

## There's a deadly Snake downstairs! (rewrite)

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# **There's a deadly Snake downstairs! (rewrite)**

by [Drachma20](#)

## Summary

(The sequel to I May have helped An Evil Wizard!)

Harriet Potter returns for her second year at Hogwarts! After an exciting first year, she would really like this one to be more normal.

Unfortunately, fate has other plans. She's once again helping the dark lord on a more or less secret mission. On top of that, some ancient monster escapes and causes some carnage. What's a girl to do?

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

## These last days of Summer

Harriet woke up as early as usual. The sun had just begun to rise, colouring the sky in pink and gold. Dudley snored in the other room.

She looked around her room and decided to get up. Hedwig wasn't back yet. She pulled out the letters and postcards her friends had written her.

Turned out they were all having amazing holidays. Pansy was on holiday in southern Africa. Blaise was on holiday in New Delhi. Crabbe and Goyle were somewhere in Norway and Draco had been to France. Theo had been to Alexandria in Egypt. The Library sounded amazing or at least what was left of the ancient times. Harriet wished she could fly over. Unfortunately, you needed a permit for that.

She hadn't had a bad few weeks, to be honest. Dudley had been very friendly. Maybe Vernon had been at fault for his behaviour. Whatever the case, she was glad he was being civil. Still, it was a bit wierd.

Before she had time to follow that train of thought, Hedwig swooped in and dropped a letter on her bed. It was written in very neat handwriting that she didn't recognise. She opened it and read:

*Harriet Potter,*

*After your help last school year I have been able to return to a Physical form. I would thank you in person but I doubt your relatives would be understanding. Your mother once told me your aunt rejected anything magic related.*

*I am currently staying at Malfoy manor and I shall be staying in touch. I would like to ask for your help with something once again, however this is something one should discuss in person. I will contact you. Do not respond to any of my letters.*

*Greetings,  
Tom Riddle*

Harriet stared. She reread the letter. Then again. She stared some more before it dawned on her who had written to her.

"What?" she managed, ever the epitome of intelligence.

She shook her head. She could contemplate on that later. Pulling on a green t-shirt (one that actually fit as well) and some jeans, she contemplated breakfast. It was however still really early and she wasn't really hungry so... she decided to have some snacks instead.

Then she finished the 3 foot long essay on burn soothing potions and the 2 foot long essay on goblin wars for history of Magic.

At 9 o'clock, Aunt Petunia called them for breakfast. Harriet dropped her quill, went to wash her hands (usually with ink stains and paper cuts) and made her way to the flat's small kitchen.

"Morning!" she greeted, in a good mood.

"Good Morning!" Aunt Petunia replied and placed three plates of bacon and eggs on the table.

Dudley came walking into the kitchen.

"Hullo," he yawned, flopping into one of the chairs. Picking up his fork, he began to shovel food into his mouth.

It was a well known fact that Dudley was not a morning person.

Petunia smiled at her son's antics.

"Harriet," she said, "It's your birthday soon. What would you like to do?"

Harriet's brain short-circuited. She froze, a piece of bacon halfway to her mouth.

"Uhhh..."

What? Had she heard that correctly? She had just been asked what she wanted to do for her birthday, right? She became hyper aware of being the centre of attention in the room.

"Maybe..." Harriet scanned her mind. Something to do, something to do. But not too expensive so it wasn't too much to ask. "Um - maybe we could go - go to the - um - park."

She almost hit herself. The park. Hooray.

"That sounds wonderful. We can have a picnic." Aunt Petunia smiled.

HALLELUJAH! There was a concrete plan!

"Yes, that sounds great." She smiled.

"Dudley, why don't you get dressed?" Petunia suggested.

Harriet's cousin, still not fully awake, shoved the rest of his food into his mouth and nodded. He wiped his mouth on his sleeve and got up, heading in the direction of his room. A year ago, he would have complained. Maybe even thrown a tantrum. His experiences at Smeltings must have made quite an impact because he was almost unrecognisable, aside from his weight and blonde mop of hair.

His personality had almost done a complete switch. It was as if losing the Dursley name had done both him and his mother some good.

He was still a prick sometimes.

Dudley Evans was a rather average boy of 12 years old. He went to a public high school and had an interest in sports. Not football. That had been ruined by Smeltings. He was currently into cricket and boxing for some reason.

Petunia Evans was also a changed woman. She had gone from a snobby housewife to a more down-to-earth, hard working individual. No more did she complain about curtains or stalk neighbors. She spent the mornings working at a little shop on the corner selling craft supplies and stationary and the afternoons doing things around the flat, usually chores (if Harriet hadn't gotten antsy and done them first).

One could almost say she was trying to become more like a certain sister she had lost, but that was neither here nor there.

She had taken Harriet to a therapist several times as well. The girl had found it very creepy though, so that had been dropped as soon as the therapist had deemed her okay.

Harriet hadn't spoken a word about the events at the end of last school year.

# Events of the summer

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The scarlet steam engine pulled out of the station and away from platform 9 and three quarters.

Harriet took a deep breath and relaxed in her seat. The amount of goodbye hugs Dudley had given her were more than she had ever asked for or wanted. It was nice that he was making an effort. Just a tad on the annoying side. It was like he believed that he could make up for all his past wrongdoings in a single month.

She pondered on the rest of her summer. One issue had arisen after the other.

First, the shopping for school supplies.

*The list had arrived by owl and had nearly been dropped into her cereal. She picked up the parchment envelope, broke the seal and unfolded the contents.*

**SECOND-YEAR STUDENTS WILL REQUIRE:**

*The Standard Book of Spells, Grade 2*

*by Miranda Goshawk*

*Break with a Banshee by Gilderoy Lockhart*

*Gadding with Ghouls by Gilderoy Lockhart*

*Holidays with Hags by Gilderoy Lockhart*

*Travels with Trolls by Gilderoy Lockhart*

*Voyages with Vampires by Gilderoy Lockhart*

*Wanderings with Werewolves by Gilderoy Lockhart*

*Year with the Yeti by Gilderoy Lockhart*

*Dudley peeked over her shoulder.*

*"Werewolves exist?" He asked going slightly pale.*

*"Yup," Harriet replied, "and they're not the worst thing out there."*

*"What?"*

*"Oh, we don't need to worry about those. They only show up like once a century."*

*"What?"*

*"Yeah, y'know, like the loch ness monster which is a type of lake wyrm that hibernates for 900 years or so."*

*"You're pulling my leg."*

*"I wish I was. Just wait 'till you hear 'bout the giant squid in our lake!"*

*Petunia chuckled a little. "Your mother mentioned that a lot. She said she used to feed it toast." She smiled sadly. "Anyway, when do you want to get your books? Wednesday is my day off, we could go then?"*

*"Sounds good."*

*Wednesday came and before they knew it the Evans and Harriet were standing in the middle of Diagon Alley.*

*"Why is everyone staring at you?" Dudley asked, as they walked.*

*"I'm, unfortunately, a bit famous." Harriet said, rolling her eyes.*

*"For what?"*

*"Not dying."*

*"I don't get it."*

*"You don't have to. Just hide me a bit." Harriet grabbed his arm and dragged him between her and the nosy glances.*

*They went to Gringotts first to exchange pounds and pence for knuts, sickles and galleons. Then set to getting whatever they needed for school.*

*Harriet dragged them through shop after shop, keeping an eye on Dudley at all times just in case he decided he wanted to poke something he shouldn't. The last shop they entered was Flourish and Blotts.*

*They were by no means the only ones making their way to the bookshop. As they approached it, they saw to their surprise a large crowd jostling outside the doors, trying to get in. The reason for this was proclaimed by a large banner stretched across the upper windows:*

*GILDEROY LOCKHART will be signing copies of his autobiography MAGICAL ME today 12:30 P.m. to 4:30 P.m..*

*Harriet had a sinking feeling that something was about to go wrong.*

*They shoved their way inside, trying to spy the books Harriet was looking for.*

*Gilderoy Lockhart came slowly into view, seated at a table surrounded by large pictures of his own face, all winking and flashing dazzlingly white teeth at the crowd. The real Lockhart was wearing robes of forget-me-not blue that exactly matched his eyes; his pointed wizard's hat was set at a jaunty angle on his wavy hair.*

*"He seems... nice?" Petunia suggested.*

*"Do a lot of people wear those outfits?" Dudley asked Harriet.*

*She shook her head, trying to control her features which had started to form a look of mild disgust. Something was off about this guy.*

*A short, irritable-looking man was dancing around taking photographs with a large black camera that emitted puffs of purple smoke with every blinding flash.*

*"Out of the way, there," he snarled at them, moving back to get a better shot. "This is for the Daily Prophet -"*

*"Big deal," said Dudley, rubbing his foot where the photographer had stepped on it.*

*Gilderoy Lockhart heard him. He looked up. He saw Dudley and then he saw Harriet. He stared. Then he leapt to his feet and positively shouted, "It can't be Harriet Potter?"*

*"Oh crap." she muttered under her breath.*

*The crowd parted, whispering excitedly. Lockhart dived forward, seized Harriet's arm, and pulled her to the front. Dudley had made a quick grab to keep her from being dragged to the front, but only succeeded in taking her bag.*

*"Sorry!" he mouthed at her from where he stood.*

*The crowd burst into applause. Harriet's face burned as Lockhart shook her hand for the photographer, who was clicking away madly. She forced a smile.*

*"Nice big smile, Harriet," said Lockhart, through his own gleaming teeth. "Together, you and I are worth the front page."*

*When he finally let go of her hand, Harriet could hardly feel her fingers and was busy blinking flashes from her eyes. She made a futile attempt to escape back to the Evans but Lockhart threw an arm around her shoulders and kept her where she was, dragging her into a very uncomfortable half-hug.*

*"Ladies and gentlemen," he said loudly, waving for quiet. "What an extraordinary moment this is! The perfect moment for me to make a little announcement I've been sitting on for some time!"*

*The crowd 'ooh'ed.*

*"When young Harriet here stepped into Flourish and Blotts today, she only wanted to buy my autobiography -which I shall be happy to present her now, free of charge-" He whipped out a shiny book and handed it to her with more ceremony than the olympic games were opened with. The crowd applauded again.*

*"She had no idea," Lockhart continued, giving Harriet a little shake that made her glasses slip to the end of her nose, "that she would shortly be getting much, much more than my book, Magical Me. She and her schoolmates will, in fact, be getting the real magical me."*

*The crowd gasped. Harriet restrained an eyeroll and ignored the urge to vomit. Lockhart was wearing too much perfume.*



*"Yes, ladies and gentlemen, I have great pleasure and pride in announcing that this September, I will be taking up the post of Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry!"*

*The crowd cheered and clapped and Harriet found herself being presented with the entire works of Gilderoy Lockhart for which she managed to stammer a thank you and some sentimental stuff about how grateful she was that someone eagerly jotted down before she was allowed freedom. Staggering slightly under the books weight, she finally managed to make her way out of the limelight to the edge of the room, where the Evans were waiting.*

*"Can we please get out of here?" She almost begged.*

*"Of course dear," Petunia said, "What an unexpected turn of events that was."*

*The rough translation of that was: "That man has some nerve. If he wasn't a celebrity I would have clocked him with my handbag. No manners, I tell you, no manners!"*

*Then, the meeting with Tom Marvolo Riddle had occurred.*

*Harriet had been walking around the park, trying to clear her head when a guy of about 18 came walking up to her. He had a gaunt face that reminded her of someone. She studied him for a moment before the penny dropped.*

*"Hello, Tom." She gave a polite smile. This should be interesting.*

*"Harriet, care to talk some business?" He asked, straight to the point.*

*"What is it?"*

*"Someone at Hogwarts has a diary. A black one. My name will be written on the back. Gold lettering spelling 'Tom Marvolo Riddle'. If you see it can you send it back to me? Your owl will find me."*

*"Why? Want to reminisce? I don't know if I have the time for that."*

*"It's very important. I've stored a... piece of myself in it. By magic, of course. Nothing gruesome." He looked almost afraid when he said this.*

*"I get a full explanation and I can tell whoever I want about this." Harriet decided to bargain. "Also, I do this in my own time."*

*"You do this in your own time, you get a written explanation of the main points and you tell anyone necessary to the job."*

*"I get a written a written explanation of the main points and your motivation and I can't tell anyone necessary and my friends."*

*"I suppose I'll have to settle for that." Tom held out his hand.*

*"I suppose you will." Harriet shook it.*

*"Thank you."*

*"What can I say, it sounds interesting."*

"Interesting." Harriet muttered to herself.

"What's interesting?" a voice asked, coming into the apartment.

"Pansy!" Harriet leapt up to hug her friend. "How are you?"

"I'm great, how are you?" She grinned.

"Doing well. My summer was pretty great. We actually celebrated my birthday! I have so much to tell you!"

"So do I!" Pansy sat down. "You won't believe what happened in South Africa!"

"Tell me!" Harriet said, letting Pansy's voice fill the air, feeling properly at ease for the first time in a while.

## Chapter End Notes

How is everyone?

Hope you didn't mind two flashbacks in one chapter.

Comment or kudo.

XOXO, Drachma.

# Back to School

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Later, the girls were joined by the friends they had made over the last year.

The journey was spent with a lot of chess. Harriet slaughtered them all. Her strategies always won. If they had thought she would go easy on them, they had been mistaken.

Crabbe, Goyle and Blaise were finishing some last minute homework that was written about as well as nearly headless nicks head had been chopped off. Theo turned up his nose at their handwriting.

Harriet thought about what Tom had asked her to do. How the hell was she supposed to find a single black book in Hogwarts? There were too many people there. Approximately 100 in each year, per house. If not more. It was probably impossible to find a tiny black journal.

It was slowly getting darker outside. Harriet yawned. She currently had absolutely no idea what Pansy was talking about and simply nodded along.

By the time the train pulled into Hogsmeade station, the moon had risen and the stars were twinkling in the sky.

This year Harriet and the others were brought to the school in coaches. They were victorian looking and we're being pulled by something invisible, which was mildly disturbing. They were more comfortable than the wooden boats of the last year though so that was a plus.

Candllight shone in the great hall, which was decorated as it had been last year with the house banners hanging above the tables. The golden plates and goblets were set out and gleamed in the semi-darkness. They bade Theo and Hermione goodbye and found some seats at the Slytherin table.

A while later, McGonagall led in the first years and the sorting commenced. Draco immediately pointed out a Weasley who, of course, was put in Gryffindor.

"Knew it," He whispered when she sat down.

Pansy and Harriet were far to bust analysing the new slytherins to notice. They seemed a decent bunch, but you never knew did you?

The appearance of the food put a hold on all assessments. Eating was more important. They could decide who was most likely to sneak frog-spawn soap into a bathroom later.

" Yay! Food!" Harriet exclaimed happily, grabbing a nearby dish.

" Pass the spaghetti! " Pansy ordered.

"Chicken!" Said Blaise.

The feast was always a joyful occasion and the one time where you could eat as much as you damn well wanted without feeling judged. Slytherin Prefects Higgs and Whittington were no exception. Both were politely stuffing their faces. Slytherins always did everything with a certain air of dignity that no situation could take away from them. Or at least, they liked to believe they did.

Something flashed passed the window along with the sound of a car engine. All heads turned. Professor McGonagall and Professor Snape hurried out of the hall.

"Did someone fly a car to school?" Harriet asked.

"I think you need a permit for that." Pansy said.

"Well," Blaise chimed in, "Maybe it's an older student. Most seventh years are seventeen already."

"No one seems to be missing..." Harriet frowned, studying the seventh years at the far end of all the tables.

"Can we just enjoy our meal, please?" Draco asked, rolling his eyes. "We can worry about the drama later!"

After the feast was over, they walked towards their house common room.

"Looks gloomier than last year," Harriet commented.

"Maybe it's because of what happened..." Pansy trailed off.

They all exchanged glances.

"Let's not talk about that," Draco suggested. That was what his father always said when an uncomfortable subject was brought up at dinner.

The others nodded in agreement. They were okay and had rescued the stone. All was well.

"Well, goodnight then." Harriet raised a hand shortly and walked in the direction of the second year dormitory.

Pansy followed her after a short while. When she entered the room, the curtains around Harriet's bed had been drawn shut already. It was strange, since she usually kept them open for an hour to read before she went to sleep.

Maybe something had changed over the holidays?

Pansy shrugged it off. Even last year she hadn't been able to tell what Harriet had been thinking. She wasn't even sure she had gotten to know her properly. Regardless, Pansy Parkinson had decided that Harriet Potter was her friend and that she could trust her, even if she was rather cold, sometimes on the rude side and made everyone around her feel like an

idiot on a semi-regular basis. Harriet could also be considerate and warm hearted. It just wasn't her default setting.

Pansy was sure that she would eventually come out of her shell completely and that she would be the best friend anyone could wish for.

## Chapter End Notes

Hey! Hope everyone is doing well.

Comment or Kudo.

Thanks to all my readers.

XOXO, Drachma

# Pixie Pandemonium

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The next morning, the news that Ron Weasley had driven a flying car to Hogwarts and had managed to crash it into the ancient Whomping Willow reached them.

