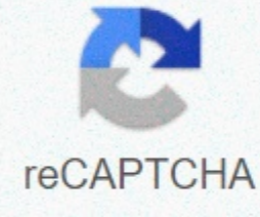




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Dear mum and dad, I'm going to Digon Alley with Hugo. We'll probably get the ice ream, and look at the new Firebolt 3. I hope you have a good dinner. I will return from 6:45-7:00. Loving, Lily Lily hastily dragged out the note on paper. She expected her parents not to call Uncle Ron or aunt Hermione. He left the time limit, just in case this mysterious person wasn't true to his word. Lily knew that there was no point in opposing. And honestly, what harm can a trip do? Lily breathed deeply and she walked to the door. Suddenly, he pivoted. As much as his thoughts were beginning to come tarnished with the will of this other person, he knew it was his own idea. He needs something for luck, something special that will always remind him of the house, even if this magician kidnapped him. He raced up the stairs to his parents' room, he pulled out his mother's jewelry box. He opened it. She looked mostly simple gold necklaces and gold earrings. But at the very bottom of the box, Lily found a shiny peridot bracelet, just like her birthstone, she also found a similar sapphire one and a ruby one. Her name was carved in the Peridot bracelet, and her birthday. Lily slipped the bracelet and closed the jewelry box. He ran down the stairs, out of the front door, and grabbed the box tied with simple cardboard string. She gasped as her legs flew in the air and she began to spin fast. Um... Lily slammed into the ground. The ground wasn't particularly hard, but it knocked the wind out of him. The grass was too long, and a gentle breeze blew through. Lily lay on the ground for a few seconds, taking time to catch her breath, and decide what to do next. He decided to get up and look around. Suddenly a rock began to fall into his stomach. It was scared. All of a sudden, all Lily wanted to do was cover in the grass. He was so stupid coming here.. I Even though it wasn't his fault... Mind control ... Uh oh! Lily's thoughts jumped around, but when she thought about mind control, she knew she had to get out. Mind control was dangerous, and this type of mind control was something that Lily had never heard of. The magician was powerful or, he knew that much, and they were probably evil, given the fact that they had spent time developing new forms of imperius curse. I see you have decided to come! A deep, raspy voice said. Lily revolves around. Let me go back! I don't want to be here! A man wearing a long black cape with a long, edgy hood was turned away from him. The capes followed them. Keep calm, and please, sit down! The person casually pointed his stick in Lily's direction, without even bothering to turn around. Lily fell back and landed in the grass, in a sitting position. I want to know why you think I brought you here, the person revolves around. His face was mostly hidden from the shadows. He was a tall, dark Beard, and he wore big combat shoes. I don't know. Because you're a creepy hunter? Do you stalk me? Or my dad? Lily wanted to scream in her ugly face. But, she was also scared. Maybe he won't be in Gryffindor. I don't know Lily stuttering. Yes, you do, he said, pausing to dramatic effect. But I don't really care what you think. Let me now tell you the truth. What do you want? He asked. Well, Lily wanted to do a lot, but mainly she wanted to go home. Hogwarts, you want to go to Hogwarts, he said. Lily was startled. She was thinking about that earlier in the day. Well, I can take you to Hogwarts... Soon. I just need you to do a few things for me, somethings to show your loyalty. Visit me every day at this time, every day I will teach you more. Then, on Sunday, I will send you hogwarts. It won't be for schooling, of course. But I thought you would appreciate my gesture. The man turned around. Your parents are worried, they're called Ron. You should be going. But think about my offer. I know it will make you happy... Oh, and by the way, I'll kill you if you don't accept it. Guy Lily threw some weird potato sacks, it must have been a portkey, because then he was walking around in the sky. Secondary Relations(s) Harry/Ginni, OC/OC, Other Pairing Style(s) Mystery, Romance, Action/Adventure Status Work in Progress (WIP) First published 2006-03-08 3:33am Last chapter 2006-06-05 3:43am Last updated 2006-06-05 3:43am A/N: Please review! The week was sent as usual, and before I knew it, Halloween was drawing nearer. Ciara Aoife and Olivia had been hanging around. I spoke to him occasionally, but with the increasing amount of homework and Quidditch practices, it soon became difficult. Within the first few weeks of returning to Hogwarts, quiddai trails were held for our new seeker. Ciara walked away with the situation. He's just... Indescribable. He flies with amazing speed and ability. I can talk to him at practice because neither Aoife and Olivia Quidditch are on the team. Two weeks before Halloween, there was a Hogsmade trip. I went down to the village with Ciara, Tom, James, Olivia and Aoife. We stopped in the Wesley store. The two talents bought Joko a year ago and the business was booming. Ciara disappeared into the store and appeared out again with a bulging brown paper bag. what is it? what do you say? what is the matter??? I asked. You'll see, he grinned. Then we went into three broomsticks. We all had Butterbeers and joked around. After everyone had their second glass, we left to return to Hogwarts. I went after Ciara and Olivia, talking to Tom. James and Aoife were way ahead, engrossed in the conversation. Ten minutes after the walk, Olivia turned around to me. It's Ciara's birthday in a week. So come on, let's go back to Hogsmade before it gets too dark Some stuff for the party at Weasleys'No, really, guys, you don't need to do it, Ciara protested. I insisted, Yes, we do. Thank you, Ciara hummed me. She connected her hand through the quarry and we set back down to Hogsmade. We went back to three broomsticks to buy butterbeer bottles. On our way, we bumped into Professor Potter, who was looking quite nervous. Oh sorry, he hummed. Professor, is everything ok? Ciara asked. Oh yes. Just wondering how I can get a Boggart for my second year. Is there none in Hogwarts? I asked. No, Filch cleared them out last weekend because Peeves was the two we had on the first year. What about at home? Ciara asked. No, my wife makes sure there aren't any in the house. The little ones had a fear the last time the house was in one, and with him, he disappeared down the street. Professor Harry Potter was the only teacher I knew and heard of, that lived outside the grounds of Hogwarts. He, his wife Ginni and her two children lived in a large house on the edge of Hogsmd, but were very close to school. We went back to Weasley's store on the street below, he said. who? Professor Potter. Well, I got freaked out when my brother put a Boggart in my wardrobe and I was seven. I didn't mean that way. I think Potter is more concerned at something than a Boggart. He kicked Voldemort's ass in the final fight and you honestly think now, is he insisting on his classes? I had to admit, Sierra made a good point. Well, what else could it be? I asked. I don't know, but if he's worried now, I doubt we'll have to wait long to find out. We both stepped into the store, shut up. Once everything was purchased, we headed back to school with the remaining students. The light was fading and picked up by a chilly wind. Ciara moved a little closer to me. I just hoped it would snow. We entered the common room and we all sat in front of the fire, warming up. Tom was practicing his charm

