

# Amicus Draconis - 1st Cycle: Cycle of the Badger

## Translation of Amicus Draconis

Von Yamato\_

### Kapitel 2: 02. Encounter at Hogwarts

**Author's Notes:** The second episode will focus a little more on the trio and tell us a few things about the life they're leading now in New Hogwarts. Also, we get a first glance at some of the big mysteries of the story as well as at upcoming romances concerning our three heroes. Don't forget to watch out for red herrings, though. AD's just full of those. Like G'kar once said to Catherine Sakai: "Nobody on this station is exactly what they appear to be." Same goes for this fic \*g\*

I hope Snape is IC: he's probably the most difficult HP character to write, (or to translate \*g\*) and I still don't understand when and why he uses long forms in his speech and when he doesn't. To me it seems he used short forms all right during the first four books and only started this whole "I talk like Data" business in OotP.

And off we go to Hogwarts. Explore the secrets of the castle and cower before Caps Lock!Harry \*g\* Strictly speaking, I'm not allowed to use him, since he's very OotP, but well, couldn't resist the temptation, I guess.

Cookies and chocolate beans to all the readers and reviewers of AD, and of course to my wonderful beta ladies Notsosaintly, Ellie and Arsinyk, who weed out all my dumb grammar and punctuation mistakes.

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*"During our last episode, brave Sir Harry and his merry men...."*

*"And women..."*

*"Well, Loretta, we could always state that you have the right to have babies, even if you can't get any. So anyway, they had to rescue innocent children from the Evil Blood Legion and...."*

*"No, I'll let Lee have the babies, as soon as I can find a fanfic author crazy enough to write us a nice preg fic. And shut up about the Blood Legion. Our audience doesn't know that they're called the Blood Legion yet. They only know about the Ghost Riders."*

*"OK, here we go again. During our last episode, brave Sir Harry and his merry men and women had to rescue innocent children from ... from weird guys in weird red robes. The Dark Lord \*Presses a button and furiously keeps punching till a loud 'boo' is set off.\* had sent his Ghost Riders to kidnap all Muggle-born children with magical abilities in order to keep them under control."*

*"Apart from that, some evil chic with some nice crystal ball has warned him to beware of He Who Must Not Be Named. However, Him ... uh ... He Who Must Not Be Named has found a nice little hideout in a magical room just below the Hogwarts Lake. From down there, he and his friends start their brave rescue missions to free innocent damsels in distress from He Who Was Formerly Known As He Who Must Not Be Named."*

*"And that's about it for Episode One. Wait, no; ugly Marcus Flint got himself a girlfriend."*

*"He did? Wicked!"*

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*But do thy worst to steal thyself away,  
For term of life thou art assured mine;  
And life no longer than thy love will stay,  
For it depends upon that love of thine.*

*Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,  
When in the least of them my life hath end.  
I see a better state to me belongs  
Than that which on thy humour doth depend:*

*Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,  
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.  
O what a happy title do I find,  
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!*

*But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?  
Thou mayst be false, and yet I know it not*

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**Amicus Draconis**

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## First Cycle: Cycle of the Badger

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### Episode 2: Encounter at Hogwarts

Hogwarts 9/9/1998

Dear Mother,

The sweets you sent last week are all finished. Could you please send new sweets? The food is terrible as always. Gabrielle says that in Beauxbatons, the students can choose between twenty different dishes for each meal. Why didn't you let me go to Beauxbatons? We can afford the fee, can't we? And Gabrielle says that my French is très bon.

I do all my assignments and get good marks, and my teachers say I'll do just fine in the exams. I'm also the best flyer in my year, and I wish it wasn't so hard for girls to get onto the Quidditch Team. If I were a boy, I'd most certainly be on it.

Can I have a new broom for my good marks? I don't like the colour of my old one anymore. Nosia Babble says it clashes horribly with my complexion. And besides, this broom makes my legs look fat when I sit on it, or so Nosia Babble says.

I absolutely hate our new uniforms. They're even uglier than the old ones. Everybody says the snakes on our crests look more like slugs.

I'm looking forward to the Yule Ball. I can actually go because some fourth year invited me. The guy's a real moron, and he's real ugly, too, but I said yes because I wouldn't be able to go otherwise. I'm the only second year who got invited anyway and Nosia Babble's sooo jealous. She wanted to not be my friend anymore, but I hexed her with an acne hex, and I flushed her toad down the toilet. She's very sorry now and apologized to me. But I think I'll wait a couple of days before accepting it.

The fifth years can't really look forward to the ball; they've got to study for their OWLs. They just got a bunch of Muggles to practise their curses on them. The Muggles are kept on the third floor, but they already make the whole school stink. It's so disgusting!

Oh, I almost forgot, I need a new owl right away. My old one had a ... well, a sort of accident.

I really didn't want it to happen, and I'm real sorry about it, but I was so angry when Nosia Babble said all the mean things about my legs.

Can I please get an eagle owl now? Pretty, pretty please?

Love,  
Lucilla

P.S. Please don't send the sweets with the stupid school owls, they're real slow.

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In the so-called Peach Blossom Room, Hermione Granger sat, or rather knelt on one of the sitting cushions, frowning at her owl-shaped watch. For the second time already, the tiny bird had hooted to remind her that it was time for the weekly meeting of the Elders' Council. However, ten long minutes had passed now and still no one had bothered to show up yet. Except for her.

The Elders' Council was the not entirely serious term for all those witches and wizards who had reached the age of maturity. Most of them were in Hermione's year, but some of the former sixth years had turned seventeen as well. Harry Potter and those of his classmates whose birthdays fell in the first half of the year had already turned eighteen.

After five more minutes, at a quarter past four, the paper door slid open just far enough for Seamus Finnigan to stick his head into the room. "Nobody here yet?"

"See anyone?" Hermione's voice sounded slightly cynical. "It seems that our dear classmates don't give much thought to our current problems."

"Problems?" A grin started to spread over Seamus' face. "What problems? We don't have any problems, do we? Except for Voldemort wanting to kill us all, but that's his problem, not ours."

"Very funny," Hermione snapped back. She was definitely in a bad mood now. "We've got all sorts of problems. For example, how are we going to design lessons for so many children of different age groups? And we don't have nearly enough books, wands or brooms for everybody! And how are we going to plan our next rescue mission? Will we take the younger teenagers along, like two certain overly zealous individuals called the Creevey Brothers obviously want?"

"Well, couldn't we at least take sixteen and seventeen year olds?" Seamus suggested, desperately trying to prove that he had given the matter some thought. "I mean, it's dangerous for all of us anyway, no matter how old we are."