"STEALING THE CAR, I WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN SURPRISED IF THEY'D EXPELLED YOU, YOU WAIT TILL I GET HOLD OF YOU, I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU STOPPED TO THINK WHAT YOUR FATHER AND I WENT THROUGH WHEN WE SAW IT WAS GONE -"

The yelling shocked everyone.

"Looks like Weasleys got a howler," Draco whispered gleefully to his friends.

"Serves him right," Pansy said, buttering her toast.

"- LETTER FROM DUMBLEDORE LAST NIGHT, I THOUGHT YOUR FATHER WOULD DIE OF SHAME, WE DIDN'T BRING YOU UP TO BEHAVE LIKE THIS, YOU COULD HAVE DIED -"

Harriet's eardrums started to hurt and her hands began to shake. She placed them out of sight under the table and focused on the food in front of her taking the time to mentally list everything.

"-ABSOLUTELY DISGUSTED - YOUR FATHER'S FACING AN INQUIRY AT WORK, IT'S ENTIRELY YOUR FAULT AND IF YOU PUT ANOTHER TOE OUT OF LINE WE'LL BRING YOU STRAIGHT BACK HOME."

"Serves him right." Blaise stated matter of factly.

The gang left the table together, and made for the greenhouses, where the magical plants were kept. They had herbology with the Hufflepuffs.

As they neared the greenhouses they saw the rest of the class standing outside, waiting for Professor Sprout. The gang had only just joined them when she came striding into view across the lawn, accompanied by Gilderoy Lockhart.

Professor Sprout was a squat little witch who wore a patched hat over her flyaway hair; there was usually a large amount of earth on her clothes and her fingernails would have made Aunt Petunia faint. Gilderoy Lockhart, however, was immaculate in sweeping robes of turquoise, his golden hair shining under a perfectly positioned turquoise hat with gold trimming.

"He looks ridiculous, doesn't he?" Pansy whispered to Harriet, who nodded in agreement.

"Oh, hello there!" Lockhart called, beaming around at the assembled students. "Just been showing Professor Sprout the right way to doctor a Whomping Willow! But I don't want you running away with the idea that I'm better at Herbology than she is! I just happen to have met several of these exotic plants on my travels . . ."

"Greenhouse three today, chaps!" said Professor Sprout, who was looking distinctly disgruntled, not at all her usual cheerful self.

There was a murmur of interest. They had only ever worked in greenhouse one before - greenhouse three housed far more interesting and dangerous plants. Professor Sprout took a large key from her belt and unlocked the door. Harriet caught a whiff of damp earth and fertilizer mingling with the heavy perfume of some giant, umbrella- sized flowers dangling from the ceiling. She wondered if they were poisonous.

Professor Sprout was standing behind a trestle bench in the center of the greenhouse. About forty pairs of different-colored ear muffs were lying on the bench. When Harriet had taken her place between Draco and Pansy, she said, "We'll be repotting Mandrakes today. Now, who can tell me the properties of the Mandrake?" To nobody's surprise, Sierra's hand was first into the air. Hufflepuff or not, no one could deny that she was the absolute best at Herbology, closely followed by Neville Longbottom.

"Mandrake, or Mandragora, is a powerful restorative," said Sierra, sounding as though she had swallowed the textbook. "It is used to return people who have been transfigured or cursed to their original state."

"Excellent. Ten points to Hufflepuff," said Professor Sprout. "The Mandrake forms an essential part of most antidotes. It is also, however, dangerous. Who can tell me why?"

Sierra's hand shot into the air again. "The cry of the Mandrake is fatal to anyone who hears it," she said promptly.

"Precisely. Take another ten points," said Professor Sprout. "Now, the Mandrakes we have here are still very young."

She pointed to a row of deep trays as she spoke, and everyone shuffled forward for a better look. A hundred or so tufty little plants, purplish green in color, were growing there in rows. Harriet eyed them suspiciously. What had Sierra meant by 'cry', exactly?

"Everyone take a pair of earmuffs," said Professor Sprout.

Everyone grabbed a pair, the Hufflepuffs letting the Slytherins pick first. The gesture was much appreciated since nearly no one wanted one of the fluffy glitter ones that looked like unicorn vomit attached to a headband.

"When I tell you to put them on, make sure your ears are completely covered," said Professor Sprout. "When it is safe to remove them, I will give you the thumbs-up. Right - earmuffs on."

Harriet snapped the earmuffs over her ears. They shut out sound completely. Professor Sprout put a pink, fluffy pair over her own ears, rolled up the sleeves of her robes, grasped one of the

tufty plants firmly, and pulled hard.

Instead of roots, a small, muddy, and extremely ugly baby popped out of the earth. The leaves were growing right out of his head. He had pale green, mottled skin, and was clearly bawling at the top of his lungs.

It looked absolutely hideous. Like Dudley's baby photos mixed with mould and explosive diarrhea.

Professor Sprout took a large plant pot from under the table and plunged the Mandrake into it, burying him in dark, damp compost until only the tufted leaves were visible. Professor Sprout dusted off her hands, gave them all the thumbs-up, and removed her own earmuffs.

"As our Mandrakes are only seedlings, their cries won't kill yet," she said calmly as though she'd just done nothing more exciting than water a begonia. "However, they will knock you out for several hours, and as I'm sure none of you want to miss your first day back, make sure your earmuffs are securely in place while you work. I will attract your attention when it is time to pack up.

"Four to a tray - there is a large supply of pots here - compost in the sacks over there - and be careful of the Venomous Tentacula, it's teething."

She gave a sharp slap to a spiky, dark red plant as she spoke, making it draw in the long feelers that had been inching sneakily over her shoulder.

Harriet, Draco, Pansy and Blaise grabbed a tray.

"Let's get this over with." Pansy said pulling a face. She hated herbology and dirt. Both at the same time was unacceptable.

Harriet shrugged, snapped her earmuffs back on and dove in.

By the end of the class, Harriet, like everyone else, was sweaty, aching, and covered in earth. Everyone slugged back to the castle for a quick wash and then the Slytherins hurried off to Transfiguration.

At lunch, they realised that their next lesson was Defense Against the Dark Arts. That meant Gilderoy Lockhart.

They finished lunch and went toward the classroom. They all walked as slowly as possible without making it obvious.

Harriet headed for a seat at the very back of the classroom, where she busied herself with piling all seven of Lockhart's books in front of her, so that she could avoid looking at the real thing and hopefully wouldn't be noticed.

When the whole class was seated, Lockhart cleared his throat loudly and silence fell. He reached forward, picked up Neville Longbottom's copy of *Travels with Trolls*, and held it up to show his own, winking portrait on the front.



"Allow me to present your new defence against the dark arts teacher: Me!" he proclaimed, pointing at it and winking as well. "Gilderoy Lockhart, Order of Merlin, Third Class, Honorary Member of the Dark Force Defense League, and five-time winner of Witch Weekly's Most- Charming-Smile Award - but I don't talk about that. I didn't get rid of the Bandon Banshee by smiling at her!"

He waited for them to laugh; a few people smiled weakly. Hermione and Lavender Brown seemed to be blushing.

He began handing something out. "I see you've all bought a complete set of my books -well done. I thought we'd start today with a little quiz. Nothing to worry about, just to check how well you've read them, how much you've taken in -"

When he had handed out the test papers he returned to the front of the class and said, "You have thirty minutes - start - now!"

Harriet looked down at her paper and read:

*1.What is Gilderoy Lockhart 's favorite color?*

"This is a joke right?" She whispered to Draco.

"I don't think so. I mean it is 30 pages long." Draco said looking like he'd swallowed a slug.

She read on:

*2.What is Gilderoy Lockhart's secret ambition?*

*3.What, in your opinion, is Gilderoy Lockhart's greatest achievement to date?*

On and on it went, over three sides of paper, right down to:

*41.When is Gilderoy Lockhart's birthday, and what would his ideal gift be?*

Half an hour later, Lockhart collected the papers and rifled through them in front of the class.

"Tut, tut - hardly any of you remembered that my favorite color is lilac. I say so in Year with the Yeti. And a few of you need to read Wanderings with Werewolves more carefully - I clearly state in chapter twelve that my ideal birthday gift would be harmony between all magic and non-magic peoples - though I wouldn't say no to a large bottle of Ogdeds Old Firewhisky!"

He gave them another roguish wink. He bent down behind his desk and lifted a large, covered cage onto it.

"Now - be warned! It is my job to arm you against the foulest creatures known to wizardkind! You may find yourselves facing your worst fears in this room. Know only that no harm can befall you whilst I am here. All I ask is that you remain calm."

"What is it? Something to mess up his hair? " Draco joked.

"I must ask you not to scream," said Lockhart in a low voice. "It might provoke them."

Lockhart whipped off the cover.

"Yes," he said dramatically. "Freshly caught Cornish pixies. "

"So I was right." Draco said. Harriet tried not to laugh.

"Right, then," Lockhart said loudly. "Let's see what you make of them!"

And he opened the cage.

It was chaos. The pixies shot in every direction like rockets. Two of them seized Vincent Crabbe by the ears and lifted him into the air which was quite a feat considering how much he weighed. Several shot straight through the window, showering the back row with broken glass. The rest proceeded to wreck the classroom more effectively than an angry dragon.

"Come on now - round them up, round them up, they're only pixies," Lockhart shouted.

He rolled up his sleeves, brandished his wand, and bellowed, "Peskipiksi Pesternomi!"

It had absolutely no effect. One of the pixies seized his wand and threw it out of the window, too. Lockhart gulped and dived under his own desk.

The bell rang and there was a rush toward the exit that made kings cross station during buisness hours look like a leisurely stroll.

In the relative calm that followed, Lockhart straightened up, caught sight of Harriet and her friends who were still in the classroom, and said, "Well, I'll ask you three to just nip the rest of them back into their cage." He swept past them and shut the door quickly behind him.

"Coward!" Pansy hissed slinging a hex in the general direction of his escape.

"Can you believe him? Just wait until my father hears about this!" snarled Draco as one of the remaining pixies bit him painfully on the ear.

Harriet whacked two pixies with a book and Pansy stunned some. They continued like this until all the pixies were back in their cages. Then they somehow managed to get Crabbe down from the chandelier.

"The pixies should have thrown Lockhart out of the window after his wand." Harriet twirled her wand between her fingers. "What are the chances we can get rid of him before the end of the year?"

Oof! Long chapter. Kind of don't like writing those, but, well, it happened.  
Hope everyone is doing well.  
Comment or Kudo.  
XOXO, Drachma  
PS. The exact word count for this chapter is 2021. How cool is that?

# Unfortunate Turn of Events

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Harriet and Draco were racing through the halls because they were late for class. They had been caught up in argument about Quidditch strategies. Draco was of the opinion that the 'Parkins Pincer' was superior to the 'Thimberling Shuffle'. It was not.

Professor McGonagall lectured them and gave them a detention. Harriet didn't bother arguing. They had already been late three other times that week. It was well deserved.

"A detention? Wait until my father hears about this!" Draco muttered to Harriet as they made their way to their seats.

"He'll tell you it's your own fault. " Harriet sighed, slumping into her chair.

Harriet spent the rest of the lesson pointedly ignoring anyone trying to talk to her, paying one-hundred percent attention and trying to make up for her tardiness by turning an animal into a water goblet with no incidents. Unlike Weasely, who had a half transformed rat goblet that was squeaking in protest, she actually managed. Only after Professor McGonagall had given her a nod and a sort of compliment during her inspection of the students work, did Harriet allow herself to relax and speak to her friends very quietly.

Draco still wasn't happy about the entire 'detention' situation. Pansy was busy giving a lecture, which Harriet tuned out eventually. She didn't need to feel even worse than she already did.

The three of the left the classroom in silence, not really happy with each other at the moment. Harriet was doing her best to hold back from making some scathing remarks. If Pansy and Draco continued arguing, however, her resolve would wear thin very, very quickly.

Crabbe came up to them.

"I wanted to thank you for not leaving me hanging from a chandelier in a room full of pixies yesterday. That was nice of you," he said.

After what had happened last year? Was he really that suprised?

Before Harriet could do something stupid, Pansy put on a bright smile and said, "No problem, we're friends right?"

"Yeah, we'd have felt guilty if we'd just left you there," Draco added catching on to the look Pansy threw at them. After an elbow in the ribs, so did Harriet.

"No problem. Your house is your family. " Harriet said reciting the lines slytherin prefect Higgs had told her a year prior. She'd heard the phrase so often it sounded like a broken record. Was it really necessary for the older students to repeat it like some sort of cult code?

At lunch , Harriet and Draco both received an owl with their respective detentions written on the piece of paper they were carrying. They both took one look and groaned. This sucked!

"Filch'll have me there all night," said Draco heavily. "No magic! There must be about a hundred trophies in that room. I'm no good at Muggle cleaning and I'm not a house-elf!"

Pansy burst out laughing. "Serves you right!"

"I'd swap anytime," said Harriet hollowly. "I've had loads of practice cleaning stuff. Answering Lockhart's fan mail ... He'll be a nightmare ..."

"Answering fan mail?" Pansy grabbed the note. "Can this guy get any worse?"

"I don't think we want that answered," muttered Harriet, a sinking feeling settling in her stomach. Something told her there was a lot more to the Lockhart situation than originally thought. Did she really want to know what it was though?

*'Yes,' a small voice in the back of her head whispered traitorously, 'you want to know everything. You want to know why you have a bad feeling about Gilderoy Lockhart. Especially since there seems to be no reason for it.'*

Harriet slammed her goblet onto the great hall table. "Dammit." she hissed.

Pansy sent her a questioning glance. Harriet just shook her head in reply. This wasn't something she needed to discuss.

Friday afternoon seemed to melt away like ice in summer, and in what seemed like no time, it was time for their detention sessions, and Harriet was dragging her feet along the second-floor corridor to Lockhart's office. She had never thought she would have preferred to spend time with the grumpy school caretaker, but here she was. Fuelled by curiosity and the hopes to find something to confirm any suspicions, she gritted her teeth and knocked.

## Chapter End Notes

Comment or Kudo. The usual, folks!  
Hope everyone is doing fine.  
XOXO, Drachma

# **A reason to listen to your own advice.**

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The door flew open at once. Lockhart beamed down at her. Harriet briefly debated leaving.

"Ah, here's the scalawag!" he said, grinning brightly. "Come in, Harriet, come in -"

He practically dragged her into the office.

Shining brightly on the walls by the light of many candles were countless framed photographs of Lockhart. He had even signed a few of them. Another large pile lay on his desk. Harriet felt like gagging. She would rather take a months worth of detention with McGonagall rather than this.

"You can address the envelopes!" Lockhart told Harriet, as though this was a huge treat. "This first one's to Gladys Gudgeon, bless her - huge fan of mine -"

The minutes dragged on. Harriet let Lockhart's voice rumble in the background, occasionally saying, "Mmm" and "Right" and "Yeah". Now and then she caught a phrase like, "Fame's a fickle friend, Harriet," or "Celebrity is as celebrity does, remember that".

She was waiting for the whole "back in my day..." to start but, considering how many addresses she was copying onto envelopes it was probably still Lockhart's day.

Unfortunately.

The candles had melted down to stumps. Harriet moved her aching hand over what felt like the thousandth envelope, writing out Veronica Smethley's address. It must be nearly time to leave, Harriet thought miserably, please let it be nearly time...

And then she heard something - something quite apart from the spitting of the dying candles and Lockhart's prattle about his fans.

It was a voice, a voice to chill the bone marrow, a voice of breathtaking, ice-cold venom.

"Come ... come to me.... Let me rip you.... Let me tear you .... Let me kill you . . . ."

Harriet gave a huge jump and a large lilac blot appeared on Veronica Smethley's street.

"What?" She said loudly.

"I know!" said Lockhart. "Six solid months at the top of the best- seller list! Broke all records!"

Harriet who had Accually meant the voice decided to play it cool.

"That's amazing!" She said.

Then she let Lockhart babble on and went back to writing adresses. Then finally, finally, she was released from this hell.

"Great Scott - look at the time! We've been here nearly four hours! Id never have believed it - the time's flown, hasn't it?" Lockhart exclaimed.

Harriet didn't answer. She was straining her ears to hear the voice again, but there was no sound now except for Lockhart telling her she mustn't expect a treat like this every time he got detention. Feeling dazed and nodding, Harriet left.

It was so late that the Slytherin common room was almost empty, aside from some fifth-years who were cracking open something that smelled suspiciously like whiskey.

Harriet ignored them and went straight up to the dormitory. In a quiet voice that was almost a whisper she told Pansy, who was miraculously still awake, what had happened. Pansy looked shocked when she got to the voice, but then put on a straight face and told Harriet to blame Peeves the Poltergeist.

It was a simple enough answer and a fairly logical conclusion. Still, Harriet lay awake thinking and came to the conclusion that it had not, in fact, been Peeves. Something strange was afoot in Hogwarts again and she would find out what it was, despite her better judgement.

October arrived, spreading a damp chill over the grounds and into the castle. The kind that seeped into your clothes and followed you everywhere. Madam Pomfrey, the nurse, was kept busy by a sudden spate of colds among the staff and students. Her Pepperup potion worked instantly, though it left the drinker smoking at the ears for several hours afterward. Some of the older Slytherins started running a successful black market on cold healing potions.

Harriet was fairly sure Snape was secretly supervising the production.

