

## Second Time Around

Ginny Potter was sitting with her back to a concrete barrier, idly transfiguring bits of the ground around her into steel balls. She lined each one up carefully on the level surface above her head.

Harry Potter was watching her with a gentle smile, admiring the graceful movements the twenty year old witch was making. His eyes wandered down her body, before fixing on her chest, enjoying the way the material of her Muggle t-shirt accentuated, then hid, her endowments.

"What do you think it will be like?" Ginny asked casually.

"Strange," Harry replied thoughtfully. "Very strange."

"It will be good to see Mum and Dad again, and Bill, Charlie, and Fred."

Harry smiled his agreement. "I can't say the same about the Dursleys."

Ginny frowned, slight lines creasing the smooth skin of her forehead. "Will you be ok?"

"Yeah. I'll be fine; it should only be for a couple of weeks, before Hagrid drops in. Besides, I've been learning these martial arts for a reason. I'll never be going back anyway."

"Ready?" Ginny asked, as she finished her transfiguration.

Harry nodded. "On three. One! Two! Three!"

They both jumped to their feet and spun 180 degrees. Harry pointed with both his fists, white bolts of light and energy burst from them, like a Muggle laser gun, killing anyone unlucky enough to be caught by one of the bolts.

Ginny, her wand in her right hand, Harry's in her left, wordlessly cast the same spell over and over again. The steel balls she had created went from a standing start to travelling at 300ft a second in a quarter of an inch. There was a distinct crack as the ball passed through the sound barrier, before impacting on the soft flesh of the enemy.

They dropped back down, narrowly avoiding the returning volley of curses.

"How many?" Harry asked.

"I killed eight, you?"

"Fifteen. They're still holed up the other side of the square."

"Damn," Ginny swore absently. "I owe you a kiss now." She pouted prettily.

"Yep," Harry grinned happily. It was an open, innocent expression that only the brown-eyed girl in front of him could elicit. It was a huge contrast to the jagged scar that ran down the left side of his face.

Ginny sighed audibly, and then as if she was being forced, dropped a kiss on his lips. "There!"

Harry shook his head. "That was a peck, not a kiss. You made the bet. The person who killed the most Death Eaters gets a kiss. I did the killing, you make with the kissing."

"Do I have to?" Ginny whined, raising her voice a little, so that she sounded much younger.

"Yes," Harry said forcefully.

"If I must," the girl sighed again, before pouncing. She pushed him hard onto his back, straddled his waist, and ground herself against him as she leant over and kissed him hard.

Harry's hands slid up automatically, grabbing her hips, holding her in place.

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Chris Rice watched them, unable to believe what he was seeing. This was his first mission with the Phoenix Resistance, and he was pretty sure it was going to be his only mission. "They are insane!" he whispered, as they continued what appeared to be an extensive snog session.

"You're new to the resistance aren't you?" the harsh voice of Neville Longbottom demanded.

"Sir, yes sir!" Chris almost shouted.

Neville's pale blue eyes fixed on the younger man. "Harry and Ginny have saved the life of every member, many times over. They founded this resistance after the Order of the Phoenix collapsed. Without them, Voldemort wins. Game Over. If you'd been watching two minutes ago, they interrupted their conversation to kill 23 Death Eaters in four and a half seconds. In the last 45 minutes, the rest of us have killed six and wounded eight.

"Between them, they have lost everything. Their friends, their mentors, and their family. After the Betrayal, they were the ones who pulled the survivors from the wreckage, and built the resistance from the fire.

"Dean, Seamus, and I are all that is left from the original group. Everyone else is long dead and buried. We will follow them in to Hell if they ask us to. We have before, and we'll do it again.

"If they can find a few minute peace in this shit hole then good for them. It means they are still alive, that Harry isn't joining Voldemort, and that we still have hope."

The soldier looked up at the imposing man in front of him and gulped. "I'm sorry sir, I didn't mean any offence."

Neville relaxed a little. He stood, cast four quick spells, and then crouched back down. "Another two dead," he mentioned idly. He refocused his attention on the soldier. "Don't worry about it; most of us are a little protective of the two of them. They are the sanest people on the planet."

The two in question, the kissing finished, jumped to their feet, and started firing curses again.

Ginny felt a sharp pain in her chest, and looked down. A red stain was starting to appear on her t-shirt, the colour a vivid contrast to the white material. She slumped down, terrified about what the effect of her injury would have on Harry.

Harry dropped down to a crouch again. "Sixteen that time," he grinned, before he felt his heart freeze. Ginny wasn't returning his smile; she had a look of infinite sorrow on her face.

"I'm sorry," she whispered, a single tear glistening in the sunlight as it made its way down her silk-smooth cheek.

"No," Harry whispered, shaking his head. "You can't be dieing. You're not allowed to die."

"I am, my love," she whispered. They both knew that no one there had the medical skill to save her. She reached up and gently touched his face, her fingers brushing over the scar and down to his chin. "Despite everything, you made me happy. I'll love you for eternity for that, you made this hell worthwhile."

"No, no, no, no," Harry whispered once more. "Don't die, Gin, please. I need you. We all need you. Please?"

"I'm so sorry," she whispered, before falling silent.

Harry watched her for a second that seemed to last his entire life, before he softly reached out and touched her neck, checking for a pulse. He literally felt his heart return to normal as he found one. It was faint, really faint, but still there. He still had time.

"Go," Neville said, recognising from Harry's stance, and the fact that he hadn't rushed into the Death Eaters that the girl was still alive. "We'll hold them here, give you enough time."

Harry looked up at his closest friend.

"Don't say anything. Just do me one favour?"

"What's that?" Harry croaked.

"Take me with you on your adventure. When you go back, I'll be the short fat kid scared of his own shadow again. Make sure I become what I am today, Harry. Drag and kick me into shape."

Harry gulped, fighting back tears. "You don't need me to do that, Neville. You made yourself what you are, a true Gryffindor."

Neville smiled gently at Harry. "You gave me the kick I needed, my friend. I'm just asking that you help me fulfil my potential once more. Besides, whatever happens, you'll need someone who will stand next to you till the sky falls."

With a fierce nod, Harry reached over and hugged Neville. "I'll see you ten years ago."

Neville nodded, and then watched as Harry exchanged a last word with Dean and Seamus, hugging them both.

"Harry, on three, I want you to run like Dudley and his gang of pricks are on your tail," Neville told him with a grin. He exchanged a nod with Chris, then with Seamus and Dean.

Harry cast a spell on Ginny, putting her in a coma and slowing her blood loss as much as he could. The curse was still killing her slowly. He levitated her and tied her to him, so that as he ran, she'd follow.

On the three, the three friends, and the soldier, jumped to their feet and started casting as many spells as they could.

Harry started to sprint, towards the eerie building that stood alone. Once it was the Ministry of Magic now it was a derelict. Only its ancient charms prevented it from falling down.

A huge volley of curses that flew over their heads told the remaining resistance members that Harry had been spotted.

"Well, lads," Neville said, a death's head grin on his face. "We're massively outnumbered. Our only hope lies in the guy running away from us, who needs time to get to the Ministry, find the Veil, and cast the spell Hermione found before her death. I reckon Harry needs five more minutes.

"It's likely that Voldemort will think the same thing. So, the way I see it, we have two options. We can sit here like rabbits, throwing the occasional curse here and there and wait."

"And the other one?" Seamus drawled.

"We attack."

Dean laughed under his breath. "The four of us, attack a heavily armed force of Voldemort's elite Death Eaters?"

Neville nodded. "The four of us... and our little surprises."

"For Harry," Seamus said, slowly starting to smile. If Harry were successful, his death would never happen. If not, then it didn't matter anyway. At least this way they could take a load of Death Eaters out with them.

"For Ginny," Dean continued, he'd watched as his ex-girlfriend and best friend had gotten together, married, and then put superhuman efforts into fighting Voldemort. Death Eaters had killed his Lavender over three years ago now. If Harry cast the spell, he'd be with her again, if not, he'd see her in heaven.