Hermione started to argue back; she already had a long explanation planned about why it would be much more dangerous for anyone younger than herself, but before she even opened her mouth, the paper of the sliding door was torn apart with a loud bang. Startled, Seamus jumped into the room, knocking over one of the small delicate tables on the floor between the tatami mats. Wood splintered; the table lost one of its legs.

"Oops!" With a guilty expression, Neville Longbottom looked from the broken door to the broken table and finally to Seamus lying on the floor. "I'm really not good with these Chinese doors...."

Hermione sighed and decided not to bother explaining, for the umpteenth time, that the design of their houses was Japanese and not Chinese. Those boys wouldn't be able to remember it anyway.

"Rumour has it, it's possible to open a sliding door by hand, Neville," Seamus moaned, clutching his aching shin.

With a flick of her wand, Hermione repaired the ripped apart door as well as the splintered table. Seamus grinned, pointing hopefully to his leg, but all he got was an angry scowl.

She took a couple of deep breaths as if she was trying to meditate, and when she faced her fellow rebels again, her voice had calmed down. "Would you please sit down now, so that we can commence the meeting?"

"Well, if that's what you call sitting." Dean Thomas, who was following Neville into the room, gave the sitting cushions an apprehensive glance. "I'd prefer a nice chair anytime."

"Me, too." Seamus agreed. "I'm kinda fed up with our Asia Weeks."

"Guys just don't understand about true beauty." Smiling blissfully, Lavender Brown glanced about the room, taking in its exotic atmosphere. "This is so very romantic!"

Dean, Seamus and Neville grinned at each other, rolling their eyes.

Behind the Gryffindors, Hannah Abbot, Ernie Macmillan and the other Hufflepuffs entered the room. The Ravenclaws still were nowhere to be seen.

"Oh, Parvati and Padma would like to be excused," Lavender said. "They're pretty busy right now. The children we rescued two weeks ago had their first flying lesson today, and some got thrown off their brooms - nothing major though...."

"I know." Hermione sighed. "We checked on them earlier. Getting used to our kind of life is not easy for those poor youngsters."

"No one can get used to people as weird as us. It defies nature!" Ron Weasley, slightly breathless from running, slid the door aside. "Ravenclaws are coming - oh, there they are."

It seemed the meeting could finally begin, even if it was half an hour later than originally planned.

"We were talking about the Shape just now," Dean explained to the newcomers. "Personally I'd like to change it. Hallowe'en's coming up in less than two months -

what do you people think of a Haunted Castle?"

"Are you out of your mind?" shouted Lavender, completely taken aback. "Don't you think of the poor children at all? Didn't they get scared enough already?"

"Some of them do want something more exciting as well," Dean remarked. "And besides, you're only using them as pretence to keep this Chinese stuff. So don't pretend it's them you're worried about!"

"Did anyone ever tell you how rude you are?" Lavender snarled at him, and a moment later, a heated discussion had broken out. Parvati might not have been there to agree with her best friend, but some of the Ravenclaw girls definitely shared their opinions, while the Gryffindor boys complained loudly about kitschy feminine ideas and offered to dye the girls' hair pink. The Hufflepuffs tried to soothe the argument by suggesting odd compromises, such as: "How about a Chinese haunted castle?"

Right in the middle of the debate, Ron suddenly wanted to know. "Where's Harry? Why isn't he here?"

Hermione jumped up, startled. Harry! How on earth could she have forgotten about him? She, who never ever forgot things! The poor fellow must have been waiting in the entrance for half an hour now; he had asked her to let him in shortly before the meeting. 'Go on like that, and you'll be needing Neville's Remembrall soon,' she told herself angrily.

"I'll go look for him," Ron offered. "Maybe he's brooding over new plans and forgot all about the meeting."

"Don't worry, Ron, I'll take care of it. Ernie and Hannah, will you please take over the meeting?" Hermione didn't want the others to know that Harry had left the hideout. It would raise too many questions and might make the others jealous. After all, they hated being locked up, and everybody longed to get out on the surface.

However, trips to the surface endangered the safety of their hiding place, so they never left the lake, unless they really had to. Flying rescue missions and collecting new Gillyweed were some of the few reasons to go up.

Without doubt, Harry, too, had his reasons for being on the surface....

Hermione had just left the room when Dean nudged Seamus with his elbow. "Know what I think? Harry and Hermione just want some time on their own."

"Right you are!" Grinning, Seamus took a quick glance at Ron's blushing face. "Our two turtledoves! Don't you think it's 'so very romantic', Lavender?"

"Oh, shut up!" Ron snarled, clenching his fists. He turned away from the others, trying not to show his embarrassment. However, they noticed anyway...

"Chill out, mate." Dean gave him a roguish smile, trying to ease the tension. "Just

fooling around. We know Harry needs Hermione to get back in. We're not supposed to figure out he's been visiting Hagrid again."

"There's really no need for all this secrecy," complained Hannah. "It's not like we have a problem with him visiting Hagrid's. I mean, that's where he gets all the information from, isn't it?"

\* \* \*

"Did something come up?" Harry wanted to know as Hermione retrieved her golden key from the cloud in the artificial sky, sliding it back into her pocket. "Or did you just forget about me?" he asked teasingly.

He had been able to pass the entrance door at the bottom of the lake, but had been cast out again; you needed two people to open the hideout. This was an extra safety measure to protect them from the dangers outside. Only the two seventh year Prefects of each house were able to open the entrance; Harry and Hermione for Gryffindor, Ernie and Hannah for Hufflepuff, and Terry and Lisa for Ravenclaw. There were only three golden keys and it was the girls' duty to keep them.

So, of course, they would never leave the lake with all six Prefects at the same time. If something happened to them, the others would not be able to leave the hideout, not unless the one who had created it returned to them. And that was very unlikely given the circumstances.

"Well, I almost did. I'm sorry." Slightly embarrassed, she averted her eyes. "Please don't be angry with me, there's just a lot going on right now. And it's difficult to keep up."

"You're taking too much responsibility. You work yourself too hard." He placed a comforting hand on her shoulder as they flew back down to the ground. "Why don't you let the others do some of the work once in a while?"

"You're right," she agreed. "It's just so difficult. You see, I'm getting the feeling that if I don't do it myself, it's not going to get done at all. The others are never serious about things. I mean, everything's falling apart and they just keep making their dumb jokes!" Her voice broke, but she swallowed the tears. Now was not the time to cry. She just couldn't afford to let herself go.

"Hermione, can't you see why they're doing it? They're trying to keep their joy in life. It's hard enough with their families gone, but if they worried and worried all the time, they'd go crazy. And make all the others crazy as well. We need to keep our heads clear."

