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Harry Potter and the black lady

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Inhaltsangabe

Harry Potter ist auf der Suche nach den fehlenden Horkruxen. Eines Nachts trifft er die "black lady" die ihm erzählt, dass Sirius Black und James Potter noch leben und von den Todessern gefangen gehalten werden. Kann Harry der "black lady" trauen oder lockt sie ihn in eine Falle?

Vorwort

So weit wie die Inhaltsangabe ist die Geschichte noch nicht. Schreibt bitte unbedingt einen Kommentar, wenn die Geschichte euch gefällt, poste ich noch weitere Kapitel.

EDIT: Ok, weiter bin ich noch nicht aber so bald es geht, schreib ich noch mehr, ok? Bitte schickt mir weiterhin eure Kommentare.

P.S. Ich weiss, dass die Kapitel ab 4 nicht der Hammer sind aber ich denke, bald wirds wieder besser.

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The vision

Sirius slowly opened his eyes. His head felt as if it could explode any second. He wanted to turn around but found he couldn't. His hands were tied up so hard that every movement made his muscles scream of pain. A person knelt down beside him. The black, greasy hair could not be mistaken. It was Severus Snape. He grinned down at him as he lay there, his head pounding and his hands already bleeding of the string that held them together. "Well, well, who have we got here", Snape sneered. "What do you want?" Sirius managed to ask. Snape pretended he couldn't hear him. He took out his wand and said "Crucio". Sirius screamed. He had never felt this type of pain before. He screamed but Snape didn't stop.

Far away, Harry Potter woke up, screaming.

Harry Potter, a small, thin boy with black hair and a scar shaped like a lightning on his forehead, sat up straight in his bed in his room in Privet Drive 4. He had just had a dream of his godfather Sirius. It was as real as the vision he had had of the attack of Mr. Weasley, his best friend's father. After this vision he had alarmed Dumbledore, the headmaster of Hogwarts, the school for witchcraft and wizardry. Thanks to this vision, Mr. Weasley had survived. But this dream couldn't have been a vision. Sirius had died a year ago, when he- no, he didn't want to think of Sirius now. He was sure he had just had this dream because he had thought of Sirius this evening. He tried to calm down and finally fell asleep again.

Owl post

The noise of two beaks pounding against his window woke Harry up the next morning. He opened the window and Pigwidgeon, the owl of his best friend Ron and his own owl, Hedwig, flew into the room. Harry grinned. He recognized the two writings. One was, of course, Ron's handwriting which was as always barely readable, and the neatly written letter brought by Hedwig had been sent by Hermione Granger, a muggle-born girl who was the best friend of Ron and Harry and had often been the only reason they hadn't failed their exams completely. It was Harry's birthday today. He first took Ron's letter and sat onto his bed. He read:

Dear Harry,

Congratulations to your birthday! Don't tell the muggles you're allowed to do magic now and surprise them with some hexes! Hope you like your present. Anyway, you can tell me soon. Fleur and Bill are getting married on the 10th of August but mum would like you to arrive here a bit earlier. If you take the train to London on the 3rd of August, we'll get you there. Ok?

See you then! Bye, Ron

Of course! Harry had completely forgotten that Bill, the oldest of the Weasley-brothers would marry the beautiful Fleur Delacour this summer. This plan had been troubled a bit when Bill had been bitten by an untransformed werewolf, but Fleur still seemed to like him. Still grinning, Harry opened the parcel Pigwidgeon had brought as well. He gaped. In there was a book titled: "All the curses of our world and how to use them". He flicked through it. There were loads of spells, how to best use them and how to resist them. That was just what he needed for his trip! At last he closed it and took Hermione's present. It was wrapped into newspapers and lots of other soft material, as if to stop something break inside it. Harry opened the last layer and saw three small bottles. One read "Veritaserum", the next "Polyjuice potion" and the last "Felix felicis". Harry took out Hermione's letter and read:

Dear Harry,

Congratulations to your 17th birthday. I hope you will be responsible and won't start hexing everything just because it is allowed. I've worked on these potions for nearly half a year, I think we'll need them on our journey.

Hope to see you soon.

