

Note: There are sections missing from this since it was in edit mode. I have not recovered previous versions.

The Crow Witch

by Kaye Thorn

Chapter 1

It wasn't the first time that her thoughts drifted to the impending boring summer. No friends or vacations to keep her occupied, Lynna felt like screaming. Something kept pecking at the back of her head though that almost tipped the scales, what was it?

"Miss Happ, if you please, direct your eyes back to the board. I don't seem to be teaching through that window," said Mrs. Dunheimer.

Oh yeah, now she remembered, three months of freedom from this ruddy school. Her part in West Spring High School was to be one of the uppity and fashionable rich kids who were above everyone else, even most of the students at this private institute. She dazed off again as the teacher looked away, until the bell rang a while later, and snapped her out of it. Lynna trudged on home from school on the lake path. A refreshing breeze was blowing in from the crystal blue lake. It rustled wisps of hair that had escaped the braid that hung slightly past her shoulders, her hand occasionally pushing back a blazing red strand.

Her life was so repetitive and dull right now, life as a privileged teenager and basketball player was getting tiresome, she needed a major change. She was home within a few minutes, and standing in front of a vast brick house, the largest of the giants on her block.

Her bag slipped off her shoulder as she silently closed the door behind her. A sudden wrench around her waist scared her out of her skin. She looked down and saw her eight-year-old sister Lizzie hugging her tightly. "Hi," chirped Lizzie. The kid knew when someone wasn't feeling too good. Her spirits lightened, she nudged her sister away, then chased her around the living room a few times as a joke.

After coming around the couch a fourth time, Lynna felt suddenly weary as the day lapsed back onto her shoulders. She stopped playing, and went clambering up the stairs to lie down. The large bed bounced slightly as she sat down, and happened to glance at the table next to her bed, where a picture of two smiling girls sat. The older one in the photo, didn't live in the house anymore. Her older sister, Kayla had left only a year ago, and she missed her a lot. She had left to go study in England to become an archaeologist. Even though she kept in touch a lot, it just wasn't the same as having her sister there in the flesh, she could easily connect with her sister though there was a five year difference.

Her thoughts swirled as she lay there. Mom and Dad would be home later, and they had mentioned wanting to discuss something. She was quite curious about it, but her eyelids drooped, and she was whisked off into sleep within minutes.

Thunk Thunk! Someone knocking on the door of her room a few hours later snapped her out of her sleep. She bolted to the door, opening it, seeing her mother, still in work clothes standing there with a strange hidden expression on her face.

"Hey mom, sorry, I kind of dozed off for awhile," Lynna said hesitantly.

Her mother motioned for Lynna to follow her down stairs. They went down to the living room, where her father, and Lizzie were sitting already. She got a little anxious as she sat down alongside her mother, and asked, "What's going on?" Her parents burst out laughing at seeing her remorseful expression.

Her mother choked out, "Don't be so worried!"
"We have a little surprise for you," said her father heartily. "Since you've been getting such good grades, and complaining about the summer, we've decided to go to spend a couple weeks visiting family in Ireland, and England—"

Crash! The coffee table overturned (not breaking though) as Lynna went bounding off the couch in surprise and happiness.

“I’ll take that to mean you want to go after all,” her mother said, smiling.

Chapter 2

One week later, school was out, bags were packed, and the whole family was on a plane to Ireland. She occupied the time playing hangman and tic-tac-toe with her little sister, and slept most of the way in the rented car from the airport. Her mother’s Aunt Nora in Ireland they were going to visit first, then Kayla in England.

The car bumped along a stony driveway, waking everyone up, and pulled in front of a leaning, white washed cottage. Slamming the car door, Lynna looked hesitantly at the cottage.

“Uh dad, mom, are you sure that house is safe?” she asked quietly.

Before they could answer, the front door burst open with an aging woman in overalls and a t-shirt rushing right up to them.

“Oh my Penelope! How you have changed, and so have your little darlings,” she said exuberantly, looking at the eight and fifteen year olds.

They all headed into the cottage, and came upon a plaid and wicker living room set, the adults sitting down, Lizzie and Lynna running for the bathroom, ready to go any second. Lynna came back three minutes later very confused as she found her parents with entrees, hot tea, and the luggage piled neatly against the entrance. How in the world had they done that so fast?

She grabbed a biscuit, and cup of tea and she sat in the seat farthest away from Aunt Nora who gave her the creeps.

“How’d you get everything done so fast?” Lynna asked Aunt Nora exasperatedly. Nora slightly squeaking answered, “Oh that, I just had everything already made, and had the gardener carry in the bags....”

“Ok then,” Lynna said unsurely.

Conversation broke swiftly, and the topic was dramatically steered from the strange thing that had just happened. Aunt Nora was the only living member of mom’s side of the family and seemed more like a mother than an aunt. She lived alone, gardening, and reading away in her retirement. Much later, when Lynna and Lizzie started yawning over Nora’s potato story, their father gave them a stern look, and said, “Ok that is enough, you two skedaddle upstairs to bed.”

“Bed” turned out to be a lumpy, lopsided, queen bedstead that creaked and groaned as Lizzie and Lynna got on it to sleep. (They had to share a bed.) Lynna lay on her back for a while thinking aloud,

“Lizzie, Aunt Nora is nice and all, but she doesn’t seem quite down to Earth. What do you think?”

Peering over, she saw that her little sister was sound asleep, and decided to go to bed. It wasn’t until nearly midnight that she was able to clear her head of thoughts and the uncomfortable bed so she could sleep finally.

Chapter 3

Around noon, Lynna managed to wake up, alone in bed with intense sunlight

streaming through window. Stumbling out of bed into the kitchen, she found her everyone starting to eat lunch, and her father giving her a look of dismay as she sat down next to him.

“Lynna, as guests, I would expect you to wake up earlier. Nora worked very hard to provide us with a delicious breakfast, please apologize-” he said.

“Now don’t chide her Anthony, they had to sleep on a very bad bed, but it’s the best I could do,” interrupted Aunt Nora.

An uncomfortable silence looming overhead, Lynna’s mother started rambling about the farmer’s fest taking place one town over. To Lynna’s amazement, it was suggested she stay here and help Aunt Nora.

One hour later, everyone had left, and she was left alone with Aunt Nora.

“Ack, I may be old, but I don’t need help, you can stay right here reading if you’d like,” Aunt Nora said gesturing at the armchair and the table full of books.

She waddled off into the kitchen, and was in there for an hour or so making a lot of noise. Lynna’s stomach rumbling, she thought, “I don’t think she’ll mind if I pop in there for a snack.” She turned into the kitchen and her eyes widened in shock. It wasn’t only Aunt Nora making all the noise, brooms, spoons, sponges, pots, and pans were all cleaning, cooking, and sweeping the kitchen. By themselves! Aunt Nora turned her head to look at Lynna with a lazy expression that suggested everything going on in front of her was one of the most natural things in the world.

“Hi dear, I had to take a load off my feet, housework can sure tire old people out,” she chuckled.

Lynna, still frozen with shock flubbed her mouth soundlessly, and went screaming from the room. She ran to escape out the front door, but was hindered by her family who’d just returned, and stood in the living room.

“Is everything, everyone ok?” shrieked her mother half crying and screaming as she headed over and grasped Lynna in a hug that knocked the wind out of her.

Lynna’s father headed over to the kitchen to see what had alarmed Lynna. After ducking in, he slowly turned around, his face full of sadness, surprise, and strain.

“Penelope, Nora was-, Lynna saw her-” he said stumbling over his tongue.

“Oh my word...well we knew this day would come....”she said.

“What? Huh?” stammered Lynna.

“No we can not simply do this,” he bellowed.

Shushing her husband loudly she softly said, “Honey, it is our heritage, who she is.”

Retorting, her husband said, “Well she can find a new heritage! I will not have my daughters-”

Lynna interrupted loudly, “Ok, I cannot stand this, what is going on!”

Her mom turned toward her with an empty smile, and said, “Lynna, you’re a-, witch-, with magical abilities.”

“Mom quit joking. Ha ha,” Lynna laughed dryly as she turned away.

Mrs. Happ’s face turned somber and stern, as she grabbed her daughter by the shoulders, and looked into her eyes. Her husband lurked desperately in the background knowing their lives were changing forever.

“You know your father and I always tell you the truth and are serious when we need to be. You saw what happened in the kitchen. You’re a witch because your father and I and our families are magical, and have been for more than 40 generations,” she said.

Lynna dazed and slightly angry sputtered, “Then why didn’t you tell me, have you lied about everything, what about Lizzie and Kayla-”

“Enough!” her mother almost cried, “We didn’t tell Kayla, Lizzie or you for protection. We all still have the same family, history, and ancestors! The only thing changed is that you realize the magic of it all!”

She lumped back exhausted as she finished, still grasping her daughter. Lynna felt something strange spark within, and being filled with curiosity. She wiggled from her mother’s grasp, and straightened up.

Lynna started hesitantly, “Well mom, could you tell me about us and magic?”

Her mother looked up looking like she had won the jackpot; Lynna’s father in a nearby chair the same, both positively beaming as they looked at her.

Mrs. Happ began, “Well, your father, and my families are both magical in origin. Non-magic people are called Muggles, we use owls for carrying mail, and a system of bronze, silver, and gold as currency. Our sports, (or at least the legal ones) are Quidditch, and Quodopot. Young wizards are educated at magical boarding schools and afterward are full-fledged wizards. Your father progressed his skills in a school in the United States called: Burnsum Salem Magic Academy, I in a school in the UK: Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. My school was founded by four witches and wizards, Salazaar Slytherin, Helga Hufflepuff, Godric Gryffindor, and... Rowena Ravenclaw-”

“Ravenclaw? But mom, isn’t she like our great great great grandmother,” interrupted a shouting Lynna.

“Yes, on your mother’s side,” grunted her father. “Don’t yell at your mother.”

He gave her a piercing look that caused her to sit back down in silence.

“It may also shock you to know that the whole wizarding world knows about your Ravenclaw ancestor. Precisely that is what got us into trouble,” Mr. Happ continued. “We were a respectable wizarding family living in a peaceful magic world until it was threatened. When you were a baby, a powerful, evil, greedy wizard had increased his power and more ambitious than over the eleven years. He recruited more followers, and massively killed enemies, especially powerful, influential ones.”

His wife gave out a small sorrowful whimper. Both their heads turned to look at her, Lynna with confusion, her husband giving her look of pity.

Coughing, he continued, “His name was, ahem, uh, Voldemort,” he said with disgust. “He one day went after your grandfather, who was leading a small opposition, and murdered him. He also destroyed every living member of the family on your mother’s side that he could find. That pressured us to go into hiding as Muggles, hiding our powers, and our children’s from each other and society. A year later, Voldemort went after the wrong family, he killed the parents, but the child only a year old, broke him and his powers. His name was Harry Potter. We didn’t come out of hiding then, or even when you or Kayla were supposed to start as eleven year olds at Hogwarts. Basically, that’s it.”

Both her parents settled their gaze on their daughter after he finished. Lynna sat there stunned with this reeling in her head. Making sure it wasn’t a dream, she pinched her arm deep with her fingernails, but there was pain. After a couple minutes, she lifted her head and smirked at them.

“Cool,” she said shortly. “Is there a chance of reclaiming my magic side?”

“Oh my baby wants to be a witch!” yowled her mother happily, hugging her tightly.

Her father grinning said, “I’m sure we can try to work out something and even try to get you enrolled late at Hogwarts!”

Lynna exhausted, got up and went over to the kitchen where Aunt Nora had occupied Lizzie, peeked her head in. Aunt Nora looked up at her eyes shining happily that they had told Lynna whom she was. Lizzie yawning, and looking bored, got up and skipped to her sister. As they went upstairs, Aunt Nora rushed behind them to join her parents.

In bed, Lynna and Lizzie had no problem falling asleep, even though the adults downstairs were talking loudly and excitedly, and rushing around. A loud clang as a window was thrown open occurred as Lynna finally drifted into slumber.

Chapter 4

Early the next morning found everyone enjoying a hot breakfast of potato pancakes. Lynna unable to contain her excitement still going from last night burst out asking what the noise last night was.

“Oh that? We used Aunt Nora’s owl last night to write letter a couple family members. It was about the break in secrecy, and a meeting request to Dumbledore,” said her mother.

Lynna clueless asked, “Who is Dumbledore?”

“One of the greatest and most powerful wizards of all time, and headmaster of Hogwarts,” replied her father.

They turned back to their breakfast but were cut short by a rush of wings. A large barn owl flew through the open window, and deposited envelopes in the middle of the dinner table. He landed on Nora’s shoulder.

Nora pointing at the table said, “Looks like our replies are back, thanks Buddy.”

Lynna getting up went and petted the owl, and said to him, “Thanks!”

He turned and looked her in the face with his great yellow eyes and she headed to the table to look at the letters. She stopped when she saw her parents’ eyes popping out, jaws dropped, and staring at her. Confused, she asked, “What’s wrong?”

No answer. Lynna turned around to ask Nora, but she had the same astonished look too. She turned back around at her parents, who were giving each other looks.

He answered, “Well ordinarily we’re born with natural magic abilities, and there are some abilities which only certain families or types of people possess-”

“You talked to the bird Lynna,” interrupted her mom.

Lynna puzzled said, “Well I like birds, and I was happy it brought the letters, so I thanked him.”

Her mother said, “No, Lynna I mean you have the ability to talk in Avertongue. It’s a magical ability that enables you to literally talk to them in bird language. It’s rare in the wizarding world and in our family, Rowena Ravenclaw herself could speak it.”

Lynna’s mouth dropped open alongside Lizzie who had been ignoring them. Her parents changing the subject picked up the letters and started reading them. When they were done, they handed the letter from Hogwarts to her. It read:

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Happ,

I very much agree that some form of action should be taken to allow your daughter to be able to receive a magical education. According to your wishes, it preferably should be at our Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. Your situation is unique, but will be handled with great care. It would be efficient to have a meeting as soon as possible to discuss it. If you can, please come to the Leaky Cauldron in London on June 7 for this conference.

- *Albus Dumbledore*
Headmaster of Hogwarts

Lynna looked up with happiness surging through her. Her parents looked a little scandalized from the letter's contents.

"Why does he expect us to be there that quickly? Only two days? That is atrocious," commented her father.

"Darling, really we were going to London anyway to see Kayla, we can leave tomorrow," Mrs. Happ corrected.

He giving in only said, "Alright."

The next day, everything was packed, and they were trying to say goodbye to a sobbing Aunt Nora and tell her they'd be back within a couple of days.

Two hours later, the Happs were tottering about at the entrance gate in London Airport. They were waiting, for Kayla to pick them up, and she was pretty late. Ten minutes later, a young woman came half running toward them from the midst of the crowd.

Forgetting all dignity, Lizzie and Lynna shrieked, "Kayla!"

They went scuttling and running over to her, followed by their parents as they accidentally knocked into many people. Kayla was crushed in hugs, and the family jabbered constantly all the way to Kayla's townhouse.

Unlike Aunt Nora's bare and clean cottage, Kayla's house was full and scattered with books. Her mother acknowledging this gave her a teasing look of horror. Settling in, everyone threw their suitcases aside, and soon sat chattering over tea. The parents sat explaining to Kayla what had happened and been revealed in the last few days.

"Oh mom, even though I was little, I still remember magic. I'm probably too old to learn it now," Kayla said sadly.

"I'm sorry we hid it at all. I remember when you were little, that toy broomstick; you loved it and rode it all the time. You were, a natural, Lynna probably is too. All inherited from my Quidditch years," her mother sighed.

"Plus, your athletic skills from my Qudopot years! Remember Muggle sports too, you and I are good at them," abruptly added father.

Everyone burst out laughing merrily. Soon after, they went to bed early, exhausted from the week of travel.

Late in the morning the next day, Lynna was shaken awake by her parents. She begged for five more minutes, which was denied.

“If you want to attend Hogwarts, you get up now or we will be late!” exclaimed her father.

That afternoon, they parked near Charing Cross road, and headed for the Leaky Cauldron. Lynna and her parents halted as they came to the front, which was small and shabby.

“Ah! I do remember where it is,” said her mother who then marched in the door.

Lynna hesitantly followed and couldn't believe her eyes. Dimly lit, the pub was full of creatures and people. Some had too much hair; there were also hooded figures, and ones with many wrinkles. A figure came up to the three, wearing long robes, a long beard, and blue eyes hidden behind crescent moon glasses.

“The Happ family I presume?” he said stately and proceeded to shake their hands.

“Yes. Nice to see you again after all these years Headmaster Dumbledore,” said Lynna's mother.

A wizened toothless man came up to them and pointing to a door to the right said, “You got your guests? That parlor's waiting for you, its all ready Mr. Dumbledore.”

Dumbledore replied, “Yes, thank you Tom.”

They followed him into the private parlor, where a platter of tea and cakes was set up, and it had been made a bit lighter than the rest of the tavern. They sat down, Lynna's mother passing the tea as they got down to business. Lynna was so excited that it was hard to keep it from radiating from her face and not to squirm.

Three hours later, they had discussed everything from Ravenclaw, to laying out every inch of her life and she felt as though someone was writing a biography on her.

“It is a major disadvantage to have her starting this late, and I was afraid she might not be able to catch up enough or quickly,” he said turning his blue eyes on Lynna. She went numb and almost felt like crying.

“But,” he continued, “I have already heavily discussed it with other teachers and you have utterly convinced me of her ability to do this. Therefore, I propose she studies, and before the term, take a test derived of the four years of magic education she missed. If she passes enough, we will admit her into the school as a regular student. I think this meeting is over, just send me the date you wish to take it on.”

“We appreciate all you're doing for us Headmaster,” said both her parents as they got up to leave.

Her father looking down at her silence said, “Lynna what do you say?”

Lynna mustering a smile, whispered, “Thank you sir.”

Dumbledore nodded once and Lynna departed with her parents for Kayla's house.

All of them went to bed, not speaking a word, and as Lynna slipped into bed, she felt content, ecstatic, yet worried. How was she ever going to learn these things? With a sigh, she leaned back and fell right asleep.

“You did what?” asked an exasperated Kayla.

The next morning, her parents had explained how her sister Lynna was getting a shot at Hogwarts, and she was happy for her. She was angry at what her parents did to her fireplace.

“We connected it to the Floo powder network so that we won't have to travel by plane, only through the fire! Isn't that great? You just put some of this powder in the flame and say where you want to go,” chirped her

mother.

“Fine, whatever then, as long as I don’t get any other people but you coming through,” concluded Kayla.

That morning, father and Lizzie were going back to the United States while Lynna studied the rest of the summer with her mother and Aunt Nora in Ireland. Everyone still packed, lined up and separately yelled where they were going.

“Oh honey, put the fire out as soon as we leave, you don’t want to get any Aswinders,” mother mentioned to Kayla.

Mrs. Happ climbed into the fireplace with Lynna and the luggage. Clutching her mom’s hand, Lynna threw the Floo powder in the flame, and yelled, “Aunt Nora’s cottage!” A green flame engulfed them and before she knew it, she was thrown on to the floor, and was back in Aunt Nora’s house.

Chapter 6

The weeks of summer rolled by slowly as Lynna studied hours each day. Piles of books, manuscripts, her mom’s old school notes, and practices with wand work (she had special permission to borrow her mom’s wand for learning) occupied her time and developed her skills. Two very proficient witches, her mother and Aunt Nora helped her a lot but also insisted she drill information through her head independently.

In the middle of July, she had particular trouble with her Summoning Charm. Overly frustrated, she blasted her book to the other side of the room with her wand. Her mom gave her a worried look, and suggested they take a break. Her mother walked to the kitchen to talk to Nora about something. Lynna headed to the back porch and sat down on the bench, fuming. Her nerves jangled, she felt a tap on her shoulder and saw her mother and Aunt Nora who was holding a broom.

Answering Lynna’s look of bewilderment, Nora said, “This is my broomstick, and one of the kinds they play Quidditch on. It’s a Nimbus 1000, but it’s a little old.”

Lynna’s mother continued, “We’ve seen how hard you worked, and we think you need something to do during breaks, and hone up on your flying skills, cause I feel you’ll get into Hogwarts.”

Lynna broke into a first smile in weeks, and flung her arms around both of them. She followed as they led her into a wooded area that would keep them from being seen by Muggles.

Her mother showed her how to ride it, “You hold it like this, and sit there, and mount it, and kick off like this, then land feet first.”

The broom was handed to her, and Lynna suddenly felt like she had an extra limb. Putting her legs on both sides, she kicked off firmly, sweeping smoothly into the air. She felt weightless, spry, and light. Turning the broom, she went sent it as fast as it could go, circling the wood arena in circles a few times. She came to a stop, hovering in front of them and saw that they had incredulous, proud smiles on their faces.

“You’re a natural Lynna,” her mother said jovially.

Later, she went back into the house happy and out of her deep funk. Picking up the wand, she concentrated on the book.

“Accio book!” she yelled.

To her amazement, it came soaring into her hands, and revitalized her energy for learning again. Lynna went back into her deep studying, and flew whenever she could in the wooded area. Everyday her skills progressed in Quidditch and in magic. At long last, on August eighteenth, her mother and Nora satisfied with her skills, sent an owl to Dumbledore requesting a test in two days. Within the day, the owl was back and said to come to London and again meet at the Leaky Cauldron on August 20.

The morning of August 20th, Lynna and her mother stood by the cottage fireplace as Aunt Nora repeatedly wished her good luck as she hugged her. They broke apart, and her mother again holding her hand, threw the Floo powder into the flames and yelled, "Kayla's house!" Arriving, they scurried out of the house and down the street to the Leaky Cauldron, running.

The pub seemed dimmer than usual, and Dumbledore met them again. He introduced them to Professor McGonagall, who looked like a stern, practical woman. Lynna would be taking her series of tests in a private room in the Leaky Cauldron. Her mom squeezed her tightly then gave her a slight push to follow McGonagall to the room. The wand in her pocket swung lightly at her side as she went into the room and was locked in.

Lynna's exam was a series of test in written portions, wand work, and physical magic. She mustered all her courage and wits and did her best over the hours, striving to succeed. Five hours later, she staggered through the door, finished and shaking a little from exhaustion. Professor McGonagall came striding after her, not looking at all disappointed.

"Thank you Miss Happ for your work, you will be notified shortly of your results," said McGonagall.

Lynna nodded to her and Dumbledore before heading for the door. Her mother hung onto her shoulders as they exited the Leaky Cauldron and headed back to Kayla's house. At the house, she collapsed onto a couch in the corner, listening as her mother and Kayla left the room. She breathed deeply and fell asleep swiftly.

A couple hours later, the sun had gone down, and Lynna was woken up by something dropped onto her face and a thrush of wings. Her eyes fluttered open, and she immediately sat up. It was an envelope with the Hogwarts seal on it, and:

***Miss Lynna Happ
52 Langley Street
London, England***

Her hands shook and her breath shortened as she carefully opened it and took out three pieces of parchment. She opened the top one first:

Ms. Happ,

We are very pleased with your scores, which have exceeded even the minimum requirements set for these tests. In coordination with your age and range of knowledge, you will be placed with other fifteen year olds as a fifth year. You will continue to the end of Hogwart's curriculum, which ends after seventh year. Upon arrival you will be sorted into one of the four Hogwart's houses. The other teachers will help you as much as they can, and I expect you will keep up with your studies. Please do not hesitate to come to me if you have any problems.

Albus Dumbledore

Headmaster at Hogwarts

Lynna's heart pounded, and she was drowned with happiness she had never known before. She opened the second parchment, which read:

Ms. Happ,

We are pleased to inform you that you have been accepted at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. The term starts on September 1st, and all students will be picked up from Platform 9 ¾ in London Train Station. Please ensure that the utmost attention be made to the list of requirements herewith. We very much look forward to receiving you as a part of the generation of Hogwarts heritage.

-Draco Dormiens Nunguam Titillandos-

Professor McGonagall

Deputy Headmistress

The third sheet only held the list of requirements and supplies. Lynna sat still with letters clutched in her hand amazed at how her hard work had paid off. Her mother and Kayla came into the room from hearing her wake up and looked wonderingly at her.

“What’s wrong?” her mother asked.

“Nothing mom,” Lynna said slowly. “I’m going to be a witch.”

She waved the letters around, flashing the Hogwarts seal, and all of them broke into joyful tears.

Chapter 7

Noon the next day, the three of them were headed for Diagon Alley to buy the supplies for school. Lynna was very confused as she followed her mom down the street to the Leaky Cauldron and into a back room. Her mother took out her wand and tapping five bricks clockwise said, “Alohomora.”

“Stand back,” she muttered to the girls.

The bricks began moving, and slid into a huge brick arch, causing Lynna and Kayla’s eyes to pop out as a sign in front of them read, “Diagon Alley”. People of all ages were bustling along the street, most wearing long wizards robes. Lynna’s mother grabbed both of them and started heading down the street, mixing in with the other witches and wizards.

They stopped in front of a towering white marble building with a large sign, “Gringotts Bank”. Pulled inside the double doors, Lynna and Kayla gaped in awe at what they saw. Shiny marble floors were filled with everyone milling about going up to fancy big teller’s desks with strange looking creatures behind them. Lynna nervously grasped her mother’s hand tighter and walked behind her more.

Quietly she asked, “Uh mom, what are those things?”

“Well those are goblins, they run Gringott’s bank and keep wizard money safe. Don’t be scared,” her mother answered.

They went up to one of the teller desks, and her mother pulling out of her purse a large wad of American money, asked to exchange it into wizard money. The goblin pulled it over, and quickly measured and poured bronze, silver, and gold coins into a pouch from a tray behind him. It was handed back to Mrs. Happ, and she dragged her daughters back out the doors and further down the street. Kayla broke away from her mother’s strong grasp, and went off with the argument that she was twenty years old, and could roam around by herself. Her mother only sighed and continued to pull Lynna down the street alone.

“First thing, you’ll need a wand of your own, Lynna,” she said, as they stopped in front of a store. It was an old looking building with a sign: Ollivanders, Makers of Fine Wands Since 362 B.C. Her mother pushed a handful of gold coins into her pocket and gestured her toward the door. A bell tinkled as Lynna opened the store door, and walked up to the counter. Three aisles away from her, an aged man with wild white hair and tense blue eyes stepped over to the counter.

“I’m Mr. Ollivander. What is your name?” he asked

“Uh, I’m- I’m Lynna Happ,” she responded.

“Aren’t you a little old to be starting at Hogwarts?” he asked suspiciously.

Not wanting to reveal the fact that she was indeed a little late, said, “Well I’m transferring from an American witch school. I was using my sister’s old wand, but it snapped. Poor quality or something.”

He lost his narrowed eyes and agreeing said, “Yes the American wands tend to be very poor compared to mine. I believe your mother has one of mine? An 8 ¾” maple with an Augrey feather. I remember them all, Miss Happ. On to business then.”