"For everyone who has died," Neville added; his thoughts on his girlfriend who had been raped and murdered by Draco Malfoy.

"Phoenix Fight," they said together, finishing the unofficial mantra of the resistance. The soldier watched on, realising that he was correct; that he was going to die. Still, this was the best way for it; he'd get some revenge in for his sister before he died.

"On three?" he asked.

"Nah," Neville grinned, his eyes alight with a mischief that seemed out of place. "Just go for it."

They turned and charged, vaulting over the barrier, and running as fast as they could towards the army of Death Eaters, throwing curses as fast as they could.

Chris was the first to die, caught by an *Avada Kedavra*. Dean was next, decapitated by a cutting spell.

The Death Eaters, despite their massive number superiority, despite the fact they were fighting for the most successful Dark Lord in history, shivered as they watched the two continue to run at them. Death Eaters died as Neville fired curse after curse, Seamus concentrating on protecting him.

The two Gryffindors were laughing as they ran. They felt a strange sense of freedom to know that they would be dying shortly. They had nothing left to fear; Voldemort had finally killed that.

Neville felt his legs collapse under him, as he saw Seamus fall in his peripheral vision.

"Pathetic," a voice sneered above him, as he felt another hand remove his wand.

"Malfoy," Neville spat.

"You always were useless, Longbottom," the blond taunted, contempt clearly visible on his face..

Neville laughed, before coughing up some blood.

"What's so funny?"

Neville tried to speak, but only a whisper came out. He waved Draco closer.

Draco leant in, trying to stop his knees from being stained by the blood flowing from the man on the floor.

"This is for Luna," Neville grinned, thanking Merlin he could get his revenge as he died. "Activate!"

Draco's sense of self-preservation kicked in, and he tried to pull back, only to find that Neville was holding on to him tightly. Before he could ask for help, or even give a warning to his troops, Neville exploded.

His explosion set off the bombs inside Seamus and Dean, the combined blast decimating the Death Eaters.

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In his lair, Voldemort frowned as his Dark Mark told him that all of his troops on the mission to stop the Rebels were dead.

"You," he pointed to a Death Eater at random. "Get everyone you can find, get to the Ministry, and stop Potter. If you fail, you will die." He had no

idea what Potter was up to, and was slightly concerned. The Phoenix Resistance was only a minor thorn in his side. He would crush them eventually, like he had crushed the Order of the Phoenix.

The Death Eater nodded once, bowed respectfully, before turning and sprinting out the room.

"Lucius," Voldemort hissed. "Your idiot son has failed me. He is dead. His incompetence could have cost us everything."

"I'm sorry, My Lord," Malfoy senior grovelled.

"I can not tolerate failure. *Avada Kedavra!*"

The body of Lucius Malfoy fell to floor, dead.

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Harry felt the explosions rock the ground, and sighed softly. The last of his close friends were now dead. His wife was close to death. If the spell didn't work, he would be dead, but he found he didn't mind. The thought of spending eternity with his parents and Ginny was a surprisingly good one. But, he owed it to everyone else to try, to make it work.

He entered the ministry, his mind flashing back to the night Sirius had died. Some people were using the ministry as a refuge. Harry didn't care; anyone who got in his way was blasted to one side.

A full squad of Death Eaters apparated into the clearing in front of the Ministry of Magic. "Get in there and kill Potter," was their single command. As a group, they charged.

Harry exploded into the room with the Veil of Shadows. He could hear the voices clearly this time.

"Ginny, wake up love," Harry called softly, cancelling the coma spell, and feeding her as much energy as he could.

"Is this heaven?" Ginny asked groggily, a small smile on her face as she received the boost.

"Nope, still in hell," Harry said as he stroked her hair back. "We need to cast the spell."

Ginny nodded, struggling to sit up. The pain was almost unbearable. Worse than a hundred Cruciatus curses. But she knew she had to do this, for everyone she had ever loved.

Ginny took a deep breath, and reached down into herself. She soon found her magical core, the power supply for her magic. She grasped it carefully, and looked at Harry.

Harry nodded his own magic under his control.

They chanted together, pooling their magic, releasing everything they had into a single spell.

Harry threw everything he had inside him, and then found some more, he utilised every speck of magic he could find in himself. He was hoping beyond hope that it would be enough, that their combined magical essence would do what they needed. If it didn't work, the magical backlash would probably kill them.

The veil seemed to change and shimmer, signifying that the first part of the spell had worked.

"Ready?" Harry asked.

"One more kiss before we go, my love," Ginny requested softly. She could feel the darkness gathering at the edge of her vision, but desperately held onto life, needing that one final expression of love with the man who had been her entire life for over ten years. She wanted to cry so desperately, to beg an uncaring world for one more minute, one more smile, even one more second to profess her love for him, and for him to respond, as he had every time since his first declaration. It took everything she had left to reach up and touch his face one last time.

Harry smiled; his bright green blurred with the faintest sheen of tears, as he leant into her touch and did exactly that. They both ignored the taste of blood in the girl's mouth.

"See you ten years ago," Ginny whispered.

The man picked the girl up, took one last deep breath, before leaping into the Veil of Shadows.

The lead Death Eater entered the room just afterwards, searched it quickly, and left, having seen nothing but a strange mirror.

Inside, Harry felt endless agonising pain, pain that was made worse as he felt Ginny being ripped out of his arms. He tried to scream, but no sound would come out. It felt like his entire being was slowly being pulled apart, one piece at a time.

The pain stopped. Harry opened his eyes, and all he could see was darkness.

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Ginny woke suddenly, taking in a huge breath of air as she gasped for breath. She couldn't see anything, although she could tell she was in a bed somewhere. Automatically she waved her hand and said, "*Lumos*."

A soft light appeared, and Ginny looked around in amazement. She was in her room, at the Burrow. The last thing she remembered was Harry casting the spells, walking through the Veil, and then agonising pain.

Ginny looked down at her body, and gasped in shock. She pulled the top of her nightgown forward and stared at her chest. Her very flat chest. Her breasts were gone. It wasn't for another second, that she realised that the injury was completely gone as well.

She lunged out of bed and fell to the floor, as she found out that she wasn't as tall as she remembered in a painful way. She pulled herself up to the seat in front of the dresser and stared at her face.

The light dusting of freckles across her nose was the same, but that was it. Everything else had changed. She reached out and touched her face in the mirror. She was ten years old again.

Ginny looked at the light, caused by her wandless magic, and bounced on her toes. She stopped instantly, wondering where the urge to bounce had come from. She hadn't done that since she was ten. Which, she quickly realised, she was again. This was confusing.

The light confirmed that her memories were not caused by a nightmare. She really had come back in time to her earlier body. She whispered "Nox," extinguishing the light. As quietly as she could, she crept out of her room and into her parent's bedroom.

"What's the matter, honey?" the sleepy voice of Molly, her mother, asked, displaying the psychic awareness that all mothers seemed to share.

"Had a nightmare, want sleep with you?" Ginny half mumbled, half asked.

Molly seemed to smile in the dark, and opened the covers, allowing Ginny to scamper in.

Ginny relaxed, feeling warm and loved - it had been nearly two years since she had last received a hug from her mother. A silent tear dripped down her face, as a huge hole in her life was repaired in a second.

Her last thought, as she drifted off to sleep, was more of a plea. "Harry, please by all right."

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"Lumos," Harry whispered in the darkness. Nothing happened. "Lumos!" he tried again.

He peered as hard as he could in the gloomy light. He could tell that he was in the cupboard under the stairs, at the Dursleys. He wrapped the thin blanket around himself, and shivered. He was hungry, really hungry. He had forgotten how hungry he had been when he was younger.

Unbidden, a single tear dripped down his face. His last thought, as he drifted off into an awkward sleep, was more of a prayer. "Ginny, please be alive."

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When Ginny woke, she was alone in her parent's bed. She smiled and jumped out from under the covers, and bounced down the stairs, smiling as wide as she could.

"Charlie!" She squealed happily, and jumped into her older brother's lap, hugging him tightly.

"Morning, Snapdragon," Charlie smiled. "You're in a good mood."

