer the old man laid upon the house - will it stop me from leaving and entering again or will it show someone that I did leave?"

The Lady frowned.

"Why do you want to know?"

"I want to fetch some...thing" Harry finally said. "I need to know."

"The old man... you are talking about the Headmaster of Hogwarts - Dumbledore?"

"I am. And I know that he is out of a respectable family. That does not count anything." Harry answered.

"He is one of the Gryffindor-heirs" the Lady said. "It should count something."

"The House of Gryffindor did not follow his line - even if he wants the people to believe that." Harry said. "Truth to be told, the Houses of Gryffindor and Ravenclaw both never existed in the first place."

Now the lady was intrigued.

"So you want to tell me that every family tree with their names in it are lies?" The old lady asked coolly. Harry shrugged again.

"I just wanted to tell you that there has never been a House of Gryffindor, Ravenclaw or Hufflepuff. There were some family members who carried

on these names because they did not want to carry on their original ones - but the Houses themselves never existed."

"And how do you know?" The lady asked chilly.

"Don't worry, madam" Harry answered smiling. "Your House still is close kin to Hufflepuff - and much closer to Slytherin himself."

"Slytherin?" the Lady asked astonished. "I never knew. I knew of Hufflepuff - but there was no entrance that we are descendants of Slytherin."

"Oh, you are not" Harry answered shrugging. "You are close kin, not descendants - but that's something I cannot tell you tonight. I need to know of the shields and wards tonight, I might tell you your relationship with Slytherin some other day."

Lady Black sighted. Then she called: "Kreature!"

An old house-elf popped in, looking expectantly at his mistress, the sneer at Harry barely concealed.

"Kreature" Lady Black said. "This is the Lord Malfoire. He is a pure-blood and kin to us and you will treat him like that, do you understand?"

"Yes, mistress" the house-elf answered and his sneer vanished, now looking at Harry with interest in his eyes.

"He asked to leave the house without being seen" Lady Black continued.

"Bring him, accompany him by whatever he wants to do and after that bring him back. Understood?"

"Yes, mistress" Kreature answered and gazed at Harry. "When Milord is ready, Kreature will bring him wherever he wants."

"Just in front of the house for tonight, Kreature" Harry said softly. "I might have a surprise for you and the Lady Black."

The portrayed woman raised an unbelieving eyebrow but stayed silence.

Kreature just extended his hand and when Harry took it, popped him out

of the House.

Harry looked the street up and down.

"Reg?" he asked and waited until a black cat had left the shadows.

"The street's empty except of me and Kreature, Reg - and I believe it would be better to do it here than in the house. I don't want to wake someone."

The cat stared at him, then it nodded and a second later instead of a cat a man stood there with black hair and grey-blue eyes.

Kreature stared at him unbelievably.

"Master Regulus!" he finally cried, flinging his arms around Reg's waist while wailing his eyes out. "Master Regulus is still alive!"

"Yes I am, Kreature" Regulus said, awkwardly patting the house-elf's shoulder. "And I am sorry that I just come home now. I am sorry I did not return as soon as I could, really, really sorry."

Harry snorted. He knew, Reg wasn't really sorry. Oh, Reg was sorry to leave Kreature behind because he loved the house-elf like a family member - but he wasn't sorry not to return home. He had not wanted to return and tell his mother about his changed view.

But that was something Reg would never tell poor Kreature.

"We should return to the house, Reg" Harry said and Kreature turned to look at him.

"Lord Malfoire is a wonderful wizard" Kreature declared. "Lord Malfoire brings young Master Regulus home. Lord Malfoire is a very absolutely wonderful wizard that he is!"

Harry smiled at the creature in front of him.

"It's Harry, Kreature" he corrected the house-elf. "No-one is allowed to know that I am Lord Malfoire. I go by Harry Potter at the moment."

Kreature stared at him, then he nodded seriously.

"Yes, Harry Potter sir" he said. "Kreature will not squeal on the blood-traitors and mudbloods who Lord Malfoire is. Lord Malfoire's secret is save with Kreature."

"Kreature, you mustn't tell anyone about Lord Malfoire" Reg said intensely. "It is most important for the things I and Harry want to accomplish."

"Yes, Master Regulus sir!" the house-elf said with gleaming eyes.

"Everything the master commands."

Harry laughed at that.

"We seem to have another pair of eyes for us" he grinned at Reg. The other one shrugged.

"Let's wait and see" he said and then commanded Kreature to bring them back in.

The house-elf obeyed and a second later they were again standing in front of the portrait.

Lady Black gawked at them.

"Regulus!" she shrieked, Harry's silencing spell was just in time to prevent the rest of the house hearing her.

"Hello, mother" the young man answered. "I heard you're torturing my brother now."

The lady blinked.

"I am not torturing your brother, Regulus" she said.

"I hope you don't" Reg answered. "We need him for later. When he's crazy until then we could have some problems."

"But it also would make some things easier, Reg" Harry joked.

"Stop it, Harry" Reg snorted. "Do not lead me into temptation."

Harry just shrugged.

"I should return to bed" he said. "Ask Kreature about the locked and stow

it away safely. We will have to do it later. We need a secured and clean space where I can draw the protection, this will take some time."

"It will" Reg answered and turned to Kreature. "When did you last clean in this house?"

Kreature squirmed under Reg's gaze.

"Kreature will begin now" he answered, still squirming. "Kreature will have it clean pretty soon."

"Don't" Reg answered. "Better leave it like that, so that the... guests... don't suspect anything wrong."

Kreature nodded dutifully.

"Just clean a room they are not occupying and rescue the library books. I also need the locket I asked you to destroy."

Kreature winced.

"I now know you had no way to destroy it" Reg said soothingly. "I am sorry I asked you something you had no way to fulfil. I know if you had had a way you would have done it. Don't punish yourself for it."

At that, Kreature wailed again and hugged Reg.

"Master Regulus is a great wizard" he howled. "He does forgive bad Kreature for not obeying his command!"

"I told you it wasn't your fault" Reg said earnestly. "I don't want you to punish yourself for something you cannot do in the first place. I will destroy it myself. I now know how."

"Yourself, huh?" Harry asked. "I was not aware that you are able to do it yourself now, Reg. Should I go and leave you to your task?"

"You know what I mean, S... Harry!" Reg growled. "And I could do it myself - the object just would not survive."

"Maybe I should let you do it then. The locket is an ugly thing - I would not cry if it was destroyed."

"Harry!" Reg stared at him as if he was mad. "The locket belonged to Slytherin - do you know the value of something like that?!"

"It's still nothing special" Harry answered shrugging. "And just because you live and breath the Founders today I don't have to think differently of something as ugly as that."

"And I thought you were born a Slytherin" Reg said shaking his head. Harry stared at him.

"I'm quite sure my father's surname was not Slytherin" he told Reg. Reg snorted.

"I'm sure it wasn't" he confirmed. "But I did it not mean it like that - and you know that."

"Of course" Harry shrugged, then grinned. "But I liked to take it like that."

"Harry..."

"Oh, stop it, Reg" Harry said.

"But..."

"No, I will go to bed now. You can receive the ugly locket and hide it. We will destroy it as soon as Kreacher has a ritual-room ready. Good Night."

Reg sighted, but answered.

"Good Night" and with that Harry was of to bed.

Under his pillow was lying an edition of The Quibbler, one, that Harry had received two days ago. He grinned. In it there was a special section which showed a letter written to the Daily Prophet some days ago.

Beneath it, Xenophilius Lovegood, the editor of The Quibbler had written his answers. The Quibbler Harry had was an edition in advance, because it was a weekly paper and would be released on Thursday every week.

The next Thursday would be Harry found it a very fitting time. It was the day of his trial - a very fitting day indeed.

Harry smirked at that, remembering his letter and the answer he had

received:

sSsSs

Dear Mr. Twist

My name is Xenophilius Lovegood and I am the editor of the Quibbler.

I know, I am not the editor you wanted to answer your letter - nevertheless I will try as I was intrigued when I read that someone so young like you dares to question our world and our press.

Such courage and interest needs to be supported and so I decided to answer your questions to the best of my knowledge.

My competitor, the Daily Prophet is a private publishing newspaper, whose shareholders decide what will be printed and what not. The same goes for my newspaper, but the difference is, that my newspaper solely has two shareholders. The Daily Prophet has many. The major ones are the Ministry - which has the majority - and a French family, I think.

Definitely fact is, that the Ministry, as the major stockholder definitely can make sure that the Daily Prophet will following its lead.

Because of that, many of the articles the Daily Prophet writes, may contain facts, but they are also printed in a fashion that would indeed mislead the reader. So you should read every article that is printed with the thought in mind that my dear competitor tries to show the Ministry in its best light.

Another fact is, that there are definitely reporters in the Daily Prophet who are using Quick Quote Quills. Because of this, a lot of their news are inaccurate or simply false. My dear competitor seems not to care about proven facts and has little regard of accuracy in any form.

That shows also the fact that there are no consequences when the reporter uses Quick Quote Quills or faulty information.

Of course, that leads to your question about serious journalism and the freedom of the press. Well, I can't say much about that except: As long as the

Ministry is the major shareholder in the Daily Prophet there may be serious journalism all you like - it just will not be printed when it does not favor the shareholders.

And when you want to see freedom of the press, you should not look at the Daily Prophet. It might be a private newspaper but even as a private one you are just as free, as your shareholders let you be.

Luckily, I am one of the two shareholders of The Quibbler and because of that able to decide what to print on my own.

When you ever have another question, just write me and I am willing to answer as good as I can.

Xenophilius Lovegood

Editor-in-chief of The Quibbler

sSsSs

"Let's see how the Ministry will react when their game is published publicly." Harry thought while closing his eyes. "I want to see them running with their tails between their legs - and it will end with that. This is just the beginning..."

And Harry did mean it. He knew he would not be able to do a lot until his trial, but slowly his game started - it just needed to finalize some major parts before he could finally move against the major players.

Harry would be waiting.

Waiting did not bother him. He was good at waiting.

Very good.

"Time for revenge" he whispered, then closed his eyes and slept.

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And on to Sal...

11. Chapter 10: 370 BC Catching

Some Breath

Myrddin Emrys turned when he heard Sal's voice and suddenly he smiled.

"Salvazsahar", he said, "you're back!"

The other one also turned to look at Sal, his eyes curious about the stranger that Salvazsahar was to him.

Sal bowed lightly to the foreign man to greet him - a bow that indicated, that Sal was the older one of them.

"Well met!" he said. "I am Salvazsahar ap Myrddin Emrys." It was traditional to name oneself the son of one's father - there was less interest in the magical name of a family than the name of the father. Sal found it odd but he had learned this strange custom as soon as he was back home in Britannia and had adopted it to not stand out too much.

"Well met!" the other one replied and bowed a little bit deeper. "I am Dewin ap Lleidr Ollivander. You are this Myrddin Emry's son?" He asked, pointing at Myrddin.

"I am."

"And you have been traveling?"

"I travelled for years" Sal answered sincerely. He saw how the young man in front of him scrutinized him and tried to estimate Sal's age. Finally the young man seemed to come to a conclusion.

"So he let you go and I have to stay?! That does not sound fair to me!" Sal was sure the young man in front of him had underestimated Sal's age - of course, since Sal was looking like thirty-something of age, this was no surprise.

"You must have travelled alone way before my age today!" Dewin concluded. "And he let you go!"

Sal just snorted when he understood that the young man had decided to use Sal's "youth" to get Myrddin to agree to let him go.

"He let me go" Sal answered casually. "When I was more than a hundred

of age - I am quite sure he will let you go earlier than that. You aren't his son after all."

Now Dewin gawked at him.

"May I ask..." he finally said, but trailed off before stating his question. Sal still knew what Dewin had wished to ask.

"... How old I am?" he finished the sentence. "I don't know. Something around three hundred years of age."

Dewin stared at him, then he blushed.

"Forgive me for judging you a lot younger" he said. Sal just shrugged. He knew that in this time the old were the wise and being old was a privilege and not a curse.

"Do not worry" he answered the younger man. "I do not hold it against you."

The young man nodded and Sal turned to his father.

"Why do you hold him here, atr?" he asked Myrddin. "He seemed to be a wise lad. Don't you think that he needs the experience of making staffs for his profession? Being here will not help him to get better in his work - there are far too less druids to aid him with that."

"He has completed his blood-awakening just yesterday" Myrddin answered. "He still is too young to travel alone."

"Then why did you not go with him?" Sal asked interested. Myrddin just sighed.

"I am an old man, Salvazsahar. I am weary of travel and I could not let the lad go by himself. He has no experience with travel. He will not survive out there for a mere day without one showing him how to."

Sal knew his father was right. Dewin Ollivander had no experience with travel - someone who did not know what to look out for would definitely fail. There were too many dangerous places and creatures in the world to

survive without the knowledge of them. And then all the other, little things like finding a place to sleep, conservation of food and a lot more – also more important things like medical care and being able to fight. Most children learned to fight – but just a few learned how to treat wounds.

"So he has to stay" Sal said, looking at his father.

"If I need someone with me – why don't you come with me?" Dewin said in that moment. "Uncle trusts you, you are his son after all and you are definitely old enough – when you would come I would be able to go without uncle arguing against it."

"I returned home today, Dewin" Sal reminded the lad. "I haven't even set a foot into my childhood home until now."

Dewin blinked and blushed.

"You haven't, forgive me" he said.

Myrddin just sighed. "I know you are eager to travel the world, Dewin. But you are too young to travel alone..."

"And there is no one that would travel with me" Dewin finished Myrddin's sentence sullenly. Myrddin just sighed.

"Forgive me, lad."

Sal just sighed.

"How about arguing about travelling or not travelling tomorrow? I am sure Dewin will survive in this town for another day" he finally said.

Dewin just bowed to show that he was alright with Sal's suggestion.

This evening Sal and Myrddin were catching up. Sal learned that Dewin's father had died two years ago and that Myrddin had taken in the lad after that. He also learned that Dewin had the idea to sell his staffs not just near Loandom but everywhere in Britannia.

"You should not stifle his dreams, atr" Sal finally said. "When he wants to

go - even if he is young - he should go."

"You know I cannot let him go alone - and he still should wait a bit. He has just finished his blood-awakening yesterday. His body needs time to adjust to the changes" Myrddin answered. "I cannot let him go now."

Sal just inclined his head to show he had listened to his father and bowed to his wisdom.

"But you also should let him go to live his dream" he said again to his father.

"You plan to go with him and keep him safe" Myrddin said now smiling.

Sal just inclined his head again.

"I will" he answered. "But I also want to stay here for some month before going. I will speak to Dewin tomorrow. I will ask him to wait some month. After that I will go with him and travel through Britannia."

"So you are not weary of travel, my son?" Myrddin asked softly. Sal just smiled.

"I will have to travel for many years until I find a way home. I am not allowed to be weary of travel."

And so he and Dewin started to travel through Britannia just half a year later. They travelled for over ten years, returning every few month home to Loandom. While they travelled, Dewin started to teach Sal how to make staffs. Sal had asked him if he would do so because Sal had started to be interested in them after he had gotten his oak-staff - another reason had been that Dewin soon needed help to make all the staffs he was asked to do. There were few staff makers in Britannia and a lot of druids were in dire need for a fitting staff. So Sal also learned to be a staff maker just to aid Dewin in his work.

After the years travelling they returned to Loandom and Dewin started his business. Sal aided him the next decades. He also aided Dewin's son

time he had travelled the path was more than five hundred years ago when he first arrived in this time.

Yesterday he had reached the place where Myrddin had found him and now he was following the invisible route they had been wandering. It felt good to return home... He knew his father was well. They were writing each other regularly. But his father had no idea that Salvazsahar was returning.

Sal hadn't told him. Instead he wanted to surprise him.

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In that moment a rider suddenly broke through the woods. Salvazsahar stopped dead. The rider instead turned and looked at him, in his hands a shield and a sword.

"Who entered the realms of the king?" The rider asked.

King?!

There was a king in Britain?!

It was the first time, Sal had heard something about that.

"I am Salvazsahar Emrys, at your service" he finally answered. "I have been born in a place some fortnights south from here."

"Emrys?!" This time he heard surprise in the voice of the rider - maybe knight. "As in Myrddin Emrys?"

"My father" Sal answered sincerely. "I was going to visit him."

"Then your path has led you astray" The rider said. "Camelot is a little bit more West from here."

This time Sal stared at the man in front of him. Camelot?! Like in King Arthur's Camelot?! And why, pray tell, should his father be in Camelot?!

"I have been away for some time" Sal finally said carefully. "And I never have been in Camelot before. I would not know if my path leads me astray."

Now the knight - he had to be a knight when he was from Camelot -
laughed.

"So your father's description was lacking?"

"He never gave me one" Sal answered. "I came by myself. I wanted to surprise him." He was still not sure that they were talking about the same Myrddin Emrys, but he decided to first understand the situation a bit better before mentioning something like that.

The knight shed his sword again and turned his horse so that it faced the direction he came from.

"Lancelot, at your service" he said. "I will bring you to your father."

"I don't want you to burden yourself with me" Sal said a little bit uncomfortable. "Just give me direction and I will find him myself."

"Oh, you are no trouble, lad" Lancelot said, smiling down at Sal. "I am glad to accompany you, my friend."

Salvazsahar stared at the knight in front of him.

Lad?!

The knight might be looking like he was at least thirty winters and Sal again had his fifteen year old body, which might look more like a thirteen or fourteen year old - but really... Lad?!

Sal finally decided to say nothing. Instead he followed the horse through the woods.

"So... how long it is that you last saw your father?" Lancelot asked while riding beside him.

"I don't know" Sal answered, shrugging. "Some years, maybe."

"Some years?"

Sal shrugged again.

"I did not count them" He said carefully. "Maybe a decade or longer. It was some time ago." Of course it was longer - but Sal knew he did not

look old enough for that so he had to be careful what he was telling. He could be a little bit older than he looked - but there was a limit. After that it would sound unbelievable.

When the knight heard his words he raised an eyebrow.

"So you had no contact with him since he started to teach King Arthur fifteen years ago?" he clarified.

"He has been writing me" Sal answered, shrugging. "So we definitely had contact."

Lancelot stared at him.

"How old are you, lad?" He finally asked.

Sal blinked and stared back.

"I beg your pardon?" He asked.

"How many winters do you count?" The knight asked again. "Fifteen? Sixteen?"

Sal opened his mouth to tell him that he was older than he looked, but the knight continued oblivious to Sal's protest.

"You know, since I joined King Arthur, I sometimes talked to your father. He is always watching over Arthur, always at his side when Arthur needs an advice. And maybe the rest of the castle is blind to it - but I am not. I see him often looking at Arthur with a gaze that tells me that he doesn't want to talk to Arthur now. Sometimes he locks himself in his study, not leaving it for days, standing at the window and searching the sky."

And suddenly Sal felt guilty.

Did his father miss him?! Of course, Sal also missed his father, but he had been searching for a way back home to the future - a home that felt less home with every year that passed. Did his father dread that Sal would find a way back?

And did Sal even want to return?

He had learned to live here. He had a family. Maybe... maybe he should stay. Maybe he should stop his search until... Until what? Forever?

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"Your father mentioned your name sometime" Lancelot said. "Every time he had to tell a story at the story-time we have every fortnight in the Great Hall. It is a gathering of Arthur's knights and his mentors. Arthur lets us tell our adventures and our pasts. Myrddin normally says nothing. But when Arthur wants him to tell a tale, he always tells about you. He calls you Sal - and some things he had told us sound unbelievable."

"Unbelievable?" suddenly Sal could picture that it was really his father that was living at King Arthur's court.

"Well, the last one was about killing a Basilisk with nothing than a sword when you were a mere child."

And suddenly Sal laughed. It really was his father. He remembered Myrddin's pride and horror when he had stumbled over this memory while teaching Sal Occlumency. Sal had told him all after that and Myrddin was livid. He had right-out ordered to take him with him to the future so that he could scream at Sal's Headmaster for letting such a beast near mere children.

"He was stricken with horror when I told him" Sal said, still laughing. "He wanted to see my arm trice before he was sure that the Basilisk-venom had not killed me!"

Lancelot nearly fell from the horse-back.

"The story was true?" he asked half-horrified half-awed.

Sal shrugged and pushed back his sleeve to show the scar. "It bid me" He said casually. "It was a phoenix that healed me."

The knight looked at the scar and shuddered.

"I am surprised that your father did not insist that you would never leave

his side again." He said, shuddering.

"How many winters did you count when this happened? Two? Three? As big as the scar is you must have been no more than a toddler!"

Sal wanted to protest again, tell him, that the Basilisk simply had been a very old and maybe senile one, but Lancelot talked again.

"Then the rest of the stories are also true? Fighting dragons? Flying a carriage? Visiting places you were forbidden to go? Fighting trolls?!"

"Uh... maybe" Sal answered nervously. "I... I was not very good at listening as a child. But atr wasn't there for the most of it so I was not reprimanded by him..."

"You mean your father was teaching Arthur for the most of the time"

Lancelot said grimly. "And neither of us ever thought about letting Myrddin go so that he could get you. We even held him back every time he wanted to return home!"

Sal blinked, not knowing what to say. He had been all grown up and wandering when Myrddin had started to teach Arthur - so how come this knight thought that Sal was still a child?!

Salvazsahar decided that that was a question just his father would be able to answer.

"We were egoistic and cold-hearted bastards weren't we?" Lancelot said.

"He told us about you but we never thought that maybe you really existed. We never thought he was talking about his own son!"

"Arthur is an Olde one" Sal said, remembering what his father had once told him in one of his letters about his new apprentice - not that Sal had known his father was talking about King Arthur... "It is dangerous not to train an Olde one. Arthur needed him to learn about his heritage and father knows his responsibility. He would not leave him as long as Arthur needs him. This is the responsibility of a Firbolg-born - even if said

Firbolg-born isn't the father of the boy."

"Even if he has left behind his own son?" Lancelot asked bitterly.

"I did not need him" Sal answered sincerely. "Arthur did."

Lancelot snorted.

"I don't believe that" he said stubbornly.

Silence filled the air for a few minutes, then the woods stayed back and suddenly they were standing in front of a castle.

"Welcome to Camelot" Lancelot said and Sal looked up.

His eyes grew big.

He knew this castle!

Memories washed over him, while he stared at the majestic silhouette, that ruled over the hills and forest like a beloved queen. Even if he would forget everything he ever knew, Sal knew he would remember this castle.

His home.

His first home ever.

It was... Hogwarts!

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They strode to the entrance, Lancelot had left his horse at the stables - which stood where later Hagrid's hut would be standing.

With a nod to the guards Lancelot entered the old castle, guiding Sal through these ancient and well-known halls until they reached the Great Hall.

There one of the guards stopped them.

"The king is talking with Myrddin about the stronghold. They are planning defence-strategies. Arthur asked not to disturb him."

"He might have asked that" Lancelot said. "But some things are more important than defence-strategy - and I know a prisoner in this castle that would stop feeling like one if we're allowed to enter."

Prisoner?

But this time Sal could not protest. Maybe Lancelot was right and the duty of his father had held him prisoner.

Lancelot simply by-passed the surprised guards and grabbed Sal's arm to bring him with him.

The knight opened the door and it banged on the walls.

In the middle of the Great Hall stood a round oak-table. The ceiling wasn't enchanted and on the pedestal was just one throne instead of the teacher's table - but it clearly was the Great Hall of Hogwarts.

And at the table stood a man, maybe as old as Lancelot and another one who looked very old. He had white hair but the eyes... the eyes...

"Lancelot!" the younger man said with annoyance in his voice. "I told the guards I do not want to be disturbed!"

Sal could see the other man's eyes travel over his face, his clothes and his own eyes...

"Atr" he said.

And suddenly the man came running. He had rounded the table before a startled Arthur could even utter another word. And a second later Sal found himself in the embrace of his father.

"Salvazsahar!" He heard his name while his father's hands seemed to search his body for injuries. "Thank to whoever it belongs! You're alright! You're alright!"

Sal blinked. At the moment he was smaller than his father so he had to look up to the old man's face. And there he saw the fear. The fear that something could have happened to him between one letter and the next. The fear that he would see him never again.

Guilt crept through Sal's stomach.

"I am sorry, atr" He murmured in his father's tunic. "I am so sorry!"

His father's embrace tightened.

"You are back - and that's all I ever wanted" Myrddin answered, still caressing him.

In that moment Arthur butted in.

"So you know the lad, Myrddin?" he asked, but before even Myrddin or Sal could think about answering Lancelot did.

"The lad is Myrddin's son" Lancelot answered and his voice sounded chilly. "The son who has not seen his own father for fifteen years - just because you did not let Myrddin leave for even half a year! Have you ever spent a thought that Myrddin maybe did not want to leave to have some free time but to see his own family again?!"

Arthur opened and then closed his mouth again. He looked at Sal who was still in the tight embrace of his father.

"Your son, Myrddin?" He asked.

Myrddin loosened his embrace, but one of his hands remained on Sal's shoulder.

"Yes" he said calmly. "This is Salvazsahar Serendu Harryjames Emrys, my child. Sal, this is King Arthur Pendragon, my student."

Sal bowed.

"Your majesty" he said, unsure how he should react to this situation.

The king laughed.

"As the child of my mentor, you may call me Arthur" he said but his eyes were severe. "I did keep you apart, didn't I?" he asked.

"It was not your fault" Sal said but Arthur's eyes had turned to Myrddin.

"I would have sent someone to bring him here" he said. "If you would have told me, I would have brought him. He must have been a mere babe when you left him to train me."

Sal huffed. Did he really look so young?! But he said nothing because of

the squeeze his father gave his shoulder.

"He was young" Myrddin confirmed. "But you had to learn - and there was no-one but I. My child had his godfather to learn from."

Sal looked at his father surprised. So Myrddin had created a farce...

whatever why...

"His godfather?" Arthur asked sounding suddenly guilty. "What is with his mother?"

"She died shortly after my first winter" Sal answered.

"She was ill?" Lancelot asked softly.

"She was killed" Sal corrected. "She died to protect me."

When he said that his father's eyes became grim.

"She did - and one day this mad man will pay for that." He said.

"Just tell me where he is and who and I will send my men" Arthur said, looking from father to son. But both of them just shook their heads.

"You can't" Myrddin answered. "Just like I could not send your men for my son."

Arthur opened his mouth to protest, but Myrddin just kept going.

"I told you I visited the world when I was young" he said to Arthur. The king nodded.

"My son's mother was part of this world." Myrddin said. "I returned home to Britain, but the last time my son had been in Britain he just had been born. He did not grow up here and I could not send your men to a foreign country to bring him here, as much as I would have liked that."

Sal could just admire his father. Myrddin had not straight out lied to Arthur - well, except of some minor corrections to smother the story - but he had put the truth together so that it sounded different than it really had happened. Sal's mother had been from the future and as such never had entered the Britannia Myrddin knew. Sal had been reborn in

Britannia and left to search for a way to return to the future - and he did not grow up in this Britannia also. And of course there had been no way to send men after a grown up adult, travelling the world. So all Myrddin had said had been true somehow - and still all had happened different then Arthur would understand it...

"I will have to let him teach me that" Sal mused. "It will take time - but I'm sure it's worth it."

Arthur just sighed when he heard Myrddin's words.

"I understand. But please remember that I would aid you whenever you need it. Just tell me and I will send my men. This is all I can do to repay your kindness."

Myrddin just inclined his head.

"As you wish, Arthur" he said.

But then he stayed silence. Arthur waited a few minutes, and then he sighed again.

"You will not ask for my help, will you?"

"No" Myrddin said. "I told you before that there is nothing you can do."

"And there is also nothing else..."

This time Myrddin stopped and looked thoughtfully at his son. Sal said nothing. He knew his father was thinking about something that would change Sal's life - but Sal had accepted long ago that in that time he was living now the father had the right to decide for his son, even if said son was normally all grown up... Sal did not like it but he knew that he had to accept it.

Myrddin had the right to choose what Sal would do. He normally did not use his right and that he was thinking about it meant that it was something his father thought was necessary to learn...

"If you want to help me" Myrddin finally said. "Would you teach my son?"

You have skills I do not have as you have been taught it by your uncle and father until you lost them when you turned fifteen. You can repay me with teaching some of it to my son."

This time it was Arthur who scrutinized Sal.

"It would be an honour" he answered finally.

"And I will do the same!" Lancelot declared. "For a long time I wanted to teach a youngster how to fight - this is the ideal opportunity!"

Sal was not sure if he really could say the same.

"Well... we will stop working for today" Arthur said looking at Lancelot.

"Lancelot and I will work out a training plan for your son and will present it to you tomorrow. For now enjoy the time with your son, Myrddin."

"I will" Myrddin answered and led Sal from the room. They stayed silence until they reached Myrddin's quarters. There, after he had shut the door and silenced it, Sal started to speak.

"Please explain, atr" he said. There was no need to add what he wanted to know. Myrddin knew that Sal was talking about the misdirection he was using on Arthur.

"We are both too old to explain it without telling everyone that we are more creature than human" Myrddin said. "Even if they know about Firbolg-born no-one ever understood the difference between us and them - and I do not like to explain it."

"But... isn't Arthur himself an Olde one? Will he not live longer than the others?" Sal asked surprised.

"He is and he will" Myrddin said. "But he still will just live on for another century or two. His family still might have the soul of the Firbolg-born but he is not a descendant of a Phoenix."

"So it's the Phoenix-blood" Sal said.

"Yes" Myrddin answered. "A Phoenix is a creature which is born again and born again. It decides when it dies to be born again and it decides when it is old. Its blood in our veins does give us longer lives than even the other Firbolg-born have."

"And you decided to tell him nothing about that..."

"Yes" Myrddin said. "And also nothing about our ability to age. This is Family Magick - so no-one does have to know except of family, do you understand?"

"Yes" Sal nodded.

"It is the same with the Family Magick of Arthur or the others" Myrddin said. "We are unable to use them and we should not know them at all."

Sal just nodded.

"So I have to be fifteen because I came looking like it" he concluded.

"Yes" Myrddin said smiling. "But I am glad you did. Arthur and Lancelot are some of the best fighters I know - it will be good if you learn from them as much as you can."

"And because of that you decided to take Arthur's offer..."

"Yes" Myrddin said smiling. Then he turned serious again.

"I also discovered that someone of your family started to live near Britain."

Sal stared at him confused.

"Someone of my family?"

"Your green eyes - I once told you it's a family trait, didn't I?" This time Sal just nodded.

"Well, the LeFay-family has started to live in Avalon" Myrddin said. "I know you know nothing about the rest of your Family Magick. You might want to seek an apprenticeship with them."

"But..."

"One day you need to know what you are able to do" Myrddin said.

"Learning Family Magick is an important part of your abilities - if you ever discover the rest of your ancestry I want you to go to the family to learn from them, do you understand?"

"Yes" Sal said hesitating. "Do I have to go soon?"

"No" Myrddin answered. "But I want you to go to Morgana LeFay one day. I heard she is a healer - and as a healer she cannot hurt anyone. There is an oath to prevent it. She would be a perfect candidate to learn from."

Sal just nodded while his mind was reeling. He was a descendant of Morgana LeFay?! The witch whose son had killed... would kill... Arthur?! Sal did not know much about history but that was something he had learned in the Muggle-world a long time ago in his own time. He wasn't sure if Binns ever talked about it in magical history but he knew enough from human history to shudder at the thought to belong to Morgana's family...

Not that he could prevent to belong to it...

"I will go to her one time" he promised. "But I will first stay with you."

Myrddin smiled at him.

"And I am happy about it" he said while he ruffled Sal's hair. "And now tell me about your adventures."

And so they spent the afternoon and the evening with stories about Sal's travel through the world. They finally climbed to bed late at night exhausted from telling and listening.

The next day Arthur indeed had worked out a lesson plan and Sal's lessons with Arthur, Lancelot and Gawain - another knight of Arthur - started. Arthur had been the one to decide what Sal had to be taught and Myrddin had just nodded when Arthur talked about the lessons he had

chosen.

Sal himself was not entirely happy with his lesson plan but a glance of his father prevented him from protesting about it.

