

My Godfather is an Innocent Convict (Rewrite)

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My Godfather is an Innocent Convict (Rewrite)

by [Drachma20](#)

Summary

Harriet Potter crashes into her third year at Hogwarts.

After all the stress of the last year, she gets an interesting bit of news. Her Godfather broke out of Azkaban and is now a wanted man.

If only she could figure out what her defense against the dark arts teacher has to do with it.

And what happened on All Hallows Eve twelve years ago?

August Ideas: Part 1

Chapter Notes

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

**A/N: the next part contains a panic attack so if that's triggering just scroll past it!
You're not missing anything substantial.**

The ballpoint pen scratched across the paper, making probably one of the most uncomfortable sounds Harriet had ever heard.

"So you have a new pet?" Mrs. Murray asked her from where she was sitting behind her desk.

"Yes, I have a snake named Medusa." Harriet was lying on the black couch staring at the ceiling.

"And how is that?" Murray smiled.

"Pretty cool." Harriet grinned. "It's nice to have someone around."

"Your family isn't?"

"They are."

"But you don't feel like they are?"

"I had a complicated relationship with them in the past."

"Because of your Uncle?"

"Maybe."

Mrs. Murray hummed and the damned scratching resumed. "May I ask you about your last school year?"

Harriet closed her eyes and took a deep breath. This was what she had been dreading. She really didn't want to talk about it. What could she even talk about?

Images flashed through her mind. The petrified students and the flooded hallway and the blood on the walls and the *blood soaking through Draco's white shirt* and-

Was it just her or was the air leaving the room?

"I - erm -" She tried to take a deep breath. "Can- can we open a-"

The breathing wasn't working. Mrs. Murray reached over to open the window before moving around the desk to crouch next to Harriet who had curled into a ball and was gripping her arm

tight enough to leave a mark.

"Harriet?" she asked gently. "Can you hear me?"

A shakey nod.

"Good. Can you name five things you can see?"

"Erm... the desk an the- the, um, chair and- and-" Harriet couldn't breathe. She could feel bile rising in her throat.

"Keep going." Mrs. Murray encouraged.

"Curtains and a- a ballpoint pen and my- my shoes?"

Was that good enough? The thirteen year old couldn't tell.

Mrs. Murray smiled. "Now four things you can feel."

"The, uh, sofa and my bracelet and - and my glasses slipping," Harriet shoved them back onto her nose, "And- and-"

"Just one more thing?"

"This pillow's kind of scratchy." Hugging it to her chest Harriet tried to breathe again. It still wasn't really working. Was she going to suffocate?

"How about three things you can hear?"

"You talking, the- the cars outside and the comp- computer." Okay, the breathing was getting better. Maybe.

"This may be more difficult but how about two things you can smell?"

Harriet sniffed the air. What was there?

"The flowers on your desk and the coffee."

"And one thing you can taste." Mrs Murray requested.

"Vomit." That one didn't take long.

Harriet felt like throwing up.

"What- what was that?" she asked quietly.

"You experienced a mild panic attack." Mrs. Murray explained gently. "They are very common in trauma survivors and individuals with anxiety."

"It gets worse?" Harriet stared at the therapist in horror.

"Allow me to explain." Mrs. Murray said.

Harriet didn't know what else to do, so she sat and listened.

A/N: Panic attack over. You can safely read on!

About two hours later, Harriet was sat on the sofa in the flat watching TV with Dudley. One of the Karate Kid movies was playing.

"Pass the popcorn," Harriet muttered.

"Get your own!" Dudley grumbled.

"Aunt Petunia said to share!"

"Ugh, fine! I don't see why you can't just y'know!" He waved his right arm in the air.
"Abracadabra!"

"Doesn't work like that."

"What's it good for then?"

"Honestly, I have no idea." Harriet snorted. "Seems to cause more trouble than good."

"What do you usually use it for?"

"Levitating things around the room."

"Could you levitate the tower of London?" Dudley asked.

"I'd have to make sure it wasn't attached to the ground first!"

"Can you learn skills with a spell?"

Harriet thought about it for a second. "Nah. There's a couple potions that can give you special abilities though."

"Can I have one?"

"Pretty sure that's illegal."

"I won't tell!" He pleaded.

"Your mum would find out anyway." Nothing went under Petunias nose or escaped her hawklike ability to spot anything out of the ordinary.

Dudley pouted. "Spoilsport!"

"Am not!" Harriet protested.

"Are too!"

"Your just mad you can't do magic!"

"It's apparently useless so not anymore!"

Harriet started to laugh. "Imagine if you could levitate Halloween decorations and send them after people though!"

Dudley's eyes lit up before joining in. "Or if we turned Dave's car pink!"

Dave was their neighbour and both Harriet and Dudley hated him with a passion. He was rude, played his music to loud (if it was good music it wouldn't have been a problem), seemed to constantly have his drunk friend over and just stunk. Literally.

"I think we might actually be able to do that!" Harriet mused. "Just give me some time to work out a plan!"

Chapter End Notes

Welcome to the new story part! Thank you for sticking with it thus far!

XOXO, Drachma

August Ideas: Part 2

Chapter Notes

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

It was way too warm outside. Harriet was lounging on the balcony in denim shorts and a t-shirt with the words "*Where's the food?*" written on it. She was waiting for Dave to walk into the parking lot and see Dudley and her handiwork. They had mixed together a rather large amount of paint with the occasional magical ingredient here or there.

Small enough to not be noticeable by the ministry but annoying enough to get the message across. If Professor Snape was any less strict, he might have been proud (provided there was any chance of him finding out of course).

"What the-" she heard Dave shriek from the parking lot.

She rapped against the door leading to inside to let Dudley know the prankster had seen the pranksters work. He hurried out to watch as well.

There stood Dave in the parking lot, cursing loudly and trying to scrub pink off of his car, only to have it spread. The more viciously he tried to remove it, the more it seemed to spread.

A soft clink was heard as the cousins tapped their glasses of juice together in a toast to their art.

They'd be told off by Petunia later. It was definitely worth it.

They only had one week of the holidays left so it wasn't too bad to be grounded. Dudley at least had enough time to quickly cram his summer homework in.

Harriet, on the other hand, was bored out of her mind and spent most of her time lounging around on the balcony. She took a breath and closed her eyes, thinking back to her trip to Diagon Alley for school shopping.

She had gone with the Malfoys and Parkinsons.

They had somehow ended up meeting the Weasleys anyway. Ronald Weasley had mercifully chosen to stay home so there were no douchebags to see that day.

It had been Percy Weasley's suggestion to have a meal together at the leaky cauldron.

Harriet stared at him. She couldn't believe her ears.

"An Azkaban breakout?" She repeated.

"Yes! This man named Sirius Black broke out while we were in Egypt. I thought you read the paper!" He said flailing his arms dramatically.

"I do read the paper! I just haven't read this week's." She rolled her eyes.

"That explains why you didn't know until now! Anyway, turns out everyone thinks he's after you." Percy exclaimed.

"Why would they think that?"

"Rumour has it he's your Godfather."

"What?" Harriet gasped.

"Your Godfather!"

"Mordred's blade Percy! How in the name of Helena did you find that out? Is there even proof?"

Percy shrugged. "I asked my parents. They were friends with yours at school. They say it's true. They say they were there when they asked him to be."

She raised an eyebrow. "That's dissapointing. I thought you did something highly illegal and stumbled across that information by accident."

"As if." Fred Weasley butted in, grinning from ear to ear.

"Yeah, that's more our playing field." George added, joining them.

"OK." Pansy sounded faint. "So you've got a Godfather who just broke out of Azkaban and You've just been told he might be out to get you. Any other things we should know about?"

"Never got to ask, remember!" Harriet lightly kicked a chair. "Can we change the subject though? I don't want to think about this now."

Harriet sighed and leaned on the railing. Across the parking lot, she noticed a giant black dog staring at her. It was kind of cute. It was also getting dark.

She turned to go back inside and find her aunt.

The living room was lit by some old-ish looking lamps with blue shades. The sofa was worn and the coffee table had been salvaged from being thrown away. Petunia was sitting on one of the armchairs watching the news.

"Can I talk to you?" Harriet asked quietly.

"Of course." Petunia turned off the television. "What about?"

"My parents." Harriet tugged on her hoodie strings.

Petunia nodded in a resigned manner. "Ask away."

"Did they ever mention a Sirius Black?"

Petunia frowned. "I'm not sure. I think they did - hang on a minute!"

She got up and walked across the room to the small bookshelf. She returned with a photo album, flipping through the pages. "Here we go!" she said passing it to Harriet. "This used to be your mother's. It's one of the only things I kept."

The admission tasted of guilt.

"Thank you!" Harriet said. Studying the pictures she asked, "Which one is he?"

"That one." her aunt pointed to the man shown to be holding what Harriet could only assume was herself as a baby. He was dressed like he belonged in a Biker gang and listened only to classic rock bands like Black Sabbath or Led Zepplin. The smile on his face was ten miles wide and he looked like he was trying not to cry.

Next to him stood another man who was dressed as the near opposite to Sirius Black. The leather was replaced by tweed, elbow patches and a button up shirt. He looked like a cliché university professor.

Underneath the picture were the scribbled words '*Prongslet and her godparents!*' with a couple of drawn hearts. It must have been her father's handwriting. She already knew her mother's.

Next to the picture there were two messages. The handwriting was easily sortable.

The loopy script had to belong to Sirius. Judging by the picture alone, it was the only handwriting on the page with enough confidence to fit the rock n' roll personality and put Victoria's Secret to shame.

It read:

One year old already! I don't believe it! You're so cute, please don't ever change! Do Uncle Paddy a favour, okay?

The other handwriting she recognised from somewhere else. It was neat and tidy and entirely to familiar.

It read:

Happy Birthday Harriet! Only one year old and causing more trouble than your father! Best wishes and lots of hugs, Moony.

"Son of a-" Harriet exclaimed before catching herself. This guy! THIS GUY! He had sent her the invisibility cloak! Seriously? Couldn't he just have told her he was her godparent instead of sounding like a serial killer?

Harriet had spent weeks, *WEEKS*, trying to figure out the cloak mystery only to have it resolved by a *photo album*?

"Everything alright?" Petunia asked gently.

"Uh, yeah." Harriet was a little out of it. "Can I keep this?"

"Of course. I had been planning to give it to you at some point anyway."

Later, Harriet sat in her room, still fuming about the all too obvious solution to a two year old mystery.

She almost forgot about the escaped prisoner of Azkaban.

Chapter End Notes

Comment or Kudo!

Thanks to all my readers! Hope you are all well.

XOXO, Drachma

Issues with Train Security

Chapter Notes

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

The Scarlet steam engine looked the same as always.

Harriet took her time saying goodbye to her family. The photo album was in the same place in her trunk as her mother's journal. She hadn't made complete sense of it yet but it seemed the two had some correlation. The journal was the puzzle and the the photo album contained clues, so to speak.

The invisibility cloak was once again at the bottom of the trunk. Considering how often she used it, it would probably have been smarter to leave it at home. The thought occurred as she dragged her luggage onto the train.

"Thanks to you taking your sweet time almost everywhere is full!" Blaise complained as he led them through two carriages.

Draco simply followed them. Despite slowly starting to remember things, he wasn't quite in what one might call working condition. He completely missed most inside jokes, was generally quiet and reserved and seemed to creep around his friends. Right at that moment he looked completely lost.

"You okay?" Harriet asked him, receiving a very hesitant nod in return.

Eventually, after walking the distance to Timbuktu inside the train, they found a nearly empty compartment. The only person inside was a man sleeping in the corner.

"Who is this guy?" Pansy asked obviously displeased by his shabby clothes.

"Professor Remus J. Lupin." Harriet read off of what seemed to be his trunk. "I assume he's the new defense against the dark arts teacher."

"Woah! How do you know that?" Blaise asked sounding impressed.

"It's written on his trunk." Harriet rolled her eyes.

"He looks like a homeless guy." Pansy commented wrinkling her nose.

"Oh lay off." Harriet told her. "We can't all afford Madelaine Beccari clothes and Quendon Goldington shoes."

She had a feeling the man wasn't actually asleep. He was breathing too evenly, like it was trained.

"Whatever." Pansy said shaking her hair out of her face. She had gotten it cut into a short bob a week ago.

The train carried on racing through the countryside. Blaise suggested a card game that Pansy took him up on. After five rounds of losing she decided she didn't like it.

The blue sky turned into a sheet of grey clouds and the sun was washed away by heavy raindrops splattering against the window.

Harriet's mood worsened. She went from being bored to being bored and annoyed. Pansy and Blaise were still arguing about the sodding card game. Draco was failing at being a peace keeper and was slowly drifting onto Blaise's side of the situation.

At least one thing was still normal.

Resting her head on the back of her seat, Harriet stared at the ceiling. The lights were flickering slightly.

The train lurched to a halt.

Harriet fell forward almost hitting Blaise who was sitting opposite her. Hastily, they all got back into their seats and checked for injuries.

When she was certain no-one was hurt, she made her way to the window and peered out trying to distinguish something. Anything to tell her what was going on.

"Is it just me, or is it getting cold in here?" Draco asked, wrapping his cloak around himself. Pansy huddled closer to Blaise, stealing a corner of his.

Harriet watched as ice crystals crawled across the window pane, a feeling of horror spreading through her. It felt as if all the happiness was being sucked out of the room. The lights had gone off.

Could a magical train have a power cut?

She shivered and hurried back to her seat.

They sat there, waiting. Confusion and fear written on all their faces. Nobody made a sound.

Then they heard it. A deep rattling breath that sounded like a skeleton trying to breath.

Harriet tried to stay calm. She was scared to the bones. Was it showing on her face? Her hands started to shake. She clenched them into fists, digging her nails into her palms and hoping no one would notice.

The compartment door slid open. Was there a ghost on the train? But ghost's weren't malevolent and most weren't invisible. A specter maybe?

A grotesque looking hand wrapped around the frame. Decidedly not belonging to a spirit. It was scabby and looked like rotten flesh.

There was no smell. That ruled out most living things. Most dead things too.

Well, as far as she knew.

Another rattling breath. A hooded figure glided into the compartment. It hovered there, seemingly taking in everything.

Could it see them? What did it want?

Harriet shrank back into her seat. That thing was dangerous. Decidedly so.

The creature turned it's head towards her.

Her breath caught in her throat and she panicked. She couldn't breathe.

Air! She needed air!

Her vision blurred.

Someone was screaming. Someone needed help!

Everything was going dark.

Was she dying?

She couldn't die she needed to save her friends from the thing.

The world was getting darker and darker and darker...

Chapter End Notes

Comment or Kudo. Thank you for reading.

XOXO, Drachma

Wake Up Call

Chapter Notes

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

"Harriet, wake up! Harriet!"

Someone was calling her but it sounded so far away...

"Five more minutes..." she muttered drowsily.

"No!" Definitely Pansy. "Wake. Up. Now!"

She was shaken harshly.

"Okay, okay!" Harriet said, sitting up so fast she nearly headbutted Blaise. "What happened? Who died?"

A stabbing pain made itself known. Her vision swam for a moment. It took a second to get her bearings.

"Ow." Harriet rubbed her head.

"No-one is dead. Don't worry." Draco said. He was sitting cross-legged on the floor of the compartment, shuffling cards next to the now awake Remus J. Lupin.

"You were attacked by a dementor." the man known as Lupin told her, "Nasty creatures. They suck all the happiness out of people and make them relive their worst memories."

He handed her a bar of chocolate from his tweed jacket pocket. "Eat this. You'll feel better."

"Okay," Harriet said, taking it. "If you don't mind me asking, have we met? You look familiar."

"I believe we may have crossed paths before." The man smiled and held out his hand for her to shake. "Professor Remus Lupin. I'll be your defense against the dark arts teacher this year. Pleased to meet you."

"Harriet Potter. Likewise." she replied, dissapointed. That was not the answer she had wanted. A huge part of it seemed to be missing. What was he hiding? Why was he so vague?

Professor Lupin smiled warmly and gave a nod. "Excuse me, I believe I need to attend an impromptu meeting with the other professors."

He left the compartment quietly.

"Well, that was wierd." Blaise said.

"How was that wierd?" Pansy frowned.

"Harriet obviously knows him from somewhere!"

"So?"

"So? So why wouldn't he give a straight answer?"

Pansy huffed and looked at Harriet. "Where do you think you know him from?"

Harriet shook her head. "I can't place it right now, but I definitely know him."

"Did you run into him at Diagon Alley at some point?" Blaise asked.

"Maybe? I don't think so."

"Okay," Pansy sighed. "Maybe we should just take a moment. After all, we just got attacked -"

"Harriet got attacked," Draco interrupted.

Pansy made a face that implied that she would have hit him had he not been suffering from memory loss, before continuing. "- And we could probably use a more relaxing way to spend the rest of the train ride than thinking about where we met who."

"Where Harriet met Professor Lupin?" Blaise gave a grin.

"Merlin give me patience!" Pansy muttered, climbing back into her seat.

Harriet chuckled and got off the floor.

"Y'know I'm fairly sure that if this were America, this incident would be a lawsuit waiting to happen!"

"We could technically still file a lawsuit," Blaise contemplated, "We'd just need to talk to the right people."

"Not worth the paperwork." Pansy shook her head.

Harriet split the chocolate with Draco, who looked very upset, and began to eat. "Hey Blaise, what was that card game you were playing with Pansy earlier?"

The rain got worse and worse as the train moved onwards through the Scottish Highlands. The compartment was once again quiet except for the occasional shuffling sound of the cards and Pansy's soft humming as she braided Harriet's hair. It wasn't quite in tune, but that was neither here nor there.

Pulling into Hogsmeade Station seemed more somber than usual. Something was decidedly off.

Getting off of the train, Harriet pulled her cloak closer around herself and hurried towards the carriages that would take them towards the school. Under her hood, she caught glimpses of her godfathers face on several wanted posters.

It was more than enough to spot a difference to the photo album pictures. The man on the wanted posters was practically snarling at the viewer. He seemed like a caged animal. A tired caged animal that was still up for a fight and wanted your blood.

It was very, very different from the warm smiles and laughter her parents had captured.

"Come on, Harriet." Pansy's voice brought her back to the present. When had she stopped to stare?

Harriet shook her head and climbed into the carriage.

She couldn't get the image out of her head. The person on the posters wouldn't hesitate to tear someone's throat out. That person had nothing to lose.