Snapping his fingers, a measuring tape popped in front of Lynna and began taking her measurements, Mr. Ollivander went back into the shelves, and dug out a couple boxes. He went over and handed a wand to her, but then quickly muttering, “No no,” switched it for another and another until a pile of boxes was emerging. He hesitated, then went to get another box, and slowly walked back to the counter.

“9 ½” white pine, phoenix feather, a bit pliant,” he muttered as he handed it to her.

Lynna firmly grasped it, and suddenly felt it grow warm. Abruptly it shot a beam of red sparks across the room.

“Excellent!” he wheezed. “And rather interesting as well.”

Lynna feeling awkward again, glanced at him.

Mr. Ollivander continued, “There have only been three wands that had a phoenix feather in the last sixty years sold from this store. Yours, Harry Potter, and the Dark Lord.”

Lynna gave a cold shudder, and cautiously asked, “Is there a reason why?”

His misty eyes glittered mysteriously and narrowed as he slowly answered in his screechy voice.

“The wand chooses the wizard, though it’s not really clear why. Such a rare crux is anticipated as linking each of the users in a interwoven fate, the phoenix feather is called a phoenix order. Its evident that Mr. Potter and He -Who -Must -Not -Be -Named are to clash, but as for yours?”

Not quite believing her ears, Lynna tried to be rational. “You believe in destiny?”

His face became even more taut, and he answered, “Yes I do. It is something not to be trifled with. Especially each time the order of the phoenix plays into effect, it will achieve its purpose. It has only one path until it is finished, one string of solid connections. Now please excuse me, I must get back to running my store.”

Hastily, Mr. Ollivander went to the register and rang up ten galleons. The bell above the door clanged while she handed him money, Lynna’s mother coming in to check on her.

“Are you still here? Why is it taking so long?” her mother asked, looking rather annoyed.

“Nothing mom, it just took a lot of wands,” Lynna said nervously.

She pushed out the door with her mother after she was done, trying to avoid her mother’s eye. That shop had given her an eerie feeling, especially with Mr. Ollivander’s creepy appearance and discussion.

Curious, her mother asked, “So, what type of wand did you get?”

“9 ½ white pine, with Phoenix feather,” she answered.

“Phoenix?” her mother squeaked, her face drawing blank as her daughter looked at her curiously. “It’s rare.”

Pushing on, Lynna commented idly, "So is your wand, especially to have an Augrey, an Irish Phoenix? Mom is there some sort of connection with them and Raven?"

"No," Mrs. Happ said abruptly. "Just forget about it."

Lynna said nothing further on the subject, turning her attention to the store windows along the side of the walkway. Without a sound, someone grasped her shoulder, startling her and causing her to whip around defensively. She found the hand belonged to a fairly old witch., who stooped over with age, slightly trembling as her eyes, wild as her gray hair, met Lynna's.

"Lass," the witch said too loud. "Once lost, you are found, magic is back in balance! Order of the Phoenix will bring your fate! The lion is your Moira!"

"What do you mean?" Lynna stuttered. "How do you know about the phoenix?"

She got no answer, her mother had angrily turned around when she heard the commotion. Within a minute, Lynna was wrenched from the strange witch's hand. People were staring as Mrs. Happ half ran away with her daughter firmly in her grasp. When they reached the Apothecary, they banged into Kayla, and stopped.

"Hey mom what's up?" A clueless Kayla asked.

"Nothing," her mother answered, and went right past her into the store.

"What is wrong with her?"

Deciding she better not talk about it, Lynna said, "Oh I don't know. Come on let's go in, I need to get Potion ingredients."

There was a strange smell as they went into the shop, barrels and jars lining the walls full of animals, plants, potions, brass measures, and shiny glass potion jars. They bought a set of ingredients and brass scales, then stopped at the cauldron shop and bought a cauldron. No mention of what had just happened came up at all, though Lynna was still mystified by her mom's strange behavior. Afterwards, the stationary shop lured them for a while as they bought ink, scrolls, and quills.

Their attention was diverted from the interesting varieties of paper by the bookstore Flourish and Blott's next door. Half tripping over each other, they rushed out and went wandering the aisles. Lynna went and bought all her schoolbooks, plus a lot of other books as well.

Her mother and Kayla had a very tough time pushing Lynna into Madam Malkin's Robes for All Occasions to buy school robes and clothes. They were able to deter her enough into buying very nice work and school robes, uniform, hat, gloves, and a winter cloak. Rushing out of there, they stopped in front of Florean Fortescue's Ice Cream Parlor, where their mother finally sat down with the packages and refused to budge.

"Run along and have fun, I'll stay here and rest my feet," she said pointedly to Lynna and Kayla.

As Kayla moved to ask Lynna where they should go, she was wrenched off her feet and into Quality Quidditch Supplies. Lynna let go of her and began wandering around, and happily gazing at the merchandise. Stopping in front of the international team uniforms, her shoulder was tapped.

"Ginny, where is Ron? I asked-" he stopped as she turned around and realized Lynna wasn't the person he was looking for. "Sorry," he murmured and rushed away.

Lynna moved toward the broom section, and her mouth dropped. A sleek, beautiful broom was on a platform, looking a picture of perfection. On the card next to it: "Flasher Firebolt, the succeeding broom of the

Firebolt. The perfection of its forerunner refined for extended speed and distance. A fine ash handle and neatly bound twig tail have been slimmed to allow greater speeds of up to 160 mph. A global standard broom approved for professional and amateur use. Price on request.” Her sister Kayla came up behind her, whistling appreciatively at the broom before turning to Lynna.

“Who was that dark haired boy with the glasses you were talking to?” nosed Kayla.

“I dunno, he thought I was someone else. Why?” said Lynna.

“He was kind of cute, and you need a boyfriend. Logically, he’s probably going to Hogwarts too,” sneered Kayla lightly.

Lynna snorted a laugh, and ran back to join their mother who was still sitting at the ice cream place. They all ordered sundaes then left tottering out of Diagon Alley, and back to Kayla’s house.

The rest of the days were spent sightseeing, and doing personal shopping. It all passed quickly, and the start of school loomed nearer. The night before Lynna was supposed to leave for Hogwarts, Aunt Nora, Kayla, and her mother threw a small party for her. After they were done eating, Lynna was surprised with presents wrapped in large packages. Everyone gave her something different and really special. Lynna opened Aunt Nora’s present, and a large, fluttering cloak fell out.

Aunt Nora explained, “That’s an invisibility cloak. My father was a demiguise hunter, and made this out of the hair. It was one of the last he ever made, and was mine after he died.”

Everyone was astounded at such a beautiful gift. The next one was a photo of the family that smiled and waved and was made by Lizzie with help from their dad. Even though he wasn’t there, Lynna’s mother gave her the present he bought her, which turned out to be a beautiful yellow brown spotted owl. Lynna gave it quite a shock when she talked to it, and named him Orion. Kayla gave her a thick book on Quidditch called: Quidditch Then and Now, by Fried Bledger. The last present was a very long box from her mother. Lynna started crying with happiness when she opened it and found a brand new Flasher Firebolt!

“I know you like flying, and you need a broom of your own, so I got you this,” her mom said.

The party ended early, and Lynna went and carefully packed everything in her school trunk, then slipped into bed and fell fast asleep.

Chapter 8

Bright and early the next morning, Lynna was wide-awake and stuffing breakfast down her throat as she hurried with Kayla and her mom to London train station. They reached platforms 9 and 10, and her mom announcing they were there, bewildered Lynna. The train was supposed to be at platform 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ but she couldn’t see anything of the sort.

“Mom where’s the train?” Lynna demanded.

“Right on the other side of this column. If you walk through it, you’ll get to platform 9 $\frac{3}{4}$!” answered her mother.

Lynna doubting this, lined her trolley straight with the wall and slowly pushed it toward the brick column. When she opened her eyes, she was standing underneath a platform 9 $\frac{3}{4}$ sign, and looking at a gleaming scarlet engine. Her mother and Kayla came through behind her, and they quickly grabbed her bags, and stuffed her into the train.

“Bye Mom! Bye Kayla!” yelled Lynna.

Her mother disappeared with a pop, and her sister disappeared as she walked back through to the Muggle platform.

She was pretty early, found an empty compartment easily, stuffing her bags and owl in it, settled down comfortably. The train was very still and the reality of what was happening came roosting on her shoulders. Starting so late after all these kids who'd been here for a long time, how ambiguous of her. Immediately, she scolded herself for even thinking that way, and started to blank into boredom. A few minutes later, the corner of her eye caught new activity starting. Outside on the platform, it was filling up with kids of all ages, luggage and parents, who went scrambling for the train. Curious, she watched as one student fell over with his trunk, another whose trunk popped open, spilling everything all over the place. She heard her compartment door slide open and quickly turning her head, saw a girl with bushy brown hair, and a group of people standing behind her.

Someone asked, "Well?"

The girl muttering, answered, "Nope, full."

Stepping back, the group closed the door, and Lynna heard them take seats in the next compartment. Not too soon after, the train whistled, lurched, and began moving for Hogwarts. Leaning over, Lynna opened her bag, and grabbed her book from Kayla, Quidditch Now and Then. Kind of rusty on the rules, she flipped to the chapter, "The Basics" and read:

' "Quidditch is played with four balls; the Quaffle, Snitch, and two Bludgers, and seven people; Keeper, Beaters, Chasers, and Seeker. The Bludgers zoom around hitting people when they can and are fended off from a team by their beaters, using clubs. The Quaffle scores goals, which are worth ten points each, and is thrown by the Chasers who put it in three hoops. The Keeper defends the hoops. The Snitch is a small flying ball that's caught by the seeker, ends a game, and gives 150 points to the catching team.' "

Loud laughing from the next compartment broke her concentration, and continued on and off for the next several minutes. Comprehending how isolated and lonely she felt, tears rolled down her cheeks as she began feeling miserable. Wiping them away, she turned to talk to Orion, who turned out to be sleeping. Ratty owl can't stay awake, she sighed.

Unexpectedly, her compartment door opened yet again, and someone yelled, "Potter, you Mudblood lover!"

Looking up, she saw a boy about her age, with slicked back blond hair, stormy gray eyes, and two humongous boys behind him. His taunting smirk that changed to bewilderment as he realized he'd gotten the wrong compartment.

"Oops," he said, eyes lighting up. "Never mind, go Crabbe, Goyle." the figures walked away.

Lynna became apprehensive as he strode over to her, and made eye contact.

"I haven't seen you around here before. What house are you in?" he asked.

Tilting her head slightly she answered, "I'm actually an exchange student from the United States. I just transferred over the summer, and haven't been sorted yet."

A grin grew on his face. "Well then, that's good. Hope you get into Slytherin, it's my house."

He went and sat down on the seat opposite her, eyes going over her appreciatively, and putting his hand out to shake.

“Draco Malfoy,” he proclaimed.

Practically blushing, with a smile, she put out her hand and said, “Lynna Happ.”

Malfoy leaned back into the seat, and they struck up a conversation that soon led to Quidditch, as he saw the book upon her lap.

“So what type of broom you got?” he asked her.

When she was about to answer, a boy’s head in the doorway that wore a disgusted expression, interrupted Lynna. His hazel eyes were aflame underneath a mop of bright red hair.

Looking at Lynna’s companion he jeered, “Malfoy, real clever sending your goons to do your dirty work!”

Malfoy glared back and hissed, “Weasel, you Mudblood lover,” and dived for him, both sprawling into the hall of the train.

Annoyed, Lynna got up, discreetly closed the door, and *locked it*. Positioned in her seat, she picked up her book again and finished it. Her attention afterwards, switched to the window with the rows of fields and hills passing by. The train pleasantly clacked along as the view unchanging, made her eyes grow heavy, and she fell asleep.

“Get up! We’re here!” screeched Orion in his bird language, waking her up annoyingly.

The train was slowing down, she stood and collected her bags as she threw an infuriated look at Orion.

“Watch it, or you may become a stuffed alarm clock,” she warned sarcastically.

Grabbing his cage, she unlocked the door, and followed other students down the aisles to the exit as the train stopped. Half stumbling off, she found herself in front of gates with boats and carriages behind them.

A giant man motioning and yelling said, “Firs’ year this way, to the boats. Second and up, get in them carriages!”

Tagging after the older students, she got into a carriage with no horses attached to it, and a bunch of other kids piled in. Ignoring them, she gazed out the window as the carriage made it’s way up a trail. Her eyes widened as Hogwarts, a towering castle emerged from on top of a bigger hill, proud and inviting. The carriages stopped in front of huge ten-foot doors that sat upon two flights of wide stone steps. Dazed as she got out, and followed the students into a vast entrance hall with many tapestries, doors, and a sweeping main staircase. Off to the side stood a teacher ushering the students through twin side doors, whom she recognized as Professor McGonagall. Catching her eye, McGonagall motioned her forward to say something.

“Miss Happ, good to see you again. Please follow the first years to be sorted in the Great Hall through these doors,” she stated.

Nodding, Lynna moved into the group of first years who came through a side door and followed the giant man into the Hall. Near halting as she came into the Great Hall, she stared wonderingly at the sight before her. Spacious and vast, the Hall was filled with four extensive tables with students, another with teachers at the head of the room, the ceiling an enchantment of an endless twinkling starry sky. Candles floated merrily in mid air, a fireplace taking up a lot of room on one wall. The pack of first years stopped in front of the teacher’s table. Huffing, Professor McGonagall came up the side of the room, with a scroll in her hand. A stool was placed in front of the table, and Professor McGonagall placed a rather tattered, old pointed hat on top of it. Creases formed in the shape of eyes and a mouth, and by itself started singing,

“I’m a very old hat,

but give me more than that.
I can sing and talk,
even read your mind, don't balk.
I'm the Hogwarts Sorting Hat,
Better than the smartest cat.

I place ye in one house of four,
Slytherin, Hufflepuff, Ravenclaw, or Gryffindor.
The slippery Slytherins are deft and sly,
Hufflepuffs are fair and like to ply.
Gryffindors are quite brave and gallant,
Ravenclaws; wise and so witty, you'd rant.

Put me on, and in a snap,
You'll know where you belong.
So quick, put me on your head,
so we can all go to bed!"

Applause broke out, McGonagall put her hand up for silence, and began reading names.

"Baumgartner, Will."

Baumgartner sat down on the stool, the hat placed on his head, and it yelled, "Hufflepuff!"
He got up and joined the Hufflepuff table, and more names were called and children sorted.

"Colton, Maria."

"Ravenclaw!"

"Francis, Evan."

"Slytherin!"

"Happ, Lynna."

Shaking, she made her way slowly up to the stool and felt dozens of interested eyes on her back accompanied by some whispering. Sitting down on the stool, the Sorting Hat was placed on her head. The sides came past her eyes, and left her staring at the inside wall of cloth.

She heard a voice in her ear, which exclaimed, "Aha! Ravenclaw's family eh?"

"Well duh," she thought, and received a reply, to her shock.

"The attitude is there too, hm. Well what'll it be? Slytherin, Ravenclaw or Gryffindor? C'mon pick."

"What? I thought that was your job," Lynna retorted in her mind.

"It is," the hat answered stealthily. "This decision can affect your whole future, your friends, grades, achievements, growing up--"

"Yeesh! Just tell me already!" she interrupted.

From outside the hat, she could hear the beginnings of confused mutters from students and teachers. Normally, the hat didn't take so long, but they didn't move to come over, since they could hear the tiny voice chatting with the girl.

“Want my opinion then huh?” it said seriously, all sarcasm leaving the voice. “Honestly, you were too independent for Hufflepuff. Ravenclaw would just make you follow in the footsteps of your family. Slytherin, there is some potential there, but you’re too virtuous. The last house will lead you on the right path, and is well suited for you.”

“So then it’s GRYFFINDOR!” it suddenly shrieked, terribly startling her.

Shakily Lynna took off the hat and placed it on the stool, whispering a relieved goodbye to it. She hoped never to face another sarcastic piece of clothing ever. Her ears were slightly ringing as she made her way to the second table amidst confused clapping, and what she swore was a cat call. Some of the other Gryffindor’s were outright gawking at her, strange looks written on their faces. Trying to be polite and calm, she pretended to ignore them and watched the Sorting finish. The last of the first years took their seats, and Headmaster Dumbledore sitting at the head of the teacher’s table, stood up to make a speech.

“Welcome! First, a few announcements. The Forbidden Forest is off limits to every single student, even the best. Dung bombs, hair fungus grower, and metal wands have been added this year to the list of Restricted Items. The first Hogsmeade trip will be on Halloween. May you have a productive and happy school year. Two closing words, Burp down!”

Dumbledore sat back down, and with a whirl of his hands, the gold platters and dishes in front of them filled with piles of food. Everyone quickly grabbed at the bowls, and snarfed down more and more helpings. Lynna filled herself with chicken, salad, and mashed potatoes, keeping her eyes down to her plate as people still stared at her while they babbled. The dishes were clean once more as everyone finished, and the mass of people got up to leave for the common rooms.

Prefects from the houses began yelling for the people in the house to follow them. A pair of Gryffindor prefects gathered the first years, Lynna deciding to follow them. Up the main entrance stairway, and into smaller ones that swung all over the place moving, and paintings lining every foot of the hall. The first years were strangely silent, and seemed to ignore her, allowing her to observe many things. She noticed the girl and boy prefect walked rather far apart, one in front of the other, never seeming to look anywhere but straight ahead. Many narrow corridors and doors later, they came up to the seventh floor, and paused in front of a painting of a plump woman in a pink dress.

“Password?” asked the painting.

One prefect muttered, “Yellow Snidget,” and caused the painting to swing open.

Walking through a narrow doorway, it opened into an airy room full of red and gold colors, tapestries, armchairs, couches, tables, and a very big fireplace. The two turned to face the group and pointing, announced that this is the Gryffindor common room, boys’ dormitories up the left staircase, the girls’ same on the right. A group of people came up behind them, causing the prefects to finally lead their first years away. Everyone dispersed into a different direction, and began saying hello and chatting with their friends.

This is too crowded, Lynna thought, besides I don’t even know these people. She trudged over and up the stairs and through a door that said “Fifth year girls.” Four-poster canopy beds lined the walls, with nightstands, and wardrobes next to them. People’s trunks were lined up next to the bed they had, and Lynna found Orion, and her bags next to a bed in the corner. Too wide-awake for sleeping, she decided to write to Kayla, and took out her stationary.

Dear Kayla,

I’ve just got in to Hogwarts, and am sitting on my bed writing.

I feel happy, and lonely. I was placed into Gryffindor, not Ravenclaw.

People were staring at me and it bothered me even though it shouldn’t.

I finished that book you gave me, since I sat alone on the train.

I did talk to one boy named Draco who was kind of nice. It wasn’t for long

though, he got into a fight with someone else. This school is really spectacular, wish you could see it. Write soon (preferably with Orion)

Love,
Lynna

She sealed and tied the letter to Orion's leg, walked over to the window, and dropped him out. He disappeared into the night, with powerful silent beatings of his wings. Peering at her watch, she saw an hour had passed, and figured everyone would be heading for their dormitories soon. She walked over, unpacked everything, and put it away properly. Her broom and Invisibility cloak were left locked in her trunk under her bed. Changing into her pajamas, she closed the hangings, and slipped into bed. She was asleep when the three other girls walked into the room, talking and going to their stuff.

Chapter 9

The sun was peeking over the mountains as Lynna's eyes fluttered open. Quietly as possible, she got out of bed, and changed into her school clothes. Grabbing her book bag, she headed down the stairs into the common room, and plunked herself in an armchair in front of the fireplace. Her eyes caught hangings on the walls, and she realized many of them had a lion, causing her memory to be jogged by the old witch in Diagon Alley.

"The lion is my fate? Did that witch actually predict my house?" she whispered to no one. Half scaring herself, only let out a little chuckle that was fake. "Then she needs to get a hobby!"

As a distraction, she pulled out her book, Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them, became absorbed until the alarm on her watch told her it was time to go downstairs. Flinging her bag over her shoulder, she skipped out the Gryffindor entrance, down the stairs, and into the Great Hall.

There were a few scattered students at other tables, but she was the first Gryffindor at her house table. Soon after, teachers and students began filling up the Great Hall once more. Nobody sat willingly next to Lynna, and when everyone was pretty much there, the breakfast food sprang up in the golden dishes. Her nose immersed in her orange juice, a loud clatter of wings sounded through the hall, and a throng of owls and birds rushed in, carrying mail and descended on the tables. To her surprise, Orion landed next to her plate and held up his leg, a letter addressed to her, attached. Untying the letter, she patted him on the head, and gave him part of her sausage before he flew off to the Owlery. The letter was from Kayla, who had responded as quickly as she could.

Dear Lynna,
I'm glad you like school so much, and I hope it gets better for you.
You'll make plenty of friends, so don't worry. I wish I'd gone to Hogwarts!
This Draco boy sounds interesting, is he cute?
Just kidding.... I'll send you a few more books, I can't believe you finished it already. Got to go for now.

Your Sis,
Kayla

Lynna felt better once she finished the letter, and didn't mind so much the Gryffindor's who kept throwing glances at her. She stuffed the letter into her robes, so she could re-read it later. Starting in on her bacon, Professor McGonagall, the head of Gryffindor house, walked around passing schedules.

Monday:

9 o'clock -Herbology- Greenhouse 5
11 o'clock -Care of Magical Creatures
Noon - Lunch
1 o'clock-Divination

2 o'clock- Divination

Knowing she'd get ultimately get lost, Lynna stopped McGonagall before she walked away.

"Professor?" she called quietly and urgently, the woman turning around knowingly. "Uh where is greenhouse 5?"

"Out the front doors and to the left on a straight path in a row of other greenhouses," came the reply.

Everyone finished eating a half hour later and all started getting up around the same time. Trying not to be so nervous, Lynna got up along with the table, and hurriedly went out to the school's front. There was a gravel trail that led off on the left as McGonagall had said, but she felt doubtful until she reached a large row of glass greenhouses a minute later. Nobody was there as she pushed open the door of greenhouse five, and took a seat at one of the desks along the wall. There were plants on shelves all along the walls, and a whole rack on the biggest table in the front of the building, all of them ones she recognized from her books. To her relief, it was only a few minutes later that other Gryffindors started walking in.

When all of the students were there and seated, the teacher, Professor Sprout, walked in. She was a short, plump, mature woman, who reminded her of a turnip.

"Good morning class," she greeted loudly.

"Good morning Professor Sprout," everyone replied.

Pointing to trays of green, long stemmed, plants with hand shaped leaves, she asked, "Can anyone tell me what these are?"

Lynna's hand shot up along with a few other students. They lowered their hands though when they saw the girl with bushy hair (Lynna recognized her from the train) raise hers. Professor Sprout disregarding the other girl, pointed to Lynna.

Lynna thrilled, answered, "It is the foxglove plant, identified by the hand shaped leaves. It is used to repel pesky Fairies, or Doxies."

"Excellent, ten point to Gryffindor," said Professor Sprout.

The girl with bushy hair didn't look too pleased, and shot Lynna a contemptuous look. It made her happy that she was sitting in the corner, at least three tables away. To her surprise, two Hufflepuffs, and a Gryffindor asked Lynna to work with them. They were assigned to a plant, and spent most of class working over the foxglove plants with notes and pruning. None of them said a word to her, and she was fairly glad. Lynna was disappointed when it seemed such a short time later, that Professor Sprout was announcing the end of class and for them to clean up. It took a while to clean up, the teacher making sure that they meticulously rinsed and wiped down everything. The students were let out a few minutes later than usual, and clueless where to go, Lynna followed the group of Gryffindors. They stopped in front of a large hut on the edge of the Forbidden Forest, the outside of it the location for Care of Magical Creatures classes. Groans issued from the students as they saw the house that was already there. Slytherin was to be sharing this period with them yet again, and groaned back too.

Everyone was cut short as the hut door swung open, and a very large man came out, carrying two large wooden crates that he set down in front of the two groups. There was a faint buzzing emanating from the crates that made the few people who heard it, fidget.

"Mornin' ever'one! Today we've got an interestin' plan!" he announced. Not hesitating, the teacher reached over and pulled the boards off both boxes with his bare hands. "Billywigs!"

Inside were glass jars that each had one animal, all looking like whizzing blue tops. The students looked slightly scared but interested as they edged a little closer to get a better look at the jars.

"Can anyone tell me 'bout them?" he continued, and turned questioningly to the kids.

Lynna threw her hand up, and someone else must have too, because the teacher shook his head to the right before pointing to her.

Promptly she said, "Billywigs are extremely fast Australian insects. Their sting can cause levitation, and they are used as one of the main ingredients in several levitation potions, and the candy, Fizzing Whizbees."

There were a lot of gagging sounds from people around her, whom were immensely grossed out to just find this out about that candy.

Hagrid beaming said, "Great, ten points to Gryffindor! Miss uh?"

"Happ," she finished for him, and blushed as people looked at her incredulously.

Hagrid started up the lesson, explaining how they would be observing the abilities, appearance, and habits of the Billywig. He announced they should work in groups of no more than four to each Billywig. Lynna felt left out as she saw people immediately head for their friends. To her surprise, she recognized Draco Malfoy in the mass of Slytherins, and he immediately came up to her as he caught sight of her as well.

"Hi again," she said, not able to stop a smile from creeping on her face.

He smiled back, and asked outright, "Hey, be in my group?"

"Sure," she said coyly.

She followed him over to where two other Slytherin boys were standing, the same ones who'd been with him yesterday morning. Draco sat with her on the hut steps, and they talked while the others went and came back with a Billywig. The burlier of the two, held it up in front of his face, and caught his friend's attention.

"Draco man, watch this," he said giddily, and then flicked one finger against the glass.

The insect inside went wild, twirling around on its sting with wings extended, as it banged into the sides.

Seeing how mortified Lynna looked, Draco snarled at the boy, snatching it from his hands. "Don't do that you idiot! Go work with Goyle."

Crabbe turned around and trudged off with his other friend, leaving the other two alone. Ten minutes later the incident was forgotten, and Lynna happily chatted with Draco as they observed the Billywig. She leaned against the doorjamb, her knees pulled sideways as she carefully balanced her notebook and wrote. Too soon, Hagrid declared it was the end of class and that next time, to bring their gloves, they'd be handling the Billywigs outside of jars.

Draco kept in pace with Lynna, walking alongside her as they went back to the castle for lunch. Inside the Great Hall, he asked her to eat lunch with him at Slytherin table, and she once more agreed. Both tried to ignore the stares they got from their houses as she sat next to him on the side of Slytherin's table that happened to face Gryffindor's. He barely touched his food as he constantly talked to her, halfway through lunch starting to sport. As she smiled at a joke, a piece of food came out of nowhere, and hit him beside the nose. Angrily he turned from her, and looked up at Gryffindor table, she doing the same. Sitting directly across from them, was the red haired boy from the train, a big smirk on his face, and a fork twirling in his fingers. He glanced at the Gryffindor girl beside Malfoy, and making eye contact, was given an offended glare, causing his smile to fade and he looked away. Lynna felt very detached at that moment from her house, and was very quiet the rest of lunch.