So it came that he had lessons about history, fighting, politics, etiquette, battle magic and battle strategy.

Arthur was teaching him battle magic and politics, Lancelot fighting and battle strategy and Gawain etiquette and history. Because of Sal's unusual good memory they could teach him very fast. Especially Arthur used this ability of Sal to his advantage and soon Sal had to dodge fire-balls Arthur was hurling at him with pleasure.

Sal himself had never seen magic like these fire balls. Arthur produced them with his bare hands and seemed to use them with ease. Sal just thought that they were utterly awesome. Because of that he started to try to produce them himself when he was alone.

At first he was unable to do it but some weeks later he finally could produce a simple little flame in his bare hands.

"Now I just have to try to make them grow" Sal said to himself grinning, looking at the easily produced flame in his hands.

"What are you doing, child?" a voice asked him from behind. Sal turned and stared at Arthur.

"I... I..." he stuttered, feeling like a little child in front of his elder. "I..."

Arthur instead looked at the flame in Sal's hands with an astonished gaze.

When Sal saw where Arthur was looking he extinguished the flame in his hands.

"Forgive me, Arthur" he said with guilt in his voice. "I should not have..."

"Can you do it again, child?" Arthur asked instead. His voice sounding strange.

Sal hesitated a moment, then he produced his flame again.

Arthur extracted his hands at the flame until he could feel it. His eyes widened and he looked at Sal with an astonished gaze.

"Can you tell me how you did it?" he asked Sal.

Sal just shrugged.

"I wanted to" he said. "I... I tried to do it since I saw you using the fire balls the first time... I... forgive me if I did something I shouldn't have done...!"

"No... no it's all right, child" Arthur said softly and ruffled Sal's hair. Sal wasn't sure how to interpret this gesture. Normally an adult not related to a child did not touch it. It was seen as improper to do so - and Arthur had never broken this unwritten rules until now...

"Tell me child: what do you know about your mother?" he asked Sal.

Sal hesitated, then answered truthfully.

"I know that she was young when she died and that my parents weren't married long. I know I have her eyes and I know that she was brilliant. I don't think that atr knew her a long time" he said, mixing the truth with a little lie to make it believable.

"So you don't know the family she was born into?" Arthur asked.

Sal just shrugged.

"Not really" he answered not fully lying.

"I see" Arthur said, ruffling Sal's hair again. "And don't worry child. I am not angry with you. Come with me. I will show you some other things."

Sal hesitated a moment but then did as he was told.

Four hours later he returned to the rooms he shared with his father, utterly exhausted. Arthur really had shown him other things. He had shown Sal how to control fire without trying to produce it and the same he had also shown him for plants. Sal had tried both until he was able to help a flower to bloom and a fire to burn without wood.

It was an exhausting way to use magic and Sal just fell to bed to sleep.

He slept through the night and was woken in the morning by his father who told him they were called to Arthur.

So Sal stood up and followed his father to the Great Hall.

"Myrddin, Sal" Arthur greeted. "I have called you to ask you for a favour."

"My Lord?" Myrddin asked. Sal was equally surprised but as a 'minor' he was not allowed to speak until been spoken to. He had long ago learned to follow rules like that - even if he not really was a minor anymore.

"Myrddin, I wish to adopt your son" Arthur said. Sal blinked. Adopt him?!

Sal had a father so why...?

"I need an heir and I am unsure how long it will take until I get one myself. I ask for your permission to take on your son as my heir until then." Arthur said.

"I am honoured, my Lord" Myrddin answered. "Unfortunately Sal is too old to take in a part of your soul - he cannot be your true heir. Maybe an adopted substitute who has access to a little bit of your family magic but never like an adopted heir of a normal druid. Don't forget, we are Firbolg-born. Our souls don't have the softness and flexibility of human souls. If you were a normal druid you could give him full access to your family magic - as an Olde one it cannot be."

"I know" Arthur said calmly. "You taught me well, Myrddin. And because of that I decided to ask for your son. He can use my Family Magick. I saw it myself. Somewhere in your wife's line there has once been someone of my family. My blood is already flowing through his veins. I just need to adopt him in the main line."

Sal blinked in surprise. He was a descendant of Arthur?! But how did Arthur know?!

And then Sal remembered Arthur's gaze when he saw Sal's fire - when he

touched Sal's fire...

Family Magick?!

Had Arthur tested him yesterday to confirm what he had seen the first time he had seen Sal producing the fire?! Had Arthur given him the tasks to make sure Sal was really using Arthur's Family Magick?! Sal suddenly felt like a child who touched something he never should have been near at all...

Myrddin looked a little bit astonished himself and he turned to Sal to scrutinize his son.

"Are you sure about that, Arthur?" he asked. Arthur nodded.

"I am." He answered. "Will you give me permission?"

"Do you know how far from the main line he is?" Myrddin asked.

Arthur just shrugged.

"We will see" he answered. "The nearer he is the stronger he will be after the adoption."

Again Myrddin scrutinized Sal. Sal knew he would have no say in this decision. Myrddin was his father - he was the one who would decide on Sal's fate. Sal knew he would have hated it back, when he was in his own time - but he had long ago learned to adapt, especially because he knew his father would decide against it if he believed Sal would be unhappy in the arrangement.

"I will not give up my rights for my son" Myrddin said in that moment.

"I do not want you to, Myrddin" Arthur said. "I simply want to add a parent."

Myrddin was silent for another minute, then he slowly nodded.

"If you wish" he said. "I will give you my son as your heir. You will have the right to teach him and the right to decide what is best for him - but I have the same rights. I will not give them up."

Arthur hesitated a moment, then he inclined his head.

"So mot it be" he said.

"So mot it be" Myrddin answered.

Sal blinked. He had thought that his father would not allow Arthur to adopt him. But he said nothing until he reached the rooms he was living with his father.

"You will let him adopt me?" he asked.

Myrddin sighted.

"I know you don't like the idea, Salvazsahar" he said. "You are older than he and you feel like an adult. But please understand my decision. Arthur said that you can do parts of his family magic - so someone of your family must have been a descendant of him. I cannot teach you the magic you need to know for this part of your heritage - and if Arthur wants to adopt you and teach you I will not deny it to you. You have a right to know your Family Magick."

Sal sighted.

"So I will have to play a child again" he said. Myrddin just smiled.

"I am sure you will have to do something like that more often in the future. As long as you don't find a way home you will have to fit in.

Sometimes it will be easier to fit in as a child" his father answered. "So don't fret, Sal. You have been playing a child since you arrived. You just continue like that."

"Yes. And I will be taught by someone again" Sal said sneering.

"You have been taught since you have arrived."

"Yes" Sal said. "But at that time I wasn't the son of one of my teachers..."

"Deal with it" was his father's cold-hearted advice.

And that Sal had to.

A day later he was given a potion with the added blood of Arthur in it -

the adoption potion. He drank it without protest.

He did not change much after that. Just his eyes started to be even greener than they were before. They suddenly seem to carry an inner light that they had lacked before.

But there also was a different. Not soon after the adoption Sal discovered that his ability to do Arthur's Family Magick had risen skywards.

"You must have been quite near to the main line" Arthur said when he discovered that Sal suddenly could nearly feel the fire he could control.

"The entering in the main line has given you a power bust like it is seen seldom. You must understand that you now have the ability of your previous status in the family and the ability of your new one. They mixed and created... well... your power."

"I see." Sal answered. That night he asked his father if it was possible that he had belonged to the main line all along.

"Yes" his father answered. "I even guessed that you did belong to it before. The power behind your Family Magick indicates that you had enough ability to be the Lord all along. You might even have been the Lord in your time."

And he hadn't known it - but that was left unsaid. It unsettled Sal that everyone in his time had kept something important like that from him.

"If I ever return I will find out why I do know nothing about my family at all" Sal vowed to himself. After that they never spoke about his position in the future again.

Sal was taught by Arthur and the other knights. His lessons had increased after he was adopted to the main-family.

But the most important part Myrddin told him some weeks later.

"When I and Arthur die" Myrddin said. "You will have to hold the wards of Camelot. The castle was built by me and Arthur so it's our magic that

course he had also heard that she adored the Dark Arts - nothing Sal wanted to learn.

But he had to. He had to know and he wanted to learn healing - and Family Magick. He had decided this since his father had told him about his heritage. Since his father had told him, his eyes told the world that he was born a LeFay. And since he had learned how he could be the descendant of Arthur and Morgana. It had been three and a half years ago when Morgana had come and cornered Arthur. Sal had not been there at that time and had later heard about the argument - the argument about Morgana's son whom she had born after a night she had shared with Arthur.

Arthur had not been pleased that the child had been born and had not wanted the child as his heir. Simple said he had denied the birth right to his child and Myrddin had guided Morgana out of the castle. Sal did not know how it happened but the result of this meeting was a shared enmity between Sal's fathers and Morgana.

So Sal might be a descendant of Morgana, but he also was Myrddin's son - and Morgana hated Myrddin...

And because of that Sal was standing in front of the door, unsure how to proceed...

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"Do you want to stand there forever, lad?" a sarcastic voice asked and suddenly the door opened and Salvazsahar was looking at a middle-aged woman who carried a maybe four year old child on her hip.

"Uh..." Sal said, stuttering "I... I was looking for Morgana LeFay. I was told she lives here." He finally said, looking at the woman.

She had pitch-black hair and deadly glowing green eyes. Sal knew these eyes. They were the same he had inherit from his own mother.

The boy on Morgana's hip did not have these eyes. He had brown ones - eyes that reminded Sal of Arthur...

"So this child is Mordred" Sal thought, then he corrected himself.

"Medrawd. His name was changed over time. It's Medrawd."

"And who is looking for me?" Morgana asked him, staring at him coolly but intensively.

"My name is Salvazsahar Emrys" Sal had thought about calling himself 'LeFay' but he did not want to trick her with that. He might be a LeFay by blood, but he never carried the name before.

"Emrys?" she asked, still staring. "As in Myrddin Emrys?"

"Uh... I guess" Sal answered nervously.

"What do you want, breed of Myrddin?"

"I... I..." Sal gulped and found his courage. "I am here to ask for an apprenticeship." He said, squaring his shoulders.

Morgana raised her eyebrows.

"The breed of Myrddin asks me, great Morgana LeFay for an apprenticeship?" she said, suddenly sounding dangerous.

Sal's gaze grew cold when he met her eyes head on. He stared back, daring her to say anything more than she had before - and Morgana blinked.

"You're no Emrys" she finally said. "You're of my blood. You are my heir."

Her gaze turned to her own child. "But how come you are? I am the one who continues the main line - so how come you exist when I have a child?!"

Sal gulped again. He knew he had to explain it to her - and best without lying too much.

"I... I am not from this time" he finally confessed and Morgana's eyes returned to him. Again her eyebrows rose. "I... well... I am your many

times grand-child, you could say" Sal finally settled with. "I came here to learn from you."

The truth - but not true enough to conclude the right things.

"When you are my many times grand-child - how come you carry Myrddin's name?" she asked now definitely interested. "Shouldn't you carry my name - or Arthur's?"

"I... My mother was the heir" Sal answered nervously. "I carry my father's name as I have no right to carry my mother's."

"You have our magic" Morgana say, narrowing her eyes. "You know our Family Magick and as such you have the right to carry our name. You needn't befoul yourself with Myrddin's name."

Sal wisely said nothing. He had foreboded that Morgana would not be pleased with his last name.

"Well, that is my problem" Sal said. "I do not know Family Magick."

Morgana stared at him when he told her.

"Your mother didn't teach you?" she asked appalled and disgusted.

"She could not teach me" Sal corrected. "She died when I was a mere babe."

"Then surely your grand-mother..."

"There was a war" Sal said with a bitter note in his voice. "I am the last with magic of my line. I was since I counted one winter. I still have an aunt - but she did not inherit any magic. She cannot tell me what I need to know."

"No, she wouldn't" Morgana said. "So that's why you're here."

"Yes" Sal answered. "I needed a competent teacher to learn from, so I came here."

There was a moment of silence while Morgana was piercing through him with her eyes. It felt like a test and Sal grew nervous the longer she

stared.

"And learn you will, Salvazsahar." Morgana said finally and smiled.

"Come in. I will teach you. I don't want to end my family name with the Emrys line - even if I do not object your mother's choice in marriage. The Emrys line is a strong one - inserting its blood in our line is definitely a good choice."

Sal wisely forgot to mention that his Emrys-father never had married his mother. He did not want to tell Morgana that he truly was Myrddin's son. He was sure she would not like that very much...

So he just entered, fully aware, that he would have to learn all she wanted him to in the next few years - and there was no telling when she would end her training.

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The hut was small and neatly kept. Morgana pointed at a simple wooden chair in front of the fire.

"Sit" she said while she herself sat down in a more comfortable one.

"Do you know how to read?" she asked.

"I do" Sal answered.

"So your aunt did teach you some things." Morgana said. "What about the family books - did you read them?"

"No" Sal answered. "My parents' home was destroyed. I have nothing left but an old cloak of my father's."

Morgana sighted. Sal could feel her using Legilimency on him. He let her through - not to his memories but to his feelings so that she could analyse if he was telling the truth.

"But you know basic Occlumency" she said. "Even if it is a barbaric form of it."

"My father taught me" Sal answered truthfully.

"Well, I will teach you better" Morgana said. "Forget what your father told you - I will teach you real Occlumency."

"Yes, My Lady" Sal said.

"Call me mother" Morgana said. "You may be my many times grand-son, but you are young enough to call me mother. Say, how many winters do you count?"

"Fifteen" Sal answered, using his body's winters and not his mind's. He was not sure if he liked Morgana's suggestion to call her 'mother' but he knew, he would do it anyway. She was his ancestor and because of that his elder. When she wanted to be called 'mother' then he would do it without questioning.

"So your magic has matured one time until now?" Morgana asked and Sal shrugged.

"I don't know" he said truthfully.

When he said that Morgana took out her staff and pointed it at him. Sal stiffed, but did not flinch or take out his own staff.

Morgana smiled at that. She definitely had seen his slightly concealed reaching for his staff, before he could stop himself to do so.

"You have good reflexes" she said. "Your father taught you the way of the warrior, I believe?"

"He taught me the way of the druids, mother" Sal answered. "I am no warrior, but I have to know how to fight as a druid."

"Yes you do" Morgana said and then whispered a spell.

Soft yellow light hit Sal's body. Then he started to glow green.

"Oh, that's good" Morgana said. "You did just mature one time. I will be able to teach you from the scratch - and we have time. Your second time will be not before the third winter."

"You can tell that?" Sal asked surprised. Even his father had not been able

to tell that when Sal had started to mature for the first time.

"Yes" Morgana said. "And you will also be able when I have taught you all I know. There are just two conditions."

"I hear."

"You will let me adopt you" Morgana said. "As my child I will have the full rights to teach you all I want without you protesting it." Sal had thought about this possibility. Morgana knew that Medrawd would not be able to use Family Magick and she wanted to make sure that someone would be able to use it fully - even if this someone was an heir from a distant future. When he truly was her son - even an adopted one - and not just a descendant she had a better grasp at his magic. A parent simply understood their child's magic better than anyone.

"I will" he answered. He had hoped to prevent it but it was not unexpected. "Well, it will change nothing in my blood" he thought. He simply would have more access to the Family Magick... and that definitely wasn't bad at all.

"The other condition is that you will teach Medrawd how to fight when he is old enough" Morgana said.

Sal nodded, knowing that he there also had no choice - even if this might later be the cause of Arthur's demise. But even if it was - refusing would not change history. Arthur would die and when history would like Medrawd to be the cause of his demise, so it would be like that. Sal would not be able to change that when he refused.

"I will - but I am not more than mediocre in using a sword."

"As long as you teach him." Morgana said. "The rest he will learn by himself."

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The time at Morgana's flew by quickly.

Sal soon got used to call Morgana 'mother' and under her tutelage he started to learn how to use his Family Magick. He also started to learn how to heal and also the Dark Arts.

At the beginning Sal was a little bit hesitant to learn the Dark Arts but soon he discovered, that many rituals and spells in the Dark Arts could be used differently and would help him while healing others.

Sal also discovered that he loved to heal. Before the apprenticeship Sal had just thought that knowing how to heal would be useful but the longer he learned the more he discovered that healing was something he would like to do for a living.

Morgana also noticed that he loved to heal and so she more and more included him in her own work as a healer.

It was ten years later, the day Medrawd first bested Sal in their mock-battle after just a few minutes, when Morgana finally called for Sal.

"Yes, mother?" he asked, entering the house.

"Salvazsahar LeFay" she stated. "Today is the day when your apprenticeship ends. You now know all I know and there is nothing left to teach for me."

Sal inclined his head.

"Now there is just one thing left" Morgana continued. "The Oath."

Sal knew what she meant. Every healer had to vow on their magic to help everyone in need. The healer's oath would also constrict him in his magic. No healer was allowed to kill or maim others or even simply neglect to help them when they needed help.

The vow was binding and would take his life when he neglected it.

"I am not sure I want to take it" Sal answered sincerely.

Morgana raised an eyebrow.

"I taught you healing for ten years - and now you don't want to finalize

the last step in your profession?" she asked surprised.

"A healer cannot fight" Sal answered sincerely.

"And you want to fight?"

"No" Sal shook his head. "I want to protect."

He expected that Morgana would be angry with him for refusing to vow his life to the profession of the healer. What he did not expect was the gleam that entered her eyes when hearing his answer.

"So you want to protect" she stated. "Will you try to protect everyone - with no exception be it race, blood or something else?"

Sal frowned.

"Of course" he answered. "Why shouldn't I protect someone when I'm able to and he does need help?"

Now Morgana looked like a Cheshire cat.

"So you will protect those who cannot protect themselves from those who try to maim them?"

"I will" Sal answered, still frowning and now utterly confused.

"And you will use all your skills to aid whoever needs help?"

"Of course I will..."

"Even if you will have to aid your enemy?"

"Yes..."

"Even if you will have to kill someone or let someone die to ensure the safety of others?"

Sal blinked at that. Let someone die?!

"Yes..." he said unsure.

"Even if it will bring you harm?"

"Yes." This time he was sure.

"Then I bless you child. You are a Healer, you are a Warrior, you are a guardian. You have finished your apprenticeship and you have chosen

your path. May you heal others, may you judge their hearts. May you guide others, may you protect them from harm. Today, I name you a Guardian Healer - born to protect, born to judge, born to heal. So be it."

A golden mist suddenly surrounded Salvazsahar and a rune-circle was seen above his head. Sal had never seen this circle before. It was the typical healer rune-circle in the middle, but it was surrounded by a different, foreign one.

Before Sal could decipher it, it glowed as bright as the sun, broke apart into sparks and entered his body.

Warmth filled his entire being and then it stopped and all was back to normal.

"What...?" he started to ask, but Morgana beat him to it.

"A healer's oath" she answered. "But not the normal one. This one will let you protect and kill - there will be no consequences. You even can let someone die if this person has harmed others with his action or will harm others when he continues his actions."

"So... there is nothing different then before?" Sal asked confused.

"Oh, there is" Morgana answered. "Others have to come first now. You cannot do anything when you encounter a conflict. You have to aid those who need protection. You cannot aid the others, and you cannot aid evil. When you do, you will lose your magic and maybe even your life."

"So you tricked me in an oath" Sal said.

"I know you, Salvazsahar." Morgana said shrugging. "You would have done it anyway. You are born to protect - that you have my eyes while having also Arthur Pendragon's blood shows it. You will not feel bound at all, because of the oath."

Sal sighted, but he could not object. Even without the oath he would have helped those who needed help and were too weak to aid

others and after Kreature had told him two days later at night that he had cleaned a little, unused room and Harry had started to draw the necessary runes, circles and pentagrams on the floor and on the walls, that he needed for his first task.

When the twelfth of August approached, he finally had finalized the drawing and despite being a little sleepy he was fully prepared for the Ministry hearing. Of course, no-one else knew.

They all relayed on Dumbledore.

"Dumbledore was there last night, he will come" Molly Weasley had told him and Harry had well-behaved nodded and not shown his feelings about Dumbledore, the almighty.

Instead he had followed Arthur to the Ministry, and was finally informed about the changed time - a fact that let him grin inside.

The Ministry really tried to help him with all its abilities...

Finally he was brought to the courtroom - Harry grinned much more inside when he heard he would have a full trial - and left there.

So he stood there, in front of them, looking around in Myrddin's court.

The walls were made of dark stone, dimly lit by torches. Empty benches rose on either side of him, but ahead, in the highest benches of all, were many shadowy figures. They had been talking in low voices, but as the heavy door swung closed behind Harry an ominous silence fell.

A cold male voice rang across the courtroom.

"You're late."

Harry turned and looked at the speaker.

"I did not get a notice that the time was changed" Harry answered, crooking his head. "I also got no notice that the place was changed."

The wizards and witches of the Wizengamot looked at each other and murmured.

"We have been sending you an owl with the new time and place today"

Fudge said coolly.

"You might" Harry answered. "The point is I did not get it - so how am I supposed to be on time without knowing it was changed?"

"We should not discuss that now" a witch beside Fudge said sweetly and Harry had the unproved feeling that she had something to do with his missing message. He said nothing and filled it away for later. This just would make it easier for him...

"Very well" said Fudge. "The accused being present - finally - let us begin. Are you ready?" he called down the row.

"Yes, sir" Percy. Harry had thought as much. He did not even bother to look at the treacherous Weasley- brother.

"Disciplinary hearing of the twelfth of August" said Fudge in a ringing voice, and Percy began taking notes at once, "into offences committed under the Decree for the Reasonable Restriction of Underage Sorcery and the International Stature of Secrecy by Harry James Potter, resident at number four, Privet Drive, Little Whinging, Surrey.

"Interrogators: Cornelius Oswald Fudge, Minister of Magic; Amelia Susan Bones, Head of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement; Dolores Jane Umbridge, Senior Undersecretary to the Minister. Court Scribe, Percy Ignatius Weasley - "

"Witness for the defe -"

"You don't have to, Headmaster", Harry interrupted the entering old man midsentence. "I am fully capable of defending myself."

Dumbledore stopped mid-step and starred at the boy in front of him.

"Harry, my boy, this is the Wizengamot..." he began, but Harry interrupted him again.

"That's alright, Headmaster. I am fully aware where I am. I can handle

myself" with that he turned to the minister and said in a non-saying voice. "Please continue, Minister Fudge."

The members of the Wizengamot were muttering. All eyes were now on Dumbledore and Harry. Some of them looked annoyed, others slightly frightened; but the most of them looked utterly flabbergasted. Harry guessed that the most of them had thought he would hide behind Dumbledore's robes. But Harry was not a child anymore. So, while the originally Harry maybe would have let Dumbledore manage his affairs, the current Harry was not willing to give the headmaster any power in his life.

"Minister Fudge? Minister Fudge, would you please continue, sir?"

Silence for another minute.

"Yes." Fudge finally said, still starring at Harry and Dumbledore who looked slightly undecided at his young charge. Finally he just flicked his wand and sat down on the squishy armchair that appeared out of nowhere.

Harry ignored him.

"Yes" said Fudge again, shuffling his notes. "Well, then. So. The charges. Yes."

He extricated a piece of parchment from the pile before him, took a deep breath, and read out, "The charges against the accused are as follows:

"That he did knowingly, deliberately and in full awareness of the illegality of his actions, having received a previous written warning from the Ministry of Magic on a similar charge, produce a Patronus Charm in a Muggle-inhabited area, in the presence of a Muggle, on the second of August at twenty-three minutes past nine, which constitutes an offence under Paragraph C of the Decree for the Reasonable Restriction of Underage Sorcery, 1875, and also under Section 13 of the International Confederation of Warlocks' Statute of Secrecy.

"You are Harry James Potter, of number four, Privet Drive, Little Whinging, Surrey?" Fudge said, glaring at Harry over the top of his parchment.

"Today I am", Harry answered pleasantly, knowing that the Chamber would show-cast it if he lied.

"Today?" Fudge asked, slightly annoyed with Harry's answer.

"I might change my name tomorrow" The boy replied, shrugging. "Or I might find out my parents gave me another name altogether."

At this, Fudge starred unbelievably at Harry, then he shook his head and continued.

"You received an official warning from the Ministry for using illegal magic three years ago, did you not?"

"I might" The boy replied.

"This is a yes or no question! Answer clearly." Fudge scowled.

"Then: for you, yes. It might have been three years."

"And yet you conjured a Patronus on the night of the second of August?" said Fudge.

"Yes." The boy answered clearly, one eyebrow slightly up his forehead.

"Knowing that you are not permitted to use magic out of school while you are under the age of seventeen?"

"Yes..."

"Knowing that you were in an area full of Muggles?"

"Of course I knew..."

"Fully aware that you were in close proximity to a Muggle at the time?"

"My cousin, Sir..."

This time the witch with the monocle spoke up.

"You produced a fully-fledged Patronus?"

Harry sighted. He had known, this question would come up. He himself might not truly be fifteen but the original Harry had been, so it was

natural for these wizard and witches to question his ability to produce a Patronus.

"Yes, it is corporal." He answered coolly, "It is corporal since third year."

"Impressive" said Madam Bones, staring down at him, "a true Patronus at his age... very impressive indeed."

Harry decided to stay silence. It would do no good when he told them, that a Patronus was nothing. He could kill them all without even leaving a trace and without them knowing what was coming - even if they would look the whole time it took him to kill them directly in his eyes.

Impressive - indeed.

"It's not a question of how impressive the magic was" said Fudge in a testy voice, "in fact, the more impressive the worse it is, I would have thought, given that the boy did it in plain view of a Muggle! Think about it! We can't let such behaviour unpunished. He broke the law - without even regretting it! When we let him roam, we can't know what he will do next!"

Those who had been frowning now murmured in agreement, but the boy in front of them seemed to be fully untouched by the accusation.

This time Dumbledore instead seemed to be unable to hold back. He stood, ready to defend Harry, if the boy wanted it or not.

But just when he sprang to his feet, the young boy in front of the Wizengamot spoke in a low, cold voice.

"Now, minister, tell me, what you are playing at?" The boy said and Headmaster Dumbledore, ready to defend the young boy, stopped in the middle of opening his mouth.

"What are you implying, boy?!" Fudge hissed, but his voice showed, that he was slightly taken aback by the emotionless voice of the teen. Cold, Avada Kedavra-green eyes pierced him, judged him and found him unworthy.

"I am implying several serious disregards of your own laws" The boy said emotionless and a whisper emerged in the crowd. Fudge turned his head from left to right, trying to stand still and being impressive. He failed.

Words run through the crowd. "Broken law? We?" He heard. "When?"

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"Disregarding of the laws, Mr Potter?" A regal looking Lady finally asked aloud. "Pray tell what are you talking about?"

"About several things, Madam, several broken laws specifically" The boy replied, and when one of the Wizengamot wizards opened his mouth, he overrode his attempt to speak mercilessly.

"Let's start with an easy example: When I used the Patronus Charm to defend my cousin, I got a letter that I was expelled from Hogwarts. That was the first breaking of your laws. No-one except of the headmaster can expel a student from Hogwarts. Trying to do it without consulting the headmaster at first, ends in losing all the reminding control you have in school. Hogwarts has the right to take back the offending persons OWLS and NEWTS when said person just attempted such a crime."

"Is that so, lad?" Another, very old looking wizard asked coolly. "And pray tell, where do you think you read such an offending peace of text?!"

"In your law book, my Lord" The boy answered simply. "This is one of your own laws I have been quoting."

"Have you?" Another Lord asked sceptically. "I don't think that anyone of the ministry would ever be for a law like that."

"Well, they weren't" The boy in front of them answered and then send a steady glance across the crowd.

"This is law since 978 when Hogwarts started to open for all students in Great Britain. At that time there was no ministry. It were the Lords of the ancient and noble Houses who at that time were setting up the law. Some

of their laws are still in use - like the one I mentioned."

"Is that so?" The first Lord asked interested. "So you really are able prove it."

The answer of the accused was not a 'yes' or 'no'. Instead he intoned.

"By the rights of the Lords Slytherin and Gryffindor and the Ladies Hufflepuff and Ravenclaw, the school of witchcraft and wizardry, known as the respectable and noble school of Haugh's Wards, School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, located in the Highlands of Scotland, next to the hamlet of Hogsmeade, is hereby declared as independent from the Lordships and states, so that in times of war it will be a neutral zone.

"It hereby will be declared that Haugh's Wards, School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, will never be part of any legal constitution. The rights and rules of Haugh's Wards will solely be constructed and upheld by the Headmaster, Teachers, Founders and acknowledged Heirs of Haugh's Wards. Any interference from legal constitution may be punished severely. The right of punishment for interference will be by the school. By severely interference such as expelling student, the person who interfered will be held responsible and might lose their right to bear a staff because of deprivation of his school examinations.

"In contrast the school will have to take in all children of magical heritage from their eleventh until their seventeenth birthday and teach them to be respectable and noble wizards and witches. That is the law from 978, stated in the law book as Paragraph 20 A-E."

Fudge snorted unbelieving. "And pray tell, how would a mere boy like you know something like that?!"

"I can read, Minister" the boy answered and pierced the man in front of him with his eyes. "Look it up for yourself, when you don't believe me."

The answer was shuffling of paper when Percy Weasley searched for his

copy of the law book. When he found it, he started thumbing through it, until he reached the named paragraph and starred at it.

"Well, Weatherby?" Fudge asked, clearly expecting the boy in front of him to be proven wrong.

"He... he is right, minister." Percy stuttered, still starring at the - for him offending - text in front of him. The boy continued and his glare got as cold as ice.

"The next broken law is that no-one came to Privet Drive to investigate.

Since April 1146 there is a law to investigate before taking charges.

Paragraph 38 A-G. This law was established after there where incidents of wrongfully imprisoned persons because of lacking investigations. The Gathering of the Lords found this absolutely unacceptable and established a rule of handling the broken secret-status and performing magic in front of mundane people. The law was never altered after that.

So that would be the second broken law in a row. The third was

preventing the accused getting a legal backer for court. Instead I am standing in front of you without anyone." Now the wizards and witches of Wizengamot shared uneasy glances.

"You... you had Dumbledore... but you turned him down!" Fudge cried, still staring at the uncanny teen.

"He is not, nor will he ever be a legal backer. He might be my headmaster at school but he has no training in legal rights. So even if he would back me up, he would still be another civilian, who does not know all the Paragraphs of the law." The boy replied coolly.

"You could have asked someone..."

"When? You changed the place of the hearing today. Formally it had been an unofficial hearing - where I wouldn't have needed a legal backer. But now it is a trial. A legal backer needs time to know the facts - also, I am

a minor. I am legally not allowed to search legal backup without my guardian. My aunt is mundane - she has no access to a magical lawyer. And I had no time to contact her and asked for legal backup. As the court, you have had a duty to see to my needs when you force me to go to court without time to contact a legal backer.

"This might be a newer law of the 19th century but it is still law. As it is established in paragraph 95 A: Every person accused of a crime has the right to send for legal back-up in court. The legal back-up might be self-provided or in case it is impossible for the accused to get one, there has to be a chance to be provided of a lawyer by the Wizengamot. Well, I had no time to brief a lawyer with my situation - also counting the change of time and place so that it would have been difficult for my legal back-up to arrive in time - yet there is no alternative to go to." The boy continued.

"Because of breaking these laws, I have no-one who would speak for my behalf. I am accused but unable to defend myself because of your lack of following your own laws. You did not investigate. There is no recording of the scene of crime. There is no asking for witnesses. There isn't even a simple use of truth-serum to investigate if I lie or if I am telling the truth.

"So. How will you be able to judge me, when you have no witnesses except the evidence that I used magic in front of my mundane-cousin?! How will you judge if my use of magic was rightfully if there is no other evidence except of your recording?"

"There is no need of a witness except of our recording. You broke the law, you will pay for it!" Fudge intercepted at that moment.

"I did, didn't I? Or is there a possibility that I didn't break the law?" The boy said and his killing curse eyes were blasting.

"You are underage! You are not allowed to use magic in your holidays! And no-one is allowed to use magic in front of a Muggle!" The minister

spluttered. "As long as I am the minister, you will be punished for your crime! Even if you're celebrity I will not let this stop me to follow the law!"