He jumped off his broom; they had reached the ground. "And we also have the responsibility for the younger students. We should at least try to make some kind of a normal life possible for them."

"I know we're doing our best!" She clenched her fists and her broom fell to the floor. "But to me it always feels like it's not enough! It's simply not enough!"

"Same here." He picked up her broom and gave it back to her. "But we need to do, and we will do, everything that's within our power. I'm not kidding myself. I know, right now, we and our rescue missions are nothing more than an annoying fly buzzing around Voldemort's ugly nose, but we won't give up. We will never give up."

"OK." She took a deep breath. "So how's Hagrid?" she asked, trying to change the subject. "And do you at least have some good news for us?"

She looked at him, new hope dawning on her face, but as their eyes met, it was destroyed instantly.

"Hagrid's good." He sighed. "Unfortunately, the news I've got isn't."

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"Those bloody bastards!" Dean had leapt to his feet. "We're not going to let that happen!"

"Harry, you don't know by any chance, who these people are?" Susan Bones wanted to know. "I mean could someone we know be among them?"

"I'm sorry, all I know is what I already told you. The Muggles were kidnapped and they're now being held at Hogwarts for the students to practise curses on them. I don't think they were chosen especially for this; they probably just took the first couple of people they could get their hands on."

"Curses? I thought only the members of the Dark Council were allowed to use the Curses." Ernie sounded confused. "Didn't Harry mention something like that not too long ago?"

"Not those curses," Harry corrected him. "I'm pretty sure they wouldn't teach the Unforgivables at Hogwarts. Nevertheless, there are enough other curses that can prove very dangerous to people."

"Hmm...." Hannah's face became very thoughtful. "It'll be difficult to break into Hogwarts. The castle is probably one of the safest places in the entire Magical World."

"It used to be, with Dumbledore around," Mandy Brocklehurst corrected her. "But everything's changed now. I wonder who they've chosen as new headmaster..."

"Snape," Harry answered without hesitation and his eyes narrowed with hatred. It took him a moment to realize that he was getting bewildered stares. "How come you know that?" Seamus asked, confused.



"Well ... uhm ... 'know' would be exaggerating ... I simply assumed it's him," Harry stammered. Ron noticed Hermione giving Harry a warning glance and shaking her head ever so slightly. "Maybe ... maybe Hagrid mentioned something about it."

The others didn't pursue the matter; they were too busy making and dropping new plans. "So we all want to save those Muggles?" Seamus asked. "I don't think we need a vote on that, but if anybody's against it, he should speak up now. No? Good, didn't expect it anyway...."

Ron gave Harry a soft nudge. Since the others were here, he didn't dare to talk openly about the Invisibility Cloak and the Marauder's Map, but he was sure Harry understood what he was aiming at. They had used the Cloak the first time they had rescued children, but hadn't told the others about it. The Map had not been useful so far, since it only showed the Hogwarts grounds. And they had never entered the school again after their escape that night....

"There's no reason to keep it a secret any longer," Harry began. "I've got a map of Hogwarts, which also shows the secret entrances and passageways. With that map, it should be possible to sneak into the castle without getting noticed, and it would probably cause a lot less racket than flying over the walls with our broomsticks."

"It was only a suggestion," Justin Finch-Fletchley grumbled defensively. "And besides, we could still do it to draw their attention. One group sneaks in, and the other group makes a lot of noise for distraction."

"Why would we want to draw their attention in the first place?" Terry Boot wanted to know. "If we keep a low-pro they won't even notice we're there. After all, they don't expect someone to come and get the Muggles, do they?"

Again, Ron noticed Hermione scowling at Harry, but she didn't say anything and he didn't want to ask about it in front of the others. So he decided to direct his attention back to the plan instead.

"Only a few of us should go into the castle," he suggested. "With a small number of people, we're less likely to attract any attention. We'll take the Muggles out one by one through one of the secret passages. All the others wait at the exit. We'll fly the Muggles off on our brooms right into the next Muggle settlement. They'll find their way home from there, I guess."

"For one thing, we don't know how heavily the Muggles are guarded, and second, I just can't see them mounting a broom voluntarily. Sounds like a plan where too many things can go wrong to me."

"Point one, I don't think they're heavily guarded; they're not important prisoners after all," Ron rushed to answer Terry's comment. "Okay, point two's a difficult catch, I agree with you. However, you forgot all about point three, Terry. We can't take the Muggles into our hideout with us. We have to take them someplace - Muggle - and we have to use a Memory Charm to make them forget all about the last few days."

"I think it'll work!"

Heads turned towards Hermione. The old fire had returned to her eyes; they were planning now; they were doing something useful, something she was good at. "Harry and Ron could be the ones to sneak in - maybe there's a passage that leads them directly to the third floor. Two people won't be detected easily, and one can always check on the map while the other keeps an eye on the Muggle in case he or she panics.

"The rest of us will wait at the entrance with our brooms, and we'll use another two people to fly every Muggle off: one to keep an eye on the Muggle and one to keep an eye on the surroundings. Doing a Memory Charm on all the Muggles shouldn't be a problem either."

"Not if it's a basic Memory Charm," Lavender added, "but if we just wipe out, let's say, the last three days of their memory without replacing them somehow, they'll know that those days are missing. They'll know something has happened to them."

"We can't help that," Hermione sighed. "Specific Memory Charms are too difficult for us; we could end up damaging somebody's mind. They'll wonder about those missing days, but they won't be able to guess the truth."

"I don't think I can do a Memory Charm at all." Embarrassed, Neville averted his eyes. "And I don't want to risk anything."

"You don't have to; you'll take the lookout part of your group. We'll have to be extremely careful."

"We always have to be careful, don't we?" Seamus smiled sadly. "Anyway, your plan's pretty brilliant, Hermione. I think it's going to work out."

"My plan?" Utterly bewildered, Hermione looked at him. "It was Ron's idea, remember? I simply fine-tuned it, that's all."

\* \* \*

It was two o'clock in the morning when the tiny owl on Hermione's watch hooted for her to get up. Still sleepy, she crawled out of bed, digging for her school uniform. She was just getting dressed when someone on the outside rattled the sliding door.

"Just a moment," she called. Her fingers were still busy with the buttons of her shirt when the door slid open and Ron came rushing into the room. Lavender, who was trying to shake Parvati awake, gave a shocked squeal and jumped back into her bed, hiding under the covers.

"Get out, Ron," Hermione shouted, pointing towards the door. "Can't you see we're

not dressed?"

"Hermione, I need to talk to you!" He sounded angry as well. "What was that supposed to be this afternoon? I want to know!"

"Not when I'm not dressed," she snapped back, throwing a slipper in his direction. "Get out, and wait outside till I'm done!"