She dashed up the stairs to her Divination class afterward, which was at the top of a bunch of stairs in a tower. Confused, for at the top, there was no classroom, and as she muttered, "Where do I go?" a silver ladder came down from the ceiling, almost knocking into her. Clambering up the ladder, she emerged into a classroom heavily heated with a fire, dimly lit, and reeking with incense. At many of the tables were Gryffindors, but she took a seat at an empty table alone. Floatily the teacher came in and stood in front of the class.

"Having a happy celestial day?" asked the teacher.

"Yes indeed, Professor Trelawney," only a few people answered.

Professor Trelawney began explaining about their new unit of fortune and astrology, Tarot cards. After making it through an unabridged history of tarot, and explanation of using the cards, decks were passed out to the tables. Taking her time, Lynna looked back and forth between the book and her deck as she arranged and flipped the cards. She was the only one in the classroom not frustrated or complaining about her work, and it attracted Trelawney over to her table.

"Very interesting," she muttered, startling Lynna. "Do you know what these mean?"

Lynna shook her head, absolutely clueless. The woman ran her finger over each one, as if taking it in.

"There is a great future waiting for you, but the path is long and laborious. Past, future, and present combine to-, make a place for you."

"So I did it right then?" Lynna croaked.

"Yes," she said, squinting at her as she answered. "You're the new exchange student?"

She was reassured with a nod, and she walked away, toward a table along the wall. Taking a seat at the table, Trelawney cleared her throat, getting every to watch the table. The three boys occupying the table did not look happy as she grabbed the deck and shuffled the deck, then arranging it in a pattern. Lynna couldn't help feeling slightly smug as she saw one of them was the red haired boy from the train. Slowly the teacher turned to a boy with dark hair and glasses, flipping the cards as she glanced at him. Trelawney gasped as she turned over the last two, causing the boys to roll their eyes, but a few people looked apprehensive.

"Dear boy," she said, catching her breath. "I see the past bringing a hovering death in this near future. There are preeminent changes coming to your life."

All the students stared at them, but turned away as Professor Trelawney got up and left the table. Lynna kept glancing puzzledly at the table, where the three boys ogled and smirked at each other, she couldn't see what had been so funny. They stopped laughing when Trelawney announced the end of class a while later, and a very long research project, to be done by table.

Since she had a lot of work to do by herself, she wandered around after dinner until she found the library. She was nearly giddy with delight as she saw all the books, and the size of it. In the Gryffindor common room she settled at a desk, and began hastily writing as she poured through the books she'd borrowed. Only a few other students worked as hard as she did, the rest goofing off after the long first day back. Loud bangs issued from a corner, and after a few more times, caused Lynna to furiously look up. Several students were playing Exploding Snap with a couple packs of cards, causing it to be extremely annoying. Exasperatedly Lynna picked her things up and stomped up the stairs to the dormitory, finishing her work there until she went to bed, early.

Chapter 10

Quietly arose the next morning, careful not to wake up her roommates as she dressed and slipped out the bedroom door. The Great Hall was open, but absolutely empty as she entered, and she sat down at Gryffindor table,

immersing in a book. She didn't notice the people come in, or that some of them still stared at her. While eating she continued to read, but was interrupted as the mail came in, Wira dropping off a letter from home. After breakfast, she got instructions from a prefect for where her first class, Transfiguration, was located.

Since they would work in pairs, she got paired up with another Gryffindor fifth year, Neville Longbottom. McGonagall explained that they'd be transfiguring swordfish into swords, and explained the science, process, testing of it. A lot of the kids had trouble with it, some not having a sharp blade, others had tails on the hilts. Lynna's fish was almost deep fried by Neville, and after she attempted it twice, made a successful transfigure. McGonagall held it up and chastised the people who hadn't paid attention, and therefore not gotten it.

"Not Spida Espida! Spada Espada!" croaked McGonagall at a pair of Hufflepuffs.

"Looks like there's another know it all," someone whispered.

"One was enough," a person responded.

These people were fairly loud enough for Lynna to hear them, but they didn't seem to realize it at all. Professor McGonagall finally weeded them out as they were talking when she was, and signaled the end of class. People piled out of the room, a lot complaining that their robes smelled like seafood. The group of Gryffindors headed for Charms class on the fifth floor, taught by Professor Flitwick.

Sitting near her new friends, Lynna was surprised at how short the teacher was, and he had to stand on a pile of books to be seen. The class and teacher chorused their hellos, and began.

"What are Cushioning Charms? More specifically, what are they used for?" asked Flitwick.

Lynna's hand went into the air, and more or less surprising, Harry's as well. Flitwick picked Harry to answer rather immediately.

"Sir, they are invisible seats of comfort, or support, mainly used as seats on broomsticks," said Harry.

He did a good-humored smirk at her, which she returned, since she would expect a Quidditch player to know such things about brooms. They were to practice falling onto the floor atop these charms. Nobody wanting to trust their bottom to another, it was assigned as independent work. Lynna's charms worked most of the time while the others' were faulty. As a joke, Ron made her charm disappear as she fell backward. It gave Lynna a sore bum, and she chased him around the room as revenge. Class ended, and everyone headed down to the Hall for lunch. While walking with Ron and Harry, she accidentally bumped into a teacher, whom nodded when she apologized, but glanced strangely at her with the two guys. They got to the Great Hall, but were practically ambushed by Malfoy, with Crabbe and Goyle. He asked her to eat lunch with him again, this time right in front of their faces. Lynna, torn between her friends and Draco, looked indecisively at Ron and Harry. They not wanting a confrontation, motioned for her to go with Malfoy, although very reluctantly. Lynna went to the Slytherin table, and watched the others take their places at Gryffindor's table.

Today, Draco seemed to be even more taken with her. He barely ate, and didn't pay attention to people trying to talk to him. Lynna not totally sure of his intentions, talked a lot with him, flirted, but was light on touchier issues. Even when lunch was over, he insisted on walking with her to Potions class. (They had the same class.) Harry and Ron stayed close behind Draco and Lynna, possibly coming to the rescue of the situation.

In the dungeons, outside the Potions classroom, stood the teacher, turning out to be the same one Lynna bumped into earlier. He didn't seem to be holding it against her, but she noticed his eyebrows went into his hair when he saw Malfoy and Lynna walking together. Lynna sat with Draco at a work area as a pair, Harry and Ron, sitting in the place next to them. Malfoy gave them a dirty look, but quickly looked away as Professor Snape came into the room, still staring at the pair of Slytherin and Gryffindor.

Not greeting the class, or asking for an opinion on today's topic, he immediately sunk them into the lesson.

They were making cleaning removers using diluted bundum secretion, a very tricky substance to boil, dilute, and use correctly. People seemed to have yet more trouble in Potions, many ended up spilling it on their skin, turning it orange, and having to go to Snape for a reversal. Malfoy spilled it too, Lynna tried wiping it off fast, but his hands turned orange, and ran complaining to the teacher. Harry and Ron laughed quietly, and Lynna managed a weak smile. Snape spotted Harry laughing, who stopped once he realized they were going to lose a lot of points.

Snape only grimaced, and yelled to Harry, "Five points from Gryffindor!"

His eyes flicked briefly at Lynna and Draco when he did it. Some people couldn't comprehend why a Gryffindor willingly sat with a Slytherin, and kept staring at them. (That was one of the reasons people messed up) Lynna was slightly embarrassed at all the attention, and hurried quickly out of the class when it was over. Harry and Ron worried, rushed after her and caught her on the main staircase.

"Why don't we go to Hagrid's? We've barely seen him since the beginning of school," suggested Harry to them.

Nodding, they followed Harry out to the hut on the edge of the Forbidden Forest. Lynna stood behind Ron even though she had met him already, she was shy.

"Come in, come in," Hagrid said gesturing inside as he opened the door.

They sat on three chairs, which seemed slightly bigger than normal. Hagrid was somber as they told him about Hermione's Herbology accident, but turned and smiled as he was introduced. His hand absolutely dwarfed hers as she shook hands with him.

"So how do ya like Hogwarts, Lynna?" Hagrid asked.

"It was intimidating, until I met people," she replied, and glanced toward the boys.

After talking for a lot more, and almost cracking their teeth on Hagrid's rock cakes, they were shooed out to dinner. Instead, Ron and Harry hauled her up to the infirmary to visit Hermione who wouldn't be back for another few days. The infirmary was bedecked with white, and Hermione was the only one there overnight. Ron and Harry half ran to her side, Lynna staying back slightly.

The girl was a bright red still, and had light brown hair, dark brown eyes, and a pile of books next to her bed. Their faces were written with brotherly concern, and she looked almost content to be stuck in bed with a pile of books.

Motioning to her, Harry said, "This is Lynna, she's a transfer student from the United States."

"Nice to meet you up close, I've seen you in Herbology," Hermione said, flushing.

"Good to meet you too," agreed Lynna.

Ron's eyes traveled to the book pile next to them, horrified that Hermione had only been reading.

"Hermione have you been reading all those books!" he exclaimed, pointing to the table.

"Well I finished them this morning, I've been terribly bored, and Madame Pince won't allow me to have library books when I'm broken out. Plus there aren't any books I have," she sadly replied.

A light bulb went off in Lynna's head. "Hermione, would you like to borrow some of my books while you're here?"

Sitting up straighter, Hermione smiled and nodded. "That's very kind of you!"

"No problem," said Lynna. Opening her bag, she handed two extremely thick free reading books to

Hermione, who gave her a look of respect.

Madame Pomfrey came rushing over, and told them to leave, they were over their time limit. As they got up from Hermione's bedside, Lynna happened to look at Ron's face, and saw more than brotherly concern lurking there. They went down fairly late to the Great Hall, and were eyed suspiciously by Malfoy as they sat to get dinner at Gryffindor table. Dinner made her extremely tired, and had to lug herself up the stairs as they went to Gryffindor tower. Spilling their books onto the tables of the common room, Harry, Ron, and Lynna started working on their homework, which was considerable. Exams at the end of the year would be OWLS (Ordinary Wizarding Tests) and the teachers started early with reminding them, with a lot of work. Around 10:30 pm, she glanced next to her at Harry, who was furiously writing, and Ron, who turned out to be sleeping on top of his Transfiguration essay.

"Wingardium Leviosa," she whispered to her wand, and started levitating a book.

She aimed it over to where Ron was sleeping, and lightly tapped his head with the book. Ron looked up, and seeing the book midair in front of his face, hollered. He looked to see which one of them did it, but Lynna put her wand under the table, and commanded the book to fall to the floor.

"Ok, I know one of you did it," he accused, but then turned to his homework.

"Accio book," she said quietly, as Ron looked away.

Catching it, she saw Harry watching her, and looking into his face saw he was trying to contain his laughter. He failed as she made a funny face, and she burst out laughing as well. Other Gryffindors still left in the room gawked at them, wondering what was so amusing. She turned back to homework once they were done, briefly checked it, then got up to leave for bed.

"Good night Harry," she said softly, as she passed him.

He looked up at her, meeting her eyes, and said, "Good night Lynna."

Turning, she felt him still watching her as she headed up to the dormitory. Out of the corner of her eyes, she glimpsed back and saw she was right. Reaching her room, she decided to write letters back to her family, and mail them in the morning.

Dear Family,

I miss you too, but I've settled really well into Hogwarts. I like school a lot, and even have started making friends. Strangely, I was placed in Gryffindor, but I don't mind too much. Mom, don't be so horrified! Classes are really interesting, and I'm doing very well. Thanks a lot for getting me those subscriptions too, I appreciate it.

I haven't looked in the trophy cabinet, yet, but I will. The next Hogmeade trip is on Halloween, which is far away. Orion has been very reliable delivering my mail, and he's a great bird. Yes dad, Harry Potter is in my year at Hogwarts, in fact, he's in my house. (Very nice person.) Miss you mom, dad, and Lizzie!

Love,

Lynna

Dear Kayla,

School has been getting better, I'm doing well in classes, and have started making friends. Their names are Ron, Harry, and Hermione. My weirdest teacher is this loony bin named Trelawney who say she sees an intricate

future for me, and death for my friend Harry...(Its crap though, Ron told me she's been predicting his death for two yrs, hmm) I guess Draco is cute, and I think he's interested in me. He asks me to eat lunch with him and work with him in Potions. People gape at us though because Gryffindors and Slytherins are supposed to hate each other. About the books, could you borrow a few off Aunt Nora about Quidditch and magic birds? Thanks. Talk to you soon!

Love,
Lynna

Putting the letter aside, she felt drained, yet excited, and immediately went to sleep.

Chapter 11

Early the next morning, Lynna was on her way up to the Owlery to send her letters. She was out of breath by the time she got there, and couldn't see Orion on the perches above, which were filled with every owl imaginable.

"Orion? Where are you?" she called in Avertongue.

Dozens of owl eyes turned to look at her, but Orion hearing, flapped down onto her shoulder.

Speaking to him in bird language, "Could you deliver these to Kayla and home?"

"Why not?" he answered, and held out his foot.

She tied it on, and he took off into the rising sun. Clambering down the stairs and back to Gryffindor tower, she collided with Harry as she went through the painting.

His face went into a look of concern, and nosily he asked, "Where did you go?"

Nudging him aside and heading to get her book bag muttered, "Owlery."

Harry was still waiting for her as she came down, and they headed together to get breakfast in the Great Hall. Seating themselves at the Gryffindor table, Harry and Lynna started talking with each other. Immersing in a conversation about Quidditch so deeply, they didn't notice Ron come up, until he poked Harry in the shoulder.

"Huh? Hey Ron," Harry said as he looked up.

"You two and Quidditch! Enough to drive me mad," joked Ron and he made a face of revulsion.

Lynna and Harry playfully punched him in the shoulder as he sat down. Their minds turned to the mounds of food that had just appeared before them, and dug in. While chewing her pancakes, the owls with mail started dropping it to people. A copy of Which Broomstick was dropped in front of her, almost landing in the syrup. Grabbing it, she jammed it into her bag, and whipped out her schedule.

Wednesday
9 o'clock -History of Magic
11 o'clock -History of Magic

Noon - Lunch

1 o'clock-Care of Magical Creatures

2 o'clock- Defense Against the Dark Arts

"Hmm, wonder who'll be our teacher for this year in Defense Against the Dark Arts," snorted Ron as he looked at her schedule.

Lynna confused asked, "What do you mean."

Harry threw a look at Ron, who ignored it. "Well, all the teachers in that job have only lasted one year. One had an accident, another one quit, and-"

"Two were evil supporters of Voldemort," finished Harry.

Lynna paled, and shuddered with a sudden coldness that enveloped her heart.

She pushed away her plate and said, "Uh, I'm done. See you in History."

Ron and Harry watched her anxiously, as she headed to leave the Great Hall.

Harry picked up his bag, and darted from the table to follow her. He didn't notice Malfoy get up from the Slytherin table, and slowly walk along the back wall to pursue them. She was plodding up the main staircase, and Harry easily caught up to her. She stopped as he called her name, but didn't turn around. Putting his hand on her shoulder, he repeated it. Lifting her head, she met him in the eyes, and he noticed the usual warmth and happiness in them was barely glowing.

Loud footsteps came up behind them, and Draco screeched, "Potter, get your slimy hands off her!"
"Malfoy," seethed Harry.

Lynna saw hatred burning in their eyes, and disgusted, pulled herself from Harry, and stamped up the stairs. They both paused as they watched her leave, and were about to pull out their wands, when the Great Hall doors opened. Students and teachers started spilling into the entrance hall, apparently all done with the morning meal. Harry turned and went the way Lynna had gone, and Ron, who seeing him, quickly followed.

Lynna was the first one in the History of Magic classroom to arrive, and settled in a back corner desk. A few minutes later, the other Gryffindors came in, along with Harry and Ron, who took seats next to her. Keeping her eyes on the blackboard, she didn't look at them next to her, and waited for class to begin. Very soon, the teacher came in, through the wall. He was a short, squat, and an absolutely geeky looking person. Professor Binns looked around once for attendance, then flipping open his book, began reading and lecturing in a flat droning voice.

She scribbled notes feverishly as he went on and on, and was the only one paying attention. Harry, kept watching her, and finally reached over with his hand and took hers. Her quill slowed down, and gradually looked up at him, not pulling away. He noticed her hand was cold to the touch, and still shaking from breakfast. Lynna started to calm down, and felt herself warming up as they continued to grasp each other's hand. Ron fell asleep, but none of his friends bothered to wake him up. Harry reluctantly let go of her as she returned to normal, but knew her feelings were fragile at the moment. A long time later, Professor Binns instantaneously stopped talking about the monotheistic fight against magic, and announced the end of class.

Walking down to lunch in the Great Hall, Lynna undecidedly paused before the doors. She moved to tell Harry and Ron she was skipping, but Draco Malfoy spotted her. Gently clutching her hand, he steered her away from them and to Slytherin's table. She went along with it, feeling he must be insecure and angry right now. They talked and flirted, and Lynna was introduced to some of Draco's friends, all in Slytherin. When lunch was over, Draco kept holding her hand, and walked slowly with her to Care of Magical Creatures. Lynna thought with a sigh, Draco hand was cold, and intimidating, unlike Harry's, that was warm, kind, and comforting.

Reaching the class area, she suddenly was embarrassed. Lynna broke from him to go stand by Ron and Harry as Hagrid came out with the Billywigs. They spent class handling and feeding the Billywigs, who were very tense, and fussy. While handing the Billywig to Ron, she heard a shout, and saw Malfoy hovering six feet in the air. He had slipped, the Billywig stung him, and retaliating, Draco had hurt one of its wings accidentally. It was making a ridiculous attempted get-away toward the forest, while Hagrid was shouting "Catch it! Catch it!" Some students went after it, but tripped into each other as it darted between their fingers.

"Accio Billywig," cried Lynna, waving her wand.

It went magically soaring toward her hand, and making sure she didn't get stung, leapt up and caught it. She reddened as students, Draco, and Harry stared at her in amazement. Class ended, and the Slytherins headed for their lesson in a different direction, as the Gryffindors climbed the stairs to Defense Against the Dark Arts class. Everyone went hesitantly through the door, not knowing what to expect, since they had lost faith in the teacher of this class.

Lynna, Ron, and Harry took seats in the very front row, hoping for a good teacher. A few minutes later, the teacher arrived, flinging the door open, and causing gasps. He had a wooden leg, scarred face, crooked nose, and a strange colored eyeball. Lynna looked perplexedly at Harry, for him to explain.

He reached over, took her hand again, and whispered. "He was supposed to be the teacher last year, but was kidnapped, and impersonated, by one of the agents of the Dark Lord."

The teacher fixedly looked at them as he passed, and muttered to them, "Stop that mushy stuff."

"His eye can see through absolutely anything," Harry said quietly to Lynna, and immediately dropped her arm.

Standing proudly in front of the class, the teacher declared, "I am the real Alastor Moody. You may think you know me, but you're wrong. That evil sack of crap last year was nothing like me, and got what he deserved. We're here to act, not learn. By stupidly watching, you learn nothing! You will learn morals, character, and how to take action in this class."

"You have the ability to do many things, bad and good," he continued. "Just because you can do something, doesn't mean you should or have to do it. That's what the basis of character is. Do you kill someone randomly, or because you can? NO! Should you torture someone because you can? Is that a good reason?"

Stunned, no one answered him. Waiting a reasonable amount of time, he answered for them.

"NO! There is no good reason! Because you can! Any one of you could fly on your broomstick around Buckingham Palace and scare the living daylights out of the queen, but does that mean you should? NO! I could turn each and every one of you into newts, but does that mean that I should?"

He did not answer for them, and they did not answer back.

"Well from your silence, maybe I should..." he joked.

Everyone immediately began shaking their heads, and a few screamed no. Professor Moody let out a high cackle, then went to his desk, and motioned for them to open their books. The lesson was very interesting and nobody diverted their attention from him, although it may have been from fear. Everyone half pushed another to get out of the classroom, going in all ways for classes were done for the day.

The afternoon passed slowly, and hot, dinner was almost unbearable with the heat of hundreds of students. They briefly visited Hermione, and gave her new books before heading up to Gryffindor tower for the rest of the night. Lynna was relieved when later, she sat in the common room with a pile of homework, working with Ron and Harry, pulling through it. They finally collapsed with exhaustion, and decided to head to bed early. Lynna kept her eyes on Harry as they went up the separate staircases, and he did too.

Pulling off her stifling uniform, she put on her pajamas, and lay on top of the bed, still overheated, and fell asleep.

Chapter 12

The next morning, Lynna woke up later than usual, and scrambled to get downstairs even though she was on time. Harry and Ron were at Gryffindor table, next to twin boys, with a mop of red hair, and hazel eyes. She sat down in the seat Harry had saved for her and was introduced to them.

Ron said pointing to each of his brothers said, "This is Fred, and this is George, my brothers."

She shook hands with each of them, who both had their mouths open. Fred and George were very straight forward, and didn't go around eyeing a girl. They indiscreetly let the group know it.

"Hubba Hubba! You weren't kidding me guys!," George said brightly, eyeing Lynna over while Fred did a small wolf whistle, and added, "One fine lady!"

Lynna blushed, Ron and Harry had awkward expressions on their faces, while the twins laughed loudly. She joined them, and Harry and Ron attempted weakly to join in. Her seat was between Ron and Harry, and sat across from George and Fred. She tried to keep the thought of Harry and Ron saying she was attractive at the back of head, and talked a lot with the twins.

Students and teachers filled the Great Hall, and began eating as the food popped up. This was one of her better days, and crunching her food, realized she only had Charms, Divination, Transfiguration, and Defense Against the Dark Arts today.

Ron sighed happily, "No classes with the Slytherins today,"

He was cut off from elaborating, by the racket of owls coming in. Lynna didn't expect to have her reply back yet, but saw a barn owl swooping toward her. A white package in it's beak, the owl dropped it in front of her.

Confused, she seized the box and carefully opened it. Her eyes widened, and she slightly gasped, causing the twins, and her friends to look at her.

"What's the matter?" Ron asked lazily.

"Nothing..." she replied shortly.

"Show what's in it," George said.

Hesitantly, she opened it the rest of the way, pulling back all the tissue paper. Everyone's eyes popped as they stared at a small bouquet of deeply colored peach roses laying in the box. Harry noticed a note folded over in the box, and quickly snatched it, and read it.

"Roses for a beautiful flower, with a blooming personality."

Lynna asked him to give to her, and he did unwillingly, as he started feeling grumpy.

"Oh my gosh," Lynna breathed, and looked at each of them "Who do you think sent these to me?"

Each of them just shrugged their shoulders, but Harry didn't answer, his eyes narrowed and focused on the food he was choking down. The rest of the meal was silent between them, Lynna went to leave before the others, the Hall buzzing again with students readying to leave, and already doing so.

The boys decided to go with her and depart as well, ending up behind some second years, who were ambling slowly. As Lynna came out the doors of the Hall, Draco standing off to the side caught her arm and pointed to the flowers.

Smiling, she said, "They're my favorite, thank you."

She hugged him as a thank you, fairly intimately. Lynna started to break from him, but he put his hand under her chin, tilting her head to his, and joined his mouth to hers. Harry, Ron, Fred and George halted as they came out of the Hall at this point, and gawked. Her mouth opened as he kept her head near his, and kept kissing her. Harry's mouth went dry, his blood boiling as he watched them, Ron, Fred and George's mouths were hanging open stupidly. Draco let her go, and taking their arms from each other, turned to walk away.

Lynna stopped in her tracks, seeing them standing there, gaping and staring at her. She didn't know what to say to them, or what to do. Glancing at Harry, she became nervous, because his expression was of horror, disbelief, and fury. His face slightly softened as she temporarily made eye contact with him. Fred and George gaining control again, composed themselves, breaking the tension, and suggested they all get to class. Lynna used it as a chance, and made a break for it, bolting past them, and up to Charms class.

Extremely flustered, she took a seat by herself away from Ron and Harry, and didn't look at them. The same in Divination, she worked on the Tarot pattern herself, even if she got scornful looks from Trelawney. Harry and Ron burst into hysterical laughter when Trelawney predicted Harry's death again. It felt like a jab in the ribs and vibrated her heart as they laughed, and almost felt like crying.

When lunchtime came rolling around, she lost her appetite at the thought of facing them, and went to spend it in the common room. As she came through the portrait hole, a few people yelling "Way to go Happ" and wolf whistling met her. Practically slamming the painting behind her, she went to the library to read and check some books out for Hermione under her name. She stopped by the infirmary on her way to Transfiguration, so she could leave the books. Hermione was sleeping, so she asked the nurse to give them to her when she woke up. Madam Pomfrey took one look at her, red-eyed, pale, and shaking, and refused to let her leave.

"But I have class," argued Lynna.

"You don't anymore today young lady! You're staying here till tonight. March yourself to that bed, and take this Pepper-up Potion!" shrieked Madame Pomfrey

Grumbling, she lay down on a bed, and drank the foul tasting potion. Rolling over on her side, extremely worn out, she fell asleep.

Clang! Clang!

The clock bell in the infirmary rang, waking Lynna up, and she saw it was 7:00 pm. A platter of food was on the table next to her bed, but she ignored it. Swinging her feet off the bed, she got up and started to leave. She waved goodbye to Hermione, who looked confused at her being there. Reaching Gryffindor tower a little while later, she tried to inconspicuously go in. Ron and Harry were sitting there, and ran up to her as she came in, extreme worry on their faces.

"Lynna! Are you alright? "Where were you? Why weren't you in class, lunch or dinner?" they chorused.

"I'm fine," she responded blankly.

"Have you eaten at all?" asked Ron, and he held up a sandwich and cookies. "We saved some food for you."

Looking away, she sighed, "No thanks."

She headed for her dormitory to lie down, but Harry tried to cut her off.

He started, "Please-" but was interrupted as Lynna curved around him, sprinted up the stairs, and closed the door. Harry followed her up to her door, and pounded on it, but she didn't answer. Thinking she might come out a little later, he stayed outside the door. A half hour after she went in, Harry heard her weeping, like her soul had been torn in two, and that finally compelled him to go down and leave her alone.

Sprawled on her bed, Lynna fell asleep crying, feeling ripped into a million pieces.

Chapter 13

Lynna woke up in the morning feeling rested, and better, with a terribly growling stomach. A warm shower washed away even more of her bad feelings, and she skipped down to the Great Hall before anyone else. Realizing she hadn't read Which Broomstick yet, she began reading and became totally absorbed in it. Someone sat next to her a little while later, and peering over the side of the magazine, saw familiar green eyes. "Harry!" she wanted to scream, and hug him.