Love,

Hermione

An unexpected meeting

Sirius shivered. He was bleeding and his head felt as if it would explode any moment. Snape was obviously enjoying himself. He was demonstrating the power towards Sirius he had never had. When he had enough, he pulled Sirius up to his feet and pushed him towards his cell. Sirius knew the way by now. He had been here for over a year. He remembered what had happened when he arrived, after he had landed behind the curtain. He had wanted to stand up, but couldn't. It was as if some invisible hands were pulling him down. Then Lucius Malfoy had come and pulled him up, tied his hands behind his back, put a cloth around his eyes and pushed him forward. It had felt as if he walking through a swamp, there was water dripping from the walls everywhere. Finally they stopped and Sirius heard a door open. He was pushed in, couldn't keep his balance and fell down. He heard the door close again. There he lay, couldn't see anything, feeling as if his arms were pulled off, when suddenly a voice said: "Hey, what the hell are you doing here?" Sirius lay completely still. He knew that voice, he had heard it before, although it had been a long time since he had heard it last. Then he felt somebody open the knot in the piece of string that tied his hands, finally his hands were free and the cloth was taken off his eyes. It took a while until his eyes got used to the darkness, but then: "James!"

Foggy Answers

When Harry came down, there was a surprise for him waiting. Not a present, the Dursleys had never in their whole life given him a proper present, but a visit. There, sitting at the table, completely still and strict-looking as always, was Professor McGonagall, his transformation teacher, head of house and now headmistress of Hogwarts. Opposite of her was his uncle, Vernon Dursley, looking with even more hatred at her than he had ever looked at Harry. Harry's aunt Petunia sat beside her shivering son Dudley, holding his hand. Dudley had been afraid of wizards since the half-giant Hagrid had made a tail grow out of his ass. But since Fred and George Weasley had given him a toffee that had made his tongue grow to the size of one metre, he was absolutely terrified. "Well", said Professor McGonagall, "since Harry has arrived there is no reason I shouldn't tell you what I am doing here. As you know, I'm sure, Harry turns 17 today; he is a grown-up and can decide for himself what he wants to do. I am here to ask him, whether he would like to stay here for a while or leave this house forever and go to live somewhere else." "I want to leave!" Harry said immediately. Uncle Vernon looked very pleased. "Ok, bye then", he said. "I'm afraid it's not as easy as that", Professor McGonagall said with a cold look in her eyes. The only reason why Harry Potter has been here for 17 years was to save him. The blood that flows in your veins", and she looked at aunt Petunia, "is the blood that saved his life 16 years ago. Your sister would have been ashamed of you", she said and, if even possible, she looked angrier than before. She turned to Harry and said: "Well, get your stuff then." Harry sprinted up to his room. It took him exactly 18 minutes until he had squeezed everything into his suitcase. He took Hedwig's empty cage and pulled it, together with his suitcase, down the stairs. Professor McGonagall was already waiting for him. They left the house (the Dursleys looking at them quite angrily) and walked down Privet Drive. "Professor", Harry asked nervously. He had never been this close to his teacher. "Where are we going?" Professor McGonagall looked at him and said: "It's foggy, don't you think?" Harry was quite sure this meant that she wanted no questions asked.

A long story

Sirius had barely believed his eyes. It had really been James Potter sitting beside him, the man that had been part of the reason why he had spent twelve years in Azkaban, he had hunted Wormtail down because he had told Voldemort where he could find the Potters, he had been the secret keeper of the Potters, the only person who could tell Voldemort where to find them. Sirius must have looked completely puzzled because James grinned and said: "Well, I think I owe you an explanation." And he had told the whole story. Voldemort had come into their house in that very night, but he hadn't killed him. He had killed Harry's mother, Lily Potter, but when James had wanted to stop him, he had just knocked him out. This curse had made James fall into a big sleep until Voldemort had come back. He had found himself here, in this castle where they were ever since. While James had been telling his story, Sirius had relaxed a bit and felt glad that he had his best friend ever here at his side. But then suddenly James asked: "But what has happened to you? You look terrible!" Sirius took a deep breath and said: "I guess you mean the marks that Azkaban has left."

"Azkaban? You must be joking!"

"No", Sirius said. "Not at all." And then he told his story, how he had become locked up in Azkaban, how he had escaped and how Voldemort had come back. Meanwhile, they had found out that Dumbledore had been killed; Snape had told Sirius in the night he had tortured him for the first time. I definitely hadn't been the last. Sirius had tried to escape twice but he had always been caught again and Snape had had his pleasure in punishing Sirius for his "crime".

Both men had no idea why they hadn't just been killed, what they were supposed to do here. The only times when they came out of their cell was when they had to do some jobs the Death eaters felt they were too dirty to do them themselves, or when one of the Death eaters wanted to have some fun by torturing somebody.