Raindrops thundered on the castle windows for days on end. The lake rose, the flower beds turned into muddy streams, and Hagrid's pumpkins swelled to the size of garden sheds.

Draco, Pansy and Harriet were walking along a corridor on the second floor, when they came across a flooded area. It kind of stank.

"Did someone leave the windows open too long?" Pansy asked.

"Smells more like someone blew up the toilets." Draco wrinkled his nose.

Harriet chuckled. "We'd know what that smells like," she muttered.



And then she heard it.

". . . rip . . . tear . . . kill . . ."

It was the same voice, the same cold, murderous voice she had heard in Lockhart's office.

'Don't follow it,' she told herself, 'This is going to be dangerous.'

Ever adept at following her own advice, she sprinted after it.

"This way," she shouted, to her friends.

"Harriet, what're we -"

"SHH!"

Harriet strained her ears. Distantly, from the floor above, and growing fainter still, she heard it.

". . . I smell blood. . . . I SMELL BLOOD!"

Harriet hurtled around the whole of the second floor, Draco and Pansy panting behind her, not stopping until they turned a corner into the last, deserted passage. Harriet pulled out her wand and stepped forward through the ankle deep water.

"Harriet, what was that all about?" said Draco, wiping sweat off his face. "I couldn't hear anything. . . ."

But Pansy gave a sudden gasp, pointing down the corridor.

"Look!"

Something was shining on the wall ahead. They approached slowly, squinting through the darkness. Foot-high words had been daubed on the wall between two windows, shimmering in the light cast by the flaming torches:

The chamber of secrets has been opened again. Enemies of the heir, beware.

"Not the best poetry." Harriet commented dryly.

"What's that thing - hanging underneath?" said Pansy, she looked ready to faint.

They inched toward the message, eyes fixed on a dark shadow beneath it. All three of them realized what it was at once, and leapt backward with a splash. Mrs. Norris, the caretaker's cat, was hanging by her tail from the torch bracket. She was stiff as a board, her eyes wide and staring.

Looking closer, Harriet realised that the message had been written in something red. Was it blood?

For a few seconds, nobody moved. Pansy seemed to be holding her breath.

Then Draco said, "Let's get out of here."

"Good idea." Pansy said, grabbing Harriets arm and dragging her away from the scene.

Later they found out that Mrs. Norris had been petrified, the news spreadkng like wildfire regardless of how the teachers tried to keep it under wraps.

## Chapter End Notes

If people are wondering why I'm posting chapters in bulk right now, it's currently the school holiday so I have far more time for editing and posting.

Anyway, I hope everyone is doing well and enjoying the story so far.

Thanks to all my readers.

Comment or Kudo,

XOXO Drachma

# Yelling and Investigations

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Harriet woke up in a strange position. During the night, she had somehow managed to sleep-climb onto the chandelier and was hanging upside down. As far as she could tell it was 7o'clock on a Saturday. She attempted to neatly climb down an ended up falling on her face, ever the epitome of grace.

She pulled on some jeans and a T-shirt with some kind of half-assed motivational quote on it.

Passing through the common room, she took a minute to glance at the notice board.

"Duelling club. Open for all. Tuesday 7pm. Great hall. Sounds like fun," she said to herself. Then she went down to the great hall to eat breakfast.

A while later she and the rest of her friends, 'the gang' as Blaise insisted on calling them, were sitting in an abandoned classroom.

"You're hearing voices!" Pansy snapped at her, "That's not normal. Not even for a wizard . It's really creepy!"

"But still, It is pretty cool." Blaise said.

"Cool? My best friend is hearing voices, We found a petrified cat, I'm willing to bet there's some kind of giant evil and all you can say is it's cool?" Pansy snapped at him. Needless to say, she was pissed off and perhaps terrified.

Harriet sighed and placed her head in her hands. This again? Really? They had been arguing about her hearing voices and wether it was a good thing or bad thing for at least 2 weeks. Personally, she didn't care! She could hear voices and that was that.

Harriet had more important things to do.

Like the search for Tom Riddle's diary. It kept leading her to the Gryffindor tower or somewhere else. The thing was, Ginny Weasley was always present. Logical conclusion: Ginny Weasley had the diary. She had no idea how she was going to get it. She had been keeping Tom updated. He occasionally wrote back, but never anything interesting.

She drummed on the desk she was sitting on, thinking. Draco was reading a potions book. It was probably from the restricted section of the library. Honestly, Lockhart would put his signature on anything these days.

Pansy and Blaise were still arguing and didn't seem like they were going to stop. Amina and Elizabeth were placing bets.

Theo finished his homework. All of it. He had started it when Pansy had brought up the voice. He looked out of the window not really seeing anything because of the fog. He thought about it: a voice without a body, dead roosters (the news had arrived this morning ) and a petrified cat. Not that he didn't think Mrs. Norris deserved it, because she did, he just thought that if a cat was petrified, maybe a student would be too.

He thought about what McGonagall had told him about how the chamber of secrets had been built by Salazar Slytherin who decided Muggle-borns were unworthy of magic. That meant that they would be next. If the chamber had indeed been opened, it could be something else. Still, there were plenty of Muggle-born students in Ravenclaw. Not as many as in Hufflepuff but still enough to be worried about. His friend (crush - but that's not important) Cassandra Baker was a Muggle-born.

OK , now he was really worried.

He glanced at Harriet, who sat deeply in thought, with her frown. She seemed worried. Not to mention the fact that she was hearing voices. Did she know something they didn't again?

" - and that is why it is not good hearing voices!" Pansy finished.

"Maybe what McGonagall told Theo about the snake in the chamber of secrets is correct and Harriet is just a parselmouth. Ever thought of that." Blaise countered.

"If she was a parselmouth she would have told us!" Pansy stated angrily.

"Or Maybe she doesn't know!" Blaise suggested.

"I'm sitting right here guys!" Harriet interrupted, angrily.

"We know!"

"Have you ever talked to a snake?" Draco asked bored from a window. He was fed up with Pansy and Blaise's constant arguing.

"Once, yes. I accidentally set a boa constrictor on my cousin in the zoo. That was before I even knew about magic- er, why are you all staring at me?"

"You're a parselmouth! " Pansy shrieked flailing her arms.

Harriet started at her blankly. She blinked twice. Then-

"Merlins arse!" she cursed, "It's true. If I'm a parselmouth and there's a deadly snake moving around the castle, it's no wonder no one else can hear the voice then. Because they don't speak snake! Now, the question remains who opened the chamber? I mean if it is as I suspect, and it usually is, then we need to figure out where the chamber is, catch the culprit and turn them in."

Everyone nodded in agreement.

"So, what's the plan?" asked Theo.

"What makes you think you're joining?" Millicent Bulstrode asked from where she sat.

"I was invited by Draco. I assumed you had a plan that involved me." He shrugged.

"Honestly, I have no idea what more than half the people in this room are doing here." Harriet spoke up. "No offence, but I only invited, like, two of you..."

"I invited the girls." Pansy said. "Their in our dorm and after that promise we made last year, I thought I could clue them in!"

"I heard she invited them so I asked Crabbe, Goyle, Theo and Blaise to come!" Draco shrugged.

"They're just your friends, that's not the same thing!"

"How is that not the same thing?"

"Okay!" Harriet decided to stop the building argument. She was not in the mood for another fight. "If anyone wants to bring anyone to a meeting like this, ask me first and don't tell them about it until I give you permission. Three people knowing about this was already one too many for my liking."

"Or you could just trust us!" Pansy insisted.

"If anyone leaks anything, I will hex them and the person they told." Harriet warned.

"Noted," Draco said, looking a bit paler.

"I still think you should trust us!" Pansy insisted. "We're your friends!"

"No offence, but I barely know half of you!" Harriet snapped.

"And whose fault is that?" Pansy was mad.

"Some people don't trust as easily as others," Draco said, deciding to step in.

"Oh, so your saying that she shouldn't trust us?"

"He never said that." Harriet looked at her. "Pansy, I think you're overreacting a bit. Why don't you calm down?"

Wrong thing to say. So, so, so wrong.

More than half the attendees fled the room, leaving only Harriet and Draco to face the storm. Harriet agreed in a hurry to tell them if she needed them to do something or other in regards to the apparant Chamber of Secrets opening.

Pansy was yelling, practically screaming at them. Apparently Harriet never told them anything and knew everything and that wasn't okay for some reason. Either way, it didn't matter. They were being yelled at.

Draco noticed Harriet folding in on herself more and more as Pansy progressed. She looked close to tears.



"Okay," he said, placing himself between the two. "You need to stop. Can't you see you're making her cry?"

Pansy did stop, take a look at Harriet, another look at Draco and stormed out of the room. The door slammed behind her.

"You okay?" Draco asked Harriet. It would have taken someone literally blind and deaf to not notice the fact that she wasn't.

"Alright," he decided, "I'm going to bore you with this morning's prophet because I don't know how to talk about feelings."

Two hours later, when Harriet seemed calm enough, Harriet and Draco decided to go look around the castle for potential hidden entrances to the chamber of secrets.

They even searched the secret passageways Harriet had found the year prior. Nothing.

"I didn't even know you found these!" Draco exclaimed, "This is brilliant!"

"I needed somewhere to be alone for a while." Harriet shrugged.

"Okay, well your secret is safe with me." He grinned at her.

Towards the end of the search, Harriet jokingly suggested they try moaning Myrtle's bathroom. All they got was a screaming ghost. They walked back to the common room dissatisfied.

Draco suggested a round of chess that he ended up losing as well as the rematches that followed. He had come pretty close to winning one time though, that had to be said.

That evening Harriet made a case board that held the facts and hid it under her bed. She also made a long list of suspects.

The next day was spent mostly in the library researching the Chamber of Secrets, with help from Theo. There wasn't much to be found unfortunately.

Draco and Blaise had secretly poured truth potions they got from Salazar-knew-where into drinks and asked if anyone knew anything. After a while they had given up. It was a waste of resources to continue.

Pansy hadn't really been speaking to Harriet. That, and Harriet had been actively avoiding her... friend? Were they still friends? She hoped so. They'd have to talk about it some time soon.

## Chapter End Notes

The drama!

\*laughs evilly\*

I'm sorry. \*slides you all cookies\*

Comment or leave a star!

XOXO, Drachma

# Lockhart gets his ass kicked!

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was tuesday evening. Excitedly, the students stood in the great hall. Draco and Blaise were making bets on who would be their Duelling teacher.

Harriet told them she didn't care a single bit as long as it wasn't -

"Hello dear students! Allow me to introduce your new Duelling teacher. Me. Gilderoy Lockhart, Order of Merlin, Third Class, Honorary Member of the Dark Force Defense League, and five-time winner of Witch Weekly's Most - Charming-Smile Award."

Harriet face palmed. This was what nightmares should be made of. Draco placed a hand on her shoulder to keep her from leaving and whispered, "Wait until my father hears about this!" with as much venom as possible. Harriet rolled her eyes. She doubted Lucius Malfoy gave a care as to who was teaching them.

"Now allow me to introduce my assistant, who was courageous enough to volunteer, Professor Snape!" Lockhart gave a smile and swept aside to reveal a very grumpy looking potions master.

"Oh no," Blaise whispered, "I can feel my grades dropping in the next week."

"If you did your homework, you'd be safe!" Harriet hissed quietly.

She pushed forward to get a better view. She didn't want to miss a single second of Lockhart being hit by a hex or a curse. If it was wrong to take joy in other peoples pain... well, this should be an exception. Reading Lockharts books had been torture and his classes could be placed into the same category. It was a suprise anyone was still sane.

"Professor Dumbledore has given me permission to start this Duelling club, to train you all incase you ever need to defend yourselves as I have done on many occasions - for full details see my public works," Lockhart said.

"Product Placement seems to be a hobby of his." Blaise commented quietly.

"Yes, maybe it's his secret talent. Remember the anti wrinkle lotion in class last week? Why the hell would we buy or need that. Who would even be interested. We're 12, not 50!" Draco agreed.

"I can't even remember what it is called."

Lockhart and Snape turned to face each other and bowed; at least Lockhart did, with as much twirling of hands as possible, whereas Snape jerked his head irritably. Then they raised their wands in front of them like swords.

" Clearly, we are holding our wands in a combative position. On the count of three we will cast our first spells. Neither aiming to kill obviously. " Lockhart explained.

"Bet Snape wishes it was." Blaise chuckled.

"One- Two - Three-"

Before Lockhart could even open his mouth, Snape yelled, "Expelliarmus!"

There was a flash of red light and Lockhart's wand flew out of his hand whilst he was blasted backwards off his feet. He slid along the floor for about 10 metres.

"Bet he regrets wearing silk now."

Harriet glanced around. A couple steps away Millicent and Pansy were snickering to themselves. Hurriedly she looked away. They probably didn't want to talk to her. Even if they did, that could wait.

Lockhart wobbled to his feet.

"Ah yes, good idea of yours to show them that Professor. Disarming charms are very useful. Of course, in a real fight I would've won." He stated smiling around at the students.

"As if!" Harriet and Draco said in perfect sync. Blaise gave a snort of laughter.

Lockhart and Snape then put them in pairs to practice disarming and disarming only. Lockhart did most of the pairing, declaring that this was a good way to make friends.

Harriet who was paired with ginger weasel was sure of one thing. Making friends was in neither of their interests.

She would have loved to set him on fire but his wand was probably still able to do that judging by the state of it. There was a cocoon of spell-o-tape around it.

" Scared Potter? " he asked at the same time Lockhart yelled begin. Harriet wasted no time.

"Ex fenestram in murum" She yelled.

Weasel flew around the room crashing into every window and wall at least once. She was suprised when he got back to his feet and cried,"Bombarda."

Harriet dodged, rolled under the platform, jumped up and directed another spell at Weasley. He dodged and yelled ," Serpensorcia."

A snake flew in her direction. She dodged and mentally cursed him, backing away from the snake that had turned on her.

"Heard you were the heir of Slytherin, Potter! Why don't you just tell it to back off?"

A loud gasp ran through the hall. Harriet took a deep breath. Now was not the time for murder. She had to get away from that snake without speaking.

It lunged for her.

"Dammit!" she cursed leaping out of the way. The word, unfortunately, came out as a hiss. Some people shrieked and rushed to a different area of the hall.

Professor Snape quickly stepped forward and turned the snake into ashes. He gave Weasley a detention for almost releasing a deadly snake on the school and a lecture that would normally have been the talk of the school in the next two or three weeks, cancelling out all other gossip.

"I - er - think that's enough for today," Lockhart stammered looking pale, "I'm sure you're all tired. Not everyone can practice as long as someone as talented at duelling as myself... Yes, I think we'll end it here for today."

Everyone rushed out of the hall. Harriet left as one of the last.

"You okay?" Draco asked her.

"Yeah," Harriet said, "Except..."

"Except what?"

"Weasel said 'heard you were the heir of Slytherin?'. Why would he say that specifically? It's not like he knew I was a Parselmouth..." She stopped in a dungeon passage leading to the common room. Draco and Blaise stopped too.

"Do you think anyone could have told him about it?" Blaise looked nervous.

Draco looked uncomfortable. "That would mean that someone is a traitor."

"How else would he know?" Harriet racked her brains. Who could it be?

"Well," Blaise said, "It's probably not someone from our group... I mean, Draco and I haven't told anyone and Crabbe and Goyle have probably forgotten already."

"That leaves Millicent, Theo, Amina, Elizabeth and - I hate to say it - Pansy!"

"You think Pansy told him?" Harriet stared at him as if he'd grown another head.

"No, well, maybe I - I listed other suspects too! And you two were the ones that were fighting!" Draco shrugged helplessly.

"I thought you'd known her since childhood?"

"Harriet, while that is true, people change! Maybe that's what happened."

"I just don't see her being that petty!" Harriet looked to Blaise for help.

He rolled his eyes. "Maybe you don't see her as being 'that petty', but she isn't exactly sunshine, now is she?"

## Chapter End Notes

Who do you think is the rat? I'm curious.

Let me know in the comments.

Leave a star if you liked this part,

Thanks.

XOXO, Drachma

(A/N: Ex fenestram in murum means 'from the window to the wall' in Latin. The song was playing on the radio.)

# Get the Book!

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The day after the duelling club was interesting. Interesting in that everyone, except those in her immediate inner circle, left at least two metres between her and them. Provided they had no other choice, obviously.

Normally she would pay more attention to it. Today however, she found she didn't care. The whole 'heir of Slytherin' thing would blow over soon enough. Surely, no one was stupid enough to believe that for an extended amount of time...

For now she had to get Tom's diary, pass her classes and figure out this whole 'Chamber of Secrets' thing that was going on that was *not her fault no matter how many people thought it was*.

She had two thirds of the mess figured out already. Tom's diary was in Ginny Weasleys backpack and her classes were easy. The chamber of secrets was... *a running investigation*.

Harriet crept along the corridor quietly following Ginny Weasley. She was with a group of friends. That made it tricky to get the book without anyone noticing. She needed a diversion to open Ginny's bag. Then she would use a summoning charm to get the diary and send it to Tom per owl post. At least, that was the plan.

She probably had to rethink half of it. She looked around. Using a spell, she knocked over a vase near Ginny. It crashed to the floor. The girls shrieked. Quickly, Harriet used Alohomora to open the lock on Ginny's bag. Then she used a summoning charm. The diary flew out of the bag into her waiting hands.