Instead, she put down the magazine, and smiled face to face with him. He reached over, gently picked up her hand, and squeezed it warmly a few times, then let go.

"I'm sorry," she said quietly.

"It's ok," he reassured her.

"No it shouldn't be. I know how much you hate him. Things are moving too fast with him, I couldn't help it, with the roses, and he wouldn't let me go. You're one of my closest friends, and I can't lose you," she blurted out. "It's ok," he repeated. "I shouldn't interfere, and you're a good friend of mine too."

Sighing, Lynna feebly smiled at him, and hushed, said, "I don't know anymore."

Breaking the awkwardness, she showed him Which Broomstick, and they flipped through it together. Ron showed up awhile later when they were in the middle of a Quidditch article, and joined them in looking at it. Breakfast was served awhile later, and they sadly turned their attention away from the magazine, and went to eat something. The mail fluttered in as they were finishing up, Lynna eagerly watched for Orion, but he didn't show up. Oh well, thought Lynna, and peered at her watch.

"Guys, do you want to leave now? We'll beat the crowd then," Lynna asked them.

"Ok," the boys grunted.

They got up, and headed outside to Greenhouse 5, for a double period of morning Herbology. Professor Sprout was there already, and hurried over to them as they came in the door.

"Oh my my, I'm very glad that students decided to come early today, we have a very long lesson indeed. Everyone will need as much time as possible, and you're likely to finish. Some mischievous fairies got into the greenhouse, and ripped up the Foxglove plants. We'll be pruning, replanting, bandaging, and taking notes on the damage caused. Fifteen points to Gryffindor for your earliness," she said

Awestruck, the three of them just nodded their heads, and went over to start on the plants she pointed at. Lynna leaned over the table, and dug her hands into the rich, soft soil. She loved working in the garden, and had helped to plant half of it at home. She looked at Harry next to her, who seemed to like it too, and have a knack for it. He too, had his sleeves rolled up, and revealed lines of strong muscle. Sensing her gaze, he looked up at Lynna and smiled.

He pointed at her, "Have you done a lot of gardening?"

She answered, "Yes, quite a lot. My mom gets disgruntled that I take care of the garden most of the time. How about you? You seem great at it."

Harry quietly laughed and said, "Well, my aunt and uncle make me do the yard work all the time. They've been more on my back this summer though, making me do really hard jobs."

She noticed Ron staring at them, and just nodded her head at Harry. Turning back to her Foxglove plant,

she heard Ron talk in an undertone at him.

“Stop flirting with her Harry! She’s Malfoy’s girlfriend.”

Harry retorted quietly, “I’m doing nothing like that. Besides, you seem to be keen on her, making those eyes all the time. She’s our friend.”

There was an “Ow,” as Ron was jugged by Harry’s elbow, and they both went back to work. Other Gryffindors started arriving, and the second bunch had earned five points for Gryffindor. People settled around them, and the minutes slowly passed as everyone worked. Lynna’s hands began to ache terribly, with the precise work they had to do. At last, finishing her plants, she threw the last of the leaves in her bucket, stood up, and told Professor Sprout she was done.

Hastening over, the teacher beamed, and said, “Well done Miss Happ! You may leave if you’d like!” “But don’t we still have half of the second class left?” asked Lynna confusedly.

“Yes, but you’ve earned it, and there’s no more work for you today,” Professor Sprout said pointedly.

Lynna just shrugged her shoulders, and went out the greenhouse door. She hadn’t noticed Harry had just finished too. As she headed for the castle, an owl was flying toward the castle, letters tied to its leg. She recognized the owl, it was Orion.

“Orion!” she called, but the owl didn’t seem to hear her.

Lynna repeated herself, but this time, loudly in Avertongue. Orion turned his head, and swooped toward her, landing on her outstretched arm.

“Thank you,” she said in bird language again, and then heard the rushing human footsteps behind her.

Oh my god, they heard me, she thought. She dropped Orion off her arm, and onto the ground. Without thinking, she broke into a run, Orion protesting as he followed her, still wanting her to take the letters. The footsteps behind her began running after her, and she felt her arm grasped as it caught up with her. Lynna felt like screaming at them, but her mouth closed as she turned slowly and found herself eye to eye with Harry. His eyes burning with curiosity, suddenly yelled out in pain, and he dropped her arm. Orion was flying around him, pecking on whatever exposed flesh he could, trying to protect Lynna. Harry waved his arms above his head, keeping the bird from his face.

“Please stop,” she cried in Avertongue at Orion.

The bird quit, and flew to her, landing on her shoulder. Harry fell to the ground, dizzy, bleeding and in pain.

“Take it, please! I have letters, and I just saved your butt!” he hooted indignantly at her, holding up his leg.

“All right, all right, I will,” Lynna said in his language, ripped the letters off him, and he took off.

She looked down, gasping as she saw Harry. Lynna offered him her hand, which he used to pull himself up, and didn’t let go of it. Harry leveled his face with hers, again meeting her eyes.

“I’m so sorry! Orion’s a very protective bird,” she said apologetically.

“What was that you were saying? How did he understand you?” Harry asked lightly.

“Um, well, I can talk to them. Birds I mean. It’s called Avertongue. I told him to stop, and thanked him for the letters,” she said quietly.

“Wow. How’d you learn it?” Harry asked.

“I didn’t. My parents said I was born with it. It’s supposed to run in my family, but not everyone inherits it,” she responded. “It was kind of embarrassing, I thought people might find me freakish.”

Squeezing her hand he smiled and said, “You’re not the only one. I speak Parseltongue.”

Her eyes widened and she said, “The ability to talk with snakes. Isn’t that supposed to be a-”

“Dark art,” he finished. “I wasn’t born with it like you, but it was transferred to me accidentally. People found out about it at dueling club, when I told it not to attack someone. I was coined as the terror that was petrifying students, until we actually solved it.”

“Voldemort gave it to you, right?” Lynna said quietly.

“Yes,” he said, but then flinched from his wounds.

“We should get to the hospital wing,” she said.

Agreeing, he nodded but then stopped. “I won’t tell anyone about it. Can you do me a favor though?”

“Anything,” she said.

“Try not to tell anyone your bird beat me up,” he laughed, and she joined him.

They went up to the infirmary, where Madam Pomfrey clucked her tongue at his injuries.

“Dementors, traps, evil wizards, dragons, Quidditch. Now what?” the nurse chastised.

“Angry owl,” answered Lynna slowly, before Harry could lie.

Madam Pomfrey let out a humph, and made him sit down on a bed. The nurse asked Lynna to help Harry take off his shirt while she went to go get disinfectant, and hurried away. He winced as she helped him out of his robes, and the top of his school uniform. Orion had really done a job on him, beak marks had made it through his clothing, blood trickling from triangular cuts. She tried not to look like she was gaping at his half bare body. The nurse came rushing back in with a bottle of magical disinfectant, and some clean cloths.

“You may go,” she said pointedly to Lynna, who shook her head and moved closer to Harry.

“Potter, this may sting, but your cuts will heal faster,” Pomfrey said flatly.

She quickly dabbed it, then passed it over one of Harry’s arm cuts. Lynna watched sadly as his muscles tightened, and he cringed in pain. She put her hand on top of his, which he moved, and grasped it tight until the nurse was finished.

“Shoo, you’re all finished now, Potter,” Madam Pomfrey said, and walked away.

He threw his clothes back on, and walked with Lynna out of the infirmary, not noticing Hermione in her bed, staring at them. They walked down to the Great Hall for lunch, Lynna pretended she didn’t see Malfoy who was gesturing at her to come join him. Late for lunch, they found Ron already sitting at Gryffindor table.

“What happened to you two? You left Herbology early,” he said suspiciously.

“I’m starving,” Harry said abruptly, and grabbed a sandwich stuffing his mouth full.

“Well?” Ron repeated.

Lynna grabbing Harry's arm, showed the healing cut on it. "Accident, went to the infirmary."

Ron nodded his head and turned to dig into his lunch, and Lynna with did the same. After finishing their lunch, they dashed off to History of Magic, almost late. Taking back seats, Lynna took out Which Broomstick, and they continued looking at it. Professor Binns was so absorbed in his lecture, that he didn't even notice them reading a Quidditch magazine instead of paying attention. Harry and Lynna got bored with it, and let Ron use it while they wrote back and forth on a piece of paper.

"Class dismissed," droned Professor Binns.

Students clattered out of the boring room, Ron, Harry, and Lynna hurried down to the dungeons, for their next class, Potions.

Outside the room, Draco started to come over to lead Lynna to a worktable. She looked desperately at Harry and Ron as he took her hand and led her away.

"Go with him, you don't want to deal with Snape," they muttered to her, trying to look innocent as Snape gave them a quizzical look.

Lynna tried to work placidly over her cauldron, breathing deeply, and ignoring her annoyance. While sprinkling dried nettles into her potion, Draco absentminded reached for her free hand to hold it. He unsteadied her other one, and she spilled it onto the table.

Pulling away, she said, "Draco, please, it's not safe to do that while working with chemicals."

"Sorry," he said soothingly.

Ron who'd been watching, made a move to go over and teach Malfoy a lesson. He was stopped by Lynna shaking her head and grabbing his robes. At least I can work with Hermione when she comes back, thought Lynna. A boy behind her shrieked as his cauldron melted into a pile of metal. It caught Professor Snape's attention, who yelled, "Longbottom!" and stormed to the back of the room. He luckily was so absorbed with punishing the boy, he didn't see Ron's cauldron start to billow green smoke. Class ended soon after, Lynna rushed away from Malfoy, and up the stairs, with Ron and Harry at her heels.

Later that afternoon found them in Gryffindor tower, Ron and Harry were playing a game of wizards chess, Lynna relaxing in a chair while watching them, and reading the letters from her family.

Dear Lynna,

We're so glad to hear you're doing well at Hogwarts. It's a little frustrating you weren't put into Ravenclaw, but you seem to like Gryffindor enough. Your father has been working a lot lately, and didn't have time to write to you, but he sends his love. I almost didn't have time to write either. He jumped off of the walls hearing that you're in the same house with Harry Potter, and that you've met him. I only heard from Kayla yesterday, and she says that you sound well too in her letters with you. Has the Quidditch season started yet at Hogwarts? You are an amazing flyer, and deserve to join. I'll send money to you around Halloween like you said. What I've heard, there will be some dances for older students this year, so make use of those robes! Kayla hinted that you may have a boyfriend, I'd be interested in knowing. Lizzie says hello by the way.

Love,

Mom

Hey Lynna,

I'm happy to hear that you're doing good at school. Plus, you've started making friends? You always were good at that. Your Divination teacher seems like a bit of a crackpot, I'd be careful around her... So do you finally have a boyfriend? This Draco must really like you, have you hooked up yet? Don't really think of what people think about you and whoever you choose is worthy of your heart, school society can be really judgmental. Mom keeps bringing up you and Quidditch, I hope you can break her of it somehow. I don't have the time to ask Aunt Nora about the books, I've been occupied at the museum a lot lately. Drop her an owl though, she'd love to hear from you. Write me soon!

-Kayla

The painting door swung open, breaking her concentration, and in walked Hermione. Harry and Ron leapt up and greeted her, and Lynna slowly went over and did the same.

"Here are your books. They helped a lot," said Hermione, handing them to Lynna.

"Hermione, it's nice to have you back, but I have Quidditch tryouts very early tomorrow," said Lynna.

Hermione nodded, "It's okay. Good luck tomorrow."

She headed for the dormitory, and said over her shoulder, "Ron, you should go to bed too. You really won't have a chance to make the team."

"Yes he should," agreed Harry, and he grabbed Ron's robes, and started dragging him to the boy's dormitory.

"Alright! I will," yelled Ron as he loosened himself from Harry, and ran up the stairs.

Harry waved goodnight to Lynna and Hermione, then followed Ron up the stairs.

Chapter 14

At the crack of dawn, students met on the Quidditch field for Gryffindor Quidditch team tryouts. The official Gryffindor team (Harry Potter, Angelina Johnson, Alicia Spinnet, Fred and George Weasley) would be testing the people for the two empty spots, Keeper, and Chaser. Each wrote their name on the tryout list, and year.

Gryffindor Team Tryout List:

-Burt Demond-3rd year

-Ron Weasley- 5th year

-Paul Pageman-6th year

-Lynna Happ- 5th year

-Ginny Weasley- 4th year

-Will Caven- 6th year

As they lined up, Lynna noticed she was the only one trying out who had a Firebolt,. She deliberately covered the name with her hand, not wanting that to be a factor in the final decision.

They were pitted against each other and the official team members, trying both Keeper and Chaser.

Lynna first tried as Keeper, and missed stopping some of the goals. Next, she went in line to try out for Chaser, and was the last in line. Two boys next to her, Will and Paul were whispering about how lousy she probably would be.

"Bet she misses the goal every time, and gets cut," they sniggered to each other.

"Lynna Happ, trying as Chaser. Up against Ron Weasley, trying as Keeper," called Angelina.

With a flip of her braid, Lynna kicked strongly off the ground, and filled with the familiar wondrous thrill

she got when flying. Ron had been excellent as a Keeper, having caught all goals thrown at him, and was looking extremely confident. She caught the Quaffle that Alicia tossed to her. Steadying herself, she leapt forward with the Firebolt. Flying in a curve, and evading Ron, she heaved it with her arm right through the middle post. As it was thrown back to her, she repeatedly walloped it into the posts, never missing. The second half of the Chaser tryout had her evading Bludgers and people flying at her, trying to take it. No one got the chance to steal it, or block her, and she continually scored.

Winded, she landed, and was given admiring slaps on the back.

“Didn’t know a girl could do that,” admitted Will quietly.

“Thanks,” Lynna said lightly.

Interrupting them, Angelina declared, “Tryouts are over! Look for results this afternoon in the common room!”

The people who tried out headed for the castle, the Gryffindor team to the locker rooms. Lynna felt her stomach rumble, and decided to head for breakfast in the Great Hall. Ron walked next to her, looking a little downtrodden from the morning. Will came up to Lynna calling her name, and she turned around.

“Hey Lynna, you want to get some food with me?” he asked enthusiastically.

She looked at his sandy brown hair, twinkling blue eyes, and fine features, noticing he was kind of cute.

“Sure, why not,.” she responded

Ron’s eyebrows went high up as he watched Lynna break stride with him, and go up to the castle, walking with Will Caven.

They ate late breakfast together, and stayed down there hanging out afterward. Meanwhile, Ron was in Gryffindor tower, playing a game of chess with Hermione, and looking quite smug about it. He was winning in a third game when the bell struck noon, and Harry came in, followed by Fred, George, Alicia, and Angelina, who was holding a scroll in her hand. The painting swung open again, and Lynna came rushing in, followed by Will.

Harry looked strangely at her, and said, “Where were you-”

“Saw you guys going up the stairs, have you decided yet?” interrupted Lynna.

Angelina nodded, holding up the scroll, then went over to the notice board, tacking it up.

“It’s all official, and done,” she said.

Lynna, Ron, Will, and the other tryout people who’d been waiting rushed over to the list.

~~Burt Demond~~
~~Ron Weasley- : Keeper~~
~~Paul Pageman~~
~~Lynna Happ- Chaser~~
~~Ginny Weasley~~
~~Will Caven~~

“YES!” shouted Ron, and he leapt around happily.

Lynna’s heart pounded with excitement, and she grinned till her mouth felt like it would come off.

“Well it’s not too big of a surprise,” Will said, and playfully punched Lynna in the shoulder.

She glanced over at Ron and yelled, “Congratulations!”

“You too! I made it even though you kicked my butt!” he answered.

They all broke out laughing, and dispersed into different directions, some heading to lunch. Ron went over and talked to Hermione, and Harry came toward Lynna. His green eyes proudly glowing.

“Congratulations!” he said. “Want to go get something to eat?”

“Sure!” she said cheerfully.

“Ron, Hermione, want to come with us?” asked Harry.

Ron nodded, but Hermione said she had work to do, and was sorry. They sauntered down to the Great Hall, but Lynna stopped them on the main staircase. She saw Draco Malfoy lurking in front of the doors, and wanted to discuss something with him.

“Wait here a sec, ok?” she asked them.

“Ok...” they replied, and became worried as they saw who she headed to talk to.

Lynna was talking quietly with Draco, whose eyes widened a bit, then walked away.

Ron and Harry came down the stairs when she straightened up and motioned at them

She was pulled aside by Harry as Ron went into the Hall and began eating.

“What did you just do?” he asked her.

Shifting uncomfortably, Lynna answered, “Uh, I asked him to back off, because he was rushing things, and pushing it. I told him to wait a while before jumping on again.”

Harry’s face lightened up almost smiling. “You broke up with him,” he said hopefully.

Her eyes narrowed, and she scowled, “I wasn’t with him in the first place!”

“Ok! You weren’t,” he said soothingly.

Heaving a sigh, she rolled her eyes, before leading him by the hand to join Ron at Gryffindor table. When they were done eating, Lynna asked Harry about events at school. He asked her why, and Lynna battling her embarrassment, pulled the latest letters from Kayla and her mom out of her pocket, handing them to him. His eyebrows went up as he read them, then smirking looked up at her.

“You had a boyfriend...” he started.

“Oh stop, I only mentioned him once, my family makes a big-” she replied.

“I was kidding!” he said interrupting her rant. “Who is Kayla? She hates Trelawney huh? I like her then!”

“She’s my older sister, Lizzie is my younger one. Sorry about my parents raving about you.”

“It’s ok,” he said, and hastily added, “Last year we had a dance on Christmas for the Triwizard Tournament, I guess they’ll do something like that.”

“Did you go last year?” asked Lynna.

“Of course, I was one of the champions. They made me get a date, and dance for the opening. awful stuff,” he replied.

“Why was it awful?”

“I don’t like to dance, and I’m uh not very good at it,” he murmured.

Lynna changed the subject, and later spent the rest of the day reading and playing chess with Ron. As she went up to bed, she noticed Ron and Hermione looking at each other strangely, but thought nothing more about it.

The days passed quickly and melted into weeks as classes, work, friends and Quidditch occupied most of her time. Angelina had been anonymously voted Gryffindor team captain. She worked them in and out through different conditions to strengthen the team. They were good, and the first match wasn’t until November, but they went to bed six days a week, sore and tired. Lynna spent a lot of time with Harry, Ron, Hermione, and Will and became really good friends with them. She stayed away from Draco, who still had a crush on her, and became fonder of Harry, and suspected Will wanted more than friendship. In her letters, she knocked away the idea of a boyfriend with her family, and wrote mostly to Aunt Nora and Kayla.

During dinner on the night before Halloween, Lynna sat eating with her group of friends at Gryffindor table. Headmaster Dumbledore suddenly got up to announce tomorrow’s Halloween activities.

Tapping his glass he announced, “Please may I have your attention? As you all know, Halloween in tomorrow. There will be a trip into Hogsmeade made available for those with permission. At dinnertime, Halloween banquet will be served. That is all.”

He stepped down, and all the kids went back to finishing their dinner. Lynna done early, went headed for the Great Hall exit, but stopped as there was a flapping sound, and Orion landed on her shoulder. Harry walking behind, halted, but pointed to his leg and asked what was tied to it. She reached over, and untied a very heavy, lumpy pouch off of Orion’s leg. In a low voice, she thanked him in Avertongue, and opening the pouch found a pile of gold galleons and a note.

Lynna,
Here’s the money for Hogsmeade, hope it reached you by Halloween!

-Mom

Thanks mom, she thought, and rushing upstairs, went to bed early, in anticipation for the long day she’d have tomorrow. Early the next day, she was shaken awake by Hermione, telling her they’d be late if she didn’t hurry. Mumbling an okay, she threw on a black jean skirt, an orange peasant top, and made her hair straight. She stumbled down the stairs, still tired from yesterday’s Quidditch practice, and was stopped from falling forward by Harry.

“Thank you,” she said.

“You look great,” Harry said, complimenting her.

Looking up into his face, she saw it was written with an approving expression. She freed herself of his arms, and straightened herself. They gathered Hermione and Ron and went downstairs for a quick breakfast, before they started strolling out Hogwarts gates, heading toward Hogsmeade among other people.

“Hey Lynna, wait up!” someone yelled.

She peered over her shoulder, and saw Will jogging toward them, trying to catch up. Slowing down, Will came to her side, grinning and walked with them into village. They had decided ahead of time

to go into Honeydukes Candy Shop, and Hermione and Ron dashed ahead, leaving Harry with Lynna and Will.

“Hey want to go to Zonko’s Joke Shop?” Will asked Lynna brightly.

She didn’t want to hurt his feelings, and peered over his shoulder at Harry, who overheard, just shrugged his shoulders, and followed Hermione and Ron.

“All right,” she sighed.

Will and Lynna spent a couple hours alone looking around the store, and village. He heard Lynna’s alarm go off, telling it was lunchtime, and he led her to The Three Broomsticks. Going in the door, Lynna saw it was a cheery place, full of people, students, and a few teachers. They got a table, Lynna ordering a turkey sandwich, and butterbeer, which was a warm, delicious drink. Bored, she saw Hermione and Ron sitting alone at a table, talking hastily with each other. She got up and walked over to them, and they looked apprehensive as they acknowledged her.

“Where’s Harry?” she asked them worriedly.

“Honeydukes,” Hermione answered shortly, then turned again to Ron.

Lynna went back to the table with Will, who then started livening up the conversation at seeing how disgruntled she was. Meanwhile, Harry in the sweet shop paid for his stuff, and then walked out, his pockets bulging with Chocolate Frogs and Bertie Bott’s Every Flavor Beans as he went to The Three Broomsticks, to meet his friends. He halted, having glanced in the restaurant window, and seeing Lynna and Will at a table. Lynna was giggling at something he said, while Will smiled adoringly at her. Infuriated, he marched in and interrupted.

“Where were you?” Harry asked her through clenched teeth, trying not to look too unhappy.

To his horror she answered, puzzled, “With Will...”

Harry didn’t answer her remark, just stormed away, leaving her there confused and uncomfortable. She wasn’t in such a good mood anymore, and without a word, left Hogsmeade, going into Hogwarts castle, to brood in Gryffindor common room. Settling in a chair, her thoughts whirled, her head drooped after a while, and she fell asleep.

The students returned from Hogsmeade in high spirits, full of butterbeer, candy, and joke shop novelties. A Halloween feast was held, the regular floating candles replaced with Jack-O-Lanterns, and everywhere bedecked with the holiday’s decorations. Harry became concerned when he didn’t see Lynna anywhere in the Hall, while he and his friends stuffed themselves with Halloween goodies. He left in the middle of the skeleton-dancing act, and went up to the tower. The painting swung open, and Harry saw Lynna curled in a chair by the fire, asleep. He walked over, towering over her chair, watching as her shoulders exposed by her top rose with her gentle breathing, locks of hair falling on her face. Reaching down, he pushed the hair away from her fine features, and moved his hand along her cheek. So soundly she slept that she only moved a little. He kept his gaze on her, as he settled into an armchair on the other side of the room, and busying himself with a book.

Fred and George Weasley came into the room a while later, and were immediately shushed by Harry in his corner, who then pointed at Lynna.

“Why are you two up here?” asked George.

“She fell asleep a lot earlier, and I came up here looking for her,” Harry whispered back.

“Oh,” said Fred. “Sure you weren’t doing more than that? Like snogging?”

Harry glaring, almost shouted, “No we weren’t! Where would you get a crazy idea like that?”

“Harry,” reproved George. “The way you look at each other…”

Staring at them, Harry falsely shook his head. The twins shrugged simultaneously, and leaned over the chair.

“Hey Lynna? Wake up,” George prodded her, and shook her shoulder lightly.

She opened her eyes, and Fred said, “Boo! Happy Halloween!”

“Oh no!” she cried, and sat straight up. “I missed it?”

“Fraid so,” the twins said in unison.

“Too bad,” Fred said. “You look nice though.”

Lynna replaced her crestfallen look with a glower. “Why does everyone tell me that!”

She leapt up, and stamped all the way to the dormitory, slamming the door with a bang.

Fred and George looked over at Harry, who then pretended he had been analyzing something, then rushed up to his dormitory as they turned around.

Lynna refused to talk or look at Harry over the next few weeks, still hurting from Halloween. During Quidditch practices, she whammed the Quaffle through the hoops to vent her anger, and got praise from Angelina, who thought she was only playing. The middle of November looming closer, finally came, and on November 14th, the day came for Gryffindor’s first Quidditch match. They would be playing Ravenclaw (Which Lynna wasn’t too happy about.) who weren’t exactly pushovers, but they were still pretty good.

The day dawned bright, and warm, but windy, and the teams trooped to their locker rooms. Lynna’s nerves were jangled, and she quickly strapped her gloves and boots on, and pulled the red and gold team robes over her head, trying to feel better. Not succeeding, she grabbed her Firebolt, and followed the other Gryffindor girls to the stadium shed, where they met with the boys. Harry gazed at Lynna as they stood listening to a pep talk, and noticed she was visibly shaking with nerves. He couldn’t take her suffering, and rushed to her side, and grabbed her hand. She looked up at him, and he saw the anger and nerves bottled up there for weeks wash out, and her hand relaxed in his. Lynna sighed, and gripped his hand back, as they walked forward to the entrance.

They let go, and the team in unison, mounted their brooms, then flew out in alphabetical order with the announcer calling their names.

“Happ!”

Lynna was the first to fly out, and couldn’t believe her eyes at the amount of people packed into the stands, waving banners, clapping, and shouting with joy. Her teammates came around her, and they flew to the center of the field, where Madam Hooch, the referee was hovering. Angelina shook hands with the Ravenclaw captain, Roger Davies, and they all pretended to listen to the long list of rules that was read off. Lynna looked at the other team’s players, and saw the Ravenclaw captain eyeing her with interest. Instead, she glanced at Harry, and saw that a fairly pretty girl from Ravenclaw, next to him, fluttering her eyelashes flirtatiously at Harry.

Nudging Ron, she asked, "Hey, whose that girl next to Harry?"

He glanced nervously at her and answered, "Cho Chang, seeker for the other team. Harry was interested in her *last year*."

Lynna's hand tightened on her broom, and as they got into formation, glared at the girl, who was still looking at Harry. Fred and George, hovering near Lynna saw her looking angry, and the cause of her distress.

They leaned over and whispered into Lynna's ear, "Hey, don't worry. Want us to take care of her?"

"It'd be much appreciated," she replied, smiling up at them.

She saw them menacingly bore their eyes at the girl, and she felt much better. Shaking off thoughts, she concentrated, freed her hands, and readied for the release of the balls. Madame Hooch kicked open the ball trunk, the Bludgers and Snitch flying out to the field.

The Quaffle was picked up by the referee, and holding it counted down, "3, 2, 1..."