"I love you," Ginny told him seriously, the kissed him on the cheek.

Charlie's eyes widened a little not used to such an overt display of affection. Sure, his sister was always demonstrative, but not to this extent. "I love you too," he said, and cuddled her against him.

As he held her close, he spotted Fred and George setting fire to something. He shook his head wildly at them, trying to get them to stop. He didn't want this moment, all too few these days, broken.

The firework exploded with a bang; Ginny exploded into violent movement a microsecond later.

She dived out of Charlie's lap, a threat identified. She rolled across kitchen floor, and jumped, her left foot kicking forward, aimed at George's chin. Her right arm shot out, a powerful wandless banishing charm threw Fred back against the wall. The kick caught George perfectly, although it didn't have the effect she expected - her body weight wasn't enough to hurt him. She was still working on autopilot, and as her instincts noticed that he wasn't on the floor, she landed and twirled like a cat, her leg catching him behind his knees, causing him to crash to the floor.

Ginny returned to her feet, her fists up, her legs in a wide stance for balance, and looked around for further threats.

All that she found was her parents, Ron, Percy, Bill, and Charlie staring at her in open-mouthed shock. She blushed, as her highly trained fight instincts calmed down enough to let her conscious mind take control again.

"That," Ron said slowly, "was bloody awesome."

"Ron, language," Molly admonished automatically.

"Can I get up now?" George asked politely, staring at his sister in something akin to awe.

"Sure," Ginny didn't apologise. "Just don't try and scare me again."

"We won't," Fred promised sincerely, rubbing his head. "It hurts too much."

"Bill!" the girl shouted, as she saw her oldest brother for the first time. She ran forward and jumped into his arms, hugging him hard.

Behind her, Molly was signalling for Bill to take her outside, so that her and Arthur could start to try and work out exactly what had just happened.

Bill nodded to his parents. "Wanna come fly with me, munchkin?"

"Sure," Ginny cheered. "Can I steer?"

"If you're good, go and get dressed."

Ginny nodded, genuinely happy to go flying with Bill, kissed his cheek, and scampered off to get dressed.

"What happened, Charlie?" Molly asked, as soon as she was out of range.

"She came downstairs, jumped into my arms, and gave me a huge hug. Fred and George sneaked up and lit a filibuster. When the bang went off, I was expecting her to jump, but not like she did. She leapt off me, before I had even registered the bang correctly, and it was pretty much a blur from there."

"Well," George continued, rubbing his jaw. "She kicked me in the face, then in the back of the legs. I didn't have time to move or do anything."

Fred sat down gingerly, rubbing the back of his head. "She didn't touch me," he whispered.

"But, I saw you go flying," George protested.

"You remember our Defence class last year, when we were playing with Banishing charms, and you hit me?"

"Yeah?"

"That's what it felt like."

"That's impossible," Charlie said. "She didn't have a wand or anything."

"It could be more accidental magic, Molly," Arthur said, stroking his chin. "Ok, let's not make a fuss out of this. Fred, George, you can de-gnome the garden today, for trying to scare your sister. Bill, can you spend the morning with her, I'm going to floo Albus and have a chat with him."

Bill nodded, and went to get his broom, while Fred and George complained about being punished twice.

For Ginny, the morning was fun, not quite as much fun as flying on her own, but being held protectively by her big brother, was more than enough to make the difference.

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Ginny was having a tea party. She was sat cross-legged on the floor in front of a low triangle shaped table. Two dolls were sat at each of the other sides. On the table, neatly laid out, was a full plastic tea set.

"Would you mind if I joined you?" the sonorous tones of the Hogwarts Headmaster asked.

Ginny looked up and smiled. "Of course not, Melissa will be happy to move and sit next to Billie, won't you Melissa?"

Melissa nodded, climbed to her feet, and walked around the table. When she got to the other side, Billie climbed to her feet and gave the other doll a big hug. They smiled at each other widely, and then sat down together.

Ginny wondered if she was overdoing the wandless magic, but she really needed to prove her point as quickly as possible.

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Albus Dumbledore watched the dolls move with cheerful smile. He was hiding his confusion with the experience of years of practice. He had been looking through the files on some of the students, namely Harry Potter, who would be coming to Hogwarts for the first time, when he had received a floo call from Arthur Weasley.

The red-haired patriarch of the Weasley family had told him about his youngest daughter's actions, and the headmaster had been intrigued. From what it had sounded like, the girl had managed to do some wandless magic, a skill that was extremely rare.

He had agreed to come and visit the Burrow, and have a look at Ginny himself, just to see if anything was wrong. He had arrived and watched silently as the girl had played with her dolls. As far as he could tell, it was a perfectly ordinary scene - if you ignored the fact that two of the participants were supposedly inanimate, and had stayed that way till he had introduced himself, and asked if he could join in.

The girl was extremely cute, with huge bright brown eyes that seemed to be laughing a lot. It was an entertaining cup of tea, but it left him with a lot more questions than answers. Not only had the dolls moved of their own volition, the tea in the teapot was extremely good - very tasty and just the right temperature.

He excused himself, politely thanking Melissa and Billie for their company. The two dolls were motionless, till Ginny hissed, "Lissa, Billie!" The

young girl sounded mortified at the rudeness of her two playmates.

The dolls looked embarrassed, then offered the headmaster identical curtsies. Their eyes flickered over to see if Ginny was pleased with the result.

Ginny gave them a proud smile, and then turned to professor Dumbledore. "Thank you for coming to tea, Professor. I do hope we can do it again."

"I would be delighted, Ms Weasley. You have been a remarkable hostess."

Ginny blushed prettily.

Albus walked out and into the kitchen. He sat down at the table, and smiled as Molly automatically placed some food in front of him. There weren't many cooks who could outdo House Elves, but she was definitely one of them.

"What do you think, Albus?" Arthur asked.

The headmaster frowned thoughtfully, as he stared at the two concerned parents over the top of his half moon glasses. His eyes had a lazy twinkle to them, which reassured the Weasleys. "I believe that Ginny has a subconscious control of magic that is rare in one so young. From what I observed she seems to expect things to work the way she wants, and her magic seems to be helping her in that. Have you ever seen her dolls move before?"

"Not really," Molly admitted. "We don't pay as much attention to her as we could. When you have Fred and George, not to mention the trouble Ron can get in to, it's a delight to have a child willing to entertain themselves for hours on end."

Albus nodded slowly, "I think that when she was younger, she may have used accidental magic to animate her toys. From that starting point, she has continued to use it, but deliberately this time."

"What does this mean?" Arthur asked.

"I believe that it is imperative that Ginny comes to Hogwarts as soon as is possible. She needs to learn to be able to control her ability, so that incidents like this morning are avoided."

Arthur and Molly shared a worried look.

"Of course," Albus continued, correctly interpreting the look. He knew how proud they were about their financial status. "Ginny would be eligible for a grant to cover her scholarship. The Ministry of Magic has a fund for students who show exceptional promise."

"I'm not sure," Molly said softly. "I was kind of looking forward to a year with just the two of us."

"We can't stand in her way, love," Arthur said, pulling his wife against him. "She deserves the right to decide for herself."

Molly nodded. "Ginny, can you come in here?"

Ginny bounced into the room cheerfully. She skipped to the table, and sat down comfortably.

"How would you like to go to Hogwarts, with Ron, the twins and Percy?"

Ginny's eyes went wide, as she looked at her mother in shock.

"Professor Dumbledore is inviting you to join the school a year early."

The girl's eyes shot towards the headmaster, who smiled encouragingly and nodded.

"I'd love to!" Ginny exclaimed, bouncing up and down in her seat.

"In that case," Charlie interrupted. He had been standing at the back of the kitchen, with Bill, watching the proceedings with interest. "Bill and I will be taking Snapdragon shopping."

Molly and Arthur turned together, both ready to protest.

"Don't!" Bill stated. "It might have missed your attention, but we both have pretty good jobs these days. We only have one sister, and we can afford to help out a bit. We are going to pay for the munchkin's school stuff, regardless of what you say."