That man was a killer.

Sirius Black, if that was still him, was probably out to kill her.

Chapter End Notes

What's your favourite card game? I'm curious.

Thank you for reading. Comment or leave a kudo!

XOXO, Drachma

Dull Start to the Year

Chapter Notes

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

The sorting ceremony had been quite the bore. There had been plenty of new students and yet, not one interesting name. Not one name you could make puns with or mispronounce horribly.

The choir's chosen song was rather gloomy and foreboding aswell.

'Bubble, bubble, toil and trouble' and *'Something wicked this way comes!'* weren't exactly the best messages to send at the start of the year.

She was hungry. Was it time for dinner yet?

No. No it wasn't. Dumbledore stood up and adressed the students.

"Welcome," he said, "to another magical year at Hogwarts. As you may all have noticed our school is playing host to some of the dementors of Azkaban who are here on Ministry of Magic buisness."

"Meaning they're here for Sirius Black," Blaise muttered quietly.

"They are stationed at every entrance to the grounds." Dumbledore continued, "It is not in the nature of Dementors to understand pleading or excuses. I therefore warn each of you, give them no reason to harm you. I look to our prefects and our new head boy and girl to make sure no student runs foul of the dementors."

There were murmurs of worry that flew around the hall. Harriet and Pansy shared worried glances. After what happened on the train, they couldn't count on being safe.

"On a better note," Dumbledore went on, "I am pleased to welcome two new teachers to our ranks. Professor Lupin who is our new Defense against the Dark Arts teacher and Professor Hagrid our care of magical creatures professor."

The students applauded. Harriet leaned to Draco and said, "The good news, our new teacher seems to know his stuff judging by what happened. The bad news, our new care of magical creatures teacher might not be teaching material and set us a book that will try to eat us."

Harriet liked Hagrid, she just wasn't sure he was fit to be a teacher. Especially not after a dragon incident in their first year.

Pansy nodded, "At least we wont have to worry about Dumbledore if we're dead."

"Why would we need to-" Draco began.

"Tell you later." Harriet said firmly.

The blond nodded, eyes wide.

The feast then began. Everyone stuffed their faces as usual.

"Mmh. Food!" Harriet celebrated.

"Agreed!" Millicent Bulstrode said, from her left hand side.

Out of the corner of her eye, Harriet watched Lupin. She made a mental note to check her mother's belongings later. Something told her she would find the answer there.

The next day at breakfast they all recieved their new timetables.

Hermione had recieved a time turner from Professor McGonagall earlier on because some of her classes were at the same time. Professor Snape had managed to make Harriet's timetable possible to keep without one.

Harriet almost wished he was less competent. She wanted a time turner as well! They were rare magical artifacts and she didn't see why she couldn't just have one too. They were already handing them out to thirteen year-olds!

"So?" Pansy asked.

Harriet sighed. "Divination. First thing today. You?"

"Same. I saw earlier that the others would be joining us."

"I doubt there's anyone in our year that doesn't have divination."

"I heard an upperclassman was a seer so he was exempt." Pansy chewed thoughtfully, "Had to train with someone during that time. Any news on Lupin?"

"He's my other Godfather."

"What?" Pansy dropped her spoon.

"Yeah, it's in my mum's old photo album." Harriet helped herself to more food. "I knew I'd seen him somewhere!"

"Why wouldn't he just have told you that?"

"Maybe he thought it was a joke?" Blaise suggested from the other side of the table.

"Or he forgot?" Draco suggested gently.

"That's not something you can - Oh. Yeah. Right. Sorry!" Pansy caught herself just in time.

"If that wasn't something you can forget, then Draco here wouldn't have forgotten what a pain in the arse you can be." Blaise joked.

Pansy's jaw dropped. There had been an agreement! An unspoken agreement not to talk about Draco's memory loss!

Draco burst out laughing.

Some others turned to look at them in annoyance. Clearly not morning people. Harriet graced them with a shrug they could read as 'mind your own business'.

"That's pretty easily remembered!" he gasped inbetween fits.

Chapter End Notes

Comment or Kudo.

Thank you to all my readers!

XOXO, Drachma

The Quest and The Divination Classroom

Chapter Notes

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

They were on their way to the Divination classroom. Harriet hoped and prayed that the teacher was ok. She'd been told a few crazy things about Professor Trilewany. More than a few, from mostly reliable sources.

The worst part was that it was at the top of North Tower. That meant one thing. Way too many staircases. It certainly didn't help that they moved or had more trick steps than others.

Hurrying along, Harriet and her friends soon realised one very important detail.

They were lost.

Really lost.

In fact, if it hadn't been for the valiant sir Cadogan who aided them, they would quite possibly never have found the classroom on their own.

"Aha!" the knight cried leaping up, "A quest! A quest for Sir Cadogan! Fear not fair Ladies and honorable Lords, I, Sir Cadogan, shall aid you in your time of need! Advance! To glory or death!"

"Like a true knight," Harriet had said, voice full of sarcasm. "An who's to say I'm merely a lady?"

Sir Cadogan had actually taken this seriously. He had immediately apologised, bowing repeatedly, and asked her title.

Now, Draco Malfoy may have lost a good portion of his memory, but certainly not his sense of humour.

"This," he proclaimed, with as much dramatic flair as he could muster, "is Princess Harriet of House Potter, Warden of the Snake, Protector of the Philosophers Stone and Defeater of Darkness! How dare you refer to such a noble individual as a mere Lady!"

Harriet face-palmed. This was going to stick, wasn't it?

Blaise, getting in on the joke picked up Harriet's bag and slung it over his shoulder. At her protests he looked at her, grinned and said, "We can't possibly allow her Highness to carry her own bag!"

Harriet could have hit him.

Sir Cadogan did eventually help them to the classroom after several minutes of proclaiming this and that about heroic deeds no-one cared about and swearing to send them safely on their

way.

Pansy had found this very amusing until Sir Cadogan referred to her as the handmaiden. She didn't utter another word all the way to the classroom.

"I hate all of you!" Harriet hissed as soon as they were out of earshot.

"Please! You love us!" Blaise grinned.

"I didn't think it was that funny," Pansy huffed.

"That's because he assumed you were the servant." He ducked behind Draco to avoid being hit.

When they arrived in the classroom they were hit by a cloud of something's sickly sweet smell that made Harriet want to throw up. She was strongly reminded of a perfume store that had had an accident.

She went to sit down at a table with Hermione, Pansy following her. The guys grabbed the table next to them, calling over Theo when he arrived.

Hermione had turned up her nose at the decor. Harriet had to admit, it really was a nightmare! The ruby armchairs clashed with the Bubblegum curtains and Salmon carpets. The rosewood floor and sepia lamps didn't help. Pansy looked ready to burn the classroom with a blowtorch and redecorate.

To be honest, Harriet wouldn't put it past her. She would even help.

"Hello," a voice that sounded like it was high said. Everyone whirled around.

There stood Professor Trilewany. She was wearing something that resembled one of those weird fortune teller outfits that you saw at every fun fair. She was also wearing oversized glasses and her hair looked windswept.

"Is she high?" Harriet heard Blaise mutter.

"Welcome," Trilewany said, dreamily. "How nice to see you in the physical world at last."

Harriet wondered just what she had taken. Whatever it was must have been strong.

"Sit, my children, sit," the Professor told the already seated students, "Welcome to Divination. My name is professor Trelawney. You may not have seen me before. I find that descending too often into the hustle and bustle of the main school clouds my Inner Eye."

Nobody said anything to this extraordinary pronouncement.

Professor Trelawney delicately rearranged her shawl and continued, "So you have chosen to study Divination, the most difficult of all magical arts. I must warn you at the outset that if you do not have the Sight, there is very little I will be able to teach you... Books can take you only so far in this field... But for now I shall do my best to teach you to predict the future!"

After this sentence she walked into the table.

"I think her inner eye might need glasses or a monocle." Pansy commented quietly.

"I think I have a specsavers coupon," Harriet whispered. "Think she'd be interested?"

Hermione tried to keep her face straight. At the same time she managed to look horrified that their teacher appeared to be completely useless in their subject.

"Many witches and wizards, talented though they are in the area of loud bangs and smells and sudden disappearings, are yet unable to penetrate the veiled mysteries of the future," Professor Trelawney went on, her enormous, gleaming eyes moving from face to nervous face. "It is a Gift granted to few."

She paused for unnecessary dramatic effect.

"You, boy," she said suddenly to Neville, who almost toppled off his chair. "Is your grandmother well?"

"I think so," said Neville tremulously.

"I wouldn't be so sure if I were you, dear," said Professor Trelawney, the firelight glinting on her long emerald earrings.

Harriet was trying hard not to roll her eyes.

Neville gulped.

Professor Trelawney continued placidly.

"We will be covering the basic methods of Divination this year. The first term will be devoted to reading the tea leaves. Then we shall progress to palmistry. By the way, my dear," she shot suddenly at Parvati Patil, "beware a red-haired man."

Parvati gave a startled look at Ron, who was right behind her and chewing gum. She edged her chair away from him.

"In the second term," Professor Trelawney went on, "we shall progress to the crystal ball -- if we have finished with fire omens, that is. Unfortunately, classes will be disrupted in February by a nasty bout of flu. I myself will lose my voice. And around Easter, one of our number will leave us forever."

A very tense silence followed this pronouncement, but Professor Trelawney seemed unaware of it.

"Think anyone committed suicide thanks to the décor?" Harriet mumbled quietly.

"I know someone who might!" Pansy replied under her breath.

"I wonder, dear," Trilewany said to Lavender Brown, who was nearest and shrank back in her chair, "if you could pass me the largest silver teapot?"

Lavender, looking relieved, stood up, took an enormous teapot from the shelf, and put it down on the table in front of Professor Trelawney.

"Thank you, my dear. Incidentally, that thing you are dreading - it will happen on Friday the sixteenth of October."

The teacher seemed hellbent on striking fear in the hearts of the students. It was absolutely comical.

Lavender trembled.

"Now, I want you all to divide into pairs." Trilewany declared, "Collect a teacup from the shelf, come to me, and I will fill it. Then sit down and drink, drink until only the dregs remain. Swill these around the cup three times with the left hand, then turn the cup upside down on its saucer, wait for the last of the tea to drain away, then give your cup to your partner to read. You will interpret the patterns using pages five and six of Unfogging the Future. I shall move among you, helping and instructing. Oh, and dear" - she caught Neville by the arm as he made to stand up - "after you've broken your first cup, would you be so kind as to select one of the blue patterned ones? I'm rather attached to the pink."

Sure enough, Neville had no sooner reached the shelf of teacups when there was a tinkle of breaking china.

Professor Trelawney swept over to him holding a dustpan and brush and said, "One of the blue ones, then, dear, if you wouldn't mind... thank you... "

When Harriet, Pansy and Hermione had had their teacups filled, they went back to their table and tried to drink the scalding tea quickly. They swilled the dregs around as Professor Trelawney had instructed, then drained the cups and swapped over.

"Right," said Pansy as they all opened their books at pages five and six. "What can you see in mine?"

"A load of soggy brown stuff," said Harriet. The heavily perfumed smoke in the room was making her feel sleepy and stupid.

"Broaden your minds, my dears, and allow your eyes to see past the mundane!" Professor Trelawney cried through the gloom.

Harriet tried to pull herself together.

"Right, you've got a crooked sort of cross... " She consulted Unfogging the Future. "That means you're going to have 'trials and suffering' - sorry about that - but there's a thing that could be the sun... hang on... that means 'great happiness'... so you're going to suffer but be very happy...."

"You need your Inner Eye tested, if you ask me," said Hermione, and they all had to stifle their laughs as Professor Trelawney gazed in their direction.

"My turn..."Pansy peered into Harriet's teacup, her forehead wrinkled with effort. "There's a blob a bit like a bowler hat," she said. "Maybe you're going to work for the Ministry of Magic..."

She turned the teacup the other way up.

"But this way it looks more like an acorn.... What's that?" She scanned her copy of Unfogging the Future. "'A windfall, unexpected gold.' Excellent! And then there's a thing, here."

Pansy turned the cup again, "that looks like an animal... yeah, if that was its head... it looks like a hippo... no, a sheep... Hang on!"

Professor Trelawney whirled around as Harriet let out a snort of laughter.

"Let me see that, my dear," she said reprovingly to Pansy, sweeping over and snatching Harriet's 's cup from her. Everyone went quiet to watch.

Professor Trelawney was staring into the teacup, rotating it counterclockwise.

"The falcon... my dear, you have a deadly enemy."

"But everyone knows that, " said Hermione in a loud whisper.

Professor Trelawney stared at her.

"Well, they do," said Hermione. "Everybody knows about Harriet and You-Know-Who."

"The club... an attack. Dear, dear, this is not a happy cup....The skull... danger in your path, my dear...."

Everyone was staring, transfixed, at Professor Trelawney, who gave the cup a final turn, gasped, and then screamed.

Chapter End Notes

Do you believe in Divination? There are psychics out there apparently. Thoughts?

Thanks for reading. Comment or leave a kudo.

XOXO, Drachma.

Bad Omens

There was another tinkle of breaking china. Neville had smashed his second cup. Professor Trelawney sank into a vacant armchair, her glittering hand at her heart and her eyes closed.

"My dear child... my poor, dear child....no it is kinder not to say.. . no... don't ask me...."

"What is it, Professor?" asked Dean Thomas, while Seamus Finnigan came over to get a look.

Unfortunately, Professor Trilewany still had the cup.

Everyone had got to their feet, and slowly they crowded around Harry and Pansy's table, pressing close to Professor Trelawney's chair to try get a good look at Harriet's cup.

Harriet was trying really hard not to roll her eyes.

"My dear," Professor Trelawney's huge eyes opened dramatically, "You have the Grim."

"The what?" said Pansy. She had gone pale.

"The omen of death," Harriet elaborated for her, stifling a yawn.

"I know what the Grim is!" Pansy snapped back.

Trilewany decided to end the lesson there. She believed it kinder to the students.

"Well that was a waste of time!" Hermione commented as they descended the staircase.

"Seriously," Harriet said, "You could predict at least half of that by looking at the news."

"You mean the thing with Sirius Black?" Pansy asked. "Do you really think he's after you?"

"I'll let you know when I decide." Harriet glanced around. "I'm not sure yet."

They set off for Professor McGonagall's Transfiguration lesson.

Harriet chose a seat right at the back of the classroom. She noticed that no one was paying attention to what Professor McGonagall was saying about Animagi. She thought being able to turn into an animal sounded really cool and took as many notes as possible. She burst into applause when McGonagall turned into a cat.

Everyone else seemed to be distracted by the death prophecy Trilewamy had given.

"Really, what has got into you all today?" said Professor McGonagall, turning back into herself with a faint pop, and staring around at them all. "Not that it matters, but that's the first time my transformation's not got applause from everyone in a class."

Everybody's heads turned toward Harriet once again, but nobody spoke.

Then, Hermione raised her hand. "Please, Professor, we've just had our first Divination class, and we were reading the tea leaves, and -"

"Ah, of course," said Professor McGonagall, suddenly frowning.

"There is no need to say any more, Miss Granger. Tell me, which of you will be dying this year?"

Everyone stared at her.

"That would be me." yawned Harriet.

"I see," said Professor McGonagall, fixing Harriet with her beady eyes. "Then you should know, Potter, that Sibyll Trelawney has predicted the death of one student a year since she arrived at this school. None of them has died yet. Seeing death omens is her favorite way of greeting a new class. If it were not for the fact that I never speak ill of my colleagues-"

Professor McGonagall broke off, and they saw her seemingly struggling with herself.

She went on, more calmly, "Divination is one of the most imprecise branches of magic. I shall not conceal from you that I have very little patience with it. True Seers are very rare, and Professor Trelawney-"

Professor McGonagall stopped again, and then said, in a very matter-of-fact tone, "You look in excellent health to me, Potter, so you will excuse me if I don't let you off homework today. I assure you that if you die, you need not hand it in."

"Thank you, Professor," Harriet said dryly, "I shall endeavour not to dissappoint with my untimely demise."

Lavender whispered, "But what about Neville's cup?"

"You didn't see that coming?" Blaise shot back.

After Transfiguration, they headed to Lunch. Hermione and Theo were dragged over to sit at the Slytherin table with the others.

"Do you really think there's nothing to it?" Pansy asked quietly.

"Not really," Harriet frowned. "Why?"

"Well," Pansy shifted uncomfortably, "The Grim is no joke! It's an age old omen and it's said that the future deceased sees it several times before their demise. It doesn't do much, just stand there and look."

"Yeah, we know this." Harriet rolled her eyes, "What are trying to say?"

"Have you seen any large, black dogs lately?"

"Yes, there was one outside my flat over summer. I'm still not convinced."

"Maybe there's something to it?" Pansy suggested.

"It would be fascinating to find out," Theo said, "I mean maybe people seeing black dogs before they died was just a coincidence. Correlation isn't causation!"

"That would be interesting. Think anyone else saw any big black dogs over summer? We can check if any of them die this year." Harriet was looking around the hall.

"I'm serious!" Pansy hissed.

"I thought you were called Pansy." Harriet deadpanned.

Their friends let out a collective groan.

Hippogriffs

Chapter Notes

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

Harriet was pleased to get out of the castle after lunch. Yesterday's rain had cleared up and the sky was a clear blue. The grass was springy and damp under their feet as they set off for their first ever Care of Magical Creatures class.

They walked in silence as they went down the sloping lawns to Hagrid's hut on the edge of the Forbidden Forest. Harriet hoped the lessons wouldn't start with hellhounds or fireworms.

Hagrid was waiting for his class at the door of his hut. He stood in his moleskin overcoat, with Fang the boarhound at his heels, looking impatient to start.

"C'mon, now, get a move on!" he called as the class approached. "Got a real treat for yeh today! Great lesson comin' up! Everyone here? Right, follow me!"

He strolled off around the edge of the trees, and five minutes later, they found themselves outside a kind of paddock. There was nothing in there.

"Everyone gather 'round the fence here!" he called. "That's it - make sure yeh can see - now, firs' thing yeh'll want ter do is open yer books -"

"How?" someone asked.

"Eh?" said Hagrid.

"How do we open our books?" Someone else repeated for him. He took out his copy of The Monster Book of Monsters, which he had bound shut with a length of rope. Other people took theirs out too.