Harriet raced into the owlery, wrapped up the diary in some package paper and gave it to Hedwig to take to Tom. Then she let out a sigh of relief. Phew! That was finally out of the way and so much easier than expected. Momentarily she wondered if she should feel guilty for stealing from another student, but it hadn't really been Ginny's diary in the first place, had it?

She skipped all the way to the Defense against the dark arts classroom getting a few wierd looks. Some looks were on the verge of terrified. A Slytherin smiling!? The potential heir of slytherin smiling!?

That could only mean some sort of trouble. Either someone they didn't like was in the hospital wing or they were planning something evil or they had done something particularly evil.

Harriet was just happy her plan had worked.

She siezed the seat at the back of the classroom next to Draco, pointedly ignoring Pansy. She could deal with that drama later.

Lockhart waltzed in like he was the king of the world and Harriets good mood dissapeared. He beamed at the students sitting in his classroom.

"How are we all today?" He asked. Harriet glowered at him.

She would have loved to zone out completely, but she had to pretend to be productive. That, and Draco prodded her constantly to ask what a word like 'gnarlegnomephopia' meant. Harriet was pretty sure Lockhart didn't know what half of them meant either, judging by the sentences he used them in. You couldn't use gnarlegnomephopia against a gnome because a) it meant fear of gnomes, b) it was only discovered in humans and c) a gnome couldn't be scared of itself.

Well, it could, but that had some deeper rooted issue like a curse or enchantment.

Also, why the hell were they studying de-gnome garden hacks. It wasn't even on the syllabus. She tried to burn Lockhart with a glare and spitefully turned a page.

Draco leaned over to her and whispered, "I can't wait for this lesson to be over. I'm so glad we have potions next."

"I wouldn't even mind History of Magic. Nothing sucks more than this!" she replied.

The last ten minutes of the lesson dragged by like an unconcious troll. She made a mental note to find out if you could file a complaint against a teacher with no talent. She hoped it was possible.

After class had finished she was the first one out of the classroom, Draco hot on her heels and Blaise being dragged along. They practically leapt down the stairs to the dungeons and onward to potions.

Potions lessons were, without a doubt, Draco's favourite subject. He was rather good at them too. Harriet was in permanent denial of the fact that she was any good at them, consistently finding things to improve on.

It reminded her of cooking as well. Not something she minded in general, but something she had been made to do way too often to find much joy in it.

Harriet turned her attention towards the potion she was making. It stank. The worst part was that the dungeon had no windows. She felt sorry for the next class. She hoped wizards had something similar to Febreeze.

Maybe she should get Snape some for Christmas. She wouldn't blame his general unenthusiasim in teaching on him if the smell of the classroom was the reason. That, and it really couldn't be fun getting magic smoke residue in your hair all the time.

As soon as class was over everyone dashed to the great hall for lunch. After she'd eaten Harriet raced to the bathroom. She really needed to pee! The toilets on the ground and first floor were out of order because of a plumbing issue.



That left the second floor. Slytherin's monster be damned she would relieve herself. Besides, it wasn't out of order because of plumbing issues, it was just haunted.

She finished her business quickly and made to walk out when she heard a sob coming out of a nearby stall. Someone else was in here? She walked over and knocked.

"Is everything OK in there?" She asked.

There was a wail and a ghost shot through the cubicle door and hovered over the sinks.

"What makes you think I'm okay?" The ghost screeched.

## Chapter End Notes

Don't you just hate it when the school bathrooms don't work? Don't have that problem with online classes!

Thanks to all my readers!

Comment or leave a star!

XOXO, Drachma

# Making friends with a Ghost

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"I just wanted to know why you were crying! " Harriet said defensively. *You try to help ONE time!*

"I've been dead 50 years and people still won't cease to make fun of me. Moaning Myrtle they call me. HA!" The ghost snapped.

Ugh. A bullied ghost. Just what she needed. Harriet felt sympathetic, she really did, but there was a time you just had to suck it up and deal with it.

"That's not very nice of them." It came out drier and less feeling than Harriet had intended but it seemed to help a bit.

"Of course not. Why else would I have been crying?" Myrtle sniffed. Her eyes would have been red and puffy had she still been alive.

Suddenly, Harriet realized something. It dropped into her mind about as gently as a meteor.

"Wait, er - Myrtle, you died 50 years ago?" she asked.

"Yes." the ghost looked confused.

"When the chamber of secrets was last opened?"

"Yes."

"Do you mind if I ask how you died?" Harriet questioned, immediately regretting it.

Funnily enough, Myrtle smiled as if no one had ever asked her something as nice.

"Oh, it was horrible! " Myrtle said happily, " I was hiding in this bathroom because some girls were chasing me. Myrtle Murping they called it."

"My cousin and his friends used to do that to me during summer. They called it Harry Hunting."

Myrtle beamed, her face lighting up as if she was being raised from the dead.

That wasn't legally possible though. Necromancy had been forbidden in the early 1600's.

A book had mentioned it being because of someone performing a sort of C-section and both the mother and child dying, but then the wizard felt really guilty and brought the child back to life so he could later kill someone who had drunk unicorn blood (or had it slipped into his tea - the details were a little fuzzy). At some point a muggle author had included it in his play

which had led to the investigation of the exact situation and mass memory correction (memory wiping) in Great Britain and Ireland. Either way, that specific part of the pre-ministry Association of Magical Peackeeeping (A.M.P) must have had a field day.

Myrtle continued, "Someone knocked on the door. I thought it was them so I opened it to tell them to piss off but instead there were two yellow eyes staring right at me from that sink over there. I blacked out and when I came around I was already dead."

"That does sound horrible." Harriet said, "Thanks for telling me. I'm sorry I have to go. I need to get to history of Magic. Can I come back if I have more questions?"

"Oh, no worries. You're welcome back into my bathroom anytime." The ghost was beaming and looked... less dead, if that was possible.

"Thanks, Myrtle." Harriet said smiling.

The next day brought a giant shock for everyone. Theo's crush had been petrified by Slytherin's monster and Harriet told Draco and Blaise about Myrtle. They seemed more shocked by the ghost story than by the misfortune of another student.

"She screamed in our faces!" Draco complained, "How are you suddenly chummy with her?"

"She's actually pretty nice and she gave me a hint as to what might be in the Chamber of Secrets. Glowing yellow eyes! Are there any snakes with glowing yellow eyes in the bestiary?" Harriet asked excitedly.

They were closer to solving the mystery!

"It narrows our search down to fourteen of the ones you picked out." Draco said.

"Maybe they were just yellow and she was exaggerating?" Blaise suggested, unhelpfully.

Harriet sighed. That might be true, but it would be unspectacular and the snake would quite possibly be too mundane for the job.

"Twenty then." Draco yawned. He stretched and looked around. "Oh, and by the way, does anyone know where Theo is? I haven't seen him all day. We were supposed to meet at breakfast!"

"Hospital wing with Cassie. Honestly, the guy is *hopeless*!" Blaise answered.

"Who's Cassie?" Draco asked.

"Theo's crush," Harriet said, "He never stops talking about her! I don't know how you missed that!"

"Oh..." Draco said. He scratched the back of his neck awkwardly.

On the way to transfiguration, Harriet had a feeling something bad was about to happen. She couldn't quite place it, it was just an odd gut feeling. Not wanting to be caught unawares she

picked up the pace, turned a corner and -

was greeted with a wand in her face. Arguably not the best situation to be in.

"Excuse me?" she uttered in confusion.

Theo looked kind of green and was shaking a bit, but he stood his ground even when Draco whipped his wand out and aimed it at him with a determination that was unusual for his character.

"Don't you dare try." he growled, glowering.

## Chapter End Notes

\*The good the bad and the ugly playing in the background\*

I kinda want to apologise for the cliffhanger but... NAH!

Thank you for reading, comment or leave a star,

XOXO, Drachma

# A Hogwarts Standoff

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The situation was awkward to say the least.

Theo was threatening Harriet, Draco was threatening Theo and Blaise was standing uselessly a couple of feet away.

"Drop it!" Pansy hissed pointing her wand at Draco.

Wrong move. Harriet raised her wand and aimed it at Pansy. "After you, mate."

"Erm, guys?" Blaise asked nervously, "Can we do this some other way? Everyone is staring at us."

He motioned vaguely to the rest of the class who were all staring at them from various defensive positions. Harriet noticed with glee that Weasel looked like he was going to wet himself from where he cowered behind a statue.

"Guys?" Blaise tried again.

Harriet smirked. "Sure we can settle this some other way, after they drop their wands."

"We're not that stupid!" Pansy huffed.

"Sure about that?" Harriet raised an eyebrow.

Pansy's wand was now also pointed at her face. Great. *Absolutely wonderful.*

"Okay, deep breaths everyone," Blaise tried. "Deep breaths. Go to your happy place!"

"I don't think Harriet has a happy place," Pansy hissed, "Or she wouldn't be seeking to control Hogwarts."

OH! It all fell into place. Pansy thought Harriet was the heir of Slytherin! All because she didn't overshare? Or was it because she was a parselmouth? She'd probably told Weasel too, just out of spite.

"Correction, Parkinson, I don't have a happy place because you're here!" Harriet growled. She was pissed off and armed. "Why don't you do me a favour and transfer to Beauxbatons like you kept saying you would if things got too creepy? Or isn't it creepy enough yet? Does someone need to die?"

Pansy paled and took half a step back.

"So you are the heir of Slytherin!" Theo looked aghast.

"She's not!" Draco snapped, straightning up like he was ready to cast a curse. He sounded so sure that some of the students watching calmed down a bit. Others stuck their heads together and were probably discussing the rumour trainwreck once more.

Harriet eyed them and then noticed the clocktower through the window.

"We don't have time for this," Harriet decided. She grabbed Draco and motioned for Blaise to follow. "Come on. We have Transfiguration."

If they were late to McGonagall's class, they wouldn't have the time to hex each other later. Harriet had a couple of nasty ones she was dying to try out. Why couldn't she just hole up in the library where it was nice and quiet and where nothing ever happened?

The students filed into their seats silently, some of them still in awe or shock of what they had just seen.

Professor McGonagall came in, green robes swishing behind her.

"Students, settle down please. Today we are transforming powder boxes into pocket watches."

A murmur of interest ran through the class.

"The spell we will be using is *Vigilate de pulvere* . The wand movement is like so." She told them demonstrating the movement. Some of the class copied the pattern her wand drew as a way to memorize.

Then they were set to work. Harriet managed it pretty quickly, although her watch had a slightly aggressive tik-tok noise that was louder than it needed to be. Draco managed it after three tries and a bit of guidance. Blaise managed it... in his own time and spent a while sulking about it.

Weasel almost blew up his desk.

Hermione Granger had finished around the same time as Harriet and was now making conversation.

"- and I think everyone should do their best." Hermione finished her small speech.

"I agree. I myself was raised by Muggles and I think it's such a waste of potential to not do your best in every subject. I really appreciate the chance I got to come to Hogwarts and I can't believe that someone would just give it up." Harriet said.

"I understand completely." Granger was nodding. Then her eyes went wide. "Wait, raised by muggles? So you aren't the heir of Slytherin?"

Harriet rolled her eyes. "What do you think? My mother was most likely muggleborn. I might be a pureblood on paper, but many would argue that I'm actually a half-blood because of her."

"Most likely?"

"Never knew my grand-parents."

"But what about your fathers side? Maybe you're related to Salazar Slytherin through him?"

"I don't see why we have to talk about my family! Let's just leave that subject alone," Harriet snapped.

"I'm sorry," Granger said, sounding regretfull. "I know how hard this must be for you."

Harriet almost hexed her. The effort was appreciated, but honestly? Bringing up the subject shouldn't even have occurred as an option. She didn't need to be reminded of everything her childhood had been missing! *Thank you very much!*

That evening Hedwig dropped a letter on Harriets face while she was sitting in the corner of the owlery, avoiding her problems.

The handwriting already told her who it was from. It read:

*Hello Harriet,*

*I hope you are well. I heard that the chamber of secrets was opened again.*

*I do believe that was my fault.*

Wait, what?

*Apologies. I do believe my diary got into someone else's hands before yours.*

Well, yeah, Sherlock! That was to be expected.

*I'm afraid that due to the fact that putting a piece of your soul into an object is dark magic and the results can lead to evil deeds if in the hands of anyone but the owner. Sorry I forgot to mention that. Thank you for getting it back.*

*If I can offer any help to the closing of the Chamber of Secrets, do inform me. The same situation turned into a tragedy fifty years ago.*

*Sincerely,*

*Tom M. Riddle*

Harriet stared at the letter. Perfect, just Perfect.

Hold on a second, Tom was at Hogwarts 50 years ago? He was older than her parents! And he had essentially just admitted to being the heir of Slytherin! Had he already placed a fragment of his soul in the diary back then or... *had he opened the chamber?*

She would dwell on that later. She finished off her homework and went straight from the owlery to bed. Her dreams were about as sweet as lemon juice. She kept dreaming of an angry, 16 ft snake. In a certain light one may have been able to call it cute!

You know, like dragons.

## Chapter End Notes

I'd apologise for the added drama but I'm having too much fun with this.

Comment or kudo! I appreciate them!

XOXO, Drachma



# Weasleys: Part 1

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The next day Harriet was walking along the corridor quietly. The castle seemed so empty given the fact that a lot of the students had gone home for the Easter holidays. Harriet didn't want to disturb the peace. She took her usual route past Filch's office where she, almost always, met the Weasley twins.

She felt kind of bad for not hanging out with them more often but being in different year groups made that exceedingly difficult. That and they seemed to be trying to set a record for most detentions in half a school year.

"What did you do this time?" She asked cheerfully.

"We may have pulled something on Lockhart," Fred began.

"It was his own fault really." George added.

"Tell me about it!" Harriet grinned. This was bound to be good.

"Yes ma'am!" They said simultaneously.

The began to tell her about how Lockhart had given all those who hadn't known his favourite colour was lilac a 'D'. By the time they had finished describing his reaction to a bucket of every colored waterproof paint over his head, Harriet was almost in tears. She wished someone had recorded a video.

It was hard to believe that they were related to Weasel. The ingenuity they possessed was unmatched.

After the giggles had died down, Harriet took a deep breath.

"Can I take this as you two not thinking I'm the heir of Slytherin?" She asked hopefully.

"So that's what's on your mind!" Fred said.

"Is this because of that rumour started by Ronniekins?" George frowned, scrutinizing her as if trying to read her mind.

"It's gotten a bit out of hand, that's all." Harriet muttered, scuffing her shoe on the floor.

"Oh dear, I hoped no one would pay attention to the stupid comments he made." Fred rolled his eyes. "People these days. Don't think!"

"Think we knew that already, Fred," his twin gave a matching eyeroll. "Question is, how do we put a dampner on the current situation?"

"Only prefects or headboys and girls can theoretically do that. Least they can stomp out public discussions... I mean we can treat it like a joke to stop people taking it as seriously, but ultimately..."

"Not much we can do..."

"So, what now?" Harriet asked, hating how unsure she sounded.

"For now?" George looked at his brother.

"I'd say get on Percy's good side? I mean you're pretty much on the fence there..." Fred trailed off.

"Fact is," George continued, "If you're on his good side, he'll do his best to stamp out any negative rumours about you. He might be a bit of a pompous prat and a little insane when it comes to school, but he's a good friend to have. Just like you!"

"All we can really do is vouch for you."

Harriet's jaw dropped. "You'd do that?"

"Yeah!" Fred studied her for a second. "Are you always this surprised when someone has your back?"

"Didn't have a lot of friends before last year."

"C'mere!" George said dragging her into a bear hug, the kind only older brothers are experts in and Harriet was completely unfamiliar with. "You have the two of us, if nothing else."

"Yeah," Fred dragged her into another hug, "Anything troubling you, annoying you or scaring you - you can bring it to us. No matter what."

"Thank you!" She said, the words being muffled by shirt.

"That being said," George said, "You look like you need to talk about something. What's wrong?"

The concern in their faces and understanding in their words made the dam break and everything came spilling out of her. The way the last year ended, the way the new one began, how she and the others had found the cat and the words, how she and Pansy were fighting, how nearly everyone thought she was the heir of Slytherin and how one of her friends had probably started the rumour. She told them how scared she had been when she had gotten a *wand pointed in her face* and how *she didn't know who she could trust*.

"That -" Fred started.

"Is a lot." George finished.

Harriet sniffed. When had she started crying? Hurriedly, she scrubbed her face with her sleeve, smudging her glasses quite a bit.

"It's okay, it's okay," Fred said, gently taking her arm and guiding her to sit down on some nearby stairs. "Let's put our heads together, we can figure something out!"

George started dabbing at her face with a handkerchief.

It took a while, but eventually Harriet stopped crying. "Thanks, guys." she hiccuped.

"No problem."

"Tell you what," Fred told her, "leave the perpetrators to us. Focus on your classes and spend more time with us and your friends. Can you do that?"

Harriet nodded. Her voice probably still sounded like a toad with a throat disease.

"Don't worry," George reassured. "It'll all pass eventually."

Harriet dearly hoped so.