while flying a flower vase over Olivia's head. The flower fell on Olivia's head. She laughed but soon stopped when the water in the vase was poured all over her. Big mistake Falton! He screamed and we were thrown into the room ducking as the water. I grabbed Ciara's wrist and pulled her up the stairs in the empty boys hostel. We were both soaked by that stage. Ciara laughed they're going to get into so much trouble. I hated being in their shoes. Or clothes. They should be soaked. We laughed. Suddenly we heard cries from below. It was definitely my brother, David's, voice. We fell on the floor laughing. We soon calmed down. We were still lying together on the floor. I look at his face, which was only a matter of Away. Am I ugly? He laughed. Quite the opposite, I said and kissed him. I had settled in well within the first couple of weeks. I tried out for the Quidditch team and according to Mark, who plays the keeper, I walked away with it. Halloween and my birthday were approaching. I never liked my birthday. It always seemed frustrating. I expect something from my friends, nothing big or expensive, but they can not be bothered either forgotten or buy me a present. Two weeks before Halloween (and a week before my birthday), there was a Hogsmade trip. Mark, Tom, James, Aoife, Olivia and I all went down in the village together. We moved to Wesley's new branch. I bought fake blood pouches for a Halloween prank and when Mark asked what I had gotten, I said, you'll see. We went to three broomsticks and were butterbears. After we had bought everything we needed, we headed back to school. Olivia asked me what I was going to do and get to my birthday. Birthday is not my cup of tea. I replied. It was a bad answer because Olivia almost flipped. What? Well, have a cake or something! I think about it. Mark then got some stuff for a party for Hogsmade down to trap everyone back. I felt really embarrassed but thought it was the sweet of Mark that for me. On our way out of three broomsticks, we collided with Professor Potter, who was looking quite nervous. Oh sorry, she humming without even watching us. Professor, is everything ok? I asked. Oh yes. Just wondering how I can get a Boggart for my second year. Is there none in Hogwarts? Mark questioned. No, Filch cleared them out last weekend because Peeves was the two we had on the first year. What about at home? I asked. No, my wife makes sure there aren't any in the house. The little ones had a fear the last time the house was in one, and with him, he disappeared down the street. He's lying, I said as we walked down the street back into Weasley's store. who? Mark asked blindly. Professor Potter. Well, I got freaked out when my brother put a Boggart in my wardrobe and I was seven. I didn't mean that way, I think Potter is more concerned at something than a Boggart. He kicked Voldemort's ass in the final fight and you honestly think now, is he insisting on his classes? Men can sometimes be so blind. Well, what else could it be? He asked. I don't know, but if he's worried now, I doubt we'll have to wait long to find out. We both stepped into the store, shut up. I looked around the store for party stuff. Once everything was purchased, we headed back to school with the remaining students. The light was fading and picked up by a chilly wind. I moved a little closer to Mark, but in the cautious case he thought I was coming on too strong. We sat in front of the fire in the common room and laughed when Tom uriped a vase of flowers over Olivia's head. Flowers tipped out and fell over Olivia's head. She laughed but soon stopped when water in the vase was also poured over her. Big mistake Falton! He screamed and we were thrown into the room ducking as the water. Mark grabbed my wrist and pulled me up the stairs in the empty boys' dorm. We were both soaking up from that stage as we run through the shootout to get to safety. They're going to get in so much trouble, I laughed. I hated being in their shoes. Or clothes. They should be soaked. We laughed. Suddenly we heard shouting from below. It seemed like the voice of the fifth-year sheriff. We fell on the floor laughing. We were still lying together on the floor when we finally managed to calm down. Mark looked at me, straight in the eye. Am I ugly? I laughed. Quite the opposite, she said, quite seriously, and then, she kissed me. Me.

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