Blowing her whistle, she tossed the Quaffle into the midst of the players' circle, and the Chasers dived for it, the Keepers flew to the goal posts, the Seekers up into the air to watch for the Snitch. Lynna had been the first to react, and zooming before the pile of players made a grab, broke free, and flew toward the Ravenclaw end.

"One of the newest, and prettiest members of Gryffindor is the first to the Quaffle! Looks like there's no stopping Happ!" called the announcer.

Lynna hurtling toward reached the posts, still a little away, whammed the Quaffle into the hoop, and heard it clang as she swooped back out to the field.

"Ten points to Gryffindor! Amazing, within seconds, she's scored!" shouted the announcer.

That move had been to make Ravenclaw nervous, and seemed to have worked, as their Keeper passed to one of his Chasers. The Chaser flew towards the other end, and quickly passed to another Chaser halfway down. Fred Weasley batted a Bludger at the person, making them lose the Quaffle, and Alicia flew underneath and caught it. She rebounded up into the air as people came flying toward her, and passed it downward to Angelina. The Quaffle was flown to the Ravenclaw end, and thrown in by Angelina. Clang, and another ten points were added.

Davies aimed at one of his Chasers, but Lynna swooped in front of them, stealing it, looping upside down into the air, and hurling it through as she straightened out. Ravenclaw's Keeper passed it out again, but this time faked it, and got it to one of his players. The Ravenclaw with the Quaffle immediately headed to the Gryffindor goal, surrounded by her own teammates, and the Gryffindor Chasers. Lynna was ahead of everyone else, and gaining on the opposing Chaser, when out of nowhere, a Bludger came hurtling at her, and she had to fly up to avoid it. Angelina screamed as one was aimed at her, and narrowly avoided it, and flew off course as well. Ron was flying furiously in front of the Gryffindor posts, and dived with his broom, and hit the Ravenclaw's Quaffle goal attempt with his broomtail, knocking it away from the hoop, and into Lynna's hands.

She smiled at him before flashing to the other end, and flew in front of Alicia. She completed a reverse pass, tossing the Quaffle over her shoulder to Alicia, who then flew into the goal area, and scored. The Keeper failed a pass as it was intercepted by Lynna, who immediately threw it into the goalpost. As she came up out of her lunge, she glanced and saw Harry who was being surrounded and cut off by Cho Chang as he flew. Fred and George suddenly both hit the same Bludger, cracking it at Cho, who screamed, and got it right

in the broom, causing it to be forced downward. Looking back, she concentrated as Angelina attempted to steal the Quaffle as it was passed to a Ravenclaw Chaser. She was unsuccessful, and tore after the Chaser with Alicia and Lynna at her heels. George beat a Bludger at the Chaser as he neared the Gryffindor posts. The Bludger swiped the Chaser's nose, causing it to start bleeding, and he sloppily passed the Quaffle at another teammate as he went to tend his nose. The second Ravenclaw Chaser was stopped from diving by a second Bludger that was hit toward her by Fred, and freed space for Alicia to dive and grab it. She then flew up, and tossed it down to Angelina, who as a diversion signaled and passed it sideways to Lynna. She darted to the Ravenclaw end, and shot it in. Clang!

Swooping in a U-turn to come back and steal the Quaffle, she stopped mid-air as she saw Harry hurtling toward the ground, followed by Cho Chang, the Ravenclaw Seeker. He put his arm out, and grabbed the snitch, pulling out of his dive in time with the Firebolt's agility. Cho was not so lucky, and was flattened as she could not stop or pull out. Everyone stopped and watched him hovering, waving the golden ball, as it glinted in the sun. Lynna, and the other Gryffindor Chasers flew toward him, shrieking with joy, and were followed by Fred, George, and Ron.

Harry landed his broom on the ground, and Lynna the first to reach him, landed with a thump, and grabbed her broom. They ran to each other, and flung their arms around the other, Harry picking her up and twirling her in air before tightly grasping her in a hug. The rest of the team landed, and the crowd poured onto the field to congratulate them. Hermione and Hagrid came running up, and joined Gryffindor team in a group hug of Harry and Lynna who were still holding each other. Everyone let go, and the teams started to fight their way out of the crowd to the locker rooms, to change. Lynna rushed into the shower, and quickly dressed in jeans and a scarlet shirt, before rushing up to the castle with Gryffindor team.

As the painting swung open, there was an almost deafening shout of praise from dozens of Gryffindors gathered in the common room. There were piles of food, candy, and juice on the tables, and the team rushed in and was broken up by people grabbing them to congratulate them. Lynna was passed into a group of admiring boys, one of them Will, who attempted to kiss her on the cheek, but was pushed away. The team was regrouped and settled onto a couch together, but Harry and Lynna at opposite ends.

"Happ! Those were amazing goals!"

"Yeah! You can really fly!"

"Potter! Way to go!"

"Another amazing catch!"

People shouted praise at them, and the other team members. George and Fred noticed Lynna looking desperate to get away, Harry too.

They hissed at Lynna and Harry, "Get away now!"

As a diversion, Fred and George interlinked arms, and leaping onto a table started shouting and tossing candy to people. Lynna ducked along with Harry, and they broke for the dormitories.

"Meet me back down here in an hour, it'll have dispersed by then," he said quickly to her, then they both dashed to their rooms.

Flopping onto her bed, she felt exhausted, and suddenly became aware of her intensely aching muscles. Impatiently she waited as she lay there, and hearing the clock strike 12:30pm a while later, couldn't take it any longer. Half hour should be long enough, she thought, and headed quietly down the stairs to the common room. To her surprise, there wasn't anyone there, everyone had gone to the Great Hall for lunch! She looked behind her, hearing footsteps, her face riddled with pain, as she saw it was Harry. His green eyes were full of concern, and he walked over to her hesitantly.

He stopped as he saw her face, and said, “We should get you to the infirmary, you could be seriously hurt.”

“Okay,” she said, agreeing

She almost fell over with her legs refusing to move, but Harry grabbed her, and intertwined his arms and hers grasping each other around the shoulders. They moved out of the painting, and went down a couple of flights and hallways, before Lynna slumped against the wall, feeling like she couldn’t move anymore. Harry tried to get her to move again, and couldn’t, and as he sat staring down the hall, thinking, a figure approached.

Lynna looked up as Harry hurried from her side, and was talking to Professor Snape, who had just come down the corridor.

“Please sir, can you help me get Lynna to the hospital wing? She’s hurt!” begged Harry.

“Potter! Stop your incessant whining, I cannot help you if you’ve injured another student, this must be reported,” Snape said, curving around Harry, and heading in the direction he was originally.

Harry stood angrily glaring at Snape’s retreating back, when Lynna finally fainted from the pain, onto the floor.

Her eyes fluttered open a while later, feeling someone grasping her hand, and stroking the hair off her forehead. She was lying on a bed, Harry standing at her side, against the bright white of the infirmary walls. He broke into a smile of relief as he saw her look at him, and he called to Madame Pomfrey.

“She’s awake!”

Madame Pomfrey scuttled over from another bedside, and poured a cup of green liquid from the bottle she was holding. They helped her to sit up, and shakily, Lynna took the cup, and drank it. Voices were heard in the doorway, and Madam Pomfrey rushed to greet them. Lynna sat up more, feeling her vision and thoughts get clearer immediately from the medicine. Harry leaned over and hugged her on the bed, his warmth making her feel even better. She heard a cough of disgust from the bed from the bed Madam Pomfrey had been at. Peeking over Harry’s shoulder, she saw Cho Chang, still in Quidditch robes, and covered with bruises and scratches, fiercely staring at them. Madam Pomfrey came scurrying into the room this time accompanied by two people. Harry and Lynna, clearly embarrassed, broke apart, and saw it was Albus Dumbledore, and Professor Snape.

Snape was looking at them with a deep look of revulsion, but Dumbledore’s eyes twinkled knowingly at them.

Harry looked at Dumbledore, puzzled, who turned to Lynna and spoke. “Miss Happ, there have been some uh concerns for your safety, and well being. Reported by Professor Snape here, as he says he saw you quite injured in the corridor with Harry here.”

Lynna and Harry’s mouths dropped open, and their eyes widened as well when Snape continued.

“That’s correct. I saw Potter with Happ in the hallways, having clearly injured her severely.”

“Potter?” Madame Pomfrey said sharply. “There’s not a scratch on Miss Happ, it’s unmistakably muscle fatigue that caused her serious pain. It’s caused by exhaustion, extreme stress, and over exercising of the muscles! Mr. Potter came in here carrying her in his arms, she was unconscious, knocked out from the agony!”

“And I believe she just had an draining game of fantastic Quidditch,” added Dumbledore.

Lynna smiled at him and admitted, “It is all my fault. I’ve been straining myself with practice, work, and

people.”

“See Severus? Nothing to get worked up about, I shall see you later,” commented Dumbledore.

Snape scowled once more at Lynna and Harry, then with a swish of his robes, left. Madam Pomfrey went over and busied herself with making more medicine for Lynna, as Dumbledore came closer to the bedside to talk with them.

“Lynna, I’m glad you’re going to recover. You are quite lucky to have made friends with Harry here,” he paused as the two blushed, and continued. “You are indeed an excellent flyer, much like your mother. I believe she won the Quidditch cup four times with Ravenclaw? Well, good day.”

Headmaster Dumbledore then proceeded quickly to leave the room, moving quite fast for someone with his years. Harry stared down in amazement at Lynna.

“Your mom played Quidditch! And won the cup—” he ended speechlessly.

Winking at him, Lynna said, “Oh yeah, and her daughter is going to help you kick butt!”

Madam Pomfrey interrupted them, and poured a few more potions down Lynna’s throat. Settling back into bed, Lynna felt quite sleepy, and had her hand held again by Harry, as she slipped into slumber. A few hours later, she woke up, completely painless, and feeling almost back to normal. Snoring quietly in a chair beside her, was Harry, and it took her completely by surprise. He looked so calm, his breathing deep and his head against the bed. Everything came rushing to her, how much they had revealed to another how they felt, and she was almost giddy from it.

Hopping off the bed, her limbs felt wobbly and stiff. Standing next to Harry, she tapped him lightly on the head with her hand. Groaning, he tilted his head up slowly, his glasses sliding off his face. He noticed she was out of bed, and quickly stood up, trying to push her back onto the hospital cot.

“Are you crazy? You’re injured!” he yelled.

“I’m fine,” she exclaimed, and ran out the door of the infirmary, waving goodbye to the nurse.

She sprinted to the Great Hall, with him chasing her. Harry was almost breathless as he caught up with her on the main entrance staircase, and managed to hook an arm unexpectedly around her waist. They went over backwards, Lynna and Harry howling with laughter after she fell onto his lap. He inhibited her from getting up, and kept his arms tightly around her waist as he sat on the floor.

“Let go,” she demanded.

“No way,” he answered playfully.

She sighed an okay, and settled back into his lap. He relaxed his arms a little, and she decided to take him by surprise. Tilting her head slightly, she leaned over, and pecked a kiss on his cheek. Harry’s arms dropped, his eyes widening with surprise, and she leapt from him and tore into the Hall. His thoughts, cluttered and confused, made him sit there a few moments, thinking clearly for the first time that day. They had let out their feelings for each other, and she had *kissed* him. Well not really, a little voice proclaimed in the back of his head. Shaking it off, he went into the Great Hall, and didn’t bring up what had happened. Waiting for an hour, dinner was finally served, and the student body poured in. After finishing, Lynna went to bed early, (mainly to avoid people still celebrating the Quidditch match) amazed at her long, wondrous day.

Headmaster took everyone by surprise the next morning when he got up during breakfast. Cheers went up as he announced there would be a Hogsmeade opportunity on December 1st. Putting his hands up, he silenced them, and continued.

“One more thing,” he said. “On Christmas Day, we will be holding a dance in celebration of the holiday. The standard being formal, and dress robes are recommended. It will only be open to fourth years and older. Younger students wishing to attend must be invited by an older student.”

There were loud gasps as he finished, then fell silent.

Fred Weasley asked loudly, “Does this mean we have to get dates then?”

“No Mr. Weasley, it is not required, but it is strongly suggested, for there will be dancing,” chuckled Dumbledore.

Fred sat back down, and the students began filling the air with a buzzing of low whispers and murmuring.

Ron hissed to them, “I’m going to get a date for it, no matter what.”

“What? Have Harry ask again for you at the last minute, or make a complete idiot out of yourself?” tittered Hermione.

He grunted at her, then went back to stuffing down his scrambled eggs. Harry started worrying, for he had pretty bad luck with girls at the last one. The girl he liked went with someone else, and pretty much annoyed his date after he asked her at the last minute, then ignored her. He wasn’t going to make the same mistake, and he knew for sure whom he wanted to ask. Glancing at Lynna, he saw her absorbed in her food and book, and felt like bursting out at that minute to her. What did he care if dancing was bad, it’d be much better with her, and it felt good to hold her close. Trying to keep control, he zeroed in on his plate, paying particular attention to his fork and bacon.

Lynna closed her book, and feeling full, put her stuff in her bag. Would she get asked, or would she have to ask someone? After all, she was the newest student, and felt nobody would want to go with her. Harry hated dancing, other boys were too slobbery over her, and some thought she was weird. Well if she had to, she’d try to go with Ron. Stealing a peek over at Harry, she saw him deeply in thought, slowly spearing his bacon, and looked really frustrated. Geez, he must be having a harder time deciding whether to go, she thought.

“Bye,” she said to her friends, and got up to leave.

Harry finally lost it at the sound of her voice, and looked up to finally ask her, but saw she was already going out the doors. Damn!

As she headed up the stairs, she heard clattering of feet, and saw a lot of people coming out of the Hall. One of the people who came out was Draco Malfoy, and noticing her, went up the stairs.

“Hey Lynna,” he said quietly.

“Hello Draco,” she responded.

“Go to the dance with me?” he outright asked.

“I dunno, I’m still thinking on whether to go,” she lied.

“Oh ok,” Draco said shortly, then scurried away.

She looked behind her, and saw a few boys she didn't know coming toward her. Oh no, she thought, and dashed up to Gryffindor tower, to lose them. Maybe it won't be such a hard time to get a date, she contemplated, but she didn't want to go with just anyone. Hidden within herself, she knew the only person she wanted to go with.

The next few days, she was stopped in the corridor by boys, who asked her to go and commented on how good she was at Quidditch. Immediately she said no thanks, and felt kind of bad, until the boys seemed to swarm around her. Quidditch practice and her dormitory were the only escape from it, and gave peace and quiet. Friday night, it was very clouded, windy, and cold, yet Angelina called a Quidditch practice. They did a mini match of Quidditch, without a seeker, Harry playing as a Chaser. Playing so intensely, they didn't stop when it started pouring rain, drenching them all to the skin, and muddying the field horribly.

Lynna sat hovering close to the ground, waiting boredly for Harry who wasn't too good as a Chaser, being occupied by George and Fred pelting him with Bludgers. Ron was flying nervously above her, trying to stay on his slippery wet broom, and guard the posts.

"If this was a regular game, we would've lost by now, Harry!" Lynna yelled teasingly.

Harry finally broke free, and headed toward the goalposts. Ron who couldn't guide his broom so easily, collided with him as he went to steal it, and fell off. Lynna didn't react in time to Ron falling at her, and he fell into her, both landing in a very wet puddle, full of mud. Sputtering, they both were sopping with mud, and caused the rest of the team to land next to them, laughing.

"Ron!" Lynna shrieked.

"It's Harry's fault, he knocked me off," he yelled back.

Harry argued, "If you would've stayed on your broom-"

He was interrupted by a fistful of mud thrown in his face by Ron. Harry grabbed mud, and threw it back, missing, and hitting Lynna.

"I'm sorry!" he said quickly.

"Too late," Lynna said menacingly, and lobbed some right at him, then at Ron for starting it.

Then, it all broke loose, and the three lobbed it madly at each other, occasionally hitting their other teammates, who in retaliation, joined in. Soon, the whole Gryffindor team was decorated in mud, laughing, still throwing it, and over their time limit. The Ravenclaw team came trooping onto the field to tell them to politely leave, but stood wordless at the sight of the Gryffindors in the mud puddle. Roger Davies, the Ravenclaw captain, cleared his throat, and everyone looked at him.

"Oh sorry Roger, we uh got into a team fight," Angelina apologized.

"It's okay. Team, grab the balls, start practice," he said over his shoulder.

The Ravenclaw team took into the air, passing the balls to each other, while Roger stayed on the ground, watching the Gryffindors shake mud off themselves. Lynna noticed him looking at her, practically outright staring at her, Harry helping her to her feet.

"You're that Chaser who scored all those goals," Davies said loudly to her.

Startled, she nodded, trying to look more dignified. Which was hard, with mud dripping from her hair, and her clothes brown, clinging to her form, showing it off a bit. Roger straightened his robes, walked over to her, slightly nudged Harry out of the way, and held out his hand.

"I'm Roger Davies, the Ravenclaw Quidditch Captain, Keeper, and Head Boy," he stated proudly.

Smirking, she replied, "Yeah, I know who you are. I'm Lynna Happ."

Roger grinned, and asked, "Will you accompany me to the dance?"

Lynna's mouth dropped open, alongside her teammates, who stared stupidly. Harry tightly clenched his fists, his eyes spitting fire as he watched, speechless, and nervous she would accept. He'd lost someone like this before to a Quidditch captain....

She looked defiantly into his eyes and said, "No, I'm sorry Roger, I have other plans."

"You sure? A pretty thing like you deserves someone like me," he said daringly, and stepped closer to her, getting in her personal space.

Harry snapped, marched up to Davies, and pushed him away from Lynna.

"What do you think you're doing? She's not a piece of meat to be passed around and disrespected!" he bellowed.

Roger pushed him back and sneered, "You little twerp!"

Harry went to shove him again, but this time, Davies pushed him first, then attempted to punch him. He missed as Harry was jerked back by Lynna, who then pulled him toward the locker rooms, spitting at Davies shoes as she passed, and followed by the rest of Gryffindor. Quickly, she scrubbed the mud off in the shower, threw on clothes, and ran through the rain to Hogwarts castle.

Up in the common room, she scrunched into an armchair, her knees pulled up to her face. The flames flickered brightly, and she watched them, until a shadow appeared on the wall showing someone was behind her. Tilting her head up, she saw it was Will Caven. He grinned at her, and took a seat next to her. Oh great, she thought.

"Hi! What's up? Why is your hair wet?" he said brightly.

Miserable as she was she answered and didn't hear the painting open behind them.

"I had Quidditch practice. It was raining out a lot."

"Cool. I was wondering something," he said. "Lynna, will you go to the Christmas Dance with me?"

Lynna sighed and replied softly, "Will, I can't. You and I are friends, it wouldn't be right--"

Interrupting her, Harry who had come through the entrance walked over, fuming.

"He doesn't care! Will only wanted more since you were friends, I've seen him look at you like a delicious steak!" Harry said, glaring at Will.

Will's face went blank and he said coldly, "Well, well, well. The famous Harry Potter is jealous of me!"

Getting up, he stomped up the stairs, and to the boy's dormitory. Lynna started looking so upset that Harry wanted to hold her, comfort her, but stopped knowing another drooling boy wasn't going to help. She pulled herself out of the chair, heading to bed, and leaving Harry alone in the common room.

He was very tired, and sat in the chair Lynna had been in. The leather was still extremely warm, left over from her body heat. It was comforting, and without realizing it, he dozed off.

The next day, early sunlight rays cast light through the window, and onto Lynna's face. It wasn't the Sun that woke her up though. At 5:30 am, a loud snoring broke out from a canopied bed in the girl's fifth year dormitory. Lynna was severely disrupted, and tried muffling the sound with her pillow over her ears, but it didn't work. She finally sat up, and saw that Parvati had her mouth open, and was deeply snorting, looking like she would never stop.

Screaming silently, Lynna donned an over shirt, hoping she might be able to sleep better on the couch in the common room. Going down the stairs, she sprawled happily onto the couch, ready to sleep again. She glanced at the merrily cracking fireplace, and was surprised to see Harry in a chair by it, resting.

He reminded her of how crabby she'd been with all the boys lately, and she felt really guilty about it. More unfair to Harry, whom she had wanted desperately to attend the dance with, and hadn't said anything. Probably going with someone by now, she thought. Rolling over, she closed her eyes, and forced herself into a nap.

Two hours later, a disgruntled Hermione shook Harry awake.

"What are you two doing down here?" she asked.

"I dozed off. What do you mean two?" he said.

Hermione pointed in the direction of the couch, where Harry turning around, saw Lynna, sound asleep. He shrugged his shoulders, walked over to the couch, and leaning over Lynna, gently woke her up. Lynna, startled, sat straight up, but relaxed as she saw it was Harry, and then Hermione by the fire.

"Parvati's snoring finally woke you up too huh?" she called over to Hermione, who nodded, and grimaced at the memory.

"I couldn't stand it!" she said. "I think I'll go back up there to sleep, and put a Silence Charm on her bed..."

Hermione kneaded her palms greedily, and rushed upstairs to do so. Harry motioned Lynna to scoot over, and took a place right next to her, his presence comfortable and warm. He met her eyes, his green ones, full of warmth, and concern.

"I'm worried about you. Yesterday, with Davies, Will, and a lot of boys seem to be asking you out, and frustrating you." he said, and reached for her hand, and held it tightly.

"That's all my fault. I should have just said yes, but I was too darn stubborn and didn't want to go with just anyone," she replied softly, and lightly squeezed his hand.

His eyes widened and he started, "Do you mean-"

Interrupting him, she asked, "So, who're you going with, you must've found someone by now."

Harry kept his eye on hers, and slowly shook his head, no.

Lynna was breathing quickly as Harry leaned over, his face nearer to hers.

"Will you go to the dance with me?" he asked her.

"Yes!" she shrieked happily, and they smiled at each other, then hugged one another, tightly.

The next few weeks passed quickly. Lynna and Harry now openly admitted to people that they were going with a person to the dance, but didn't let it out who it was. Lynna was sent more money to spend for her upcoming Christmas shopping, but she didn't write back as often as her family did. Before anyone knew it, December 1st had arrived, and the day of the Hogsmeade trip. Skipping breakfast, Harry and Lynna instead left at the earliest time they were allowed to go at into Hogsmeade. (9:00 am, and they were the first ones from Hogwarts to get there too.) They got a late breakfast at The Three Broomsticks, croissants and orange juice. It went very slowly, because a good deal of time was spent kissing between bites of food. The two of them were the only customers in there at the time, and were stared at by Madame Rosmerta (the owner, and waitress) who dropped and broke a glass once she first saw

them at it.

Harry finally made Lynna aware of this fact, and both embarrassed, quickly gulped down their food, and left. It'd been the first time they'd kissed, and was the first time they were alone together in a very long while. They went wandering around every store, and only paused during lunch to eat. They made each other wait outside a store if they went in and bought Christmas gifts. At the end of the day, they went back to Hogwarts, arms linked, and swaying with sacks of holiday gifts for people.

Briefly, they had seen people they knew during the day, but had avoided them, and spent the day with each other. Back in Gryffindor tower, each stowed their purchases under their beds, and went down to dinner later in the Great Hall.

Days passed, and work from every teacher piled high, and didn't even lighten up as term came leering near. Sign up sheets were passed around the school for those wishing to stay at Hogwarts during the holidays. Only the students going to the dance signed up, but it turned out to be a fairly large number.

The last Friday of the term, Harry, Lynna and Ron spent their time idling in most of their classes, except the last one. Hermione refused to slack off, and worked harder than ever. Herbology only had them observing Fillbulb plants, History of Magic was always a push over talk time, but Potions with Professor Snape had them concentrating carefully on their cauldrons, which simmered with Courage Potions. A long time ago, Lynna had stopped being partners with Malfoy, and was permanently at Harry's lab table, Ron had eagerly agreed to working with Hermione. He called it "equal dividing of the brains" since she and Hermione were at the top of their classes, especially with Potions.

The clock chimed three o'clock, and relieved, everyone cleaned up and rushed out the door to freedom. Harry stopped Lynna outside the door, and he waited a minute as the students went farther down the hall, then kissed her.

He answered her smile with, "I've been wanting to do that all day," then grinned himself.

The Potions classroom door opened behind them, and out came Professor Snape. Harry gave Lynna a look, and she turned around quickly, meeting Snape face to face.

He gave them a strange look, and snapped, "What are you the two of you still doing down here?"

Lynna trying not too look guilty, said, "Oh, I was waiting to ask you a question about shrivelfig."

Snape's face changed into an interested expression, "Yes?" he said.

"In the potion, can the ratio of shrivelfig be adjusted versus it's counteractive ingredient?"

"Interesting question," he replied. "Yes it can, but as long as the counteractive ingredient's levels are adjusted to fit the offsets of itself."

"Makes sense, thank you professor," Lynna said.

"Your welcome Miss Happ, but I have one suggestion," Snape said quickly. "I suggest you stay far away from Potter. He is a consistent rule-breaking loudmouth, who pulls people down with him. It would strongly have a negative affect on such a good student as you."

Her eyes narrowed, and said nothing, as Snape glared at Harry then with a swish, strode away. Harry and Lynna went up to Gryffindor tower, saying nothing to one another.

In front of the painting, Harry blurted out, "You're not going to listen to him are you?"

Her eyebrows went up, and she leaned into him, moving her mouth a few times over his. His eyes still riveted to her face as they broke apart.

“No, I would never listen to him,” she answered simply, then opened the painting, and walked in.

Chapter 16

Saturday, the students got up and were surprised to see Hogwarts already bedecked for the holidays. The castle glittered everywhere with magnificent Christmas decorations. Thick streamers of holly and mistletoe were strung along the corridors, merry lights shone from the suits of armor, which were also enchanted to sing Christmas carols as people passed. Snow fell everywhere, frosting the outside with crystal snow, the inside of Hogwarts had never melting icicles, which glistened at them from the banisters. At breakfast, Lynna could barely keep her eyes on her food, or friends.

The Great Hall had twelve huge ornamented Christmas trees, snow never reaching the ground fell from the ceiling, garlands of holly bedecked the walls, and the fireplace crackled with a red and green colored fire.

Christmas morning, Lynna’s watch alarm went off loudly, and happily, she bounded out of bed. Throwing on an over shirt, she noticed it was seven o’clock, but Hermione still seemed to be asleep. Lynna teasingly threw a pillow at her, waking her up, and getting it thrown back at her.

“I’m up Lynna,” Hermione said grinning, and put on a robe before following her loudly out of the dormitory, and waking up Parvati and Lavender.

Clattering down to the common room, they saw a huge Christmas tree with piles of presents under it, and nobody was there.

“The boys are still sleeping,” they groaned.

“Wanna wake them up?” Lynna suggested.