The following weeks were pretty much all the same for her. She'd go to class, hang out in Myrtle's bathroom with Draco and Blaise during break, sit in her bubble at lunch and return to Myrtle's bathroom after the final class of the day to finish her homework and read to the ghost, who seemed more than happy to listen.

On the weekends, she sought out the Weasley twins or joined one of Percy Weasleys tutoring sessions for charms.

She realised quickly that getting Percy to like you as a person, meant accepting or asking for his help when you needed it. Apparently, that showed humility.

Unfortunately, it took a lot of resolve to ask for help.

The second years had all recieved lists of what subjects they would take on as electives in their third year.

Care of Magical Creatures and Divination was mandatory until fifth year. Harriet had already elected Arithmancy and Ancient Runes. As for the other subjects... she had no clue where to begin.

She waited until the tutoring session was over and walked over to Percy.

"Er -" How to go about this? "Got a minute?" she asked.

"Of course, Harriet. What can I do for you?" Percy smiled.

Despite being strict and stern most of the time, Percy Weasley (as one discovered after a while of being tutored) did not, in fact, have a stick up his derriere. Like with Fred and George, it was hard to believe he was related to Weasel. He was surprisingly patient and really nice when you weren't in trouble. He sometimes reminded Harriet of Professor McGonagall.

"I - um -"

Why was asking for help so hard?

"I'm trying to decide on my elective subjects for next year." Her cheeks were burning. "I kind of don't - don't know what to choose."

She held out the list.

Taking it, he gave it a quick scan and asked, "What are your personal interests?"

"Chess, I suppose. Reading and... dragons and other creatures and - um - quidditch..." Harriet didn't really know how to answer that so she just said the things that came to mind, suprising herself with the fact that dragons weren't first for a change.

"I would choose Languages of the Magical World," Percy said after a minute of mulling it over, "It only teaches you the basics of all the magical languages but if they interest you, you can always continue them in the NEWT years. There's also Healing, which - again - only teaches the basics until NEWT's. There's also some muggle subjects you can take... I'd suggest taking another night to think about those though. Overall, definitely Ancient studies and Magical theory for you, I think. Anything else I'd suggest is a NEWT subject."

"That sounds like a good plan!" Harriet's face lit up a bit. "I'm not sure what ancient studies is though... Is that like history of magic?"

"Godric no!" Percy exclaimed, "It focuses on ancient magic like the Egyptian tomb spells or elemental theory magic."

Harriets expression filled with interest.  
Percy chuckled at her expression.

"It's a niche subject, and in high demand on the job market so it's future oriented too."

"Sign me up!" Harriet cried, placing an x in the box.

"You know what?" Percy said, "Come sit with me and my brothers at dinner. We can talk about this some more."

When Harriet got back to the Slytherin common room that evening she wasn't suprised to find it empty. Grateful for small mercies she grabbed a book and curled up in an armchair by the fireplace.

Most of the Slytherins, including Pansy, had gone home for the Christmas holidays. Harriet, despite wanting to see what Christmas was like with Aunt Petunia and Dudley, had prioritized the Chamber of Secrets situation.

Still no progress to report. No sir.

She looked down at the book in her hand, *Magical Serpents: A summary*. A few chapters into it, she got bored. This was the kind of book Theo would like.

Harriet face-palmed. Her mind just had to go there. Getting up she decided to stroll around the corridors.

## Chapter End Notes

Comment or Kudo!

Thanks,  
XOXO, Drachma

# Veritas

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Miss Potter."

Harriet turned around.

"Hello Professor Snape," she gave a smile.

"My office." He swept off, black robes swishing behind him.

Harriet gaped. *What had she done now?* Hurrying after the head of Slytherin house, her mind went haywire listing all the things that could possibly warrant detention. She'd probably missed curfew.

She entered the office feeling smaller than she had in weeks.

"Potter, sit." Snape said, tone less clipped than usual, "I have been made aware you're spending Christmas at Hogwarts?"

Harriet nodded, not sure what this was about. Wasn't she in trouble?

"Given the current circumstances, I would inquire as to why. One would assume you would be in a hurry to go home to your family, especially given various accusations circling the rumour mill."

Harriet didn't really know how to answer the unasked question.

"I -" she began, not really sure to continue.

Snape looked at her expectantly. She lowered her gaze.

"I wasn't close with my relatives before summer last year and I have barely gotten to know them over those six weeks." Harriet stared at the desk. That didn't sound great, but it was true and a decidedly better reason than 'I wanted to look for the chamber of secrets'.

"And you still wouldn't prefer to go home instead of having things whispered behind your back wherever you go?"

Harriet looked up. The look he was giving her wasn't accusing. It was almost understanding.

"I think I'd just put a dampener on celebrations," she said looking at a shelf of glass vials.

"You don't feel welcome." It wasn't a question. It was a statement. If it hadn't been true, Harriet would have protested.

"Christmas has never really been my thing." Harriet gave a grim smile.

"Last year you seemed to be enjoying it with your friends."

"The exception to the rule I believe, sir."

"I see."

A moment of silence passed. The clock ticked on the wall.

Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock. Tick. Tock.

"Very well, Potter. Would you mind giving up a portion of your holiday helping me organize my office? I need to make space for new potions I intend on brewing."

It was as much of a 'you're welcome here' as Snape could probably give.

"Of course, Sir. I'm happy to help."

"Appreciated." It didn't even sound like a thank you, but then again, no one had ever heard Professor Severus Snape utter anything sounding remotely like gratitude. Thus, Harriet took it as an effort and left it at that. Small victories or something like that.

"When do we start?" she asked.

"Do you have any plans for the day?" Professor Snape raised an eyebrow.

Harriet was being called out and she knew it.

"No... Now, then?"

Instead of a Verbal answer, Snape stood and walked to a bookshelf in the corner of the room.

"Old potions books. Some are Alchemy. If you would be kind enough to sort through them and see if any are here twice."

Harriet nodded.

"Place the annotated copies back on the shelf and any books which are here singularly. From the remaining copies, you may keep what interests you. The rest in that box."

"Okay, Professor." Harriet rolled up her sleeves and dove in. This had to be the best task available. It involved books!

She started scanning the titles:

*A collection of Above Three Hundred Reciepts in Cookery, Physick and Surgery*

*Advanced Potion making*

*Asiatic Anti-Venoms*

*Book Of Potions*

*Librum Volatile*

*Poisonous Compendium*

*Restored lexicon*

On and on it went down to:

*Zyheggud Guide to Alchemist Endeavours*

Excitedly, she began flipping through them. Carefully and one by one lest she get dog ears in them or bend a cover. Imagine doing that to a book.

People who made dog ears were monsters.

Behind her the tinkle of glass, let her know that Snape was sorting through vials.

"Have you decided on your electives already, Potter?" he asked.

"Arithmancy, Ancient Runes, Languages of the Magical World, Healing, Ancient studies, Magical theory and Ghoul Studies. Maybe muggle sciences as well but I'm not sure yet." Harriet replied from somewhere in the book pile.

If Snape was suprised or concerned about the amount, he didn't show it.

"Ghoul studies?" Snape's usual drawl hinted at interest, which was more emotion than it usually contained.

"Yeah," Harriet nodded, "Seems like something not everyone would want to learn."

"Is that why you chose it?"

"No..." Harriet frowned to herself. "I may have made friends with a ghost and she - well - she's kind of stuck in one place and I wanted to see if I could give her a larger amount of room to move."

"I see. Might I ask how the idea of befriending a ghost came to you?"

"She's nicer than a lot of the people I know." Harriet muttered quietly.

"What was that?"

"I'm not entirely sure."

"I see."

If one could look into Professor Severus Snape's mind at that moment one would be made painfully aware of the fact that he was seeing too many similarities between his student and himself. Severus, whose father was neglectful and possibly even violent, seeing the guarded



way he had interacted with adults and often peers reflected in this child's mannerisms. He was aware that he should have probably spoken to her about her at home circumstances.

However, some things had to be considered. Things such as being a double agent for both Dumbledore and the Dark Lord. Any signs of favouritism were a bad move and yet...

A couple of books was a measly apology for negligence. Lilly Potter would hex him into next year if she knew.

He frowned at the bottle of veritaserum, a strong truth potion, in his hand. Was the universe mocking him now?

## Chapter End Notes

Comment or Kudo.

XOXO, Drachma

# An apology?

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The Christmas holidays were strange. Hogwarts was quieter than usual and re-organizing Snape's office was an odd task.

At least it meant good conversation. Both teacher and student seemed to have issues talking about feelings, so potions it was.

Most of the girls in the Slytherin dormitory had been invited to spend Christmas at the Parkinsons. It was a childish thing for Pansy to do, but then again, Harriet had essentially threatened her.

A small voice in Harriet's mind whispered, "*Apologise! Maybe your friend will come back to you!*"

It was probably right, however Harriet was stubbornly refusing to take the high road here. That sounded like emotions and talking about *feelings*. It just... wasn't going to happen. No snitching way. It was Pansy's fault anyway. She just needed to stop being a pansy and own up to it!

Snow was falling outside. Tiny flakes of white floating to the ground covering it in silver. Maybe the cold was the reason that there had been no petrifications lately. Did Slytherins monster hibernate? Had all the muggleborns gone home?

If they had any common sense that was probably a 'yes'.

The fact that a deadly snake was moving freely around the castle should have been enough reason to send the students home until the issue was resolved. Sadly, no one seemed to care besides the more reasonable teachers, none of which were in charge. Harriet didn't want to see what Hogwarts' OFFSTEAD report would look like.

By Christmas eve, the grounds were covered in white and all of the Hogsmeade trips for older students had been cancelled. Many creatures on the Hogwarts reserve had gone into hibernation or had thick fur that kept them warm enough. Some older students had cast some charms on the lake so they could go ice-skating.

Knowing how Madam Pomfrey was, she probably had litres of skele-grow on deck. A vile potion, that tasted like... well, think of the most vile thing you've ever tasted and double the effect.

Harriet chuckled at the memory of George and Fred enchanting snowballs to hit the back of Quirrels head last year. She wondered how they would react if they found out that they had been hitting the Dark Lord in the face - repeatedly.

What had happened to Quirrel anyway? Tom had never mentioned that. What else hadn't he mentioned?

Harriet was walking along the corridor, minding her own business, definitely *not* looking for trouble when Theo caught her.

Harriet immediately whipped out her wand. If he so much as reached for his, she would hex him to -

"Woah, hey!" He held up his hands in surrender. "I just want to talk!"

She didn't budge. Her eyes narrowed. 'I just want to talk' always sounded so suspicious. Was he planning something?

"I wanted to apologize," Theo said, looking at his feet.

Harriet wasn't sure she had heard right. "What?"

"I'm sorry." He began fidgeting with his sleeves. "I'm sorry I thought you were the heir of Slytherin and that I didn't talk to you about it and that I've been a bad friend."

Harriet was dumbstruck. "Kind of an understatement." She lowered her wand a bit.

He chuckled. "Yeah. I know. Sorry."

She wracked her brains. How did one respond to an apology? What was appropriate. Hexing him wasn't the answer. Other forms of violence also didn't seem fitting.

She lowered her wand slightly, still on guard.

"What changed your mind?"

"Well," Theo shifted uncomfortably. "I've been thinking, I -"

"Probably should have done that first."

"I know, I -"

"You know? Then why didn't you?"

"Let me talk!"

"Like you let me talk before passing a verdict? Please tell me you aren't considering a career as a judge. You'd suck!"

"I apologize, okay! I wanted to figure out who opened the Chamber and you being a Parselmouth came as a shock to me!" Theo tried to explain.

Harriet rolled her eyes. "So I was automatically evil? Good to know!"

"No - I - Look, being a Parselmouth is considered a dark gift and somewhat dead outside the House of Slytherin. It seemed a logical conclusion."

"Again! You could have asked me! So much for being great study buddies! Would you have done this to anyone else?"

"Well no-one else was under suspicion so -"

"So you, like an idiot, jumped to conclusions? I thought you were supposed to be a Ravenclaw!"

"I may have discussed my theory with some other people before deciding. Y'know, after the duelling club..."

"With who?" Harriet spoke quietly. The murderous quietly.

"Well, it might have been possible Ron Weasley was present..."

Screw violence not being the answer. Theodore Nott was a dead man.

## Chapter End Notes

What would you have done? I'm curious.

Comment or leave a kudo.

XOXO, Drachma

# Back on the Case

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

To Theodore's credit, he didn't rat her out for putting him in the hospital wing. Harriet supposed she could take that as an apology.

Christmas day came far too quickly. Harriet climbed up the steps to the owlery. To her knowledge, it would be vacant. She didn't particularly want to see anyone at the moment.

Trying to breathe some warmth into her hands, she sat down in the corner, near where Hedwig would land at some point. Her snowy owl was probably out hunting again.

Hedwig swooped in, dropping a few packages on her.

"Ow!" Harriet complained. Then she dropped her gaze to the packages.

They came as quite a surprise considering she hadn't expected anything this year. She was however happy that she had sent Draco, Blaise and the Weasleys something.

She tipped a couple of treats into Hedwigs feeder.

Hastily, she gathered the packages in her arms and raced back to the dormitory.

The final days of the holidays came and went, Harriet spending most of them in a brand new Weasley sweater (courtesy of Mrs. Weasley) and a pair of really fluffy socks from her Aunt. She had sent a thank you note.

The rest of the Easter holidays dragged by. Harriet spent a lot of time with the Weasley twins and Percy.

The twins introduced her to Oliver Wood, the Gryffindor Quidditch captain, with whom she spent hours talking about the different teams mainly criticising strategies. Oliver was really cool. So cool, Harriet almost wished she could try out for the Gryffindor quidditch team come Spring. Alas, her loyalties still lay with Slytherin.

The Hufflepuff seeker, Jiyu Burokami, reintroduced herself. Apparently she had been friends with the twins since first year and was from Tokyo.

Percy introduced her to some of the other prefects. Higgs and Farley she already knew. They were both Slytherins. The others though? She hadn't really met any except Percy.

Harriet almost hated to admit it, but literally everyone in this circle was so much more awesome than her.

Harriet sighed. She was currently sitting in the Slytherin common room waiting for basically anyone to come back from their time at home. Impatient, she tapped her fingers on the

nearby table.

"Potter!" a familiar voice startled her out of her tapping.

"Malfoy!" she cried happily. "How are you? How were your holidays?"

Draco pulled her into a hug, patting her on the back.

Pulling back, he asked, "Anything new?"

"Besides the fact that I probably chose too many subjects for next year and I found out who started the heir of Slytherin rumour?" Harriet raised an eyebrow.

"No way!" Draco gasped. "Who?"

"Theodore Nott."

"Really? Where is he?"

"Hospital wing." Harriet shrugged nonchalantly.

"I guess he did NOT see that coming!" Blaise joined them grinning.

Draco and Harriet groaned. "Get out!"

"Subject aside," Blaise rolled his eyes, "Any news on the Chamber of Secrets?"

"It was opened by Ginny Weasley," Harriet huffed, "A Gryffindor first year. She was under some sort of spell or curse when she did it. I don't think she can remember anything. We should probably keep an eye on her just in case. The only things I don't know are what snake and how do we close it."

"So you know where it is?"

"Yeah." Harriet had had way too much time on her hands.

Draco sighed and scratched his forehead. "Library then?"

"Library." Harriet confirmed.

The following two months were spent between book pages and scribbled notes. Once again, Harriet was stressing about exams as well.

It was Blaise's idea to enlist Crabbe and Goyle's help. It was met with scepticism from all sides at first, but ultimately paid off.

They found the answer to the question of the snake. It was a Basilisk.

Harriet wasn't entirely sure how to react to the news. Crabbe and Goyle? Figuring something out on their own?

"Guess you're not as stupid as I thought." Draco joked, slapping Crabbe on the arm while Blaise enthusiastically shook Goyle's hand.

Now the remaining issue was that no book in Hogwarts seemed to be able to tell them how to close the chamber. Not even the ones in the restricted section!

After a long mental debate that lasted all of three minutes, Harriet decided to turn to Tom for help.

She wrote:

*Tom,  
Sorry to bother you again. Do you have any idea how to close the chamber of secrets? We really need to know.  
Thanks,  
Harriet J. Potter*

Hedwig grabbed the letter as soon as she arrived in the owlery and in a flurry of snowy white wings flew off.

Harriet went to the window, watching her owl soar off into the clouds. They looked like cotton candy today, soft and fluffy.

She didn't know if the Dark Lord would help them. Perhaps he didn't want to or the rumours were true and he did hate muggleborns. After all, it was strongly implied that he had been responsible for the last opening of the chamber of secrets.

## Chapter End Notes

Comment or Kudo. Thank you!  
XOXO, Drachma

# A Solution?

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Theodore had taken up visiting Cassie in the Hospital Wing. It was awkward for the most part. How did you have a conversation with someone who was petrified?

He sat there unsure of what to do. I mean, what in the name of Helena was he supposed to do? He sighed. This sucked badly.

Cassie was practically the Ravenclaw second year 'ringleader' as she always said in reference to a song by Biffany Lears, or whatever the singer she'd mentioned's name was. To be honest he didn't care. He just wanted Cassie to get better. Maybe he would tell her how he felt when she did.