"To follow the law?" The boy starred at the minister, as if said person had said something absolutely stupid. "Which law, Minster Fudge? Clause Seven of the Decree for the Reasonable Restriction of Underage Sorcery states that magic may be used in front of a Muggle in exceptional circumstances, and as those exceptional circumstances include situations which threaten the life of the wizard or witch him- or herself, or any witches, wizards or Muggles present at the time of the -"

"We are familiar with Clause Seven, boy, thank you very much!" snarled Fudge.

"Of course you are" Harry answered courteously. "So why have you done nothing to exclude this Clause. There might have been Dementors in Little Whinging, for all you know."

"There were no Dementors!" Fudge spluttered.

"Evidence, Minister, evidence." The boy said coolly. "You have not sent your people to investigate the scene of crime - like you should have - and now you come and say that 'there were no Dementors'. But you yourself can't prove it. So how come that you think, that you are right?"

Fudge stared at the boy in front of him with hatred in his eyes.

"You..." He started, but was interrupted by Madam Bones.

"The accused has a point, Minister" she said. "How do we know, he had not have to defend himself?"

"The Dementors are under the control of the Ministry. There is no way that a Dementor would come to Little Whinging! The boy just tries to escape his punishment. As an underage wizard he has to follow the rules like everyone else - no celebrity status here!"

"Underage?" The boy questioned in this moment. "That is also something I am laughing about. This is also a law, you have been breaking."

"What are you talking about now, boy?" Fudge hissed, losing his cool. But there was fear in his eyes. Harry knew what the Minister feared. He feared that Harry knew about his Lordship - and the freedom that could come with it when he had turned fifteen...

But Harry said nothing. He definitely would not play that card if he did not have to do it...

"Think about it! I'm fifteen, minister. As you told the court - I am not an adult. But whatever you are telling the Court, you yourself seem to forget that pretty often!" Harry argued instead.

"What do you mean by that, by Merlin?!" Fudge roared, staring at Harry as if he had gone crazy. Maybe Harry had...

"As a minor, I don't just have duties, Fudge - I also have rights. You seem content to forget these every time I am in a situation I do need those rights."

"I am fully aware about your rights, boy!" Fudge cried.

"Are you? In front of the whole court, do you declare you are aware of my rights?"

"Of course I am!"

It maybe would go without...

"And the Headmaster - is he also aware of my rights?"

"What has this to do with anything, boy?!" Fudge growled.

"Just let the Headmaster answer my question" Harry said shrugging.

Dumbledore looked at him with confusion.

"Of course I am aware of your rights, Harry" He said finally softly. "You know that this discussion will bring you nowhere..."

It really would go without...!

Harry ignored him, instead he looked at the rest of the Wizengamot.

"What's with you, Ladies and Gentlemen? Are you aware of the rights of a minor?"

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Amelia Bones had witnessed the whole spectacle until now. Now, addressed as a part of the Wizengamot she felt obliged to answer with a "Yes". Of course she was aware of his status - she was the Head of the Law Department, she had to be aware. She just didn't know what use it had for the boy if they were aware...

She stared at the young boy in front of them, looked at his cool Avada Kedavra-green eyes and saw the determination in them.

And suddenly she could piece the pieces of the puzzle together.

Oh this uncannily cunning little boy!

He was playing them like pipes!

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"So you are all aware of my rights. All three. The Minister, the Supreme Mugwump of the ICW and Chief Warlock and the Wizengamot" Harry said triumphantly, but then stopped. His expression of triumph faded to nothing except of cool calculation.

"Then you know that there is a creative precedent from 1753." He continued with less triumph in his voice.

"Thomas Avery, orphan and last of the House Avery at that time, was permitted the rights of an emancipated wizard after he had been treated like that by more than one law-institution. In his case it had been the Minister, the Head of the Magical Law Department and the Head of the Aurors. This creative precedent was established as Paragraph 261C in the law book."

Fudge glanced at Percy Weasley. Said secretary was thumbing through

the law book in front of him until he found the paragraph.

"There is in fact a creative precedent from 1753, minister" Percy finally confirmed, while staring absolutely stunned at the text in front of him.

"Well, now after you have your proof, minister, let's continue." The boy in front of them said. "Last year I have been participating in the Tri-wizard-tournament, a tournament solely for wizards beyond their seventeenth year of life. I participated and I was able to compete with the other, seventeen year old participants.

"So, as this Tournament is solely for adult wizards, a guardian on my behalf had to enter me in this Tournament. My guardian, as I am aware of, is my aunt. She did not enter me or permit me to enter. In school, you could say, it is the Headmaster who is my guardian - and he permitted it. But seeing, that the Tournament is solely for adults he also recognized and therefore treated me like an adult.

"So he knowingly ignored my rights as a minor and forced me to participate in something a minor had no right to be in."

"Even if he did - this has nothing to do with your case!" Fudge spluttered. Amelia Bones snorted at this.

"But it does, Minister" the boy answered. "It is an essential part in this trial."

"And pray tell, how should your participation in the Tri-Wizard-Tournament have any meaning in your case?" Fudge growled and Amelia Bones knew the boy had him. There was no escaping now.

"Simple" the boy answered. "He started what you finished. He treated me like an adult like you are doing now. I asked you if you are aware of the rights of a minor. I asked the Headmaster and the Wizengamot the same. You all answered the positive - and still are breaking this rights without even to hesitate when it comes to me.

So basically, you both - and with you the Wizengamot agree that I am no child!"

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"Now, see here, boy!" Fudge grumbled. "I did no such a thing. So there is no way..."

"You did not?" The boy intercepted. "But you suggesting, that you did!"

"How dare you to state such a lie!"

"But it isn't a lie, Minister", the boy answered emotionless, "Paragraph 40 E states that 'only an adult is to be tried in front of the whole Wizengamot.' And here we are. Me as the accused and you - you who are trying me with the whole court! A simple case of underage magic is never tried with the whole Wizengamot, so why, when I'm not an adult yet, is this different for me than for the others?"

This question roused another ruckus in the audience. Fudge opened his mouth just to close it again. His eyes seemed to budge out of their holes. Harry stared back at him, his death-eyes fixed on him.

"I still wait for an answer to that question, Minister." He said coolly. But Fudge stayed still, still staring at Harry as if he saw him for the first time. Finally Madam Bones took petty on the flabbergasted man and spoke up herself. She had understood a while ago that the boy would take this route - she just didn't know why...

"That is a good question, young man" she said. "Still, even if you are today treated like an adult in front of the law - what use is this for you? You still have performed a Patronus in front of a Muggle."

"It is simple, Madam Bones", the boy answered her. "When I am treated like an adult I am allowed to give you my memory of the event. Then you would be able to see the facts behind my spell. Memories can't be forged without seeing the change, and displayed in the Courtroom of the

Wizengamot they can be freely seen by everyone."

When the boy answered this question, Madam Bones hesitated for a moment, then she nodded.

"Do it. The Minister has been treating you like an adult, so why not looking at your memories. Do you know how to extract memories?" she asked.

"Of course" The boy replied with an experienced tone. Something Amelia Bones never had expected from a boy of fifteen years.

The boy extracted a memory from his mind and stood up. Without hesitation or the need of instructions he stepped forward to a deepening in the floor. In it he dropped the memory.

Then he nodded to Madam Bones and returned to his seat.

"Show" Madam Bones instructed and suddenly the whole wall behind the boy lit up and built a visible scene.

The first, that they could see, was absolute darkness. Then a memory of coldness began to creep into the courtroom and not just a few of the wizards and witches shivered.

Dementor-cold.

Then you could hear the breathing, the rasping and rattling breathes. A human cry could be heard in the darkness, the panic in the voice filled the air.

"DUDLEY; KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT! WHATEVER YOU DO; KEEP YOUR MOUTH SHUT!" Then there was a muttering and a short light where the wand lay. The boy in the memory clasped the wand.

A panicked "Expecto Patronum" Just white fog, bright enough to show the Dementor creeping near the boy. Then it hit the Dementor and broke.

Again an "Expecto Patronum" and again just fog, the Dementor now just a few inches away from the boy, its hand reached for the boy. Blackness

again.

Shuffling, running steps in the darkness.

And then a loud "EXPECTO PATRONUM!" A phoenix erupted from the wand of the boy, now a few feet away from the Dementor. The phoenix golden light filled the alleyway and showed another Dementor, clasping another boys wrists and wrestling with him. The boy was losing. And then the phoenix took over, drove away the Dementors with so much force, that the Dementors seemed to be harmed by the creature.

The memory ended and the whole court fell silent.

"Dementors", Madam Bones finally said. "Dementors in a Muggle suburb."

"That... that can't be real!" Fudge cried. "It is a lie! Mr. Potter is using forged..."

"You know as well as I that a memory can't be forged without everyone recognizing it, Minister Fudge!" Madam Bones interrupted him. "The young man has been telling the truth to this court! And don't forget: he showed us what happened. He did not just tell us - he showed us! How can you argue against that?!"

"But... but..." Fudge stuttered.

"I would be quiet, if I were you, Minister" Madam Bones interrupted. "I am not happy with you! You took this Underage Magic incident in front of the whole Wizengamot-"

"The boy had broken the law the third time! He blew up his aunt last year and the year before he used a hovering charm!"

"Did he?" Madam Bones turned around to the lad in front of her.

"I did blow up my aunt", the boy answered without hesitation. "It was accidental magic."

"Accidental?"

"I did not use a wand or a spell. I just... blew her up..." The boy filled the

Wizengamot in. "This is not court-able. Paragraph D of the Decree for Reasonable Restriction of Underage Sorcery states that accidental magic of a minor before his second maturity, done without a wand and without the intent to do it, is not punishable because the minor has still to learn how to fully control his or her magic."

At this Madam Bones smiled. "You are right, Mr. Potter." She confirmed.

"But there is still the incident with the hovering charm."

"I can show you the incident." The boy answered without hesitation.

"I think, this time it will be enough to just tell us."

"Well... but it sounds not... well... believable."

"Just tell. When we need to see it, you can show us afterward."

"I just warned", the boy answered. "It was a crazy house-elf."

"A house-elf?!" The witch beside Fudge snorted, "And pray tell, how did a house-elf get..."

The boy's eyes got deadly.

"I told you it is unbelievable. But when you want to, I will show you the incident..."

"I don't think, that that is necessary", Madam Bones interrupted while staring the Minister and the witch next to him - Dolores Umbridge - down. "I believe you - and even if I didn't, it was just one incident, nothing to be punished for."

"But..." Fudge started.

"You, Minister, should think about what you are saying." Madam Bones interrupted again. "Alone in this sole case you have ignored several laws, the most of them in place to have a fair trial for the accused! I will see to this when we end this case. But now: finish! And I warn you, if you even try to stall a bit I will look through all your doings in the last few years. Even if I find nothing - you wouldn't see your office for the next five

month! So, do you have to say anything else?"

"No" This time, Fudge sounded bitter.

"Well then onto the charges." Madam Bones said. "Those in favour of clearing the witness of all charges?"

More than eighty percent of the Wizengamot raised their hands.

"And those in favour of conviction?"

This time it was just Fudge, the witch beside him and a few others. Harry scrutinized them, until the most of them turned their eyes away. He would have to remember them later. They were either in Fudges pocket or Death Eaters.

So simplified: They were both enemies.

Fudge glanced around at them all, looking as though there was something large suck in his throat, then he lowered his own hand. He took two deep breaths and said, in a voice distorted by suppressed rage, "Very well, very well... cleared of all charges."

Harry smiled at that.

"Thank you, Minister" He said pleasantly. "Until the next time. I would advise you to pray that we will never see each other again, but I know, this will never be the case. We will see each other again - and next time, it will be less pleasant for you."

With that he stood and left the room, nodding at the rest of the Wizengamot and his headmaster.

But his face stayed carefully blank until he reached the floor outside the courtroom. Then a creepy smiled spread over his features. "Harryjames - one. The Wizengamot and the Headmaster - zero."

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That's it for today. I hope you liked it.

15. Chapter 14: Horror-crux Night

ways. Albus had hoped that the pure-blood would finally stop clinging to customs that were long out-dated - instead Harry suddenly seemed to know a lot more about the law and custom of the wizarding world than he should have.

But how...?!

Had he researched it with his friends? Albus would not be happy if he had, but he would understand that.

Or had it been Voldemort's influence...?!

Albus tried to shrug off his concern, but he couldn't.

The cold voice, the emotionless face, the cool intelligence - Voldemort.

The charming behaviour, the cunning mind, the perfect manners - Voldemort.

The knowledge about everything he needed to know, the ability to sway the crowd, the ability to induct fear, loyalty and awe - Voldemort.

The boy had acted so much - maybe too much?! - like a charismatic and young Tom Riddle... Voldemort in all his former glory.

Albus shuddered and prayed that he was wrong. He prayed that someone at Grimauld Place had broken their promise to him and had the boy taught how to act and what to state - because if they hadn't there was a great chance that the connection between the Horcrux and Harry was starting to get stronger than Albus had predicted...

There was just one consultation for Albus: the boy still did not know about the rule of emancipation. As long as the boy did not claim his lordship he would stay a minor and was as such still under the guidance of Albus Dumbledore. Maybe Albus could do something to rescue the boy if he truly had given in to the Horcrux in his head...

If it was the Horcrux that let him act the way he did...

"Tonight" he decided. "I will speak to the members of the Order of the

Phoenix tonight. Maybe one of them has done or seen something that explains Harry's behaviour today..."

And if they hadn't... well, Albus would go there later when he had to...

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When Harry left the room, Fudge was fuming.

How...?!

How had the boy been able to get of the hook like that?!

How had the boy swayed the Wizengamot?!

Fudge had been sure that he would be able to capture the boy with that spell. He needed the boy to be captured by it! He feared that the public would follow the boy. He feared that the boy was telling the truth and He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named really had returned. The Potters were an important, powerfull family. They had a large political cloud and until now the boy had done nothing to jeopardise it.

Of course, the articles about the boy last year had not been supporting the boy - but they had not been scandalous enough to slander the boy also. And the boy had won the Triwizard Tournament with fourteen years of age and the boy had killed a dark lord when he was a baby...

Every negative press was fading away when you looked at the accomplishments of the boy - and even the articles that were printed the last few month about the boy's insanity in the Daily Prophet did not really jeopardise the political cloud the boy had.

A political cloud that came from the Potter family, the deeds of James and Lily Potter and the deeds the boy had done in his short life. The killing of You-Know-Who, the winning of the Triwizard Tournament, the rumours about facing a Professor when he tried to steal the Philosopher's stone and the rumour about ridding the school of Salazar Slytherin's monster...

Even if the last two were just rumours - the power the boy had shown by killing a dark lord as an infant and winning the Triwizard Tournament was enough to endear him to many. The boy just had to come to the Wizengamot session in January when the new lords would be introduced and he would have enough power to threaten even Fudge's position as the Minister of Magic. The boy himself might be too young to be the Minister of Magic - but with his influence and power he would be able to aid Albus Dumbledore in his quest to be the new Minister and he would win. Fudge would be unable to hold his seat against two slayers of dark lords...

But Fudge would not give up his position without a fight.

He had worked for this position. He had lived for this position.

He would not simply step aside.

There was just one thing he could do...

"Daily Prophet" he announced while stepping in the flames of his floo-fire.

He would visit the Daily Prophet to ensure that the boy's reputation would finally be tarnished...

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When Amelia Bones finally returned to her office, she hoped for a quiet evening. The trial today had been energy-sapping. She really didn't know how she felt at the moment - but she was quiet sure that Fudge was definitely not her favoured person today.

First he had stopped Mafalda Hopkirk from doing her duty by bringing the Potter-heir in front of the Wizengamot and then he had butchered up the whole trial by disregarding the laws he had sworn to follow - and the Potter-heir had known it all along.

Amelia was quiet sure that the Potter-heir had played them the whole time they were in court.

"And I thought the boy was a Gryffindor" she mused, thinking about the things her niece had told her when she asked her about Harry Potter. At that time it had been mere curiosity that had Amelia driven to find her answers - now she was spiked with longing to know about the boy.

"When the boy really is a Gryffindor, then he might have had aid" Amelia thought and sat down in the chair behind her desk. "There is no way a Gryffindor would be able to come up with something like that..."

Except the Gryffindor was a snake in a lion's fur all along...

Again Amelia repeated the morning in her head.

The boy had played them - but he had done it with the truth as he knew it, a feat that not even Lucius Mafoy would have easily pulled off...

Amelia sighed and buried her head in her hands - just to stop and stare at a piece of parchment that was lying innocently on her table.

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Do you want to be responsible for another innocent's fake-trial? There aren't just innocent Potters out there - after all, there is a Black on the loose.

Sometimes you have to look a second time.

And sometimes you have to be a Slytherin to get justice.

RAB

sSs

She blinked, but the parchment did not vanish under her unbelieving eyes.

Another innocent?

A Black on the loose?

Slytherin?!

"It's definitely not my day" Amelia finally decided and tucked the piece of parchment in her desk. She had no desire to think about anything like that riddle in front of her at the moment.

"It can wait until tomorrow" she said to herself. "I finish early today."

And with that she left the office, not knowing that the piece of parchment would make a lot of more sense to her in the future. Even if it would take her some time to understand this twisted message at all...

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It was night at Grimauld Place No 12. And while the children had been send to bed some time ago, the adults weren't sleeping.

Instead more and more people entered silently the house and went to the crammed kitchen. The last one was Albus Dumbledore. He closed and locked the door behind himself before setting some wards that prevented spying.

"So, tell us, Albus - how was the trial?" Molly Weasley asked. "The boy said he was cleared of all charges but he did not tell us more."

"Yes. I also want to know" Moody said grumpily. "Was your influence enough to let the boy of the hook?"

Albus Dumbledore himself sighted. He was not sure how to tell the people in front of him that the boy had somehow managed to be cleared by himself. By Merlin, Albus himself wasn't even sure how the boy had managed to play the whole Wizengamot until they had to let him go because of the evidence his memory provided.

The boy was a Gryffindor, for Merlin's sake! How the hell had he managed a Slytherin approach like that?!

"It did not go like I planed" he finally said sighting. Moody and the others looked at him.

"So it was just luck that the boy was cleared?" Moody asked. "They did not accept the witness Arabella was giving?"

"No" Albus answered, shaking his head. "I never asked Arabella to enter."

"So how...?" this time it was Arthur Weasley that asked the question.

"I was not allowed to be the witness for the defence." Albus answered tiredly.

"Fudge prevented it?!" this time a lot of voices asked the same question.

"No, Harry did" Albus answered.

"Why?!" the voices asked - all except one. Sirius Black was sitting on his chair, laughing.

"He did stop you when you tried to rescue him - and he got of himself?!"

"That is hilarious!" the Animagus laughed barking. "Absolutely hilarious!"

Albus threw a sharp look at the laughing younger man before he answered.

"I do not know myself" he said. "But he prevented me from interfering and after that simply... crushed... the Minister with his own laws..."

The others blinked.

"He used the laws to defend himself?" Moody verified.

"Yes" Albus answered. "And some of them were laws I never heard before.

He wasn't even a little bit afraid when he was standing in front of them - and finally he tricked them so that he was able to show them his memory."

"He knew about the possibility to do that?" Moody asked astonished.

"He did. And he used it to its fullest." Albus answered seriously. "What did he do while he was here?"

The Weasleys and Sirius looked at each other.

"He cleaned with us" Molly finally stated. "And when he did not clean he was with Ron and Hermione. Once I saw him in the library doing his homework... why?"

Albus sighed. He had hoped that Molly and the others had seen Harry while he planned the trick he had pulled in the Ministry but they hadn't.

He even wished that anyone would have helped Harry to do what he had

done - because when they hadn't he was not sure how Harry had done it. And that was a terrifying thought. What, when Voldemort had helped him?! Was the link between these two open enough so that Harry could access the things Voldemort knew?!

"I just wondered when he had time to prepare for the trial." He finally answered Molly. Moody looked at him sharply but said nothing until the meeting ended and the other ones had left to go home or to go to bed.

"You fear something, Albus" Moody said, still looking at him intensively.

"What do you fear?"

Albus sighted, then decided to give away a little bit of his information.

"The boy has a link to Voldemort" he said whispering.

"And you fear he was able to get of because he had the information the Dark Lord provided" Moody concluded.

"Yes."

"I will look out for the boy" Moody said. "When he really access the mind of the Dark Lord we will know it."

"Thank you my friend."

And with that both of them also left, not seeing the tiny figure that popped in the kitchen and loosened a tiny Muggle-recorder from beneath the table.

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While the Order of the Phoenix held their meeting in the kitchen, in another, unused room of the house two other people were still awake.

The room was empty and small. Once it maybe had been a room for cleaning supplies and other things you don't use in daily routine. Now it was used for something entire different.

The runes, hieroglyphs, pentagrams and circles painted on the walls, ceiling and floor of the room implied the new use of the room. It had

been changed to a ritual chamber.

And in the middle of this ritual chamber two objects were lying on the floor.

"Stand aside, Reg" a voice whispered and Regulus Black who had placed the objects in the middle-circle went to another circle painted on the floor right behind the door.

"Let's begin" the voice whispered again. And suddenly runes out of blue fire were drawn in the air. A moment later they vanished and with them the little noise from outside you could hear vanished also.

And then the chanting began.

Regulus himself watched from his secured place at the outer side of the ritualistic circle. He had seen this scene before but he still was unable to look away.

The first time he had seen it was ten years ago when the man in front of him had vanished the first Horcrux they had found. At that time he had known nearly nothing about the man. He had had woken up just a few weeks before that time after a magical coma of six years.

He had known nothing except that the man had rescued him back in 1979 from dying. And after that had looked after him until the potion in his system finally had worn off and he was able to wake up again.

He stared at the other one - ten years back it had been a man, now it was a boy - saw him drawing runes with the glowing staff in his hands. Then the green eyes of the other suddenly lightened up in unearthly light. They glowed as if filled with little, green suns, their gaze shone on the objects he was destroying.

Regulus never had seen a wizard using techniques like that. The air felt heavy and foreign. The magic flowing from the runes felt sweeter and earthy and absolutely different than the magic Reg was used to.

The first time the boy had vanished a Horcrux Regulus had been absolutely awestricken. And even now...

He could not look away, even when the light the runes and lines began to glow in started to hurt his eyes. Unearthly - that was the only description he was able to.

And then the chanting in a language Regulus could not place stopped and a soft hissing sound penetrated the silence.

Suddenly a black fog erupted from the two objects in the middle of the circle. The fog tried to take on a different shape, but white glowing light hindered the forming.

Again a chanting was heard. This time filled with soft hisses and words that sounded like Arabian.

The purifying.

The first time Regulus had seen it, he was not sure if the man in front of him tried not to invoke more evil as already was there. This time he knew it wasn't like that.

In that moment black and green fire erupted from the objects and reached for the black fog. A high pitched shriek could be heard when the fire began to consume the fog. Then the fog vanished in the flames.

It took another moment and then the unnatural fire also vanished, leaving behind the untainted Hufflepuff cup and Slytherin locket.

The boy sighted and disabled the runes and the runic circle.

Then he simply fell to his knees, totally spend.

Regulus left his corner to hurry to the boy's side.

"Are you okay?" he asked the boy.

"I am. Just tired. Help me to bed?"

Regulus sighted, feeling relieved that the boy seemed alright.

"Let me clean you up, then I will bring you to bed" Reg said and conjured

a flannel and some water to rub away the runes and hieroglyphs Harry had painted in blood on his body.

"Thanks" the boy said when finally the last drop of blood was cleaned from his naked chest. "I hate this ritual. In other rituals the blood would simply vanish after I finalize the ritual. I don't know why it is different with that one..."

"Maybe because you are destroying something?" Regulus guessed.

Harry looked at the objects in front of him.

"Maybe" he said, and then came to his feet with a little help from Regulus. "Maybe."

Regulus opened the door and stopped listening. Nothing.

Silently they crept downstairs to the room Harry shared with Ron.

There, Regulus opened the door to look in. Ron was sleeping soundlessly.

So they were safe. They entered and Reg helped Harry to bed.

"Thanks" Harry said, Reg just snorted.

"You did the whole work. Bringing you to bed is definitely the easier part."

Harry just rolled with his eyes.

"Nevertheless thanks."

Reg smiled at him.

"Sleep, Harry. We wouldn't wake Ron now, would we?"

"Definitely not" Harry answered yawning, and then closed his eyes. "Hide the objects, will you?"

"Of course."

"Hide yourself as well."

"Sure."

Harry yawned again.

"Sleep, Harry."

"Will do."

And with that the boy closed his eyes and fell asleep.

Regulus looked down at the boy he had sworn to help. Now, asleep the boy looked absolutely harmless. Regulus took the glasses of the boy and put them on the table beside the bed.

He sighted.

A child. He was following the advices and command of a child. When he would not know that the boy in front of him was older than he looked, he would declare himself crazy.

He shook his head.

"Let's start the beginning of the end" he whispered sighting and still head shaking. "Let's see what's left after you are through with them..."

And with that he left the room to hide the Ex-Horcruxes and finally to go to bed himself.

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That's it. Maybe there'll be a two-chapter Christmas-bonus in the next days, we'll see - but definitely one other I'll promise to post before Christmas.

I hope you like it...

Just another warning beforehand: I might have to change the age-limit because there might be some things in the next chapters that will not fit with the K+ limit I have now... But we'll see.

'Till next time.

Ebenbild

16. Chapter 15: 35AD Battlefield-
strategist

Disclaimer: not mine. All Rowling's.

Information: all in italic is from Rowling's OotP.

Warning: Changed rating (because of the next chapter and maybe a little bit

xXxXx

Several hours later the battle had succumbed. Here and there were still fighting pairs, but the most of the invaders had been killed, had fled or were prisoners.

Sal sighed and looked again at his hurt shoulder. He had had no time to cleanse it or to bandage it. He had just used a spell to stop the blood-flow and had went on.

Now he touched his wound, really looked at it and sighed. There was no way that this would not scar. He knew that, he had learned that a long time ago.

With practiced moves he removed his tunic and cleansed the wound. The pain was horrible, but he had to do it. Gangrene was nothing he could afford to have.

"Hey, need help there, my friend?"

Sal looked up and saw a goblin coming in his direction.

"This looks pretty awful" The goblin said, taking a look at Sal's shoulder.

"It will heal" Sal answered confidently.

"It will" The goblin answered. "And now let me do this. I will treat it temporary until you can find someone to treat this. I might not be a Healer, but I am a good first aid."

Sal smiled at the goblin.

"I am a Healer" He said, still smiling. "Don't worry - it's nothing grave. It must be cleansed and bandaged, with some potion laced bandages it will heal by itself in a few weeks."

The goblin raised an eyebrow.

"You're a Healer?" he asked astonished. "Are you human Healers so bad at your profession that you have to go to battle to get some praise?"

"No" Sal answered laughing. "I did not join the battle for praise. I had to

defend the village." He gestured to the still standing village a few yards away from the battle field. "I joined as soon as the invaders broke through the defence. I could not let them enter the village and hurt the children."

The goblin looked back at the village, then at Sal.

"I never heard of a Healer joining a battle" He said. "No goblin-healer ever would think of that. I thought the human healers were much the same."

"They normally are" Sal answered while letting the goblin bandage him.

"But I am no normal Healer."

"You're not?" The goblin asked while wrapping the gauze around Sal's shoulder but then he nodded.

"Yes, you're definitely not." He said. "A children defending, battling Healer is not usual, but a human Healer defending a goblin village against humans is definitely odd."

Sal blinked at these words. He knew he had had no regular contact with other druids but surely...

"So you want to tell me that a... well... normal druid never would have thought of defending the village - just because they're goblins?!" he asked astonished and appalled.

The goblin looked at him oddly.

"That's the usual behaviour" he said staring at Sal as if he was a foreign species. "Did your master never tell you something like that?!"

With this question he turned Sal's head, looking at the head-wound.

"Why should she?" Sal asked blinking and forgetting that the goblin would maybe know the names, he continued. "Medrawd and I never heard her say something against any other creature - well, except of Medrawd's father. She hates Arthur's guts."

"Medrawd? Arthur?" The goblin asked, now clearly stunned. Then suddenly he grabbed Sal's chin and turned his head so that Sal had to look in his eyes. The death-green eyes of the Healer met the warm, brown eyes of the goblin warrior.

"By the buried treasures!" The goblin exclaimed, still staring at Sal, but now with absolute worship in his eyes. "You're Morgana's son!"

Sal was baffled.

"Uh..." He said. "I'm not Medrawd."

"Of course you're not, child" the goblin answered bemused. "You told me about your brother before."

"Hu?"

"Now hush child, my clan will help you now. You need some rest."

"But..."

"It's alright child" The goblin said, shaking his head. "I know most of the druids don't like your mother - but you can't deny your ancestry. You have inherited her eyes..."

"I know..." Sal answered while letting the goblin cleanse his head-wound.

"She was not sure if she really liked it that I had her eyes while Medrawd..."

"So Medrawd hasn't Morgana's eyes - that's something new, even for the goblin" the goblin said interested.

"Well, no" Sal answered still a little stunned. "He couldn't. He has not the right mind-concept to inherit them. He hasn't the 'people-saving-thing' you must have to inherit the line of Pendragon - and because the LeFay-line has mixed with Pendragon he also hadn't the right mind-set for the LeFay-line's green eyes. It's complicated."

"So you inherited the Family Magick of LeFay because you're not Pendragon?" the goblin asked interested while also starting to bandage

Sal's head.

Sal rolled his eyes.

"I am Pendragon" he said. "But unlike Medrawd, I unfortunately have inherit this 'people-saving-thing' - or why do you think I am a Healer and have joined a battle I would definitely have done without?"

The goblin chuckled.

"I see." He said and let Sal go. "I am Vayland by the way."

"Salvazsahar" Sal answered, the goblin raised an eyebrow at the name.

"That's a mouth-full" he said. Sal stared back.

"Not more than Vayland" he countered.

The goblin laughed.

"You might be right, Morganaadth" he answered still chucking. "You might be right."

"Uh... it's Salvazsahar" Sal corrected.

"I know, Morganaadth" the goblin answered, "I know. And now, up with you. We should bring you to a Healer."

"Later" Sal answered. "First I have to aid the wounded."

"You're hurt yourself" the goblin countered, but Sal would hear nothing of it.

"It is my duty to heal" he said. "I am born with gifts - I will not let these gifts go unused just because I have some scratches."

The goblin blinked surprised, then he chuckled again.

"Ever thought about living with us goblins for a while?" he asked.

Sal shrugged.

"No" he answered truthfully. "Never. I have lived with the elves and some other Firbolg - but it just happened. I never thought about living with any of them until I did, why?"

"Well, because I would invite you to." Vayland answered. "You seem to fit

in our culture without trying - so why not testing to live with us."

"Uh..." Sal stared at the goblin in front of him, trying to figure out why he had been invited. "I am not Morgana's son." He finally said, thinking that the invitation might base on that.

"Whatever you say, Morganaadth" the goblin answered while following Sal from patient to patient. "Whatever you say."

Somehow Sal doubted that the goblin really did believe his words...

But now, he had no time to argue with the goblin. Instead he had a job to do - and a horrible job it was.

The goblin had won against the wizards - but the price was high. Sal finally decided to put the most of the wounded in stasis and continue on. He would have to treat them later - now he had to try and put as much under stasis as he could to save their lives.

"What are you doing?" Vayland asked him while following him over the battlefield.

"Stasis-runes" Sal answered. "Most of them are too hurt to live on without them. I have to stop their death before healing them."

Finally the rest of the small battles succumbed and other healers started to fill the battlefield.

"Put them under stasis and move on" Sal advised. "There are too much too gravely hurt to heal them thoroughly now. For the less hurt use simple first aid. We have to stop the dying first."

The other healers followed his advice instantly, no one questioned his authority. Maybe no-one dared to question it. Sal was an experienced healer - he was field healing people since more then five hundred years, even if he was healing professionally just since ten years - and his experience were showing in everything he did.