Some, like Hermione, had belted their book shut. Others had crammed them inside tight bags or clamped them together with binder clips. Harriet had magically nailed hers shut.

The book had attacked her the second she had taken it out of her wrapping. She still had a few bruises from that.

"Hasn' - hasn' anyone bin able ter open their books?" said Hagrid, looking crestfallen.

The class all shook their heads.

"Yeh've got ter stroke 'em," said Hagrid, as though this was the most obvious thing in the world. "Look -"

He took Hermione's copy and ripped off the belt that bound it. The book tried to bite, but Hagrid ran a giant forefinger down its spine, and the book shivered, and then fell open and lay quiet in his hand.

"Oh, how silly we've all been!" Ron sneered. "We should have stroked them! why didn't we guess!"

"I - I thought they were funny," Hagrid said uncertainly to Hermione, who tried to offer a comforting smile.

"Oh, tremendously funny!" said Ron. "Really witty, giving us books that try and rip our hands off!"

"Shut up, Weasel," hissed Harriet quietly.

Hagrid was looking downcast and Harriet wanted Hagrid's first lesson to be a success.

"Righ' then," said Hagrid, who seemed to have lost his thread, "So - so yeh've got yer books an' - an' now yeh need the Magical Creatures. Yeah. So I'll go an' get 'em. Hang on... "

He strode away from them into the forest and out of sight.

"Oooooooh!" squealed Lavender Brown, pointing toward the opposite side of the paddock about 5 minutes later.

Trotting toward them were a dozen of Hippogriffs. They had the bodies, hind legs, and tails of horses, but the front legs, wings, and heads of what seemed to be giant eagles, with sharp, steel-colored beaks and large, orange eyes.

Harriet thought they were beautiful. Their feathers looked so soft and they moved with such grace.

The talons on their front legs were half a foot long and deadly looking. Each of the beasts had a thick leather collar around its neck, which was attached to a long chain, and the ends of all of these were held in the vast hands of Hagrid, who came jogging into the paddock behind the creatures.

"Gee up, there!" he roared, shaking the chains and urging the creatures toward the fence where the class stood.

Everyone drew back slightly as Hagrid reached them and tethered the creatures to the fence.

"Hippogriffs!" Hagrid roared happily, waving a hand at them. "Beau'iful, aren' they?"

Many of the class shared a look. They were beautiful, but were they safe?

"So," said Hagrid, rubbing his hands together and beaming around, "if yeh wan' ter come a bit nearer -"

No one seemed to want to. Harriet, however, approached the fence cautiously. She did want to pet one. If that came at the price of her hand, well, she'd deal with that later.

"Now, firs' thing yeh gotta know abou' hippogriffs is, they're proud," said Hagrid. "Easily offended, hippogriffs are. Don't never insult one, 'cause it might be the last thing yeh do. Yeh always wait fer the hippogriff ter make the firs' move. It's polite, see? Yeh walk toward him, and yeh bow, an' yeh wait. If he bows back, yeh're allowed ter touch him. If he doesn' bow, then get away from him sharpish, 'cause those talons hurt."

Harriet studied the creatures in front of her. She wondered what they ate.

"Right - who wants ter go first?" Hagrid asked cheerfully.

Most of the class backed farther away in answer.

"I'll do it," said Harriet.

There was an intake of breath from behind her, and both Lavender Brown and Parvati Patil whispered, "Oooh, no, Harriet, remember your tea leaves!"

Harriet ignored them rolling her eyes. She climbed over the paddock fence.

"Right then - let's see how yeh get on with Buckbeak." Hagrid said to her.

He untied one of the chains, pulled the gray hippogriff away from its fellows, and slipped off its leather collar. The class on the other side of the paddock seemed to be holding its breath.

Malfoy's eyes flickered nervously. Pansy placed a comforting hand on his shoulder.

"Easy now, Harriet," said Hagrid quietly. "Yeh've got eye contact, now try not ter blink.... Hippogriffs don' trust yeh if yeh blink too much...."

Harriet's eyes began to water, but she didn't shut them. Buckbeak had turned his great, sharp head and was staring at Harriet with one eye.

"Tha's it," said Hagrid. "Tha's it, Harriet... now, bow."

Harriet didn't feel much like exposing the back of her neck to Buckbeak, but did as she was told. She gave a rather scruffy bow and then looked up.

The hippogriff was still staring haughtily at her. It didn't move.

Did they eat humans by any chance?

"Ah," said Hagrid, sounding worried. "Right - back away, now, Harriet, easy does it."

But then, to Harriet's enormous surprise, the hippogriff suddenly bent its scaly front knees and sank into what was an unmistakable bow.

"Well done, Harriet!" said Hagrid, ecstatic. "Right - yeh can touch him! Pat his beak, go on!"

Harriet moved slowly toward the hippogriff and reached out towards it, slowly. She patted the beak several times and the hippogriff closed its eyes lazily, as though enjoying it. It seemed a little like a cat in that regard.

The class broke into applause.

"Righ' then, Harriet," said Hagrid. "I reckon he might' let yeh ride him!"

This was more than Harriet had bargained for. A feeling of excitement ran through her. Flying a Hippogriff! That sounded awesome.

"Yeh climb up there, jus' behind the wing joint," said Hagrid, "an' mind yeh don' pull any of his feathers out, he won' like that...."

Harriet put her foot on the top of Buckbeaks wing and hoisted herself onto its back. Buckbeak stood up. Harriet wasn't sure where to hold on; everything in front of her was covered with feathers and she didn't want to pull any out.

"Go on, then!" roared Hagrid, slapping the hippogriffs hindquarters.

Without warning, colossal wings flapped open on either side of Harriet, like an angel declaring a fight.

Then they were soaring upward.

She loved it! Flying was amazing!

Harriet let out a giant whoop of joy. Buckbeak gave a similarly happy trill.

He flew her once around the paddock and then headed back to the ground, proudly ruffling his feathers as he landed.

Harriet wanted to go again.

"Good work, Harriet!" roared Hagrid as everyone cheered. "Okay, who else wants a go?"

Emboldened by Harriet's success, the rest of the class climbed cautiously into the paddock. Hagrid untied the hippogriffs one by one, and soon people were bowing nervously, all over the paddock.

Neville ran repeatedly backward from his, which didn't seem to want to bend its knees.

Buckbeak decided to stick near Harriet, pressing for more affection and nipping at her sleeve to get her to pet him.

"You are definitely the most demanding Hippogriff, huh?" she muttered to him. He let out a trill that could have been translated to *'I know my worth human'*.

In Harriet's opinion, class was over far too soon.

They were among the first to reach the Great Hall at dinnertime. Harriet couldn't stop talking about the creatures she had seen today. Hippogriffs were amazing.

Chapter End Notes

Favourite Magical creature? Mine are obviously dragons, but Hippogriffs come as a close second.

Comment or leave a kudo!

XOXO, Drachma

The Lupin Sonata

Chapter Notes

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

Professor Remus J. Lupin paced around his office. He couldn't get his head clear.

He had done it! He had gotten a position as a teacher despite a certain, very specific problem. He could almost hear James Potter saying, "Told you you wore elbow patches for a reason!"

The elbow patches had been entirely unintentional, but had soon become a running gag amongst his friends.

The teaching position wasn't the reason for his distress though. No, that was something else entirely.

'James,' he thought, 'your daughter gets into about as much trouble as you used to.'

He could swear he heard his friend laugh his approval.

Of course, Remus had immediately recognised his goddaughter. The packs baby, all grown up.

She had recognised him. That much was for sure. Perhaps not as her godparent, but it was good enough. He wondered how she had been all these years. Had her Aunt and Uncle treated her well? What were her hobbies? How had she reacted to her Hogwarts letter?

They had missed so much. Every birthday and Christmas. Remus wondered if she even knew she had godparents.

He had heard whispers that she had had a rough time at Hogwarts. Rumours that she had almost died twice had reached his ears. He hoped there was no truth to them.

If there was, he had royally fucked up.

It had been his job to look after her.

What had he done?

He had let her be taken away to stay with people he didn't know in person. People he had never met.

He didn't know what to make of Sirius Black anymore either. They hadn't spoken in twelve years. He had left him to rot in Azkaban.

The worst part was they had both probably failed Harriet.

They would have been a disaster. A complete hot mess.

Sirius would have probably used a silencing charm for the crying at some point, he'd never have been able to say no to their Prongslet and would have spent way too much money on babyproofing.

Remus would have failed spectacularly at enforcing the 'no sugar after six' rule, he would have probably chosen bedtime stories that were far too long and probably dropped her out of fear of holding the baby too tight.

Harriet would have known all the secret passages before she arrived and they'd have gotten so many letters of complaint because of course she would have been inspired by their many pranking stories.

Even if she didn't pull pranks. She had Lily Evans streak of quiet mischief.

Remus wiped his tears.

When had he started crying?

He hadn't noticed.

It hurt. The thought that their cub could have grown up anything but cared for. He remembered the day Lily had announced her pregnancy. James had nearly had a panic attack over becoming a father. Sirius had dumped all his cigarettes in the bin and, to his knowledge, hadn't touched a single one ever again. He himself had spent hours in the library reading up on wolfsbane potion and how to handle children.

Lily's mother had passed her the family recipe book. Fleamont Potter had sat down with James to give his son some last fatherly advice before he became a grandfather. James had gotten rid of anything that could even remotely be a problem. They had renewed the wards around the house and later moved to a safehouse.

No-one had really known what they were doing, but - by Merlin - they had tried.

Despite everything that could have gone wrong, Harriet Potter would have never once had any reason to doubt her family loved her.

Chapter End Notes

Comment or leave a Kudo!

Thank you for reading!

XOXO, Drachma

The Best Teacher Ever: Part 1

Chapter Notes

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

"Hey, Harriet," said Seamus Finnigan, the next day at breakfast, "have you heard? Daily Prophet this morning - they reckon Sirius Black's been sighted."

"Where?" said Harriet and Pansy quickly. On the other side of the table, Malfoy looked up, listening closely.

He had slowly been starting to place more things into the ordinary.

"Not too far from here," said Seamus, who looked excited. "It was a Muggle who saw him. 'Course, she didn't really understand. The Muggles think he's just an ordinary criminal, don't they? So she phoned the telephone hot line. By the time the Ministry of Magic got there, he was gone."

"Not too far from here..." Pansy repeated, looking significantly at Harriet.

Harriet tried her best not to shudder. The wanted poster flashed before her eyes.

"Thank you for the heads up, Seamus," she said, as evenly as she could manage, "let me know if there's anything else."

"Will do!" Seamus said grinning.

Harriet continued chewing on her food, only now she wasn't enjoying it. Her mind was elsewhere. If Sirius Black was in Hogsmeade, she was in trouble.

It was a shame really, she had been looking forward to the trip on the weekend. Now it was probably best to stay in the castle. There was a reason Hogwarts had been used as a fortress on multiple occasions.

Besides, the dementors at the gates didn't seem too friendly either.

Harriet had no idea what to do.

"You don't think that he'll actually kill you, right?" Pansy asked in a whisper.

"I don't know." Harriet shrugged, "He might."

"Maybe you should ask Professor Lupin about him," Draco suggested gently. "He is the other godfather after all."

"You know," Pansy said, "Most people who lose their memories end up dumber."

"Actually," piped in Hermione, "Head Trauma injuries usually affect short term memory loss more than long term memory loss. The affected often finds it difficult to retain information of

things they need to do or have done over short periods of time. In other words, while Draco can probably remember his childhood just fine by now, he might not remember what we did last week or what he ate for breakfast this morning."

Pansy stared at her. "Where did you get that from?"

"My parents and I went to visit a friend over the holidays," Hermione shrugged, "She's a surgeon and let me read some of the books she had lying around."

"I swear you're the smartest of us all!" Pansy exclaimed.

If Harriet hadn't known any better, she would have commented on how Hermione was blushing. She chose to slurp her drink very loudly instead.

Professor Lupin wasn't there when they arrived at his first Defense Against the Dark Arts lesson. They all sat down, took out their books, quills, and parchment, and were talking about nothing in particular when he finally entered the room.

Lupin smiled vaguely and placed his tatty old briefcase on the teacher's desk. He was as shabby as ever but looked healthier than he had on the train, as though he had had a few square meals.

"Good afternoon," he said. "Would you please put all your books back in your bags. Today's will be a practical lesson. You will need only your wands."

A few curious looks were exchanged as the class put away their books. They had never had a practical Defense Against the Dark Arts before, unless you counted the memorable class last year when their old teacher had brought a cageful of pixies to class and set them loose. Harriet gripped her wand extra tight remembering the incident. She wondered if taping her wand to her hand was a good idea.

"Right then," said Professor Lupin, when everyone was ready. "If you'd follow me."

Puzzled but interested, the class got to its feet and followed Professor Lupin out of the classroom. He led them along the deserted corridor and around a corner, where the first thing they saw was Peeves the Poltergeist, who was floating upside down in midair and stuffing the nearest keyhole with chewing gum.

Peeves didn't look up until Professor Lupin was two feet away, then he wiggled his curly-toed feet and broke into song.

"Loony, loopy Lupin," Peeves sang. "Loony, loopy Lupin, loony, loopy Lupin-"

If Peeves hadn't been such a good sport to the Weasley twins, Harriet would have set her mind to banishing the poltergeist for the sake of future students sanity.

Peeves usually showed some respect toward the teachers, despite being a pain to almost every other living creature.

Everyone looked quickly at Professor Lupin to see how he would take this. To their surprise, he was still smiling.

"I'd take that gum out of the keyhole if I were you, Peeves," he said pleasantly. "Mr. Filch won't be able to get in to his brooms."

Peeves paid no attention to Professor Lupin's words, except to blow a loud wet raspberry.

"Polite," Blaise commented.

Professor Lupin gave a small sigh and took out his wand.

"This is a useful little spell," he told the class over his shoulder. "Please watch closely."

He raised the wand to shoulder height, said, "Waddiwasi!" and pointed it at Peeves.

Like a freight train, the wad of chewing gum shot out of the keyhole and straight down Peeves's left nostril. He whirled upright and zoomed away, cursing.

"Cool, sir!" said Dean Thomas in amazement.

"Thank you, Dean," said Professor Lupin, putting his wand away again. "Shall we proceed?"

Harriet wrote down the spell in a notebook she'd gotten from staples. She ran a black market on Muggle school supplies. The ball point pens were popular. Petunia had been all for it and had talked her through most of the business strategy.

Her aunt had been the only reason her uncle had managed to achieve anything in his miserable life.

They set off again, the class looking at shabby Professor Lupin with increased respect. He led them down a second corridor and stopped, right outside the staffroom door.

"Inside, please," said Professor Lupin, opening it and standing back.

The staffroom, a long, paneled room full of old, mismatched chairs, was empty except for one teacher. Professor Snape was sitting in a low armchair, and he looked around as the class filed in. He made the face of a long suffering martyr.

As Professor Lupin came in and made to close the door behind him, Snape said, "Leave it open, Lupin."

He got to his feet and strode past the class, his black robes billowing behind him. He left with a flourish.

"Now, then," said Professor Lupin, beckoning the class toward the end of the room, where there was nothing but an old wardrobe.

As Professor Lupin went to stand next to it, the wardrobe gave a sudden wobble, banging off the wall.

Chapter End Notes

Comment or Kudo!

I think we can all agree Lupin is the best, right?

XOXO, Drachma

Face your Fears

Chapter Notes

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

"Nothing to worry about," said Professor Lupin calmly because a few people had jumped backward in alarm. "There's a boggart in there."

Most people seemed to feel that this was something to worry about. Neville gave Professor Lupin a look of pure terror, and Seamus Finnigan eyed the now rattling doorknob apprehensively.

"Boggarts like dark, enclosed spaces," said Professor Lupin. "Wardrobes, the gap beneath beds, the cupboards under sinks - I've even met one that had lodged itself in a grandfather clock. This one moved in yesterday afternoon, and I asked the headmaster if the staff would leave it to give my third years some practice. So, the first question we must ask ourselves is, what is a boggart?"

Hermione put up her hand.

"It's a shape-shifter," she said. "It can take the shape of whatever it thinks will frighten us most."

"Couldn't have put it better myself," said Professor Lupin and Hermione practically glowed. "So the boggart sitting in the darkness within has not yet assumed a form. He does not yet know what will frighten the person on the other side of the door. Nobody knows what a boggart looks like when he is alone, but when I let him out, he will immediately become whatever each of us most fears."

"This means," said Professor Lupin, choosing to ignore Neville's small sputter of terror, "that we have a huge advantage over the boggart before we begin. Have you spotted it, Harriet?"

"There are so many of us that it won't find something to scare us all." Harriet said calmly.

"Precisely," said Professor Lupin, and Harriet allowed a small smirk of pride. "It's always best to have company when you're dealing with a boggart. He becomes confused. Which should he become, a headless corpse or a flesh-eating slug? I once saw a boggart make that very mistake - tried to frighten two people at once and turned himself into half a slug. Not remotely frightening."

He gave a small chuckle.

"The charm that repels a boggart is simple, yet it requires force of mind. You see, the thing that really finishes a boggart is laughter. What you need to do is force it to assume a shape that you find amusing. We will practice the charm without wands first. After me, please... Riddikulus!"

"Riddikulus!" said the class together.

"This class is ridiculous," Harry heard Weasel mutter and made a mental note to put something in his tea soon.

"Good," said Professor Lupin. "Very good. But that was the easy part, I'm afraid. You see, the word alone is not enough. And this is where you come in, Neville."

The wardrobe shook again, though not as much as Neville, who walked forward as though he were heading for the gallows.

"Right, Neville," said Professor Lupin. "First things first: what would you say is the thing that frightens you most in the world?"

Neville's lips moved, but no noise came out.

"Didn't catch that, Neville, sorry," said Professor Lupin cheerfully.

Neville looked around rather wildly, as though begging someone to help him, then said, in barely more than a whisper, "Professor Snape."

"Professor Snape... hmmm... Neville, I believe you live with your grandmother?"

"Er - yes," said Neville nervously. "But - I don't want the boggart to turn into her either."

Someone laughed.

"No, no, you misunderstand me," said Professor Lupin, now smiling. "I wonder, could you tell us what sort of clothes your grandmother usually wears?"

Neville looked startled, but said, "Well... always the same hat. A tall one with a stuffed vulture on top. And a long dress... green, normally... and sometimes a fox-fur scarf."

"And a handbag?" prompted Professor Lupin.