"Hurry up, then!" Grinding his teeth, he turned around and left.

"What's that guy's problem?" Lavender rolled her eyes and Parvati agreed with her. "He can be a real prat sometimes."

"Sometimes? What do you mean 'sometimes'?" Shaking her head, Hermione finished buttoning up her shirt.

\* \* \*

"So, what's with all the fuss?"

Ron and Hermione stood on one of the wooden platforms leading out to the middle of the pond. They could see the others gathering at the shore, right in front of the wooden houses.

"Why did you tell them it was my plan, even though everyone knew it was yours?" Ron wanted to know. "Do you think I need your support because I'm too stupid to make plans on my own? Thank you very much, Miss Know-it-all. Thanks to your most charitable help, everyone else will now consider me a prat, too."

"And so you come storming into our bedroom at two in the morning? Cut the rubbish, Ron. Of course it was your plan. I was only working out the details." Hermione was struggling with her rising temper; she couldn't stand being called a know-it-all, and least of all by Ron. Did he expect her to pretend she was stupid just to please him? "And since when did you get so defensive about everything?" she continued. "No one thinks you're a prat, unless you act like one. And for storming into our bedroom like that, I expect an apology!"

"I apologize," Ron muttered. "So, which one of us is acting defensive now?"

"That's an entirely different matter."

"And why do you want me to go into the castle with Harry?" He grabbed a rock, throwing it out into the lake. "After all, it's you and him playing inseparable all the time."

"Now what's that supposed to mean?" Fuming, she spun on her heel, her long hair flying around her face and shoulders. "Just in case, you hadn't noticed, Harry told the

others about the Map, but not about the Cloak. So that leaves how many people to go into the castle with him? I trust you know the basic rules of arithmetic."

"Stop going off topic!" Ron clenched his fists.

"Well, of course, I could go in with him as well. I just didn't want him to go alone, because it's too dangerous. There could be problems with the Muggles, or something else could happen, which they didn't expect ... there could be all sorts of trouble. And if you don't have a problem with your memory, you'll remember that no more than three people can fit under the cloak. So we can't all go." She was shouting now. "It doesn't matter in the least, who's going to accompany Harry! I just don't understand why you have to make such a fuss about it!"

"You don't understand anything, Hermione. That's exactly the problem!"

He stormed back to the shore, his steps thundering loud and hollow on the wooden floor as he jumped from square to square. She followed him with her eyes, not sure she was feeling angry or disappointed, probably both at the same time. Why did Ron have to make everything so difficult?

"He is a prat after all," she whispered softly to herself. "He's such a stupid, stubborn prat."

\* \* \*

"So you think it's safe to take this passageway?" In the soft light of their wands, Ron pointed to the Marauder's Map. "Doesn't Filch know about that one?"

'But Filch isn't caretaker of Hogwarts anymore,' Harry was careful not to speak that thought aloud; his little slip with Snape this afternoon had been bad enough. Instead he rather pointed out to Ron that all of the other passageways either didn't end on the third floor or started out at a place that were too dangerous. They didn't dare to sneak through half of Hogsmeade or take the Muggles through the Forbidden Forest. Nor was it a good idea to try the patience of the Whomping Willow, and underwater travel would prove a little stressful for a Muggle.

So that left the one passageway they were in, and it suited their needs perfectly. The exit was behind a waterfall, which broke from below the stone fundament of Hogwarts, falling down into the lake. The sound of the water drowned out most of the noise, and if they kept their brooms close to the surface of the lake when they flew away, they wouldn't be spotted from the castle. Soon the mountains would hide them from view completely.

Now all they needed to hope for was that the ending of the passageway was safely hidden as well. But even if it wasn't, they had the Invisibility Cloak to hide them.

With extreme caution, they advanced through the stone corridor. The ground and

walls were moist and extremely slippery; the water was pretty close after all. Also, the corridor was steep, rising sharply into the castle. So it was a good thing their trainers' soles weren't smooth.

They hadn't talked much, directing their attention to their surroundings instead. By now they had figured out that the sound of the waterfall had its downside as well. In here, the water thundered incredibly loud in their ears, echoing from the walls around. They wouldn't even be able to hear Hagrid stomping before them, and this would make them easy prey for anyone else walking this way. That thought made Harry a little twitchy, and he wouldn't have been surprised if Ron felt the same way.

The passageway ended in small room with a trapdoor in the ceiling above them. It was too high up to be reached by hand, but they didn't dare use a spell - what if it was detected? A levitation spell on a human being was quite powerful, and the security around here was probably very tight now.

They couldn't even say if it would have worked anyway. They already knew that you could not use Levitation Spells to get over the castle walls from the outside.

"Let me stand on your shoulders," Harry suggested to Ron. "I should be able to reach it then."

"No problem," Ron assured him, but he did sway a little under Harry's weight. He grabbed his friend's ankles to give him a little more support, and Harry was struck by the thought that they probably looked like two clowns in a circus, trying to perform ridiculous acrobatics. Not that they should worry about something like that....

The trapdoor was locked, of course; he should have thought of that. Could he risk a simple Alohomora? As he worried and reached for his wand at the same time, bending his body in odd gymnastics, while desperately trying to keep his balance, his robes swished over Ron's face and neck, tickling him. The other boy squirmed, letting go of Harry's ankles.

Thud!

"Oops!"

"Ouch!"

"Looks like we're not as young and flexible as we used to be!" Moaning and grumbling, Ron tried to disentangle all the arms and legs that were his from the ones that were not. "Our old bones are no longer in a condition for gymnastics."

"We really need to play Quidditch to stay in shape." Harry gave a sigh, his voice getting dreamy. "Imagine, half a year ago, I was still thinking of going pro...."

"Oh, stop it!" Ron interrupted him. "Let's not think about stuff like that right now, okay? It's no good."

"No, it's not. However, we will play Quidditch again, even if it must be down in the lake!" Harry's face was screwed up in determination.

He leapt to his feet and this time stuck his wand between his teeth before climbing onto his friend's shoulders again. An Alohomora was enough to open the door's lock. Harry listened for a moment, before pulling himself up with his arms and pushing the door open with his head. Then he heaved himself into the room above.

"Harry!" Ron whispered from below. "What's going on? Where are you?"

He had to be inside a huge hallway; it was too gloomy around him to make out the walls. All he could see were a couple of dusty pillars fading into the darkness and the twisted, cobweb-covered stone figures decorating them looked horribly familiar. Hastily, he pulled the Map from his pocket, and it confirmed his uneasy feeling. This was the forbidden third floor corridor, the one they had fled through seven years ago, while trying to escape Filch. The room where they had met Fluffy had to be right behind him.