Sal did not know it, but all the others - goblin and wizard alike - could

see the aura of authority and power around his person. No-one dared to question it.

And Sal was right. They worked three days straight before the last stasis charms could be lifted. Later this battle would be written down as the 'Great battle of the North Fields' and it would be marked as the battle with the least dead.

But while Sal was working with the stasis-charms and all his abilities he never thought of history. He just saw the lives that threatened to end and his ability to prevent it. Of course he could not rescue all. Some were injured too much and some had died while the battle was still on. But a lot of deaths could be prevented.

When it finally ended, Sal was utterly exhausted. His shoulder hurt and he could not see straight anymore. He finally just succumbed to his exhaustion and fell unconscious after he ended the final stasis of the last of the wounded.

He woke up two days later in the care of the goblin healers. Next to his bed stood Vayland and another, more impressive looking, elderly goblin. Both goblins looked a lot alike so Sal guessed that the older goblin was Vayland's father.

"So you are finally awake, Morganaadth" Vayland said, looking down at him, then he gestured to the elderly goblin. "My father Gringooed" he said. "Father wanted to see you as soon as you wake up."

The other goblin scrutinized him. "We are impressed" he finally declared with a voice that sounded like coming from a tomb. "We goblin never have seen someone like you before. Being able to cast stasis-charms like that and after that healing the wounded - impressive."

Vayland nodded enthusiastic. "Now we know why your mother is feared by so much druids" he added while showing his teeth slightly. Sal would

later learn that it was an expression to show your gratitude.

Sal just blinked surprised and a little bit unsure. He still felt tired and it took a moment before he could catch on.

"I am a Healer" he finally said, trying to downplay his deeds. "I am here to prevent death as good as I can. I had to give my all."

The other, elderly goblin snorted.

"And that you did. First shielding our young and old ones and after that rescuing our warriors. And you even aren't one of us." Sal just shrugged.

"It does not matter." He answered.

"Oh, but it does" Gringooed said. "As chieftain of the goblin nation it is my duty to repay the debt we have. But what is enough to repay the debt of our lives? There is not enough gold on this earth to repay what you have done for us."

"I do not need repayment" Sal answered. "And you aided me when I was hurt - that should be repayment enough."

"But it isn't" Vayland and Gringooed insisted before Gringooed continued.

"I spoke with the elder-council. We decided there is just one way to repay you. We will make you one of us. You will be a clan-leader and your family will be part of the goblin nation."

Sal stared at him unbelievably.

"I thought you would not let druids join your world."

"Normally we don't. But you are special" Gringooed answered shrugging.

"Even if there are some elders who would like it more if you were a Firbolg like us and not... a druid." He grimaced.

Sal stared at the grimacing goblins in front of him, then he finally decided to ease the unease the two goblins were feeling.

"I am not human" he said and Vayland and Gringooed blinked surprised.

"Mother was an Olde one and father also. I cannot be a human because I

do not have a human soul at all." Sal explained and suddenly Gringooed grinned.

"So I am able to present you as a Firbolg-born - and as such as a mixed Firbolg." Gringooed summarized.

"Well... yes" Sal answered nervously.

"But you don't have the abilities of your inheritance?" Vayland asked interested.

"Well, some I have" Sal answered. "I can heal with my tears like the Phoenix I am descendent from and I am poisonous like the Basilisk."

Sal decided to skip that he also could kill someone with his gaze or the fire of Arthur if he really wanted to. He also skipped the Family Magick of Morgana. It would not go over well to frighten the goblin.

Gringooed instead grinned like a Cheshire cat.

"Did you use your tears to heal some of the goblins?" he asked interested.

Sal just shrugged.

"Some" he answered. "But they are my last resort. It is tiring to produce tears to heal. They are laced with my magic - and as such I will tire if I use them too often."

The goblin just nodded.

"That would explain why a Phoenix does not often heal others with its tears" he said thoughtfully. "Their power might be unbelievable strong - but the price they pay is high so they save it for the last resort."

Sal just shrugged again.

"Maybe" he answered, not really caring. Well, he did not care until he remembered his second year at Hogwarts and the fight with the Basilisk. Fawks had done everything to aid him - he even had finally healed him.

Why?!

When it took as much strength as it did for Sal, why did the Phoenix heal

him at all?

His thoughts were interrupted by Vayland.

"Are you able to stand up, Morganaadth?" he asked. Sal nodded tiredly.

He slowly stood up and followed father and son out of the cottage he was in.

They still were in the village Sal had helped to defend. But now the market place of the village wasn't deserted like it had been while the fighting had taken place. Instead a council of several old goblins was waiting for them.

"So this is the human that defended us, chieftain" one of the old goblins said.

"He is the one who defended us" Gringooed answered. "But my son was mistaken. He isn't a human at all."

As soon as he said that the atmosphere changed. Where there had been distrust before there was suddenly a hopeful surprise in the air.

"So, what is he then if he isn't a druid?" the same old goblin said.

"He is a Firbolg-born. A child of the Firbolg - and his soul is as non-human as ours" Vayland replied for his father.

"And do you have other evidence then his words?" the old one asked.

"Several of our warriors have been healed by Phoenix tears - that is something the healers have told us themselves. What we did not know was that it had been his tears as he is a Phoenix-born." Gringooed answered.

"Have you seen it yourself, chieftain?"

"No."

"Then you did believe him because he told you that?" the old one said.

"We cannot believe something on hear-say."

"I don't think that Morganaadth would lie to us" Vayland answered for his

father. "There is no reason..."

He trailed off when suddenly murmurs erupted between the old goblins.

Then the speaker of them stepped forward until he reached Sal and turned his face so that he could see Sal's eyes.

"You really have Morgana's eyes" he said surprised. "Tell us - are you really her son as Vayland said or are you simply someone who has eyes like her?!"

Sal opened his mouth to deny his relationship with Morgana but instead he answered. "I am her son."

"With whom, child?"

"My fathers are Arthur Pendragon and Myrddin Emrys."

When he closed his mouth again he saw a rune flicker in the air. A truth-rune. Sal cursed inwardly. He had been asked if he was Morgana's son. As she had adopted him he really was - even if she hadn't birthed him. As he could not lie he had told them the truth - and this truth contained that he was Morgana's son, if he wanted or not.

"So you are Medrawed."

"No. My name is Salvazsahar. I am the younger one." And he was as he had been adopted by Morgana after Medrawed had been born.

And suddenly the elder goblin smiled. It was a little bit frightening to see the sharp teeth of the goblin, but Sal dismissed the unsettling feeling he had and crafted a mask on his face.

"The son of Morgana LeFay and Arthur Pendragon" the goblin finally said, forgetting that Sal also had added Myrddin's name to his parents. "A child born to two families that are still counted as Firbolg among us even if they truly are the descendants of Firbolg. As your parents both are counted as one of us there is no problem to count you as a Firbolg as well."

"So there is no objection in claiming him as kin to us goblin?" Gringooed asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Non at all, chieftain. Forgive me, I doubted your lead."

"As you shouldn't have" Gringooed said coolly but then he nodded and turned to Sal.

"Welcome home, Morganaadth, child of Morgana and Arthur. Welcome to the way of the goblin." Years later Sal would learn that those words were the traditional greeting a chieftain or a clan-leader greeted a newborn babe.

"And now" Vayland said. "We will do something against that pitiful thing you call a weapon. I could not stand the sight of this thing in battle - and I definitely will not let a clan-leader of the goblins run around armed with garbage!"

Sal stared at the goblin, then his gaze followed Vayland's gaze to his short sword.

"It has aided me well" he finally said and Vayland snorted.

"It is nothing a respectable goblin would be seen with" Vayland said. "You are a clan-leader - you would die before carrying a... thing... like that!"

"Er... I would?"

"Yes!" Vayland replied. "And now come along. I will craft you weapons that are worthy of a healer, defender and clan-leader!" With that he turned and Sal, still feeling a little bit lost, followed the goblin after being literally pushed by Gringooed to follow Vayland.

Vayland was still muttering under his breath about a healer carrying garbage to battle. Sal decided not to comment. He knew his sword was not as good as Arthur's Caledfwlch which had been embodied with magic by Myrddin himself but Sal still thought that his sword was not garbage! Vayland brought him to a blacksmith's shop - a shop, that Sal learned a

minute later, that belonged to Vayland himself. Sal soon learned that even high born goblins like Vayland were working in professions like smiths or farmers. They were high born but they worked like all the other when they had time to do so.

"So - let's look for a suitable steel for your sword" Vayland said, pulling out a weird formed Amethyst.

"Imbed your magic in there, please" he said. "I will be able to work like that much better."

"Er... all right..." Sal softly pulled inwardly at his magic until he was able to lead it into the stone in the hands of the goblin.

The goblin examined the stone, one eyebrow raised.

"You've got an interesting soul" he finally declared and suddenly grinned.

"I will love to craft you some weapons! Oh... where to start?! You need some knives - you're definitely better when fighting with knives - but also a sword! No goblin leader should go without a sword!"

"Er... all right?" Sal said hesitatingly when he heard the enthusiastic goblin rumble.

"Silver... you need definitely goblin silver for your weapons... we will imbed shadows in your knives... and emeralds... maybe... and... yes!

That will fit! Rubies for your sword... of course also silver... you're magic is not fit for gold..."

"Er... when you think so..." Sal answered while watching the goblin running through his working place, throwing things left and right - diamonds, sapphires, steel blocks and gold landed on the floor while the goblin searched for who knows what.

"Well - that should be enough" the goblin finally said, his hands full with silver, rubies and emeralds. "We will start with the knives! They will be fantastic!"

And the goblin was right.

Sal watched Vayland while he crafted the knives. There were four of them - two throwing knives and two long knives.

When Sal finally had them in his hands he just stared at them.

Engraved just beneath the hilt of the long knives were the words

"Salvazsahar" on the first and "Morganaadth" on the second. The blade of all four knives looked like touchable shadows and the engraving glowed in an unearthly eerie green light that matched Sal's eyes.

"Perfect" Vayland had commended when he handed the knives to Sal.

"They are absolutely perfect." Then he had returned to his working place to craft the sword.

When the goblin handed the sword to Sal, Sal recognized it instantly. It wasn't the first time he was holding this sword. Years ago - and at the same time years in the future - he would hold it again. There was just one different: This sword had no inscription beneath its hilt. It was made of silver and rubies and a tiny basilisk and phoenix graced the hilt - but the inscription "Godric Gryffindor" was missing.

Sal stared at the sword.

"A master piece" Vayland said. "And definitely better than the garbage you used to carry. It just needs a name - and then it is ready."

"A name?"

Vayland huffed.

"Of course a name! Every sword needs one! Name it and claim it!"

"Er... I have no idea... I never had to name a sword before..."

"No wonder when you just were wearing garbage. I also wouldn't have named that thing you were carrying before!" Sal wisely decided not to commend on Vaylands words. Now, since he had the sword in his hands he could understand why Vayland was claiming Sal's sword was garbage.

The sword in his hands simply seemed to fit - like an extra limb.

"Well? Will you stare at it until I am old and grey or will you claim it?"

"I never..."

"Just look at the sword and say the first thing that comes to your mind aloud" Vayland answered.

"Er..." Sal still looked at the goblin quizzically, but then returned his gaze to the blade. It glowed in the light of the fire it had come from. And in his mind he saw it coming out of the head like the legend said Excalibur had come out of the stone...

And before Sal could stop himself he said "Excalibur."

Vayland stared at him.

"Exccaliebor" he repeated. "in Gobbledegook that means 'Basilisk-born' - an interesting choice of a name for a sword. A fitting name when you look at the bearer. Basilisk-born - Exccaliebor - it is."

And runes etched itself in the hilt, stating the name. For a moment they glowed and shimmered over the blade itself, then the runes vanished, leaving an unblemished blade and hilt.

And Sal's only thought was: "What have I done now?!"

He would find out years later.

For the next eight years Sal continued to live with the goblins. He learned a lot from them. He learned to fight with his knives. He learned to speak the language and to act like a goblin. He even learned to craft himself because Vayland insisted. And maybe he would have stayed longer, wouldn't have one day travelled news to them.

"The romans have come to Britannia" the messenger said. "There was a battle with King Arthur and his men. They were able to defeat the romans for now but more are coming and the king's sword, the sword of his father that Myrddin had put into the stone until Arthur was old

you to take over his duties until..."

"Don't" Sal interrupted. "Don't say it. Let me look at him. I am here to try to heal him."

"Sal..."

"I am a Healer, atr. I have my oath. Let me take a look at him" Sal interrupted Myrddin before he could say another word. Myrddin looked at him astonished.

"A healer?" he asked. "But..."

"Guardian Healer" Sal corrected and understanding filled his father's eyes.

"And now let me take a look."

Myrddin stepped aside and Sal sat down on the edge of the bed. He freed Arthur from his covers and the gauzes that covered his chest.

The wound beneath looked bad.

It was red and swollen and oozing pus - definitely infected with gangrene, maybe also blood poisoning.

Sal sighed and started to search his girdle for the potions and herbs needed. Then he looked at the room itself.

"The best would be to add a runic circle to the healing" he finally said.

One of the men in the corner sneered.

"I don't think you have the experience to decide anything like that, lad!"

he said while gritting his teeth.

Sal opened his mouth to retort but was beaten to it by Lancelot.

"Prince, Haraldr" he said coolly. "I will not tolerate disrespect against Arthur's son and heir."

The man, Haraldr turned to Lancelot and then stared at Sal again.

"Prince?!" he repeated. "He is King Arthur's..."

"Son and heir, yes" Lancelot said. "Next time think before you disrespect someone!"

"Sir Lancelot" Sal just stared at the older man. "As important etiquette is - that's not the time and place to discuss it."

"Of course, my Prince" Lancelot answered, slightly bowing to Sal. Sal just sighed. The older man had begun to act like that in front of foreigners since Sal had been adopted by Arthur.

So instead to try and stop Lancelot from behaving formal, he turned to Haraldr.

"You're a healer, I suspect?" he asked softly.

"I am, my Prince" the man answered. "We both are. We have tended to your father since he has been wounded. There is nothing that could rescue his life anymore. Please accept our judgement."

"I am a healer myself, Healer Haraldr" Sal answered. "These wounds might be grave and maybe beyond my healing abilities - but there is still a chance for my father to heal again. It's a bit of a risk but it cannot get worse than it actually is."

"You might be a healer, my Prince, but you are young. You have no experience..."

"The Great battle of the North Fields" Sal interrupted the man. The healer stared at him.

"Why are you stating a battle between our neighbour druid kingdom and the goblins which took place eight years ago, my Prince?" the healer asked confused.

"Do you know how many goblins died that day?"

The man snorted.

"Inexplicable few. They must have had a wonder healer as their lead-healer that day."

Sal smirked.

"The lead-healer was me" he said. Lancelot, Myrddin and both of the

healers stared at him astonished. "So please don't tell me I do not have enough experience to judge, Healer Haraldr."

"But... but still..."

"I will try to heal him my way" Sal interrupted the stammered words of the second healer. "It cannot get worse. Why not trying my way? After all I have proven that I am able to do the nearly impossible - where is your prove, gentlemen?"

Both of the healers spluttered but then bowed their heads.

"As you wish, my Prince" Haraldr said. "But we will leave before. We do not want to be judged when the king dies."

Sal just shrugged.

"Then leave now" he answered absentmindedly. "I have other things to do. Sir Lancelot - I need apples, clean earth and rosemary. This should be able to strengthen my runic work."

"As you wish, my Prince" Lancelot answered and left the room to tell a servant to fetch what Sal wanted. The two healers also left the room behind him. Myrddin instead stayed.

"Are you sure, son?" he asked softly.

Sal inclined his head.

"It might go wrong - but I am quite sure that there is a high chance that I will be able to heal him."

Myrddin nodded and then asked "Should I leave the room?"

"Not needed. When you leave the corner of the bed it will be enough" Sal answered. In that moment Lancelot returned and Sal started with his runic circle. He saw his father's eyebrows rising when the circle started to take forms under the constant working of Sal's staff.

"I have never seen a circle like that before" Myrddin whispered, but Sal heard him nevertheless and shrugged.

"I thought it up when I saw how bad the wound is that Arthur maintained."

Myrddin stared at him in surprise.

"You thought it up? So that's nothing you have learned somewhere while you..."

"It's a combination of some circles I know" Sal answered. "It should aid me quite well."

And then he took out one of his knives and started to hack the apples until they were nothing more than mash. He added the rosemary and the earth and started to cover the outer line of his runic circle in it.

"A protection against the evil" Myrddin said, understanding in his voice.

"A way to strengthen the runic circle against the infection in the wound. I would never have thought to do something like that."

Sal let his father ramble and activated instead the circle with some hisses in Parseltongue.

"Aid me in my task" he hissed. "Heal. Protect. Destroy what wants to destroy a life."

The circle glowed and activated.

Then Sal turned to the wounded and unconscious Arthur and took the knife he had had used to prepare the apple and rosemary. He took the knife and opened the wound with it without cleansing it before. Apple and rosemary filled the wound and the magic of the circle reacted and hissed. When apple and rosemary touched the wound, the gangrene started to leave it even faster than it would have without the magical cleansing.

But some parts were too deeply infected and the magical cleansing did not work on them. Sal gritted his teeth and then sliced them away with his knife. It was gruesome and took some time but finally the wound was

clean, but bloody. The blood was flowing freely again and Sal knew that it would be deadly to let it flow.

And there was just one way to stop it.

"I am sorry, father" he said to Arthur, then took one of the potions and made Arthur swallow it. It was the Draught of Living Death - it guaranteed that Arthur would stay asleep for the whole ordeal.

Then he took his knife again. A flame erupted in his left hand and the knife was heated in it. When it finally was hot enough, Sal turned to Arthur and pressed the knife on the wound.

It hissed and stank when the flesh burned but the blood flow stopped.

"What...!" Lancelot asked with huge eyes.

"I needed to stop the blood flow" Sal answered. "The most effective way was to cauterize it."

Then he looked at the wound again. It looked better. Not healed fully but definitely better than before. Sal sighed and then added runes in Arthur's blood on Arthur's wrists, forehead and ankles. After that he crushed some herbs and added them on the wound before he added a few different runes in blood on Arthur's chest where beneath was beating the heart.

"What are you doing?" Lancelot asked whispering.

"Blood cleansing" Sal answered. "Not easy but Arthur's best chance to survive."

And with that he started chanting.

While he chanted, he used another potion to rub it on Arthur's bare chest.

And finally, after a time that felt like eternity, dark mist began to rise from Arthur's chest. As soon as the dark mist came in contact with the circle, it vanished with a hiss.

When the last of the dark mist left Arthur's body, the body began to glow an eerie yellow light and Sal stopped chanting after the last of the mist

vanished.

Sal trembled, he felt utterly exhausted and his body was covered in sweat. But he had not finished healing yet, so he returned to his task with the same iron will that had aided him in every other thing he had accomplished so far.

In that moment Sal wished he hadn't aged himself again so that he fit with the age he officially was on Arthur's court. Changing his age was a magically straining act - healing a wound like Arthur's afterwards was definitely not really easy. But Sal had to age himself. He would have been unable to explain how he had gotten younger again if he had turned up without aging himself beforehand.

Then Sal turned away from his thoughts and turned to Arthur's healing instead. He took another potion and started to rub it on wrists, forehead, ankles and chest - at the exact spots where the runes had been before. After that he added another potion on the wound and finally covered it in gauze again. Then he made Arthur swallow some more potions before finally destroying the outer circle containing of the apple-rosemary-earth mash.

"Now we will have to wait how he will take this" Sal said tiredly and stood up swaying.

"You're exhausted" Myrddin said.

"I am" Sal answered, rubbing his eyes. "Would one of you stay with him? I want to know if his condition worsens."

"When it doesn't - when will he wake up?" Lancelot asked, looking at Sal as if he saw him the first time.

"In two or three weeks" Sal answered honestly. "The Draught of Living Death was enough to let him stay asleep for two weeks - but there is no guarantee that he will not take longer to wake up."

"When it takes so long to wake up from it - why giving it to him at all?"

Myrddin asked.

Sal sighed.

"He needs to heal. When he would wake up and feel better he would want to stand up. He cannot. Also the agony of the healing I did would have driven the strongest man insane - I would not have risk this method without the draught."

Myrddin nodded thoughtfully.

"I will accompany you" he finally said. "I would worry that you did not make it to your chamber when I wouldn't. You're after all nearly asleep on your feet." And that he did. Sal made it to his bedchamber. He also made it to his bed - but he just fell down on it without changing out of his clothes and fell asleep before his head even met the pillow.

Myrddin sighed and carefully changed his son in some clothes that were more comfortable for sleeping. Then he bowed down and kissed the boy on his temple.

"You're a miracle, child" he whispered. "One day you will have an impact the whole druidic world. I am just sorry that I will never be able to see it." And with that he left his son and returned to Arthur's bedchamber. He was sure that the king would survive. Sal had proven that he would not let his second father die and Sal had the will to lead Arthur back to the land of living...

And he did. Arthur healed while Sal played his role and ruled over the people. And when Arthur was finally well enough, Sal returned the throne to his father.

"Well, I have my seat back - now I just need a new sword and everything is fine" Arthur joked when he sat down for the first time. Sal just shrugged, opened his girdle and freed the sheath of his own sword from it.

"You can take that one" he said. "As my father you have the right to carry it if you want."

Arthur just stared at the sword, then he took it hesitatingly and drew it.

"A magnificent blade" he said softly. Sal shrugged.

"It was made for me by the goblins" he answered.

"Then I cannot take it" Arthur said. "It is yours to carry."

"I carried it for the last eight years" Sal said. "It's time that it sees the hands of a real swordsman."

"You are a real swordsman, son" Arthur said. Sal just snorted.

"I am a knife-fighter, father. I have never been a swordsman. I may know how to fight with a sword -but that does not make me a swordsman. I would stand no chance against you or Lancelot."

"You are young..."

"I am furthestmost not good with a sword" Sal said softly. "I will never be as good as some others and you will have to accept that like I accepted it a long time ago."

Arthur just sighed.

"I know" he finally said. "But still..."

Sal just closed his second father's hand around the hilt. "Just take it" he said. "You're my father - you have the right to carry Exccaliebor."

"Excalibur - free from the stone?"

Sal snorted. "It's not Latin, father" he said.

"It sounds like Latin for 'Free from the stone'" Arthur said. "What do you mean with 'Excalibur'?"

"Exccaliebor, my sword" Sal corrected. Arthur stared at him for another minute, then he nodded and took it.

"Thank you, my son" he said softly. Sal just shrugged.

"You are my father. You are the king. You have the right for a good

sword - and a goblin made is better than every other sword."

After that he left the Great Hall. Arthur instead took the sword and soon the legend of the sword from the stone - Excalibur - started to fester in the minds of the public. Later it would be an important part of Arthur's legend.

"Will you stay?" Myrddin had followed Sal after he had left the Great Hall.

Sal stopped. He did not turn but stared the way he had been heeding. He knew Myrddin was a very old man. He would not last much longer. Sal could see death lurking in the shadows, watching his father Myrddin.

"I will stay" he finally answered softly. "I would not leave you if you ask me to stay."

"You do not have to stay. I know you are searching for a way back home in the future" Myrddin said softly.

Sal turned and looked at his father.

"You're my father, atr" he told the old man. "I love you. I would never go searching for a way home when you need me. Don't forget: I have a life in both times - but you will not have me anymore when I return to where I came from."

This time the old man sighed.

"I do not want to stop you, Sal" he said.

"You don't" Sal answered. "I have time to go home. I will stay as long as you need me."

And with that said, Sal stayed.

He stayed at his fathers' sides when the kingdom had a time of peace and he stayed even then when war returned to them.

He stayed when sixty A.D. the Romans entered Britain and started to conquer not only the mundane but also the magical part of the island -

not, that there was a great different between those two at that time...

He stayed, when Medrawd came to their father to demand his rightful place at Arthur's side and he also stayed when Arthur refused to acknowledge Medrawd as his son and heir.

"Why didn't you?" was the only thing Sal wanted to know after Medrawd had stormed out on them.

"Because he might be my son - but he definitely isn't my heir" Arthur answered softly.

"But..."

"You are my heir. You are my eldest son. Even if Medrawd would have inherit my magic - he still wouldn't have been my heir..."

"Would have...?"

"He hasn't" Arthur answered shrugging. "I saw it as soon as he started to demand his rightful place. He cares furthestmost for himself - he does not care enough for others to have my magic. Of course, if he would have had it or if he wouldn't have demanded his place, I would have given him a place in my home. He is of my blood after all - even if I never married his mother."

"I don't think he understood why he was rejected" Sal said sincerely. He knew his brother. He knew that Medrawd would hold a grudge against Arthur for rejecting him.

"I told him I would welcome him when he stopped to demand things I am not obligated to give him" Arthur answered softly. "If he can't understand something like that, then he has no place in my court."

Not a moon circle later Medrawd returned with the Romans and the intent to destroy everything his father had built.

And while Sal accompanied the druids to defend the fleeing villagers and the village and castle they were hiding in, Arthur and Medrawd started to

fight each other.

When Sal saw that they were losing he did the only thing he could. As the son of Arthur and Myrddin, the ward holders of Camelot, he also had access to the wards. So he reached for them and forced them to hide Camelot and the village near-by where the villagers were hiding in, hoping to survive and hoping to not being found by the Romans.

Sal felt his father Myrddin doing the same - aiding him in his quest to vanish the village that once would be called Hogsmeade and the castle from view.

It was a sword from behind that finally penetrated the armour Sal was wearing. He had been fighting for hours and hours. His magic had been weak because he still was protecting Camelot and the women, children and old people with it.

He was fighting a roman priest at that time - a roman druid. The roman was a battle mage and he definitely was the better fighter... especially because Sal could and would not let go of the protection that shielded Camelot from the sight of the invaders.

Sal had a hard time battling the priest. But he still was fighting well. He was a knife-fighter and the battle mage had problems to react in time for Sal's fast fingers. And maybe Sal would have succeeded in this fight - even if he was unable to do a lot of magic at that time, wouldn't have entered another sword the battle...

The sword that finally penetrated his armour and showed its cool steely blade to his eyes, sticking out of his chest, was from another priest who had entered the fight while Sal had dodged the curses of the other frantically.

Sal just stared at the steel that adorned his chest. Steel that was red with blood. His blood.

Then the steel vanished and Sal fell.

He could not breathe. He could not hear his heart beat anymore.

"My heart" he thought while the world darkened. "He pierced my heart..."

"Pathetic" a voice said in Latin with distaste, standing over him.

"Don't" another one said in the same language. "He has done nothing that would give you the right to disrespect him in death."

"He was pathetic! I could kill him with a single stroke with my sword!"

A hand softly caressed Sal's traditionally braided hair.

"He was a strong one. His magic is still filling the air. Whatever he was hiding from us - he succeeded in his quest. We will not find it even if we would return years after his death."

"But..."

"A sacrifice" the other one said softly. "He sacrificed himself for hiding whatever he wanted us not to find. He would have killed me and you if he wouldn't have tried to hide whatever it was..."

Something was pressed in Sal's unmoving hands.

"For a save journey, my foe" the soft voice said. "You have earned yourself this last rite. May your soul not be lost on its way home."

The darkness finally took him and his last ragged breath stilled. Then the conscious that was called Sal was no more...

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That's it for now. I hope you like it...

'Till next time.

Ebenbild

18. Chapter 17: Way To Go,

Minister Fudge

Disclaimer: not mine. All Rowling's.

Information: all in italic is from Rowling's OotP.

absolutely crazy just for opening an eye at that early hour."

"So you don't think I'm crazy because you know me?"

"No - I know you're crazy. I do not have to think it anymore."

"Very funny, ha ha."

Reg did not counter that one, instead he sat down next to Harry and looked at the newspaper in Harry's hands.

"What will you do against...?"

"Nothing much for now" Harry answered. "I am not ready to show my cards openly. There's still way too much to do until I am."

"You should have started earlier..."

"I could not" Harry answered sincerely.

"But... ten years ago..."

"Was not a real Horcrux" Harry answered softly. Reg's eyes widened. All the years he had thought...

"What... what was it?"

"When Riddle came to the Potters that night..." Harry started softly. "He was still missing a Horcrux to his perfection. He wanted to have seven pieces - at that time he had six. The last one... that one that now is imbedded in his snake... he wanted to make it with Harry Potter's death - to emphasise his power. Riddle is arrogant. The death of Harry Potter should have been his absolute triumph above death. The day of his absolute victory..."

"I still don't understand..."

"A Horcrux is fool magic. You cannot make a Horcrux by simply killing someone. You make it by doing a lot of rituals beforehand and then channelling your longing for eternity in the time of your victim's death"

Harry answered sighing.

"That sounds as if you know how to create one" Regulus said frowning.

Harry just shrugged.

"I know how to do it" he answered unconcerned. "I learned it a long time ago."

"But..."

"You know that you have to have knowledge about something to be able to create a ritual to destroy something" Harry remarked and rolled his eyes. "Anyway... the artefact we destroyed ten years ago was the artefact Riddle wanted to use at that time to create his Horcrux..."

"But why...?"

"Because the magic of a Horcrux begins way before the ultimate killing. He still could have used this artefact to create a new Horcrux. It was prepared. I doubt he would have used it - but I also was not willing to take the risk" Harry answered sincerely.

"So we destroyed it."

"Yes."

"Well - I understand your reason" Reg finally said sighing. "But I still do not understand why we waited..."

"...Because we had to, to be sure" Harry interrupted.

"Had to? Had to be sure about what?"

Harry snorted.

"You sound like a parrot today, Reg" he said amused. "I waited so long to be sure Riddle's last ties with his Horcruxes really were cut. Except of the dairy there is no way telling when Riddle created his Horcruxes. It takes some time until the split soul parts are not able to feel each other. The safest bet was to wait until Riddle lost and regained his body - which he finally did at the beginning of the summer."

"Wouldn't it have been safer to destroy them while Riddle had no body...?"

"No" Harry answered. "A wraith has a better connection to other spirits. The Horcrux has to be on its own for a long time until it cannot be felt by a wraith anymore. The only Horcrux that I know is old enough for something like that is the diary. Maybe there is another... but I dared not to risk it until Riddle regained his body and with it lost the connection with his other soul parts he had as a wraith."

"Well - thanks for the lecture. I am certain I know enough about it now"

Reg said snorting. "I even know more than I ever wanted..."

"Don't sulk. Knowledge is power and you know it."

"How Slytherin of you, Harry. You know you are supposed to be a Gryffindor" Reg retorted. Harry just shrugged.

"Ron's still sleeping and the others are downstairs. There is no-one in the room who would feel horror-stricken about it" Harry said while shrugging again. "So why bother to hide my true self from you? You know I am no Gryffindor material. I know I am no Gryffindor material. Even if I stay silent - this truth will not change."

"Definitely not."

"And now be a good boy and go back hiding. You do not want to be found by your brother, do you? It would be hard to explain how you are still alive after all..."

"Believe me - there are a lot of things harder to explain than that"

Regulus said shrugging but he complied and left the room.

Harry smiled but said nothing. He knew that Regulus was right... but he also knew that telling Sirius that Regulus was still alive and well would be a hard task if they ever had to do it...

"Well... there are other things to worry about" Harry finally said to himself. "What to do next... what to do next..."

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When Xenophilus Lovegood sat down at ten in the morning at his breakfast table he still was thinking what to put first in his next edition of The Quibbler. He was still contemplating between the article about Nibblers and their breeding and the article about Cackling Cracklers. Both, of course, were important articles - and they both deserved to be treated that way... but what to choose... what to choose?

He wasn't anywhere near the answer to this important question when the owl post arrived. Well, at least he wasn't near it until he saw an innocent looking envelope between his normal mail.

Xeno raised an eyebrow. The last Muggle-looking envelope he had received had been a few weeks ago by proxy. Rebecca Amarin of the Daily Prophet had somehow lost it in Xeno's study at that time...

"Well... let's look at this" Xeno decided and opened the envelope to pull out a letter. He read it and his eyebrows shot in the air.