"Yeah," Charlie agreed.

Both boys had expressions of pure stubbornness on their faces, one of the things they had inherited from their mother.

Molly started to say something, and then stopped. The fact was that they couldn't afford to buy Ginny new robes at the moment, not on top of Ron's as well. She sent them both a look that told them how proud she was of them.

"So I can go?" Ginny asked, excitedly.

"Yes," Molly said, a hint of sadness in her voice.

Ginny listened as her brothers offered to pay for her. She knew this was going to be the sticking point in her plan to get into Hogwarts the same time as Harry. She had hoped that something would turn up, and this was it. She needlessly reminded herself that she was doing this for them, for her family, for the people who had been killed by Voldemort.

As her mother said she could go, she bounced off the chair and gave everyone a huge hug

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It felt like his stomach was eating itself. He had hardly moved since he had arrived back, and was starting to get worried that it had all been a dream. If he'd imagined being a wizard, having a wonderful wife, and everything else that had happened.

His magic wasn't working; he remembered how easy it was for him to do anything before; now he was helpless, and so very hungry.

He knew the Dursleys were around, the light from the hallway crept under the door, and he occasionally heard them talking.

He could hardly think straight because of his hunger.

Harry didn't know how long he was going to be in here, but the door was locked, and without his magic, there was nothing he could do. He didn't even know if his magic wasn't the product of a deranged fantasy.

His mind whirled in circles, ever decreasing, as the loneliness and pain got through to him. He wanted to stretch out, to feel the sunlight on his skin, every time he looked around, the cupboard seemed to be shrinking, invading his personal space, and he could feel his breath hitch, as the darkness engulfed him once more.

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"But it's not fair!"

"Ronald Billius Weasley," Molly looked both angry and disappointed at the same time.

"But..."

"Don't you but me young man, or I'll give you what for."

Ron turned on his heel, and stormed up to his room, crashing the door behind him. He couldn't believe it; his little sister was going to Hogwarts with him. He thought that he'd at least get one year to establish himself as someone other than the youngest Weasley male. He took a deep breath. Perhaps it wouldn't be so bad; after all, Ginny was just a shy girl around others.

Ron stared at the ceiling in his bright orange bedroom, before rolling over and pulling out his favourite book. The Chudley Cannons Annual, and started to read it once more.

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"Get into the kitchen and tidy that mess!" Vernon Dursley roared at Harry.

Harry blinked, as light hit his sensitive eyes for the first time. He got to his feet unsteadily; hunger interfering with his motor controls. He stumbled into the kitchen and got to work.

"You'll be spending the morning with Mrs Figg," Harry's aunt stated. "Don't you dare try any of that unnaturalness of yours."

"Yes, Aunt Petunia," Harry replied politely, a wild hope springing inside him.

After he was allowed a small burnt piece of un-buttered toast for breakfast, Harry was unceremoniously dumped at his babysitters.

Harry was delighted to see that she had a broken leg. It was one of the few things he remembered. "How did you hurt your leg?" Harry asked politely.

"I tripped over one of my cats, Harry," Mrs Figg replied. "Why don't you go and watch TV."

"Ok," Harry smiled brightly this was exactly as before. Perhaps he wasn't insane after all.

"Here," Mrs Figg said a few hours later. "Have a piece of chocolate cake."

Harry bit into eagerly. The dry dusty taste, like it was several years old, raised his spirits even more. He fixed his eyes on the old woman, and said in a soft voice. "I had a strange dream last night."

"Really?" The babysitter didn't sound very interested.

"Yes," Harry said, "I saw men in dark cloaks and white masks running around, there was one man who stood at the front, he was giving some sort of speech."

Mrs Figg went extremely still. "What was he saying, Harry?"

Harry frowned, using it to hide his smile. The Wizarding world existed. Mrs Figg was Squib - a non-magical wizard. "The Flight of Death is returning, Halloween was only a set back, he will return and remould the world in his image."

The lady paled dramatically, and swallowed reflexively. "Eat your cake, Harry," she whispered, as she walked into the kitchen to make herself a strong cup of tea.

The rest of the day went as Harry remembered. He once again relived Dudley's fashion show, with the knickerbockers and his mother crying over how grown up the corpulent boy was these days. It took all of Harry's self control for him not to say that Dudley had grown out, not up.

His final night in the cupboard was the easiest yet. He found it difficult to sleep, knowing that it was his last ever evening being powerless in the Dursley's house. Tomorrow, Hagrid would be coming for him.

There was a horrible smell in the kitchen the next morning when Harry went in for breakfast. It seemed to be coming from a large metal tub in the sink. He went to have a look. The tub was full of what looked like dirty rags swimming in grey water.

"What's this?" he asked Aunt Petunia. Her lips tightened as they always did if he dared to ask a question.

"Your new school uniform," she said.

Harry looked into the bowl again, hiding a smirk. It was so good to know he was never going to wear those rags. They should probably have been burnt on general principle, he decided mentally. "Oh. I didn't realise they had to be so wet."

"Don't be stupid," snapped Aunt Petunia. "I'm dyeing some of Dudley's old things grey for you. It'll look just like everyone else's when I've finished."

Harry sat at the table, having successfully restrained the urge to say that it would only look the same if everyone else was dressing as a neglected child from the Victorian era.

He was distracted till the letterbox flapped. After some arguing, he was sent to fetch the mail. He felt his stomach clench once more. This was it, if his letter was here; he was definitely sane and would be getting out of this hellhole. If not, then he had definitely lost it, and he hadn't got a clue how he was going to survive. Or if he wanted to.

There, under the postcard from Aunt Marge, was the letter, addressed to him at the Cupboard under the stairs. He whooped loudly, no longer caring about giving the impression of being the original Harry.

"What is that noise, boy?" Vernon thundered.

Harry ignored him, and ripped open his letter.

"Dad! Harry's got a letter!" Dudley shouted. "Why haven't I got a letter?"

Vernon got to his feet and walked into the hallway. He looked at the letter in Harry's hand, and recognised the parchment. "Give that to me, boy."

"No," Harry replied calmly, skimming the letter. "Is there anything you've forgotten to tell me?"

"Petunia!" Vernon yelled.

"What?" His wife demanded, as she walked into the hall. "Vernon," She screeched. "Get that letter!"

Vernon walked down the hallway fast, at his most intimidating. His moustache bristled, his belly rocked and swayed. He reached out to snatch the letter from the boy's hands.

Only Harry moved, his mind, recognising an attack, went into autopilot. He swayed backwards, just enough to avoid the reaching hand, before he launched forwards, pushing two fingers into a pressure point just below Vernon's elbow.

Vernon froze, suddenly unable to move. His entire left side was in absolute agony, and he seemed to be in the middle of a massive muscle spasm.

"What have you done to him, you freak?" Petunia demanded her eyes wide in shock and horror.

"Shut Up!" Harry whispered. "All you were asked to do was look after your nephew for a few years. Most people would do that without even thinking about it. Not you. Not the Dursleys. Well, why don't I just open the door so everyone can see what is happening here?"

"No!" Aunt Petunia called, as Harry went to open the door and show the frozen Vernon to the world.

Harry turned back to face them, his stance radiated a confidence that simply had not been there ten minutes before. "I have a deal for you. On Monday, I will leave this house forever, and you can live your normal lives without interference from my kind."

Aunt Petunia paled dramatically. "How do you know about your kind?"

Harry smirked, "I had a dream, about men in black returning, they were chanting a name, over and over. Voldemort, Voldemort."

His aunt looked like she was going to faint, Dudley was pulling at her skirt, asking what was going on.

"Dudley, go to your room, now!"

"What?" Dudley looked incensed. "I want to know what is going on! Why is Dad frozen in place? Who's writing to him? Where's my letter?"

"Dudley Sydney Dursley," Petunia roared, for possibly the first time ever. "Get to your room, now!"

Dudley blinked, burst into tears, and ran up to his room.

Petunia turned to look at Harry, who was watching her with an amused glance. "What do you want?" she asked.

"The spare room to sleep in, him to stay out of my way, proper food, and no chores."

