

Harry Potter and the Mission of the Tiger

A tale of love and despair...

Von abgemeldet

Back to Hogwards

Chapter Two: Back to Hogwarts

When Severus reached the borders of the woods, that surrounded Hogwarts, he looked around, and when he saw nobody near him, he apparated.

The wood behind the playground was small, but dense. He observed his surroundings quietly and when he was sure he was alone he made his walk down the next street: 'Privet Drive'.

Number four looked as normal as every house, except for the dark dressed figure that knocked on the door. A skinny, dark haired, teenage boy opened it. He seemed truly surprised when he saw his Potion-master. "Professor? What are you doing here?" Snape snorted, "Polite as always, Potter?"

The boy was a bit taken aback to see his teacher in such a situation (and clothing), but the shout from the living room brought him back to reality. "Who's there, boy?" Harry still stared at the man in front of him, when Vernon Dursley entered the hall and pushed him away. Snape glared at the boy and then at his Uncle. "I'm Mr. Potter's Teacher at Hogwards. I have order from the Headmaster to take him there NOW, because The Dark Lord planned another attack on him. Potter, pack your things and hurry up a bit!"

Vernon Dursley stared at the stranger for a moment and then became deep red. "Harry?" The boy looked at his Uncle. "Yes, Uncle Vernon?" The redheaded man still stared at the dark figure in front of him. "Is that true?"

"Yes."

"Go! And don't dare to come back when somebody is still after you. You will no longer endanger my family! Pack your things and GO!"

Harry ran up the stairs and took his wand out of his pocket: "Contino!" All his belongings flew towards him and landed inside his trunk, "Parveri Massus" and the

trunk got as light as a feather, "Parveri Volumina!" and as small as a book. Harry took it in one hand, his wand in the other. He took his cloak from behind the door, inside the interior pocket was his invisibly-cloak.

He quickly descended the stairs and passed his relatives without a word. Snape stood near the door. "Ready?" "Sure." "Don't wanna say good-bye?" "Good-bye." Snape looked at him for a moment and opened the door. "Bye then, Dursley." Vernon snorted behind their backs and threw the door shut, when Harry and Snape disappeared around the corner.

Severus lifted his wand and a moment later the bus stopped next to them. Stan Shunpike opened the door and Snape pushed Harry inside and paid for both of them, with hot chocolate. They got two beds in the back of the bus, second level. Harry hadn't said a word since they left his relatives.

When Stan brought the chocolate, Harry tried to hide his scar, but to no avail. Stan just wanted to say something (to the whole bus) when Severus made a sign; be quiet! Stan put the cups on a little table next to Harry's bed and shook his hand. "Nice to meet you again!" Harry smiled politely and Stan made a nod towards Snape and disappeared back to the front.

They drank their chocolate in silence. Snape had taken out the food and when they had finished, Harry cleared his throat. "I didn't know you liked chocolate." Snape glared at him. "Why should I NOT like chocolate?" Harry shrugged his shoulders. "Dunno, don't suit to your usual behavior."

They spent the rest of the journey in silence. Harry slept a bit, while Snape stayed awake, if something unforeseen would happen...

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Draco sat under a tree near the lake. The afternoon was cloudy and the first raindrops fell and drew circles onto the surface of the lake. The ground beneath his hands was wet and his clothes got dirty, but this Draco didn't bother. The old, arrogant prat died the moment he had to leave his home. His mother had looked at him in disgust, while his father's face hadn't shown any sign of emotion. But it might have been even worse, he thought. What would have happened, if his parents hadn't sent him to Hogwarts - would he still be alive?

A noise behind him caught his attention. Madam Pomfrey, her face hid under the huge umbrella, held her hand towards him. He took it and she led him back to his chamber. Dumbledore had given it to him with the explanation he shouldn't be alone in the dungeon.

He sat on the edge of the four-poster-bed and pulled the dirty boots from his feet. Poppy had taken his cloak from him. She was a lot around, always helping. Was that the way a usual mother acted, he wondered? His mother had never done such a

thing...

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Harry woke up, when somebody touched his shoulder. He opened his eyes and wondered where he was, when he remembered. Snape impatiently cleared his throat. "Time to get up - we will be at Hogsmead in a few minutes!" Harry nodded. His head felt dizzy - he really hated busses! The bus came to halt and they got out. Snape watched their environment carefully. When he found nothing strange he nodded and they walked up the road to the castle. It had begun to rain and heavy droplets changed the road into a mudpool. Once Harry nearly lost his balance, but Snape caught his hand in time. The boy muffled a "thanks" and they continued their walk.

They reached Hogwarts half an hour before dinner, but instead of heading for the Gryffindor tower Snape showed Harry his room for the rest of the holiday. There were two huge canopy-beds, two dressers, a mirror, a fireplace and two comfortable looking seats. Next to the entry was the door to a rather large bathroom. Snape was to exit the room when he turned a last time. "You will share this room with Mr. Malfoy. He had a hard time, be nice to him or you will regret it. Dinner will be served in twenty minutes." Harry nodded absentmindedly. /Why, of all people, Malfoy? Had he (Harry) not enough problems to cope with? And why was the stupid Slytherin at Hogwarts?/

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Dumbledore smiled when Harry sat down at the round table in the middle of the great hall. Only a few staff members were there besides the two students. Next to Dumbledore sat Professor McGonagall, next to Prof. Flitwick, beside him the students, and beside them Prof. Snape, Madam Pomfrey and Prof. Sprout. Between her and Dumbledore was an empty chair. Everybody just wanted to start eating, when Filch opened the door. Behind him stood a cloaked figure. Dumbledore stood up and exchanged a few silent words with the person. Harry looked at Prof. McGonagall questioningly. She shrugged her shoulders. Snape glared at her, "Obviously the new DADA." Sprout tipped her finger against her forehead, "Of course, Severus, that must be HIM..." Pomfrey giggled, while Harry was utterly confused. Draco raised an eyebrow and turned his head to Harry, "A playboy from Witch-weekly..."

TBC

AN: Kinda boring - but it's the introduction... gets better - promise^^

Beta-read by Mary (thank you^^)

All possible remaining mistakes are mine

l'Ciel