Right behind him there was something else as well. A tiny dot on the map, racing towards him with incredible speed.

"Wheeee!" squealed Peeves, zooming through the wall right into the hallway.

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## **Amicus Draconis - 1st Cycle: Cycle of the Badger - Part 2: Encounter at Hogwarts**

*"I wonder, I wonder, do you know what I wonder?"*

*"No idea."*

*"If I can get the new slim fast broom, because it doesn't make my legs look fat!"*

*"I want a new wand to match my complexion!"*

*"I want sweets that make you lose weight!"*

*"I want Muggles, which I can flush down the toilet!"*

*"I want lots of Bludgers I can hit at Nosia Babble when she doesn't do as I say!"*

*"And an owl to match my eye colour would be nice as well!"*

*"Cause I'm a Malfoy girl, in a Malfoy Wo-hur-hur-ld."*

*"I'm made of plastic, it's so fantastic!"*

*"I'm a spoiled blonde brat; I'll run to Mum and Dad."*

*"Do what I wa-hant, or I'll throw tantrums!"*

*"Hey, Fred, you dumb prat!"*

*"What do you want, annoying know-it-all! Stop hurting my feelings!"*

*"No, you stop hurting my feelings, you insensitive klutz!"*

*"So, if you wanted to go to the Christmas ball, which you can't, of course, who'd you rather take? The blonde brat, or Moaning Myrtle?"*

*"Can't I just take the Whomping Willow? Pretty, pretty please?"*

*"No, I was gonna take the Whomping Willow. You get the giant squid!"*

*"Gee, thanks a lot, bro!"*

## **Amicus Draconis - 1. Zyklus: Zyklus des Dachses - Teil 2: Begegnung in Hogwarts**

\* \* \*

Harry dove to the floor, reaching out, as he fell. "Invisibi..." was the only sound that made it out of his mouth, but luckily, Ron had a fast reaction with things like that. Almost at once, the Cloak came soaring up the hole, spreading itself over him.

"Boo hoo hoo," Peeves sang. "Shoe hoo hoo! Rukkidigoo, there's blood in the shoe!"

Something cold touched Harry's leg, but he didn't dare to move. Peeves' voice was really close to his ear now. "Boo hoo hoo, what's with the shoe?"

His shoe. Could Peeves see one of his trainers? What if he hadn't completely covered his feet? He hadn't had much time... Well, it was too late to act now. If the shoe were to disappear right in front of Peeves' eyes it was bound to arouse the Poltergeist's suspicion and he might raise the alarm.

He could only hope Peeves wouldn't get any stupid ideas....

Again Harry felt the strange cold, an unpleasant tingling shiver in his leg. What was Peeves doing? Was he floating through him right now? Could he feel that there was someone lying on the floor? Someone alive....

Oh, even if the Poltergeist couldn't feel him, he was bound to hear his heartbeat. It thumped incredibly loudly in Harry's ears.

He could barely stop himself from screaming in surprise and pain when he suddenly

felt a strong pull at his leg. The Poltergeist was trying to move his shoe. He had never understood how ghosts could flow through solid objects on the one hand, and touch them on the other. This could get real ugly now. He hoped that Peeves hadn't figured out, that there was a foot inside the shoe on the floor yet.

Harry pressed his leg closer to the floor, trying not to make any sounds. He didn't even dare to breathe. Tiny droplets of sweat were running down his forehead into his brows.

"Sweat!" Peeves gave an excited squeal, finally letting go of Harry's trainer. "Smells like sweat. Smelly, smelly sweat!"

He giggled madly, zooming up into the air. "Oh, you poor dears!" he croaked, his voice full of malice. "Poor dears, they will come for you! They will come and get you! Can't run! Can't hide! They will come for you tonight! Wheeeee!"

His squealing and sniggering faded away into the darkness. A hasty glance on the Map told Harry, that he had dropped down a couple of floors and was now roaming about the Entrance Hall.

"Blimey, that was close!" Harry gave a sigh of relief. He took a couple of seconds to catch his breath, while Ron called softly from the corridor: "You all right, mate? What's going on?"

"I'm fine. Peeves found my shoe, but he's gone now."

"Yes, I noticed. Good thing he was busy with your shoe. Imagine he'd found the hole in the floor instead!"

Well, Ron could talk easily; he hadn't been the one getting pulled at. Harry sat up, stretching his aching legs. "Anyway, now we know that the Muggles really are in here. I think it was them he was talking about."

He bent over the trapdoor. "Okay, let's see ... our arms are too short for me to pull you up. Maybe we should try another spell? Or we could go back and get a broom instead."

"Spell's too risky." Ron shook his head. "This is Hogwarts after all, remember? And getting a broom would take too much time. It's four o'clock already and I suppose in about two hours people start waking up. In my opinion we should have gone earlier, but everybody said it was too risky. And Hermione...."

"What about Hermione?"

"Nothing." Ron frowned. "I'll tell you what; I'd better stay here, and help the Muggles get down the trapdoor. You'll be quicker on your own. Just don't forget to close the trapdoor before you leave, or someone might notice me down here."

"All right." Harry wasn't too happy with the idea, but he couldn't think of any



alternatives right now. He closed the trapdoor and made sure that he was completely covered by the Cloak before he snuck away.

Finding the Muggles' prison didn't prove too difficult; he could see their names on the Map. They weren't spelled properly, a cluster of letters changing around, but this was probably due to the fact, that Muggles did not have the same magical aura as wizards did, which confused the Map. However, such a large number of people were bound to be noticed even by a magical artefact not created for Muggles.

There were no guards at the room, which didn't come as a surprise. The Muggles weren't important prisoners after all and no one was likely to be worried about rescue missions. Who would bother with Muggles anyway? Even the resistance had better things to do.

Now the important question was how he could open that door. Another Alohomora was risky, but it seemed he had no choice. Hopefully, the door wasn't protected by an alarm system.

He wished he still he had Sirius' knife as he edged closer, checking the Map again and finally approaching the door. There was a small window with bars in it, but the room behind was too dark to make out anything.

The only thing he noticed as he peered through the window was the smell. It seemed the prisoners were kept under pretty bad conditions in there. They probably didn't have any way to clean themselves or use the bathroom.

He could feel his temper rising as he desperately forced himself to keep a clear head. Voldemort and his followers had such a simple view of the world, such clear categories about who deserved to live and who didn't. The method behind the madness made it all the more cruel. This was not about children learning curses; this was about children being desensitized at a young age, being taught to hurt and kill without mercy. Did Voldemort hate Muggles so much because he had been treated badly by them as a child? Or was it because the pure-blooded Slytherins had taunted him during his time in Hogwarts? How on earth could anybody become such a psychotic madman?