"A big red one," said Neville.

"Right then," said Professor Lupin. "Can you picture those clothes very clearly, Neville? Can you see them in your mind's eye?"

"Yes," said Neville uncertainly, plainly wondering what was coming next.

"When the boggart bursts out of this wardrobe, Neville, and sees You, it will assume the form of Professor Snape," said Lupin. "And You will raise your wand -- thus -- and cry 'Riddikulus' -- and concentrate hard on your grandmother's clothes. If all goes well, Professor Boggart Snape will be forced into that vulture-topped hat, and that green dress, with that big red handbag."

There was a great shout of laughter. The wardrobe wobbled more violently.

"If Neville is successful, the boggart is likely to shift his attention to each of us in turn," said Professor Lupin. "I would like all of you to take a moment now to think of the thing that scares you most, and imagine how you might force it to look comical...."

The room went quiet. Harriet thought about it. What scared her most in the world?

"Everyone ready?" said Professor Lupin.

Harriet desperately tried to come up with something that terrified her and wasn't a dead giveaway.

It couldn't turn into Dumbledore or Tom Riddle. It had to be something else.

The Grim maybe? It would make sense.

"Neville, we're going to back away," said Professor Lupin. "Let you have a clear field, all right? I'll call the next person forward.... Everyone back, now, so Neville can get a clear shot!"

They all retreated, backed against the walls, leaving Neville alone beside the wardrobe. He looked pale and frightened, but he had pushed up the sleeves of his robes and was holding his wand ready.

He seemed more prepared than Harriet at least. She was still trying to focus!

"On the count of three, Neville," said Professor Lupin, who was pointing his own wand at the handle of the wardrobe. "One, two, three... Now!"

Sparks shot from the end of Professor Lupin's wand and hit the doorknob. The wardrobe burst open. Hook-nosed and menacing, Professor Snape stepped out, his eyes flashing at Neville.

Was this how everyone saw the teacher?

Neville backed away, his wand up, mouthing wordlessly. Snape was bearing down upon him, reaching inside his robes.

"R - r - riddikulus!" squeaked Neville.

There was a noise like a whip crack. Snape stumbled; he was wearing a long, lace-trimmed dress and a towering hat topped with a moth-eaten vulture, and he was swinging a huge crimson handbag.

There was a roar of laughter; the boggart paused, confused, and Professor Lupin shouted, "Parvati! Forward!"

Parvati walked forward, her face set. Snape rounded on her. There was another crack, and where he had stood was a bloodstained, bandaged mummy; its sightless face was turned to Parvati and it began to walk toward her very slowly, dragging its feet, its stiff arms rising -

"Riddikulus!" cried Parvati.

A bandage unraveled at the mummy's feet; it became entangled, fell face forward, and its head rolled off.

"Seamus!" roared Professor Lupin.

Seamus darted past Parvati.

Crack! Where the mummy had been was a woman with floorlength black hair and a skeletal, green-tinged face. It was a banshee!

She opened her mouth wide and an unearthly sound filled the room, a long, wailing shriek that made everyone cover their ears.

"Riddikulus!" shouted Seamus.

The banshee made a rasping noise and clutched her throat. She had lost her voice.

Crack! The banshee turned into a rat, which chased its tail in a circle, then - crack!- became a rattlesnake, which slithered and writhed before - crack! - becoming a single, bloody eyeball.

It's confused!" shouted Lupin. "We're getting there! Dean!"

Dean hurried forward.

Crack! The eyeball became a severed hand, which flipped over and began to creep along the floor like a crab.

"Riddikulus!" yelled Dean.

There was a snap, and the hand was trapped in a mousetrap right at Harriet's feet. She raised her wand, ready. The boggart kept changing forms rapidly. Then suddenly, the room went cold. The boggart morphed into a dementor.

The image slipped out of Harriet's mind and gave way to something more immediate. Something that had been the topic earlier that day.

'You don't think he'll try to kill you, do you?' Pansy's voice whispered in her mind.

Another crack.

Gasps and shrieks ran through the room. There he stood, eyes filled with insanity and staring right at her.

Sirius Black.

Comment or kudo!

Thanks for reading.
XOXO, Drachma

The Best Teacher Ever: Part 2

Chapter Notes

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

"Here!" shouted Professor Lupin suddenly, hurrying forward. Crack!

Sirius Black had vanished. For a second, everyone looked wildly around to see where he was. Then they saw a silvery-white orb hanging in the air in front of Lupin, who said, "Riddikulus!" almost lazily.

Crack!

"Forward, Neville, and finish him off!" said Lupin as the boggart landed on the floor as a cockroach. Crack! Snape was back. This time Neville charged forward looking determined.

"Riddikulus!" he shouted, and they had a split second's view of Snape in his lacy dress before Neville let out a great "Ha!" of laughter, and the boggart exploded, burst into a thousand tiny wisps of smoke, and was gone.

"Excellent!" cried Professor Lupin as the class broke into applause. "Excellent Neville. Well done, everyone.... Let me see... Five points to every person to tackle the boggart - ten for Neville because he did it twice... and five each to Hermione and Harriet."

"But I didn't do anything," said Harriet, quietly. She was looking at her feet.

"You and Hermione answered my questions correctly at the start of the class, Harriet," Lupin said lightly. "Very well, everyone, an excellent lesson. As for homework, kindly read the chapter on boggarts and summarize it for me. It's to be handed in on Monday. That will be all."

Everyone started to file out of the classroom.

"Harriet," Lupin called out suddenly, "Hang back a minute."

Draco gave Harriet a sympathetic pat on the shoulder on his way out.

Once everyone was out, she asked, "What is it, sir?"

"How are you?" Professor Lupin asked.

"I'm sorry?" Harriet had probably misheard, right?

"How are you?" Lupin repeated patiently.

Harriet gaped for a minute. She didn't know how to respond. Honestly, she hadn't been great, but she couldn't say terrible now could she?

"I'll live." It came out much drier and along the lines of sarcasm than intended. Harriet mentally kicked herself.

"Would you like to talk about what's bothering you?"

"I don't know how to."

"Okay." Lupin nodded encouragingly, "Maybe you could just start with everything going through your head right now?"

"Well..." Harriet paused. How much could she tell this man? Sure, he was her godfather, but look at the other one!

"I'm mostly worried about being murdered by the end of the year and not because I apparently saw the Grim twice, but because there is an actual murderer on the loose and everyone thinks that I'm his main target. Not to mention my track record with peaceful school years isn't the best so far." It all spilled out. She bit down on the inside of her cheek. She hadn't wanted to reveal that much.

Lupin looked out of his depth. "Chocolate?" he offered.

"Thanks," Harriet sniffed accepting a piece of sugary comfort. She sniffed again.

"Okay, why don't you come sit down?" Lupin said, guiding her to an armchair. "Deep breaths, come on."

It took a while. The sniffs and broken off sobs just kept coming. Eventually they faded, into quiet hiccups.

"Sorry." Harriet stared at her shoes.

"That's alright. A perfectly normal reaction to seeing what you fear." He patted her back awkwardly.

"Hey, uh, did you know him?" Harriet asked. Depending on Lupin's reaction she could gather more information on Black.

"I -" He paused. "Yes."

"What was he like?"

"He was - um - quite mischievous. He was -" Lupin shook his head. "I shouldn't be telling you this."

"I doubt anyone else will. And I have a right to know!"

"He was your father's best friend. Rarely saw one without the other. Black lived with him for a while, following their sixth year." Lupin shook his head, "I was all rather chaotic during the war. No one knew who your parents secret keeper was. Whether it was Black or Pettigrew."

He looked lost in thought.

"Pettigrew?" Harriet asked quietly.

"Another friend of ours. Presumed dead. They told us, Black killed him. They could only find a finger."

"What's a secret keeper?"

Lupin sighed. "A person you trust your whereabouts and identity to when you cast the fidelius charm. Both of them were asked so only the two of them knew who it really was."

"Why didn't they ask you?" Harriet frowned. It seemed like that was a good option.

The professor sighed wearily. "I couldn't have done it."

"Why not? Bad at keeping secrets?"

"I can keep a secret."

It didn't seem he was going to elaborate.

"What do you think?" Harriet asked. "Would Sirius Black kill me?"

"I- I wish I knew the answer. I don't think so. He just never-" Lupin struggled, "He has a good- had a good- I don't think he would want to but-"

"It's been a while since you saw him?" Harriet let him off the hook.

"It's been more than a while." Lupin said, eyes slightly unfocused while looking at the carpet. He looked like he was grieving.

Just how close had these two been?

Either way, she should probably leave.

"Thank you Professor," Harriet said, getting up and walking to the door. "For what it's worth, I think I hope that Pettigrew was the traitor."

The door fell shut behind her and she hurried back to the common room.

Chapter End Notes

Comment or Kudo. Thank you!

XOXO, Drachma

Shocked to the Bone

Chapter Notes

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

Professor Lupin was staring at the wall in his office.

Nothing could have prepared him for what had happened that day. Absolutely nothing.

The way Harriet had stared at the boggart, the way his goddaughter had stared at the depiction of what had once been his better half - what would still be his better half had nothing happened - had been more terrifying than anything he could have prepared himself for as a teacher.

He mentally kicked himself.

'For what it's worth I hope Pettigrew is the traitor'.

The words howled in the back of his mind. Had he told her the wrong things? Had he lied?

He didn't know.

Remus sat down at his desk and put his head in his hands.

Today could have been worse - objectively- yet somehow he felt that it had gone as horribly as possible. The feeling was closer to his full moons in the shrieking shack than anyone would have liked. He didn't know what to do. Absentmindedly, he scratched at his chest. The wolf in his head was howling, telling him to go protect and comfort the pup and to bring Sirius home.

"Twelve years of this," he muttered softly. "Twelve years."

He leant forward until his forehead met the desk and placed his other arm over his head, like a seven-year-old child trying to hide under the covers from the very real monster under his bed. One thing Lupin was sure of, was that those monsters bit harshly and left a lifelong mark.

The tears came quietly. Soft sobs and sniffles could be heard.

Then the dam broke.

This was not how he had expected the year to go.

Meanwhile, Harriet had drawn the curtains of her four poster and was staring at the ceiling. Approaching footsteps told her someone had entered the room. The rhythm told her it was Amina Cheng.

"Harriet?" Amina asked pulling back the curtain slightly. "Can I talk to you."

"Don't see why not." Harriet said flatly.

Amina gave a small smile. "I just wanted to tell you that it's okay."

"What?" Harriet frowned.

"Being afraid of your parents. Being afraid of your family."

"What tells you-" Harriet began, ready to deny the obvious.

"Let me stop you right there. Your boggart was your godfather!"

Harriet both liked and disliked Amina for her quick and all too accurate observations of family relationships. She shrugged, feigning nonchalance. "He's wanted for murder and I'm apparently his next target and he is supposedly in Hogsmeade."

"And?"

Harriet sighed, knowing exactly what Amina was asking. Was she still keeping the vow she had made in her first year at Hogwarts. Relenting, she decided this was a time for honesty. "And I asked Professor Lupin about him. He seems to think Black is innocent. At least, I think so judging by the way he acted. My mum's photo album screams calm and peaceful about him too."

"So what do you think? Passed your judgement?"

"I don't know yet."

"That's alright as well." Amina said softly.

Harriet took a shakey breath. She hated not being in the clear. Not to mention that her best friends were looking to her for direction in the matter. "Is it?"

"Yes. Insecurity and indecisiveness isn't stupidity or incompetence." She got up to leave.

Harriet suddenly remembered a very specific phrase that Amina had said not two minutes ago. "Wait! Scared of your parents?"

"Yeah, they were - how to put it - murderous maniacs. With a side of sadism." She gave a weak chuckle.

Harriet winced.

Amina gave her a nod. "Your Uncle seems to be somewhere on the spectrum."

"There's a spectrum of terrible people now?"

"We should make one."

"From an annoying seven year old to people who spits in others food?" Harriet suggested.

"Where would Dumbledore be on that list?"

"Closer to the spitting in food."

"That really is a crime, isn't it?" With a chuckle, Amina started pulling the curtains closed again. "Let me know if you need a shared trauma session."

"I might take you up on that sometime. There's a pack of biscuits in my nightstands. Help yourself." Harriet rolled over and fidgeted with the corner of her pillow until she was sure the curtains were closed.

Amina did help herself to a biscuit, softly apologising to a sleepy Medusa whose tail she had to move.

Chapter End Notes

Comment or Kudo!
Thank you for reading.

XOXO, Drachma

Talk You Damn Notebook!

Chapter Notes

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

It was Sunday. Harriet was lounging about on the sofa, sore from Quidditch tryouts. The beater candidates did not know how to take it easy. Fred and George had been right. One did not mess with bludgers.

She had agreed to go because Blaise had bugged everyone into trying out. Slytherin needed a whole new team since all of the old players had been seventh years and left like Captain Marcus Flint.

The last day of school the year before, the rumour that Flint was dating Gryffindor Captain Oliver Wood had been proven true. They had essentially given each other a good snog in front of the entire school.

Oliver Wood was still around, definitely prioritising quidditch over his N.E.W.T exams.

Frankly, Harriet didn't care if she made the team although it would be nice to have a hobby besides saving lives.

Right now, Harriet was focused on deciphering her mother's journal.

"Finite incantatem," she muttered tapping the corner of a page full of scrambled scribbles. Nothing.

"Revelio!" Still nothing.

"Talk you damn notebook!" Harriet hissed whacking it with her wand. The page swam for a minute and the letters began to rearrange themselves.

'First October 1980

The war just keeps getting worse. James and I are worried. We just had our daughter. Hari is quite possibly the sweetest little baby ever, although she does keep me up all night.

We've taken to calling her Harriet, because it is easier to pronounce for visitors.

Molly brought her boys over for tea. Bill is quite tall for an eight year old. Charlie let Harriet hold his dragon plushie for a few minutes. I didn't know seven year olds even shared their toys! Percy seemed to be busy watching the twins. For a five-year-old he seems very well behaved.

Molly just had a baby as well. Ronald is five months older than...'

"Really?" Harriet hissed at the journal. "That's sweet, but it doesn't tell me what I want to know!"

"You okay?" Draco asked, flopping down into the seat beside her.

Harriet snapped the journal shut. "Peachy."

"Sorry if I don't believe you."

"No apology necessary. That's just your opinion."

"Doesn't look like you found the information you were looking for." He nodded at the book.

"When did you get so observant?" Harriet narrowed her eyes. She didn't like being read.

Draco shrugged. "Oh, I figured it was a good way to fit back into society."

"Reading people?"

"Learning to figure out what they want to hear."

"Ah." She looked back at the journal in her hands.

"So?"

"So." Harriet sighed. "So I'm at square one again."

"Do you want to talk?"

She shrugged. "I'm not sure what to make of it all."

"Secret passageway conversation?" Draco asked.

"Absolutely."

The two third years made their way out of the common room and crawled into the hidden corridor behind the orchid painting. It had been a very fortunate find and had become a secret meeting place for member's of their friend group.

"Well?" Draco asked once they were inside.

"I can't make sense of the murder situation." Harriet leaned against the wall. "There are two possible culprits to convict for my parents betrayal and death and both of them seem likely but not too likely, you know?"

"Explain please."

"Black was my father's best friend and lived with him for a while and I know Professor Lupin doesn't want to admit it but he thinks Sirius Black is innocent. He doubts his judgement though so there may be something there." Harriet took a breath, "But then there is Pettigrew, who we know nothing about. He could also be guilty. Apparently, Black murdered him. Murder needs a reason, right?"

"You think if Pettigrew was the traitor Black killed him out of revenge."

"Or he faked his death to cover his tracks. I've been trying to decipher my mother's journal to get a clearer picture, to no avail. Obviously."

"Obviously." Draco nodded, "So what's the plan?"

"The plan, is to get this thing-" She poked the journal "- to give me answers!"

"And if that doesn't work?"

"Then we may need to break into a high security facility or pay someone who can."

Draco thought for a second. "Fair enough. I think my father may know a man."

"Of course you remember that, but not Pansy's birthday." Harriet laughed.

"It was Pansy's birthday?!"

Chapter End Notes

Comment or Kudo!

XOXO, Drachma

The Marauders Map

Chapter Notes

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

It took several more days for Harriet to figure out the code for the notebook. It took another month to sort everything in her mind.

Peter Pettigrew had held the nickname Wormtail. He had been a close friend of her father's as well. If her mother's account of the story up to Halloween was to be believed, he was entirely unsuspecting. A tad too innocent to be believed, in Harriet's opinion. Still it was a difficult to figure things out with limited clues and no background information.

It was however clear that her parents had been hiding from Dumbledore. Apparently her father had an artifact of some worth to the man. That and something about resurrection she didn't really understand even after a lot of research. She was pretty sure someone had removed the books from the library and she was also sure she knew who.

Midway into November, she was tackled by the Weasley twins.

"So we may have noticed you snooping around more often." Fred grinned.

"Particularly around teachers." George added.

"Now, I would really be a shame if you got caught."

"So we've decided it's time." The twins gave their signature mischievous smirk.

"Time for what?" Harriet was thoroughly confused.

"Time to pass on the most precious thing in all Hogwarts." Fred waved his arms like a circus host.

"This." George handed her a piece of parchment.

She raised an eyebrow. "This is a blank piece of parchment. You've given me a blank piece of parchment."

Fred chuckled. "Not for long. George, be a dear and do the honours."

"Certainly, Fred." He flourished his wand dramatically and poked the parchment with it. "I solemnly swear that I am up to no good!"

Immediately the parchment sprang to life, lines stretched across it and words flared up. Footsteps tapped along the drawn out corridors.

Harriet couldn't believe her eyes. "Wait, this is-"

"A map of Hogwarts." George confirmed.

"That shows everyone, everywhere." Fred said.

"Who their with and what they're doing."

"Every minute of everyday."

"Wouldn't you want to keep this?" Harriet's was gaping at them like a fish.

"Benevolent as we are, we decided your need is greater." Fred ruffled her hair.

"Besides we need to look out for you." George shrugged.

"No you don't!" Harriet said.

The twins sighed.

"Harriet, we established this in our first year." George said.

"We adopted you."

"There's nothing you can do about it."

"You're stuck with our concern."

"Besides you only have nine lives and you almost died twice."

"I'm fairly sure it's cats that have nine lives, George."

"Close enough."