An unknown follower

Professor McGonagall had lead him to the train station and into a train. She had been so fast he couldn't even see where they were going. After what seemed an endless journey they got out and, still without speaking a word, walked into the night. Harry knew it was ridiculous, but he had the feeling as if they someone was following them. He couldn't see anyone and when he tried to turn around, Professor McGonagall pulled him on. At last they arrived on a big place that looked strangely familiar. Professor McGonagall pulled out a paper and handed it over to him. Harry groaned. He read:

The Order of the Phoenix headquarters may be found at Grimmauld Place Number 12, London

But it wasn't a handwriting he recognized. The last time he had seen a similar note like this it had been written by Dumbledore. But this one wasn't. It was completely foreign to him and didn't even look like an adults writing, a bit clumsy even. He didn't have any more time to think about it because Professor McGonagall pulled him over to the door that appeared now.

A few metres away was a girl, just 16 years old. She knew what the note meant. She knew who was there and where they were going. She turned around and left. She had done her duty. Her long black robe curled a little in the midsummer wind as she climbed onto her horse. The black lady disappeared into the night that swallowed her. But she would return.

A surprising conversation

Harry followed his headmistress into the house that had belonged to his godfather once and that was now his. He didn't like being here. And although he didn't want to remember anything that had happened, it occurred to him the portrait of Sirius' mother wasn't shouting at him as it had the last time. It seemed that even the portrait was sad about the loss and had decided to stop hacking on her son.

But instead of leading Harry up the stairs, they went straight down to the kitchen. There they were all waiting for him. Remus Lupin, hand in hand with Nymphadora Tonks, Mad-Eye Moody, Kingsley Shacklebolt, Mrs. Weasley, Mr. Weasley, Bill and Fleur and, of course, his friends, Ron, Hermione and Ginny. But instead of a hello, Moody said: "Sit down, Potter!" Harry obeyed. He felt strange inside this house. And looking at Ron's and Hermione's face didn't help a lot. They were both looking extremely nervous. At last, Lupin started speaking: "Harry, we know you don't want to return to Hogwarts. In fact it isn't even possible as the school is so burnt out it cannot be used." Harry stared at him. How had he found out? He glanced around and saw that Ron was, as well, caught by surprise. But Lupin simply carried on. "I am sure you have noticed somebody else has taken over the order of the Phoenix but I can't tell you yet who it is. We just want you to know that we understand if you want to leave and search for the missing horcruxes but we want to prepare you." Harry didn't ask how he knew about the horcruxes and he didn't care. He simply sat there and listened to Lupin. In fact he wasn't even listening; he just heard some words like "training...defence charms...books..." He thought about what he had just heard. Somebody else had taken over the order. But who could that be? Everybody had always said that Dumbledore was the most powerful wizard in the world and he had been killed. How could they know this person wasn't working for the Death Eaters, now they hadn't got Dumbledore anymore who could assure them that someone was trustworthy? But Dumbledore had also been mistaken about Snape. Harry remembered the feeling of being followed he had had and wanted to say something but then again, he could just have imagined it and he didn't want the order to search the whole of Grimmauld Place just to find a scared cat that had been following them, hoping for some food. In the end he decided to say nothing.

Lupin had finished talking, Mrs. Weasley put some bread in front of Harry's nose, he took some butter and jam and started eating. It tasted great but he didn't even notice. After he finished, Mrs. Weasley sent them to bed. Harry climbed the stairs and came into the familiar room, as cold as ever, with the empty portrait on the wall. He and Ron didn't talk anything; they put their pyjamas on and got into bed. Harry was sure he couldn't sleep in this house but he was simply too tired and fell asleep right away.

Another meeting

The wind burned in her eyes like fire, the branches hit her face but she rode on. She couldn't afford being late. Her black horse ran as fast as it could but she still pushed it on. Finally she arrived on a clearing. Antonin Dolohov was already waiting for her. She jumped off her horse and hugged him. He quickly kissed her, but let go as she pushed him away. Ashamed, he looked away. She pretended to not see his red face and said: "Is he there?"

"Yes", he answered, relieved she had changed the subject so quickly. He started walking through the forest towards the castle. She followed him. In doing that, she pulled the mask over her eyes. They passed the dementors without being stopped. Dolohov was an often-seen visitor and he had announced that he would be accompanied tonight. They walked into the great hall, past some death-eaters, all with their masks on. In a far corner, they saw a man lying on the floor. His face was covered in blood and he was shivering. The black lady looked at him. She couldn't take her eyes off him. So this was Sirius Black. A silent tear trickled down her cheek, a tear that Dolohov quickly swept away. She looked at him and nodded. Then she left again. As soon as she was out of the castle, she ran as fast as she could. She ran through the trees, until her heart was beating so fast that she couldn't breathe anymore. Her knees got weak and whimpering, she leaned to a tree. Suddenly he was beside her again. Antonin had followed her and now had his hand around her shoulder. He pulled her towards him and she silently cried on his shoulder. "You're going to find him, right?" he asked. She nodded. Actually, she had decided a long time ago. "Yes", she whispered. "I need to find Harry Potter. I need to get revenge."