Hermione nodded her head, then rushed up the boys’ dormitory stairs and through the door with the sign: “Fifth Year Boys,” Lynna following her closely. Pointing out Harry’s bed to Lynna, Hermione went to the one next to it to wake up Ron. Pulling back the canopy curtains, she saw Harry sound asleep.

“Merry Christmas Harry!” she said loudly.

His eyes opened, and widened as he saw who it was. Sitting up quickly, he grabbed her and hugged her, then leaped out of bed.

“Happy Christmas,” he replied, and said it noisily enough to wake up Seamus, Dean, and Neville in their beds.

Canopy curtains flew back, and boy’s heads peeked out, staring in shock at Ron, Lynna, Harry, and Hermione running out the dormitory door. Half pushing each other down the stairs, they sat in a group, and started passing presents from underneath the tree to the correct person. Lynna had to scoot slightly away from Harry to as her pile of presents grew fairly large. Harry, Ron, and Hermione each had a bulky mound of gifts as well. Leaning over to look at the labels, Harry grabbed one of Lynna’s and handed it to her.

“It’s from me,” he told her, then rested his hand on her shoulder as she opened it.

A blue book gilded in gold colored letters fell out, along with a red scarf. Picking up the heavy book, she saw it read, “The Chaser’s Handbook to Quidditch” then looking at the scarf, saw it was beautifully woven with a pattern of Quaffles.

“Oh thank you!” she chirped, and flung her arms around him.

She bent over to look at his pile, and drew her present from it. He took it and opening it, then smiled at her. Harry held up a leather belt with a brass buckle that had a snitch etched on it, and a gold watch with a lion on it, it’s forepaws as hands.

“How’d you know I needed them,” he asked her incredulously.

“You kept absentmindedly pulling up your pants, and you mentioned breaking your watch,” she smirked.

“Thanks!” interrupted Ron, who held up a pair of bright orange Quidditch gloves that said, Chudley Cannons.

“Your welcome,” she answered and started rapidly tearing into her pile of gifts.

Hermione gave her a writing set, which she desperately had needed (she was running low on stationary.) Ron gave her a thick book entitled, “A Maniac’s Guide to Quidditch,” and smirked at him over the sarcasm of it, and caused him to blush. Malfoy and Will had given her presents as well, and discreetly opened them, not really wanting the others to see. A pair of Quidditch gloves with her initials from Will, and a box of slightly expensive American chocolates from Draco, and set them behind her.

Her dad had sent her a Broomcare Kit, filled with everything she needed for her Firebolt, and her Uncle Wallas, (A pretty famous Qudopot player) sent her a leather broomstick case. Aunt Nora had sent her a set of books that ranged from American birds, to owls and magical ones. She was confused as she opened a box, and found a mass of Chocolate Frogs, and a blue knit sweater with a bird on it.

“Who is this from?” she asked Harry.

Ron smiled, and said, “Aha! Mom sent you a Weasley package too. I told her about you, and she must’ve made one for you too.”

He pointed at a maroon sweater at his feet that had his initials on it and a bunch of pies, then next to Harry, where a green sweater was with: HP.

Nodding her head understandingly, Lynna turned back and opened her last few boxes. Lizzie had sent her a pair of tasseled scarlet slippers, and reaching for her mom’s gift gasped as she opened it. Inside, was a silver bracelet intertwined with gold, and a charm depicting their Ravenclaw family crest, a raven flying with a hazel branch.

She put it on her wrist, then opened Kayla’s, which a note fell out of.

*Dear Lynna,
Happy Holidays! The family misses you a lot, and you mentioned feeling homesick
I had this music box made for you that plays that song Mom sings, “The Black-bird”
Hope you like it!
Love, Kayla*

Carefully wrapped inside her gift, she pulled out a oval music box, painted with green leaves around the edges, and a mountain scene on the lid. Twisting the key, she opened it, and it started playing the [lullaby](C:\Documents and Settings\Owner\My Documents\Documents\Hpotrstuff\HYMNMuzic\shulearo.mid) her mother sang to her when she was little (now to Lizzie), and when she was sick. Her heart felt tingly, and strange as she listened. Harry, Ron, and Hermione looked at her as they heard it.

“What is that?” Harry asked quietly.

“A music box, it plays The Black-Bird. My sister sent this to me,” she answered, then clicked it shut.

Stomping of feet diverted their attention, and they saw other students trooping out the painting to breakfast. Hurriedly, they collected their gifts, deposited them on their beds, then rushed down to the Great Hall. The house tables were loaded with piles of holiday breakfast foods, jello, and fruitcake. Later, they spent the day in a snowball fight, started by Ron. It was girls versus the boys, and occasionally they came in for hot chocolate breaks. As the sun was going down at five o’clock, Hermione and Lynna excused themselves

from the fight to go get ready.

“But we have another two hours!” Ron shouted resentfully as the girls walked to the castle.

“Let them go,” Harry said shortly, then lobbed a snowball at him.

They attempted to continue by themselves, but an hour gave into boredom. Leaving they went to the dormitory to get ready. It took awhile for Lynna to get ready, as she let her hair down carefully, and put on her clothes. Her dress robes were sunset blue silk, with silver piping around the edges. The heels on her feet almost tripped her as clambered to the stairs, her silver leaf necklace and bracelet clinking. She managed to finally stand up, and was followed slowly down the stairs from behind by Hermione, in periwinkle colors. Harry and Ron were already done, and waiting impatiently at the bottom, arms crossed. Red robes set off Ron’s red hair, and Harry’s bottle green brought his eyes out deeply. (Ron had asked Hermione the first day to go with him.)

Their mouths dropped open as they saw the girls come down, and greeted them.

Harry put his face close to hers, and whispered, “You are very pretty.”

She smiled at him gratefully, she took his arm, and they followed Ron and Hermione down to the Great Hall. Their group narrowly was one of the first to reach it, as a heavy crowd of students and teachers made way behind them. The Hall doors were locked shut, and waited until seven o’ clock when the clock chimed, and they swung open.

House and teacher tables gone, there were now dozens of smaller circular ones along the walls each lit with a lantern, a miniature stage with a band was set up at the front of the room, the ceiling crisscrossed with a lot of holly and mistletoe, and small fairy lights floated through the air.

Everyone poured into the room, and took places at tables, Hermione and Ron sitting with Harry and Lynna. The band, Happy Hags, came on stage, enthusiastically applauded by the crowd. Everyone moved onto the floor to start dancing as the music struck up and filled the air. Ron and Hermione left their table, and to Lynna’s surprise, Harry stood up and held his hand out, then led her near the middle of the room. He put his hand around her waist, and held her hand with his other one. They danced and rotated in a section of the floor, and kept their eyes locked on each other. It was a fairly lively number, Ron caught Harry’s eye, whispered something to him, and they switched girls abruptly, laughing at Hermione and Lynna’s startled expressions. The band started another song, and Fred dancing nearby with Angelina came near Ron and Lynna.

“Mind if I cut in?” guffawed Fred, and he passed Angelina to Ron, and took Lynna flying around the Hall.

Lynna snickered as they almost went crashing into table, and said over the music to him, “Aren’t we going a little, uh fast!”

“Yes!” he said cheerfully.

They were cut in on by George who yelled thanks to Fred, and then took her in a fast dance. He didn’t come close to crashing into anything though, and finally twirled her back to Harry as they came to him. They danced to more very long songs, finally collapsing back at their table.

“Want to get some dinner?” he asked breathlessly.

Nodding, she picked the menu like he did, and put in her order too. Halfway through their food, Ron and Hermione joined their table, and ordered too. Eating quickly, Lynna finished before, and Will came over as she put her fork down.

“Want to dance?” he asked.

“Well-” she was interrupted as he practically pulled her out of the chair and onto the dance floor.

Harry’s blood boiled, and made a move to get up, but a worried Ron and Hermione grabbed his robes. As they danced, he saw Malfoy dancing with Pansy and eyeing Lynna with an approving look. Both Ron and Harry snapped as Draco cut in on Will, seizing Lynna. Abruptly, Harry whispered a plan to Ron, and both moved near Lynna and Draco. Ron suddenly snatched her from Malfoy, who glowered at him as Lynna was then handed to Harry.

She looked astounded, but gave a quiet laugh to him as she realized what had happened.

“Hi,” he said possessively, and gripped her tighter.

They waltzed for a few minutes before it changed into a slow dance. Lynna put her arms around his neck, Harry encircled her waist with his arms, and drew her closer. They leaned their faces near each other, and Harry rested his forehead on hers, locking eyes, and Lynna sighed contentedly.

Two hours later, the clock chimed eleven o’clock, and the music suddenly stopped, the teachers getting up on stage to announce it was over. Everyone was ushered out, and headed to their house common rooms. Harry and Lynna dashed up the stairs to Gryffindor tower, stealing a few minutes, and stood kissing good night by the dorm stairs. They broke apart as the painting started to swing open, and went to their beds.

The rest of holiday vacation was short-lived, as students started to work on the ignored holiday homework, and school resumed soon after New Year’s. Everyone was once again, loaded down with books, supplies, and even more work, the teachers repeatedly reminding them of their spring OWLS, and graduation in two years. Even Fred and George Weasley, in their final year, were preparing early, and seriously for their NEWTS. (Nastily Exhausting Wizarding Levels) The weather refused to let up, and kept dumping snow, clouds, and cold constantly, adding to the dismalness of being stuck in the castle with work.

A week and a half after school started again, Lynna and the members of the Gryffindor team were ambushed by their captain Angelina. She had grown more ambitious, and called for them to start training for Quidditch on the “better days” of winter, with an exercise routine, to “build them up.” They returned frozen to the bone after each practice, but did get even better, and stronger.

Lynna was still doing top-notch work in all her classes, trying not to generate any competition with Hermione when she could. When she wasn’t half frozen to her broomstick, hidden behind a pile of work, or slouching to classes with books, she spent most of her free time with Harry, and friends. Ron and Hermione did start acting strangely, but she only assumed it was from the extra pile of work, which looked hard for anyone to handle.

There were drastic changes in some of her classes, academically and personally. Since the Christmas dance, her Potions teacher’s attitude had grown cool towards her, snapping when she asked questions, and criticizing her much more often. On Tuesday morning, she and Harry were quite drained from a late night of finishing their essays for Potions and Transfiguration. Their tempers were running a little short as well.

Professor Snape announced, “Today we will be creating Burning Brew, It is very dangerous to make, and can easily start fires. I don’t want a bunch of Gryffindors burning my lab dungeons down. For safety, you will pair into groups of four.”

Harry and Lynna instantly got up and headed for Ron and Hermione, but were stopped by Snape.

He barred their way with himself and barked, “Two troublemakers and bookworms, not a good idea. Potter, Happ, go with Malfoy and Goyle. Now.”

Gritting their teeth and wanting to shout at him, Harry and Lynna picked up their things and sat down at

Draco's lab table.

Malfoy sneered and said to Harry, "Potty can't be with the Mudblood, how heartbreaking."

Harry answered calmly, "Shut up Malfoy."

Draco opened his mouth to retort, but was silenced by a harsh frown from Lynna. To make sure nobody tried to a dirty trick, (she trusted Harry though) Lynna was the one who added and stirred the ingredients. Their potion worked very well, and made Snape look almost depressed from not seeing Harry poured with flames.

The next day, Lynna fell asleep for the first time in History of Magic. Harry shook her awake, and they stayed conscious by doing other homework in that class when it was in session. Care of Magical Creatures class was almost unbearable with the intense cold, and Hagrid had to suffice a warmer lesson. They studied Aswinders, which were fire serpents, and it gave them good excuses to huddle around a fire. Even under the glare of the Slytherins, Ron and Hermione huddled with each other, Harry with Lynna. Hagrid was astounded, and quite amused at the four of them.

"You all finally found somebody eh? I should've known," commented Hagrid.

Their red cheeks deepened even more, and they nodded at him. Back inside the castle, Defense Against the Dark Arts class was hard to concentrate on, everyone was freezing. Moody cracked his voice at anyone who wasn't paying attention, and had a hard time teaching them about spell dodging moves. Fed up, he made them run around the classroom avoiding hexes and spells, finally getting their blood pumping again.

Charms class the next morning didn't go very well the next day. They were learning the Sadness Charm, and were doing very well with it. Most girls were crying, and the boys were sitting gloomily bent over in their chairs. Ron nervously pat Hermione's hand as she cried to him, and Harry was agonized by how pained Lynna looked, and held her in his arms, getting quite a few stares. Professor Flitwick could not even take it, so he hit them all with Cheering Charms, and sent them out early, laughing like hyenas.

Professor Trelawney was very irked when the students wouldn't stop giggling until halfway through the class. Ron and Harry kept on sniggering at her long after the charm wore off. They calculated luck signs in Divination, and Trelawney kept saying how faulty Harry's was. Lynna started up too, when the teacher bent over hers, repeating what a delightful and loving future was ahead.

The only good class that day was Transfiguration, no nonsense taking place, and had a lot of quiet review time. They were studying the variations and affects of human transfiguration. To her surprise, Professor McGonagall called Lynna up after reading her essay, and caused her to feel a little nervous.

"Miss Happ, I am quite pleased with your essay, Moral and Ethical Questions With Adaptation, Discuss Animagation," remarked McGonagall.

Lynna croaked, "You are?"

"Yes, and I would like you to write an follow up to it, you will receive extra credit if you do so," the teacher continued, then raised her eyes questioningly.

"I'd be pleased, ma'am," she replied.

"One thing, you'll need access to the Restricted Section, for the necessary research books are in there," and she handed a piece of paper with book titles and a signature on it to Lynna.

Very excited, Lynna rushed from her last class to the library to look for the things she needed.

Madam Pince, the librarian was suspicious and eyed the noted, but allowed her to go into the Restricted Section. The bookshelves were very wide, and filled with worn dusty volumes some of which Lynna glimpsed through. She was particularly grossed out by one that showed how to boil blood, and kept her eyes out only for the books she needed. On a back shelf, she finally found her first book, and pulling it out, saw another one, hidden flat behind the stack of manuscripts. Interested, she tugged the thick book out of the space, and saw it was very dusty, the brown leather worn to a lighter shade, and cracked. The title in bronze read, Becoming an Animagi, by the Magic Multitude Group.

Flipping through it, she found it had diagrams, graphs, and long paragraphs that really did show you how to become one. She was fascinated, but sure the librarian wouldn't allow her to check it out, she wasn't even sure if the school knew they had this book. Stuffing it into her bag, Lynna quickly looked and found the books she had been looking for, then piled them on the librarian's desk. Acting like she wanted another book from the normal section, she wandered over to the most boring bookshelf, and placed Becoming an Animagi, on the bottom in a corner, flat behind some volumes. Swallowing her excitement, she decided to come back for it tonight, and borrow it for a while so she could look at it in her dorm.

Hours later, she had sat through a long dinner, homework, and a game of wizard's chess before she went to bed. Laying with her eyes open, she finally got to her feet at midnight, the girls in her room sound asleep at last. Putting on slippers, she reached under her bed, and took out the Invisibility Cloak. Silvery and wavy as water, it glided a little around her as she creaked out of Gryffindor Tower, and towards the library. She felt a thrill, and freedom as she lurked through the night, and finally reached the place where she hid the book.

Silently, she shuffled through the shelf, found the book, and tucked it into her arm. Tiptoeing around the corner of the library corridor, she was scared out of her wits, almost stepping on Mrs. Norris. Knowing Filch (the caretaker) might be around, she hushed her breathing, and walked slower, but met nobody. Her heart rapidly beat as she finally made it back to bed, whipping off the Invisibility Cloak, and stayed up a while longer, beginning to read the book.

Chapter 17

At breakfast the next day, Lynna almost drifted off into sleep, but composed herself before she ended up with her face in the bowl of oatmeal. There were circles under her eyes, and she looked strained, the work and lack of sleep not doing her a favor. Her friends noticed, and kept glancing worriedly at her.

Hermione noted, "You look awful! What's stressing you out?"

Not exactly lying, Lynna said, "Extra work from McGonagall. I was up sorta late."

"Geez, those give us enough work already," Ron said sourly.

Hermione grimaced at him, and Harry put his hand on Lynna's, causing her to feel better.

They finished eating, and Lynna led the way out of the Great Hall. As they came upon the four founder statues, a group of extremely annoying Ravenclaws passed them, giggling and chattering piercingly and noisily.

Her patience cracked, and Lynna halted, muttering to her friends, "I can't believe people like that got into Ravenclaw."

"Um yeah, but why do you care?" Ron asked unsurely.

Lynna motioned them to follow her, and she stopped in front of the statue of Rowena Ravenclaw. Plunging a hand into her sleeve, Lynna rolled her bracelet up her arm, and dangled the crest charm in front of them, then pointed in the direction of the statue. In Ravenclaw's arm, was a emblem with the same depiction, stamped on a book, and the three noticed this.

Lynna lowered her arm, and said steadily to the three, “I am one of the last members in the family directly descended from Ravenclaw.”

Their jaws dropped.

“Why didn’t you tell us sooner?” Hermione asked quietly.

Lynna started, but was interrupted by Ron. “Ravenclaw doesn’t have a secret chamber too, does she, like Slytherin?”

She rolled her eyes at him and said, “Of course not. I was forbidden to tell *anyone*, but I can’t take hiding it anymore, it’s overshadowed my life for fifteen years, and fractured my patience. When I was a baby, influential and powerful families were killed off, including the ones that were descended from the original Hogwarts founders. The family of my mother was well known for the Ravenclaw connection, and most were killed off by Voldemort.”

Gasps issued from the three friends, and Harry impulsively grabbed her hand. Sadly, she looked at him and continued.

“My intermediate family and Aunt Nora were all that remained, so my mother packed up her children and husband, and moved off to the United States, to my dad’s hometown. Our magic abilities and past were hidden from us, and my family lived as Muggles until this summer. On a visit to Aunt Nora in Ireland, I found out, and my parents did a special arrangement with Dumbledore so I could attend Hogwarts in the fall. I studied magic all summer, took tests, then was allowed to pass in as a transfer student.”

“Dong, Dong!” chimed the clock, and broke her off.

The rest of the day, Ron and Hermione treated her with quiet pity to the point she was almost regretting she told them, but she knew she would’ve had to tell them sooner or later. Harry seemed a little struck in the face, and barely responded when anyone talked to him. Lynna acted the way she normally did, and got all her frustration out at Quidditch practice.

“Team, get on that field!” yelled Angelina as the team clustered in the locker room hallway.

Groans issued from everyone, and they went onto the snowy field, running a few laps, then hopping on their brooms. They played a mini game of Quidditch, exasperating Ron who was Keeper. Lynna shot the Quaffle into the hoop, finally setting Ron off, and he grabbed the ball, and started flying around the stadium as a prank, keeping it from them.

“Weasley!” bellowed Alicia, and the whole team went flying after him.

Fred and George mischievously hit Bludgers at him, and Lynna and Harry with the fastest brooms were soon on either side of Ron. The icy wind biting into their faces, Harry reached over and pulled the Quaffle from his friend, and tossed it to Lynna, who burst out laughing. The team kept a close eye on Ron the rest of practice, and stumbled back into Gryffindor tower later, cold but in high spirits.

Lynna finished her homework earlier than anyone else, and bolted to bed to look again at Become an Animagi. After reading it last night, she finally decided she wanted to become an Animagus, her heart starting to burn with it. It wasn’t a small decision, she had found out a lot about the time and trouble it took through her research for McGonagall.

Taking action, she grabbed her finished extra credit essay out of her bag, and marched down the stairs. She sprinted to Professor McGonagall’s office outside the Transfiguration classroom, and knocked.

“Come in,” responded a voice.

Edging the door open, Lynna walked up to the desk, where the teacher was sitting behind a pile of books

and paperwork. Looking up, Professor McGonagall looked startled to see her, and pushed everything aside, and straightened up as Lynna stopped in front of her.

“May I help you?” she said slowly.

“Well, I finished the paper you assigned me,” Lynna said hesitantly, and handed the parchment over.

The teacher’s features became interested as she took it, and skimmed over the paragraphs.

“Thank you Miss Happ, but I’m sure you’re aware this was not due until Tuesday? Was it so important to hand it to me now, or was there something else on your mind?” remarked McGonagall.

“Yes, there is,” faltered Lynna. “I’ve done immense research on the time and trouble of becoming an Animagi, it looks complicated, and can go wrong without guidance. How did you become one?”

Suspicious, the teacher answered carefully, “I was tutored as a sixth year, and slowly, after a time, with a lot of help, had the ability to be one. Is there a particular reason why you ask?”

“I was considering whether to become one someday,” she answered.

McGonagall’s eyes flickered with surprise, and she said, “Were you, Happ? Well I have no doubt that you have more talent than you realize. The tests you passed were complicated and from four years of work. I think you’d be able to manage it when the time comes.”

“That’s what I was wondering about, to be even more exact,” breathed Lynna. “I wanted to find out how soon I could start.”

The teacher looked at her thoughtfully, and said, “Generally, the suggested age shows a point of having a little more magical education than fifth years have been through. It does take a long time, even a few years, and it would be inefficient to have someone learning it outside of a school. So, I will discuss it with the Headmaster, I think we can devise something for you Miss Happ. I will let you know, for now, I have to keep grading papers. Good night.”

Not letting the excitement get to her, Lynna calmly said goodbye, and went back to her dorm for the night. Saturday afternoon, the next day, Gryffindor team stumbled into the castle, sweating after an extremely long four-hour practice, and heading to lunch.

Lynna’s mind turned to her discussion with McGonagall last night. While she ate, her eyes kept flicking to the head of the Hall, looking at the Headmaster and her teacher, looking for some sort of sign. They didn’t seem to notice, each drinking and talking to the teacher next to them. Halfway through, Dumbledore’s blue eyes twinkled as they met her, and he turned away, beginning to smile. After lunch ended, the mass of teachers and students made their way out the door. Glancing one last time to the front of the Hall, Lynna saw Professor McGonagall and Headmaster Dumbledore headed for her. Keeping her seat, she waited for them to finally come up, both with positive looks on their faces.

“Miss Happ, please follow us to my office,” McGonagall said promptly.

Heart beating rapidly, Lynna followed them up the stairs, and sat down in a chair in front of McGonagall’s desk.

Peering down at her, Dumbledore said, “Lynna, we have thought carefully over our decision, and agreed you may start as soon as possible. You will be instructed by Professor McGonagall.”

Her mouth fell open.

“It is not to be taken lightly,” continued McGonagall. “There is much time that will be put into this. It was mentioned to your parents, but you must not divulge *any* information that you’re studying Animagation. If you feel pressured, stop, or take a break.”

Lynna cleared her throat and asked, "Um, how many years will it take?"

"With your hard work, and persistence, six months," answered Dumbledore. "Your first lesson will be tonight, after dinner. Good luck."

She was sent out, and went up to Gryffindor common room, and thwarted questions about her whereabouts from her friends. After finishing a good amount of homework, dinnertime rolled around, and she hurried through it. Professor McGonagall met her in the Great Hall, and led her up to the empty Transfiguration classroom for the first lesson.

Lynna sat in a chair, her attention closely captured by McGonagall, who preceded with an explanation.

"Being an Animagus means changing in a split second to an animal form. Your external and internal structures change, keyed by your command to transform, powered by your sense of imagery. We will practice the basics of your properties, before learning to change into the animal you will choose."

She motioned for Lynna to come and stand in front of her, who did so.

Continuing, she said, "Look at your fingernails. Stare at them, notice how each one looks, think about how they feel going into your skin. Look at them for as long as it takes to become an expert on them. Close your eyes."

Lynna stared at her hands, taking in each inch of them, and closed her eyes for an instant, before they flicked open again.

"Keep your eyes shut.," commanded the teacher. "Think about your fingernails the way they are now. Now think about what they would look if they were longer, and then wanting them to be longer, will cause them to grow."

Lynna pictured her nails elongating, and a sudden pain issued in her fingertips, a sensation of her bones liquidizing. Her eyes opened, and she saw on the end of her hands, the nails steadily growing, and not stopping. One inch.... Two inches....Three inches....

"Imagine them stopping!" interrupted McGonagall, but then waved her wand and shouted, "Finite Incantato!"

The nails stopped growing, and shrank back to normal size. Soon, Lynna got the hang of it, and could lengthen, reduce, and stop them at will.

"Very good, Miss Happ," McGonagall said, almost smiling, and sent her scurrying to bed.

January quickly into February, work and Animagus training occupying her time. Her skills developed rapidly with the push from McGonagall. There were no signs outside of letting up the severe weather. Hogsmeade trips were no avoided, no student willingly daring to venture outside the castle grounds.

The morning of February 12th, Lynna felt particularly miserable, as she hadn't wanted to mention her 16th birthday. The owl post had come in, and both Wira and Orion had flew in, practically falling over with birthday gifts and cards. She tried to take them from the owls surreptitiously, but failed as they began hooting loudly about having to fly with heavy burdens in bad weather.

"Please shut-up!" she hissed at them.

Harry, Ron and Hermione were looking at her suspiciously, but she tried to ignored them. After prying, they finally got it out of her, and disregarded her wishes of it not being a big deal. At last she gave in, and thanked them a lot, as they gave her a lot of wizard candy and a few books.

The second game of the Quidditch was impending, and they were stressed out with continuous daily practices, and now exercise routines. Lynna was whisked into shape, and didn't have as many muscle complaints as she did at the beginning of the year. March hit, and melted the snow and blizzards away, instead leaving them with huge puddles, and downpours of cold rain.

In the middle of March, the Gryffindor team spent a long Friday night practicing, the next morning would be their second game of the season, against Hufflepuff. The team captain, Angelina, clumped them together at Gryffindor table, and monitored what they ate, keeping them away from junk food the night before the game, and making them eat early to avoid the piles of Hogwarts food.

"Accio Pumpkin Pasty!" shouted Angelina, and took away the candy Fred Weasley had been sneaking.

"But, it was just one!" cried Fred humorously.

Angelina shook her head, and stuck in her bag, not giving it back to him. Professor McGonagall came through the Great Hall doors, and marched over to them interested, and suspicious.

"Why are you here? And eating so early before dinner?" she demanded.

Angelina answered, "Keeping them from junk food, night before the game, they can pig out tomorrow at the celebration."

The rest of the team nodded sadly, and Professor McGonagall walked off after commending them for their hard work for Gryffindor's Quidditch team. The six were trooped up the stairs led by their team captain, heading for Gryffindor tower to be sent to bed early. Their common room was empty, the students not on the team, going downstairs for a nice long dinner. Harry and Lynna said a long good night kissing much to the shock of their teammates who tried not to watch. Pestered by Angelina, they finally broke it off, and went to the dorms, collapsing into sleep.

Chapter 18

"Wake up Lynna!" a voice whispered loudly into her ear, and shook her shoulder slightly.