Harriet was still confused. "Wouldn't you rather pass this on to your sister?"

"Doesn't get in enough trouble."

"Or we've just built up the teachers tolerance."

Harriet looked back at the map.

'Mssrs. Moony, Wormtail, Padfoot and Prongs proudly present the marauders map.'

That was unexpected.

"You have got to be joking!" Harriet hissed. "That does it."

"You know most people would thank us." George said dryly.

"No, Moony and Padfoot are my godfathers! Possibly making Prongs my father!" Harriet explained wearily.

For two seconds, you could hear a pin drop.

"What!" George exclaimed.

"Since when?" Fred was also in shock.

"What did we miss?"

The twins were staring at her. It was now their turn to make fish impressions.

"So," Harriet took a deep breath before starting to explain, "I found a picture in my Mum's old photo album with the people in the photo being labeled as Uncle Moony and Uncle Paddy. Moony is Professor Lupin and Paddy, probably short for Padfoot, is Sirius Black. The thing is, Padfoot and Wormtail were asked to be secret keepers by my parents. Wormtails real name is Peter Pettigrew."

"The man Black murdered?" Fred raised an eyebrow.

"Maybe, my theory is that he was either murdered for revenge or he faked his death to get away and shift the blame. That or Black killed him to stop him snitching. Either way, Black might be innocent."

"Damn. That's a lot." George whispered.

"No kidding." Fred agreed.

Suddenly George gasped. "Wait, I think I may have seen a Pettigrew on the map!"

Two heartbeats and Harriet was flipping open the map, scouring it with her eyes for any sign of Peter Pettigrew.

"Son of a- Look!" She pointed. There, next to Ronald Weasley was a set of footprints attached to the name Peter Pettigrew.

"Holy shit." The twins looked at each other and then at Harriet.

"I need a plan," she said, "A really good plan. And to contact my other Godfather."

"Let us know if you need help." George said.

"Or a diversion." Fred offered.

They pretended to toss their hair. "Both services we provide."

"Thanks guys," Harriet smiled, "but I think I need to speak with Professor Lupin first. He should know that maybe he was right."

Comment or Kudo!

Thank you for reading.
XOXO, Drachma

Reconstruction

Chapter Notes

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

Harriet didn't notice Pansy calling her until she rammed into her side.

"Ow! Crap! Pansy!" Harriet exclaimed.

"I've been calling for about five minutes. Also, Lupin would like to see you." Pansy said obviously out of breath.

"Lupin? What did he want?"

"He didn't say." That was always unnerving.

"OK then." Harriet shrugged.

Harriet walked in the direction of Lupin's office in her 'business pace' as her friends had dubbed it. She straightened her clothes and knocked on the door.

"Come in!" Lupin called.

Harriet stepped into the office. It looked nothing like last year (something Harriet was grateful for). No photos of a wizard with a colgate smile and a personality that belonged in the bin were grinning at her. Instead, a potted plant sat on the desk and some trinkets resided on the mantelpiece.

"Ah, Harriet! Nice to see you! Would you like some tea?" the Professor asked.

"Yes please!" Harriet said, surprised. It was a rather unusual thing for teachers to offer refreshments. But then again, maybe Lupin wasn't acting like a teacher.

"Sit down, sit down! Make yourself comfortable." Lupin said kindly. "I apologise if I pulled you away from your studies."

"That's alright." Harriet sat on one of the chairs. "I wasn't busy at the moment. I'm not in trouble am I?"

"No, no, of course not. I just thought that perhaps I'd invite you, try to be a Godfather again?" Lupin actually looked like a kicked puppy when he said this.

Harriet could have yelled. She could have asked where the hell he'd been for the last twelve years. Instead she mulled it over for a second and decided that, yes, she wanted as much of her family around her as possible, the past be damned.

"I think that'd be nice," she smiled into her tea. Something in the corner of the office caught her eye. "A Grindelow?"

"Yes, I'm suprised you knew that. Not many third years know a Grindelow when they see one." Lupin sat down aswell, placing a tin of cookies between them. "Vicious creatures, hunt in schools. I wanted to show the sixth years what they looked like."

"Any chance our class can get another creature?"

Lupin chuckled. "Perhaps. Do they interest you?"

"Yes, especially dragons! I also have a pet Basilisk!" Harriet exclaimed happily.

Lupin almost spat out his tea. "You have a pet what?"

"Her name's Medusa! She was raised in Texas and she lives in my dorm. I'll have to introduce you." Then noticing Lupin's expression, she quickly added, "Don't worry she doesn't hurt humans. The most harm she's done is tackle the Basilisk in the chamber of Secrets. We had to take a trip their last year."

Lupin placed his tea cup down. "Alright, from the beginning. What exactly happened last year?"

"Well," Harriet mused, "It technically all started in my first year so..."

She started telling him about Dumbledore and the Philosophers Stone and then the Chamber of Secrets and her fight with Pansy. The rumours that had been floating around and the kidnapping came next. Then, Harriet told him about Lockhart and Draco's memory loss and ended the tale with the prank on Dave.

Lupin looked horrified. It was almost comical how shocked he looked. He also looked furious. That could be a problem.

Harriet shrank back in her seat and whispered, "Sorry."

Lupin's demeanour immediately changed. "Don't be sorry," he hushed, "You have nothing to apologise for, I'm just upset all that happened to you. You shouldn't have had to go through that. I may need to speak to someone about safety measures here."

"Please don't." Harriet winced. "If you do Dumbledore will hear about it and that's the last thing I need."

"I can't just let this slide. You could have died. Twice!"

"Well, I could also die before the end of the year but I don't really feel like being murdered because it would compromise my education."

Lupin looked at her like she had grown another head. "That's what you're worried about?"

"Well...yeah," Harriet shrugged, "Peter Pettigrew is in Hogwarts and very much alive. I think he's somewhere around Ron Weasley who doesn't like me very much either. Also, there's the situation that Sirius is very probably innocent - I'm like eighty-four percent sure - and we

need to contact him and hide him somewhere so he's not dragged back to Azkaban before we can prove his innocence."

"I'm assuming you have a plan." Lupin asked, still looking like he needed an extra five-hundred hours to wrap his head around everything Harriet had told him.

"Twelve percent of one, yes."

"Do you need help?"

"I'd appreciate it."

"Walk me through what you have."

Chapter End Notes

Comment or Kudo!

XOXO, Drachma

Fundamentals

Chapter Notes

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

Tap. Tap. Tap.

"Will you stop that?" Blaise snapped at Harriet who was tapping her quill against the ink bottle.

"I don't know what to write!"

"Write anything!"

"What if it's the wrong thing?"

"He's your Godfather! I doubt you can do that."

"But-"

"Just write something!"

Harriet glared at the parchment.

Hello Mr. Black,

Nope, didn't sound right. She put a line through it.

Hello Sirius

That didn't fit either. Another scribbled out line.

"For Melin's sake!" Blaise whispered sounding like he was on the edge of a mental breakdown. "Just write something like 'Hello' or just his name!"

Harriet sent him a glare before restarting the letter.

Sirius Black,

Okay, next part.

My name is Harriet Potter. Your friend James Potter's kid. Perhaps you remember. I am also your goddaughter.

I'm writing to let you know that I know that you're innocent regarding the betrayal of my parents.

That sounded formal, but there was no other way to put it she supposed.

I thought you might need some help hiding from Azkaban so some friends and I decided to offer you some help. Well, technically we found a hiding place for you.

Basically, the plan is to sneak you in through Honeydukes using my invisibility cloak, through the school grounds and into the shrieking shack until we find a better place. We would keep you in the common room but we're relatively sure that the new prefects are Snitches.

Anyway, please reply A.S.A.P.

Thanks,

Harriet Potter

"Think this is okay?" She asked Blaise.

Blaise looked to the ceiling in a 'give-me-strength-or-give-me-death' manner. "He probably hasn't received mail in twelve years! It won't matter! Just send it!"

"Okay!" Harriet held up her hands in surrender and gave Hedwig the letter.

A few days later, Harriet received a reply from the innocent convict. Hedwig dropped it onto her potions homework. She picked up the piece of paper with a wrinkled nose. It looked like a dog had chewed around on it. The writing was messy, and smudged, but still readable.

Hello Harriet,

When's this crazy plan of yours being put into action? Sleeping under a bridge isn't exactly a five star experience. Merlin knows how Muggles do it. I heard your class was visiting Hogsmead on Saturday. Maybe we can meet up somewhere and discuss the details.

**Your amazing and very awesome godfather,
Sirius Black.**

"Amazing and very awesome?" Pansy asked in disbelief, reading the letter over Harriet's shoulder, "You'd think he'd be a bit more modest."

"Psht. From the stories Lupin's told me, this is as modest as he gets." Harriet said nonchalantly.

"Fair enough." Blaise said.

"Speaking of Lupin, I should go tell him. He'll want to be in on this." Harriet told them and left the common room.

She almost ran to her godfather's office and knocked on the door. The letter was still in her hand.

Lupin opened the door to let her in. He had been looking happier since they had been planning to hide Sirius away.

He'd been dressing less shabby to, according to Pansy. Harriet was beginning to wonder about the relationship between the two.

"Harriet," Lupin said happily, "How's it going? Come on in!"

"Hello Moony, I need to talk to you about a certain fugitive again." Harriet grinned walking into the office. "The plan's making progress."

Lupin's facial features brightened significantly.

"Tell me all about it!" He said, pouring her tea.

Harriet showed him the letter.

"A place to meet up, huh? Do you- would you mind if I came along?" He asked. He looked hopeful and worried at the same time. Harriet put the pieces together.

"Of course not!" She exclaimed, "Oh, and we don't need to worry about timing when getting Sirius into the building. I have a map from Fred and George Weasley. It's called the Marauders Map. Maybe you've heard of it, Mssr. Moony?"

"Well," Lupin said lightly, "I'm all for encouraging insane genius so let's assume I know nothing about it. As a teacher I would have to report it and that wouldn't go well."

"Makes sense." Harriet laughed.

They spent the rest of the afternoon drinking tea together and talking about where the best meet up place to meet up with a wanted criminal was.

When Harriet got back to the common room, Draco and Pansy were sitting on the couch pointedly not looking at each other.

Harriet sighed. This was the third time that week. They kept arguing about insignificant things. She briefly considered reprimanding both of them but decided it was a waste of time. It was probably about Professor Lupin again.

No one knew why Pansy was so wary of him and it had stirred up quite the fuss. Either way, Harriet had decided to ignore that.

Chapter End Notes

Comment or Kudo!

Thank you for being such awesome readers! I'd give you all cookies if I could.

XOXO, Drachma

Mission: Dog Black

Chapter Notes

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

Pansy was frowning at Professor Lupin from across the hall. Draco glanced at her and rolled his eyes, casting a meaningful look in Harriet's direction. She gave a nod in return.

Harriet wondered if Pansy knew that Remus was a werewolf.

It was rather obvious. His shabby clothes, the fact that his boggart was the moon, the potion Snape had brewed for him several times and the fact that he was always ill at that certain time of month.

All things that proved her point. It didn't take a genius to figure it out. The thing was, Pansy had something against magical creatures and if she knew that Lupin was a werewolf, she would most definitely not trust him in the slightest.

Draco was part veela, and Pansy was still a little bit weary of him. He probably wouldn't receive a veela inheritance due to how small that part was. He would still be fiercely protective over his friends, family and future spouse, according to much research.

Pansy tended to view him as a normal human wizard and blatantly ignored any mentions of the veela part. Harriet hoped that she would one day accept magical creatures as part of society.

The next week flew by and before they knew it, it was Saturday. Time to put the plan into action.

The group had decided (at Harriet's insistence) that it would be best if Harriet and Lupin talked to Sirius Black alone. After all, they knew him best. The rest of them should be busy with look out.

Harriet essentially hid behind Lupin as they passed the dementors at the gates. She still didn't feel safe around them. Perhaps she should get the Professor to teach her the spell he used on the train?

Hogsmeade looked an awful lot like a medieval town. Harriet and Lupin walked through the streets. She kept pointing out nice houses, shops and other things as they walked towards the meeting spot. Lupin patiently offered anecdotes and small pieces of history as they went.

'We should do this again some time,' Harriet thought to herself, 'As a family.'

They walked into a dark alleyway. Lupin whistling as they went. They reached the end and stopped. A man was sitting in the corner looking down.

"Hello Padfoot."

The man looked up, stared a moment, then rushed forward pulling Harriet and Remus into a hug.

Harriet stiffened. She was practically allergic to any physical contact as her friends had quickly figured out during the first year. She'd gotten good at hiding it though so they didn't feel bad.

It was another point of her therapy.

She forced herself to hug back and ignore the panic rising inside her. It was relatively obvious she failed because Black immediately let go. She simply nodded at his apologies.

"It's ok." She said, "Let's just focus on the plan."

Black sat back down agreeing. Lupin nodded and crouched down beside him. He was holding hands with Black so he didn't have much of a choice.

Harriet leaned against the wall preferring to stay on her feet. She swiftly recapped the plan making sure everyone knew what they were doing and to ground herself.

Harriet pulled the invisibility cloak out of her bag. Lupin pulled Black to his feet and then Harriet threw the cloak over them both.

Everything went as smoothly as possible making Harriet think there was something wrong. Nothing ever went as smoothly as this. Not even in storys. Pansy, Draco and their sharp elbows cleared the way. Crabbe and Goyle had, as predicted, bought so many Honeydukes sweets that most of the employees were helping count or staring. They hadn't even needed to tell them what was up. Blaise was being a very difficult customer and thus making sure the other employees were occupied.

This enabled Lupin, Sirius and Harriet to slip past them into the cellar and down into the secret passageway easily.

They crept along it quickly, Harriet shoving the cloak back into her bag. They came to a sudden halt behind the exit. Professor Dumbledore's voice reached their ears.

Lupin shifted in front of Sirius slightly.

They remained as still as statues listening in on the conversation who's other participant seemed to be Snape.

As soon as they were sure they were gone, they threw the cloak over Black and made their way to Lupin's office as quickly as possible. Lupin would take the man to the Shrieking shack at midnight or whenever everyone was asleep.

Harriet, sensing that they would need some time alone, excused herself and made her way back to the common room.

Comment or Kudo! Makes writing more fun.

XOXO, Drachma

When the Moon is Howling

Chapter Notes

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

Sirius Black stood in Lupin's office. The man was looking at him as if he was an artifact in a glass case, something that would break if you touched it. His lips curled into a wry smile, cracked lip almost splitting open again.

"Come on Moony, I know I'm as beautiful as a rose but, believe me, I'm not as fragile. You won't break me with a hug." He said dryly.

No sooner than the words had left his mouth, he was pulled into a tight embrace. Remus Lupin clung to him as if he was scared that, if he let go, Sirius Black would dissolve into thin air.

Sirius didn't blame him. After all, he hadn't told Moony about what had happened when he had arrived at the Potters' house all those years ago. He hadn't even told him he'd been there. He hadn't told him that he'd challenged that traitor Peter Pettigrew to a duel causing that bloody rat to blow up an entire street, killing 13 Muggles in the process, and cut off his finger. All those things that he hadn't told him.

It seemed fitting that he had been sent to Azkaban for twelve years, charged with betrayal and murder. He hadn't betrayed his friends, but he had killed them. He had convinced the Potters to make Pettigrew their secret keeper because he had thought it less suspicious. He had kept things from Remus, like his missions with Marlene McKinnon. He knew the werewolf had started to suspect something and they had gotten into a huge fight. Also Sirius Black's fault for not coming clean and telling him about the ongoing investigation.

Sirius had left Remus without so much as a hint as to what had been going on the same night the Potters had been murdered. He noticed his shoulder was slowly getting soaked. Regret crept through his body. Remus had been hurting all these years because he had been too stupid to open his mouth.

Slowly he wrapped his arms around the werewolf and said the only thing he could.

"I'm sorry," Sirius choked out, clinging onto the oh so familiar suit jacket with those ridiculous elbow patches.

It was barely a whisper and his voice had cracked but he was sure Remus had heard him because the arms around him tightened even more.

It took another two seconds for Sirius to start crying as well.

A while later, Remus pulled back and said the words Sirius had been awaiting and dreading.

"We need to talk." Lupin's voice was firm and left no room for arguing. Sirius merely nodded, took a deep breath and began at the moment he'd started getting suspicious of Pettigrew's involvement with Dumbledore. This was going to take a while.

"- and that's when I got sentenced to Azkaban. Merlin, Moony, I'm so sorry! I should have talked to you. I should have told you everything-" Sirius rambled.

"Yes. You should have. Why didn't you?" Remus cut across him, seemingly furious. "We don't keep secrets from each other, remember? You promised me that!"

"I know."

"You promised me!" Remus choked out, crocodile tears starting to fall again.

"I know!" Sirius said looking like a kicked puppy, eyes rubbed red and quickly becoming damp again. "And I know there is nothing- nothing - I can do that will ever make up for all the pain I put you through by breaking that promise and -"

He took a shuddering breath, wrapping his arms around himself with his gaze falling to the floor. There was too much to make up for and nothing he had the ability to make up for. Sirius sniffed. "And I understand if you don't want me around anymore. You don't have to forgive me."

Lupin stared at him, every year of suffering and separation showing at once. The wolf in his mind howled in pain, clawing at his insides.

"Remus?" Sirius looked back at him, wiping his eyes, "It's okay if you don't like me anymore. After everything I've done I don't blame you. I deserve not to be forgiven. Throw in a few hexes if you like."

"I forgave you for that a long time ago." Remus admitted quietly, hearing Sirius' breath catch, "And no matter what you do I will always forgive you. Giving you that level of absolute trust again and going back to how we were, is a different matter. That's nearly impossible."

"The offer for hexing me still stands." Sirius held out his arms to the sides a little in a sort of surrender.

"Not interested." Remus said flatly.

Sirius nodded his head. He agreed easily when Remus told him to get some rest whilst he went to the great hall for dinner, promising to bring Sirius something to eat.

After he'd left, Sirius curled up into a ball in the corner of the office and drifted into a restless sleep.

Too soon for me to add the wolfstar tags?

I feel like I need to wait until they kiss or something. This isn't a c drama.

Anyway, comment or kudo!

XOXO, Drachma

Thinking of a Rat Trap

Chapter Notes

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

Lighting flashed outside the windows causing some of the first years to nearly jump out of their skins. Pans patted a younger Slytherin on the shoulder in comfort and poured her another cup of tea. Harriet pretended not to see the calming draught.