"And if we give you this, you'll leave and never come back?"

"I promise."

Petunia nodded. "Deal."

Harry jabbed his fingers forwards, and Vernon could move again. "You little freak!" he shouted.

"Vernon!" Petunia interrupted. "Kitchen, now!"

"What?" Vernon demanded, staring at his wife.

"I have a deal with the boy. I will explain everything to you now. Harry, the room is yours."

Harry gave her a mocking little bow, and wandered up to the room, his letter of acceptance to the Hogwarts in his hand.

---

Harry waited. It was mere seconds before his 11th birthday. The house was silent; everyone was asleep apart from him. Five seconds to go. Four. Three, two one.

A loud pounding noise reverberated through the house. Harry jumped to his feet and walked downstairs. "Don't get up," he called to his relatives. "It's for me."

Harry opened the door, to see the smiling face of Hagrid. The black beard was the same, as was the beetle like eyes. "Ahh, you must be Harry," the half giant said.

"That I am," Harry agreed with a smile. "And you are?"

"Oh, excuse me. Hagrid's me name. Las' time I saw you, you was only a baby. Yeh looks a lot like yer dad, but yeh've got yer mum's eyes."

Harry led his visitor into the living room.

"Anyway - Harry," said the giant. "A very happy birthday to yeh. Got summat for yeh here - I mighta sat at it at some point, but it'll taste all right."

From an inside pocket of his black overcoat, he pulled a slightly squished box.

Harry opened it eagerly; it was the same as he remembered. A large sticky chocolate cake, with the words "Happy Birthday Harry" on it.

"Thank you," Harry whispered, looking at Hagrid. "This is the first birthday present I have ever received."

"Wot?" the giant demanded.

"I'm sorry," Harry smiled politely. "But you haven't said who you are yet."

"True. I haven't introduced meself. Rubeus Hagrid, Keeper of Keys and Grounds at Hogwarts."

"The place in the letter?" Harry asked.

"Yeh," Hagrid replied. "Yeh'll know all about Hogwarts o'course."

"Er - no. I didn't even know I was a wizard till I received the letter."

"Did you never wonder where yer parents learnt it all?"

"Learnt what?" Harry asked politely. "I was told they died in a car crash."

Hagrid leapt to his feet, the action shaking the whole house. "Do you mean to tell me, that you knows nothin' 'abou' anything?"

"I do know some things," Harry protested, remembering that he had said this the first time round. "I can, you know, do maths and stuff."

Hagrid waved his hands, "About *our* world, I mean, *your* world. *My* world. Yer *parents* world."

"Oh, no then." Hagrid looked ready to spit teeth, but with no one around, he visibly tried to calm himself. "So you don't know about your scar then?"

"Not at all," Harry said, leading the half-giant into a quieter conversation. They talked all night, before leaving in the morning. Harry didn't even bother to say goodbye to the Dursleys.

The only thing that worried him now, was if Ginny had managed to survive as well. Well, as far as he was concerned, if she hadn't, he was going to

be paying a lot of attention to her, and making sure that he turned her crush into love as quickly as he could " and there was no way in hell she was ever going to date that Corner bloke.

---

Ginny smiled as she reread her letter for the hundredth time. This was the incontrovertible proof that she was going to Hogwarts. That she would be in the same year as Harry.

She had a shopping trip to look forward to, with her big brothers, and the prospect of seeing Harry soon. The only slight cloud on her horizon was the prospect that the spell had only worked for her, that Harry wouldn't remember her. Still, if that was the case, then Harry James Potter was going to find himself with a very loyal friend for a few years. A friend who would damn well make sure that when he was ready to see girls, he looked at her first and not some Asian tart who outpouted more water than an industrial dam.

---

Harry spent the days before his departure for Hogwarts as he had the previous time around. He met Griphook once more, and took out more money than he had the previous time, converting most of it into Muggle money while Hagrid was distracted. He had been careful to nudge Hagrid in a different direction, ensuring that he didn't run into Draco in Madam Malkin's this time - he wasn't sure he would be able to restrain himself.

His trip to Ollivander's was next. As before they had gone through a number of wands, before the owner eventually passed him the Holly and Phoenix feather wand he remembered so well. He smiled happily as sparks flew out the end.

"Oh, bravo! Yes indeed, oh, very good. Well, well, well ... how very curious..." He put Harry's wand back into its box and wrapped it in brown paper, still muttering, "Curious ... Curious"

"Sorry," said Harry, "but what's curious?" He successfully managed to hide his smirk.

"I remember every wand I've ever sold, Mr Potter. Every single wand. It so happens that the phoenix whose tail feather is in your wand, gave another feather - just one other. It is very curious indeed that you should be destined for this wand, when its brother - why its brother gave you that scar."

"You mean Voldemort has the same wand I do?" Harry asked, his eyes wide open in surprise.

Ollivander recoiled slightly in horror at the mention of the name. "Yes."

"What happens when brother wands duel?" Harry asked, as if the question had just occurred to him.

"What do you mean?" Ollivander prevaricated.

"Well, if this Voldemort has tried to kill me once, and failed, it stands to reason that he will try again. I just want to make sure that nothing bad would happen if I ended up duelling him."

Ollivander found himself captivated by the bright green eyes in front of him. "Occasionally, they lock, and force each other to show what spells they have cast in the past."

"I think," Harry said slowly, "that I would like a second wand please, just to be safe."

"Eh "Arry, you dun wanna be thinkin' that."

Harry ignored the half giant behind him, his eyes still locked on the wand maker in front of him. "If I'm going to facing an insane Dark Lord, I'd rather it was with a wand that worked, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," Ollivander admitted reluctantly.

"To save time, is there a summoning spell in magic?"

"Well, of course, *Accio* ," Ollivander blurted before he could control himself.

Harry removed the paper and retrieved his wand from its box. He was aware that Ollivander would tell Dumbledore about this as soon as he could, and really didn't care. He wanted as many question marks over him as soon as he could, it would make his transition easier. "*Accio* Harry's other wand," he said, waving his wand randomly.

There was a rumbling from a box down the hall, before it shot out of the pile, and into his hand. "Wow, it works," Harry gasped, testing his acting abilities to the full.

"I'm afraid that you shouldn't do that, Mr Potter," Ollivander warned. "The Ministry of Magic monitors under age magic use. You could be expelled from Hogwarts."

"What's the Ministry of Magic?" Harry asked. "And how can they expel me from a school I don't go to yet?"

"The Ministry of Magic is the governing body of the Wizarding World," Ollivander explained slowly. "They have the power to stop people from going to Hogwarts for illegal use of magic."

"Oh," Harry said. He turned to face his large companion. "So you were a wizard for a bit Hagrid?"

"Aye." Hagrid's beetle like eyes glittered with fond memories - he was more than happy to change of subject.

"So, did you learn how to end spells as well as make them?"

"O' course," he replied with a large smile. "*Finite Incantatem*."

"Thanks," Harry grinned impishly at him. "*Finite Incantatem*," he chanted, pointing his main wand at the box holding the second wand.

Ollivander looked at Harry with absolute horror. "What did you just do?"

"Oh," Harry smiled innocently. "I guessed that the only way this Ministry of yours could track magic, was if there was a spell on the wand. I disabled it, now they can't stop me from going." He opened the second wand box, and took out a longer wand. "What's this?"

"18 inch, ash, with a Thestral hair core," Ollivander replied instantly.

"What's a Thestral?"

"You'll learn about that in school."

Harry nodded, and used his now clean second wand to remove the spell from his first. "How much do I owe you for these?"

"Eighteen Galleons," Ollivander said in a resigned voice. He swore that he was going to Owl Albus Dumbledore as soon as he could.

---

"Something's not right." The distinguished headmaster of Hogwarts was sitting at his desk, looking over several reports.

"What's not right, Albus?" Minerva McGonagall asked curiously.

Albus placed the reports down, and clasped his hands together, while he peered at his deputy headmistress. "Would you say it was possible for a young man to pick up his first ever wand, and perform a successful *Accio* spell?"

"Of course not."