It seemed as if he had to change some of his plans for the next edition of The Quibbler...

So instead of pondering which article to use for his next edition, Xeno Lovegood hurriedly stood up in search of quill and parchment. He spilled his coffee when he sat it down on the table but did not even look or mourn the loss of his favorite beverage.

He had other things to do after all...

Ten minutes later he finally had found an intact quill and enough parchment to take some notes for a first try in answering the letter.

He returned to the table and vanished the mess he had created when setting down his coffee mug - not even noticing when he not only vanished the coffee but also the mug as well.

"So... what to write" he pondered instead, excitement in his eyes. "What to write...?!"

His eyes returned to the letter, reading it again, this time slowly and carefully while his right hand travelled over the parchment, printing down answers and questions of his own.

Dear Editor, the letter read,

Thank you for answering my questions as good as you have been able to. I do understand the mechanism of the press a little better now.

But there are still other things I do not get.

The day before yesterday the Daily Prophet has been printing an article about Harry Potter's trial and stated in it, that there has been a formality which prevented that Mr. Potter has been judged.

Well, when I read this, I got hooked and decided to research myself. So I asked at the Ministry for a copy of the court script - did you know those are public after a trial?! - and read it.

The content of the script made me wonder again if the Daily Prophet is simply a propaganda campaign for the Ministry.

How come, they can call it a "formality" that prevented Mr. Potter be tried, when in truth the Minister seems to try all to prevent to even have a fair trial at the beginning?!

If it would have been me, my parents would have sued him for withholding evidence!

The trial script clearly states that the Minister did not do the minimum to hold up our own laws.

Did you know that there is a law that the crime scene has to be visited by Aurors and evidence against the accused has to be found? Without evidence the accused cannot be judged.

That the Minister let something crucial as that slide lets me think about all the other prisoners in Azkaban. What is with them? Had they had a fair trial? Have they been able to contact a lawyer? Have they had evidence against

them to prove their guilt? Or have they been judged like Potter nearly would have been judged: without evidence, just by hear-say?

A trial like Mr. Potter's even raises the question about Mr. Sirius Black's guilt. How do you know if Mr. Black really was guilty, when the trial was faulty like Mr. Potter's? I would seriously check this trial also, like all the others since Grindelwald. I don't know how you feel, but I would sleep better, knowing that the persons in Azkaban really belong there and knowing that I will not be sentenced to Azkaban without a proper trial.

Think about that yourself: Do you want to have a trial knowing that you cannot defend yourself because someone is withholding information necessary to prove your innocent?

Do you want to be in Azkaban for decades, knowing you're innocent but unable to prove it because someone did not even permit you to take Veritasserum or show your memory?

Is this the justice of the wizarding world you are hoping for?

After all we cannot all be a Harry Potter who seems to have eaten the law-books for breakfast...

I did include a copy of Harry Potter's trial script to show my point.

Oliver Twist.

After that, the court script had been added to verify Oliver Twist's words.

Xenophilus Lovegood grinned. As important as Nibblers and their breeding and Cackling Cracklers were - sometimes important articles had to take the second place for something less important but more informing...

Now he just had to ponder which of the other two articles he also would add as the next important ones...

But this answer could wait - anyhow, there was an answer to write.

There was no way that Xeno Lovegood would let a student's questions

unanswered, after all...

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Diagon Alley normally was an idyllic place. The people who lived there knew their neighbours often better than they knew themselves and secrets really did not stay secret very long.

As it was, it was an absolutely surprise for the inhabitants of Diagon Alley that they suddenly seemed to not understand one of their own anymore.

Ollivander had finally gone insane.

First it had not been spotted. He just had changed his usual habit a bit. Instead of staying in his shop all day Ollivander had gone outside and had sat down in front of his entrance, in his hands a huge book.

"Not this one... this isn't it also" he was heard muttering while leafing through the book. "It has to be an ancient one..."

Two days later he had exchanged the book for very, very old scrolls.

Three days later he finally sat down one of the scrolls, a huge smile on his lips.

"There it is!" he said and then picked up the scroll to read further - just to pale more and more the more he read what was written on the scroll.

That was the final time the people in Diagon Alley had seen him sane.

After that, well...

Ollivander definitely had lost his mind that particular week - and he had not found it again, even all those weeks later...

A few weeks previous - after the visit of one particular wizard - it had suddenly happened. Garrick Ollivander had snapped. Like an old, dry branch he had snapped into two when the pressure was suddenly too much for him to handle, or so the inhabitants of Diagon Alley said.

One day, Garrick Ollivander had minded his shop like usual and the next

he suddenly had started to... well, to clean would be the right word.

There was just one problem involved: Never had people ever seen Ollivander clean his shop as thoroughly as he did after that day.

"What are you doing, Garrick?" Florian Fortunescue finally asked after watching the wizard working for the last few weeks.

"Preparing" Ollivander answered without looking up while carrying out boxes of stuff and vanishing them on the streets or tucking them away in other, expanded boxes.

"I see that - but why?"

"I have to empty my basement" Ollivander answered without looking up.

"And I just have half a year at most to do it. I have to be prepared until Christmas."

"Prepared? Prepared for what?!"

"For what might happen" Ollivander said. "I am no fool. I have seen this staff once at the time of Grindelwald. Father also has seen the staff when it was time to bring down Lord Morgan - even if it was Grandfather who made that bargain that day..."

"Bargain? What are you talking about, Garrick?!" Fortunescue asked again and this time the slightly strange and now utterly insane wand-maker looked up in Fortunescue's eyes.

"I have gotten a warning. Uncertain times lay ahead of us. I will have to be prepared for the worst and hope for the best. I have seen the staff of destiny" Ollivander answered and Fortunescue gave up.

The man had definitely snapped.

Utterly insane.

Absolutely crazy.

Disturbingly mad.

Yes, that was Garrick Ollivander now...

But, so guessed Fortunescue. That was okay. Ollivander was after all quite old - if he wanted to get odd quirks, who was Fortunescue to stop him?!

As long as the man still produced his superb wands he could be crazy for all Fortunescue cared.

"Well, then have fun preparing" Fortunescue finally said, turning away from the man. "I hope your staff of destiny will come again to tell you the danger has passed someday..."

Ollivander just sighted.

"You don't understand" he said.

"I am sure it somehow makes sense to you" Fortunescue offered.

Ollivander just sighted again.

"Think of me what you want. You will be grateful long before the end" he replied the ice cream shop owner. "You will see."

And with that he turned away for the disturbed man and returned to his work.

He had to clean his basement and he had to activate the old, dormant wards on his property. After all what good would it do to have wards as good as Gringotts and Hogwarts when he did not activate them before the storm?

And then there were the other preparations. The food, the linen...

Suddenly Ollivander wished he had never seen Harry Potter again...

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That's it for today.

'Till next time.

Ebenbild

19. Chapter 18: Creating Havoc

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their own rights - like myself just a few days ago - and think because of that everything the Ministry states, is true. Now I suddenly start to doubt it myself. I, of course, have never been in front of the Wizengamot to be tried. What if it is normal procedure to not even try to secure if you are guilty?!

So I, like every intelligent citizen would do, decided to look up other trials just to secure for myself that the Wizengamot normally is a fair institution.

Of course, the first name that came to my mind to look up was, like you have also mentioned, the mass murderer Sirius Black. He is after all the most known criminal in this day and age after his escape from Azkaban two years ago.

So I went to the ministry to look up his court script as well.

I was truly agitated when I finally was able to receive an answer to my question about the court script of Sirius Black. While getting the court script of Mr Potter just took me a few minutes, getting Black's took hours - and at the end I still left with empty hands and just a sentence wiser.

"There is no court script of Sirius Black's trial" I have been told. "As there was no trial to begin with."

Horrible news, I know. I was shocked as well. So I looked up other trials.

My results are frightening and it pains me to say this: You are quite right, Mr. Twist, to worry. The most of the trial I looked into were held with just one witness to attest for their crimes. No Veritaserum. No shared memories. Just the plain word of one witness to sentence a person to a life of horror in Askaban...

And to send a person to Askaban - even someone whose crime is as famous as Mr. Black's - without a trial is truly appalling! I do not dare to think how many others whose trial I did not look into were tried with no evidence except of hear-say or put in prison without a trial.

The most horrible part in it, my dear Mr. Twist, is that as it stands it could

happen to anyone. Every witch or wizard who is just near a crime scene could be accused and tried without being able to prevent it.

And they are not like Mr. Potter who is a famous light figure in our world – and who seems to know the law book like his own robe pocket.

Sadly it still stands, that the Ministry has the full control about who is tried with how much evidence.

So do hope that you will never be part in an investigation. You could wake up in Askaban just because you bought your milk at the wrong place to the wrong time.

Xenophilius Lovegood

Editor of The Quibbler

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Amelia growled again. This could not be true! Could it? She sighed and returned to her search. She simply had to find those damned papers about Sirius Black! Something like the papers about his imprisonment... or the interrogation by the Aurors...

Until now she had found nothing. Nothing at all and it worried her more than every other thing she had discovered in the years in the ministry...

Her eyes turned again to the files in her hands and with another grumble she returned to her search.

Why, oh why had there been so many Blacks?!

Amelia was sure that at the end of the day she would have learned to hate the name 'Black'.

"I hope this search is worth it" she sighed.

And when there truly was no evidence of anything about Sirius Black that would make his imprisonment legal – Amelia knew she would go to hell and back to ensure that the right thing was done in the end...

Even if she had to destroy the ministry stone by stone to reach her goal...

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Barnabas Cuffe sat at his table in the office of the Daily Prophet and was sorting articles when someone knocked on his door.

"Come in!"

The door opened and a woman Barnabas had not seen since she had lost a letter to the Daily Prophet in Ottery St. Catchpole entered.

"Ah! Becky!" he greeted her happily. Rebecca Amorin gritted her teeth.

"It's Rebecca, Boss" she said stiffly.

"I know, I know, Becky, my dear" Barnabas said, still smiling. "So, my girl. What brings you to my humble office in the first place?"

The woman in the door stared at him as if he had lost his mind in the dumpster next door and then entered fully and closed the door behind her.

"Have you read the newest article in The Quibbler, Boss?" she asked.

"Which one? This interesting one about the Blue striped unicorns in America or the amazing description of the mating habits of Nargles?"

Barnabas returned grinning.

Rebecca Amorin snorted.

"Neither and you know it, Boss."

Barnabas sighed at her words and stopped joking.

"I have" he simply said.

"And?"

"Nothing" he answered. "We gave away the first letter for a reason."

"But... we cannot do nothing! We are a newspaper! If this is true than it would be the most interesting story since..."

"No."

"So... you will just sit there, look out your window and pretend the article in The Quibbler does not exist?!"

"There is nothing I can do, Becky."

This time the woman growled.

"We. Are. A. Newspaper! We cannot do nothing!"

"So what do you want me to do?!" Barnabas hissed. "Should I just publish the article without caring what the ministry says?! They will punish us severely if I do. We need its aid. It has the most influence on our newspaper and we cannot simply turn away from them!"

"Then try to get others in our boat!"

"Of course. Let me write to the Malfoires and tell them: 'Hey, I don't know if you know but the English part of your family is using us to imprint their views in the rest of the population. Would you please talk to them and stop them?!' That's insa..."

"Genius" Rebecca interrupted.

"Excuse me?!"

"That's genius! You told me yourself that the French part of the Malfoy family have a large percentage of holdings! They can change everything!"

"You forget that they're Malfoys..."

"Then we just tell them that Lucius Malfoy declared himself the Lord of Malfoy. They will not be pleased. The Malfoys are after all a part of their family and should by all means not have a lord on its own. They definitely will not follow a part of their family that has acted without their lord's conscience."

"Maybe Lucius Malfoy is allowed to act for the lord in Britain" Barnabas said.

"Maybe. But if he isn't..."

"Becky..."

"Try it" the witch said. "If it goes wrong and the ministry is charging you, tell them it was me. I will take the fall if I must."

by the people themselves - and that someone, even if it was someone like Xeno Lovegood, did not fault the child for its views... troubling, indeed.

And then there was Sirius and Harry...

The article had not simply printed the letters. No, it had also printed the trial scripted itself - or parts of it, anyway. Albus was sure that there would be some interested ones that would hurry to the ministry to get a trial script themselves...

Normally, this would not have bothered Albus. But the trial had shown a Harry Potter Albus Dumbledore did not like to be known. Until now Albus Dumbledore and Harry Potter had been seen as two parts of the same side. But now...

Now, Albus Dumbledore had done nothing to help his pupil to get of... It had been all Harry Potter himself. It showed independence on Harry's side and also an unwillingness to let Albus protect him. No, Albus did not like it one bit...

"And if I am right and it's truly Voldemort who is using Harry..." now, this impact Albus did not even dare to think about. No, he knew what to do. Somehow... somehow he had to stop this Oliver Twist fellow before he could create havoc in the wizarding world...

Now to the next problem: How to stop a phantom like Twist?!

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That's it for today.

'Till next time.

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20. Chapter 19: Until 307AD The

Egg's Egg

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Information: all in italic is from Rowling's OotP.

to death. A gesture for respect.

Sal tucked the coin away in his girdle and felt for the rest of his stuff - mainly his staff, his weapons and potions.

No one had robbed him. His things were still all there - but Sal guessed that he had not been robbed out of the same respect that had earned him the coin to cross over. He felt grateful to that one Roman who had respected him enough for stopping his comrades - not that anyone of them could have taken his weapons. His weapons were goblin made. If he really needed them or if he wished it, they would return to him instantly. It still took Sal some days until he was able to stand up again. So as soon as Sal was able to stand again he gathered the bodies of the dead and buried them.

It was hart.

The first dead he recognized was Gawain, his old teacher. The man had been pierced with a dozen of arrows. One of his feet had been cut off and his eyes were glassily staring in the sky. The Roman he had fought with had succumbed his own wounds and lay on Gawain's chest like a lover at night would do.

The next he found was Lancelot. The blade of the sword that had killed him was still sticking in his chest - broken like Lancelot himself. Sal had to fight tears while his mind played over and over the times when Lancelot had been with him. It replayed Lancelot's laughter, his jokes, his rashness, his friendly tone...

Sal fought the feelings with his Occlumency and buried the man at the far end of Hogwarts', no, Camelot's lake, next to Gawain. Then he continued.

Sal wasn't sure how many days it took until he found the next he knew. The magic in the air had stopped the dead from rotting, so when he

found Arthur and Medrawd they still looked like they had in life.

This time Sal cried while his hands caressed the locks of his brother and father and the fury sent shivers through his body. He took away the sword he had given to his father and bound it again to his girdle, unable to look at the wound that had killed Medrawd - a wound that had been made by Sal's sword. The wound Arthur had received was as hard to look at as Medrawd's. This wound Arthur had received because Sal had trained his brother in fighting...

And Sal felt fury - a fury directed at both of them for using Sal's gifts to destroy a person Sal had loved. A fury that was directed at both of them because they had decided not to bother and talk about it. Instead they had fought and killed each other - for nothing more than power. Oh, how Sal loathed them for it!

Still, he buried them next to each other. Next to Lancelot and Gawain.

Then he broke down and cried again while anger filled his heart. Anger at fate, anger at the Romans, anger at his fathers and brother...

Finally, after hours he stood up and stumbled back to his task. He buried the dead. Hundredth of men in hundredth of graves. And then he found the last one. This one person he had known, that he had lost since the day he had become aware again - and at the same time had hoped to find unharmed even now.

He was lying there as if he was sleeping. His eyes were closed and his staff in his hands. There was no wound on his body, that would have killed him but magic needed no wound to kill someone.

Sal just could stand there and stare at him. Then he finally fell down on his knees next to him and reached for him with trembling hands.

The white hair still was as soft as it had been when he was still alive...

"Atr" Sal whispered. "Atr...!"

And then the loneliness came crashing down on him. The loneliness and the feeling of loss. Sal wept.

Of course he had known that Myrddin was an old man. Of course he had known that he would lose him. But losing him from old age or losing him in a battle was different - and Sal had never thought that he would not see Myrddin again when the battle finally ended...

A soft arm sneaked around his waist and cradled him against a warm, nearly hot and comforting body.

"Weep, fledgling. You have the right to do so. You have lost far too many to take it calmly" a warm voice said.

"I... I have to bury..."

"I will bury him. You have buried far too many, fledgling."

Sal just shook his head and tried to free himself from the stranger.

"He is my father. I have to bury him" he answered while he tried to get free.

"And he was my egg. I have the right to do so, too, my fledgling" the stranger said softly. "I will let you aid me - but I will be the one to bury him. I am his father. I should do it."

Sal looked up at this and stared at the stranger. The stranger's face looked a lot like Myrddin's but the eyes were golden, burning with red flames - and definitely not human at all...

"What... what are you?!"

The stranger smiled.

"I am a phoenix" he answered softly.

"But..."

"This form is temporary" the man said. "I will lose it in some hours. The most time it is strenuous to take on a human body - and the one time it wasn't was a lot of years ago. It was the time I raised your father."

"Don't frighten the egg, Fawarx" another voice said, the voice of a woman. Sal turned and stared at the woman behind the man. Her hair was greying and her eyes yellow like the basilisk's Sal had killed in second year. Her eyes had the same shape and colouring like Myrddin's.

"So you felt his death also, Aleahkys" the phoenix said softly.

"Of course I did. I am his mother after all" the woman said and bowed down to Sal. Sal did not know what happened but as soon as her hands met him, he felt himself shrink until he was a little child. The woman picked him up and then turned to Fawarx.

"Will you take our egg?" she asked softly. The phoenix nodded.

This time the funeral was different. While Sal had just buried the death, Myrddin's parents decided to burn their son.

Sal watched the burning and after Myrddin's body had been burned, his ash was taken to the walls of Camelot.

"You have died protecting these walls and all that they stand for. One day you will be needed again to protect them. Rest in peace, my egg. Will you continue to protect what you wanted to protect all along" Fawarx said and the ash was taken by the wind.

And suddenly a warm feeling enveloped the air around them - a feeling that Sal knew from his time in the future. It was this feeling that had told him from the first day he had entered the castle that he was home.

"What...?" he asked astonished when a soft wind caressed his cheek.

"Your father, fledgling" the phoenix answered softly. "Or did you think he would leave you for good? Whenever you return - he will always welcome you home."

And with that the woman carried Sal out of the grounds that later would become Hogwarts.

As soon as they left, a heavy and at the same time comforting feeling

settled down on Sal's shoulders.

"The wards" he recognized. But not just the wards. Also the essence of his father - a father that he had lost but that had not left him.

Sal smiled while again tears started to mare his cheeks.

"Don't cry, my egg" the woman said. "Grandma and Grandpa are still here. From now on we will raise you as our own."

"I am a grown-up" Sal answered while trying to hide his tears.

"No, you aren't" the woman answered. "You are a little, adorable egg and I will raise you as mine."

The man snorted.

"You do not even know the name of Myrddin's egg, Aleahkys - and you already started the plan to raise him? Have you even asked him before you shrunk him to an egg again?!"

"Hush you, dear" Aleahkys said. "Or you will not be allowed to aid me in raising him."

Fawarx just snorted.

"Well, at least I finally know I lost it fully" he said. "I started to doubt my sanity when I decided to hatch my egg with a basilisk. Just an insane phoenix does the same again with his egg's egg."

The woman snorted.

"You should be grateful for every day we have. One day I will not recognize you anymore, so don't complain" she answered and cradled Sal as if he really was a little child. "And I am sure the little one will appreciate to have a family again - even if this family will more often be a snake and a bird then human."

The man snorted, but then sighed.

"I am sure, he will" he finally said. "Where to next?"

"The goblins" Sal said quietly. "They have to take Exccalieber. I cannot..."

Again tears threatened to fall. "... I cannot use it again. Not now - maybe later but not now..."

The woman - Sal's grandma - just caressed his cheek.

"All right, my egg" She said softly. "We will go to the goblins and after that we will go on. I will not raise my egg's egg in this cold and unfriendly country. It was hard enough to raise my egg here - I will not do so again with my egg's egg."

The man just snorted.

"Then let's leave the country. How about somewhere warm like Egypt or Rome?"

"Egypt" Aleahkys decided. "I am sure our little egg does not want to come anywhere near Rome for the next years."

"Egypt it is" the phoenix said and held out a hand. The woman took it and in the next moment flames licked on their bodies. A moment later they were standing in the middle of the goblin village Sal had left some years ago.

The goblins stared at them, then Gringooed came running and Aleahkys took the sword from Sal and gave it the stunned goblin.

"We will take the egg and you will guard its sword" she said to the stunned goblin.

"What... what happened?" another stunned voice said - Vayland.

"Our egg lost its father" Aleahkys said. "Fawarx and I decided to raise it again. It's too little for the sword, so we will leave it in your hands. You can hold on it until a family member needs it or until the egg comes back to claim it."

Gringooed stared at her, then he looked at Sal and understanding lit his eyes.

"We will guard it well, Lady Basilisk" he said warmly. "Until a member of

Morganaadth's family needs it or Morganaadth returns to claim it."

Aleahkys just nodded.

"So mot it be" she said and held out her hand to Fawarx.

"Egypt now, dear" she ordered. The phoenix snorted but took her hand. A second burning later and they really were in Egypt - and in the middle of the desert.

"Definitely better, my dear" the female basilisk decided. "And now, my egg, let us return to you..."

The next two hundred something years Sal spent in the company of a phoenix and a basilisk. And while he lived with them, Medrawds own child who he had left behind with his mother Morgana, grew up and married. It had children and they married again. Hundredth of years later, the name LeFay would be lost but the line continued until there would be born a young girl to one of the descendants. The girls name would be Lily, Lily Evans. Meanwhile, a thousand years before Lily's birth Sal was learning to be the child of a basilisk and a phoenix - both of them insisted on teaching him while they changed locations every week because the female basilisk insisted on it.

Like that Sal saw a lot of places he had never dreamed about - and all of them were on the warmer parts of the earth.

Sal also started to grow again but it took him nearly all two hundred years to even reach his normal fifteen years of age again.

When he asked his grandmother about that, she just shrugged.

"Don't worry" she said. "It just takes so long because it wasn't you yourself who shrunk your body but me. But it really does not matter - you are after all somehow still fifteen, my egg."

After this explanation Sal had just sighed and decided not to ask again.

He was not interested in hearing another explanation he did not

understand fully. All he knew was, that he had for over two hundred years no control about how old he looked. When he finally had it again, his grandmother just sighed.

"So you really are a grown-up again, fledgling" she said sighing. "Well - I will not be able to hold on you forever. Just remember: I am here for you as long as I can. Your Grandpa and I will come to your aid. You just have to call us." And with that, she let him go again.

And Sal left.

It was hard at first, to be alone again - but he needed to leave. He could not be followed by his Grandparents the rest of his life!

So he left and returned to Britain and the goblin village he had left all those years ago. Gringooed was still alive but very old. His son Vayland was now the chieftain of the goblins. When Sal walked in their village, they recognized him instantly.

"So you are home again, Morganaadth" Vayland greeted him.

"I am" Sal answered.

And Vayland flicked his hand to summon Sal's sword.

"Take it. You are a clan-leader, you have to wear your sword."

Sal just hesitated a second.

"I will give it in your care when I leave again" he finally said. "When one of Medrawd's children asks for a sword - will you give it to them? I will not take it with me when I leave again."

"I will - as long as you just lend it to them and don't give it up. A goblin might after all give his sword to another one, but he will not gift it to him when the sword was made for him."

Sal just smiled.

"I would never give away a gift I received" he answered sincerely. "I merely will not need it when I travel the world and I do not want it to be

and after that Africa and finally had returned home.

Now he knew a lot of different languages he had not known before, had updated the languages he had known before and had learned some other writing types. His potion-knowledge was tenfold and his healing-arts improved beyond the knowledge of all other living individuals.

He also had learned some different battle-tactics and some useful spells for different occasions.

On his way home he had visited the Germans, toured Africa again and lastly lived for a while with some tribes somewhere in the country that would later be Turkey. Then he had returned to Europe - Italy to be exactly.

He had planned to visit Rome - just for old time's sake - but when he arrived, he arrived to chaos and destruction. The Arabs had come to Rome and looted it. And not just the mundane part of Rome had been the victim of their doings...

Sal found the woman in the outer skirts of Rome. To him, it looked like she had tried to flee from the Arabs and had been captured and wounded by them. The man - just a few yards from her - was dead, killed by the Arabian steel that had beheaded him. Sal turned his eyes away and went to the woman instead. He had seen so much dead already that he no longer was bothered by corpses. You learned to ignore the dead when you were fighting for the still living on a battlefield.

The first thing, that Sal saw, were the sharp teeth of the woman. Fangs. "A vampire" Sal's mind supplied. Until now he had not often met a vampire on his travels. The most of them lived removed from the mundane and magical world in covens just small enough to remain hidden from both worlds. Sal had never had the desire to search out one of them just to learn more of them.

He sighed and cautiously stepped forward until he reached the woman who was curled on the floor facing away from him, hugging something close to her chest. Her back was trenched in blood, a wound - maybe from a sword - had nearly sliced her in half. Sal was surprised that she was still breathing - but then, she was a vampire... vampires were able to survive things that a human would never survive...

When he was just a few steps away, she tensed and turned her face to look at him. Her eyes were a cool silver and staring at him intensely. Her lips moved, showing her fangs, daring him to step closer. Sal stopped. "I do not want to harm you" he said in Latin. The dialect had changed over time but it was still understood in this part of the world. "Let me take a look at you. I am a healer."

The woman just bared her teeth even more.

"Everyone could say that" she hissed. "Prove it."

Sal answered her challenge with steady eyes while he softly tipped with his right hand against his chest - at the place he could feel his still beating heart under his warm skin. A soft glow spread across his chest, showing of the healer's oath he had taken in glowing runes.

The woman looked at it and her snarling stopped.

"May I help you?" Sal asked again.

"Your oath... covers... all..." she asked with halting breath.

"All creatures, Firbolg or not, yes" Sal answered.

Her eyes widened when she heard his answer.

"Your... one... of... us?" she wheezed.

"I am a Firbolg-born" Sal answered truthfully and she relaxed. He took this action and came closer. When she did not bare her teeth again, he sat down beside her. She tensed again when he reached for her. He saw the next moment why. In her arms she was shielding a little child - maybe

five or six years old, a vampire child. Her child, he guessed.

The little boy looked at him with huge, fearful eyes.

"Is he hurt?" Sal asked softly, not reaching out for the child and not addressing it directly. He had grown up in a time when it was considered rude to do either. The woman relaxed again a little bit. She was still wary of him but seemed to decide to trust him for now.

"I... don't think... so" she wheezed and Sal nodded.

"May I take a look?"

She tried to open her arms so that he could look at the child, but needed his assistance to do so. Sal frowned. It did not look good for her if she was unable to even lift her arms. He said nothing. He knew that she would not permit him to heal her until she knew that her son wasn't hurt - her eyes told him this fact without the need of words.

So Sal took the boy from her arms and looked him over. He was fine, just frightened and was watching him with huge eyes. Sal smiled at him and turned to the boy's mother. When he turned back to her he again saw the corpse of the man lying on the ground just a few steps away. He guessed it was the father of the dark haired vampire child.

"He's fine" Sal said softly to the mother. "I need to heal you now. Your child needs you." And the child did literally. With the father dead and without a coven nearby there was no way to survive for a vampire child if the mother also died. A vampire lived the first hundred years from the blood that was flowing through the veins of their parents or guardians. It was simply too young to hunt until then. Without the blood it would die within days.

The mother nodded and Sal turned her so that he could see her back. Her spine was broken, some of her inner organs ruptured. Sal grimaced but still started to weave his magic, trying to mend the damage.

He started to draw runes on the ground. Then he searched his girdle for potions and herbs. The most things he had were human orientated but some of them could also be used for vampires, others couldn't.

So Sal carefully searched his healing supplies for those he could use and then turned to the woman again. Normally he would have stabilised her with blood-magic but she was a vampire and he knew that she wouldn't react well to his blood.

As a Firbolg-born his blood was toxic to her - as toxic as every Firbolg blood was for a vampire. There was just one exception to the rule: children lived from the blood their parents provided, blood that would be toxic to them if they were adults themselves... except of course they had been fed that blood from early childhood on. It was complicated, but as far as Sal knew, the only Firbolg blood a vampire could consume safely was the blood of those that had raised them.

So Sal couldn't take the chance of using his blood to stabilise her. If it entered her body she would die from it, poisoned.

The only thing that Sal could do was using her own blood for the runes he needed to draw. And he did. He took the blood from her wound and drew runes on her neck, her wrists and ankles. He activated the runes and started to apply herbs and potions to her wound. For a moment it looked as if she was getting better, then his spells broke with a shattering noise and faded out of existence. He cursed under his breath in his father's mother tongue - Parseltongue - and tried to rescue his stasis runes.

He had no chance. The runes broke again before he could even try to activate them.

Sal cursed again. He tried for a third time and again the runes dissolved before he could activate them. There was no denying it anymore. Sal

closed his eyes, trying not to think of the child next to him who was looking down at its mother, its little hand in its mouth, drooling.

"You... can't... heal..." the mother started. Sal sighed.

"Yes" he said softly. "I am sorry but there is nothing I can do to prevent it anymore..."

"My... child..." the woman said, then she gathered herself, her effete hand reached out to her son and Sal pushed the child forward until she could take the boy's hand in her own. The young boy looked down to his mother's face, clearly understanding that something was wrong but unable to understand what was wrong exactly.

"Momma?" the boy asked hesitantly.

"Healer" she huffed and Sal turned his eyes to her face.

"What do you need, madam?" he asked softly while feeling extremely bad just because he was unable to do anything to help her. He knew that today would just add another part to his nightmares.

As an answer to his question she let go of her child's hand and took Sal's instead. And before he could stop her, she bit down on his wrist. Blood oozed from his wound and Sal flinched. But the woman held tightly - with more strength than he thought she had left - and then bit down her own wrist, mixing her blood with his.

"Drink... my... child..." she hissed and the boy complied, used to being fed from the wrist of his mother. But it wasn't the wrist of his mother the boy started to feed on. It was Sal's wrist. Sal stared at the child, when the boy started to consume first the mixed blood of Sal and the boy's mother and then just Sal's blood.

"What...?!"

"Your... child..." the woman wheezed. "Anastasius... your... child..."

And then her eyes closed and she moved no more. Sal instead stared

down to his wrist and the child, sucking on it.

His child?!

HIS child?!

"Great" Sal muttered in Parseltongue sarcastically. "I really wanted to have a son - especially a vampire son!"

The boy - Anastasius, Sal guessed - did not act as if he had understood him. Instead he sucked another few times and then stopped. Sal sighed, healed his wrist and then buried his head in his hands.

"And what should I do with you now?" he asked rhetorically. The boy looked at him with huge eyes.

"Dada?" Anastasius finally said, his voice high pitched and nervous.

"Yes, I guess that's me now" Sal said sighing. Then he looked at the dead woman. "I also guess we should burry your... former... parents..."

So he stood up and turned to the dead man some steps away. He finally decided to drag the man to the woman and burn them both.

He burned them and then scooped up the child, secured it in his arms and turned away from the dead. Rome definitely had lost his charm to him for a while...

"Let's go home, Anastasius" he said to the child in his arms.

"Home?" the child repeated.

"Yes, home. Back to Britannia."

"Momma?" the child asked hesitantly.

"Momma is dead now, Anastasius. Momma and dada are in heaven now.

They will not come back."

"Heaven?"

Sal sighed again and pointed at the midday sky.

"At night you might see them up there, looking down to you, watching out for you" he said to the child. "You just have to search for the brightest

stars in the sky."

The child didn't answer but buried its head in Sal's neck. Sal was sure that the boy not really understood. He guessed that the child was maybe four or five years old - too young to understand the concept of death. Still, it understood that its parents were gone somehow. Sal was sure that the boy would be grieving soon.

Sal sighed again, then he strode on. Maybe he should find a home near here for some years until the child was old enough to travel back to Britannia...