Due to the atrocious weather forecast for the entire month and especially the current weather, all the planned Quidditch matches had been cancelled.

Harriet didn't mind. Now she had more time to plan Pettigrew's capture and how to get a confession out of him.

On the other hand, the very unhappy Gryffindor captain, Oliver Wood, had filed many complaints. So many, that his slightly annoyed team had staged an intervention.

His ambition to win the cup that year was admirable, since it was his last chance, but fate seemed not to care.

Due to a crack in the Slytherin common room wall, and the flooding, the Slytherins had been moved to the other common rooms temporarily. They all had the advantage of not being under the lake. Students had to share dorms with the other houses. Harriet had been ecstatic to find out she'd be staying with the Ravenclaws.

She had taken to studying with Marietta, whom she still remembered helping her in her first year, and her friend Cho Chang. Both extremely clever and able to hold intellectual conversations for hours.

Sirius had made himself at home in the shrieking shack. He'd even repaired lots of the destroyed furniture. Sure, the place still looked shabby, but at least it no longer took the appearance of a bomb site. It was progress.

Most of the issues Harriet brought to his attention had to do with Pettigrew. While Sirius admired his Prongslet's focus, it did make it difficult to get to know her. His goddaughter was like Remus during exam season. Absolutely brilliant, yet unable to see when she needed a break.

When Harriet got back to the castle from her last visit, Medusa was waiting on her guest bed in the Ravenclaw tower.

"So, any idea on how to catch Pettigrew yet?" the snake asked, slithering around her neck.

"No, but I do know that his animagus form is a rat," Harriet replied sighing. "Figures."

"Figures," Medusa agreed, scorn evident in her voice.

"It's Weasels rat on top of that," Harriet groaned, "I can't believe he disguised himself as a pet. That just makes it harder to catch him!"

"A rat is a rat!" Medusa snapped, "They all taste the same in the end!"

"This is a human animagus though! We can't just kill him. We need to make sure that we get a confession out of him in front of a ministry official." She gave Medusa some bacon to snack on. "What we need is a solid plan. One that doesn't involve unintentional manslaughter."

"Unintentional?"

"Completely intentional if there's no other option and a couple of well placed reasons, as well as assuming we knew nothing about Pettigrew being an animagus."

"I see. What do we do then?"

"Heck if I know! I need to talk to the others." Harriet threw on a scarf to cover Medusa and headed off in search of Draco, Pansy and Blaise.

Twenty-three minutes later they were huddled in the secret corridor.

"So we need to kidnap Pettigrew as soon as possible?" Pansy said, clicking her tongue.

"OK, how do we get him?" Draco asked.

"I'm guessing he's too smart for mouse traps?" Blaise suggested.

"Too fat more like!" Pansy said. "Weasel definitely feeds him too much. That can't be good."

"Makes him easier to catch." Draco shrugged. "Harriet?"

"We definitely need to sneak into Gryffindor tower, grab him, turn him back, notify the Aurors, get him to confess and get him locked up." Harriet rolled her eyes. "That's a lot to do and a lot to screw up."

"Maybe we can shove him into a mouse cage?" Blaise mused.

Pansy snorted. "I think the bigger problem is getting into the Gryffindor common room. Not to mention reversing the animagi spell."

"None of you are staying in Gryffindor tower?" Harriet asked them in disbelief.

"No," Draco sighed. "That would have been too easy."

"Why don't you ask Sirius for ideas?" Pansy tried.

"Or Professor Lupin?" Draco suggested.

"Like they could figure that out." Harriet scoffed. "This isn't the most productive meeting."

"Perhaps we can convince Professor McGonagall," Pansy said.

"Your funeral. Go ahead."

"Nevermind."

They sat there in silence for a while. Medusa was dozing on Harriet's arm and nibbling on Blaise's robes.

Figuring this out could be a problem. If only they had a very well trained cat or something?

Probably no better than Medusa. Harriet scrapped the idea. "Manual labour it is. Polyjuice potion if we must."

Chapter End Notes

Comment or Kudo!

Thank you!

XOXO, Drachma

Plotting requires a great Mind

Chapter Notes

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

The next weeks were spent with Harriet and her friends shadowing Weasley and Pettigrew. The idiot seemed so blissfully unaware that it would have been entirely too easy to swipe the rat, had it not been a disguised murderer.

They didn't know what Pettigrew's skill level was. He should have a certain amount of competence and you needed a certain level of insanity to cut off your own finger. That being said, the man had been a rat for quite a while.

The twins friend Jiyu had helped Harriet more often than not. She had even lied to McGonagall's face about tutoring her in Defense against the dark arts as Harriet had been caught pouring over a book from the restricted section.

After the girls were done convincing the professor, Jiyu turned to Harriet and said, "I have no idea what you're up to, but if you need anything or want a teacher gone temporarily, just let me or the twins know, OK?"

"Thank you!" Harriet said, smiling gratefully. She looked tired, dark ring forming under her eyes.

"What were you looking for anyway?"

"The patronus charm."

"Oof, that's a tricky one," Jiyu scratched the back of her neck. "I'd just ask Professor Lupin."

Harriet looked back at the book, not saying anything.

"Smartest person in your year and that didn't occur to you?" Jiyu chuckled. "You can ask your teachers for help. They won't kill you."

A while later, the Weasley twins and Jiyu were sitting on the roof of the green houses. The patch was covered in leaves and surprisingly comfortable.

"You know, I really worry about Harriet sometimes." Jiyu said, watching the clouds pass by.

"No wonder. With Dumbledore trying to watch her every move-" Fred said stretching.

"And her Godfather being hunted down by dementors. That's got to be mentally tiring!" George finished his brother's train of thought, leaning against Jiyu's shoulder.

They sat there in silence for a while, mulling the situation over.

"You know what I'm thinking, gents?" Jiyu asked grinning.

One look at her face told the twins all they needed to know. This would be fun!

"Absolutely." George said.

"Definitely worth the detention." Fred smirked.

"To be honest, everybody could use the down time." they chorused.

"Five years spent with you guys and that still creeps me out to a certain degree." Jiyu laughed.

With evil smirks perfect for mischief and chaos the trio got to work.

Back in the dormitory, things weren't great. Everything had been repaired from the floods, but some roommates didn't seem to be interested in normal activities necessary for health.

Harriet banged her head on the table repeatedly.

"Nothing! I got nothing! Damn- stupid- useless- empty- brain."

"Ok, Harriet, let's move away from the table." Pansy coaxed her over to the couch.

Immediately Harriet grabbed all the pillows and curled into a ball around them, pouting. Why couldn't she think of anything? Why? Where was her brain when she needed it? Perhaps she should have gotten some sleep?

Nah. She could sleep another time.

She had to prove her godfather innocent and protect her friends. She also needed a way to get rid of the dementors incase everything went haywire.

Had Pansy always had such a boopable nose? Heh, boopable! She burst into a fit of giggles.

Pansy looked at her friend concerned. She was shaking all over. The giggles and the slightly crazy look in her eye made the whole thing scarier. Pansy could see a slight resemblance to Sirius Black's wanted poster.

Suddenly, Harriet leaned over the side of the couch clutching her stomach. Pansy quickly summoned her a bucket and held her hair back whilst she threw up.

Harriet needed to take better care of herself. This just wouldn't do. Gently, Pansy guided Harriet to the dorm and placed her on her bed. Tucking her in, she made sure Harriet's head was in a position she could throw up in without drowning in her own puke. A few minutes later Harriet was out cold.

All great Plans came from a great mind. However, if this mind was high on energy drinks and energising potion, the creation of such a plan would have to wait.

The next morning classes had somehow been cancelled. Needless to say the twins and Jiyu were hiding out in a broom cupboard whilst Filch was running around school looking for

them frantically. The classrooms were in a shocking state. Some were small swamps and others kept moving the doors so no one could get in.

Harriet woke up and flinched, pulling the covers over her head. The sun was far too bright, her head hurt and she felt like she had no energy whatsoever. She groaned closing her eyes again. She felt someone trying to get her to sit up and complied. A glass of water was pressed to her lips. Immediately, she gulped it down.

"Mabye stay away from the energy drinks for a while." Pansy said.

Harriet simply pulled the covers over her head again with a groan and went back to sleep.

She made a mental note to just ask Moony about the patronus charm later. Jiyu had been right.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for your support of the story so far!

I hope everyone is doing well!

XOXO, Drachma

Expecto Whatever

Chapter Notes

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

Harriet was sitting in Lupin's office, drinking tea, listening carefully to his explanation of the patronus charm.

"So all I need is a very happy memory?" Harriet said flatly, "I guess that would have been too much to write into a book!"

"The useful books are being rebound," Lupin chuckled, "Dumbledore sent them out at the start of the year."

"He sent out the books that we could have used to learn how to defend ourselves from a dementor attack?"

Lupin nodded grimly, "Yes. I taught the prefects this charm at the start of the year. It's rather complex magic, despite how it sounds."

"Well, that's good." Harriet set down her tea cup. "When do we begin?"

"Well, right now if you feel up to it."

"Absolutely!"

"Alright," Lupin stood, pulling out his wand. "Get up and copy me."

He took a few steps away from the table and waved his wand in a specific pattern. Harriet copied him.

"Not bad," he said, "Raise your wand a little higher, the movements need to be clear when you're beginning to learn. As you get more familiar with how the spell feels, you can drop some of them."

"Why is that anyway?" Harriet asked curiously. "Professor Flitwick has been lecturing us about spell feelings for a while but I still don't quite understand. Even with Magical Theory clearing up most of the issues."

"Your taking Magical Theory?"

"Yeah, I figured it'd be useful. I really enjoy Ancient Studies as well. Anyway, about the magic?"

"Well, as Magical Theory will have explained, magic isn't tied down. It's not a muscle or a nerve, it's more of a living thing. You can morph it and shape it how you like with spell casting or potion making. Also with sigils and symbols," Remus explained, "You do this mostly in your mind and soul. In other words, your wand is merely an extension of the two. It

reflects your magic with it's own, hence the wand choosing the wizard. After a while, you become so familiar with certain spells that they become like secondary nature. For an expert duelist these would be the combat spells they cast behind their backs."

Harriet nodded, processing the new information. "So you're saying someone might not need a wand to cast spells?"

"Pretty much," Lupin smiled, "These would be very powerful wizards though. One example would be Merlin and another would be the high priests of Egypt. All of them lived long ago. These days it's impossible to achieve that kind of control."

"And why the happy memory for the patronus?" That was the part Harriet hadn't understood yet.

Remus smiled patiently. "The Patronus charm wards against a dementors aura, so to speak. It needs to be particularly bright to balance out the fear and pain a dementor makes you recall. It usually takes the form of an animal which will fight the dementor off."

"What's yours?" Harriet asked.

Her godfather chuckled. "Expecto Patronum!" he called.

Silver and light leapt from his wand. A giant wolf leapt out, bounding around the room. It sniffed at various things, gently nipped at Harriets robes before leaping forward again and dissolving.

"Cool!" Harriet cried happily, clapping her hands in excitement.

"Now you try!" Remus laughed.

"Okay!"

Harriet thought for a while. Happy memories, happy memories...

This was harder than it seemed. She thought of playing cards with her friends. That was happy enough, right?

A pathetic wisp of white smoke appeared. Harriet's face fell in dissapointment.

"Don't worry," Lupin said gently, "No one gets it on their first try. What did you think of?"

"Playing cards with my friends."

"A good memory," he smiled, "Not strong enough. Try again?"

Harriet did. She tried three more times. No luck. Just meager whisps.

"Don't worry," Remus told her as she sat back down in a huff. "It's alright if you don't get it that quickly. It took me much longer to even get the whisps, your doing fine."

Harriet just nodded, not entirely happy with herself. She wanted to learn this quickly! It wasn't really her fault that charms wasn't her best subject. Who would have thought magic was so emotional. Transfigurations were definitely easier to do.

Absentmindedly, she drummed her fingers on the table. Did she have any better memories she could use?

"What's your memory?" She asked Remus.

Remus gaped at her slightly.

"If you don't mind," Harriet added quickly, "Just curious."

Lupin seemed to consider for a moment, Harriet's expecting eyes looking at him inquisitively. He gave a gentle smile, "Finding my family again."

Chapter End Notes

Comment or Kudo!

Thank you.

XOXO, Drachma

Issues

Chapter Notes

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

After two refreshing days off, Pansy felt thrilled to receive the notification that divination had been cancelled due to unforeseen circumstances. She didn't like Trilewamy. It was hilarious to think that anyone could take the woman seriously.

Pansy snapped the book she had been reading shut. It was titled 'werewolves: pack dynamics and mates'. When she had asked Harriet whether or not Lupin and Black were a couple, her friend had simply rolled her eyes and given her the book, ordering her to read it. Yes, the two men had that wonderful Alpha/Alpha female dynamic. They were definitely a couple. Or, at least, they had been and now had a slightly broken relationship.

It was a tragedy really. The story of an innocent convict who had suffered so terribly for twelve years in prison only to return to his true love should be one to have a happy ending. Sure, she wasn't pleased about the whole werewolf situation. Pansy could admit that she was wary. Not of the professor, but of his howling counterpart.

Lupin could be trusted, but only an idiot turned their back on a wild animal.

Either way, someone needed to fix Black and Lupin's relationship. They needed to get the two to have a proper conversation about where it was going. They'd obviously talked about the past already, but they needed to look at the present.

She got up and left the common room in search of Harriet.

Pansy found her sitting on the floor of Moaning Myrtle's bathroom with Draco and Blaise, reading through an advanced potions textbook.

"What's going on?" she asked.

"Truth serum." Draco grinned, stirring the cauldron.

"It's brilliant! Professor Snape actually lent us a book for sixth years!" Blaise sounded very pleased with himself.

Draco let out an unimpressed snort. "He lent me and Harriet the book because we show interest in the subject and wanted to do further research."

"Details!" Blaise waved his hand dismissively. "I can't help not being the perfect student."

Harriet rolled her eyes and added another ingredient. "What gives, Pansy?"

"Your godfathers need to talk to each other or their relationship is going to take a turn for the worse."

"Well, yes, but what do you expect-"

"You to help me with Operation Wolfstar!"

"Operation what?"

"Wolfstar! We're getting them to fix their relationship. It's so annoying watching them chase after each other like lost puppies!" Pansy huffed. "Really! You'd think adults would know how to communicate properly."

"I doubt it." Harriet chuckled dryly, "Okay."

"Okay?"

"Okay, I'm in."

"Brilliant!"

"Just talk us through your plan while this begins to settle," Draco sighed waving his hand at the cauldron. "We have nothing better to do until next week."

A couple of days later, they were still brainstorming ideas because of course Pansy had no certain plan and Harriet hated improvisation.

Draco and Blaise were sitting in the corner of the library figuring out what the laws concerning animagi were. Of course, they were focused on the most recent version of the wizarding law.

It had been officiated in 1642, the stamp on the bookcover told them. The book itself looked like it was held together by lots of magic and an extraordinary amount of faith. They had already had to use sticking charms to reattach several of the book pages to the spine.

Contacting the ministry was still the easiest part of the entire operation. Both Pansy and Draco had connections.

"Something's on your mind," Blaise accused suddenly.

"What?" Draco asked, shocked.

"Something is on your mind," his friend repeated. "What is it?"

Draco shook his head. "I don't know what you're talking about."

Blaise's eyes narrowed in concern. "Is it your memory again?"

"I- no." Draco blinked, he hadn't had issues with that for the past two months.

"What then?" Blaise asked.

"Why would I tell you?" Draco was on the defensive. A difficult subject then. One that should really be resolved sooner rather than later.

Blaise shrugged. "Because we're friends. Also, I worry about you."

"Well, there's no need." He snapped. Draco started grabbing his things to leave.

"Clearly." Blaise let out a huff of air. "You've only been more irritable and avoiding than usual."

"Can't a man have time to himself?"

"He can so long as it doesn't affect anyone else negatively."

Draco rolled his eyes and stalked off. No way was he having that conversation. Blaise didn't need to know some things.

Chapter End Notes

Comment or Kudo!

XOXO, Drachma

What's going on with Draco Malfoy?

Chapter Notes

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

The truth serum was almost finished. Harriet hummed as she brewed, Draco leaning against a toilet stall with his feet propped up on his bag. Myrtle wasn't keeping them company that evening. Some other ghosts had invited her to a celebration of some kind. A death-day party, if Harriet remembered correctly. It seemed fun but they hadn't gotten an invite and no one was in the mood to crash a party.

Harriet and Draco had the bathroom to themselves for a while. Pansy and Blaise had both seemed in a sour mood. Pansy had even gone so far as to declare that she refused to work with Draco unless he apologised for the fight they had had.

Harriet didn't mind. She was used to little disagreements. It came with living together. Besides, it was usually fun working with Draco. They'd taken to managing their homework alongside the potion.

However, something seemed off about Draco.

Draco, who was staring absentmindedly into space again.

"Draco?" Harriet said, trying to get her friends attention. "Draco!"

She waved. She snapped her fingers. Nothing. No reaction whatsoever. Briefly, Harriet wondered if he had ever been this deep in thought. Should she be proud?

With a sigh, she poked him in the ribs. He jerked in surprise.

"Ow! Who? What? Where?" he asked confused, looking around startled.

"I wanted to ask about question three on our charms homework," Harriet said, "But that doesn't seem to be the main issue here. What's going on?"

"Nothing!" The answer was too quick.

"Really?" she asked, "That's what your going with?"

"It's really nothing!" Draco tried and failed to assure her. His entire existence in that moment was a tell. Eyes flicking towards the door, his fidgeting, the fact that he couldn't look at her. Something was wrong, decidedly so.

He didn't seem to want to talk about it on his own though.

Harriet rolled her eyes. "You almost ran into a door yesterday, snapped at Blaise, started an argument with Pansy and you haven't been focusing at all for a while now. You even screwed up your last potions essay! What's going on?"

"Nothing. Just tired," Draco lied.

"Draco," Harriet said evenly, "That's my go to lie. Don't even try to convince me. You've been acting wierd. It's getting on everyone's nerves and disrupting the undergoing operation. What is it? Tell me."

"I- " Draco hesitated, shifting in his seat.

"You?" Harriet prompted, waving her quill in a go-on motion.

He rubbed his face. "It's complicated."

"Great, I love puzzles." She smiled.