An image of his friends wheezing with laughter popped into his mind. Like he was brave enough to do that.

On the other side of the castle, Harriet was starting to feel restless. It was like the universe wanted someone to die.

Fuming, she paced around the common room trying to come up with a solution on her own. There was no use relying on any of the others. All their solutions were what you would find in a dictionary if you looked up the word 'stupid'. Maybe even 'brainless'.

Draco was lounging in a nearby armchair, sulking. He had just gotten three of his ideas denied.

Harriet had admitted that calling some sort of magical creature watch team was probably a good idea, but *somebody* would make it out to be a prank students pulled to keep Hogwarts and their main source of income from being shut down. Thus, they had to play pest-control themselves.

The issue was the lack of information. Or rather, that one missing piece to complete the puzzle.

Harriet wanted to punch something. How dare the universe keep one *miserable* piece of information from her!

The next morning turned things around. Harriet's breakfast was disturbed by the flutter of wings and a white feather falling onto her face when she looked up.

She sneezed.

"Hedwig!" she cried leaping up.



The owl replied by dumping a letter in her hands and flew off after stealing a piece of toast from Pansy.

Harriet sat back down and unfolded the parchment carefully.

Toms handwriting was unmistakeable.

*Harriet,*

*There is no clear way to remove a basilisk from its chosen location. Especially not if it was placed by Salazar Slytherin himself.*

*One rumour specifies that a person has to be sacrificed to close the Chamber of Secrets. Another would tell you that finding a new basilisk to "replace" the old one is neccessary. I suggest a young one. They're the most vicious and effective. The 'eyes of death' wear off after a while.*

*I apologize for the lack of solid advice.*

*Best wishes,*

*Tom Marvolo Riddle*

Harriet stared at the letter. A human sacrifice or a new snake. Great. Just great.

She rolled her eyes. Tom didn't exactly sound apologetic for being of no use. But then again, maybe he was just bad with words. If he didn't care, he wouldn't have given any advice.

But he had potentially killed Myrtle using a Basilisk.

He was trying to help though, right?

Harriet couldn't figure it out so she shoved the thoughts into the back of her mind and decided to focus on the task at hand.

She wondered how the others were going to react to the suggestions.

Blaise's jaw dropped. Draco's eyebrows rose to his hairline. Harriet grinned sheepishly, scratching the back of her neck.

"How the hell do we get a Basilisk?" Blaise asked.

"We can always wait for someone to die..." Draco shrugged.

"Why would we do that?" Blaise sounded mildly horrified and just on the edge of intrigued.

"It's easier."

"No one is dying." Harriet said firmly, "No one." She was not going to Azkaban because of a pet problem.

Draco just nodded, eyes wide.

Blaise rolled his eyes, "Well, I'll be going to the library to research the trade of magical creatures. You should come as well. I'm pretty sure this Illegal though."

"When have we ever followed the law to 100 percent?" Harriet asked.

"We're in our second year at school and I can't give you an answer to that," Draco sighed.

"Exactly!" Harriet exclaimed, "We didn't give a damn last year when we saved the philosopher's Stone! Why should we care now? We're doing the world some good aren't we?"

"Technically, it was just the school." Draco said.

"Details," Harriet said, making a dismissing motion with her hand.

She began to walk off.

"Where are you going?" Blaise called after her, "Thought we were all going to do research."

"Bathroom."

Chapter End Notes

Comment or Kudo. Thanks!  
XOXO, Drachma

# Operation Pest Control: Phase 1

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Harriet hurried up several flights of stairs. Yes, she desperately needed to pee but she also needed to speak to Myrtle.

She probably could have gone to the bathrooms in the dungeons, but this saved time.

When she got there, Myrtle was sitting on a sink wailing.

"What's wrong Myrtle?" Harriet asked, as gently as she could.

Myrtle's crying ceased instantly and she started beaming.

"Harriet! It's so nice to see you!" She exclaimed, "Don't worry, Peeves was just making fun of me again. He really gets to you. How's your investigation coming along? Has someone died?"

The second question was way too cheerful.

"Well, no one is dead yet. We did find a way to close the chamber, though we're not sure that it will work." Harriet said walking to a stall. "Is it okay if I use this one?"

At Myrtle's nod, she entered it and locked the door. She could never remember which one was Myrtle's stall and she didn't feel like being chewed out again.

"We think that it's possible to seal the chamber by finding a new basilisk to replace the old one," she continued. "There are several issues with that though. One, we don't know where to get a basilisk and, two, we're not sure how to make the replacement."

Harriet flushed and went to wash her hands.

"Oh, if this was 1942 I could tell you about my uncle Billy Bradshaw who was a smuggler of illegal items. He was part of the smugglers gang, 'the blue eagles'. Perhaps he's still around! Then you could ask him," Myrtle said, floating upwards a bit. "I think he might have died because of his job though."

"You think they can find and smuggle a deadly snake?" Harriet wasn't convinced. That could go wrong so many different ways.

"I'm not sure. I think they'd at least try if you offered them a good sum." Myrtle shrugged.

Harriet tapped her fingers on the sink. "How much is a good sum? Considering the health and safety risks."

"I don't know. It can be anything so long as it's of the same value as what they're smuggling and the health and safety expenses."

"Sounds fair."

"How much were you thinking?"

"Nothing yet."

"What are you planning?"

"To research finance and the stock market value of a basilisk." Harriet rubbed her forehead, "And to check my bank account."

Five hours later, Harriet slammed her book down causing Blaise and Draco to flinch violently.

"That's it!" she said, "We're murdering someone!"

Some passers-by shot them concerned glances and hurried along.

"Maybe don't say that so loudly?" Blaise suggested.

"And not in a crowded corridor." Draco turned over a page in his charms textbook. "But if that's the plan..."

He trailed off with a smirk. Harriet rolled her eyes. No way was Draco capable of hurting anyone.

"No, no, no!" Blaise sounded horrified. "We're not murderers. We're twelve! And look! I found something!"

He pointed to a page of potions ingredients and their stock market value.

"Bummer," Harriet said, noting down the relevant price, "I'd have loved to get back at someone."

"No." Draco shook his head. "That is not a justifiable reason to kill someone."

"Perhaps not."

"Who were you even talking about? Theo or Pansy?"

"Not sure. Maybe Dumbledore? Or Vernon?"

"Vernon?" Blaise looked confused.

"My Aunts ex-husband."

"Reasonable."

"I thought we just established that revenge isn't a valid reason to kill?" Draco rolled his eyes.

"Buzzkill."

*"We're only twelve, we're not murderers!"* Draco mocked.

"Can we focus on the task at hand?" Harriet asked. "We still need to find a way to contact you know who."

"The Dark Lord?"

"No, you wet sock!" Harriet smacked him on the arm. "The bird gang!"

"Wet sock!?"

"Focus!"

"But -"

"You heard the lady!" Blaise said, flipping through pages with the face of an angel.

"You too." Harriet gave him a kick.

"Fine." Blaise grumbled.

The common room was mostly empty when they arrived in the evening. The silver green hue cast by the moonlight through the lake illuminated the tables and chairs. Harriet nodded to the boys and made her way towards her dormitory. They needed enough rare objects to be worth a deadly snake.

"Harriet?" Pansy stood up from a chair near the door and rushed to catch up, grabbing her arm. "Can we talk?"

Harriet wrenched her arm free. "If you don't grab me and it includes an apology."

"Can we go somewhere else?"

"Why?"

"Privacy?"

"For what?"

"You know what?" Pansy snapped, "Forget it. Nevermind." She held up her hands and stalked off.

"What was that about?" Someone asked.

"Doesn't matter."

## Chapter End Notes

Comment or Kudo.

XOXO, Drachma

# Musings of an Old Man

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

High up in a tower, stood an old man. He stood by the window staring out over the Highlands. There were many issues with the current events.

The opening of the Chamber of Secrets had been unforeseen. Unforeseen, but not entirely unwelcome. It kept everyone distracted.

Unfortunately, Albus Dumbledore was stuck in a position where even the greatest distraction wouldn't help him. If ever an opportunity to seize the hallows presented itself, it was this one. Anyone would wonder what was stopping him.

The truth was that he didn't know where they were. He had the elder wand. Where were the others?

He had sacrificed so much for this. He just needed the stone and the cloak.

*It was a quiet day at the beach.*

*"Albus!" Ariana cried, leaping from rock to rock. "Look!"*

*"You shouldn't do that!" Gellert chuckled at her antics. "You could fall."*

*"I flew yesterday! Why would I fall if I can fly?" The girl laughed brightly. "Albus! Tell him he's being stupid!"*

*Albus wasn't bothering to pay attention to her. He was too busy watching the way the sunlight made Gellert's hair appear like gold. The light imitated a halo, crowning his angel.*

Of course, everything had gone wrong after that.

*Her laughter carried as she rose into the air.*

*"Look!" She called, again. Like they hadn't heard her the first time.*

*She spun around the air like a ballerina.*

*"Very pretty!" Gellert laughed with her, his accent sounding on the 'r' sounds of the words. He got up, sand falling off of his clothes and began to walk along the beach. "Very pretty, right Albus?"*

*"Yes," he agreed, without looking at her.*

*A strong gust of wind swept across the sand. Ariana let out a cry before steadying herself in the air again.*

*"I really think you should come back to the ground again." Gellert called to her, concerned.*

That day had been a tragedy. Ariana had fallen from the sky and of course Gellert had to try and catch the stupid girl hitting his head on a rock when her weight brought him down.

*"Bring him back!" he screamed.*

*"I can't," she sobbed, "I can't! Albus, I'm so sorry!"*

*"Bring him back, please!"*



*"I can't!"*

*"You're the most powerful of us! Help him!"*

*"I'm no master of death, Albus. I can't do it!"*

Albus Dumbledore gripped the wand in his hand tighter. Ariana had been right. She was no master of death. She was too meek-mannered and scared to even try.

She had sworn never to use magic again after the first attempt and had paid the price. Her power turned on her warping her mind and eventually becoming too much madness for her to handle. His dear sister had died soon after Gellert Grindewald.

Not long after Aberforth, his younger brother had left him also. Voluntarily.

He had given up claiming Albus to be mad. Mad beyond compare.

Had he not seen that he had been trying to bring their family back? Their mother and sister? Even Gellert?

It didn't matter. One day he would see.

He just needed a few pieces of the puzzle to fall into place.

Tom Riddle had the resurrection stone. He had to die. Anyone working with him had to die first, to avoid it escaping his grasp again.

What happened at the Potters was unfortunate, but necessary. They had hidden the cloak. Even after he had asked them for help, explaining the situation.

Them being caught in the crossfire had been a result of them trusting Tom Riddle. It was hardly his fault that they had been stupid enough to do so.

James and lilly hadn't actually needed to die.

He had needed one of them alive at least. Just not the infant.

The infant that was now old enough to be causing trouble for his plans.

## Chapter End Notes

Comment or kudo.

XOXO, Drachma.

# The Blue Eagles

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Harriet went over the objects again. Some Occampy shells, a bottle of illegal potion (Des cauchemars sans fin: made illegal in 1642) and miscellaneous objects from around the forbidden forest. She may have also stolen a plant from the herbology classroom. No one was going to miss it anyway.

All that was worth one snake. Harriet dearly hoped that the blue eagles, working under Will Bradshaw, hadn't been lying about collecting a basilisk just so they could cash in on some valuables.

They had agreed on a checkpoint in Hogsmeade. The shrieking shack had a secret tunnel leading towards it. Harriet had found it during an incident of Crabbe and Goyle stupidity paired with Weasels far worse stupidity. Details weren't important. She had to be there on the night from Saturday to Sunday.

Time was, as it had a habit of doing, flying by at a breakneck speed.

Her plan was perfectly in place. Nothing could go wrong.

Creeping along the corridor with Draco and Blaise close behind, she couldn't help but notice that it was awfully quiet. Had it always been this quiet at Hogwarts or did this come with doing something kind of illegal?

They tiptoed through the entrance hall and out into the grounds. Sticking to as many shadows as possible, they rushed towards the whomping willow. Footwork more accurate than a ballet dancers they stepped over a tangle of roots and slipped into the passage underneath.

"Are we sure this is a good idea?" Blaise asked in a whisper.

"Wait until my father hears about this," Draco breathed.

Harriet smiled at him sweetly. "Tell your father and I will rip your face off."

Draco paled slightly and nodded.

"Everyone ready?" she asked.

"Not really," Blaise muttered.

"Excellent. Let's go!"

The snook along the passage quietly. A mouse hushed past, causing someone to let out an undignified shriek which led to the others shushing them aggressively.

They stepped up through a trapdoor into the run down shack. The floorboards creaked like an unattended garden gate. They went into what would have been the living room and were greeted by a few men and women who looked like a cross between hippies and a biker gang. They had a blue eagle tattooed on their left forearms in the style of a celtic tapestry.

Harriet almost chuckled at what Petunia would have said about their "fashion choices".

Blaise stood back a bit obviously trying not to fidget. Harriet would have cracked a joke if she hadn't been equally as nervous.

Draco pulled up a chair for her. He looked ready to piss himself or run.

Harriet and the man introducing himself as William Bradshaw Jr. shook hands and the dealing began. Objects were moved across the table, calculations were compared and

bartering was underway.

The more they bartered, the calmer Harriet felt. It felt familiar, in a way.

Eventually, the snake and the rewards were handed to the respective people with best regards from both sides.

The snake , which was undoubtedly a Basilisk, slithered up Harriet's arm and hung itself around her neck.

"Hello kid." It hissed softly.

Harriet briefly smiled at it and concluded business with the eagles.

One final handshake and the trek back to the dormitory began.

Harriet gently explained to the snake what was going on.

"Lemme get this straight, there's this evil snake slythrin' 'round here and you want me to get rid of it?" The snake said, with the strongest southern American accent Harriet had ever heard.

Harriet nodded.

"Kay kid. If we're partners, I need to know your name and you need to give me one of my own. Also, I'm not livin' in some chamber where I only get let out every 50 years or so, understood?"

"My name's Harriet Potter. I never said you had to stay in the chamber and as for your name... Pick it, I guess."

"Make some suggestions and I'll tell ya'll I like one."

"OK. Sorry to ask this, are you male or female?"

"Female. Names now?"

"Right. Alexa?"

"Nah, sounds like a nuisance."

"Lilo?"

"Too childish."

"Persephone? It's classic?"

"Hades, no."

"Laura?"

"Too common."

"Errm..." Harriet was running out of ideas. "Medusa?"

"I like it! Greek right?"

"Yeah, meaning 'protector' or something." Harriet grinned.

"Sweet. Let's end this plumbing lover. What a start to our friendship!"

Harriet giggled. Soon the snake joined in.

"What's going on? Who are you talking to?" Pansy's voice was muffled by sleep and her covers.

"Nothing - er - no-one!" Harriet said quickly as Medusa slithered into a hiding spot.  
"Goodnight!"

She dived into her covers and pretended to sleep. That was close!

## Chapter End Notes

I'm currently busy with exams so chapters might take longer.

Anyways, thanks for reading.

Comment or leave a kudo,

XOXO, Drachma.

# Friends or enemies?

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Things were tense. Hiding a Basilisk, even a small one, was really difficult. Especially if you had roommates.

Harriet felt like someone was watching her everywhere she went. Like someone was judging her every move right down to how she breathed. It was exhausting.

Gosh, was this how secret agents felt?

Last year, she had considered these people to be her best friends.

Last year.

This year was a little more complicated than that.

At the moment, Harriet was in the dormitory flipping through a book as nonchalantly as possible with Pansy scribbling something down on Parchment while lounging on the next bed. Harriet would have been lying if she hadn't been watching very closely out of the corner of her eye.

She made to turn another page, when Pansy shrieked and leapt up.

"A snake!" she cried.

"We're in Slytherin, Parkinson, there's snakes all over the common room."

"No, there!"

Harriet looked where she was pointing.

"Medusa?" Harriet almost flew into a similar amount of panic for very different reasons.

"You know it?"

"I may have forgotten to introduce my new pet?" Harriet hoped she seemed innocent, but when had that ever been the case?

"What?"

Harriet got up and picked up the basilisk, currently lounging on the dresser.

"Hiding was boring," Medusa hissed.

"I know," Harriet muttered, "but we might have a giant problem now."



"Wait, this is one of the backstabbers?"

So, Harriet may have spent some time ranting to Medusa. More than some time, really. She had needed someone to talk to who wouldn't judge.

Unfortunately, Medusa judged a little harshly.

"Let me at her!" the snake snapped.

"Nope, nope." Harriet said grabbing her, "Not killing anyone!"

She covered the snakes eyes and glanced back at Pansy. "Sorry?"

Pansy looked like she was about to pass out.

"There is a basilisk in the dormitory." Her voice sounded thin.

"Suprise?" Harriet definitely had sweaty palms.

There was a loud thud as Pansy hit the floor.

"Merlins pants!" Harriet muttered.

"Wasn't me!" Medusa curled around her arm.

Harriet sighed. She'd have to get a teacher, wouldn't she?

About an hour later, Pansy blinked awake in the hospital wing. Harriet was lounging in a chair nearby.

"Well, you lived." she said, closing the magazine and tossing onto the bedside table. "How much do you remember?"

Pansy stared at her like she had grown two heads.