In the end, Sal settled down in a little village in the Black Forest in the later Germany. The settlement was small and solely magical. First, the other villagers were wary of him. Anastasius was too young to pretend to be human and the villagers kept their distance at first, nervous about the 'two vampires'. It took nearly three years until they understood, that Sal truly wasn't a vampire and that they did not have to worry about the vampire child because it would not hunt at all until it was at least thirty years of age. Until then, Sal would be its only food source.

Sal himself also had to get used to give his blood to the child to eat.

Blood was a powerful substance and normally a druid did not part with it easily. To feed it to a child was somehow... unsettling at first - especially because Sal had been taught what you could do with blood and what would happen if someone else took your blood for their own purpose.

With time, the villagers started to accept Sal and Anastasius. The day Sal found out they had been accepted, was the day he found out about the new last name the villagers had given them.

"Sanguinis!" one of them had called Sal. "Sal Sanguinis! Wait a minute!"

Sal had stopped this time, turning to the villager.

"Sanguinis?" he asked. "Of blood?"

They called him 'of blood' in Latin?!

The man just shrugged.

"Everyone calls you and your son that" the man answered. It was also the first time someone had called Anastasius Sal's son. "I called just to let you know about the meeting of the village in three nights. Will you be there?"

From then on, Sal and Anastasius were 'Sanguinis' in the mind of the villagers. They started to interact with them but Sal knew they would have to leave in a few years. Anastasius needed to see the world before he was old enough to hunt for himself. Sal refused to raise the child with the same fear of humans and other creatures that the other vampires seemed to have. It still took another ten years living in the settlement until Anastasius was old enough to travel with him.

They travelled Europe for a while until Sal decided when Anastasius was twenty years of age - still looking like a fifteen year old teen because vampires needed nearly forty years to age to adulthood - to finally show his son where Sal came from...

And because of that Sal was back home in Britannia.

Back home and back in the conflicts between goblins and wizards. Sal could not understand how these two nations could fight again. When he departed they had finally had a time of peace - now, just five hundred years later - they were fighting again.

Sal had seen it. He had crossed a battlefield where the wounded were still mourning. So Sal had done what he did every time he crossed a place like that. He had stopped and started to help. He healed goblin and wizards alike, uninterested about the cause of their fight this time. He had taught his son some things about healing - knowing that his son was not truly interested in that profession, but also knowing that to know how to heal was important. After he had healed the warriors on both sides he had

walked away. He had been uninterested in getting in the conflict - especially with Anastasius in tow...

But now it seemed, as if he had no choice.

Sal and Anastasius had walked in a fight between goblin and wizards in the middle of the woods. The goblins were less. They had just three fighter, trying to shelter four women and seven children. The wizards - the ambushers - were twenty and seemed determined to kill the goblins.

Sal sighed.

"Wait here, Ana" he said to his son. "I will sort this out."

"But..."

"No but, Anastasius" Sal interrupted quietly. "As long as you are fed by me you do what I tell you, understood?"

The boy looked at him sullenly and in full teenage-disobedience, but finally nodded.

Sal just rubbed his forehead, trying to clear it from the beginning of a headache, then he stowed his stuff away under a bush, hid Anastasius behind it and entered the clearing, where the fight took place.

His left hand reached for one of his goblin-made daggers, the other one tightened its grip on his staff.

"Don't you think that fighting like that is a little bit unfair?" he asked coldly and stared at the wizards.

"Don't concern yourself, foreigner" one of the sorcerers said, speaking with a heavy accent that made his words nearly not understandable.

Sal estimated that not the sorcerer was speaking with an accent - Sal was. The language seemed to have changed again...

Sal sighed again. Another language he had to update...

Well, now he had not the time to do that, so his language skills had to do.

"I will have to concern myself when you are treating fellow intelligent

beings like that." He answered, trying to imitate the speech of the sorcerers.

"You seemed to have missed the message." Another one said. "The Gathering of Lords decided that they are not like us. We are superior to them - we have the right to treat them like we want!"

"Well... if it is like that" Sal said, concealing his anger behind sarcasm.

"Then I will do also treat inferior beings like I want."

He did not concern himself with a lot of spell work; instead he simply scribbled four symbols - two of them Norse runes, one an Egyptian Hieroglyph and the other one a Maya symbol - in the earth in front of him and send them out to the troublemakers.

The sorcerers didn't know what hit them. One moment they were still taunting the goblins, the next they were flying through the air and bound by the trees of the forest.

Sal looked them over, his eyes deadly cold.

"I think I like treating inferior beings like you like I want." He stated coolly. The sorcerers stared with disbelief in their eyes at him.

"What... what are you doing?!" one of them spluttered. "We aren't the inferior beings - they are!" With that he tried to point at the goblins but was prevented by the tree which was concealing him.

"Oh - you aren't?" Sal asked sweetly. "I thought you are inferior to me - you are no lords, and as such you should be inferior to me." Not that a lord would not be inferior to him, as he was after all Arthur Pendragon's son... but that wasn't the point Sal tried to make so he just stared at the sorcerers and the sorcerers shuddered under his deadly green gaze.

"Of course, being who I am, even a mere lord is beneath me." Sal finally decided to add just because he could. "So - please tell your lords kindly that the Olde Line will decline to work with them. Emrys sends his

regards." And with that he turned to the goblins.

"Clan-brothers! Is anyone hurt?" he asked in Gobbledegook. The goblin changed a look, then one of them made some steps in his direction, still holding his weapon at Sal.

"What does this concern you, foreigner?" he also asked in an accentuated Gobbledegook. Sal sighed and added another language to update to his list.

"I am a healer, so it does concern me" he answered using the tradition of the goblin to answer for his actions.

"But you are also a sorcerer" the goblin answered. "Their healers don't have the same code like the goblin ones."

Sal knew the goblin was normally right - but Sal had never been normal.

"I am no mere sorcerer. I am a Goblin Friend, a clan-brother" he answered. "I fought with the goblins five hundred years ago. I nearly laid my life down to rescue your chieftain. I am not honourless like the ones you call sorcerers."

"So you do call them different?" the goblin asked, still holding his weapon in a death-grip.

"I am not born a sorcerer" Sal answered truthfully. "My father was a druid, a Firbolg-born. My mother was one of the Olde. I cannot call myself a sorcerer with a heritage like that. I call myself a Firbolg-born."

Sal hoped his answer was enough. He wasn't sure if the magical creatures still called themselves 'Firbolg' but it was the term he had learned and he wouldn't change calling himself it as long as he could still use it.

"Do you have a name, foreigner?" the goblin asked and Sal sighed relieved silently. Being asked for his name meant that the goblin did consider his statement as something that could be true.

"I am Salvazsahar Emrys" he answered, then turned and winked at his son.

"This is my adopted child, Anastasius Sanguinis. I also have a goblin name.

Your chieftain named me Morganaadth."

Now the goblins that had before looked at his son, all openly stared at him, hope and unbelieving in their eyes.

"What was the name of the chieftain who named you and what did his son gift you, when you left?" the speaker of the goblins asked, tension in his voice mingling with hope.

"His name was Gringood." Sal answered. "His son Vayland gifted me a Vault in your bank and these." With that he drew one of his daggers and showing it, the peak still pointing to the earth.

The goblin-speaker extended a hand and Sal gave him his dagger. Expert eyes looked over the slim, short blade which was hiding in self-produced shadows. The hand of the goblin caressed the blade and the name on it.

Then he returned the blade.

"I thank you, Morganaadth" he finally said. "I am Ragnuk Ragnaadth Vaylandadth Gringoodadth. It was my grandfather who gifted you this blades. I am now the chieftain of the clans. These are my family: my brothers, my sister and my and my brothers' wives and children. I welcome you back to the clans and as a clan-brother, I ask you to help us."

"I thank you, Ragnuk" Sal answered and bowed slightly. Then he scrutinized the other goblins.

"So... is anyone hurt?" Sal asked again.

"My son" the speaker answered. "But I fear you won't be able to help him. His wounds are too deep."

"Let me decide." Sal answered.

The other goblins exchanged a look, then they opened his way to a child, that had been protected by all the others. It was lying on the ground, blood oozing from a deep wound in the stomach. Sal could clearly see that the organs inside where also stabbed. This was nothing a mere

wizard healer could heal. Even one of the goblin ones would surrender at these wounds.

But Sal wasn't one or the other. He had hundreds of years of experience. He was not sure he could heal the boy, but he was sure that when anyone could, he was.

"It will be hard, but I may be able to heal him" he finally said while summoning his rucksack without even looking up from the deadly wounded boy. "I cannot promise anything, but let me try."

Now he could clearly see hope in the eyes of the goblin. He looked at his own son who stood a little awkward in the clearing and motioned for him to get Sal's things. The boy did as he was told and Sal returned his gaze to the goblin.

"It is a deep wound, Morganaadth" Ragnuk said in that moment sceptically.

"My wife is a healer - even she is unable..."

"I just asked for a try, nothing more." Sal answered. Ragnuk stared at his dying son, then at Sal.

"So be it, Morganaadth. It just can help."

Sal nodded, took his stuff from the hands of his son and searched it for herbs he needed. Then he turned to the middle of the clearing, drawing hastily runes, hieroglyphs and symbols on the ground, followed by circles, pentagrams and lines. A wave of his staff turned the earth to a ritualistic stone-bed.

After that he turned around and fetched the boy up from the ground, carried him to the bed and laid him down. When he family creped near, he stopped them before they could enter the outer-circle.

"Don't enter the shield-runes." He said. "I cannot have anyone contaminate them."

The family reacted in jumping two steps back, staring at the circles and

runes.

"What is this?" Ragnuk asked.

"Ritualistic healing" Sal answered. "I am not sure if anyone still does that, but it will serve my purpose well."

"A dark ritual?" Ragnuk asked hesitating.

"Not dark" Sal answered. "I will not kill anything to do it. Ritualistic magic was never just solely dark. There is always a light and a dark side of things."

And with that, he activated the runes. The time in the inner circles stopped and with it the bleeding of the boy. The outer one disinfected the area and others balanced the magical flow, so that magic would not disrupted the ritual he would do. Then Sal turned to his herbs and potions and took out an herb and one of his potions.

"This is a sleeping potion" he said to the boy. "And this one is an herb to conceal the pain." Holding up the herb. "Chew the herb and drink the potion. After that you will not feel anything anymore and you will simply go to sleep."

He knew that the combination he was giving the boy was dangerous but his stock was limited and that was the best he could come up with.

The boy did as he was told and not a minute later his eyelids fluttered and closed.

Sal waited the next five minutes to be sure the boy really slept and did not feel anything, then he took out one of his daggers and cut his own wrist. Blood flowed and dropped on the drawn circle. The circles one after another lit up.

Then Sal wrote carefully some runes with his own blood on the forehead of the boy. The same thing he did with the boy's wrists and ankles. Then he wrote the same runes on his own forehead, wrists and ankles.

After that he closed his own wound and chanted.

The runes lit.

One moment the clearing was as bright as in daylight, then the light succumbed to a shimmering red.

The boy would be bound to Sal's strength for now. It would be tiresome for him but it would bind the soul of the boy to his body - and that was the only thing that mattered.

Sal took a deep breath, waited another two minutes and began after that with cleaning the wounds. They were gruesome - and far more deadly as they looked. Sal had to call all his knowledge of healing in his mind to start mending the organs. Taking care of the magic flow of the young goblin he mended one organ after the other, sometimes pausing to make sure the magic of the young goblin still wasn't hindered in its natural flow through the body.

Sometimes he also paused to remember how the organs were connected or how they looked.

Runes, hieroglyphs, symbols mixed with spells in different languages, herbs and potions slowly mended the organs. Finally the last of the organs looked again like it should.

Sal took another deep breath, then he transfigured a needle sterilized it in a called flame and started the tiring process to sew the outer wounds. He knew that there were spells to mend wounds like that, but he dared not to use them. They would disturb the spell work he used to mend the inner organs - and that he could not risk.

The boy would have to live with some heavy scars, but it was better than dying. And maybe Sal could later, when the organs were alright, mend the wounds magically. Now they had to heal naturally.

He disinfected the suture and bandaged the wounds. Then he carefully destroyed the ritual circle and the runes on the forehead, wrists and ankles of the boy. After that he also destroyed the runes on himself. The

blood he had used to draw lit again for another moment, and then it vanished into little red sparkles which flew away with the wind.

"You can come now" He said to the goblin-family. As soon he said that, they came running. The mother reaching out for her son but stopping before touching him.

"How is he?" she asked, fear in her voice. Sal opened his mouth to reply but then grinned.

"How about asking him yourself?" He asked and smiled at the young boy who had just opened his eyes. "How do you feel, my boy?"

"Strange" the boy answered. "I don't hurt but there is something tight around my waist."

"That might be the bandage" Sal answered chuckling. "I could not mend your outer wounds because I feared to disturb my work with your inner wounds. It will have to heal naturally, I am sorry."

"But he will live?" Ragnuk asked hopefully.

"Well, he is awake and seemed to be fine - so when nothing goes terribly wrong, yes, he will" Sal answered. "But tell me, how come your child was hurt like that?"

"We are living near here" Ragnuk answered. "My boy was playing here. I don't know what happened, but I know he did not return when he should so I and my family started looking for him. He was hurt like that when we found him. My wife tried to heal him when suddenly these scums turned up and rounded on us. And then you came - that's all I know."

"They came and hurt me when I was playing" the boy said. "They let me live - I think they planned to wait for my family to find me to take us all down."

The boy's words were grim and far older than the years he counted.

For Sal the young goblin was another boy who had to mature beyond his years. He sighed. He hated it. Children should stay children - they should

be able to play to laugh and to live. They should not be slain while playing or fearing for their life...

He withdrew his thoughts from their path to fix them again to the present.

"Well - they won't do it again. I am sure" He said coolly, looking at the captured sorcerers who were looking at him with fear in their eyes.

"When they finally are released from here, they will never think about hurting someone again."

"Why?" Ragnuk asked, now also looking at the sorcerers. "What did you do? I thought you just captured them."

"I did." Sal answered. "And they will relive all the crimes they did in their own mind and on their own bodies with them as the victims before the trees will let them go. Their punishment will start with sunrise."

Ragnuk shuddered.

"Remind me never to anger you." He said. "I might be a goblin but even I prefer a blade through my stomach to this."

"Oh, it won't kill them" Sal assured Ragnuk shrugging. "The deathly blow won't be deathly for them - they just will feel like they are dying. I am sure, that after they relived their deeds they will still be able to walk away - reliving the same thing night after night in their dreams until they regret."

"Just ask for my sword when I have wronged you. I will give it to you freely so that you can stab me, alright, Morganaadth?" Ragnuk commented. "It will definitely preferable to this punishment."

Sal just shrugged.

"When you think so, chieftain" he answered unconcerned and then turned the goblin-boy.

"You should stay in bed for the next days. You may sit up when your mother helps you, but we have to wait until the spell works settles and your wounds

have healed a bit."

"What is with his magic?" the mother asked.

"As soon as he is healed, he should have no problems with it. But I would recommend that he does not do magic for the next fortnight. My magic could interact when he would try - and that is nothing we want to have."

"So, what will you do now, Morganaadh?" Ragnuk asked. Sal shrugged again.

"I just returned to Britain" he answered. "I thought of staying and relearning the languages. They seemed to have slightly changed since I was here the last time. It will take some time to update my vocabulary. Maybe I will work as a healer..."

"How about coming with us for the night?" Ragnuk asked. "You can decide tomorrow what you want to do..."

For one moment Sal thought about declining the offer - but he knew that it would be insulting if he did and so he gave in.

And so he was sucked again into the war between goblins and sorcerers, searching battlefields for wounded people, defending women and children, working together with goblin-healers and the clans. His son was following everywhere like a shadow while learning to fight from the goblins. His son also found his profession as a scholar by the goblins and started working in their archives. Sal let him be. Sal's own father had never pushed Sal into a profession and Sal would never do it to his son. If Anastasius wanted to be a scholar and live his life for dusty scrolls, then so be it. Sal would not stop him. And like that they slowly drifted apart again, especially after Anastasius finally learned and was able to hunt alone when he turned thirty-two. After that Anastasius still sometimes returned to Sal to be fed, but the occasions were less and far between - especially with Sal on the battlefield and Anastasius in the archives, both

- just to be turned down without even being able to utter one word about it.

The next step would have been to talk to the whole Wizengamot - but Amelia dreaded this discussion. The most members of the Wizengamot would not listen to her as soon as she uttered the name 'Sirius Black'. The entire public thought him to be a convicted murderer and no member of the Wizengamot would dare to crash his or her public image for a 'might be'.

So there was just one way...

Amelia Bones was sitting in her office, smirking. In her hands she was holding an edition of The Quibbler. Normally she would have dropped dead before being found with the abstruse newspaper in her hands.

But that had changed a few days after Harry Potter's trial, when one of her Aurors had dropped by to show her the article in The Quibbler.

At that time she had been very interested in the critique The Quibbler had printed. Critique about the press and the Ministry was something you could not read everyday. It even had some new information for Amelia herself.

She had not known that the Ministry had the major share in the stocking of the Daily Prophet. To her shame she never had thought once about the connection between the Ministry's opinion and the opinion of the Daily Prophet. For her it had been natural, that Ministry and Prophet said the same things.

Of course she had seen the slandering of Harry Potter that followed the end of the Tri-Wizard-Tournament. She simply had thought that that was what press would do. She never had thought that maybe Fudge himself would be behind the slandering and wrong information the press was printing. Now she wasn't so sure anymore.

The slandering that followed the trial last week she looked at more critical.

A formality that prevented that the boy was tried?!

She knew it wasn't like that - but she could do nothing to stop the press from printing. She would lose her job if she tried, she was sure, Fudge would arrange it. He was not pleased with her for letting the boy prove his point but she had followed the law so he could not fire her for something like that. When she tried to influence the press instead... she would be gone before she could even look his way.

And Amelia felt furious because of that. She normally did not care about the Daily Propohet - but to slander an innocent boy just because the minister did not like the young one... that was truly appealing! The boy after all was not older than her own niece and Amelia knew her niece would be devastated if anyone would dare to print things like that about her.

Someone should have protected the boy from the press. Someone should have helped him to organize a barrister to stop the slandering of the Prophet. Amelia could not fathom why Albus Dumbledore had done nothing to protect the boy until now.

She knew that the Headmaster himself had organized a barrister for himself to stop the slandering of his own name some weeks ago - so why hadn't he done so for his own ward, too?!

And then there was Fudge.

The minister was on the war path against the Headmaster and the Boy-Who-Lived.

Amelia was sure he would try everything to destroy both of them utterly. And there had been nothing Amelia had been able to stop him - after all, the minister controlled the Prophet...

But now...

She smiled, still holding the newspaper in her hands.

Maybe she could use a different approach...

She stood up and left her office, the newspaper still in her hand.

"I will go to lunch" she told her assistant.

After that she left to the apparition-point and apparated away to Diagon

Alley. There, at her preferred restaurant, an old friend was waiting for

her. Amelia had send her friend a letter to meet her here after she had

found the article in the newspaper she was still clutching in her hands.

"Augusta" she greeted the old woman. Augusta Longbottom smiled at her.

"Amelia, my dear! Nice to see you again."

They sat down in a private boot and after they ordered, Amelia showed

her old friend the article she had found in The Quibbler today.

"Look at that and tell me what you think" she instructed, showing the old

lady the letter of Oliver Twist and the parts of the trial script Xeno

Lovegood had inserted that showed Oliver Twist's point of few before he

had answered the letter.

"Well, that definitely is something" Augusta Longbottom stated after she

finished reading the article. "Xeno should watch out what he is writing -

I don't think that Fudge likes it very much."

"I don't think our Minister is aware of it" Amelia answered smirking. "He

is not reading The Quibbler."

"I thought the same about you, my dear" Augusta answered.

Amelia smirked again.

"Well, I didn't" she answered. "But some weeks ago an Auror brought me

the paper because of an interesting article - the first article from this

Oliver Twist."

"And you decided to follow it a little bit longer in case it was not a one-

time article?"

"Yes."

"So why did you ask me here?" Augusta leaned back. The door opened and their food arrived. They waited until the waiter had left the room again before continuing.

"I want to publish this article somewhere else" Amelia stated, smiling evily. "I want it read from as many persons as possible."

"The Daily Prophet won't print it" Augusta answered.

"I know - they are in the pocket of the Ministry." Amelia answered, still smiling. And suddenly Augusta smirked.

"You are clever, my dear." She said. "I will ask. And I will write Xenon - he will know how to contact Mr. Twist."

"I thought you would catch on" Amelia said and took out some other papers. "These are trial scripts of Mr. Potter's trial. I am sure the Minister will catch on soon. He will seal the court script, so I made some copies."

"These are the only ones? No-one other has come to get a copy?" Augusta asked with a raised eyebrow.

"No" Amelia answered smiling. "There are until now fifty five others who have come."

"As soon as we have published it, I will leave these in some public places" Augusta promised smiling.

After that they spoke of different things and when Amelia finally returned to work, she felt better than she had for a long time now. She even had to stop shortly before returning to her work to let the smirk vanish from her face.

Now she just had to wait a little bit more - and then she could finally strike and demand a trial for a man she suddenly doubted that he was really guilty.

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Harry smiled. In his right hand he was holding an edition of the next edition of The Quibbler. It would start to be sold next week. In his left hand he was holding a letter solely addressed to him - well, not really to him but still... to him.

It was a letter addressed to a fellow called "Oliver Twist" and it was an invitation to write for The Quibbler as a columnist. Harry had read the letter trice until now. Then he finally decided to answer the letter positively. This was a chance he had to take.

In that moment another letter arrived. It also was addressed to Oliver Twist. Winky gave it to him smiling.

"Another letter for you, Master Harry", she said.

He took it and dismissed her again.

This time his smirk even widened when he read the letter he got.

"Dear Mr. Twist", it said. "We wish to ask you to be allowed to also publish your articles in our newspaper. We are especially interested in Sirius Black and your opinion why there was no trail to begin with. If could could research this fact and maybe ask in your new letter and if Xenophilius Lovegood would be inclined to answer, we would pay you both the wage of a free-lancing journalist for this article and any other you come up with. If you accept please add your account-number and the name of your account-manager. Sincerely
Amanda MacDougal, Editor in Chief for the Witch's Weekly."

Harry grinned. Well, that was something he could work with. He quickly penned a reply and gave it to Winky to deliver. His chances were increasing. Soon he would be able to step some great men on the toes without getting burned by doing it...

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A few days later Amelia Bones sat in her office, when suddenly Fudge

stumbled in.

"I need your Aurors!" he cried.

Amelia just raised an eyebrow at his words.

"They have to arrest someone!" Fudge continued.

"Who?"

"A fellow named Oliver Twist!" Fudge answered huffing. "He dared to print rubbish in the Witch's Weekly!"

"You are reading the Witch's Weekly, Minister?" Amelia asked with surprise in her voice.

"Yes... uh... of course not! But Dolores does and she saw this offending article! We have to arrest this Twist fellow - and Lovegood also!"

"Lovegood? I am sure that Xenophilius Lovegood does not publish in the Witch's Weekly. So why do you want to arrest him for an article in this newspaper?" Amelia asked. Inwardly she laughed at the Minister. He was far too late. The article was printed and the most would have read it by now. There was nothing he could do anymore except of huffing and puffing and howling.

Of course, the Witch's Weekly wasn't the Daily Prophet - but it definitely had a better reputation than the Quibbler. And there were many witches that read Witch's Weekly just for the fashion tips printed inside...

There definitely wasn't a better audience than the wives of the most influential lords or the ladies themselves...

"But he did this time!" the Minister cried in that moment, throwing the offending article on the desk before Amelia. "Look at it! They dare to mock me! Me, the Minister of Magic!"

Amelia took the newspaper and looked dutifully at the article.

"I am still not sure why you came to me" she finally said while putting the article back on the desk.

"Because you are the Head of the Law Department and you have to arrest those two individuals!" Fudge answered. "They are slandering the Ministry!"

"I cannot see any slandering in the article at all" Amelia answered. "It is based on the truth. The boy cleared himself quite effectively..."

"But... but... but there is no way that that is allowed to be printed!"

Fudge howled.

"There is no law against it" Amelia said. "Would there be the Daily Prophet would have to close its business a long time ago."

Fudge blinked and gawked at her. Then he turned on his heels and stormed out of the door. Ten minutes later Amelia heard that the archive with the trial scripts had been closed for the public. She just smirked. The Minister was far too late...

When she finally left her office dozens of people had read the article and even more had looked for the trial scripts themselves. She later discovered that nearly one hundred trial scripts after the publishing in the Witch's Weekly had been given out before the Minister had time to close the doors of the archive - not counted the others that had been given out after the article in The Quibbler a week before and the scripts Amelia and Augusta Longbottom had.

A day later the whole wizarding world was discussing the unfair trial of one Harry Potter. Amelia smiled. Maybe if she pushed a little bit more she soon would be able to push for trials that were due for more than a decade...

xXx

Meanwhile another woman was smirking at the article.

Augusta Longbottom had bought herself the Witch's Weekly after the article had been printed just to be able to read it again. The way it was

written... it reminded her of a man she had thought to be dead... but then...

"Oliver Twist" she whispered to herself. A young orphan hero in a Muggle novel, searching for love and acceptance, used by thieves and driven away or stolen away from those that accepted him.

"Oliver Twist" she whispered again, smirking. Twist - like twisting. A person that was able to twist and turn and still come out on top. "There's just one man I could think of that would have thought about something like that" she concluded.

The only problem - she thought he had died.

"Or vanished..." Augusta reminded herself. "Well, it seems I have to take up correspondence with a fellow lord again..."

Augusta searched through her drawer until she found parchment that had no embodied family crest. She knew that when she was right and the man she was thinking about really had written the letters - turned as a teenage boy - then she would have to be careful.

The man had vanished years ago. It would not endear her to him when he really was in hiding and she would flush him out by writing this letter on her usual parchment...

"Oh... I feel young again" she chuckled while setting out her writing utensils. "My dear professor - I would never have thought that I might have the chance to see you again..."

And then she started writing.

She wrote not much, just enough. Augusta did not want to reveal too much if someone else was intercepting her letter.

Professor Malfoire,

I am quite sure that those Twisted messages are your doing. If I am right, please consider my help in whatever plan you are working on. After all, you

and I both know that some people seem to think to high of themselves and their knowledge and age. If you want to crease this sureness, one word and I will follow.

Augusta L., born S. (Hogwarts alumna in 1870)

"Now to the owl..."

Augusta chose a common barn owl and send it out with the instruction to bring the letter back if the person it was addressed to was dead. Not, that she believed him dead. And it wasn't only because the professor had been enchanted with the story of Oliver Twist and Charles Dickens in general.

It was also because of the way the letters were written. No one that Augusta knew of would chose a name like Oliver Twist and write like that but the professor...

"Now I just have to wait and see what he is up to..."

And maybe warn Neville. The poor boy would be crushed down to living powder if he ever came face to face with the professor without a warning first...

xXx

A few hours later a barn owl, followed by another reached the window of a shabby looking house in London. It was the middle of the night and no one but a young looking man was awake in the whole house.

The young man had been dreaming about a corridor and a door and had woken just a few minutes earlier.

He opened the windows and let in the owls. The two owls were followed by a third that seemed to have waited for the window to open. The young man raised an eyebrow at that but took the letters anyway.

He knew that this would be the last week to get the letters like this. He had risked to get the letters personally until now but in Hogwarts he would not be able to do so.

"I need to tell the goblins that they will get my mail until Dobby or Winky collect it..." Harry thought while opening one letter after the other. The first one was a reply he had been waiting for since he had written his dear old friend about the thief he had found - the thief who had stolen from his friend not one but two times already...

My dear old Friend,

Let it go. It's not worth it. You might have found the thief - but think about the price that could come with it, when you try to capture him. You have a life to live. Do not live it solely for revenge. There are still people in this world that care for you. Live for them.

Forget what the thief has stolen.

It was time to loose it anyway.

Your old Friend.

Me.

Harry snorted when he read the reply. Then he pinned a short answer to that one.

My dear old Friend,

Never. Some things cannot be forgotten. Some things cannot be forgiven.

Your old Friend.

Me.

The other two letters were more enjoyable. Especially one. It had been brought by the barn owl and Harry had raised his eyebrow when reading it.

"Well - at least this one will help me greatly" he whispered to himself.

"Which one?" another voice asked and Harry startled and turned, his knife coming to rest on the troath of his friend.

"Reg!" he hissed. "You know not to starle me! I could have killed you!"

"Yeah, sure" Reg answered unconcerned. "So... what are you whispering

about?"

"An ally" Harry answered.

"An ally?"

"She knows me from... well... from before..."

"And how...?"

"Oliver Twist. She knows I have been a little bit... obsessed with him back in my days as a professor. And then my way of asking questions - I think that both of it together tipped her off."

"And now?"

"Nothing" Harry shrugged. "She does not know I'm Harry now. All she knows is that I am alive - and I might need her. If I am right she belongs to one of the families I would have tried to get on my side anyway. It's much easier to do so when she knows me beforehand."

"And the other letter?"

This time Harry smirked.

"Something that might aid my task greatly" he answered.

"Oh... what...?"

"I let you read this letter when you promise me to look into something"

Harry said, holding the letter so that Reg could not reach it.

Reg stared at the letter, then at Harry. He sighed.

"What should I do?" he asked still sighing.

Harry grinned.

"I need information about a corridor..." he said and started to describe what he had been dreaming of this night. "Just everything you find - take your time. I am sure we will have it."

Reg nodded and Harry handed him the letter.

Looking it over, Reg's eyes widened.

"By Merlin!" he said. "That sure aids you in your task..."

use his house as a base for his operations.

No, the true problem of one Lucius Abraxas Malfoy, who was currently sitting in his study, looking over papers from the ministry, was the person that suddenly stood inside his study without being invited by him.

The person was young - Lucius would have judged him to be not older than his son if the person in front of him hadn't looked at him with eyes as wise as the moon. Black hair was tied back with Slytherin-green ribbon in an old-fashioned, traditional way. The robes he was wearing were also cut in an older style. They were green with a black tunic and black trousers beneath. Black leather-boots and a silver belt, looking as if it was made of silver leaves added the final touch to his appearance. The boy looked like a young Salazar Slytherin, long before he had met the other founders and built a school.

And his icy green eyes did nothing to change this image. A cruel, cold smile was playing over his face, just to settle in an even harder gaze.

"Lucius Abraxas Malfoy, Head of the British branch family of Malfoire" he said and his words had an odd hissing in the background. Lucius shivered and fingered for his wand.

"Do not even try, my dear Head of the branch family" the boy said softly and before Lucius could even get a real hold of his wand, the wand was gone, sailing through the air and landing in the right hand of the boy in front of him.

This time, Lucius gulped and his eyes widened when he was suddenly at the mercy of the stranger. He had heard of wandless magic - but he had never seen it used so casually like it had been used by the boy in front of him.

"Who... whoever you are - when you try something you will wish you were never born!" the Malfoy head finally hissed. "And now, boy, give me

back my..."

Pain shot through his whole body, forcing him to shut up. It wasn't like the Cruciatus but it definitely wasn't pleasant - like a swat on the bottom and the short moment after when you could think of nothing but the pain that had erupted from being swatted.

"Do never address me as 'boy' again, Lucius Abraxas Malfoy, or I will definitely treat you like the unruly boy you have been acting as for the last two decades" the boy hissed and Lucius spluttered.

"How dare you?! I am the Head of the Malf..." again the same pain like before made him shut up.

"How dare you!" the boy hissed. "Speaking to your Head of House as if you were superior!"

"Hea... Head of House?!" Lucius Malfoy stared at the boy, then he glanced at the door of his study - surely someone had heard...

"Don't worry" the boy said smirking. "No-one will interrupt or hear us until I have dealt with you." Lucius eyes snapped to the deathly green eyes of the boy in front of him. "After all" the boy continued as if it was normal. "This is a family matter. The Family Magick of the wards of the manor will hold the secret of our conversation until I, as the Head of House, will release it from my hold." In those eerie eyes looking at him, Lucius could see nothing but the truth. There was no aid and no escape until the boy would let him go.