Albus sighed slowly. "Harry Potter, it seems, has done exactly that. I told Hagrid to help him get his school supplies. They stopped at Olivander's, and after Harry found a wand - Voldemort's twin - Harry asked what happened when brother wands are forced to duel. It seems that he guessed that Voldemort would want to finish the job. Ollivander told him, so Harry requested a second wand, and then used *Accio* to find it. He then manipulated Hagrid into telling him about *Finite Incantatem*, and used it to remove the Ministry's tracking spell."

McGonagall sat down into a chair heavily. "What is his second wand?"

"Eighteen inches, Thestral Hair core. According to Ollivander it's something he's been developing for some time. He claims that it is good for charms, especially invisibility charms, and duelling.

"I have here," the headmaster raised another piece of paper, "a report from Anabella saying that Harry told her about a dream predicting Voldemort's return."

McGonagall gasped in horror.

Dumbledore looked his deputy straight in the eye. "Something strange is happening. First we have a girl who suddenly acquires massive amounts of Wandless magical power, perhaps as much as me, then we have a boy who can do an *Accio* as his first spell, and now has a second wand that will allow him to turn invisible with ease, as well as no way of keeping track of him."

They were interrupted by a whooshing sound, and the distraught head of Mrs Figg appearing. "Albus," She half shouted. "Harry's gone missing. He never returned from his day trip with Hagrid."

Dumbledore leapt to his feet. "Thank you, Mrs Figg, I will deal with this personally."

Figg nodded, and vanished from the fire place.

"Assemble who you can, Minerva. We must find Harry."

---

Once Hagrid had placed Harry on the train home, Harry had pulled out his wand and cast a simple spell to make his voice sound a lot older than it was. He stayed on the train for several stops, before finally getting off at Woking. He walked to the nearest public telephone, and dialled Directory Enquiries. "I need the number of a Hotel near Guildford Train Station," he said gruffly.

The operator put him through, and he quickly arranged for a place to stay for the next few weeks. Once he had finished on the phone, he pulled out his original wand, and cast a simple disguise spell on himself, to make him look older. He collapsed against the wall as soon as he finished, completely exhausted, but at least looking older.

It had taken him ten minutes to walk up the cobbled High Street, towards the combined pub and hotel that was to be his home for the next few weeks. There was no problem with him paying in cash, the owners were more than happy, as they could hide it from the taxman, and gave Harry the key to his room.

He walked in, dumped his case, released Hedwig from her hiding place, and collapsed on the bed, asleep in second.

The next morning, he told the staff that his son would be staying as well, before he returned to his room and cancelled the spell, happy to be himself again. He was a little scared by how much energy magic took out of him. The sort of spells he was casting he could have done wandlessly all day, without any noticeable side effects.

He spent the weeks wondering around Guildford and the surrounding area, spending a lot of time in the huge library that was a street across from the High Street. The rest of his time was spent running, working on his fitness, and practising his fighting skills. He cast the illusion on himself on a regular basis, each time it drained him for a day, so that there was no problems with the staff.

He spent some of his money in Debenhams, buying the same sort of clothing that most kids wore, while his taste were more mature than that, he didn't really want to stand out yet, there was more than enough time for that in the future.

A few days before he was due to go to Hogwarts, he took the train back into London, and entered Diagon Alley.

Back in the future, one of the newer recruits to the Resistance had been a young lawyer, who had specialised in helping Muggles who had been abused by Wizards. At this time in his life the Lawyer had just started running his own practice.

Harry entered the small reception room, and smiled at the young witch, who was acting as a receptionist. "Can I speak to Martin Addacus please?"

The witch looked down her nose at him. "I'm afraid Mr Addacus is busy," she said politely, not bothering to check the diary in front of him.

Harry sighed, and pulled back his hair, revealing his scar. "Please tell him that Harry Potter wishes to have a conversation with him."

The receptionist gasped, looking at the small boy in absolute shock. No one in the wizarding world had seen hide nor hair of this child since the Halloween events, when Voldemort had been defeated.

"Oh, oh, oh, of course, Mr Potter," she stuttered. As quickly as she could, she talked into a two-way mirror, which acted as an intercom, explaining the situation as succinctly as possible. ""Mr Addacus will see you immediately," she simpered.

"Thank you," Harry smiled, before pulling out his wand. "*Obliviate* ."

Harry walked into the office, and sat down on the leather chair opposite the lawyers desk, instantly comfortable. "I had to *Obliviate* your receptionist," he confessed casually, in lieu of a greeting. "I'm not ready to have my return to the wizarding world made public yet."

Martin looking a little surprised, then nodded slowly. "What can I do for you, Mr Potter?"

Harry smiled at him, his mannerisms were definitely not those of a child, and he commanded a certain respect. "I'm going to need a good solicitor, and you have been highly recommended to me. I'd like to keep you on a retainer, to look after my rights, and deal with any of the issues that are likely to come up over the next few years. I should probably warn you that, as my lawyer, you may be a target yourself in the future."

"Target for what?" Martin asked, deciding to treat Harry like an adult.

"Voldemort was defeated, that night, there is a chance he could return. I'm going to be doing everything in my power to stop it, but there is a slim chance."

Martin folded his hands, and stared at the strange boy in front of him. The last thing he had expected this morning was to have the famous Harry Potter in front of him. The very few times he had even thought about Harry Potter, he had not expected this.

The boy in front of him was small, perhaps a little small for his age. He looked undernourished, and a little pale - as if he had suffered some abuse, but it was in the past. He had glasses with large black rims, which seemed to emphasise the greenest eyes he had ever seen.

The big surprise though, was his attitude. He spoke as an adult, ignoring for a moment, the terrifying prospect of He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named return, there was the underage magic - an oblivate spell was not that easy to perform, and the Ministry should have already been notified, but there had been nothing so far complaining about it, and he was now pretty sure that Harry was simply not being monitored. He presumed that the Boy-Who-Lived had simply been raised as an adult, to deal with all the pressures that he would be under. He decided to simply ignore Harry's age, and treat him like a full adult. This could make his career, being the sole representative of Harry Potter would enable him to have a high profile to try and do what he really wanted in life.

"So, what exactly can I do for you, Mr Potter?"

Harry smiled. "Ok, first of all, I want my name and my scar trademarked. I want it locked down so that no one can use it without my permission."

Martin pulled out his wand, and cast a spell, so that the words were written down neatly on the parchment in front of him. "That shouldn't be a problem."

"Next, I have a feeling that the press are going to be after me, so I want you to keep an eye out for anything slanderous or libellous, and take aggressive action against anything or anyone."

The lawyer nodded again, looking extremely thoughtful.

"Finally, I want you to look into a way of me either being declared an emancipated minor, or a way of getting me my full inheritance early. I have

been abused by the relatives I was placed with by Dumbledore, and I will not be returning there again." Harry reached in his pocket, and pulled out some parchment. "This is all the evidence of the abuse I had suffered."

Martin looked shocked, and his eyes widened in horror as he flicked through the comprehensive file.

"I'm not after sympathy," Harry said dryly. "I just want you to do your job."

"Of course," the solicitor nodded, placing the folder down, suddenly realising that his theory on the boys upbringing was totally wrong.

Harry smiled slightly. "Now, let's talk about your fee for this."

---

It was a much happier Harry Potter who returned to his hotel room. Things were going well so far, he was due to leave for Hogwarts shortly, he had his lawyer in place, with a plan to protect his interests, and attain his freedom early. He didn't really think that he would be made an emancipated minor, he wasn't sure that it was even possible in the wizarding world, but that wasn't the point. There was now documented proof of the abuse he had suffered, so he would never be going back to the Dursley's, regardless of the intentions of the erstwhile Headmaster of Hogwarts.

It was with a nervous trepidation that he packed up his stuff the night, his thoughts once more on his wife. Or, at least on the person he hoped was still his wife.