"You have a..."

"Yeah. Keep your mouth shut about that, okay."

"Okay." Pansy made a face like she was grappling for words. "Listen, I'm sorry. For everything. I've been a terrible friend."

Harriet snorted. "You realise that now?! I should have hit you over the head sooner!"

"You didn't hit me over the head."

"Details!"

"Y'know, if you are the heir you can just tell me right?" At Harriet's face, Pansy quickly added, "I don't think you're trying to control Hogwarts! I'm just not sure about the relationship here!"

"I'm not the heir of Slytherin!" Harriet rolled her eyes. "And I am trying to fix this mess."

"Need some help?"

Harriet bit her lip. Yes, she needed help but did she need it from Pansy?

"You don't trust me, do you?"

Harriet nodded, looking a bit ashamed.

Pansy sighed. "Seems fair."

"I don't know..." Harriet scuffed her shoes on the floor.

"Come off it! I totally stabbed you in the back. I'm sorry! It will never happen again and if it does, punch me!" Pansy tapped her knuckles against her temple.

Harriet gave it a second. "Okay."

"Okay?"

"Yeah." Harriet wasn't sure it was the right choice but, friends were friends and Pansy had apologised.

If Pansy had come around everyone else would too.

## Chapter End Notes

Comment or Kudo! Thanks for reading!  
I hope you're enjoying the story so far.

XOXO, Drachma

# Operation: Pest Control, Part 2

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

To say the others were shocked at the basilisk in their dormitory was an understatement. They weren't quite over it for a rather long time, but they weren't going to be tattletails either.

One particularly sunny morning, Harriet was woken by a Basilisk demanding breakfast.

"Get up. I want my food!" Medusa hissed impatiently.

"Give us a minute," Harriet muttered.

"Fine," the snake snapped, "I'll go eat someone's rat then."

"Okay!" Harriet leapt out of bed, "That won't be necessary! I'll sneak you some bacon."

She pulled on her uniform and pulled her hair back. Medusa slipped into her bag.

Flopping into her seat in the great hall, Harriet began piling things onto her plate. With that, no one would notice her sneaking her snake bits of it right?

Things seemed just like before the heir of Slytherin debacle (with a new addition). Pansy and Draco argued about nothing, Millicent recounted the papers and Blaise told stupid jokes.

It was, well, normal.

After a large breakfast, Harriet, Draco, Pansy, and Blaise went to hide in a secret passage to plan their extermination of a very large reptilian creature.

It was a rather short meeting. They had class and Medusa told them to do whatever and leave the damn snake to her.

Harriet hadn't said much, she had been translating. She made sure to let the others know she still had something to share afterwards.

In the end, they painstakingly agreed that they would take Lockhart with them. He was the Defense against the dark arts teacher. Even if he couldn't cast a spell to save his life, he could still make a 5 second shield. Ten if they were lucky. Pansy still hoped that he would turn out to be capable.

The opportunity presented it's self sooner than expected.

The news that Dumbledore had been temporarily removed from his post by the board of governors reached them even sooner.

"Daddy couldn't make it permanent, eh?" Pansy asked, elbowing Draco in the ribs.

He shot a half-hearted glare her way. "It is not my father's fault that the others are brainwashed!"

During lunch, Professor McGonagall made an announcement in the great hall.

"I have good news!" she said, and the Great Hall, instead of falling silent, erupted in questions.

"Dumbledore's coming back?" several people yelled hopefully.

"You've caught the Heir of Slytherin?" squealed a girl at the Ravenclaw table.

"Quidditch matches are back on?" roared Wood excitedly, leaping to his feet. One of his teammates forced him to sit back down.

"They've legalised flying carpets again?" another person asked.

"Can we go home?" a first year cried. A seventh year put an arm around her to comfort her. The situation had put a strain on everyone, especially muggle-borns. Slytherin had been the least affected house during the crisis.

"Quiet!" the teacher ordered.

The hall fell silent. Harriet, who had just taken another bite of her food, did her best to make no noise chewing.

Professor McGonagall explained, "Professor Sprout has informed me that the Mandrakes are ready for cutting at last. Tonight, we will be able to revive those people who have been Petrified. I need hardly remind you all that one of them may well be able to tell us who, or what, attacked them. I am hopeful that this dreadful year will end with our catching the culprit."

There was an explosion of cheering.

Harriet kicked Draco to get his attention. "Think I'm safe?"

"Not yet," he replied, "but soon."

They could hardly concentrate on their lessons. Harriet tapped her fingers on her desk waiting desperately for the bell to ring. The minutes ticked by slowly.

Three, two, one...

Echoing through the corridors came Professor McGonagall's voice, magically magnified. 'All students to return to their House dormitories at once. All teachers return to the staff room. Immediately, please. '

Confusion erupted from the students. Everything was packed up and the corridors filled.

Harriet grabbed the others and dragged them through the halls into a broom closet near the staff room.

"What do you think is going on?" Blaise asked.

"If you're quiet, we can find out!" Harriet hissed. Medusa peeked out of her collar and hissed as well.

Blaise nodded and shut his mouth, not even trying to ask the question he clearly still had.

## Chapter End Notes

Comment or leave a kudo! Thank you for reading!

So... there's several ways this story can go right now. Most of them are tragic. I apologise in advance.

XOXO, Drachma

# Gone with the Snake

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"It has happened!" McGonagall's voice was laced with worry. Harriet had never heard it so shakey. "A student has been taken by the monster. Right into the Chamber itself."

There was a squeal of terror. It sounded like the Professor Sprout.

Snape's lazy drawl asked, "How can you be sure?"

"The Heir of Slytherin," said Professor McGonagall, "left another message. Right underneath the first one. 'Her skeleton will lie in the Chamber forever.'"

Professor Flitwick burst into tears.

"Who is it?" asked Madam Hooch, "Which student?"

"Hermione Granger," said Professor McGonagall, "We shall have to send all the students home tomorrow. This is the end of Hogwarts. Dumbledore always said..."

Inside the closet, Pansy had turned sickeningly pale. "They have Hermione!"

Harriet motioned for her to stay quiet and rubbed her shoulder in a comforting manner. She wasn't sure of the relationship there, but she had missed a lot.

"So sorry - dozed off - what have I missed?" Lockhart joined the conversation.

They heard Snape's voice again.

"Just the man," he said. "The very man. A girl has been snatched by the monster, Lockhart. Taken into the Chamber of Secrets itself. Your moment has come at last."

Lockhart blanched. Harriet could almost see Snape's smirk.

"That's right, Gilderoy," chipped in Professor Sprout. "Weren't you saying just last night that you've known all along where the entrance to the Chamber of Secrets is?"

"I - well, I -"sputtered Lockhart.

"Yes, didn't you tell me you were sure you knew what was inside it?" piped up Professor Flitwick.

"D-did I? I don't recall -"

"I certainly remember you saying you were sorry you hadn't had a crack at the monster before Hagrid was arrested," said Snape, who was really enjoying this far too much given the situation. "Didn't you say that the whole affair had been bungled, and that you should have been given a free rein from the first second?"

"I - I really never - you may have misunderstood -"

"We'll leave it to you, then, Gilderoy," said Professor McGonagall. "Tonight will be an excellent time to do it. We'll make sure everyone's out of your way. You'll be able to tackle the monster all by yourself. A free rein at last."

"Very well," he said. "I'll - I'll be in my office, getting getting ready."



They heard footsteps heading in all different directions.

"Alright Harriet, recap of everything we know, killing method, other information. Now please." Draco said.

"The basilisk kills people by looking at them. But no one's died - because no one looked it straight in the eye. Colin Creevey saw it through his camera. The basilisk burned up all the film inside it, but Colin just got Petrified. Justin Flinch-Fletchley must've seen the basilisk through Nearly Headless Nick! Nick got the full blast of it, but he couldn't die again and Cassie and that Ravenclaw prefect were found with a mirror next to them."

Harriet paused to collect her thoughts.

"Cassie had just realized the monster was a basilisk. I found a crumpled up page describing it in her hand last time I went to visit her. I bet you anything she warned the first person she met to look around corners with a mirror first! And that girl pulled out her mirror - and -" she trailed off.

"And Mrs. Norris?" Draco whispered eagerly.

Harriet thought hard, picturing the scene on the night of Halloween.

"The water." She said slowly. "The flood from Moaning Myrtle's bathroom. I bet you Mrs. Norris only saw the reflection."

"And how is it getting around?" Pansy asked.

Harriet thought hard pulling together all the information she had. Myrtle's death story, the second floor bathroom everything led back to, the snake on the tap... Everything clicked.

"Pipes," She said. "It's been using the plumbing. I've been hearing it's voice inside the walls! The entrance is in moaning Myrtle's bathroom. The taps to be precise. We have everything we need!"

"Brilliant!" Draco whispered awed. "Absolutely brilliant!"

"Let's get Lockhart." Pansy said, opening the closet door.

"Do we have to?" whined Blaise. "Wouldn't we be better off without him?"

"We've talked about this."

"Fine."

#### Chapter End Notes

So... how much tragedy is a healthy amount? I'm honestly not sure.

Leave a comment or Kudo! Thank you for reading!

XOXO, Drachma.

# Getting Lockhart

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Darkness was falling as they walked down to Lockhart's office, only a slither of silver on the horizon graced them with light.

There seemed to be a lot of activity going on inside the room. They could hear scraping, thumps, and hurried footsteps.

Harriet knocked and there was a sudden silence from inside. Then the door opened the tiniest crack and they saw one of Lockhart's eyes peering through it.

"Oh - hello -" he said, opening the door a tiny bit wider. "I'm rather busy at the moment - if you would be quick -"

"Professor, we've got some information for you," said Harriet matter-of-factly. "We think it'll help you when you go into the chamber."

"Er - well - it's not terribly -" The side of Lockhart's face that they could see looked very uncomfortable. "I mean - well, all right -"

He opened the door and they entered cautiously.

His office had been almost completely stripped. Two large trunks stood open on the floor. Robes of all colours had been hastily stuffed into one of them; books were jumbled untidily into the other. The photographs that had covered the walls were now crammed into boxes on the desk.

"Are you going somewhere?" asked Harriet, already suspecting the answer.

"Er, well, yes," said Lockhart, ripping a life-size poster of himself from the back of the door as he spoke and starting to roll it up. "Urgent call - unavoidable - got to go -"

"What about the girl in the chamber?" said Pansy jerkily. "What about Hermione?"

"Well, as to that - most unfortunate -" said Lockhart, avoiding their eyes as he wrenched open a drawer and started emptying the contents into a bag. "No one regrets more than I -"

"You're the Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher!" said Harriet. "You can't go now! Not with all the Dark stuff going on here!"

Maybe they should have considered a plan using him as bait.

"Well - I must say - when I took the job-" Lockhart muttered, now piling socks on top of his robes. "nothing in the job description - didn't expect -"

He didn't expect danger? This was Hogwarts! Deadly creatures were on the loose in the forest and there were next to no health and safety rules in herbology and potions. What was there to not expect?

"You mean you're running away?" said Harriet disbelievingly. "After all that stuff you apparently did in your books -"

Of course it had been a lie. He needed to somehow keep up the act though. You didn't just spin a web of lies and leave it there. Someone might stumble across it and discover the truth.

"Books can be misleading," said Lockhart delicately.

"You wrote them." Draco commented flatly.

"My dear boy," said Lockhart, straightening up and frowning at him. "Do use your common sense. My books wouldn't have sold half as well if people didn't think I'd done all those things. No one wants to read about some ugly old Armenian warlock, even if he did save a village from werewolves. He'd look dreadful on the front cover. No dress sense at all. And the witch who banished the Bandon Banshee had a harelip. I mean, come on -"

"So you've just been taking credit for what a load of other people have done?" said Pansy with a finality that seemed to be the prelude to everyone drawing their wands but keeping them concealed.

"Children!" said Lockhart, shaking his head impatiently, "it's not nearly as simple as that. There was work involved. I had to track these people down. Ask them exactly how they managed to do what they did. Then I had to put a Memory Charm on them so they wouldn't remember doing it. If there's one thing I pride myself on, it's my Memory Charms. No, it's been a lot of work. It's not all book signings and publicity photos, you know. You want fame, you have to be prepared for a long hard slog."

He banged the lids of his trunks shut and locked them.

"Let's see," he said absentmindedly. "I think that's everything. Yes. Only one thing left."

He pulled out his wand and turned to them.

"Awfully sorry, children, but I'll have to put a memory charm on you now. Can't have you blabbing my secrets all over the place. I'd never sell another book -"

Lockhart had barely raised his wand, when Harriet bellowed, "Expelliarmus!"

He was blasted backward, falling over his trunk. His wand flew high into the air. Pansy caught it, and flung it out of the open window.

Lockhart found himself in a deadly looking circle of pre-teens with menacing glares and a will to kill.

"Shouldn't have let Professor Snape teach us that one," said Harriet, kicking a trunk aside. Lockhart was looking up at her, close to wetting himself.

"What do you want me to do?" said Lockhart weakly. "I don't know where the Chamber of Secrets is. There's nothing I can do!"

"Well, today's your lucky day!" Harriet smirked. Medusa curled around her shoulders and hissed. "We know where the Chamber of Secrets is. We also have a plan."

Chapter End Notes

Comment or Kudo!

XOXO, Drachma

# It's going down

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

They marched Lockhart out of his office at wand-point and down the nearest stairs, along the dark corridor where the messages shone red on the wall, to the door of Moaning Myrtle's bathroom.

They sent Lockhart in first. Harriet was pleased to see that he was shaking. Maybe he finally understood the severity of the situation. She considered shouting 'boo' just to see his reaction.

Moaning Myrtle was floating around the end toilet.

Harriet took a second to confirm something.

"Where exactly did you see the eyes? I mean, when you died you saw a pair of eyes. Where?" said Harriet.

"Somewhere there," said Myrtle, pointing vaguely toward the sink in front of her toilet. She was smiling. She really liked telling people how she died.

They hurried over to it. Lockhart was standing well back, a look of utter terror on his face. Draco motioned with his wand. Tentatively, the professor joined them.

It looked like an ordinary sink. Harriet looked it over again and again until she saw it: Scratched on the side of one of the copper taps was a tiny snake.

"That tap's never worked," said Myrtle brightly as she tried to turn it.

"Harriet," said Pansy. "Say something. Something in Parseltongue."

Harriet looked back at the copper snake, willing herself to believe it was alive. If she moved her head, the candlelight made it look as though it were breathing.

"Open up," she said.

Except that the words weren't what she heard; a strange hissing had escaped her, and at once the tap glowed with a brilliant white light and began to spin. They all leapt back in shock.

Next second, the sink sank, right out of sight, leaving a large pipe exposed, a pipe wide enough for a grown man larger than Dwayne Johnson to slide into.

"I'm going down there," Harriet realised aloud.

"Me too." Pansy's voice was filled with determination.

They couldn't not go, not now they had found the entrance to the Chamber, not if there was even the faintest, slimmest, wildest chance that Hermione might be alive.

Medusa made herself more comfortable around Harriet's neck. Draco and Blaise nodded. They were coming as well.

There was a pause.

"Well, you hardly seem to need me," said Lockhart, with a shadow of his old smile. "I'll just -"

He put his hand on the door knob, but the boys grabbed him.

"You can go first," Blaise snarled.

White-faced and wandless, Lockhart approached the opening.

"Children," he said, his voice feeble. "Children, what good will it do?"

"Might prepare the basilisk for what's coming." Pansy gave half a smirk.

"I really don't know," Lockhart looked ready to piss himself, "I do think this is a little bit too insane to-"

"Insane?" Harriet cut him off. "Professor, this is Hogwarts!"

She kicked him in the back and watched him fall.

A soft "Oompf" alerted then that Lockhart had reached the end of the tunnel.

"Guess it's safe then," Harriet said nonchalantly. She gave a nod to her friends and jumped. They were quick to follow.

The pipe leveled out, and they shot out of the end in a series of wet thuds, landing on the damp floor of a dark area tall enough to stand in. Lockhart was getting to his feet a little ways away, covered in slime and white as a ghost.

"We must be miles under the school," said Blaise, his voice echoing in the black tunnel.

"Under the lake, probably," said Pansy, squinting around at the dark, slimy walls.

"No shit Sherlocks." Harriet snapped.  
Everyone turned to stare into the darkness ahead.

"Lumos!" Harry muttered to her wand and it lit.

Blaise made to copy her, resulting in a few sparks flying out of the tip of his wand and a soft glow running along the crack in it for a second. He sighed. "Guess I need a new wand," he muttered to Draco.

"C'mon," Harriet said to the gang and Lockhart, and off they went, their footsteps echoing louder than would be nice.

The tunnel was so dark that they could only see a little distance ahead. Their shadows on the wet walls looked monstrous in the wandlight.

Harriet lowered her wand to look at the floor and saw that it was littered with small animal bones. She gulped, thinking about what Hermione might look like when they finally found her.

Suddenly they froze, watching. Harriet could just see the outline of something huge and curved, lying right across the tunnel. It wasn't moving.

"Seriously, hello, 'tis just the skin of a snake. Idiots. Get movin'" Medusa snapped after a while. "Giddy up!" She jabbed Harriet's cheek with her snout.