Blinking her eyes open, Lynna saw Angelina with an urgent look on her face. Alicia Spinnet stood behind her, blurry eyes, and tired looking, but both were fully dressed. Glancing at her watch, Lynna saw it was 5:20 am!

Angelina answered her confused and annoyed look. "We're going to start early today. Get dressed, eat, then meet us in the Quidditch locker rooms by 6:00."

She mumbled an okay, and staggered out of bed, got into her clothes, and rushed to the boys' dorms with Angelina to wake up the rest of the team.

"You take fifth years, I'll take seventh years," she pointed then rushed further up the staircase to where Fred and George were.

Lynna hesitated, but creaked into the Fifth Year Boy's bedroom. Harry got up the minute she said his name, but they both had to throw pillows at Ron, who was too stubborn to wake up.

An hour later, the team sat for a long time listening to game tactics and plays. A half hour before the game was to start, they were dismissed to get dressed. Lynna pulled the scarlet Quidditch robes over her head, strapped on her boots, and the Quidditch gloves Will had given her for Christmas, not feeling the slightest bit nervous. In the stadium hall, she noticed Ron's face was tense, the lack of junk food, and excess of sleep and practice having made him high strung. Harry's mouth was pulled into a thin line, and Lynna noticed. He still carried the guilt of feeling that he had helped cause Cedric Diggory, Hufflepuff's late captain and seeker's death last year during the Triwizard Tournament. Lynna moved next to him, and grasped his hand, hoping she could help him feel better. He clutched it tightly, and raised their arms together, and looked at her hand, bringing it to his cheek, then

dropping it. Harry noticed she was wearing new Quidditch gloves that had her initials on them. He moved to ask her about them, but was interrupted by Angelina calling for them to mount their brooms.

The doors opened, and the team flew out single file, circled the hoops a few times as warm up, then to the middle of the field to meet Hufflepuff's team. Clad in canary yellow, the Hufflepuff team shook hands with Gryffindor, and they assembled in a circle, awaiting the start of the game. The weather was cloudy and cold, but had no wind or downpour.

Madam Hooch kicked open the ball chest, and the Snitch, and Bludgers soared out to the edges of the field. Picking up the Quaffle, she positioned herself in the middle of the circle of players.

"On my whistle, 3...2...1...SHUH!"

The Quaffle was tossed into the center, Lynna once again, the first to get it. She dove out of the mass of people in the middle, then headed up, flying toward Hufflepuff end. Alicia came parallel to her, flying below, and the Quaffle was passed to her as a Bludger and yellow chaser headed for Lynna.

Alicia then was saved from the Bludger deciding to hit her, by Fred who batted it away, allowing her to score. Clang!

"Ten points to Gryffindor!" called the announcer.

Meanwhile, Harry was soaring high above the game, looking for the Snitch, but having a hard time keeping his eyes from the players below. The Chasers worked seamlessly as a group of three, dodging and scoring, Ron kept knocking goal attempts away from the hoops, passing the Quaffle into the arms of Gryffindor Chasers, and the Weasley twins, barely were needed to keep away Bludgers, and occupied their time knocking the Quaffle from Hufflepuff Chasers with their well aimed Bludgers, and sending them after Hufflepuffs, who had to scatter to avoid them.

"Gryffindor in the lead! One hundred thirty points to zero!" exclaimed the announcer.

Harry suddenly saw the golden Snitch gleaming at the Hufflepuff end, and took off, speeding as fast as he could after it. Hufflepuff's Seeker took off after him, seeing where he was headed, but was outstripped by Harry's timing and the Firebolt's speed. Alicia and Lynna shrieked as they saw him coming, almost colliding with them as he did a U turn around the posts after the Snitch, which started moving again. Lynna passed the Quaffle up to Angelina as she flew from Harry with Alicia, and turning around to go for another shot. Harry barely got halfway up the field, when a Bludger aimed for the Gryffindor Chasers, surprised him, and smacked him right in the nose, causing a jolt of agony and blood.

Ignoring it, he went a few more feet, and caught the Snitch, and landed a second after, his hands on his nose, the ball struggling in his palm.

"Game over, Potter catches the Snitch! Gryffindor wins, Two hundred eighty to zero!" yelled the announcer.

Everyone froze, and the Gryffindor team headed for the middle of the field, to join Harry. Landing their brooms, they were horrified to see his Quidditch robes glistening with red blood, and stopped from hugging him or high fiving. Lynna rushed to his side not minding, and his voice low and quiet.

"Nose.....broken....hurts," he said.

"Let's go to the hospital wing," she suggested softly.

Slowly nodding, he handed his broomstick to her, and stuffing his robes over his nose, followed Lynna who pushed through the crowd that had come onto the field. They ran to the infirmary, Harry even more blood covered when they got.

"What now Potter?" Madam Pomfrey asked shrilly.

“Quidditch.....Bludger,” he coughed.

The nurse made him change behind a screen into pajamas, and shoed Lynna away.

“I will send the Quidditch robes to be washed. They will go back to the Gryffindor locker room, now please Miss Happ, leave!”

“Yes, ma’am,” she grimaced, and went to the Gryffindor locker rooms.

To her surprise, the team was still there, and after she changed, they stormed her with questions.

“What happened?”

“Is he okay?”

“Why was there blood?”

She held up her hands and silenced them. “He is fine, and in the hospital wing. Harry got whammed in the nose with a Bludger, practically breaking it, and making it bleed. Excuse me, but I have to put his broom away for him!”

Lynna held up the two brooms she was holding, and for the first time in the year, her teammates noticed she had a Firebolt. Their eyes popping out as they all commented.

“Dizzy Diricrawls! You have a Firebolt too!” exclaimed George and Fred.

“Malfoy will bawl like a baby!” Ron said sinisterly.

They went to Gryffindor tower, and found a crowd celebrating the victory. Lynna dashed into her dorm, locking the Firebolts in her trunk before going back down. The team rejoiced with the crowd, being passed around and talked to, swallowing treats and pumpkin juice. Someone let off a couple of Filibuster’s No Heat, Wet Start Fireworks off, the air filling with sparks and stars. Everyone paused when a while later, the entrance painting swung open, and in walked, Harry. The crowd swallowed him, and it looked like his nose was on straight with a small bandage over it. Members of the Quidditch team fought their way over, and squeezed him now that he didn’t have blood all over his clothes. Seeing Lynna, Harry nudged everyone away, pulled her over, and embraced her tightly. The revelry stopped later, as people began going down to the Great Hall for dinner, still hungry even after being loaded with sweets.

After dinner, Lynna was pulled aside by McGonagall, congratulating her on the game, and giving her the night off from the Animagus training. She spent the rest of the day polishing her broom and discussing the game with Harry and George before she went to bed, exhausted.

In her Animagi training, McGonagall had asked her a while ago to choose an animal she wanted to focus on becoming. It had taken a while, and she hadn’t been able to think of anything, until she passed Ravenclaw’s statue one evening, the shadows playing across it as if trying to tell her. Realizing more than anything she wanted to be a bird, she took to the books Aunt Nora gave her, and found a bird that was dear to Ravenclaw, and remindful of home, a *crow*. When she had told McGonagall, she could have sworn her eyes lit up a little in amusement.

Over the next couple weeks, McGonagall had her transforming into the form of a crow, but it was hard. Lynna took a couple of seconds to take form, and could only stay in it for couple minutes before her body, distressed, called her back to her original form. One night, in the beginning of April, she kept giving into the aches and complaints, landing on the floor, breathing deeply.

McGonagall seemed to be in a no nonsense mood, and pushed it. “Miss Happ, do not give into the pain while in your Animagi form. Ignore it, feel it wash away, and focus your body to feel and act like a bird!”

Concentrating, Lynna focused, and became a bird within seconds again. Her legs, and arms begged to change back, needlepoints urging her. Instead, she forced herself to disregard it, and thought the feeling of her wings quivering for flight, angled legs ending in long nails, and suddenly, there was no more pain. She opened her beady black eyes, and looked up at McGonagall serenely, then tottered on her short legs a little.

“Excellent Happ! You may transform back,” the teacher said approvingly.

Lynna came back to her human body, this time kneeling, feeling only numb pain, and much better than she ever had.

McGonagall continued as she looked up at her. “I’m very pleased with your progress, next lesson, we will work on strengthening your flying abilities. I want an expert to come in, preferably a bird, since Headmaster Dumbledore says you can speak Avertongue. Do you have an owl?”

Lynna nodded and said, “Yes, I do. I wasn’t expecting to learn how to fly this early, though.”

“Very good. Bring him to the next lesson. It is efficient for you to start learning to fly, for a grounded bird is quite helpless, and flying can take several weeks to learn. Good day Happ,” McGonagall said finally, and scooted her out the classroom door.

She decided to go to the Owlery now, and ask Orion, for he was a pretty stubborn bird even though he was very loyal and loving. Orion landed on her shoulder the minute she closed the Owlery door, and said hello to her, nibbling affectionately on her ear.

Lynna talked to him in Avertongue, and he told her she was crazy, until she showed him how she could become a crow, and scared the feathers off him.

“So will you help me learn to fly tomorrow night?” she asked one more time, exasperatedly.

“Alright! Get me tomorrow,” Orion responded, and flew off muttering about zany humans.

Her thoughts reeled too, and could barely believe a bird would be teaching her. In the Gryffindor common room, she pulled out her books and settled into a worktable next to Harry and Hermione. They gave her the benefit of the doubt, and didn’t ask her anymore where she disappeared to after dinner each night. The teachers had assigned even more work, as the time of the OWLS in June came ever closer. Angelina piled on the extreme Quidditch practices, motivating them with the Quidditch Cup coming in the end of May, and McGonagall didn’t take it easy either in her Animagus lessons. Tackling her homework, she set off and became completely absorbed, writing, calculating, and flipping furiously through her papers. Two hours later, Harry noticed how worn out she looked, and scooting over, snatched the quill by the feather out of her hand.

“Harry what the-” she started, and met his eyes.

The light blue of them was tense, and bound with work, that was weighing on her good nature, and topped with confusion and annoyance. She made a grab for the quill, but he put it out of her reach, flashing his impatient green eyes at her.

“You are working way too hard, I’m very worried about you. Why are you so overwrought?” he said in a calm, concerned voice.

“I agree,” Hermione piped from behind her pile of books, but didn’t look up.

“Quidditch and work is getting to me a little,” Lynna admitted to him.

Sighing, she gave in, pushed the book away, then leaned over and kissed Harry. They both stretched and walked around a little in the common room before going back to work, and an hour later, bed.

The week of Easter vacation was in a few days, and Lynna's parents virtually had begged her to come home for the holidays. From what she was hearing, most, if not all Gryffindors and students in other houses would be going home for the week of Easter holiday. Harry had reaffirmed her that he would under no circumstances willingly go back to the Dursley's for the break. All their friends leaving as well, Lynna didn't want to leave him alone, and wrote a letter the next day, telling them.

Dear Family,

I love you lots, but I won't be coming home for the Easter break. Most of the students will be going home, and I really don't want to leave Harry here like that. I made this decision on my own, plus I really have a lot of work I need to do. My Animagus training is coming along really well, although I want to surprise you with the animal I chose. Happy Easter!

Love,

Lynna

She skipped off to the Owlery right after dinner, sending the note with a school owl, and collecting Orion for the Animagus lesson. For the next two hours, Lynna felt pretty much like an idiot. Orion got into heavy discussions with her over how they'd start, and she had to keep translating for clueless Professor McGonagall. They worked on strengthening her bird limbs and fluttering skills, and continued for a few more days until she was flying low for a few feet. Before she knew it, Easter vacation hit, and Friday, Harry and Lynna sat in the Gryffindor common room watching students troop out with their luggage. The two realized that they were the only ones staying, and were completely *alone*.

They went down to breakfast, sat with only Headmaster Dumbledore, a few teachers, and a few students from other houses, those being the only people left. After they were done, McGonagall pulled Lynna aside, far away from Harry.

"Miss Happ, it would be beneficial to put a few more hours of Animagus training in this week. There is a lot of spare time," she suggested, and paused as Lynna nodded. "Excellent. Please come at one o'clock instead of four."

Later, in the common room, Lynna and Harry were playing a card game. Hearing the chime on the clock toll one o'clock, she got up abruptly, and headed for the door.

"Where are you going?" inquired Harry, surprised.

"I got to go somewhere, I'll be back in a while," she replied, then went down to meet McGonagall.

Four hours later, Harry was pacing nervously around the couch, wondering why Lynna hadn't come back yet. He lost his nerve, and went upstairs to dig in his trunk. An old piece of parchment entitled, "The Marauder's Map" was pulled out. It was a chart James Potter and his friends had made their years at Hogwarts that showed everyone in the castle, and a map of it. Tapping it with his wand, the familiar diagram of Hogwarts popped up, and so did people labeled dots. In the Transfiguration classroom, there were two dots, each tagged M. McGonagall and L. Happ.

"What is she doing there? Work probably..." he chuckled, put down the map, and went down to the class to meet Lynna.

As he turned the corner to the Transfiguration room, he banged into Lynna, startling both of them.

“Where have you been?” Harry demanded to know.

Stuttering, she answered, “With Professor McGonagall-”

“For four hours!” he interrupted.

Her eyes blazed, and she said, “Yes! I was studying!”

“For what?”

“I can’t tell you,” she replied.

“Why not?”

Crossing her arms, she asked, “Why do you care?”

Harry’s eyebrows went up, taken aback at her stubbornness. “Because I got worried when my girlfriend suddenly leaves, and is gone without a trace for four hours.”

Lynna smirked at him, and put her arms down. “I’m sorry I made you worry. And thing I was forbidden to tell you, wasn’t *restricted* as showing you.”

“Huh?” he asked confusedly.

She concentrated, and within a few seconds, transformed into a sleek, black crow. Harry’s eyes popped, his jaw dropped open.

“You’re....you’re an Animagus?” he asked incredulously.

The bird tilted her head at him, and then transformed back into Lynna.

She nodded, and answered, “Yeah, lessons from McGonagall, but you cannot tell anyone!”

Harry stopped her short by seizing her around the middle, bringing her to him, and kissing her deeply. She took that to mean he forgave her.

The next night, they sat at ten o’clock in front of the fireplace in Gryffindor tower. Both were cuddled on a couch, Lynna reading her bird book, Harry flipping through a copy of Which Broomstick. He peered over his magazine as he heard her sigh, put the book down, and lean her head back on the sofa. Putting down the publication, Harry reached over, and tugged her over to his side, then leaned back as she put her head on his shoulder. He picked up the magazine again, occasionally stealing glances at her. A few minutes later, her eyes were closed, and she was sound asleep. Harry put down the book, and watched her for a few minutes, not wanting to wake her up, and feeling extremely peaceful with her warm weight on his chest. He took off his glasses, placed them on the side table, then wrapped his arms around her, closing his eyes, and going to sleep. His rest was not peaceful as it approached sunrise, and he started dreaming.

Thin poisonous eyes backed by a ghastly pale face, stood wrapped in a cloak in the dim light of the crowds of people, waiting...

The train rattled loudly along, joined by laughing, cries, chatter, and music from portable radios. Temperaments were running thin, as it had been a long train ride to London, most people coming home from work or going to the city to stay for the Easter holiday. Slowing down, the train started pulling into London station, packed full of people, even though it was so early. The cloaked man on the platform smiled evilly, and Harry gasped

as he saw the evil wizard aim his wand, and repeatedly shoot beams of green light at the oncoming train.

BOOM!

An explosion ripped through the track, train, and ceiling of the tunnel. The train overturned, shattering windows, severing the metal, and went sideways into the platform as the track ripped apart. Boards cracked at the impact, cement tumbling down from the collapsing tunnel, people screaming for their lives. The wizard sneered maliciously, and cackled.

Pain tore the dream, and Harry sat up with a start, rasping for breath, shaking, and covered in sweat. His scar blazed with pain, wincing, he flung his hand over his forehead. Lynna, jolted awake, felt the sweat from his shirt coming onto her cheek, and sat up, looking at him worriedly. His hands covered his face, the shirt he wore was plastered to his skin, soaked with perspiration, and he was visibly trembling.

“Harry?” she said softly, and put her hand on his shoulder.

He lowered one hand, but kept the other one clasped to his forehead, over his scar. His green eyes were shocked with anguish and fury, and locked his eyes onto her frightened blue ones.

“They...they’re...d-dead. Voldemort killed them. Muggles...on...a...train...in...London.”
“How-, how do you know?” Lynna said unevenly.

He moved his hand, and lifted the hair off of his face, pointing to the scar, which looked clearer and red.

“Connection.”

Harry watched her pale, she believed him, because he had told her everything that happened to him. Feeling helpless, he reached to her, and was embraced tightly, his head on her neck. His thoughts clicked into place, and he whispered into her ear.

“Dumbledore. Must see him.”

She murmured back a yes, and wobbly, they got up together, and went down the stairs towards the office of Dumbledore. They stopped in front of a golden griffin statue, and Harry dragged her to it.

“This is it,” he said quietly.

Lynna, wasting no time, banged her hand on it, and yelled, “Headmaster Dumbledore! We need to talk to you!”

To their surprise, the griffin swung open, and stairs spiraled down from a small tower hallway. Taking her hand, Harry led her onto it, and they were escalated quickly, and stopped in front of a heavy wooden door. It swung open by itself, and candles flickered on, and saw no one was there. They went over in front of the big desk to sit. Lynna was too tense to notice the Phoenix asleep on his perch, or the Sorting Hat, that stared at them from a shelf. Atop a flight of stairs behind the desk, a door swung open, and Dumbledore came down, looking tired and concerned. He sat alert in his chair and looked them in the face.

“What seems to be the problem? It must be of importance to come rushing in at the crack of dawn,” he said, not mockingly.

Harry was solemn, and unhurriedly, told the Headmaster what Voldemort had done, and how he woke up, his scar hurting from it. Dumbledore’s face was somber, and he contemplated in silence for a few moments after Harry was done.

“Your connection to him is strong when there is a surge of hate, or an act of severe cruelty committed. Harry, your dream is probably true.”

The teenagers gasped, the color draining from their faces, even though Harry had realized his dream was real.

“I will contact people, and will verify what occurred,” Dumbledore continued. “Until then, I want both of you to go back to the dorm and get a good nap.”

“Yes sir,” they mumbled, and scuttled out the door to the dormitory.

They silently said goodnight, and went to bed. A few hours later, Lynna was woken up by a panicked yell from the other bedroom. Not bothering to throw on an over shirt or slippers, she bounded out of bed, and dashed through Harry’s dormitory door. He was shaking, sitting up in bed, and had his hand over his scar.

Looking up at her, he said, “I saw it again, and their scared faces. They’re dead...”

Lynna went over to his bed and set herself next to him, his arms went around her, tightly. She ran her hands through his hair, and nervous herself, started humming her lullaby, “The Black-bird.” After a few minutes, his breathing became slower, but still slightly trembled.

“Stay here,” Harry whispered in her ear.

She nodded, and he pulled aside the covers, allowing her to slip in next to him. They put their arms around each other, she now being comforted by him, and both fell into a dreamless sleep. Lynna woke up before Harry, around noon, and just lay there. She wasn’t the least bit embarrassed that exposed skin from her tank top was pressed against his bare chest. Trying to not to disturb him, she moved her arm slightly, but it was enough to wake him up. Briefly, he was confused to why she was there, until it came rushing back to him. He was unable to smile, but comforted by her warm flesh, pulled closer, and kissed her for a long time. Breaking from her, he got up and reached for a change of clothes and his glasses.

Lynna propped herself on her elbow, and turned to him. “Want to go get lunch?”

“Lunch?” he asked, bewildered.

Tilting her head, almost giggling, she told him it was noon, and probably lunchtime.

“Oh,” he said, embarrassed.

Lynna went and changed, then they went downstairs, kind of late for lunch. Students and teachers were already at the table that replaced the large useless house tables for the small number of people. They were stared at as they sat down, Professor McGonagall with a look of relief.

“You two weren’t at breakfast, is everything okay?” she said suspiciously.

“Slept in late,” Harry and Lynna piped, then reached for the golden dishes full of food.

Headmaster Dumbledore pulled them aside after breakfast, a grave expression on his face. Their hearts sank as they realized what he was going to tell them about.

“I’m glad you two got some sleep. Harry, I have checked your story out. I’m sorry to say, that a passenger train pulling into London at 6:30 am this morning, exploded and crashed. Forty-three Muggles are dead, seventeen were taken in critical condition to a local hospital. The Muggle authorities don’t know what caused it, and are reporting it as a terrorist attack,” Dumbledore informed them.

A cold shiver went up Harry’s spine, a numb energy filling him, Lynna lowered her head, distress written in her expression.

For most of the day, they were absolutely silent, even unable to enjoy having this day off. After dinner, they changed into their pajamas, and stayed in the Gryffindor common room. Lynna buried herself in books, seeking words to comfort her, not able to speak. Harry went most of the day doing assigned work, but that night got sick of it. He sat on the stairs instead, with his Broom Care Kit, and polished his Firebolt. He kept his eyes on Lynna by the fireplace, her red hair gleaming with the light, and reading, "The Chaser's Handbook to Quidditch." She felt his ardent gaze, and peered over the edge of her book, then met his eyes. Harry saw something flicker on her face as she saw him with the broom, and his green eyes masked, but admiring her.

"That's the book I gave you for Christmas," he said.

Lynna put it on her lap, and replied tenderly, "Yes, and it's one of my favorites."

She then broke into a smile, for the first time that day. Harry's face lightened, and he almost laughed as Lynna suddenly let out a huge yawn.

"Tired huh?" he asked teasingly.

Quickly, she nodded, and then got up, to head for her dorm room. Harry stood up and took a hold of her hand, stopping her. Instead, he led her to his room, to the bed. They glanced at each other, then climbed into the bed. Tucked under the covers, Harry placed his arms around her, her back spooned to his chest, Lynna held his hands, and they went into a peaceful sleep.

Chapter 19

Sunlight flooded the room with its golden brilliance, spilling to the floor, and the bed, onto their faces. Lynna's eyes opened, and found herself still in Harry's arms, their heads close together. An idea had struck her last night while watching Harry with his broom, and hoped it would help to cheer him up. Angelina had enthusiastically implied that everyone try to practice during the week off. Lynna agreed it was a good idea, and had no doubt a long morning fly would be fun. She slid out of bed slowly, and bolted to her room and changed her clothes.

"Harry," she whispered, and gently tapped him on the arm.

He grunted, but turned over farther away from her, wanting to sleep. Leaning over to his face, she kissed him zealously, to try again. Harry's eyes opened and was now wide-awake, his attention captured. He pushed himself up a little to get closer, then unexpectedly grabbed her around the waist, flung her on the bed, and put his hands on her sides, so she couldn't escape. They burst out laughing, and couldn't contain themselves.

"That's for waking me up early!" he said, still sniggering, but then noticed her clothes. "Hey, you're dressed!"

Controlling herself, she pointed onto the floor, where her Firebolt lay, and had dropped it from being grabbed. "Yeah, I was going to do a bit of flying. Want to come with?"

"Yes," he exclaimed.

Shooing her out of the room, he then got dressed, and they went down to the Quidditch field. Their shoes became wet from the dew still covering the deep green grass, the air filling their lungs, was crisp and cool. Lynna's braid flopped as she jumped onto her broom, and soared ahead of him.

"We can fly, but we haven't any balls to use," he called.

She threw something to him, and catching it, Harry saw it was a tennis ball clenched in his hand. Amused, he mounted his broom, and flew after her. They spent the time weaving through the sky, racing each other, playing catch, and at one point, Lynna even flew with him in her Animagus form for a few minutes. After a final game of keep away, they decided to go in and have breakfast, their spirits high and happy. Lynna's plan had indeed worked this morning. They had no clue the Headmaster had watched them from his office, marveling at the friendship and affection the two teenagers shared.

The rest of the week, they went flying everyday, hung around the castle together, visited Hagrid, and steadily finished the assigned work, so it wasn't a big hassle. At night, they slept in Harry's bed, curled in each other's arms. Harry found things to do while he waited for Lynna's Animagus four-hour holiday lessons each day to end.

The last day of vacation finally arrived, bringing Easter Sunday through a bright and cloudless morning. Harry and Lynna sat at breakfast next to Dumbledore, making a lot of conversation when their mouths weren't full of pancakes.

There was no familiar loud rush of wings to announce the owls' arrival, as there were only a few. Hedwig and Orion landed in front of them, both tied down with packages and letters. Each made a grab for their owl, and got thank you hoots from their birds when they removed the burden. Lynna found a bunch of Easter cards and jellybeans from her family, and a large chocolate cream egg from Mrs. Weasley. Lynna's family had sent a card and candy to Harry too, and he had also gotten a chocolate egg from Ron's mother.

At one o'clock, Lynna went to the Transfiguration classroom as usual, and to her surprise, found Dumbledore, and another witch standing beside Professor McGonagall. The teachers hurried over to her, and started explaining what was happening.

"Lynna, I am very pleased with your progress, Minerva has kept me well informed on your practice," Dumbledore remarked, smiling.

"Down to business," interrupted McGonagall. "As you know Happ, I started putting the paperwork for your Animagus registration through this week. It is finished, all you need to do, is be cataloged, and analyzed by a member of the Ministry of Magic."

Her eyes widened, and Lynna stuttered, "I didn't know they'd be here this quickly..."

McGonagall looking put off said, "I'm sorry, but with your OWLS and final exam preparation intensifying after break, we won't have the spare time to do this. You have been trained well, and your abilities are sound, now please just do this."

Lynna nodded seriously, and was introduced to the witch in official looking robes, with a pile of parchment in her hands. For the next two and a half hours, she was put through testing of her Animagi abilities, recording of markings, (bluish bird eyes, and a lighter patch of black on her tail) and piles of paperwork. With a final skim over a page and a flourish of a quill, the Ministry witch smiled, and handed her a piece of stiff paper. It read:

License of Animagus
Lynna Ashley Happ
Animal: *American Crow*

Signed this day: *April 22*
by Orenda Dilwalker

“You’re one of the youngest we’ve ever had register, thank you for your time,” the witch said.

Lynna was then ushered out of the room by the Headmaster. Still unable to believe she had done it, and delighted, went prancing up the stairs to tell Harry. At ten o’clock pm, she and Harry laid on the bed, barely able to sleep, realizing this would be the last time for quite awhile, since all the students returned tomorrow morning.

“Where’d the time go? This week felt like a year,” Lynna whispered sadly.

Harry pulled closer, and they kissed goodnight, before dozing off, holding one another.

Ding! Ding!