"It's to do with feelings." His voice was muffled through his hands.

"Merlin help me!" Harriet face-palmed. Why was she being confronted with feelings again. Didn't the universe have anything better to do?

First the patronus, then gradually getting her godparents to talk to each other and now this? What had she done to deserve this?

"Nevermind!" she said, seeing Draco's face, "Continue."

"Erm- so- " He started to fidget with his robe sleeves. This was a big deal then.

"You don't have a crush on anyone, do you?" Harriet joked.

Draco's face fell a bit and he looked at the floor. The room stopped for a second.

"Oh." Harriet sighed. "Well then. Who is it? Who's the lucky girl? Can you tell me? Do you want to tell me?"

In hindsight, she probably should have asked if he even wanted to talk sooner. A lot sooner! Harriet would have probably murdered him already if it was the other way around. Quietly, she waited for an answer. She had given him a way out of the conversation. Would he take it? What would she do if he started crying? Why were there no handbooks for this kind of thing?

Draco glanced around as if he expected someone to be listening in on their conversation. "That's the complicated part," he said quietly.

Harriet frowned. "Go on."

Her mind was racing with options. Was the person taken? Crushing on someone else? More than one person? Anything was possible.

"Well, it- " Draco paused, seemingly terrified. He took a few deep breaths, trying to calm himself, looking on the verge of a panic attack. "It's not- It's not a girl."

You could hear a pin drop.

Chapter End Notes

Happy Pride everyone! I hope your all doing well! Remember to stay hydrated and wear a mask if you go to any parades!! Take care!

Comment or leave a kudo!

XOXO, Drachma

The Kids aren't Alright: Exhibit B

Chapter Notes

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

"It's not Weasel, is it?" Harriet asked, before she could stop herself. She made a face for good measure.

Draco gave a shakey laugh. Relief washing over his features. "No. I still have taste."

"Then who?" Harriet asked him, giving him a light punch to the shoulder. "I don't care if its a guy! In case you didn't notice, my godfathers are literally gay! I'd just like to know who has my best friend this messed up."

Draco's laugh turned slightly watery. "Thanks," he sniffed, "for not caring."

"I literally have two godfathers," Harriet shrugged, "You still haven't told me who it is!"

Draco sighed and tilted his head back to stare at the cieling. "It doesn't matter," he said softly. "He's taken. I saw him kissing his girlfriend last week!"

"Should I kill her?" Harriet offered.

Draco shook his head. "No, she's in our friend group."

In their friend group? Who was dating in their friend group?

"Holy Morgana!" Harriet exclaimed when the penny dropped. "You have a crush on George!"

"Please don't tell him!" he pleaded, looking desperate.

"I won't," Harriet rolled her eyes, "Seriously, who do you take me for?"

"Thank you," Draco said. "It's not like I stood a chance anyway."

"Draco, I can barely deal with heartbreak. Don't put yourself down like that. I am definitely not qualified to give uplifting speeches." Harriet told him firmly. "Besides, the two of you are completely different. I can't compare you to each other. You're both your own people. Now, let's bottle this potion before this gets any wieder."

Walking back to the common room, Draco seemed a lot happier. Harriet smiled to herself. While she was in no way qualified to deal with emotions, she did appreciate it when her friends trusted her.

She mulled everything over. It was high time they wrapped up everything. Exams were approaching fast and she would really like to catch Pettigrew before study-season began.

Maybe getting a cat or letting Medusa loose wasn't such a bad idea? Perhaps Hedwig would also be interested?

No, they needed him alive. It was really a shame. This could all have been over quickly.

Maybe she could buy a cage and catch him that way? Perhaps she should gather up the evidence and notify Professor McGonagall?

It wouldn't be a terrible idea. Professor McGonagall was scarily good at dealing with problems. Absolutely terrifying. Harriet hoped they were never on opposing terms.

She walked to the dorm to mull it over. Amina was sitting on her bed fiddling with something.

"You okay?" Harriet asked.

"Not really."

Harriet thought for a second. "Alright, I'm not qualified to do this, but do you want to talk about it?"

Amina sighed. "My parents have a trial coming up."

"Wait, what? How? Weren't they given a life sentence?" Harriet sat down opposite her friend, a worried expression on her face.

"They managed to get themselves a hearing for parole." She gave a wry smile.

"How?" Harriet asked again, not quite believing it.

"I don't know, but they could be coming back!" Amina sniffed.

Shoot! Was she going to cry? Harriet awkwardly handed her a box of tissues.

"Any news on your godfather?" Amina asked dabbing at her eyes. Apparently she needed a short break.

"I have evidence of his innocence." Harriet smiled. "We should be able to get him out of trouble before long."

"That's good, right?" Amina asked.

"Yeah." Harriet nodded.

They sat in silence. The quiet giving room to their thoughts and fears.

"How do you think the trial will go?" Harriet asked Amina.

The other girl gave a humourless laugh. "Honestly, I hope they both stay locked up where they can't hurt me."

An image of Vernon Dursley flashed through Harriets mind. "Understandable," she said.

"I have to testify in front of them," Amina choked out, tears pouring down her face. "I have to face them at the ministry and - and I have to tell everyone what they are like!"

If she had been crying a river before, there was enough water to fill Neptune now.

"I don't know what to do! If I tell the truth then - then they'll hate me and if - if I don't then I have to live with them again and I can't do that."

"I read somewhere that they give you veritaserum in court," Harriet said evenly.

That just made things worse. Amina Cheng fell apart in upset. This was her worst nightmare. There had been a reason she had hid in the back of the room when facing the boggart.

Harriet reached out and awkwardly patted her on the shoulder. "Do you want me to come with you?" she asked.

"I don't know if that's allowed." Amina sniffed.

"If it is?"

"I - I don't know." More tears.

Harriet felt an ache in her heart. She understood. If she had had to face Vernon she would have probably been in a similar state.

"That's okay. It'll all be okay," she told Amina softly, rubbing her back.

"I don't know." Amina whispered again, curling up to her.

"I know." Harriet began making circles with her hand, "Just let me know what happens. I'll hide you if I have to."

"Thanks."

Chapter End Notes

Comment or Kudo!
Thank you!

XOXO, Drachma

Catching The Rat

Chapter Notes

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

Harriet stood facing Professor McGonagall's office door, a file clutched tightly in her hands. Did she feel comfortable asking for help? No.

Was Professor McGonagall the best option in this case? Weighing all the pros and cons, the conclusion was solid. Yes, the teacher was the best option.

Harriet considered one more time. Well, she could give it a shot.

She raised a fist and knocked three times. After a minute of waiting with her breath held, she heard a, "Come in!"

She opened the door nervously and stepped inside.

"Ms. Potter," McGonagall said, looking at her over the brim of her glasses. "What can I do for you?"

Harriet gulped. This had to be handled properly. She couldn't screw this up.

"I have a few Questions," she said more calmly than she felt.

McGonagall put down her newspaper. "About classwork? I suggest asking you peers first.

"About Sirius Black and Peter Pettigrew," Harriet said, placing the file on the desk.

McGonagall picked it up. It was obvious her interest had been awoken. Harriet took a deep breath. Was it enough evidence? Had she messed anything up?

She watched as the teacher looked over her work, feeling very much like an artist showing the King his new portrait.

"Have you contacted the ministry?" Professor McGonagall asked eventually, putting the file down.

"We wanted to wait until we had him," Harriet said looking at the floor. "They'd just roll their eyes and say 'stupid kids' otherwise."

She scuffed her foot on the ground.

Professor McGonagall nodded and looked back at the file. "Where do you suppose Pettigrew is now?"

"Disguised as Ron Weasley's rat."

"Which is why you brought the case to me?"

"Not only. I thought perhaps an authority figure who wasn't directly involved should know."

Professor McGonagall smiled slightly. "You do have some wits about you, I suppose. The truth serum for the confession?"

"Brewed."

"By you?" Professor McGonagall studied her.

Harriet began grinding the ball of her foot on the ground. This was so awkward! "And Draco Malfoy," she said.

"I see." Professor McGonagall stood up. "Very well, Potter. You are excused. Leave catching Pettigrew to me. Be sure to bring me the potion this evening and the evidence as well. Tell your friends to contact the authorities on my behalf."

Harriet nodded and practically raced out of the room. As soon as she was around the corner, she let out a breath that she didn't know she was holding.

McGonagall was going to catch Pettigrew. The drama was almost over!
She sank to the floor and focused on her breathing. Everything was going to be okay!

After a while she got up and went back to the common room feeling oddly lightheaded. Her friends were lounging around in their usual corner, looking only bored.

"Good News!" Harriet told them walking up. In a much quieter voice she added, "It should all be over tonight!"

"That's great!" Pansy cheered. "Now you won't be reading far into the night anymore! You can just sleep!"

"Excuse me? I've been putting off reading some fiction books for a long time! Don't think that I will be sleeping." Harriet laughed lightly at Pansy's face, "Exams are coming up as well. We can't forget those!"

The brunette groaned, putting her head in her hands. "You're making us go through bi-weekly study sessions again, aren't you?"

"Yeah," Harriet grinned. "At least Hermione will be there though. That means you don't have to bring your A-game every time. You can however still bring snacks!"

"Speaking of snacks," Draco interjected, "When was the last time you ate? You look kind of pale."

Harriet thought for a solid minute. That... that was a really good question.

"I think I ate breakfast?" she said.

"Sit down," Blaise said dragging her into the seat next to him and handing her some snacks.
"Eat! What would your godfathers say?"

"He's right you know," Pansy said, "They'd be more worried about you than we are. You work too hard. I can't understand how you can obsess over problems like that. I don't think that's healthy!"

"Are you here to lecture me or make me eat something?" Harriet muttered around a mouthful of custard creams.

"Both, I think," Draco smirked.

"Traitor," Harriet huffed, kicking him.

At 7pm sharp, Harriet arrived at Professor McGonagalls office, potion and evidence in hand. She could hear through the door that the ministry was already there.

Chapter End Notes

Comment or Kudo! Thank you!

XOXO, Drachma

Trial and Verdict

Chapter Notes

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

The office of the head of Gryffindor House was one of the larger, much more comfortable than the two-toilet-stall wide office of Professor Snape. Perhaps that was why he was so grouchy most of the time.

It didn't matter in that moment, because the office seemed way too small. There were several aurors, many official and three teachers. The headmaster wasn't present, something Harriet was grateful for.

In the middle of the room, sat a man she had seen only in two or three pictures before. There was no doubt about it. This was Peter Pettigrew.

An official turned around. "Wonderful," he said. "Now we can begin. If you would be so kind to hand over the evidence and the truth potion."

Harriet gave him both obediently and shuffled over to Remus Lupin who was staring down Pettigrew with an ice cold glare.

"Professor Snape," the official said, "Please assess this potion."

Snape took the vial and studied it, holding it to the light and listening to the contents swish around. Harriet shrank into Remus' side. She kind of wished she wasn't there. Unconsciously, she grabbed onto his sleeve.

"It's good work," Snape said. "I would expect nothing less from my students."

He stepped back.

The ministry official held out the potion. "Are you going to drink this willingly?" he asked Pettigrew.

"Sir- " Pettigrew sniffed, "Please - I-"

"Give it to him," the official ordered.

A man, probably an auror stepped forward and forced the potion into Pettigrew's mouth, covering both that and his nose so he had no choice but to swallow it.

"I- "Pettigrew tried again.

"Commence questioning." The official took a seat. Harriet noticed a woman scribbling into a notepad. A court scribe?

"Were you Lily and James Potter's secret keeper?" The first question was asked.

Pettigrew looked like he was struggling, "Yes."

"Did you betray them?"

"Yes."

"Who did you tell their location to?"

"I was ordered to give it to Li Cheng and Courtney Whitmore." Pettigrew looked like he was in pain.

Harriet didn't care. He deserved it. What caught her attention were the names Cheng and Whitmore. Specifically Cheng. Perhaps this could be a way to keep Amina's parents in prison.

"Who ordered it?" That was a good question. Harriet listened up.

"A - a benefactor." Pettigrew said.

"You didn't know the name?" The official frowned.

"Yes."

"What was the name?"

"Lord Phoenix." Pettigrew said.

That was cheesy. Really cheesy. Harriet knew finding an alias was difficult but really? Lord Phoenix? That was all too easy to connect.

Still, it did complicate things.

If Dumbledore had ordered Pettigrew to give information to two well known deatheaters, then that was a reason to give them parole.

"Did you kill those muggles?" The official then asked.

"Yes. I blew up the street."

"So Sirius Black is innocent?"

"Yes, I framed him." Pettigrew gasped.

If Harriet hadn't been holding onto him, Remus would have attacked him. Right then and there. No fucks given. Judging by the way she tightened her grip, he figured she must have known. He glanced at her. She was pale and it was unclear whether she was shaking in fear or anger. Gently, he pulled Harriet behind him a little more.

The ministry asked more and more questions until, finally, their curiosity had been satisfied.

Pettigrew was marched out of the room in chains, still pleading pitifully. Harriet just watched, not sure what to do.

The verdict had been pretty clear. Sirius Black was innocent and would be paid in retribution. Peter Pettigrew was the real criminal and would be condemned to a dementors kiss.

"What's a dementors kiss?" Harriet asked quietly, from where she was sitting.

"A dementors kiss is possibly the worst punishment the wizarding world has." Professor McGonagall said evenly. "It means that a dementor sucks out the soul of a person through their mouth."

"Do they die?"

"No, but they aren't exactly alive either." McGonagall declared, "This can have numerous issues. The first is that, in the unlikely event that someone's magic doesn't leave with their soul, you get a cursed corpse. The second is that the person can become a soul eater if not handled properly. The third is even less likely than the first two."

"What is it?" Harriet asked curiously.

"It's forbidden to speak of."

"Oh."

Why had she mentioned it then?

"Now," Professor McGonagall set her teacup down, "You have the next two days off. So do your friends. Don't take this as a reward for the reckless stupidity you have shown over the past three years and instead use it to reflect. That's all. You are dismissed. My colleagues and I need to have a chat."

Harriet nodded glumly and left the room. Why was she being scolded for saving the day?

Lupin gave her an encouraging smile on the way out.

Chapter End Notes

Comment or Kudo! Thank you.

XOXO, Drachma

Feathers of Truth

Chapter Notes

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

"You wet sock!" Elizabeth Whitmore shrieked, hurling a pillowcase across the dorm.

"You're the wet sock!" Millicent shot back along with two other pillows in rapid fire.

"What's going on?" Pansy asked, ducking behind Harriet who was looking about as equally confused as she felt.

"Pillow fight!" Amina grinned popping up from where she had been hiding behind a dresser.

Millicent and Elizabeth both hurled a pillow in her direction.

"No." Pansy shook her head, "No, we are not doing this! Put that ba-"

She couldn't finish because Harriet had grabbed one of the throw pillows off of her bed and hit her square in the face with it. She now stood, facing Pansy, with a very pleased smirk on her face.

"Okay," Pansy said, "Your funeral."

It took less than 0.3 seconds for the room to descend into madness. Feathers came loose and flew everywhere, bedding arrangements were destroyed, the chandelier was slightly askew now and no one noticed Medusa eating Millicent's supply of beef jerky until they were all tuckered out and lying on the floor in a mess they didn't feel like cleaning up.

"That was fun!" Amina declared watching the last feathers float to the ground.

Elizabeth grabbed a handful of feathers and blew them into the air, like a softer snowfall.

"I'm glad everything worked out for you this year," she told Harriet.

"Pretty much," Harriet said shrugging.

"What didn't?" Pansy asked around a mouthful of snacks that had previously been hidden under a pillow.

"Oh, I just feel like I'm going to fail two classes," she grinned.

"Like hell you will!"

"Really! Divination doesn't seem like it went too well and I have a sneaking feeling I messed up a few charms assignments!"

"I doubt that'll affect your grades much."

"You don't know that."

"Honestly, you've had a perfect score for the past two years. You deserve to be humbled."

"Hey, uh, can I ask something?" Amina said. "Would you all accompany me to my parents trial in the holidays? I don't want to be alone."

"I'll be there!" Harriet promised immediately.

"We all will," Elizabeth spoke for herself and Millicent.

"Why not?" Pansy said, shrugging. "We all have a magic oath binding us already. It would be stupid if we backed out of this."

"Y'know," Millicent said, leaning back against the bed, "I think we should turn this into a sleepover or slumber party. We need a break."

"No complaints from me," Harriet said, "It's the weekend tomorrow."

Pansy gasped. "We should play truth or dare!"

A collection of groans ran around the room.

"Come on!" Pansy whined, "It'll be fun!"

"It always escalates!" Amina complained.

"And there's nothing to win!" Millicent said.

"Well..." Pansy trailed off.

"Well?" Harriet sighed.

"We could trade secrets."

"Absolutely not!"

"Not our own."

"That's even less likely."

"What should we do then?" Pansy asked. "We can't have a slumber party and not play a game!"

"We could plot murder?" Elizabeth suggested jokingly.

"That's actually not a bad idea." Harriet shrugged. "Any ideas, ladies?"

"I volunteer Dumbledore as the corpse."

"Maybe something easier for now?"

"Like who? Pettigrew?" Pansy asked.

"Already got the dementors kiss, remember?" Millicent rolled her eyes.

Amina looked thoughtful. "How bad would my parents need to be to get one do you think?"

"They really terrify you, huh?" Pansy asked, rubbing her back in comfort.

"What did they even do?" Elizabeth asked. "If you don't mind sharing."

"They tracked spies and made them talk." Amina said.

"They tortured people!"

"A little more than that. Some say they had a vendetta to fulfill."

Harriet looked up from choosing a snack. "A vendetta?"

"Yeah. I wish I knew more about it, but apparently it has to do with Grindewald."

"That's interesting."

Pansy pinched Harriet in the side. "It's not interesting, it's horrible! And we're making her upset."

"She's already upset. I want to know more about this vendetta."

"I'm not clear on the details!" Amina looked apologetic. "All I know is someone wanted something to bring Grindewald back and they needed some people dead."

Harriet thought for a moment. "Bring him back? As a ghost or..."

She made a motion with her hand like she could pull more options out of thin air.

"More like as himself. Completely alive." Amina shrugged. "I don't know how they wanted to do that."

"Sounds like dark magic to me!" Millicent said and stuffed some sweets into her mouth.

"Or like that one story!" Pansy whispered.

"What story?" Harriet narrowed her eyes.