Once again Harry wondered how much the Death Eaters knew of their Dark Lord's past.

There was no reaction when he checked the door with his wand. It seemed as if there weren't any special protection spells on it, so a simple Alohomora should do the trick.

What would he find inside? Were the people injured? Would they panic, when they saw him, believing him to be one of their captors? Believing he would hurt them?

He stayed hidden under the cloak as he snuck in. The light of his wand did not reach very far in, but he would be able to cast a quick glance around the room before he spoke to the people inside.

There seemed to be about twenty of them. Women, men and children of any age were lying fast asleep on the stone floor. Their bruises and scratches and tattered clothes showed that the bastards who had captured them had taken anybody they could get their hands on and had done so none too gently. At least there didn't seem to be any severe injuries.

One man was awake, guarding the door. Harry wasn't surprised that the Muggles tried to remain vigilant; they must know they were in great danger.

The man drew back inside the room as the door opened, his huge, fearful eyes staring out into the corridor. Worried that he might wake the others and start a panic, Harry quickly stepped behind him, placing a hand upon his mouth. "Don't scream. We're here to get you all out. Just stay calm, and you'll be home in no time at all."

The man was startled, but he didn't make a sound. Since he didn't panic or try to fight Harry off, Harry cautiously let go of him and slipped out of the cloak to reveal himself.

The others, too, had noticed there was something strange going on. Slowly, they got up, stumbling backwards into the farthest corners of the room. With their uncontrolled movements, their shaking bodies and their wide opened eyes, they reminded Harry of creatures from the horror movies, Dudley used to watch with his friends. He felt a strange fear, but managed to shake it off. They were the ones who were afraid. They were the ones that had been hurt.

"Listen to me," Harry tried again, this time directing his attention to the whole group. "You have nothing to fear. My friends and I have come to your rescue. Please believe me, we're here to take you home."

He took a deep breath, but before he could utter another word, he felt a cold hand pressing against his throat, and the tip of a wand poking his back.

"Don't even try, Potter," said a voice he had not heard for a while, except in his nightmares. "They don't understand a word you're saying."

\* \* \*

In the office that had once belonged to Dumbledore, Headmaster Snape scowled at his prisoners. The Marauder's Map, the Invisibility Cloak and Harry's and Ron's wands all lay before him on the desk, while the two boys sat in front of it, tightly bound to their chairs.

The hateful sparks gleaming in Harry's eyes only seemed to amuse Snape. His lip curled slightly as he held his former student's glare.

Ron couldn't remember ever having seen Harry so full of hatred. True, his own recollections of the Potions Master were anything but pleasant, but Harry gave the impression of holding Snape personally responsible for every crime Voldemort and his

followers had ever committed.

"You haven't changed one bit, Potter," Snape spat coldly, "the same arrogant fool as ever. Dumbledore and the entire Order put their lives at risk to protect you, but no – the Great Harry Potter has to act the hero, and jeopardize everything we worked for."

He banged his fist on the table causing the wands to roll about. "And why's that? Because the Great Harry Potter rejoices in the delusion that he can make the world a better place by saving a few Muggles!"

"Don't you dare speak Dumbledore's name, you bloody traitor!" Harry snarled between clenched teeth. "He trusted you. He trusted you, even though you were a Death Eater. And you betrayed him, and everything he stands for."

"Is that so?" Snape raised an eyebrow, giving Harry a scornful look. "Do not speak of things you cannot understand, Potter. You are completely unaware of the havoc you and your ill-fated choices wreaked upon our world. Without your meddling interferences, none of this would ever...."

"We understand what it's like out there," Ron hastily interrupted the Potions Master. "Muggles are being tortured, terror's spread everywhere, and anyone speaking out against Voldemort is murdered before they even get to finish the sentence."

"Not murdered, Ron." Harry's voice sounded bitter and tired. "They lose their souls to the Dementors. Isn't that right, *Headmaster* Snape?"

"It seems that for once, you've done your homework." Snape's black eyes were inscrutable, yet there was a slight change in the tone of his voice. "I don't know how you came by this information, but for once, listen to reason and not to your raging hormones. You cannot change the world. You cannot set things right again. You and your little friends and all of your pathetic rescue missions won't change a thing about the Dark Lord's reign of terror."

He slowly rose from his armchair. "So, stay out of this, children. Stay in your hiding place, like Headmaster Dumbledore has ordered you to, and wait until all of this is over. Maybe there is a way to defeat the Dark Lord, but you certainly aren't the ones to find it. Leave that to the people who see the big picture."

"Is this a trick?" Ron's eyes narrowed in apprehension. "You pretend to be on our side to get information from us?"

Snape chuckled. "If it was information I wanted, Weasley, I would have plenty of other options at my disposal, believe me. You know nothing of importance to me."

"Where is Dumbledore?" Harry wanted to know. "And what about Ron's parents? Are they still alive?"

"Dumbledore is a prisoner of the Dark Lord," Snape replied, "but I do not have information on his whereabouts, or his condition. Too many things went wrong when

the Dark Lord took over Hogwarts. He does not trust me with important knowledge at the moment. He thinks me a fool, not a traitor, but I am under close surveillance and cannot risk exposing myself. However, the last time I heard from Weasley's parents, they were still at liberty."

"I don't believe you!" Ron had started shouting now. "I don't believe a word you're saying! It's all a trick!"

"I don't care, what you believe, Weasley." Snape gave his wand a casual wave and the rope, which bound the two boys to their chairs, broke and fell to the floor. "I don't care in the least."

His sleeve swished over the desk, shoving the wands, the Cloak and the Map to the floor. "Take your stuff, take your beloved Muggles and get out of here. And then stay at your hiding place until all of this is over. Dumbledore should not have made it possible for you to leave it in the first place."

"Our hideout!" Ron scrambled to retrieve his wand. "That's why you're doing this, right? You're letting us go so you can have us followed and find our hideout. Then you can capture us all at once."

"You are raving, Weasley. Your hideout is inside a Magical Room below the Hogwarts Lake. I am one of the three wizards who created it. Professors Dumbledore, McGonagall and I wanted to construct a safe house to make sure the students of Hogwarts would not fall into the Dark Lord's hands. We certainly believed we would win the war and you would only need to spend a few weeks there. However, considering our current situation you will need to exercise some patience, difficult as this may be."

He knew....

This was not an act....

Ron felt a shiver going down his spine. Snape knew about the hideout. Professor Snape, Potions Master and Death Eater was not a turncoat after all; he had remained loyal to Dumbledore. He was still a member of the Order of the Phoenix. They had a spy within the ranks of the enemy.