The clock chimed, and let them know they’d been sitting in the Great Hall for an hour. Late in the morning, Harry and Lynna had woken up, and reaching downstairs, found a swarm of students returning to Hogwarts from vacation. Ron and Hermione had ambushed them, unable to stop talking about their holiday for an hour, even during lunch. They shut up though, as they listened to Harry and Lynna’s story of what happened while everyone was gone. (The Animagus training and more personal stuff were left out.) Their mouths hung open in shock as Harry told them about his experiencing the London train attack. The Muggle train accident had been all over wizard and Muggle world newspapers, both confused as to what had really caused it.

Once more, the school bustled with activity, and the castle seemed smaller, filled to the brim with it’s students. Professor McGonagall had been right in saying the end of the Easter holiday meant work time. Exams looked much closer on the other side of vacation, and everyone felt it. The first day back, the teachers loaded work and tests on them, and urged them to start practicing for the OWLS. Hermione and Lynna started a mini study partnership, organizing, color coding their notes, and pouring through text. Thinking the boys weren’t working hard enough, they pulled them in, and expanded the group, everyone buckling down to study, even though exams weren’t for another two months.

Angelina was feeling the strain too, and shortened the Quidditch practices down a half hour. McGonagall still insisted on practicing once a week with Lynna to keep her Animagus skills in shape, but even she was lighter with it. Letters between family and Lynna increased, and her mother frequently asked her how she was, helped when she could, and offered advice on schoolwork.

April bloomed into May, fine weather with plenty of sunshine and flowers flooding Hogwarts. The students, who were absolutely stuffed into books, notes, work, and classes, didn’t enjoy it often. After class one Friday, the four friends sat on the grass by the lake, soaking in the sunlight after a strenuous session of Potions class, and essay writing. Lynna leaned against a sleepy Harry, Hermione lay on the ground next to Ron, both watching the couple. She was startled by a snort from behind her, and turning over, she saw Harry had dozed off.

“Wake up sleepyhead,” she said softly, then ran her hand along his face.

His eyes opened, and he smirked at her. “I wasn’t asleep...”

“Yes you were,” she lightly argued, but stopped and leaned back into Harry as he put an arm around her.

Their friends finally cracked, looked each other in the face, and sat up.

“We need to tell you something,” Ron announced.

Harry and Lynna glanced at each other, then looked at their friends. Ron flushed, and he stuttered as he tried to say what he wanted to.

“Um, well you see....” he choked. “Hermione and I are, well we, um, both of us are interested in one another and-”

“Ron and I are dating, very seriously,” Hermione said abruptly, interrupting his speech.

Jaws dropped.

“Well?” sighed Ron.

Harry grinned slightly and replied, “That’s great.”

“That’s nice,” Lynna said, smiling too.

“Well one question, Hermione. What happened to you and Viktor Krum?” Harry asked waveringly.

“Broke up,” she muttered, and the looming silence broken.

Colin Creevey, a photo happy fourth year came dashing up to the four, his camera swinging from around his neck. His entrance caught everyone’s attention.

“Harry!” he blurted nervously. “Can I take a picture of you four?”

Unsure, and not wanting to hurt the boy’s feelings, Harry slowly nodded. After a minute of trying to relax, and Colin directing them where to sit, they heard the click. With relief, all four watched him dash away again, headed for the castle.

The following week, Angelina stopped being easy on them, and *lengthened* the Gryffindor Quidditch practices by an hour. It was only two more weeks until the final Quidditch Cup match, up against their biggest foe, Slytherin. Tension between the two houses strained to the breaking point, turmoil churning from the competitive moods. Students broke out in scuffles, Slytherin Quidditch players taunting the members of Gryffindor, who retaliated. Harry and Lynna were placed under “security” surrounded by Ron, Hermione, and fifth year Gryffindor boys, only getting privacy inside the tower, or their rooms. A night at dinner, Harry was kissed goodbye on the cheek by Lynna, who had to go take an Animagus lesson with Professor McGonagall. Getting up, they happened to see Draco Malfoy, staring at them from Slytherin table, a frown deeply etched on his face.

Mean looks were at the bottom of the list of things Malfoy pulled. He led open revolts at the Gryffindors, (He was very popular in his own house) trying to make them miserable. They frustrated him by keeping Harry out of his reach and field, but he finally got a chance. After Quidditch practice one Friday night, the Gryffindor team spread in every direction, each with something different on their mind. Everyone was hurrying away from the field very fast, trying to avoid the Slytherins coming down for their training time. Harry held Lynna’s hand gently, as they strolled slowly toward the castle, leaving the stadium behind, and enjoying a bit of freedom from the crowds of people. They ignored the Slytherins who were making faces at them, but were interrupted by Malfoy, who came stampeding toward them. Lynna had her hand dropped, and watched in horror as both boys cracked their knuckles, and Malfoy dived for Harry.

Arms and legs flailed, defending, attacking and aiming for anywhere on the opponent’s body. Bony sluggish Malfoy was not quite a match against swift Harry, and was pinned to the ground within minutes. Both were breathing hard, both bruised and scratched, Harry with only a bleeding lip, Malfoy with the start of a big shiner over his left eye, and wincing as Harry kneeled over him, fist in the air, ready to finish it. He paused, staying still for a few moments, his hand still clenched in the air, some unknown argument pulling him back. Across Harry’s line of vision came the reason, Lynna was pacing in front of the two boys, distressed, and now baffled as she saw Harry staying still. Harry’s fighting resolve fell from him, and he lowered his hand, instead tapping Draco on the shoulder, whose eyes were tightly closed shut.

“We’re done Malfoy. I kicked your butt, and unless you want to be the laughing stock of Hogwarts, I suggest you keep this to ourselves.”

To their surprise, Malfoy nodded his head a little, his features squeezed with panic. Lynna came up to them, and putting her hand out, helped Harry to his feet, going with him to Gryffindor tower, leaving Draco with a bruised face and ego.

Angelina stood in front of the blackboard, loudly discussing Quidditch plays with the mass of scarlet and gold robed players in front of her. May 28th, the day of the final match between Slytherin and Gryffindor had finally come. Things had lightened up for Gryffindor house, Malfoy seemed to have kept his mouth shut, stopped bothering everyone, and sulked a lot by himself after the fight. His black eye had become very prominent, and caused people to choke back on questions or comments with his fierce glares.

The team had been woken up very early, warmed up a long time, followed their captain's every order, not once complaining, and even made an extra effort to cut out junk food the week of the game.

"Break," announced Angelina.

Cool and confident, the team filed single lined behind her, and marched into the stadium. Many people sat at Gryffindor's end, a sea of scarlet rosettes, flags, and supporters, even the Hufflepuffs and Ravenclaws, who didn't want Slytherin to win. The sun shone bright and warm as they mounted their brooms and flocked to the center of the field. Slytherins made faces at the Gryffindors, trying to provoke them.

"Put that tongue back in your head, Flint!" Madam Hooch scolded, taking them by surprise.

She dropped the ball chest onto the ground, releasing the Bludgers and Snitch, then with a blast of the whistle, the Quaffle was tossed into the air. Lynna was the first to dive in and grab the ball, safely making it out of the pile up. A Slytherin broom came up after her as she headed into the air, ambushing her. His elbow went sharply into her side, paining and distracting her. They passed Alicia, whom Lynna was supposed to have passed the ball off to. He went flying off laughing, and before the referee could notice the foul. Lynna went hurtling along to Slytherin's end, the other Chasers cut off by the opposing team, and a Bludger forced her to go this attempt alone. She flew up on the side of the Keeper, shocking him, with her fury and pain, whamming the Quaffle into the middle hoop.

Clang!

Mingled with the loud goal ring, the Slytherin Keeper's husky voice swore repeatedly. As the Keeper tried to pass the Quaffle to a Slytherin, Lynna came swooping in, stealing it midair, and quickly scored once more. The ball was missed by an attempt to filch it, and it passed into the hands of a Slytherin Chaser. They stopped blocking the Gryffindors from their goals, and instead blocked them from getting down the field to stop the Chaser going to score. Bludgers and Beaters continually tried to knock them out of the air, and held them back until Fred and George came in. Clubs raised and thrashing the air with them, they enabled Angelina and Lynna to break free and plunge down the field. They weren't fast enough, and the Quaffle was heaved toward the hoops.

"Thump!"

Ron Weasley came from the side, and snatched it before it went in. He passed it to Angelina, who then went back down the field, passing it back and forth with Lynna. They met up with Alicia halfway down, and joined her in, passing it in a triangle and from the other team's Chasers. The Beaters ignored them, and fired Bludgers at Harry, keeping him from catching the Snitch, and away from their Seeker. Fred went to help him, and George flew in with the Chasers, slamming them [Bludgers] towards the other team.

"One last pass, Happ to Spinett, and Gryffindor scores again! Thirty-zero!" shouted Lee, who was the announcer for the game.

The Keeper passed it out, and Angelina made a dive for it, but was hampered by someone grabbing the

back of her robes. A Slytherin Chaser intercepted the ball, but everyone froze as a whistle was blown.

“Foul! Illegal grabbing of another player! Penalty shot to Gryffindor!” screeched Madam Hooch.

A lane was cleared by all the players to the Slytherin posts, and the penalty taken by Lynna. She streaked down the field, and narrowly avoided a disgruntled Slytherin, who came out of the line trying to stop her.

“Obstructing during a penalty! Penalty to Gryffindor!” yelled the referee.

“Clang!”

Lynna scored anyway, and made it once more on the next penalty. From that point, the game got dirtier. Bludgers, brooms, and arms went flying everywhere, stopping and hitting everywhere. Alicia took two more penalty shots for Gryffindor, making one of them. Angelina scored twice, but on a pass to Lynna, got bruised by a Bludger, and dropped the Quaffle. Pointing her Firebolt in a nosedive, Lynna tried to recover the ball, but was knocked sideways by another broom, and it was stolen. Alicia took the penalty, but missed by a few feet, as she was distracted and enraged by the Slytherins making faces at her. The Quaffle was captured by a Slytherin Chaser, and flown toward the Gryffindor end. Beaters aimed Bludgers at Ron, pelting him double in the stomach, rolling over, his arms over his belly. Slytherin’s Chaser came in, and scored the first goal for his team. A series of loud boos from Gryffindor supporters drowned out the other team’s fans cheers.

Ron sat on his broom a few moments, practically pausing the game. Malfoy sneering, flew down, near the group of players, Harry flying after him, as he had been trying to block him.

“Not so cheeky now are you scarbrain? Little weasel can’t take a hit!” sniped Malfoy, hollering at Harry.

Disregarding Harry’s glare, he then turned towards Lynna, and called her name. Draco then blew a kiss at her. Harry snapped, and he threw a punch at Malfoy, missed, causing him to laugh. The Weasley twins furious too, cracked Bludgers at him, one scraping his arm, another forcing him higher into the air. Ron grabbed the Quaffle, and hurled it to Lynna, who suddenly took to the other end, and initiated the game back into play.

“Clang!”

Uninhibited, Lynna scored again, and as she turned around, saw a scarlet streak zoom by her, then a green one, almost colliding brooms with hers. Harry was flat out above the ground, after the Snitch, and followed by Draco Malfoy, on his much slower Nimbus 2001. His hand closed over the Snitch, and curved upward out of his dive, the little ball struggling against his hand.

“POTTER CATCHES THE SNITCH! GRYFFINDOR WINS THE QUIDDITCH CUP! TWO HUNDRED FORTY TO TEN!” hollered the announcer.

An explosion of cheers and applause echoed through the stadium, the crowd and team screaming with joy. Harry was knocked sideways by a pair of arms thrown around him, and twirled around with the other broom.

He turned around, and straightly squeezed Lynna. They felt their five teammates thump into them, collapsing to the ground in a group hug, yelling, “*We won the cup! We won the cup!*” The scarlet crowd poured onto the field, hands shaking theirs, and patting them on the back. Gryffindor team was raised onto the shoulders of the crowd, and carried to the stands, where Dumbledore stood. He gave the gleaming large cup trophy to a tear streaked Angelina who passed it to Harry and Lynna. George, Fred, Alicia, and Ron grasped it too, with one arm. Harry hooked one hand around Lynna’s waist, drawing her to him, and zealously kissed her. Ron was dancing around with Hermione, all dignity forgotten. The Slytherins who had been standing off to the side shrieking at each other, stopped, and stared stupidly at the group.

Celebrating continued long after the game, all day, and late into the night. Food, music, and cheering washing over the common room until McGonagall came up to demand they go to bed.

Chapter 20

The elation over Gryffindor's victory lasted the rest of the weekend, and only continued for the younger years the rest of the week. By Monday, the fifth years and up, buckled back down to study, having their harder exams extremely close by. Students forced themselves to ignore the beautiful weather outside, which had come with the beginning of June. The sun shone constantly, flowers blooming even more, and airy breezes constantly swept everywhere, bringing the warm freshness of the season.

Hermione, Ron, Lynna and Harry were packed with books everyday, and noticed the Slytherins were strangely solemn and subdued, even Malfoy, who looked even slightly depressed. Lynna had no time to send letters to people, and mornings, Orion would fly in at breakfast, sad she hadn't used him, or been to see him. After a little chat, and snip of her food, he'd fly off again, and strangely, he was even friendlier to Harry.

A thick silence descended on the castle as exam week began. Herbology had them tested on how well they stored some plant juices, Care of Magical creatures gave them burns from having to capture Aswinders, Divination fairly easy as they only had to analyze tarot cards and give the history of them, History of Magic long and boring with a scroll of parchment to fill out. The hardest class was Defense Against the Dark Arts, where they had to dodge hexes, changing a wig into a hare in Transfiguration, and getting more burns with Burning Brew in Potions. Charms exams were the most painful, as they had to be blasted with the Expelliarmus Spell and land safely on a Cushion Charm. Lynna partnered with Hermione, both unwilling to do such a thing to their boyfriend. It was a bit of a shock, but Lynna landed safely on the invisible pillow, having made hers a little large out of nervousness.

"Excellent, girls," squeaked Professor Flitwick, as he looked closer at their charms.

They sat the next day in a stifling classroom, with Professor McGonagall pacing back and forth between all the Gryffindors. Piles of parchment littered the desks, as the students took their OWLS, which tested them on basic knowledge and advanced. Hours later, everyone went spilling out into the halls, sighing with relief, they'd have a week until exam results came out.

Absolutely exhausted from exams, days were spent outside in the wide-open air, talking, laughing, and playing games. Everyone stopped wearing the suppressive school uniforms, and started to dress in summer clothes. and Harry took daily strolls together along the shimmering lake, and were joined occasionally by Ron and Hermione.

"How do you think you did?" Harry asked Ron, as the four walked along one day.

"Probably failed," he sighed.

Hermione frowned at him, and squeezed his hand tighter. "No you probably did just fine, we all did I bet."

"Well I can count on that for you and Lynna, girl geniuses," scoffed Ron.

They broke out laughing, and the two girls shook their heads. Lynna felt Harry tense up, and looking in his line of gaze, saw Orion flying toward them. She outstretched her arm, and took the letter that was clutched in his beak, it said:

Miss Happ and Mr. Potter,

Please report to Professor Dumbledore's office

immediately. Thank you.

-Professor McGonagall

She handed it to Harry, who reading it, went wide-eyed too.

“How’d they know we’d be together?” he said, confused.

Lynna smirked, pointed to the castle, and replied, “They can probably see us from there.”

He nodded, then silently led her up to the tower where Dumbledore’s office entrance stood behind a golden griffin. To their surprise, Professor McGonagall was there already, waiting, and opened the statue for them. She escorted them into the office, and sat them in front of the large desk, where Dumbledore was already.

“Ah, thank you Minerva,” he said promptly.

The two teenagers sat there confused and worried, as they had no clue for why they had been called up here.

Dumbledore smiled at their grim faces and reassured them. “Do not be so apprehensive Mr. Potter, and Miss Happ! You’re not in trouble.”

They sighed with relief, and he continued, “I have called you here, because Mr. and Mrs. Happ have written to me, requesting if Harry could visit them and Lynna at their home in the United States. They seemed to think it would be fun for him to get out of a... stiff family, over the summer.”

Harry and Lynna’s jaws dropped open in amazement, and they all but stared at him.

“Harry would be in a whole other place in the world, and quite safe, especially in the hands of such loving and trustworthy people. I agreed, especially since the two of you seem to be very good... friends,” he said.

He paused as both the teenagers blushed, and he twinkled his eyes at them knowingly, while McGonagall even looked like she was starting to smile.

She didn’t though, and finished, “It’s been finally settled, the safest and most logical transport will be Muggle airplane from London airport to Chicago, on July 6th. You would stay the rest of the summer, and be delivered to platform 9 ¾ on September 1st, for the start of school. This is only if you wish to go. Potter, the decision is up to you.”

“Yes, I’ll go!” he said loudly, and immediately after she finished.

McGonagall nodded, then quickly hurried out the door to confirm the visit. Harry smiled at Lynna, and she grinned back at him, happiness surging through both of them. She happened to glance at the side of his head, and happened to see the golden bird sitting on the perch next to the desk. Her gaze turned fully to it, and it looked right back at her, it’s golden brown eyes calm. The bird’s wings lifted, and a second later, to her amazement, it came and perched on her lap.

Harry’s eyes popped out, and he stared at her, while Dumbledore turned an interested gaze to her.

“A phoenix,” she breathed.

“Yes, quite right. This is Fawkes, my companion and friend,” Dumbledore told her. “He seems to be taken with you, this is certainly unusual, the only other student he’s done so, is Harry.”

Lynna looked the bird in the eye, and said in Avertongue, "Hello, my name is Lynna Happ, I'm a student here, and a friend of Harry."

"Yes indeed and admirers. Young bird you have found your lion," the phoenix replied.

"Avertongue! Such a rare and wondrous gift," exclaimed Dumbledore, breaking their conversation. "Used by Ravenclaw herself, no doubt."

She nodded, and Fawkes suddenly took off, and landed on his perch.

"Well then this meeting is over," announced the Headmaster, and he ushered them out of his office.

Harry walked down the corridor a bit, then pulled Lynna into an empty classroom, his eyes shining as he turned to her.

"Thank you," he whispered, then fondly kissed her on the lips, and they encircled each other with their arms.

He leaned back a moment later, hands still on her hips, and asked thoughtfully, "What did Fawkes say to you?"

Quietly she told him what she had said, and the strange phrase.

"...*Your lion*," he stuttered, and blushed red.

"Well I am a descendant of Ravenclaw, and you're in Gryffindor house..." she replied. "and Dumbledore said that animals know more than we think they do."

Harry went even more red, brought his face closer to hers, meeting her eyes, his breathing rather raspy.

"I love you," he said tenderly.

She melted with joy, and hugging him tighter, answered, "I love you too!"

They could only smile stupidly at each other, then ran outside to rejoin Hermione and Ron. The next morning, Harry, Ron, Hermione, and Lynna sat stuffing themselves at breakfast, eyes fastened nervously on Professor McGonagall. She was walking quickly around, handing out exam and class results to students, some crying or whooping with joy. Finally, she came to them, and was actually smiling as she handed the four their reports.

"Well done," she said promptly, before turning away.

Lynna shook with glee as she saw top marks in every class, before Ron grabbed it to take a look. Mouth full of pancakes, his eyes widened as he skimmed over it, then started severely choking. Harry slapped him on the back, and helped him to stop.

"Thirteen...thirteen OWLS!!" Ron coughed at her.

Hermione and Harry's jaws dropped.

"I guess that's good, but you did pretty well too," Lynna stuttered, as she glanced at her friends reports.

Hermione and Harry had gotten twelve OWLS, and Ron had made nine OWLS. Shaking her head, Hermione interrupted.

“Yes, but more than twelve is in the honors level-”

Lynna’s attention changed to Harry, who embraced her, and whispered, “Congratulations.”

She gripped him back, and said the same to him, both ignoring their friend’s looks. This was the last day of term, and the next morning, the students would leave on the Hogwart’s Express. The rest of the day, Harry and Lynna spent visiting Hagrid, and taking a final walk around the castle and grounds. At dinner, a banquet for the end of term was held, with the Great Hall festooned in scarlet and gold. It was in celebration of Gryffindor’s fifth year in a row of winning the Inter-house Cup, a majority of the points earned from winning so many Quidditch games. The students stayed up late that night, packing away their things into trunks and bags.

Everyone woke up early, and caught a quick breakfast in the Hall before being shooed out to the main pathway, where the horseless carriages stood waiting. Lynna sat silently with Ron, Harry and Hermione in a carriage, and watched the proud stone castle go behind green rolling hills as they wheeled away. They found a compartment together, and stuffed their luggage and pets into it before settling comfortably into the seats. Hedwig, Orion, and Pig (Ron’s owl) sat chirping quietly to each other, while the girls sat back reading books, Hermione with her cat curled up on her lap, the boys playing a hushed game of Exploding Snap Jack.

At some point, Lynna was lulled to sleep by the stillness, and gentle clacking of the train. Around noon, she was startled awake by the Weasley twins bursting loudly into their compartment, and found Harry’s arm around her.

“Lunchtime!” they yelled.

Fred showered them with candy and treats from the snack cart, and George dropped a white envelope onto each of their laps.

“These are for you,” he said, and pointed at them.

Carefully ripping them open, each person found a couple of colored photos in theirs. Lynna and Harry received a picture of them lounging with Ron and Hermione by the lake. The sunny day which they had been lounging around on a study break. A second one was of the Gryffindor Quidditch team, each of them smiling and waving, holding their brooms high in the air, arms on each other’s shoulders. In Ron’s envelope was a Quidditch team photo too, and a different one, which had him and Hermione alone in the common room, playing Wizard’s Chess, Hermione got that picture too.

“I remember these!” Ron said. “They’re by that kid who always ran around asking to take snapshots?”

“Colin Creevey. Yeah, asked him for copies of them. Kind of a going away gift, this is the last year for the Weasley twins,” grinned Fred.

“Thanks!” the four said in unison.

With smirks the pair disappeared back into the train hallway, leaving Ron, Hermione, Harry and Lynna alone. The girls were wide-awake now, and joined the boys in eating the food, and playing games, filling the compartment with laughter. One time, Malfoy’s head appeared in the window from the hall, but they all locked the door before he could come in, and caused him to stomp off. Way too soon, the train slowed down, and they pulled into London station, Platform 9 ¾ appearing, and loaded with people. Gathering up their things, each of them hopped out the door of the train, and grabbed a baggage cart to load their things onto. Other students started getting out of the cars, a lot having trouble, since their trunks were very large. Parents and family members piled up to the students, claiming their own.

Lynna, Hermione, and Harry waited with Ron, helping him look for his mother. Angelina Johnson and Alicia Spinnet passed by, each shaking Lynna’s hand and saying goodbye to her. George and Fred Weasley came dragged by their mother up to the four to gather Ron. Lynna was introduced to

Mrs. Weasley, a slightly short round woman. She smiled brightly and hugged each of them, even Lynna, who thanked her graciously for the Christmas gift.

“It was my pleasure,” Mrs. Weasley replied. “Oh, I see Ginny. Boys, come help her with her bags, then we’ll leave.”

She headed past them to the train, where the youngest Weasley, Ginny was struggling with her trunk. George, Fred, and Ron hugged Lynna goodbye, and the twins whispered loudly to Harry before they left.

“Take good care of her,” they said, then rushed away, dragging luggage and Ron behind them.

Hermione quickly said farewell to Harry and Lynna, before rushing to the divide and returning to the Muggle world. Harry slowly wheeled his cart along next to Lynna, both stopping before the barrier. Words failed them, and they couldn’t bring themselves to say anything. Instead, they turned to one another, and Harry hooked his arm around her waist, bringing her close. Her arms slid around his neck, and they tilted their mouths into one another, lips moving slowly and deeply together, affection flowing out, and electrifying them like never before. Their faces moved apart, eyes reading each other, Lynna leaned her head on his shoulder, then Harry ran his hand through his hair. They noticed people staring at them, and Mrs. Weasley who saw them, had tears in her eyes. Letting go, they grabbed their trolley, and pushed against the brick wall, coming out in London station, and in front of the barrier that led to Platform 9 $\frac{3}{4}$.

People were standing there waiting, and Lynna noticed one of them was her older sister. Breaking into a smile, Kayla came rushing to her, and they enveloped each other in a big hug. Standing back, Kayla took a look at her, and also looked curiously at the tall boy standing behind her sister.

“My, how you’ve grown Lynna,” she exclaimed.

Lynna nodded, then reached for Harry who was behind her back, and thrust him in front of her.

“Kayla, this is my boyfriend, Harry,” Lynna said swiftly. “Harry, this is my older sister, Kayla.”

Each shook hands with the other, and Kayla grinned at both of them.

“So you’re the one she’s been going on about. Nice to finally meet you, hope you have a good time with our family in the states.”

Harry shook his head in agreement, then spotted his Aunt Petunia, Uncle Vernon, and Cousin Dudley standing off to the side, watching them. He took Lynna’s hand and wheeled her over to them, even though they didn’t look all too glad to see him.

“Been waiting boy. Only came and got you because we had to pick up Dudley from Smeltings,” his Uncle snorted.

“Yeah,” Harry said, and pulled Lynna to his side. “This is my girlfriend Lynna Happ.”

“Nice to meet you,” Lynna said, and held out her hand. “Harry is going be staying with my family for the summer after July. Were you informed?”

After a long critical look, and to Harry’s surprise, Uncle Vernon held out his hand, and shortly shook hers.

“Yes, we were told. But I’m not paying for this boy to go joy riding on a plane to the United States though,” he said stiffly.

“Oh you won’t have to pay a penny,” Lynna replied sweetly. “My family is gladly paying for his first class ticket to Chicago.”

The Dursley's mouths dropped open, and Harry noticed them going over Lynna. From her well-curled red hair framing her attractive face, to her fancily tailored blouse and khaki pants. He snickered silently at their amazement, but glared at his cousin, who was eyeing Lynna with interest.

Without trying to point out the fact she was loaded, Uncle Vernon asked slowly, "Are you related to the Happ family who owns the American Oak National banks?"

His eyes popped out when she nodded, and said, "Yes, my father is Philip Happ, the owner."

Interrupting, Dudley strangely came forward, smoothing back his hair, and tottering over with his heavy weight. He stuck out his hand and avoided his parents, who tried to grab him.

"I'm Dudley Dursley," he said proudly, and threw out what he could of his chest.

"Um, nice to meet you," she responded hesitantly.

Lynna felt her shoulder tapped, and found Kayla motioning for them to leave.
"Well goodbye," Lynna announced.

The Dursleys nodded, then turned toward the exit, yelling for Harry to follow them. At this point, it finally sank in, and Harry went to Lynna for a final goodbye. She kissed him deeply but quickly, and pushed him toward his family. She grabbed her own cart, and wheeled out the door with Kayla, her eyes locked with Harry's. Orion, she, and her things were stuffed into Kayla's car, and were driven away in the parking lot, headed for Kayla's house. Her eyes stuck to the white van where Harry was, and finally lost sight of them as they turned the corner.

The End.