---

Ginny smiled happily as she twirled in the long grass outside the burrow. She had new school robes upstairs, as well as all the equipment she would need. The shopping trips had been the best Non-Harry day of her life. Her brothers had battled each other over who got to spoil her more, and she had loved every second of it. At the end of the day, she had kissed them both, and told them very firmly that she loved the both equally. They had grinned at her, and completely ignored her declaration, both convinced that she really loved them more.

Tomorrow was going to be her first day, and instead of running after the train, this time she would be on it. She just hoped that she'd be on it with her husband.

---

Harry arrived at Kings Cross station, he wandered around slowly, pushing his trunk on the trolley as he had before, waiting for the Weasleys to arrive. He finally saw them, Ginny was holding her mothers hand as she had before, and he started to worry.

He slowly pushed his trolley to them, not sure if he wanted to say anything, not sure if he wanted to find out the truth about Ginny.

---

Ginny looked around eagerly as they arrived at the station. Her family took it for eagerness and excitement that she would be going to Hogwarts with her brothers. She was looking for Harry, and was disappointed when she didn't instantly find him.

She finally caught a glimpse of him, and a wild hope sprung inside her, only for it to die as quickly. He looked scared and nervous, as if he didn't know what was happening. She shuddered internally, as he didn't approach them like he had before.

Before she could do anything, she was through the pillar, onto the platform. The platform was just as she had remembered it, bustling with life and people. She helped load their trunks onto the train, then begged her mum to let her go and make friends. She said goodbye quickly, promising to write as often as she could, to be good, and stay out of trouble. She hid a mental smirk at the last one; no one could be a friend of Harry Potter's and not get in trouble.

---

Harry walked through the barrier, and smiled to himself. It was strangely like coming home, as he was back where it had all started. He could see the Weasleys in the distance, their red hair making them stand out. He watched as Ginny hugged her mum, then turned and walked towards him, her expression carefree.

"Hi," The girl said brightly as soon as she reached him.

Harry met her eyes, and smiled slowly, tilting his head. "Harry Potter," he introduced himself.

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Ginny walked over to meet Harry, and suddenly noticed that his clothes were new and fit him well, and that he looked reasonably healthy. She smiled brightly at him. "Hi."

"Harry Potter," she watched as he introduced himself.

Ginny took a deep breath, revelling in the look in his eyes. "Ginny Potter," She whispered so that only he could hear.

His smile warmed her in the way that only he had ever been able to do. He looked down the platform, at her mum. "You're coming to Hogwarts?"

Ginny nodded and grinned impishly. "Your plan worked perfectly. A little wandless magic here and there, and Fred and George are too scared to use me as a Ginny Pig anymore, and I have a scholarship to Hogwarts."

"Brilliant," Harry looked proudly at her. "My magic doesn't work properly. Why don't you say goodbye, then meet me in a carriage, we need to talk."

"Ok, love," Ginny replied. "Give me five minutes." She turned and dashed away.

Harry watched her go with a smile, he hadn't really noticed the first time around just how cute she had been. He loaded his trunk onto the train, and found an empty carriage quickly. He used his wand and cast a charm to make people ignore it. He really wanted to talk to Ginny before meeting anyone else.

A few minutes later, Ginny walked into the carriage. She was able to recognise Harry's spells with ease. And bypass them.

"Well, that was fun," she said, as she climbed straight into his lap and hugged him tightly. "I missed you so much, darling."

Harry hugged her back. "I was so scared that it hadn't worked, that something had gone wrong. Especially with my wandless magic not working at all."

"Mine works fine," Ginny frowned.

Harry shrugged, "We'll do some research later. I've got a lawyer on retainer, and given him the evidence about the Dursleys. Dumbledore's probably going to be really worried, as I had a bit of fun." He pulled out his second wand from his pocket. "I picked up a second wand from Ollivanders, and gave a prophecy or two of Voldemort's return. Combine that with my disappearance, and he's probably totally confused and on edge."

"Good," Ginny said cheerfully. "Have you got any money on you?"

"Yeah, some," Harry said cheerfully. "What do you need?"

"To go shopping as soon as possible. I need some new underwear. Look!" Ginny flipped up her skirt, showing off childish garments she was wearing.

"Ok," Harry frowned. "That's a little weird."

Ginny had the same expression on her face. "Yeah, I mean, internally, I still feel married to you, with an extremely healthy sex life. But I just realised I'm a ten year old girl."

Harry nodded, "Exactly. That's the first time you've flashed me like that and I've not wanted to jump you."

Ginny giggled. "So, I guess this means were not going to be having sex for some time?"

Harry laughed. "Yeah, not that it would be possible. It was one hell of a shock to go to the bathroom the first time, and realise just how much wasn't there anymore."

"I know! As soon as I woke up, I realised my boobs had gone. I'd become really attached to them, and I'm not going to get them back for several years."

"Yeah. I'm really not looking forward to going through puberty again. Why did it have to be ten years?" he complained with a slightly irritated look.

"Because five years wouldn't have given us enough time to make the changes we need to," Ginny reminded him gently.

Harry sighed. "Mentally, I know it's you in there, and when I'm not looking at you, I still want to kiss you, make love to you. It's only when I see myself in the mirror, or look at you, that I realise that I'm both incapable and unwilling."

Ginny nodded, "What about cuddling?"

Harry smiled at her, his arm loosely around her. "That, we can still do. I guess we'll just deal with it as we grow up, we'll do what is comfortable."

Ginny lightly kissed him, a little girl kiss, and smiled. "We should probably let the others find us now, they are probably a little worried that they can't find me."

Harry groaned playfully. "Do you mean I have to go through your over-protective brothers again?"

Ginny nodded with a wide smile.

"I love you," Harry said softly, lightly touching her hair. "In this body, or another, it doesn't matter as long as you are inside."

The red-haired witch pulled him into a tight hug. "I've loved you for ten years, Harry Potter, and I plan on doing so for another thousand."

Harry smiled, and then grinned at her. "Do they make decent lingerie in midget size?"

Ginny giggled and hit his arm casually.

"Spousal abuse!" Harry teased her.

The young witch leaned in and kissed his arm. "Better?"

"Lots," Harry agreed, as he waved his wand, cancelling the hiding spell on their carriage.

They spent some time catching up on what they had been up to, during their separation, before the door swung open, and a blond boy with an arrogant expression stood there, sneering slightly. He was flanked by two bigger boys, both of whom looked like any original thought would actually cause them some pain.

"Malfoy!" Harry spat, moving as fast as he could. Ginny threw out her hands, two banishing charms throwing the two bodyguards back, while Harry grabbed Draco's arm and pulled him into the carriage. He dropped his body weight, not releasing the arm, and as Draco stumbled forwards, he shifted into the boy, twisted, and yanked hard. The blond wizard went flying through the air, landing on his back, the air coming out of his lungs with a surprised yelp.

In the same movement, Harry pulled back his fist, and launched a punch at the unprotected neck of his target.

"You can't kill him," Ginny interrupted dryly.

Harry paused, completely ignoring the terrified mewlings Draco was making, "Why not?"

"It would be more trouble than its worth."

"He deserves to die!" Harry stated firmly. "I'll just kill him, I'm sure we could talk our way out of it later. After all, we can prove that Lucius is a Death Eater."

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The last thing Draco had expected when he had opened this door, was to be in his current position. He was a Malfoy, and as such he should be a figure of fear and respect among the other students. His father was on the school board, and was one of the most important men in the country. Along with his extreme wealth, Draco had been quite prepared to sneer at anyone and everyone. He had known that he would be on the train with Harry Potter, and was prepared to offer him a friendship.

As soon as he had opened the door, secure with his bodyguards, things had gone rapidly down hill. He'd never been assaulted before in his life, and was not prepared for the pain of his back impacting hard on the floor.

As he saw Harry's fist, he suddenly had visions of his own early death, and his chief emotion was surprise. When the girl - probably a Weasley, judging by the red hair - had stopped Harry, he hadn't expected her to just say that killing him wasn't worth the effort. It wasn't fair!

His surprise had turned to fear as these two children had stated with complete confidence that they could prove his fathers involvement with the Death Eaters. His father had worked very hard to remove all those stains.