He drew in a sharp breath and thought how to argue his case. This was their chance to convince a member of the Order to work with them. Young they might be, but this hadn't prevented them from taking an active part in the resistance. They could do so much more. They could make a difference....

He turned to Harry for support. Surely his best friend was considering the very same thought right now.

Harry had grabbed onto the desk for support; his entire body trembling as if he had just received a Shaking Hex. "You knew," he stammered. "You knew all along about our hideout ... oh my God, how could you not save them? How could you....

"YOU EVIL BASTARD!" Harry screamed, reaching for his wand. "IT'S YOUR FAULT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SLYTHERINS! ENTIRELY YOUR FAULT! YOU...."

"Harry, cut the rubbish!" Ron grabbed his friend's arm, trying to wrestle the wand from him. Angry orange sparks flickered, the hex, which was aimed at Snape whizzed past the Potions Master into a shelf next to the desk. "Harry, chill out, okay? Just calm down for a minute."

"CALM DOWN?" Harry shouted, staring at Ron disbelievingly. "I'LL KILL THE SLIMY GIT, EVEN IF IT'S THE LAST THING I DO!"

He shoved Ron aside, aiming his wand at Snape. For a while he stood motionless, staring at his former teacher, his eyes gleaming and his features twisted with hatred. Snape locked eyes with him, but he didn't show any fear, nor did he make any attempt to reach his wand, or move out of the way.

Finally Harry lowered his wand. "Why?" he asked in an empty voice. "How could you?"

"I know you don't understand, Potter," Snape replied softly. "You simply can't, and that is exactly the reason why you must keep out of this war. With your methods it cannot be won. Your friend Weasley is a decent chess player: he might possibly understand about hard choices. Sometimes one must sacrifice a less important figure to protect a crucial one. That is a lesson you have yet to learn."

"No, that I will *never* learn," Harry whispered. "Not ever."

\* \* \*

It had taken them some effort to calm the Muggles so they could get them out through the tunnel and onto their brooms. Snape had been right; they really hadn't been able to understand Harry's words, because a spell had kept them from using and understanding language so they could not plot their escape. By the time dawn crept up over the horizon, the last ones were safely on their way to the next Muggle settlement.

Bright daylight spilled over the lake as the young witches and wizards returned to their hideout, entering the lake somewhere between the hills so that they wouldn't be spotted from the castle. Although they were awfully tired, they couldn't keep themselves from chattering about what had happened. Harry, however, left it to Ron to tell the others about their encounter with Snape, and withdrew from his fellow students. Hermione, noticing at once that there was something wrong, kept him company at first. After a short while, she returned to Ron, who was now sitting on one of the wooden platforms in the very middle of the pond, gazing into the waters.

"He wants to be on his own right now," Hermione said, as she sat down next to Ron. "He seems really downcast; I think he's crying, and doesn't want anybody to see."

"Well, I reckon if he's back to brooding mode, there's not much we can do about it." Ron sighed. "He'll come round, when he feels like talking again."

"Ron, what happened?" The helplessness in her voice made him feel vulnerable too. "What did Snape do to upset Harry like that? Is this about the Slytherins? But Snape couldn't possibly have brought them into the hideout with us. Too many of them were on Voldemort's side. They would have betrayed the hideout and we all would have been taken prisoner."

"Maybe." Ron's gaze followed a white koi who was lazily flipping her fins in the water. "Maybe not. Since Snape didn't take the risk, we'll never know. Maybe he was worried about exposing himself as a spy. Or maybe he thought it better to sacrifice the few for the sake of the many...."

"No, I don't think anyone's been sacrificed," Hermione assured him. "The Slytherins are in less danger than us, don't you think? Being pureblood and all...."

She didn't sound very convinced of her words, and Ron remembered what Snape had said about the chess figures. It seemed to fit.

"I think it's odd that Harry never talked to you about it," he finally said, turning towards her. "You're something like his soul mate, aren't you? He tells you pretty much anything, doesn't he?"

There was a tiny trace of jealousy in his voice. Or did she just imagine it?

"I'm his best friend, just like you are," she hurried to reply. "He'd rather talk about some things with you and about others with me. And sometimes I think neither one of us can really understand him."

She fell silent, unsure if she wanted to continue, but then decided she might as well. Going round in circles didn't help anything; they had to talk about things before they became too difficult.

"I know, you're going to disagree with me," she began, "and I'm pretty certain we'll fight again if I say this." She drew in a deep breath and continued: "Ron, I know, you're jealous about me and Harry."

"And how ... I mean, what, gives you the idea?"

If she had looked at him now, she would have noticed him blush. But she was staring at the water, just as he was, as if they were avoiding each others eyes on purpose.

"Well, it's pretty obvious, don't you think? Anytime I'm with Harry and you're not, you make a fuss about it. The others noticed it, too, obviously since they already started teasing you because of it...."

They both remained silent for a while, watching the koi in the water. Probably fish

lived a far happier life than humans or at least a less complex one. Provided they were real fish of course, and not fake ones like these. Like everything else around them they were only a transfiguration of the Magic Room.

Hermione had expected Ron to get angry with her, had expected him to shout and to deny he had any feelings for Harry. Maybe even to walk away and refuse to speak to her. But of all the things she'd expected him to do, sitting quietly next to her and hearing her out was not one of them.

"Last night you said I wouldn't understand, Ron, but you're wrong. I know how you feel, I really do. Back at school, when we were younger, everything was much more ... simple. It was just the three of us. Sticking together, having adventures, sharing secrets. Things are different now. Harry and I are responsible for all these people and I won't deny that this responsibility along with our duties has created a certain bond between us. And, as you surely know, there's more. Experiences we made, secrets we shared ... "

She broke off; he already knew what she was talking about, and she didn't feel much like going into details. "However this doesn't mean that you're less important to Harry, and that he would trust you any less. You're his best friend, and he needs you. Maybe more than he needs me. There's lots of things boys rather share with other boys than with girls."

Impulsively, she put her arm around him. "Ron, I don't want you to feel left out, and I don't want you to think I would ever want to be the cause of a rift between you and Harry. That's why I suggested you should go into the castle with him. I wanted you two to work together. Maybe I was overcompensating, but I never had any intention of making you look stupid, or hurting your feelings. Believe me, it's all a big misunderstanding."

'You bet, it is,' Ron thought, his head still spinning from her complicated view on emotional matters. Why did girls have to make everything so difficult? "It's all right," he hurried to answer, smiling at her. "I did act like a prat and I'm sorry. Let's just forget about, okay?"

"Did you think I was trying to patronize you? Was that the reason, why you got so angry at me?"

"Yeah ... well, maybe ... but it's all right now," he assured her. "Really."