Still, Lucius had to try. He sprang up, planning to charge at the boy and disarming the child. Instead he flew back, his back connecting with the back of the chair he had been sitting on when he was forcefully sat down again.

"Try again and I will truly treat you like an unruly child and swat your bottom until you behave" the boy in front of him hissed. "And I thought

as a pure-blood and a Malfoy you would have been raised better! Instead I see a fully grown man in front of me who does not even behave better than a stubborn two-year old toddler. What a disgrace to my family!"

Lucius blushed, unable to feel anything less but a fool after being chastised by a teenage boy. Then fury overtook him again.

"How dare you to treat...!"

This time he stopped speaking not because the boy had stopped him like before but because his eyes fell on the ring the boy was wearing. A signet ring. And not just any signet ring.

Lucius paled when he recognized the Malfoire-crest.

The boy's gaze followed Lucius' and a cruel smile again marred his handsome face.

"So you finally saw" he said, still smiling cruelly. "As if I hadn't told you before." The boy snorted and shook his head. "You are truly like a child, Lucius Abraxas Malfoy."

Lucius wanted to sneer at the boy, but this time the rules of his father stopped him. Until now Lucius might have acted like the Lord of his family - but he definitely wasn't and maybe never would be. And Lucius had been trained how to act in front of his lord...

The boy still seemed to see the suppressed sneer, because he sneered at Lucius in return.

"Learn to show proper respect, child-head of the Malfoy-branch" the child said. "And while you're at it, my dear Lucius Abraxas Malfoy, explain to me exactly why I am here."

Lucius blinked at these words and looked up again to the cruel smile that marred the boy's face.

"I... I do not understand why you came, Milord" he answered, this time definitely respectful. Lucius might not know the name of the boy in front

of him but the signet ring showed him all he needed to know. This boy in front of him had his life in his hands. If Lucius would anger him even more, Lucius could lose his place in the family faster than he would like.

"You don't?" the boy hissed. "You don't?! Then the letter that reached me two days ago was all a lie?!"

"Letter, Milord?"

"Yes, letter" the boy in front of him hissed. "A letter, telling me you are using my name and influence to gain the ear of the minister. A letter, telling me that you are using money provided for you by my part of the family to finance your life-style and that you are using connections my part of the family built to reach your goals! Tell me, have I been lied to?!"

Lucius paled further and further the more he heard.

"I... Milord..." he stuttered, his Slytherin mind working in overdrive to change this situation to his benefit.

"I... I would have never done anything like that! Whoever wrote you...!"

"Do. Not. Dare. To. Lie. To. Me!" the boy hissed. "Do you really believe I have not checked the facts?! There are records of your deeds! How dare you to even try to lie to me?!"

This time the boy's fury was nearly visible. It suddenly clung to the walls of Lucius' office, marring the very air with its heavy smell of powerful magic. Lucius shuddered.

"I... I..." Lucius stuttered. But he did not know what to say anymore.

There was just one thing he suddenly saw in his future: he saw himself disinherit and thrown out of the family, he saw himself on the street, not better than the Muggles he hated so much, his Family Magick gone, his wand snapped...

"P...please, Milord... I... I will change my ways! Just... just one other

"Harry..." he said sighing. "You know it's..."

"I know it's dangerous to leave the house!" Harry interrupted him. "But the front step is protected! I did not step further, I promise!"

Harry saw his godfather searching his face for the truth.

"You really did not make another step?" Sirius finally said softly.

"Yes. I really did not make another step. If you don't believe me you can dose me with Veritasserum - I would not answer different" Harry said.

And he wasn't lying; after all, you could apparate from the front step and back on it - so he definitely had not stepped any further...

"All right" Sirius finally said. "But please, Harry, refrain from even going out to the front step from now on, please."

Harry saw that his godfather did not really like playing the responsible adult but he also saw the fierce protectiveness that shone in the depths of his godfather's eyes.

"I will not do it again, I promise" Harry answered. He wouldn't need to. Next week he would be at Hogwarts - he could wait so long with the rest he needed to do.

"Thank you" and with that, Harry was again of the hook - well, at least with Sirius, because for the rest of the holidays a blue magical eye would follow Harry everywhere... but that, Harry did not know...

xXx

In the same week also, a woman could be seen, looking satisfied at The Quibbler in her hands. It was exactly what she had needed to get the investigation started. She knew she had not to wait much longer. Soon there would be enough public protest to press for a trial for Sirius Black. Amelia smiled, and then she started to read the article again. She could not get enough of it. Oh how she loved it that someone was finally pointing out the problems of their system!

The newest edition read:

Dear Editor,

The last time you wrote me that there is no trial script of the convicted Sirius Black. Well, this fact got me hooked and I decided to look into it myself.

So I went to the archive in the Ministry and researched Mr. Black. I really did not find anything that hints to a trial at all - not that I was surprised after all you told me that there had not been one to begin with but I still decided to check for myself. I also did not only research the trial script but everything I found about Mr Black. I even went so far to search newspaper articles from the time he was arrested.

One article I found was especially interesting as it reminded me of something I heard Potter and his friends talking about some time ago. The article stated that Mr. Black killed thirteen Muggle and Peter Pettigrew, a friend of the late Potters. It also clearly stated, that "Mr. Black was found laughing at the crime scene, screaming that he had killed Lily and James Potter. He was arrested and brought to Azkaban right away."

At the end of last year I heard Potter and his friends talking and when I read these sentences I remembered, that Harry Potter clearly stated that "Peter Pettigrew was the one who slit his arm when he was forced to aid by the rebirth of Lord Voldemort." Of course there is the issue, that You-Know-Who might or might not be back. I do not want to judge who is right.

Still, fact is: When Harry Potter really wanted to fabricate a story - why did he include a man who died fourteen years ago?! Wouldn't including this man make his story more unbelievable as it is? Of course I am no expert in lying and I do not pretend that I know what Potter is thinking, but I think that every person who is thinking a little bit logically would refrain from mentioning a dead wizard when he wanted his story to be believed.

So why did he mention him at all?! There is Black on the run - why using

dead Pettigrew?!

It cannot be the connection to his parents as they both were friends of the late Potters. And I honestly cannot think of another reason. When he wanted it to be not researchable he also could have used Mr. Black as Mr. Black cannot say anything against it.

And then there is another fact I cannot understand. The day Sirius Black killed Peter Pettigrew; nothing was left of late Pettigrew except of a finger. I would like to know which curse Mr. Black has been using as I never heard of a curse like that. I asked my great-grandfather if he knew a curse like that and all he told me was: "I never heard about something like that. There are curses that can reduce a person to ashes or blow them up so that there is nothing left but little peaces of flesh, skin and bones. But letting them vanish except of a finger? No, that I never heard before." He also told me, that there are no curses that could even do something like that for an extension.

Of course I did not just belief him so I started to search the library of my family for any course that could do anything like described in the newspaper. Out library is huge and contains hundredth of years of knowledge. Still, I found nothing.

And really, just thinking about it makes me shake my head. When there really was a spell that blew Pettigrew up - then why was his finger found whole? Why wasn't there more damage? A spell like that should have whipped out the whole neighborhood and not just the streets. You don't believe me? Look it up in Mafalda's Basic Knowledge of Magical Theory. Magic is a force. You might be able to concentrate it on one object by extent, but the more force you use the more wild magic gets lose. There are few wizards that can control wild magic enough to stop it from blowing up everywhere around them. And even if Black was an exceptional wizard, I would dare to say that if his name isn't Dumbledore or You-Know-Who he would not be able to just blow up Pettigrew

to such an extent without the destruction of the houses near by. And then there would still be the problem of the finger...

The last thing that confuses me at this case is that Mr. Black was never checked if he was bearing the Dark Mark. Shouldn't that have been the first thing to do? And don't tell me we were at war. There was plenty of time to lift a sleeve and look at the skin beneath it. The Dark Mark cannot be missed. So why was he just chucked into Azkaban?!

Of course there is still the problem of Mr. Black naming himself as the villain... But even that is an occurrence that can be found elsewhere. In the Muggle-world they know of a syndrome that would explain Mr. Black's yelling that "he is guilty in killing James and Lily Potter." It's called the Survivor-Syndrome. Just think about it like that: An Auror and his partner, who is a close friend, are checking houses for Death Eaters. The Auror is in charge and he tells his partner to check this house while he checks the next. So when the partner dies because in the house he was checking where Death Eaters the surviving Auror will feel guilty because he told his partner and friend to do it. He will blame himself for the death of his friend - even if he hasn't killed his friend himself.

Now exchange Sirius Black with the Auror.

Sirius Black tells the Potters to do something and they die. Pettigrew might be involved in the death of the Potters somehow as he is a follower of You-Know-Who (I am just filling in maybe-facts that fit, I am by no means telling you that it was like that), so he goes after Pettigrew. He tries to kill the traitor but is tricked by said one. That he is laughing and telling the Aurors that he "killed Lily and James Potter" would be a final result of the pressure of guilt and the inability to get revenge. Would he have been brought to St. Mungo's and would have gotten a Calming Draught he might have been able to explain fully what truly had happened.

Of course I do not say that it was like that. This is merely a likely construct of an otherwise confusing story.

I am sorry if I started to rant but I could not hold it in anymore after I found out all this stuff...

Oliver Twist

Xeno Lovegood's answer was printed beneath and even Amelia could conclude that the editor in chief of The Quibbler had been hooked by the young man who questioned everything.

Amelia asked herself how much more were looking at the texts while hoping that Oliver Twist would not stop to write - simply because there finally was someone that asked some questions or simply because the articles made an interesting reading.

Dear Mr. Twist,

I was really impressed by your reasoning. I went to Flourish & Blots to confirm the things you wrote with Mafalda's Basic Knowledge of Magical Theory. Your explanation really fits exactly what the author is describing. I also confirmed in the Muggle-world your theory with the guilty feeling of Mr. Black. It is really fascinating what the Muggles have been researching. I was impressed with the depths of their knowledge of things we never have considered until now...

Well, back to the facts. You are not the only one who heard Harry Potter talking about dead Peter Pettigrew as if he was alive. My daughter also confirmed this fact with me and I am sure there are others as well that heard him. Your reasoning that Mr. Potter would have searched for a more believable man if he really wanted to be believed is sound.

So why did he use Peter Pettigrew and not Sirius Black? The only explanation I could come up with would be that Mr. Potter was telling the truth and it really had been Peter Pettigrew. So that would make You-Know-Who's return

also more likable. And at the same time it would change the truth of the events of fourteen years ago...

But sadly it is not the journalist's place to find out the truth, it's the Auror's.

All we can do is point them the way. Let's hope it's enough to let them look in this case again. I do not want to have an innocent prisoner in Azkaban - or even kissed.

That would simply be horrible.

Xenophilius Lovegood

Editor of The Quibbler

Finally Amelia put aside the newspaper and returned to her normal work.

She had not even really started when there was a knock on her door. She smiled and called the person in. It really didn't take all that long for Fudge to turn up...

"Amelia!" Fudge said while storming in. "I want you to get at trial for Black! I want the evidence of his guilt to be public knowledge! Do it - now!"

"Excuse me?" Amelia asked with a raised eyebrow while holding back a smile.

"I am swamped with Howlers! I want it to stop so you go and start up a trial! I want him to be judged publicly! And do it now, understood?!"

"There might be a chance that Black really isn't guilty at all, Minister"

Amelia replied. The Minister just snorted.

"He is, don't worry. Dumbledore told me himself all these years ago. Just find the evidence and present it at the trial!" And with that Fudge left again.

Amelia leaned back in her chair. Finally - now she had just to find out the truth...

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At another place at the same time an edition of The Quibbler was thrown on a desk.

Albus Dumbledore was not pleased with Oliver Twist.

Of course, Albus could not protest that it was long over time that Sirius Black got a trial. The problem was that the clearing of Sirius' name wouldn't suit Albus' plans at all. Albus needed Harry to live at his relatives. He needed his hero ready to eventually die for the greater good. Of course, Albus did not want Harry to die. The young boy had still a life ahead of him and he should be able to live it.

But Harry had also the responsibility to destroy Voldemort once and for all. And when Albus had to choose between the life of one child and the lives of thousands he would take the child's life.

"And there also is the problem that occurred on the trial-day", Albus thought. He still wasn't sure how Harry had found out about the laws and all. Hermione hadn't helped him and that he had found out by himself was unlikely. The problem was that Albus could just find one reasonable explanation: Harry had either access to Voldemort's memories or the Horcrux in Harry had started to possess the boy. Both explanations would not do well for Albus' plans.

"Well, I have to watch him when he returns to Hogwarts" Albus thought. When the teen was really losing against the Dark Lord Albus would prefer to kill the teen himself than having a teenage mini-Voldemort living at Hogwarts.

"We still have time - and maybe there is a way to stop the connection between those two" Albus thought. He needed Harry intact to do what he needed to do. The only question was if Harry really needed to learn the arts of the mind. Albus would prefer to not teach the boy. He was not sure how it would end when he was unable to read the thoughts of the

boy anymore.

After all, Harry and Voldemort had shared some mayor points in their early lives - Albus feared that Harry would finally fall in the same darkness Voldemort once had fallen into. And they really didn't need another dark lord at their hands...

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Somewhere else an ex-prisoner of Azkaban was writing hurriedly a letter to the Director of Law Enforcement, one Amelia Bones. Normally, this ex-prisoner of Azkaban would not even have bothered with a letter like that. He was not one of the logical kind, so he never had thought of a way to present his own story. Instead he was one of the hands-on guys and he would have preferred to get out of his hiding place to search for the traitorous rat and then kill it. He had never thought to take a legal way to get himself cleared.

So when the article had come out in the Witch's Weekly and The Quibbler, Sirius Black just had stared at it, not comprehending and not doing anything. It had been on his godson's advice - after his godson had cuffed him one or two times around his head - that Sirius Black finally had contacted Gringotts as a neutral go-between and then started to write his letter to Amelia Bones, filled with his side of the story.

Of course, the chances that he was really granted a trial were still unbelievable slim, but his godson had told him that he had to try...

Of course, Sirius Black being Sirius Black had a very... unusual first reaction after his godson had told him to try to get his name cleared.

When his godson had told him to do it, Sirius Black had stood up from the kitchen chair he had been sitting on and had walked to the door, taking down his old travel cloak while going.

"What in fire and wind's name are you doing?!" Harry cried, when Sirius

Black opened the front door while putting on his cloak.

"I'm going to the Ministry to tell them I am not guilty" Sirius answered with a confused expression in his face. "That was what you wanted me to do, after all..."

Harry face palmed. Then he strode with purpose to his godfather and cuffed him around the head for the third time this evening.

"Are you insane, you stupid Gryffindor?!" Harry hissed. "What by earth and water are you thinking?! Or aren't you thinking at all because the space between your ears is actually empty?!"

Sirius just stared at Harry for a moment, before he slowly blinked and then muttered.

"That was creepy, Harry. For a moment I thought you were channeling Snape..."

Harry just cuffed him around his head for the fourth time that day.

"If I am able to stop you by sounding like Snape - so be it. He at least wouldn't have run head first into danger without even stopping to think beforehand!"

"That's cruel, Harry!" this time Sirius Black sounded as if he was whining.

"Absolutely cruel! How can you even think of comparing me to Snape of all people?!"

"If it works" Harry replied and then stirred his godfather back into the kitchen, silently praying that Sirius would not notice that his mother had unexplainably stayed silent while they had been talking in the entrance hall...

Harry was lucky. Sirius did not notice. Instead he was forced by his godson to write a letter to Amelia Bones, explaining his side of the story. He was also forced to contact the goblins so that Gringotts could act as a neutral ground between the two parties - there was after all still the

The village was burning.

The day had begun like every day since the end of the goblin wars. After the peace treaty Sal had left the goblins to wander again. Anastasius instead had opted to stay a little bit longer and Sal had let him be because he knew that Anastasius loved to work in the archives. Sal on the other side was planning to go abroad, but until now he hadn't decided where he wanted to go exactly. He was not really sure if he wanted to see China again or if he would like to travel south. Maybe Africa was an option...

But his plans were put on hold when he saw the dense smoke above the trees.

So instead of following his plans and going to the coast, he changed directions to where the smoke polluted the air - finding a burning village.

He stared at it, scrutinizing it with his eyes. He had learned long ago that storming into a situation without knowing what to deal with was not the brightest way of action. So he activated his Basilisk-vision - using it was magically draining, as every kind of Firbolg-magic he could utilize... and especially draining was to activate his heat-sight without opening his second eyelids. But he had to, he could not kill innocents just because he was unfortunately looking at them at the moment...

First he could see nothing but smoke, then figures materialized in the thick smoulder, running through it, crying, screaming and shouting.

Sal's Basilisk-vision showed that the most of the villagers seemed assembled in the middle - probably on the market place - of the village.

Which was odd. Why should they assemble there while their huts were burning?

Sal crept nearer, entering the village while casting a silent Illusion and

Fire-proof spell on himself. He followed his Basilisk-vision, which showed him the silhouettes of the villagers even if it was slightly hindered by the warmth of the fire itself, and went to the market place.

There he found the villagers, huddled together, with the crying children behind their parents' legs. The outer circle were solely men, behind them the women with fear in their eyes, but determined and then the children and wounded.

The men had reaping hooks, axes, and rakes in their hands. Weapons.

The only weapons a common mundane had - and that they were.

Mundanes. A mundane village, fighting for its life.

The opponents were big, burly fellows, armed with axes, swords and other, real weapons - nothing make-shift like the villager ones.

Sal knew the garbs the invaders were wearing.

He had worn some of these clothes a long time ago - even if that had been long before he had entered Britain again.

Vikings.

Vikings out for prey.

And the villagers had found themselves in their carefully knotted net, unable to flee.

Sal sighed.

He knew that this time he would not be able to just butt in and come out alive. Even if the Vikings might not have brought a magician - they rarely did when being on the prowl - they would not be as easily intimidated like the sorcerers he had crossed half a hundred years before.

Sal looked again at the villagers, this time finding a man on the front row holding a wooden stick in his hands.

A sorcerer.

The man had apparently a broken leg and a very bad looking head injury,

maybe he also had some broken ribs or some internal injury - Sal could guess as much because of the carefully reduced movements he made. Just analysing the man lead to Sal shaking his head in dismay.

"Reckless" Sal mused stifling a sigh while deciding on a course of action.

"Absolutely reckless. Even Anastasius would have thought first - even just for a moment - before running head on in this kind of situation and, by wind and fire, this boy is the most reckless person I ever met in the last thousand years! Or he was. This man definitely looks as if he has gotten head-on in this fight without thinking and getting the worst of it..."

Then he put aside his thoughts and returned to the current situation.

He had a good idea how to frighten the Viking. The only problem would be the villagers. They also would be frightened by him - but with this absolutely fearless - and maybe a little idiotic - sorcerer in their front-row...

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Sal stepped out of his hiding-place, lifting the Illusion-charm while doing so.

His long black cloak started to shimmer, flogging out in black fog. He had put up his hood, shadowing his face while enchanting his green eyes to glow out of the dark beneath his hood. His long staff, previously shrunk and in his staff-holster, now in his left hand, the old wood glowing with silver runes. His cloak was open in the front, showing gleaming daggers and knives and the potions and poisons he carried on his silver belt, made out of dozens of silver leaves.

His tunic was also black, seamed and embroidered with emerald green, showing a hissing Basilisk, ready to strike.

Of course the most of the intimidation clothes were transfigured, but even a Viking magician would have trouble to undo Sal's spelling. The

only disadvantage was that the spells Sal had used definitely belonged to the more draining ones, as they were born out of his mother tongue, Parseltonge...

Not, that Sal knew any other spells that could accomplish something like that. Sal's staff was not made to aid Sal in his every day spells and because of this his spells normally needed another magical backing. Parseltongue was one of those, runes another - but runes could not be used for something like transfiguration of clothes...

But at least a transfiguration in Parseltongue had the side effect, that it not only looked real but also intimidated a little without too much magical backing...

"Who...?" Sal whispered in a husky voice which was enchanted to carry his words far beyond the fire, echoing from every corner of the village.

"Who has dared to wake me in my sleep?"

The scene in front of him froze. The Viking turned to Sal, looking him over with unsure eyes. Sal smirked inwardly.

"You..." he said, looking a one of the Viking while using a more ancient tongue of the North - still understandable for the Viking, but nevertheless foreign sounding. "Is it you?" And while saying this a single rune was send to the Viking who toppled over, suddenly covered in blood. Sal had not hurt him deeply - it were minor wounds - but hurting the Viking wasn't Sal's goal. Scaring them was.

"It isss you" he hissed in Norse, letting in his voice the sound of the Basilisk. "But it isssn't you alone..."

His blasting eyes looking at the Viking next to the wounded. This time he didn't hold back. Without hesitating he opened his second eyelids, killing the Viking on the spot. Draining for Sal, but absolutely terrifying for those that saw it...

"You trampled on my mother's grave" he hissed while sending a rune to the Viking on the other side of the wounded. This one screamed when his hands suddenly blistered as if he had held them in the flames dancing around Sal.

"You..." he said, looking at the screaming Viking, his clear eyelids in place and closed again. "You destroyed my brother's urn..."

Now panic broke loose in the rows of the Viking.

Sal knew what they saw. They had seen his power and without a magician on their own side they interpreted his actions the only way they could: as the actions of one of the jötnar, disrupted while having a life on the earth.

And the jötnar were monster when angered. They might not always be declared as evil in Norse mythology but they also weren't always the good guys.

And Sal played with their fears, standing up to his full height, letting his eyes blast with anger.

"I will not show mercy with those who have wronged me" he hissed, his voice rough and icy. "You will perish for your deeds."

His staff lit with light as bright as the sun, bathing the fire-stricken village in evil-looking shadows, showing ghostly non-existent creatures creeping through the flames, searching, hunting.

Another one of the Viking was felled by Sal's deadly green gaze and suddenly the Viking fled. Some of them even threw away his weapons just to get away even faster, others bowed to Sal and lay down their booty to soothe his wrath before also turning around fleeing.

Within minutes the village was empty of Vikings.

Sal said nothing, his gaze still lingering on the villagers. He saw them shiver, eyes still filled with fear. Even the sorcerer seemed affected by

Sal's performance.

Sal sighed, then he stepped fully out of the flames. He looked at the still burning village. He knew they had to put out the fire. But he could not do it alone, so he turned back to the villagers while cancelling the charms he had put on his hood and eyes.

He felt a little bit light headed - using rune-based magic was definitely less draining than using magic without a real focus... it were times like that that let Sal wish for the wand he had once carried - even if it was a thousand years since he last had it in his hand...

Then he pushed his hood down, showing his human face.

"I will need help to put out the fire" he said casually.

The sorcerer stared at him, his eyes big as saucers. And then his barking laughter filled the air.

"You... you aren't a demon" he said, still laughing a little hysterically, with painful gasps sprinkled in his laughter.

Sal snorted.

"Of course not" he said. "But I somehow had to trick them to get them away. I am by no means strong enough to take them all on and come out alive."

The sorcerer laughed again, but his laughter had also another good thing.

The villagers relaxed slightly.

"How?" The sorcerer asked.

"Later" Sal said. "The fire first."

"And then the wounded - even you, Mr Reckless-Dunderhead-Sorcerer"

Sal thought, but said nothing more.

"Of course" The sorcerer said, turning to the cottages and started to water them.

Sal let him be. He himself bent down to his knees, writing runes in the

earth. He intellectually knew that using a ritual for putting out the fire would use up more of his rapidly decreasing magical resources - but it was rune work and because of that not as draining as the other things Sal had done before.

"Next time give me a thousand stasis-runes" Sal grumbled to himself soundlessly "but not something like that again. I am sure I would feel better with them then now!" Not that using runes did not eat on his magical reserves...

The villagers, still wary of him, also turned to help with the fire. But some of them stayed near Sal, watching him, protecting the wounded and toddlers who couldn't help.

One of the eldest even crept near Sal and looked down on his work.

Finally he asked.

"What are you doing... lad?" Stopping slightly before using 'lad' to address Sal. "Shouldn't you also help putting out the fire?"

"I do" Sal said calmly. "I am... a sorcerer... like... well... him..." He gestured to the other sorcerer, slightly unsure how they called sorcerers these days.

"You mean a Lord, gifted by the gods?" The old man asked.

"Yes" Sal smiled slightly at the description the old man used for the other sorcerer.

"You have no wand to channel your gift" The old man said.

"I don't" Sal said, not bothering to say that his staff and the wand the sorcerer was using were basically the same. Not that they worked the same - his staff could not aid him in charms or transfigurations, but was solely there for rituals and rune-drawings... still, it was the same somehow...

"I am a gifted Lord, but my kind is called a druid."

Sal wasn't sure if the mundane still had this term. They were starting to be Christianised after all. Maybe a druid was now a demon - Sal couldn't know. He had been too engaged in the war between sorcerers and goblin to have to do much with mundane.

"A druid?" The old man asked. "One of the old, all mighty healers?"

Almighty. Well at least he wasn't a demon...

"Yes, even if I am not almighty" He finally said. "And because I am different then him..." He nodded to where the sorcerer was putting out the fire. "... I have to do things differently."

"So you aren't one of the true druids" The old man concluded after Sal denied the 'almighty'.

"My father was a druid" Sal said, taking a different approach. "He died a long time ago. All I know about the way of the druids I know from him." When he said that, the old man nodded knowingly.

"You were too young when he died, so you are now a druid, but aren't almighty, because you could not learn all of the druids' way."

Well, at least the man had accepted Sal as a druid who wasn't almighty...

"Something like that" Sal said and stood up. Then he picked up his staff to send magic through the drawn runes on the ground. They lit up with golden sparkles and vanished, building ritual-circles around the still burning houses.

Sal powered them with his magic and blue shields suddenly surrounded the fires, putting it out by stealing it the oxygen.

"Impressive" the sorcerer rasped, coming over to were Sal was standing. He had conjured himself a walking stick on which he was leaning himself heavily.

Sal snorted.

"It is more impressive that you can still walk" He answered in return.

"Everyone else with your injuries would be lying flat - or even dead on the ground."

The other sorcerer shrugged.

"I don't think you know enough about injuries to diagnose that." He answered nonchalant while taking breaths that were filled with his pain.

At that Sal raised an eyebrow.

"Reckless dunderhead" he thought. "Definitely worse than Anastasius - far worse than Anastasius..."

"I am a Healer, Master Sorcerer" he said with a still raised eyebrow. "I am sure I am able to distinguish between a lethal wound and a minor injury."

The other one stared at him, surprise clearly visible on his face.

"Does that mean, that by all people who could have helped me, a Healer did - someone who could not battle even for his life?!"

Sal snorted at this, but decided not to protest. He had other things to do now.

"Lie down" he said sternly. "You can sulk later. After I healed you."

"But..." the other one started.

Sal made a rough gesture with his hand and the suborn sorcerer found himself toppling over when his cane suddenly vanished. Sal caught him before he fell and helped him to lie down.

"There we go" he said lightly as if nothing happened. "I knew you were clever enough to follow my advice."

The other sorcerer growled. Sal smiled at him and flicked his staff.

The colourful net that expanded over the injured sorcerer, told Sal everything he needed to know. Normal sorcerers were unable to understand the swirling patterns and colourful clusters that spread in a cupola over the body of the injured sorcerer but Sal had invented the cupola, so he knew exactly what he saw. He did not like what the cupola

had to say about his patient.

Said sorcerer looked at the net with curious eyes.

"What is that?" he asked.

"A spell to show me where you are injured." Sal replied while reading the runes and hieroglyphs that flowed along the colourful lines.

"You can read that?" the other sorcerer asked impressed.

"It is my spell, of course I can" Sal answered, rolling his eyes. "And you are in a very sorry shape. I am impressed that you have managed not to bleed to death until now."

And he really was. A normal person would not have stood up after receiving such injuries. The other sorcerer had a heavy concussion, several cracked ribs, one of them even puncturing the lung, internal bleeding from several other wounds, a knife-wound in the stomach and the predicted broken leg. Every normal person just would have laid down and died.

How the hell had this dunderhead managed to stand until now - not even talking about doing magic or walking?!

"So... is it bad?" The sorcerer asked.

"When you wouldn't still talk I'd say you're dead." Sal answered dryly. "As you are still talking: How about saying good-bye?"

The other sorcerer stayed for a moment silent after that.

"So there is nothing you can do for me anymore?" he finally asked.

Sal snorted.

"I will try" he answered, rolling his eyes again, "Just don't ask for a miracle. You might survive - but I will not predict in what state you will be afterward."

"Sure, try your worst" the sorcerer answered. "Nothing lost when you don't succeed, is there? I am dying anyway."

"And I am here again to try to do a miracle. Why is it just always me?!"

Sal groaned inwardly. That seemed exactly like the last time. The only difference was that the injured one was an adult sorcerer and his injuries were even grave than the goblin-boy's. It was just Salvazsahar's luck that had brought him here...

Sal sighed, then he scribbled new runes in the earth and conjured a stone-bed.

"How bad are the other villagers injured?" he asked the old man.

"Except of the dead, it seems nothing grave." The man answered. "And the more injured ones are treated by our healer."

Sal looked back to the wounded. De facto there was an old woman there, treating them. Sal decided that that would have to be enough for now and returned to his runic circle.

"What is this?" The old man asked, looking at the carvings etched in the ground.

"A runic circle" Sal said. "I need it for my healing."

"Our healer doesn't need something like that" the old man said sceptically.

"Your healer isn't trying to beg death to leave a man alive." Sal answered while flowing the now ashen-faced sorcerer on the stone-bed.

"He does not look like he is dying." The old man said.

"He is wearing his clothes over his fatal injuries." Sal answered. "He may not look like it, but I can see death lingering in his shadows."

Sal knew he was playing with superstition, but he was not interested to fully explain the injuries the sorcerer had got - especially after it seemed now like said man had stopped living on adrenaline alone and was succumbing to his lethal wounds.

"I hate healing dunderheads like him" Sal muttered, but entered the

circle.

"Don't enter. You will be at death's mercy if you do." He told the man.

"I will not" the man hastily assured. "And I will stop anyone else from entering, too."

"That would be appreciated." Sal answered. Of course he had erected a runic shield to prevent anyone from entering, but it would save his energy if no-one would even try. And energy he would need. Putting out the fire had been tiresome as he had depleted his magic severely beforehand just to create the illusions and transfigurations without having a focus like the wand he once used to have - healing these injuries would deplete his magic to the very basics. He would not really be able to stomach more.

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Of course, nothing had to be simple with the sorcerer he was healing now.

After Sal had closed the circle and started the stasis, he vanished the sorcerer's clothes - just to get alerted a minute later that the heart of the sorcerer decided to stop.

"So much for stasis" Sal cursed in Parseltongue. "You just had to go and give me even more work!"

Of course the sorcerer didn't answer.

Sal conjured a bowl and filled it with water - which he sterilized and heated with a spell - from his water bottle, spelled his hands clean and disinfected and then called his thunderbird power. A lightning shot from his palm which was lying on the chest of the sorcerer - a lightning based on magic Sal had not wanted to spend. Like phoenix tears and the heat-sight of the basilisk without opening his eyelids it was one of his Family Magicks - and utterly draining... Electricity flowed through the body of

the injured, letting him twist - not that he noticed, unconscious as he was - and made his heart beat once more. Then it stopped again and Sal cursed. With his left hand he called the coloured net again.

"Great" he thought. "He has lost too much blood."

Putting down the rucksack he was carrying beneath his cloak, he opened it and took out his potion kit. Without trying to look through it manually he summoned a blood-replacing potion and some others. One to let his patience for a few hours fall into a magical coma and the other to stabilize the functions of the internal organs.

With his other hand he carefully extracted one of his knives. Letting it go mid-air so that it flew with magic alone he conjured a flame and sterilized it. Then he coaxed the unconscious sorcerer to drink the potions and after that shocked the heart again.

It stuttered, stuttered, stuttered and then started to beat regularly again.

"First crisis prevented" Sal muttered and righted his knife on the chest of the sorcerer.