"The tale of the three brothers!"

"That's a children's story," Millicent scoffed. "There's no way!"

"Every story comes from somewhere," Elizabeth spoke softly. "Maybe someone believed it."

"I'm just going to assume that this is Dumbledore we're talking about," Harriet said, "Now can someone tell me what the story is?"

Pansy sighed and began. "Okay, so once upon a time-"

"Really?" Millicent asked.

Pansy shot her a glare. "Once upon a time there were three brothers -"

"Obviously," Elizabeth muttered under her breath.

Pansy shot her a glare too. "And while they were out they came across a river that everyone drowned in. They, being wizards used their magic to build a bridge."

"I can't believe no one else thought of that!" Amina said. "I mean, were they the first wizards there? It's unlikely."

"Do you want to tell it?" Pansy snapped at her, clearly annoyed by the interruptions.

"Nah, I'm good."

"As I was saying, they built a bridge. Halfway across they were stopped by death. He was angry at being outwitted-"

"Wait, so did death make this river?" Millicent asked.

Harriet kicked her lightly. "Let her continue please."

"Thank you, Harriet," Pansy said graciously, "Death offered the three brothers a reward and they each chose one thing."

Harriet tossed a pillow at Elizabeth who had opened her mouth to interrupt again. Pansy continued undeterred.

"The oldest brother chose a wand that would be unbeatable in any duel. He went on and bragged about it until someone slit his throat while he slept and stole it."

Harriet rolled her eyes and grabbed a flask of water.

"The second brother chose a stone that could bring back the dead, but it only brought them back halfway. They were unhappy. This brother had brought his lost love back and eventually grew so upset at her suffering he killed himself to be with her. The third brother chose a cloak to hide himself from everyone, even death."

"Smart," Harriet commented and went to take a drink, mulling this information over.

"In the end he died naturally and greeted death as a friend." Pansy concluded. "The end."

A cloak that made you invisible. Something Dumbledore wanted. Harriet thought of her own invisibility cloak. It couldn't be, right?

"Some people say if you possess all the deathly hallows you're the master of death and can command him at your will." Millicent said, yawning.

Harriet choked on her drink and ended in a coughing fit.

"Son of a bitch," she rasped.

She quite probably had a deathly hallow.

Chapter End Notes

Comment or Kudo!

Thank you!

XOXO, Drachma

The Truth is Unfortunately That

Chapter Notes

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

Harriet was sitting by the classroom window staring outside. She seemed to be thinking of nothing in particular, eyes slightly clouded like a daydreamer.

In reality, she was placing puzzle pieces into the bigger picture.

Amina's parents had been working for Dumbledore. They had also been working for Tom. Add the vendetta or whatever and you got the idea that Tom must have had a deathly hallow to make Dumbledore place them there. He must also not have suspected them.

Then there was the issue of that fateful Halloween night when Harriet Potter became the girl who lived.

The cloak had belonged to her father. That meant her family had owned a deathly hallow. Dumbledore had gone after them for that. But Tom had also been destroyed on that night.

So, what had happened?

Had Tom tried to save them? Unlikely since he also had a hallow.

Had he been there to kill them?

Was their alliance a lie?

Harriet didn't know. Was she still safe if Tom knew she had the cloak?

About as safe as if Dumbledore knew, she supposed.

Why did Tom want the hallows anyway?

It didn't matter. She could still figure that out.

Dumbledore and Tom Riddle must have arrived at the Potters at the same time, just about. Then they must have fought. Her parents had been killed in the process. How, she didn't know. What mattered was that Dumbledore and Riddle were the only ones left standing. Dumbledore must have won the duel with a powerful dark curse. Then he must have tried to kill to get the cloak, only to realise it wasn't there.

Her father had probably given it to Moony.

Tom had found a way to stay alive after being 'killed'. That meant he had a trick up his sleeve, whatever it was. It was probably really dark magic.

Harriet scanned all the information she had found on dark magic. Nope. No clue.

Sighing, Harriet realised she had somehow been doomed to be a puzzle-piece in a struggle for power. This also meant that the two 'main parties' also had a hallow. Probably.

Who had what then?

If Dumbledore had won the duel then...

Shit. He had the wand. The Wand. Capital 'W' and underlined.

Tom must have the stone then. Maybe that was why he lived.

Harriet had the cloak. Possibly the most useful item in her opinion. A small amount of smugness crept up.

She was allowed that, surely.

"Earth to Harriet!" Pansy waved a hand in front of her face.

Harriet jerked back, banging her knee against the desk. "Ow! Pansy! Don't scare me like that, woman!"

"I wouldn't if you'd pay attention. I've been trying to get your attention for a solid five minutes."

"Oh. Sorry."

"You could sound more regretful."

"Not really, no." Harriet smirked.

Pansy rolled her eyes. "What did you get for question ten?"

"On what?" Harriet asked looking at all the marked papers in front of her.

"Transfiguration homework." Pansy said. She looked really nervous.

"Uh..." Harriet checked quickly, "Full marks!"

"Great! Can I compare?"

"You can try."

"I meant the homework."

"Oh! That. Sure!"

"Thanks," Pansy said grabbing the parchment and looking between their answers. Sighing, she put it down again. "You don't think I can get McGonagall to give me an extra mark for my handwriting?"

"Why?" Harriet asked, "That bad?"

Pansy handed over her sheet.

"Ouch." Harriet said dryly.

"Gee, thank you! Such a good friend."

"I did offer to help you study!" Harriet chuckled softly, passing the sheet back.

"My grades this year are going to be worse than Draco's!" Pansy cried dramatically.

"I knew it!" Draco triumphed behind them.

"Piss off!"

"Please, you haven't had a chance since our potions scores came in!"

Pansy glared at him before asking Harriet, "When do we get Transfiguration and Divination back?"

"Next week," Harriet answered. "You're next essay would have to be really good though."

"Thanks for the honesty, but you can cool it on the brutal."

"Not really, no."

Draco gave a snort of laughter.

"I'm going to murder you." Pansy told him.

"Speaking of," Blaise said, pointing to some owls. "That's probably charms."

"Finally," Harriet said, getting up to open the window. "I've been worrying about those!"

Chapter End Notes

The mystery is solved!
Stay tuned for the next part!

XOXO, Drachma

Interlude 1

As it turned out, Draco did have better grades than Pansy.

"That happens when you obsess over other people's business instead of studying," he said, shrugging smugly.

"Well, excuse me for being a good friend!" Pansy huffed.

"Or a meddler."

"Oh, shut up! We have more important things to worry about.

"Yes, because you've been so focused on the Cheng's trial lately." Draco rolled his eyes.

"How is Amina anyway? Hm? Did you notice how pale she looked at breakfast today?"

Amina Cheng had been exempt from classes for the week. The girls had all gotten the day of the trial off to accompany her to the ministry.

It was currently the night before. Harriet was helping Amina draft her statement elsewhere. Everyone was convinced she would be the most matter of fact about it.

Pansy and Draco had nothing to do. If they did, they wouldn't be arguing.

"What's going on?" Hermione asked them coming up and sitting down next to Pansy.

"Nothing!" They both hurriedly busied themselves with something random.

"Okaaay," Hermione wasn't convinced. "Well, I'm sure you're having a great time reading an essay upside down."

Pansy blushed and hurriedly turned it the right way up.

"The trials really concerning, isn't it?" Hermione said, petting her giant orange cat, Crookshanks.

Draco wrinkled his nose. "What's concerning is how much you love that cat."

"There's nothing wrong with my cat!" Hermione hissed at him. "Now, can you please focus on the problem at hand?"

"Taken care of. My father says that the Cheng's are going back to Azkaban. There's no way the ministry would let them go." He leaned back and away from the glare the furry monster in Hermione's arms was giving him.

Between her obvious affection for cats and Harriet's love of reptiles and Pansy's adoration of horses, he was obviously the only sane one. Pets caused a mess and we're loud and unruly. Of course, owls had a use but that was about it.

Draco jerked his feet off the table and away from Crookshanks paws.

"He won't bite!" Hermione protested.

"Yeah," Pansy nodded, "It just means he likes you. Why don't you hold him?"

"No thanks. I'll pass."

"Come on!"

"Would you say that if it was a dog?"

"It's not a dog!"

"My point stands." Draco got up to leave, "I'll see you later - without that thing!"

He scrambled off and sped through the corridors. He fled up a flight of stairs, turned a corner and-

Wham!

"Oof!" The air was knocked out of him.

"Sorry!" George Weasley held out his hand to help him up, "Are you okay?"

"Yeah," he said, taking the offer. "Thanks."

His ribs hurt like hell but Draco supposed he could look past that.

"That looked like it hurt," Jiyu said, reaching out to tap his back.

Draco flinched. Of course she was here.

"Don't worry, I have a spell for that," Jiyu smiled and waved her wand. "Scilicet doloris."

The ache left.

"Thank you," Draco said.

Jiyu was a kind person. Really, really kind. She helped people with their homework and half the castle seemed to go to her with their problems. Harriet thought highly of her and spoke of their study sessions in a good manner. There was absolutely nothing wrong with Jiyu.

That was the problem. Draco wanted to dislike her for stealing his crush and he just couldn't.

"What's up?" Blaise asked, saving the day and quite possibly Draco's dignity.

"Oh, just had a little run in," George grinned. "Nothing serious."

He winked. George Weasley winked. Draco did his best to keep his face from warming.

"You okay?" Blaise asked him.

"Yeah," Draco said, voice cracking slightly. He cleared his throat. "Yeah, yeah, I'm fine."

"You are a bit red," Jiyu said, looking concerned.

"It's nothing!" He said all too fast. "You know, I just realized that I have somewhere to be. Blaise, let's go!"

With that Draco grabbed Blaise and fled the scene.

"What-" George began to ask.

"Oh, George," Jiyu sighed.

"What? What?!"

"Nevermind," she shook her head and brushed some of his hair back. "Let's go, we have a prank to pull. Fred is probably wondering where we are."

"Touché." George shrugged. "Hey, are you free this weekend? We should go to Hogsmeade."

"Dungbomb supply run out?" She teased.

He shook his head. "No, date?"

Jiyu smiled shyly. "Yeah. We can do that, I suppose."

"She supposes," George teased.

"Oh, shut up."

Making Ends Meet

Chapter Notes

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

The trial concluded. Mr. and Mrs. Cheng were dragged out of the common room screaming insults and threats. Amina waited until they were gone to crawl out from under the seat row where she had been hiding since the trial had concluded.

"You good?" Harriet asked while offering her a pack of biscuits. They were oatmeal biscuits and Amina's favourite, to be exact.

"Not really," Amina admitted, taking one. She climbed up and fell into the seat next to Harriet.

"Understandable." Harriet nodded and turned to the others. "Meet you outside."

"Okay," Pansy said, ushering Elizabeth and Millicent out, despite their protests. "Need us to get anything? No? Okay."

It was quiet in the hearing room. Amina wasn't sure whether she liked the atmosphere or not. She wiped the last of her tears away and took a bite.

"You know, I don't think you can eat in here," Amina whispered, chewing on her biscuit.

"Boo-hoo," Harriet said condescendingly and popped another one into her mouth, hand already going back into the packet. "I wasn't going to go hungry for five hours. Besides, if they didn't want me to bring snacks, they should have searched me more thoroughly."

Amina raised an eyebrow. It wasn't judgemental exactly but it was bordering on scepticism.

"Relax, I didn't pull 'em out of my arse." Harriet grumbled.

That got a giggle from Amina. Harriet smirked.

"So," she said continuing the conversation, "Plans for the summer?"

"Not really. You?"

"No idea. I hope my godfathers get their shit together though or it will be awkward." Harriet frowned and checked how much of the packet was left.

"Your moving in?" Amina asked.

"Yeah. Why not?" Harriet shrugged.

"No, that's good news."

"Do you want to come stay?" Harriet asked. "I'm sure they wouldn't mind if I asked."

"Maybe not right now."

"Got it."

"Thank you." Amina smiled.

Harriet looked at her in confusion. "For what?"

"Just sticking with me, I guess." Amina took another biscuit.

"No problem." Harriet handed the still half-full packet over.

"Think we should join the others now?"

"Why not?"

Sirius and Remus were sitting in the werewolves office, drinking tea and not really talking. Well, nothing besides the usual gossip and small-talk. It was slowly driving Sirius insane. Small-talk was never good. It usually preluded bad news or was used to cover up suppressed rage and dislike. Not something you wanted to sense on your lover of sixteen years.

"How do you suppose the trial went?" Remus asked for the third time, stirring his tea.

"We'll find out later," Sirius replied, again.

Remus hummed and they went back to drinking tea. Two minutes later Sirius had had enough.

"Alright," he said, "I've had enough of this. We've been pretending everything is alright for Merlin knows how long. It's obviously not. Whatever you want to say, say it before the suspense and awkwardness kills me."

"There isn't anything." Remus said quietly, taking a sip of tea.

"Yes, there fucking is!" Sirius snapped, making Remus jump a little. "Yes there is! You're lying if you say there isn't!"

Remus sighed. "Sirius."

"Remus."

The stared at each other for a solid three minutes - silently challenging the other - before Remus sighed in a tired manner and put his teacup down.

"Alright, I'm angry that you didn't come home that night. I'm angry that you didn't tell me what was going on. I'm angry you left. I'm angry about the way you left. I'm angry that I made you leave. I'm angry at myself for letting the argument get that far." Remus took a deep breath. "Most of all, though, I am angry - absolutely pissed - that I didn't ask you to stay or

come back. That I didn't tell you how much you meant to me. How much you still mean to me."

Sirius licked his lips, mouth and throat suddenly as dry as a desert. His eyes wandered over Remus face, looking for something. What? He wasn't quite sure, but it was important.

"So?" He asked, not sure where this was heading.

Remus Lipin looked into the deep, stormy grey eyes of Sirius Black and said, with full conviction and a sincerity that took Sirius' breath away, "Marry me, Sirius Orion Black."

Chapter End Notes

Everybody in agreement say 'aye'.
Was that the whole room? Good.

Comment or Kudo! Thank you to all my readers!

XOXO, Drachma

'Till Next Year!

Chapter Notes

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

Harriet stood on the platform of Hogsmeade station, about to board the Hogwarts express to her new home which was in London.

Nr. 12 Grimauld Place. Sirius had mentioned they would quite probably need to do some redecorating here and there.

"You coming?" Draco asked her, dragging his trunk behind him.

"Yeah, let me just..." She pulled out her wand and pointed it at the trunk. "Reducio!"

The trunk shrank until it was the size of a briefcase. Picking it up, it was about the weight of two bricks instead of the usual ton.

"Can't believe I didn't think of that sooner!" she said, hopping up the steps.

"That-" Draco shook his head. He was not about to question the intelligence of the entire school.

They found a compartment and took it for the group, making sure to take up as much room as possible. It looked like it had been reserved that way. Pansy found them first, followed by Blaise and then the others. If anyone wondered why there were ten slytherin students in a compartment for five, they didn't ask. Wise desicion.

Crabbe and Goyle helped themselves to the food they had found leftover in their dorms.

"Do you think that next year we can finally have a normal year?" Pansy asked.

"I think you may have just jinxed it," Blaise said, looking a little pale.

"There is no proof of that!"

"We shall see."

Harriet gave a huff of laughter. "Hey Draco, did your dad mention anything?"

"Something about a tournament. I don't know the details." he replied.

"Probably forgot," Blaise joked from where he was sitting.

"Ha. Ha. Ha." Draco gave an eyeroll worthy of a television diva.

Millicent stretched out her legs. As one of the last people in, she was sitting on the floor. "Anyone heard from Theo?" she asked. "I feel like we barely spoke to him this year."

"We barely did," Elizabeth said. "Then again, he started dating Cassie so..." She shrugged.

"What? When?" Amina asked.

"I don't know. I overheard some Ravenclaws gossiping earlier."

"So reliable." Draco said flatly.

"At least Flint and Wood made it official in front of the entire school," Amina said brightly.

"They're graduating with nothing to lose," Blaise snorted.

"Whatever," Amina gave him a light kick, "I thought their little speeches were cute!"

"If cheesy is your thing." Harriet shrugged.

"Judging by how adverse you are to feelings, I would say your going to die alone," Pansy sighed.

"Oh, Hallelujah," Harriet threw up her hands in mock worship. "No tears!"

Pansy face-palmed. Her friend was hopeless.

"Since your so judgemental today," Elizabeth said, "When are you going to get it together Parkinson?"

"What do you mean?"

"Your obvious crush on Granger."

"Her name is Hermione!"

"Case in point!" Elizabeth giggled.

"Oh, rack off!" Pansy tossed a sweet wrapper at her.

"I hate to kill the mood here," Harriet interjected, "But we may have quite a big problem."

"What problem?" Draco frowned.

Harriet leaned forward and explained in barely more than a whisper what had transpired all those years ago, her suspicions about the hallows and how she didn't know who the lesser evil was. The words were softly spoken, but they sailed through the air like a knife.

"Why didn't you tell us sooner?" Pansy asked.

"Dumbledore is in the casyle and I needed to be sure yhat he and Tom couldn't overhear." Harriet said, shrugging.

"Makes sense," Blause said quietly, "But what is your plan now?"

"I currently don't have a plan." The words tasted like ash in her mouth.

"That sucks."

"I know. I guess for now: stay on Tom's good side but destroy any artefacts he asks us to collect unless they don't seem that dangerous." Harriet pulled at her sleeves, "I don't know why I didn't just destroy that stupid diary when I had the chance."

"That would have made things less complicated, I think." Pansy patted her shoulder.

Harriet shook herself. "Just follow my lead and we'll see what happens."

"Yes captain, my captain." Blaise gave a mock salute.

"Do you have a plan for the summer?" Millicent asked.

Harriet almost rolled her eyes. How often had someone asked her that now? "Yeah, a wedding."

"Who's getting married?" Pansy asked, face lighting up like a Christmas shop.

"Who do you think?" Harriet asked, chuckling, "They actually talked it out this time!"

Pansy squealed so loudly Draco covered his ears. "Oh, I'm so happy! Can I come to the wedding? Is it going to be a family affair? What about decorations and what about the cake?"

'What have I done?' Harriet thought to herself, mentally preparing for what would be the longest train ride yet.

Chapter End Notes

The End! Finish! Finite!

Hope you enjoyed that! I'm getting started on the next part soon so stay tuned!

XOXO, Drachma

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!