Animato

Well, here you are, chapter 9. It took me a bit longer as I thought but it is much longer than all the others. Hope you'll enjoy it!

The next morning, Lupin came to wake Harry up at 7 o'clock and took him down to breakfast. Moody announced that they would start his training at 8 o'clock and that it would take until at least lunch – if not even longer. "Great news", Harry thought. He had slept terribly last night, dreaming of his godfather being tortured once again. He was sure that was because of the familiar house. During breakfast he noticed Hermione was watching him eagerly. She was extremely curious, which spells Harry was going to learn. At 8 o'clock, Harry followed Lupin and Moody to the Salon. Harry swallowed hard. This was where Sirius had been when he had tried to talk to him in the fire. But Moody didn't give Harry time to think about that. He pulled Harry into the room and said: "Take your wand out, Potter! First we are going to practice some duelling and then I'll teach you a special curse. Ready? Ok, bow then." Harry, totally perplex, bowed, but as soon as he faced Moody again, Moody had thrown a curse at him. Harry hadn't even realized the duel had begun and, caught by surprise, he flew some meters and landed hard on the ground. "If this were a test, Potter, you wouldn't even get a troll!" Moody sneered. "Take care, watch your enemy and NEVER be inattentive. Ok, let's try again."

Five hours, a lot of bruises and tears later, Moody finally announced a break. Harry didn't even bother leaving the room; he just slumped down onto the floor where he was. Ron and Hermione joined him. Hermione passed him a chocolate bar which he took and eagerly swallowed. He was hungry and felt completely sick. Moody didn't seem to realize as he came back ten minutes later and said: "Pull yourself together, Potter, you're not on holiday!" "No?" Harry whispered, which made Ron laugh. He knew he had no other choice so he pulled himself up again. Just then, Lupin came in and said: "Sit down again, we are going to teach you a new spell now that needs some explanation."

Caught by surprise, Harry sat down again and watched Lupin and Moody. Hermione looked as if she would have eaten a whole hippogriff to learn the spell as well. That sounded interesting! Finally, Lupin started speaking. "The spell we are going to teach you is extremely high magic. It is very hard and needs a lot of strength." Now Harry was also eager to hear about the charm he was going to learn. That sounded, he couldn't express it differently, cool. Lupin carried on speaking. "It is a very special charm that can only be used on people you have a very special relationship to." Now, that sounded even stranger. "You see, it is a charm that enables you to look directly into the heart of your opponent. You are going to see his strengths but also his weaknesses, his greatest fears and his feelings." "Legilimens?" Harry asked. "No, you are not reading his thoughts, you are seeing into his heart. And nobody can resist this spell. Nobody always thinks about his weaknesses because that would be extremely stupid, every Legilimens could defeat you if you would constantly think about how you could best be killed." Now, that sounded even more interesting. Lupin continued. "But as I said, you can just use this spell on people you have a very special relationship to. If you would try it on me, it wouldn't work. Your soul has to be connected to the other person, there has to be a connection that is stronger than every other charm. You have got such a connection to Voldemort." "Voldemort?" "Yes, Voldemort. Remember when you were on the graveyard two years ago? Your wands connected, they didn't fight each other. That would be a case for Animato." "Animato?" "Yes, Animato. The charm is easy to explain but as I said, you won't be able to practice it." Harry thought for a while. That sounded ridiculous. He would be able to see into Voldemort's heart. "Does he even have a heart?" he asked himself. "Ok, what do I have to do?" Now, Moody started speaking: "It is very important that you are close to this person. The spell is difficult enough and, anyway, it wouldn't work if you can't see your opponent. So, get up and imagine me being Voldemort. It is not going to work but this is a training session, so. Hold up your wand ... a bit higher, yes, and point it to my heart... good. Now say Animato. Harry whispered it, tried the sound of it, tasted it and finally shouted: "Animato!" Nothing happened. Moody said: "You have to really mean it, imagine this being an unforgivable curse, they also don't work if you don't really mean it. Try again" Harry tried again but Moody just said in an ice-cold voice. "Concentrate, Potter, try again. Imagine me being Voldemort; every fiber of your heart wants to see into my heart. Concentrate, Potter, close your eyes if you need to, concentrate and try again ... NOW!" "ANIMATO!" Harry shouted. Moody was thrown across the

room and hit the wall on the other side. Harry ran over to see whether he was alright. But Moody just sneered: “Never, understand, NEVER approach your enemy even if he lies on the floor. I could have easily killed you now. But, that was a very good try. That was strenuous, wasn’t it?” Just now, Harry realized he was breathing hard. He didn’t want to imagine how he would feel if he would succeed in entering Voldemort's heart. And now, Moody said something unbelievable. “I think that’s enough. Let’s get some lunch and carry on tomorrow!”