"And the plan was from both us, but the others didn't appreciate your work; they thought it was all my doing and I thought that was so unfair."

Ron rolled his eyes. "Hermione, it's all right. How often do I have to say it?"

"I don't want Harry and me to get all the credit all the time; after all you work as hard and as much as we do."

*"Hermione, it's OK!"*

"All right, all right, there's no reason to take that tone with me. Just because you're too much a prat to understand that I'm trying to show consideration for your feelings...."

"I understand about feelings. I'm a very sensitive person!"

"Right you are," she mocked him, playfully nudging him with her elbow. As an answer he slapped his hand on the water, splashing some in her face.

Squealing and laughing, they chased each other back to the paper houses. Now it was time to rest a little, to get ready for the next adventure.

For the future would hold quite a few surprises for them in store, that much was certain.

**Tsuzuku** (...to be continued)

\*

*Dark night, nothing to see,  
Invisible hand in front of me.  
Scared to death there's someone near,  
Scared to move but you can't stay here.*

*You know me, evil eye!  
You know me, prepare to die!  
You know me, the snakebite kiss!  
Devil's grip, the Iron Fist!*

\*

**extra Extra EXTRA!**

"Welcome, welcome viewers, listeners, readers, welcome to Fred and George's radio show. Today we shall explore the mysteries of cliché hunting in the fanfic world. It is a noble sport among young witches and wizards such as yourselves."

"But first, we'll take a look at the letterbox. ladyinthecloak thinks AD different from anything she read so far? That's a huge compliment for such an old story to still be original. So good to hear that not everything has turned cliché during the last three years. Why, thank you, my lady. \*curtsey\* And on we go to some nice notes from notsosaintly, who likes reading this fic, Sternschen, who already read this fic and wants to read it again in English – don't you go shouting out spoilers, young lady, and MaUrAuDeRmAn, who would enjoy reading this fic much more, if it didn't have weird things like trailers and movie stuff, and well – us, I suppose. Can I go sulk now?"

"Oh shut up, you whiny whimp! Okay now, ready for game? On one line we've got:



Private Maladict! Cheers for PM! And on the other line we got Sponge ... uh ... Snooty Bob. Big hand for Bob!”

“Aaaaand action! PM races through the trailer and into the first episode. Looking good there ... looking good and yes! – She’s got one. Ophelia can see Draco very vividly in the darkness; Yamato could have mentioned a Lumos spell there.

“No wait – that’s not a cliché, that’s more of a flint. Still, we award PM a bean for finding it. Here you go.”

“And on she zooms and spots our littlest brother doing something stupid. Would that be Idiot!Ron? Well, poor Yama never heard of a cliché called Idiot!Ron. He definitely should read more bad fanfiction.

“Yep, he still thinks Harry’s the one to do stupid stuff. Anyhow, take another bean.”

“Oh, how come, PM missed out Sexy!Evil!Draco? Elf-like features, glittering grey eyes ... cliché if I ever saw one. All right, all right, back in 2001 it wasn’t one yet, but it most certainly is now.”

“PM strikes again, oh – and it’s an Americanism this time. ‘Ron for president.’ How come, Ellie didn’t spot that one?”

“Well, probably because it’s actually more of a Europeanism. Europeans sometimes tend to make fun of the very soppy and kitschy speeches American presidents give, and that’s reflected here. Sorry, can’t award you a bean for that one. But you get one for spotting the KKK reference, even though you think it’s cheesy, and you get a bonus bean for mentioning Lord of the Flies. It’s great book, although it doesn’t compare too well to the situation of Harry and the others.”

“So, PM’s got a total of four beans, can you beat that, Bob? Bob’s going for influences rather than clichés, good choice, mate. There should be lots of them to find, since Yama spends half his time reading and watching TV. Ooooh – bean for Tolkien. More bean for KKK. Bonus bean for Stephen King. Aaaaand ... well no more bean, but you could still even up the score by reviewing another chapter.”

“Oh my, aren’t we pushy tonight. So, if you lot ever get tired of hunting for flints, clichés, or possible influences, you might try ships next. Or clues. That’d be like figuring out what will happen next, who’s going to do what, and what’s going on in this fic anyway. “

“Which brings us right to episode 3. Go ahead, bro!”

“Episode 3 is still a fairly light one ... hm ... romance, maybe? There’s no rescue mission this time, so a certain brother of ours comes up with the idea of arranging a Quidditch game for New Hogwarts. Besides romance, there’s some gillyweed, some music and lots of jealousy. We get to meet Chieftain Murcus, and some more characters we haven’t seen before. Also, this episode’s main character is a Ravenclaw girl named Lisa.”

"We'd give you lot a short trailer, but then you'd start complaining again about how weird this fic is."

"Oh, what does it take to make you stop sulking? I'll hex you if you don't shut up!"

"Like to see you try, Fred. Stay tuned for:

\*

## **Amicus Draconis - 1st Cycle: Cycle of the Badger – Episode 3: The Underwater Quidditch Game**

**Original Airdate: February 2002**

**Coming soon to a Fanfiction Archive near you**

\*

Draco Dormiens nunquam titillandus

\*\*\*

Post Fic Author's Note: AD and Anime. A few helpful notes if you're still confused, or if you want to know more about the structure of this fic.

- **Story Arcs:** Like most Anime (and some complex American TV shows as well) AD has three story arcs: a small one for each episode, a big one for each season (cycle) and an epic one for the entire story. This often confuses readers tremendously, because it's so untypical for fanfiction. There's a lot of jumping around between characters, places, different points of view. And most of the time you don't know what's important for later episodes, and what's not. The big picture forms piece by piece and sometimes when you reread the early episodes, you might think: "Hey, how come, I didn't spot that. It's so obvious."

- **Genre:** AD has elements of action/adventure, mystery, slash, romance, drama, songfic, angst, dark story and humor/parody. One scene might be silly and in the next one your laughter dies in your throat. It can be quite an emotional rollercoaster ride, especially in the later episodes when you've become attached to the characters.

- **Background Story:** The three years between the end of GoF and the beginning of AD aren't blank space. A lot has happened in those years, and while the complete story is yet to be revealed in Cycle of the Snake, we already get glimpses of it in the first cycle. Also, there'll be lots of flashbacks in later episodes. It's very typical for Anime to start in the middle of the story revealing not only the future, but also the past. But

since Star Wars and Buffy do the same thing in the Western world, it shouldn't be too difficult to understand.

I didn't scare you off, yet? Wow, you got some nerves there. So I'll see you in the next chapter, where I'll tell you something about the Fred/George interludes.

Feedback is very much appreciated :-)

... but you'll risk finding yourself in Fred and George's radio show. \*eg\*