Sal took a deep breath, activated some concealing runes and checked the sterilizing ones. Then he cut, opened the torso of the sorcerer and carefully looked at the wounds he found.

He felt himself getting sick.

Until now he had seldom opened the chest of another being to treat its injuries manually. It was his last resort, but he knew he was unable to treat this time what he did not see. He could miss something grave when doing it blindly.

"Memo to myself: find a spell to look in a body without having to open it"

Salvazar murmured silently in Cymráeg while starting to clean the open chest from blood. He looked at the injuries the sorcerer and fetched two of his herbs, letting them absentminded fall into the hot water bowl

he had conjured before.

Then he spelled his hands wordlessly clean again and started to touch the single organs. The net over the sorcerer changed, so that it showed him the injuries of the touched organ instead the injuries of the whole body.

With careful fingers he drew runes and hieroglyphs on the single organs, let drops of potion fall and mended them with spells. It was a tiring work and Salvazsahar hated it - even more today, because he was starting to feel the effects of his previous spells now.

He shut out the pain, when his body began to ache, after he had drawn runes on the ankles, wrists and forehead of the sorcerer.

Then he cut his own wrists to use his blood for drawing other runes on the body of the sorcerer. The runes glowed and faded. They would help the sorcerer to heal as soon as Sal finished the ritual.

Now came the next critical part.

He took the bowl of herb-tea and washed the organs in the healing lotion until they were healed again.

Then he mended the broken ribs. The lung however was something no potion or spell in the world could mend.

There was just one thing Sal could do.

He cried.

His tears were dropping on the lung, mending it like every phoenix tears in the world would do. He felt his magic draining, when he healed with his tears. Even if his abilities were inherited, it was still his magic that had to support them...

"I will hunt you down in afterlife if you even think of dying" Sal threatened. "I hate depleting my magic like that. If it is for nothing you will forever regret dying!"

He knew he was uttering an empty threat, but he did it anyway.

Somehow he had to let out his frustration with this lucky, idiot sorcerer. He checked on the whole body again and sighed. The worst was mended. There was no sign of a deadly injury any more. The concussion was getting better thanks to the blood-runes Sal had painted with his own blood on the sorcerer's forehead and even if his leg was still broken, the first signs of infection it had previously vanished.

Now he just had to close the torso again...

Sal mended the sternum he had to break to be able to treat the lungs. After that he looked his work over again. Nothing was out of place, all was healed.

He carefully mended the layers of muscles until he felt his magic acting up. After that he simply conjured a needle and disinfected it before stitching the rest of the open skin - the skin he had cut himself and the skin the other knife had cut. Luckily the other knife hadn't been poisoned. Sal wasn't sure if he would have been able to rescue the life of the sorcerer if it had been...

Finally he corrected the positions of the leg-bones and stabilized it with a simple wood-bandage construction. He would later mend it, as soon as he had enough magic to do it...

Sal swayed, feeling absolutely exhausted.

He destroyed the ritual circle and saw how the lines and finally the stone-bed vanished, leaving the sorcerer lying on the floor.

Then he simply toppled over and lost conscious.

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When Sal woke up again, he was still lying on the ground, but now a blanket was on top of him.

"How are you?" a voice asked and Sal's gaze shifted to look at the person who had spoken. It was the sorcerer he had been tending.

The sorcerer was sitting next to him, also a blanket over his knees.

"You did not move around?" Sal asked anxious.

"The healer forbid" the sorcerer answered grumbling. "She said that if I even dare to leave this place she would bind me like a dog with a lash."

Sal sighed relieved.

"You could have made my work undone if you did" he sighed and suddenly the sorcerer looked guilty.

"Oh..." he said, stuttering, "I thought... since you used magic to heal me... or that's what the others told me... I... well, I..."

"Even magic cannot heal fatal injuries like yours without time" Sal answered, feeling still exhausted.

The sorcerer looked at him with an unreadable expression.

"You still look like a ghost." He finally commented.

"Healing people with a ritual like I did is extremely exhausting" Sal answered. "I had to depend solely on my own magic with it. Normally a sorcerer can use some outer magic to help his own - like the magic your wand contains - but in a ritual like that it's just your magic, your soul and your blood. You can use herbs and potions and spells - but they all depend on your own magic. They can support it, but it's nothing like using a wand..."

He said nothing about the drain his magic had suffered long before he even started healing. It would not do any good to tell a man who still could turn out to be a foe about his weaknesses...

"Ritual..." the sorcerer uttered.

"So it was Dark Magic that rescued my life?" He did sound like he didn't know how to feel about that.

"No" Sal answered. "Dark Magic is something totally different."

"You said you used your blood - that is Dark Magic for me."

"I also used my tears and my hands" Sal said, rolling with his eyes, "they are also part of my body. Is using them also Dark Magic?"

"Blood contains the very essence of our magic. It is line-theft to even try to use another sorcerer ones... or when you change it..."

"Your own blood did not change when I used my blood on you" Sal said tiredly. "Your body might contain a little bit of my magic for the next few weeks, but after that it's all back to normal. There is no constant harm done."

"But rituals..."

"It was a healing ritual" Sal interrupted grumpily. "I am a druid. I never learned much wand-waving. I cannot use a wand to heal - rituals are the only way I know."

"Stop!" the sorcerer said astonished. "What do you mean: rituals are the only way you know?! Did your parents never teach you to use a wand - did they never teach you that reading the old ritual-text and trying to use them will lead you on the path of evil?!"

"On the path of evil?" Sal asked confused.

"Everyone knows!" The sorcerer answered, eyes big like saucers. "When you try to do the old rituals you will lose your mind!"

And suddenly the puzzle in Sal's mind solved itself.

"You have still texts of the druids?" he asked.

"Of course" the sorcerer answered. "But no-one is allowed to use them..."

"...because no-one has the protection anymore to use them correctly" Sal filled in absentminded.

"Protection?" the sorcerer sounded confused.

"The first thing a druid does, is learning his protection." Sal answered.

"Without the protection a druid is unable to control the magic of the ritual and finally loses his mind."

"Protection..." the sorcerer said again, now astonished. "There is a protection before using a ritual?!"

"There is" Sal answered. "It's a constant protection every druid has for his whole life. A druid does start on it as soon as his magic has matured the first time. He must have at least the second layer until he matures the second time. When he doesn't he will never be able to be a druid."

"Protection..." This time the sorcerer shook his head. "How come you know of something like that when everyone else doesn't?!"

Sal shrugged.

"My father taught me." He answered. "I finished my full protection when I turned eighteen - still before I matured the second time, so using a ritual for me is save. I will not lose my mind - and I will not turn dark except I do it voluntarily."

"So... you simply can use all the rituals in the books?" the sorcerer asked.

"Uh... I don't know" Sal finally answered. "I have some books from my father and mother - but the most rituals I know I have never written down - and I also don't think father has ever thought of it."

"So... these rituals just exist in your head?" the sorcerer asked astonished.

"Well, I can hardly check the books every time I need to use them - sometimes there are life-threatening situations like yours. You would have died if I would have had to check books first." Sal answered not sure what was so unbelievable.

"Uh... but some of the rituals are really complicated - how can you remember all that?"

Now it was Sal staring at him.

"How would you know that?"

"Uh... I have some texts at Gringoods" he answered finally. "They are family-heirlooms but my sister and I decided to put them away so that

no-one would consider using them."

Now Sal was really interested.

"You have a vault at Gringoods?" he asked. He knew that the goblin-bank did not deal with sorcerers so how...

"Uh... yes... uh... something to do with family" the sorcerer answered nervously, cautiously. "I know, sorcerers normally doesn't but... well, my family is the only one allowed... something to do with... uh... how did the goblins put it after we aided them and got permission for a vault? Uh... our clan-leader?"

"Clan-leader?" Of course Sal knew what a clan-leader was. It was the leader of a goblin-family, similar to the lord and Head of House in sorcerer families. But normally a Head of House was not accepted as a Clan-leader by the goblins. And sorcerers did not get vaults unless...

"You're a LeFay" Sal said, understanding. He was the clan-leader of the LeFay-family in the eyes of the goblins. He himself had a vault and of course no goblin would make a fuss when a family-member of a clan-leader also wanted one.

"Uh... yes" the sorcerer answered. "Godric LeFay at your and your family's service. Also even if I don't understand what my last name has to do with a Gringoods-vault."

"Everything" Sal answered. "You're a member of Morganaadth's family - as such you belong to the Clans. And all members of the clans are allowed to have a vault in Gringoods."

"A member of Morganaadth's family?" Godric asked. "Who, by Myrddin, is Morganaadth?!"

Sal stared at Godric.

By Myrddin?!

They were using his father's name to swear?!

It was odd, absolutely odd. Of course, Sal also once had said "by Merlin", but that was long ago. Hearing it again, even if his father's name was still 'Myrddin', was definitely strange for him.

"Uh... well..." Sal did not really know what he should answer to Godric's question. Should he simply say 'I am Morganaadth'?!"

"Uh... Morganaadth, that's the goblin name of your clan-leader." He finally said.

"Hu? But isn't the clan-leader something like a Head of the House?"

Godric asked.

"Yes."

"So shouldn't the Head of the House be the clan-leader?"

"Well... that's complicated" Sal finally said. "He... he is Morgana's heir, but he isn't yet the Head of the House."

"Oh... I know that" Godric answered and showed Sal a ring he had just once seen before. "Look, I am the Head of the House, so there is no way he could be."

Sal stared at the ring.

"So you are not only a member of the family, you're the Head" he stated, still looking at the ring.

So this was one of his ancestors...

"Yes" Godric said and his death-green eyes met Sal's. "But you still haven't said who you are."

Sal blushed.

"Forgive me" he said, fighting the blush. "I was just stunned, that you're a LeFay - and I forgot. I am Salvazsahar Emrys, at your service."

"Salazar Emrys? As in Myrddin Emrys?!" Godric asked astonished and now eying Sal critically.

"Uh... yes..." Sal finally said. "He is my..." He stopped. He could not say

'father' because Godric would not believe him, but he also could not say 'ancestor' because it simply felt wrong.

"I... I mean he was a relative" he finally changed his sentence.

"Relative?" Godric asked grinning. "The right word would be 'ancestor', my friend."

"When you think so" Sal answered shrugging. "And my name is Salvazsahar, not 'Salazar'."

Godric just waved at the correction.

In that moment the old healer reached them.

"So you are awake" she said to Sal. Sal nodded and said. "It was tiresome to rescue him" while he pointed at Godric.

"So I believe" the old woman answered, looking Sal over critically.

"When I was young I once saw a young man just like you. He rescued my sister after she was wounded by a bear. It was by chance that he came by to rescue her. He came from a battlefield, his clothes ripped, he himself bloody and tired. But as soon as he found my sister he did all he could to rescue her." She told them.

"Did he do it?" Godric asked interested.

"Yes" the old woman said. "And he was the first who taught me about healing." And with that she looked back at Sal who blushed again. He could remember the incident, even if he would have never combined the old healer with the scared little girl from that time.

When he blushed, she smiled and Sal knew he was busted.

He shook his head and glanced at Godric. She also glanced at him and nodded shortly.

"I was never able to thank him for rescuing her, though" she continued, still staring at Sal. He smiled.

"I am sure he knows how you feel" he answered. "And I am sure he

appreciates what you are doing for me."

"I did nothing for you" the old woman said still smiling.

"Oh, you did." Sal answered. "You stopped a dunderhead from standing up while I was unconscious. That's definitely help enough."

"Well, I remembered, that he did not let my sister stand up for another day - and the wounds of my sister were less life-threatening than Godric's." And with that she stared Godric down who got as red as a tomato.

"You know I was on my way to my sister and my fiancée" he said with puppy dog eyes. "I promised them to reach them this week. I had not planned to get to be Viking-prey on the way there."

"You were not 'Viking-prey' as you put it" the old woman said fondly.

"You had left us already when the Viking arrived. You just returned here to help us."

"And let me guess - he ran straight in the battle" Sal said raising an eyebrow.

"That he did" the old woman answered smiling. "There is a reason why everyone calls him Gryffindor."

Sal nearly choked on the air.

"Excuse me?!" he asked, staring at Godric. The other sorcerer shrugged.

"You know... Gryffindor - like 'gift of the griffin'. They named me that after I... well... trickled a dragon..." he answered Sal.

Sal just stared.

"How gets one called 'gift of the griffin' after trickling a dragon? And how come anyone gets the idea to even trickle a dragon?!"

"Well... that's a long story" Godric said. "The short version is, that I had a bet with my sister's fiancé Peverell Grim - even if he wasn't her fiancé at that time. So I went to trickle the dragon... well... and when the dragon

woke... I uh... I would have been dead if there hadn't been this griffin... and... it... I think it wanted the gold of the dragon for itself or something like that... uh and... the result is that I got away and also brought some treasures with me. Since then all villagers around here call me 'Gryffindor' - because the griffin gave me the gift to live a little bit longer..."

"Aha..." Sal said and then shook his head. "Alright...You have just proven me that you are definitely mentally ill."

"I told you it was a bet!" Godric said sulking. "And I was eleven winters old! I was young, stupid and reckless."

"Well, congratulation! Yet you are just stupid and reckless - you have improved!" Sal snorted and the old woman laughed.

"Godric is a good lad" she said. "But you are right, stranger. He is reckless."

"His name is Salazar, Aunty" Godric piped in. "I am sure you are allowed calling him that."

Sal wanted to insist, that his name was not Salazar but after he corrected Godric three days in a row he just gave up. It was like Godric did not want to listen.

Finally, a week later, Godric was well enough to travel. He was grumpy and insisted that his sister and his betrothed would kill him for coming to late, but Sal was firm and so Godric stayed until his wounds had healed.

"So... where are you going now, Salazar?" Godric asked while packing his stuff. Sal just shrugged.

"I don't know" he answered. "I hadn't decided when I stopped by to rescue you."

"So you have nowhere to go?"

Sal just shrugged again.

"I don't." he answered.

"What's with your family? Aren't they gonna miss you?"

"I don't have family anymore."

"Well, then how about travelling with me until you know where you want to go?"

Sal just hesitated one moment, then he said.

"It would be better. Who knows what you would do next when left alone."

And it was this decision that would fix his coming way for the next decades.

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That's it for today.

'Till next time.

Ebenbild

25. Chapter 24: ca 900 AD Have

Relatives

Disclaimer: not mine. All Rowling's.

Information: all in italic is from Rowling's OotP.

I re-wrote the chapter before a little bit because someone mentioned that Sal thinking in Hogwarts terms after a thousand years is somehow odd - and I think he is right. I also did a poor job explaining why Sal was drained after healing Godric but not after working on the battle fields, so I tried to change that as well. So for those who asked: the problem is the magic he used. His healing is based on runes - and runes are a focus. The transfiguration etc that Sal did the previous chapter is just based on his will - and without a focus using magic is a lot more draining then with a focus. Sal's staff is not a wand. He cannot use spells with it and because of that his staff cannot aid him in spell-magic. Also, Sal does not know any spells (except those he knew when he

"I normally use rituals - or wandless magic to get what I want. Some things I might not be able to do at all" he answered seemingly unconcerned. "I am a druid. I never learned how to be a..."

"Sorcerer" Godric replied, staring at him.

One moment there was silence between them, then Godric started to speak again.

"So..." he finally said. "So that means you cannot cast spells like I do?"

"Yes" Sal answered. "My staff would not let me do it."

"Can I see... your staff..."

Sal hesitated, then he pulled it out of his wand-holster and unshrunk it.

When Godric took it he hissed.

"You alright?" Sal asked concerned. He had never given his staff to anyone so he did not know how it would feel to anyone but him.

"Yeah" Godric answered, his eyes fixed on Sal's staff. "But it reached out for my magic as soon as I took it. It did do nothing - but it felt really, really strange... you know... as if your staff was sentient somehow..."

"It did?!" Sal asked astonished. He could feel the connection to his staff even now but he never had thought that his staff would reach out to another one's magic.

"Yes" Godric said. "For a moment it felt as if it wanted to harm me - but then the feeling just stopped..."

"Oh."

"Maybe it would have harmed me if I had taken it without your consent."

"That might be" Sal answered shrugging. "Normally you do not give away your staff to anyone except maybe blood-relatives you trust. A staff is attuned solely to your own magic. Another one cannot use it."

"How so?" Godric asked fascinated.

"Cores" Sal answered shrugging. "It contains parts of creatures you are

descendent from. The cores base on the major creatures your mother and your father are descendants of. Normally that combination is different enough to tune your staff solely to you. And of course your magic is imbedded in it after you have used it for a while..."

"Cores - as in 'you have more than one or two'?!"

"Yes" Sal smirked. "My staff contains eight."

"Eight?!"

"Yes. But I am an Olde one and the son of a Firbolg-born so my staff is an exception."

"Firbolg-born?"

"The son of two Firbolgs" Sal tried to explain, but Godric just looked at him confused. "Firbolg - like Phoenixes and dragons?!"

This time understanding lit Godric's eyes.

"Ah... you're talking about pure-bloods!" Sal nearly choked on his own saliva. Pure-bloods?! The last time he had heard this word was over a thousand years ago when he still had been living in the future... And it definitely had meant something different at that time!

Godric did not notice his reaction at all, instead he looked again at the staff in his hands before handing it back to Sal.

"And a descendant of Myrddin Emrys" Godric said, continuing their conversation as if nothing happened - well for him nothing did happen...

"Whatever magic you possess - I am sure it definitely is not normal..."

Sal just shrugged and shrunk his staff again to put it away. He had long ago given up on being 'just Sal'... or 'just Harry'...

After that incident Godric tried to teach Sal to use a wand - but his teaching was mostly fruitless because of the lack of a wand on Sal's side. Finally, some weeks later, they reached the later British part of the island and with it the home of Godric's sister and her husband, the brother of

Godric's betrothed.

"Here we are" Godric said, looking at the castle that indicated money.

"Let's meet my relatives."

"I don't think you need me anymore" Sal said shrugging. "And I do not belong here - so why should I intrude?"

"You rescued my life - and you are fun to be with, so why shouldn't you?"

Godric countered and then nearly pushed Sal inside.

When they reached the Great Hall of the castle, Godric just banged open the doors and cried. "Hullo! I'm back!"

In the hall Sal could see three persons sitting at a table, eating. All three looked up when the doors met the walls. Their gaze first locked with Godric's, then turned to Sal.

"And you have brought someone with you" a young man with raven black, unruly hair and warm brown eyes finally commended. "Did you pick him up - or did he pick you up?"

"Uh... well, Peverell... It might have been me that needed picking up..."

Godric answered and shoved Sal forward. "But that doesn't matter. I can repay him for rescuing my life."

"Rescuing your life?! What have you been doing, Godric Medrawd Harryjames?!"

Sal nearly cringed himself when he heard the outraged voice of the tall female with long black hair and dark, nearly black eyes. She had a few striking, parallel scars at her left hand, which looked like a bird of prey had hit her with its claws.

Her voice was cool and somehow imbedded a slightly frightening tone.

That she used a part of Sal's own name did not help at all.

"Well, at least I now know that my name was in my family long before I was born" he thought sarcastically. "And I even have the honour to be

named after the Founder of my house in Hogwarts..."

"Nothing, my dear, nothing" Godric tried to sooth the woman.

"Nothing?" the other woman in the room asked. She had striking red hair and brilliant blue eyes. "That's a lame excuse, my dear brother - and definitely a lie."

Sal snickered at the eyes that were scrutinizing Godric.

The last weeks he had learned, that the Founder of Gryffindor House was stupidly brave and honourable but also a fellow no-one really could hate.

He was a really sunny character, laughing and joking all the time.

Normally his charm worked to help him out of situations like the one Godric was in now - but normally the others were not immune to his charm.

"Well... it's... it's long forgotten" Godric rumbled. "And it wasn't really grave... nothing life-threatening. Really..."

This time Sal snorted.

"I had to practically bind you for a week to your bed - and you tell them it was nothing life-threatening?!" he said while raising an eyebrow.

"Really, Godric?! Maybe I should tell you exactly to which length I had to go to help you survive - and don't forget, I am a healer. I am trained to rescue lives."

The others now looked at Sal.

"You're a healer?" Godric's sister asked interested.

Sal nodded.

"I am."

"How long have you been a healer?"

Sal blinked at that question and asked himself why she wanted to know, but then he shrugged and answered.

"Several years" he answered. "And I know what I am talking about. I was

a healer working in the war with the goblins."

"So you are experienced" the other woman, Godric's betrothed, said now scrutinizing him.

"I think I am" Sal answered shrugging. "But I do not see why you need to know that..."

The women looked at each other.

Then Godric's betrothed spoke up again.

"Do you have to be somewhere or do you have plans for the next years?"

Sal stared at her, then he shrugged again mentally. Anastasius was still by the goblins, so he did not need Sal at the moment - or at least not often. Sal did not delude himself thinking that his son would stay away from him for the next decades. It was more likely that Anastasius would turn up in at least five or six years, clingy like a small child and wishing to be fed again... after all, Anastasius was still not all grown up yet and because of that had still sometimes the urge to return to his parent to be fed again - and Anastasius would find him wherever he was, the bond between Firbolg-child and Firbolg-parent ensured that...

Still - Sal was free to do what he liked even if Anastasius would decide to turn up again...

"No" he finally answered the question. "I do not have any plans."

The answer was a Cheshire grin and a slightly worried feeling settled in Sal's stomach.

"How about working for us?" Godric's sister asked. "We would need someone like you..."

"I doubt you will be hurt often enough that I would have to do much" Sal answered sincerely.

"Well, maybe" the sister said. "But we need you anyway..."

Peverell snorted.

"You are planning to add him to your imbecilic idea of taking on more than one apprentice at a time?" he asked his wife, Godric's sister, and his sister, Godric's betrothed. Both just shrugged.

"I don't think it is an imbecilic idea" Peverell's wife said. "I am sure it will go well. And you know, my dear husband, we need to take on more than one apprentice. There are not enough masters who take on apprentices and we cannot let someone be untrained - it would end in a disaster!"

"Yes, I know, my dear. Still - why does it have to be you?!"

"Because we can."

"Except that we have no place shielded enough that the apprentices would stay safe! This castle might be good for some apprentices - but it's not good for the extent you are planning! And think about the Gathering of the Lords! Do you really think that they would grant you the right to train their children?!"

"I am Lord LeFay" Godric answered shrugging. "And you are Lord Grim - we should have enough influence to turn the tides to our liking."

"I should have known my sister Rena has recruited you for her plans"

Peverell sighed.

"Of course I have, Peverell" Rena, Godric's betrothed said. "He will be my husband soon so it is best if he is also helping us."

"Yes" Godric grinned. "And I will be able to teach the apprentices fighting and duelling without having to teach them all the other stuff I do not like to teach."

"Figures that she would rope you in like that" Peverell said sighting.

"May I ask what you are talking about?" Sal cautiously asked.

"We plan to open a place where we can teach a lot of apprentices at the same time" Godric's sister answered. "And by the way: I am Helga Grim."

"Oh! Excuse me! I should have done that before even trying to recruit

you! I am Rowena Grim, soon LeFay, and that's my brother Peverell Grim" Rena said.

Sal thought for a moment that his heart stopped. Rowena?! Helga?! And Godric Gryffindor?! He did not stumble over the Founders, did he?!

"A pleasure to meet you" Sal said. "I am Salvazsahar Emrys."

"Salazar Emrys?!" Helga asked. "Emrys as in Myrddin Emrys?!"

Sal just winced when the next of the Founders tortured his name.

"Yes, Emrys as in Myrddin Emrys" he answered.

"So the line of Emrys still exists" Peverell said, now scrutinizing Sal. "Your lord should attend the Gathering of the Lords. He has a right to do so."

"Emrys is no line of Lords. We are commoners" Sal answered shrugging.

The others stared at him as if he had lost it.

"You are descendants of Myrddin Emrys, lad - and you think you are commoners?! Even if you might one time have been - since the Gathering of the Lords gathered the first time we counted the House of Emrys as one of us. Myrddin Emrys was the teacher of Camelot and its ward-holder. There is no way to still count him as a commoner!" Peverell said with wide eyes.

Sal just shrugged.

"I never thought of claiming a lordship" he said shrugging. "And fath... and Myrddin taught a lot of people - I don't think that that is so remarkable."

"You?!" Godric blinked at that. "I thought you were just a descendant - I never thought you were the Head of House!"

Sal did not know what to tell him. Maybe it was best just to tell outright that he was the last of his house - that would explain the most.

But before he could think of even answering, Rena spoke.

"I might be inclined to think that Salazar was away for a long time. I am

sure if we ask him he will tell us that he has not been in the British sorcerering world for some decades." She said.

Sal looked up. Her knowing eyes met his and he cringed inwardly. She had heard when he nearly said father instead of Myrddin before.

"I wasn't" he answered. "I did not even know about the existence of the Gathering of the Lords until some decades ago."

"Well... when you did not know, then you know now" Peverell said. "You should come with us and claim your seat next time."

"Maybe" Sal answered.

"And you should maybe think about teaching with us" Rena said smiling.

"We could need another hand."

Sal raised an eyebrow at that.

"I believe I will not be of use teaching" he answered. "I do not know myself how to use a wand as I never had one myself. I will be unable to teach that."

"But you know potions" Godric pointed out. "I have seen you brewing often enough. And... runes... or healing..."

"Yes, but..."

"And we need you as a healer anyway" Helga intercepted. "When we really plan on teaching more than one apprentice at a time we will need an experienced healer. And you do have your healer's oath, don't you?"

"I do" Sal answered. "But..."

"Well, then it's settled" Helga said. "You have time, you are a healer and you have experience in some fields of magic. That's enough. And do not worry about your lacking knowledge about wand-magic. We will remedy that shortly."

"But..."

Soon Sal discovered that protesting was no use with the founders. They

stomped all his protests with the fact that he had nothing to do right now and could help because of this. At the end of the evening Sal had surrendered to teach potions, runes and healing in their planned school. The next morning he was met with two enthusiastic witches and an enthusiastic sorcerer - Peverell had just grumbled about paperwork and left - who decided to bring him to Londinium and Diagon Alley for a wand.

So they mounted some horses and rode two hours until they finally reached Diagon Alley. There they entered and brought Sal to Ollivander's. It was the first time for Sal to enter Ollivander's again since the founding of the business. He somehow smiled when he saw that the shop had not changed much.

"Hey, Thoenel Ollivander! We bring you a customer!" Godric cried while entering. The man that answered Godric's cry was young and looked a lot like a younger Ollivanneder - Sal's godfather. It nearly hurt to see him because of the reminder of the dead.

"Greetings, Lord LeFay and the Ladies Grim" the man replied. "What can I do for you today?"

As an answer Sal was shoved in front of the counter.

"He needs a wand" Godric answered.

Ollivander blinked.

"He looks a bit old to not have one" he then said.

Sal rolled his eyes and extracted his staff.

"I just have this" he said, showing his staff in his full length. "I am a druid, I never bothered with getting a wand." With that he glared at Godric. "Well... until someone decided I need one..."

Ollivander blinked, then he took Sal's staff.

His eyes widened.

"A true master piece" he said with gleaming eyes. "And old, very, very old."

Sal just shrugged.

"It is mine" he answered. When Ollivander looked up Sal saw that the man had understood him. Sal had meant 'It was made for him' - but hadn't said so because of his company. Of course, Godric knew it was made for Sal as Sal had said something like that to him indirectly - but Sal definitely did not wish to remember Godric of it... especially after his staff had been declared as 'very, very old'...

"I am sure I am unable to make something like that" the old man said.

"But I can surely find something that can accompany this master piece."

Sal just raised an eyebrow.

"I am not sure if I will be ever able to handle a wand right" he said to the wand-maker.

The man just smiled.

"I am sure you will be able to - using a wand is definitely easier than using a staff like that... with a little bit of practice I am sure you will do well" he answered. "And now I will need you to come with me. I will take you to my ingredients and you will pick those that feel right to you. The same goes for the wood. I am sure we will find something that will fit you."

Sal sighed but then he followed Ollivander. In the back of Ollivander's shop was his work-place. There a thousand of cores were stored on shelves around the room. On the earth there were boxes filled with woods. The last time Sal had been here, the cores had been at the same places, the woods instead had been standing in one of the corners - staffs were simply much longer than wands...

"Here we are. Feel with your magic what fits you" Ollivander said. "As a

staff-carrier you should be able to do so very easily."

Sal sighed again, but did as he was told. He closed his eyes and tried to feel a pull from something. Soon he really did. At his right he nearly could feel a connection to him. What affinity would call him? Sal knew he had eight affinities but he also knew that this time not all eight would end up in his wand - so what affinity was stronger than the others? And would it stay the same throughout the centuries or would it change? Would it again be a Phoenix feather for him?! He followed the slight pull he was feeling and ended up with a glass in his hands. When he opened his eyes he recognized it instantly.

"Dementor blood" he said. So no Phoenix feather...

Ollivander just smiled.

"A potion master, I see" he commented and took the glass. "And now go on, please."

Sal closed his eyes again and again he spread his magic through the room. This time he felt a pull from his left and followed it again. When he opened his eyes again he had in his hands a glass with feathers.

"Thunderbird feather" he said, giving up the glass to the wand-maker.

"A curious combination" the wand-maker commented. "Very deadly and very dark. Nothing a light sorcerer could use at all."

Sal pressed his lips together. He knew he wasn't dark but he also knew he definitely wasn't light. He had killed and maimed in battle to protect the innocent and he had not regretted it at all. He had learned the Dark Arts - even if he was a healer.

No, this wand was definitely nothing a light sorcerer would have. This wand wasn't something a healer would have... But Sal never had been a normal healer...

"You seem to worry" the wand-maker said in that moment. Sal just

shrugged.

"I am a healer" he said as an explanation. The wand-maker blinked and looked at the ingredients in his hands.

"You are?!" he asked astonished. "I would never have guessed that with these... a healer should not even be able to have those..."

"I also am a protector" Sal answered sighing.

Ollivander stared at him.

"How? Your oath should prevent you from killing..."

"My oath is worded differently" Sal answered. "It is a variant of the healer's oath. I am able to kill - but I will carry the consequences if I kill the wrong one."

"Ah... a Guardian Healer" the wand-maker said understanding. "I heard about them - but I never thought that I would meet one of them. And then you are also old..."

"It would be better if you would not tell my company about my age or..."

"I understand" Ollivander answered smiling slightly. "Just one question: Who are you?"

Sal hesitated for just a moment, contemplating on his course of action.

How much truth should he give? How much trust to a man he didn't know? But then - the man in front of him was a wand-maker. He would not tell. So Sal answered with a variation of the truth.

"I am Myrddin Emrys' son" he said and the wand-maker blinked again, his mouth hanging slightly open.

A few minutes silence reigned the air, then the wand-maker shook his head to clear it, closed his mouth, opened it again just to close it a second time.

"Well, we should continue" Ollivander finally managed to say and then instructed. "Put your hand in the box there - wait if a wood flies into

your hand. If it doesn't, try it with the next box."

Sal nodded and kneeled. He did as he was told and finally after the fifth box a wood zoomed in his open hand. He pulled it out.

"Maple" he said.

"And there is the connection between the light arts of healing and the dark arts of the protector" Ollivander said. "Your wand will be able to heal and to protect - even if its dark cores will make it better as a protector than as a healer. Maybe you have to protect more this time than to heal, Myrddin's son."

"Maybe" Sal answered.

"Now go out to your friends. It will take a few days until I have crafted it." Sal nodded and left.

"How did it go?" Godric asked.

Sal rolled his eyes.

"I closed my eyes and let my magic guide me to the ingredients - how did you think it would go?!"

Godric just huffed.

"You know I did not mean it like that, Salazar!"

But Sal just ignored him.

Instead he and the women left the shop. Godric followed them instantly.

A few days later Sal returned and paid for his wand. After that his training began. Rowena, Helga and even Godric seemed to think of him as a test subject in teaching. With Sal's memory and their guiding it did not take long for him until he was able to use his wand like them.

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Now just one question: back to Harry or do you want another chapter on Sal?

I have trouble deciding so please help me!

That's it for today.

'Till next time.

Ebenbild

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