There was a sudden movement behind them. Gilderoy Lockhart's knees had given way.

"Get up," said Blaise sharply, pointing his wand at Lockhart.

Lockhart got to his feet - then he dived at Blaise, knocking him to the ground.

Draco jumped forward, but too late - Lockhart was straightening up, panting, Blaise's wand in his hand and a gleaming smile back on his face.

"The adventure ends here, Folks!" he said. "I shall take a bit of this skin back up to the school, tell them I was too late to save the girl, and that you lot tragically lost your minds at the sight of her mangled body - say good-bye to your memories!"

He raised Blaise's wand high over his head and yelled, "Obliviate!"

At the same time, Draco yelled, "Expelliarmus!"

The spells exploded with the force of a small bomb. Harriet flung her arms over his head and ran grabbing Pansy along the way, dodging great chunks of tunnel ceiling that were thundering to the floor. Next moment, she was standing alone with Pansy, gazing at a solid wall of broken rock.

"Guys!" She shouted. "Are you okay? GUYS!"

## Chapter End Notes

Comment or Kudo! Thank you to all my readers!

I have a couple of plans for this story so we'll see where it goes. I feel like I may need to apologise in advance for the next chapter, so sorry.

XOXO, Drachma





# Oh no

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"We're here!" Blaise yelled, not sure if his friends would be able to hear him. He had swallowed a lot of dust and his voice sounded weak. "Draco doesn't look too good though. He's K.O. and bleeding!"

Draco really didn't look good. He looked far paler than usual and there was blood running down the side of his face.

"Keep him alive. Put pressure on the wound. Try and move some of these rocks. Anything new on Lockhart? " Harriet called through.

"Lost his memory but fine. He's saying that this is a nice place." Blaise called. "I don't think I can put pressure on a head wound."

Blaise heard Harriet curse violently. Then there was nothing that could be heard. The girls were probably discussing their next move.

"Try to find a way out. Get Draco to the hospital wing. We're going to find Hermione. Hold your position." Pansy yelled.

"How are you getting out then?"

He heard Harriets muffled voice.

"What?"

"I said we'll worry about that later!"

"Alright. Good luck!" Blaise called back.

Harriet and Pansy walked into the shadows of the nearest passage. The tunnel turned and turned again. Every nerve in Harriet's body was tingling unpleasantly. She wanted the tunnel to end, yet dreaded what she'd find when it did. And then, at last, as she and Pansy crept around yet another bend, she saw a solid wall ahead on which two entwined serpents were carved, their eyes set with great, glinting emeralds.

They approached. Harriet's throat was very dry despite the damp air around them. There was no need to pretend these stone snakes were real; their eyes looked strangely alive.

She could guess what she had to do. She cleared her throat, and the emerald eyes seemed to flicker.

"Open," Harriet - quite literally - hissed.

The serpents parted as the wall cracked open, the halves slid smoothly out of sight, and

Harriet, shaking from head to foot, walked inside one step at a time.

Pansy followed, equally terrified.

They were standing at the end of a very long, dimly lit chamber. Towering stone pillars entwined with more carved serpents rose to support a ceiling lost in darkness, casting long, black shadows through the odd, greenish gloom that filled the place. Water was on the floor making a 'splash' sound every step.

'So much for sneaking around,' Harriet thought.

Her heart beating very fast, Harriet stood listening to the chill silence. Could the basilisk be lurking in a shadowy corner, behind a pillar? And where was Hermione Granger?

She and Pansy readied their wands and moved forward between the serpentine columns, back to back. Every careful footstep echoed loudly off the shadowy walls. They kept their eyes narrowed, ready to clamp them shut at the smallest sign of movement. Then, as They drew level with the last pair of pillars, a statue high as the Chamber itself loomed into view, standing against the back wall.

What they saw made them feel sick. Hermione Granger was standing perfectly still in the centre of the chamber whilst a huge snake circled her. Her eyes were shut tightly.

"Hermione!" Pansy shrieked. The Basilisk hissed and looked at them.

They snapped their eyes shut.

"Leave the snake to me," Medusa whispered, "You get bushy hair out of here. It's time for a hoedown."

"Be careful!" Harriet whispered back.

Medusa slipped off her shoulders and slid towards the older and much larger Basilisk.

"OK, you big fat slug, Take this." She hissed and bit into the Basilisk's tail.

It snarled and whipped around hissing angrily. She darted away and shot off down some pipes. The Basilisk followed hissing angrily.

Pansy rushed forward in desperation.

"Hermione, come on, let's get out of here!" Pansy yelled grabbing her arm and dragging her towards the exit. The basilisk hadn't turned Hermione to stone, but fear had. She stumbled along, still in shock.

Harriet followed close behind wand drawn, eyes flickering in all different directions. They were moving so slowly.

Blaise checked Draco's pulse again. It was still there.

Lockhart was humming happily and had no idea what was going on. He was walking around the pipe Blaise had told him to take a look at.

"Don't die on me," he snarled at Draco, before picking up his friends wand again and levitating some more rocks to the side.

A few rocks later, he pressed his fingers to Draco's pulse point again.

Pansy and Harriet rounded a corner dragging Hermione behind them. There was a flash of green. Harriet and Hermione snapped there eyes shut.

Pansy looked up in horror.

She stared straight into two yellow lights of doom.

At the very same moment, Draco's pulse seemed to stop.

## Chapter End Notes

I am so sorry.

Thanks for reading. Comment or leave a kudo.

XOXO, Drachma.

# **It's sort-of alright**

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

A dead Basilisk dropped to the floor.

Pansy's knees gave out. Harriet let out a breath she hadn't realized she was holding. Hermione rushed to Pansy's side.

"Gotcha!" Medusa let out a snort. "You acctually fell for that. You kids are hilarious!"

She slithered up around Harriet's shoulders again.

"Never do that again please!" Harriet said, trying to calm her heart down.

"Ok, ok. I just thought you should loosen up before your friend dies from blood loss. If he's not dead already." Medusa muttered glumly.

"Merlin's foot! We need to hurry!"

"What- " Hermione began to ask.

"Shut up and follow us!" Harriet cut her off, racing down the passages back to where they had left their friends. Hopefully they had made it out already.

They turned corners and slipped through openings and then, finally, they saw the rock opening.

"I thought I told you to take them and leave!" Harriet snapped at Blaise kneeling next to Draco and checking his head, whincing when her hand came away bloody.

Lockhart was still humming.

She shot him a glare.

"Shut up." She hit him with a nearby rock efficiently knocking him out.

"Way to go!" Pansy hissed. "Now we have two knocked out people to get out of here."

"We'll leave Lockhart." Harriet said coldly, trying to pick Draco up. Blaise rushed over to help.

Together they began a slow steep climb back up the pipe.

When they reached the top of the pipe, Harriet turned towards the chamber and whispered, "close."

Immediately, the sink moved back into place and the Chamber of Secrets was shut at last.

"Now what do we do?" Pansy asked.

"Blame Lockhart?" Blaise suggested.

"We just locked him in the chamber!"

"Leave it to me. Just nod along and maybe cry a few tears." Harriet rolled her eyes and motioned for them to continue towards the hospital wing.

When they arrived, Harriet spun the tale of the monster trying to attack them on the way to their dorms and dragging them into the chamber. Lockhart had saved the day. However, he had locked himself in the chamber to save them. Pansy burst into tears at the appropriate moment. Blaise looked off into the distance like an aged war veteran.

"We have seen things..." He trailed off grimly. Harriet would have laughed if it wouldn't have ruined the plan.

Everyone believed them, except perhaps some specific teachers. The world and the daily prophet didn't seem to take much convincing.

They were all wrapped in not so fluffy shock blankets and given calming drafts. Some healers from St. Mungos arrived to take a look at Draco and do what they could.

He wasn't stable at present, but he was alive.

"Will he be okay?" Harriet asked one of the light blue robed experts.

She smiled kindly. "I believe he will live. It may take a while for his head to recover but he seems like a fighter. We can tell you for certain in another hour or two."

Harriet nodded and walked over to her friends.

Hermione and Pansy were huddled together in the corner of the hospital wing with Blaise sitting off to the side completely invested in the window frame. Harriet plopped down next to him to wait. No one sent them away.

"So, we may not be in a great situation right now..." Harriet couldn't remember what she was going to say.

"Well, aside from the near death experience-" Blaise shrugged "- we're peachy."

"Really?" Hermione asked him.

"Sarcasm, Granger. Sarcasm."

"Oh."

"Wow." Harriet commented. "You're really out of it, aren't you?"

Hermione stared at her. "How are you not?"

"Wouldn't be the first time I've almost died." Harriet shrugged and leaned back.

"Yeah, but this was so much worse than last year!"

"Who said I was talking about last year?"

No one seemed to have anything to say after that. Instead they chose to lean back against the stone walls and wait.

They were dimly aware of some curse breakers, identifiable by their armour of sorts, pulling a very confused Lockhart into the hospital wing.



"How'd they get him out?" Pansy asked.

One of the curse breakers grinned at them. "There's no monster in the chamber anymore. Therefore there is no need for the heavy charms on the entrance. It's essentially a door now."

Harriet nodded like she understood. What he was saying made sense, but something didn't seem entirely correct.

## Chapter End Notes

Comment or Kudo!

XOXO, Drachma

# The kids aren't alright: exhibit A

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The stone kept getting colder and colder. It seemed like they had been sitting there for years.

Finally, finally, a healer came up to them. He wore a grim face.

A funeral face, Harriet's brain supplied.

They all feared the worst until, "Your friend will live." The healer spoke calmly. "However, he will have a scar on his neck for the rest of his life. It is estimated he will wake up next week. When he does, make sure he takes things easy, alright? He will possibly suffer some memory loss."

"Memory loss?" Pansy whispered.

"Unfortunately." The healer confirmed.

Harriet felt like punching something. Preferably her face. This was her fault. She should have gone on her own. Well, she would still have brought Medusa. She was essential to the plan.

She settled for excusing herself to the bathroom and locking herself inside a cubicle. The quiet didn't exactly help her thought process.

*'He wouldn't have been there if not for you,'* a voice whispered, sounding suspiciously like her own. *'Pansy wouldn't have been in danger either.'*

It sounded entirely too gleeful, delighting in her misery.

Meanwhile, Pansy sat in the hospital wing braiding Hermione's hair. Well trying to. Her thick curls and the substantial amount of frizz made it difficult.

"I told you! You need hair relaxer!" Hermione was giggling.

Blaise poked Draco. "Feel free to wake up at any moment. I don't understand girl talk!"

He let out an undignified yelp as Hermione poked him.

"Okay, sorry!" he muttered rubbing his side.

"What do boys talk about then?" Pansy asked. "If you don't understand our conversation we might as well switch to a subject your comfortable with."

Blaise visibly paled. "Erm-"

"No suggestions? Fine. Hermione, you were telling me about your plans for the holidays?"

It was another couple hours before Madam Pomfrey kicked them out of the hospital wing.

"You children need some sleep!" she insisted. "You're exempt from classes for the day. Get some rest."

Pansy skipped along the corridor to the dungeon. It was a nice day. A good day to be alive. Maybe because they actually were.

When she got to the dorm room, Harriet was already asleep. The curtains of her four poster had been drawn and there was no tell-tale rustling of book pages.

Sighing, Pansy got changed and flopped down on her bed. Her eyelids were drooping and everything felt so heavy.

It wasn't long before her light snores filled the room.

Behind closed, green curtains, Harriet was staring at nothing. She couldn't sleep and it didn't seem like she would. She wondered if she should have gone to Stonewall Secondary instead.

The last weeks at Hogwarts were the most tiring Harriet had ever experienced. Nightmares, be it hers or her friends didn't allow much room for sleep. The exams had been cancelled so there was not much hope for a long term distraction. She wasn't looking forward to the holidays either. Therapy seemed kind of useless. What was the lady going to tell her? That she wasn't okay? Didn't seem like the stunning revelation people framed it as.

Draco was a mess when he woke up. Harriet had been reading a book when he opened his eyes.

"Erm-" she began, not sure what to say.

As it turned out, she didn't have to say anything because the next second he was screaming. Madam Pomfrey rushed past her, snapping at her to stay outside. Completely out of her depth, Harriet complied.

She was allowed in again after Draco had been given a mild sedative and had calmed down.

The next two times were similar. A week later and he was just crying.

A few days before the holidays, Harriet decided to visit him one more time. He was already awake and rather calm.

"Hey," she greeted, "You're not going to go screaming again, are you?"

Draco chuckled dryly. "I don't think so. I know where I am now."

"That's good!" Harriet gave a grin, "Means we can go back to causing trouble soon!"

"Yeah."

They sat in a comfortable silence, bathed in the sunlight. Something was still off. Harriet just couldn't place it.

"So," Draco asked, "Who are you?"

The warmth of the sun turned to ice.

## Chapter End Notes

I am so sorry!

Comment or Kudo!

Thank you to all my readers!

XOXO, Drachma

# Going Home

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was quiet. The sound of the steam engine moving was the only thing filling the silence.

"I'm going to say it." Pansy declared.

"Say what?" Harriet sounded bored, her voice becoming a mild drawl.

"This year was the worst yet."

"And? There's only been two?" It was definitely a drawl now.

"We almost died! Draco lost his memory! We really messed up! I doubt anything can match up to that!"

"I could think of a few things..." Harriet sighed and turned her attention back to the outside. The Highlands turned into the Dales and cities bled in and out of sight.

Draco wasn't with them. His parents had come to collect him from Hogwarts the night before. Harriet was glad.

She didn't know what to do. She didn't even know if he would remember her.

It was stupid to be this worked up about everything. He had already remembered Blaise's name and something to do with a toothbrush.

It made sense that he would remember the person he spent the most time with, but still her feelings were hurt a little bit.

She kicked her trunk a little further under the seat. This sucked!

Pansy watched her friend from across the compartment. How was Harriet so unaffected? It wasn't like she had been in this much danger before, right? Was she just waiting until she was alone to cry? Had she lost her feelings somehow?

It just didn't make sense!

"We didn't mess up though." Harriet's voice brought her out of her thoughts.

"What do you mean?" Pansy frowned.

"We saved lives. We all made it out alive."

"Draco lost his memory! He doesn't remember us! How is that not messing up?"

"He's already started to get his memory back!"

"Yeah, but how long is it going to take until he recovers fully?"

"If Draco recovers completely-"

"If?" Pansy glared. "If? *When*. It's when."

There was one of Harriet's oh-so-famous eye rolls. The kind that practically screamed *'you are being an idiot right now and you're annoying me right now'*.

"Don't roll your eyes at me!"

Harriet rubbed a hand over her face in exasperation. "Pansy, look, it's not certain that he'll recover! And even if he gets his memory back, he might not be the same! I read-"

"You read somewhere that bla bla bla! Harriet read something somewhere so obviously it must be correct!"

"You're being unreasonable!" Harriet huffed. "Again!"

"You're making me panic!" Pansy snapped back.

"Well, get over it!"

This time it was Pansy's turn to roll her eyes. "I can't just get over it! My childhood friend is currently in a medical crisis!"

"Well, technically-"

"I don't want to hear it!"

"Fine." Harriet pointedly turned back to the window.

They sat in silence for about an hour. The rattling of the train once again filled the silence.

Eventually Pansy took a breath. "Hey, look, I'm sorry. I didn't want to snap at you like that."

"It's okay." Harriet still wasn't looking at her.

A voice carried through the train. "Dear Passengers, we will be arriving in King's Cross Station shortly. Please check your belongings, to make sure you do not leave anything behind. Our time of arrival will be 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Thank you for travelling with the Hogwarts Express!"

The girls gathered their things.

"I'll write you then?" Pansy asked tentatively.

"Yeah, if you want to." Harriet gave a dismissive smile.

"Okay, thanks."

They got off the train and went their separate ways to their families.

Petunia and Dudley were waiting outside the station for her. Harriet's aunt was still wearing her work uniform and Dudley was in his school sweater.

Like last year, he came running over to give her a hug. This year, it didn't fail to compute and she actually returned it.

"Hey, Dudley. How're things?"

"Great! I made the rugby team! And I got better at reading!" He was grinning from ear to ear. "The doctor said I had dycles- dyslic-"



"Dyslexia?"

"Yeah! I go to see Ms. Jordan at school who helps me with it!"

"That's great Dudley!" Harriet smiled, "I'm happy your getting the help you need."

"How was school for you?"

"Well, our exams got cancelled and one of our teachers ended up with severe amnesia, but we won the house cup and quidditch was cancelled. Not that it mattered, I don't play but the teams were really upset about it."

"I don't know what I'd do if Rugby was cancelled! Ms. Jordan said it helped with my concentration."

"Alright, hurry up!" Petunia chuckled when they arrived where she was standing near the car. "We have a long trip ahead and, Dudley, you have an appointment tomorrow, remember?"

Dudley grimaced and helped Harriet load her trunk into the vehicle before climbing into the back seats. This meant Harriet got the passenger side.

"So?" her aunt asked, "What happened this year? You look really tired."

Harriet took a deep breath. This was going to take a while.

Chapter End Notes

The End!

Thank you for reading! Thoughts or feelings? Leave them in the comments!

XOXO, Drachma

End Notes

Comment or Kudo!

Thanks, Drachma  
XOXO

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