Harry sighed audibly, then turned to face Draco. "I hate you," he stated as an incontrovertible fact. "I am going to dedicate a lot of my school time to making your life hell. If I see you picking on anyone, at all, I'm going to start breaking your arms, then maybe your legs."

"Dad won't let you get away with this," Draco cried, on the edge of tears.

"You tell Lucius that we know what is in vault 217. We know why his left forearm aches at night. You tell your dad what ever you want, it doesn't matter. If he comes anywhere near us, we'll take it out on you first and foremost. You're an arrogant, despicable traitor."

Harry paused and looked thoughtful. "Can I at least break his arm?" he asked Ginny hopefully.

"Sure," the ten year old smiled happily. "I can always fix it, so that the little snot can't prove anything."

Harry grinned, joy visible in his eyes. He braced Draco's elbow against his knee, wrapped one of is arms around it, and placed another on the blond's wrist.

"Wait!" Draco yelled, now completely in tears.

"Why?" Harry asked.

"I can pay you, give you anything," Draco begged.

"You can't give us anything we'd want," Ginny spat. "You're a traitor, and need to be treated like one."

With a sharp movement, Harry pushed forward Draco's wrist, while pulling his other arm in. With an audible snap, closely followed by a wail of agony, the radius and ulna of Draco's right lower arm snapped. Harry was careful not to break the skin, not that he cared about the massive internal bleeding he had just caused - he didn't want Ginny to have to clean up the blood on their robes - he was considerate like that.

Ginny waited a few seconds before reluctantly waving her arm, healing the injury. Leaving Draco with the memory of the pain, but no actual physical evidence.

"You've got two choices," Harry snarled, an extremely adult look of hatred in his eyes. "You can act as before, wave your so called pure blood superiority in everyone's faces, complain to Daddy about this. Or you can slink through school, keeping as low a profile as you possibly can.

"Do the first, and you will suffer far worse things than that little snap, do the second, and we may leave you alone. Either way, on your 17th birthday, lâ€"€"

"We!" Ginny interrupted firmly.

"Sorry," Harry continued. "We are going to kill you. Now get out of here!"

Draco got to his feet; fear etched on his face, tears running down his cheeks, and ran out of the doorway, as if the hounds of hell were after him.

Harry sniffed, and then made a face. He pulled out his wand and performed a cleaning spell on the floor, where Draco had lost control over his bladder.

"What if he changes?" Ginny asked calmly, swinging her feet over the edge of the seat.

"We won't kill him," Harry admitted. "I just wanted to scare him. But if he does continue like he was before, then there is no way we can allow him to get into a position like he did before."

Ginny smiled happily, as Harry sat down close next to her.

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Fred and George Weasley, current prank kings of Hogwarts, were searching the train looking for their baby sister. They weren't too concerned, not with Ginny's actions against them.

They looked at each other in amazement, as a blond boy who could only be Draco Malfoy burst past them, tears down his face, and leaving a familiar odour in his wake.

"Was that?" Fred asked.

"Yep," George grinned. "Looks like someone had a run in with our little sister."

"This is going to be so cool!" Fred stated. "Our ability for pranks combined with her ability with magic. It's going to be a wonderful year."

"True, true," George grinned, and opened the carriage door.

The two twins stopped, as they tried to work out what was wrong with the scene in front of them. Two children, one their sister, were involved in a very deep conversation, neither of which had noticed their arrival yet. What was strange, was that they were sat next to each other, with their sisters legs over the strange boy's lap. What was stranger still, was the completely comfortable air it was done in, as if they had done it a million times before. There was none of the awkwardness of the usual Boy-Girl nature.

"Fred, George!" Ginny greeted them with a smile. "Allow me to introduce my friend, Harry Potter."

"Hey!" Harry greeted them calmly.

The twins looked at each other. "The great Harry Potter?" They asked, looking at each other in surprise. Silently, they both wondered what was going on, how their sister had managed to make such good friends with a boy she had only known for less than an hour.

"Indeed," Harry said dryly, idly pushing his hair back and showing off his scar. "I believe that you gentlemen have something of mine."

"Huh?" Fred asked, a little spooked by the strange start to a conversation.

"A certain map," Harry explained.

Fred and George looked at each other again, before Fred reached into his pocket and pulled out the blank parchment.

"How did you know?" he asked.

Harry smiled, and in lieu of answering, tapped the parchment with his wand. "I solemnly swear I am up to no good."

The familiar writing appeared, welcoming the user to the Marauders Map. "Professor Mode," Harry commanded.

The map changed, into a representation of Hogwarts, showing every professor in the building.

"I didn't know it could do that," George gasped. "We thought it could only be used normally."

Harry smiled at them. "Would it help if I told you that my dad was Prongs? My godfather Padfoot, a close friend, Moony?"

"What about Wormtail?" Fred asked.

Ginny looked furious, as if she knew exactly what was happening, an expression that both the twins noticed, and filed away for future contemplation.

"He was a traitor," Harry said evenly. "Short version of the story is that Sirius Black," he paused as the twins gasped at the name of the criminal, "did not betray my parents. Padfoot would never do that, it was actually Peter Pettigrew, or Wormtail, who then faked his own death. All the Marauders were illegal Animaguses, Pettigrew was a rat. One of the things I need to do is free Sirius this year."

Fred and George looked completely gobsmacked, as the famous Harry Potter stated, in a calm, adult manner, that everything they had known about the events of Halloween, were false. What was more surprising in a way was the lack of shock on their sister's face, as if she had known this all along. There was obviously a lot going on that they didn't know about, but were determined to find out. For now though, they wanted to make friends with Harry as well, after all, anyone who was the son of Prongs must be good for a prank or two.

"We saw Malfoy running away from here, what happened?"

Harry smirked evilly, the expression a little out of place on his young face. "He came in here spouting his pure blood nonsense, so we scared him a little."

"Good show," Fred grinned, already working out ways that he and his twin could use that information against Malfoy.

"Take a seat guys," Harry invited, as he closed the map down. "I'll make a copy of this tonight."

"Thanks," Fred said. "We've got most of the hidden passages memorised, but its useful to know where Finch is."

Harry and Ginny nodded together, smiling.

The door opened again, and another boy entered. "Harry," Fred said, "we'd like you to meet our younger brother, Ron."

"Hi," Harry said cheerfully. "I'm Harry Potter."

Ron gaped at him, then at his sister who still had her legs draped over his lap.

Harry moved his hair back again, showing the scar. "Why don't you take a seat," he offered politely.

"Err, yeah, thanks," Ron said, looking at Harry in a kind of awe.

They were interrupted again, as a bushy haired girl opened the door. "Have any of you seen a frog?" she asked, in a bossy tone.

Harry and Ginny looked at each other, and shared a private grin. With a smile, Harry pulled out his main wand and said, "*Accio* Frog."

"You can't do magic like that," Fred said, a frown on his face.

"Not if you haven't disabled the Ministry's tracking spell," Harry agreed cheerfully.

The twins looked at each other, and dropped to their knees in front of Harry. They bowed down and started worshipping in an over the top fashion.

Harry laughed, "get up you clowns," he said, as he caught the toad the flew through the door. "Want me to take yours off, Gin?"

Ginny nodded, holding out her wand that seemed to flicker into her hand faster than the others could see. Harry cast the spell, then turned to look at Fred and George. Ron and Hermione were both gaping at him, for slightly different reasons.

"I want you to swear, on Marauders honour, that you will only use this for pranks, and for self preservation."

Fred and George looked at each other, then at Harry. "We swear," they said simply, without artifice.

Harry smiled at them, as with the sort of synchronisation that only twins can do, they pulled out their wands, allowing Harry to cast the spell.

"I'm Harry Potter," Harry said, smiling at the bushy haired girl who was looking on in shock. "This beautiful young lady next to me is Ginny Weasley."

Ginny smiled at the compliment, used to Harry complimenting her by now, so she didn't blush. "Hi."

"These two reprobates in front of me are Fred and George Weasley, the guy next to him, is Ron Weasley, their younger brother."

"Hermione Granger," the girl introduced herself, still looking at Harry in shock.