Don't forget the Kommis...

Yours,

Linda Black

The werewolf and the princess

Hey Leute!

Sorry sorry sorry und nochmals sorry, dass es wieder so ewig lange gedauert hat! Ich hatte voll keine Zeit und auch überhaupt keine Idee. Das Chap ist ein bisschen gewurstelt aber ich hoffe, es gefällt euch trotzdem. Bei dem nächsten dauerts nicht so lang, versprochen!

*Ach ja, noch ein herzliches DANKE an **heidi**, der ihr dieses Chap gewissermassen zu verdanken habt, da sie mich motiviert hat, weiterzuschreiben und an **Alan4ever**, die mir dieses Chap betagelesen hat. *Knuddel**

Ich merk jetzt grade, dass dieser Kommentar in englisch sein sollte... Ist egal, ihr habt genug lange gewartet, hoffe, das geht ok. Viel Spass mit "The werewolf and the princess"

P.S. Ich weiss, dass der Titel scheisse ist, wem ein besserer einfällt, bitte melden!

"How is he doing?"

"Fine. I'm sure he's going to leave soon."

"Ok, I'll be ready."

"But – be careful"

The black lady nodded. She was ready for the meeting with Harry Potter. She felt Lupin watching her.

"Hey Sweetie, what is it?" He put his hand on her shoulder and looked straight into her eyes.

"Nothing" She said but didn't look into his eyes. She couldn't tell him. She had seen Sirius again last night. He had been tortured once again by the death eaters because he had tried to escape again. Again, she hadn't been able to take her eyes off him until Antonin nudged her gently. She was thankful for it because Bellatrix had already looked at her suspiciously. She had just managed to save the situation by walking over to Bellatrix and asking whether she could also have her fun with him some time. Oh, how she had hated it, she had to close her eyes while speaking the curse and she could still hear the screams in her ears. But if she wanted to belong to the death eaters, she had to do it. After that, Bellatrix trusted her, she knew it. But... What about Sirius? Had he recognized her? If he had... well, that wouldn't change a lot, he would just be extremely depressed. And if he hadn't... maybe he didn't even know she existed... what then? She thought back to the last evening. She had met Dolohow again. It had been a very short but a wonderful time. It was so annoying to always have to meet in secrecy. The death eaters knew they were a pair but they couldn't risk being overheard. He had also been the only reason for her not being searched and checked. She would never have been able to see Sirius if Dolohow hadn't been her boyfriend. He had told her to keep on just a little longer, that she would find Harry Potter soon and that after that they wouldn't have to hide anymore, everything would be all right. But how could he know? She wasn't too sure about that.

"Hey! Princess, are you all right?" She suddenly realized she was still standing with Lupin in the dark. She had completely forgotten that he was there as well. She tried not to look too sad and to keep her voice matter-of-fact.

"You are going to contact me when he leaves, right?" She asked. On his face she could see that she didn't look as she should and her voice trembled.

"Of course. Good luck" He said, still watching her suspiciously.

"Thanks, bye!"

"Bye"

The black lady mounted her horse and rode away as fast as she could. She just wanted to get away. Lupin watched her as she was swallowed by the darkness. He wanted to trust her, more than anything else. But could he trust her? He wasn't too sure of that.

Vergesst die Kommis nicht, sonst hab ich das Gefühl das liest niemand und es kommen keine weiteren Chaps, so einfach ist das. Alle, die selber schreiben, kennen dieses Gefühl bestimmt!

Mlg, eure Linda Black

A lady called Lady

Et voilà, here you are. I'm sorry, this took a bit longer than I expected it to, but this chapter is much longer than the other ones, I hope you'll enjoy it! I am deviating (abweichen, I have no clue, what it means, that's what LEO told me) a bit from the other books but I still hope you like it. Don't forget your Kommi!

A few days after this conversation Harry and his friends were just playing cards in the kitchen when Lupin, Moody and Mr. Weasley entered. They were looking very serious but Hermione was the only one who realized it, Ron was taken up with looking angrily at Harry because he had won once again. "You're cheating, man!"

"No, I'm not"

"Of course you are, you cockroach!"

"Why should I? I don't need to cheat to win you!"

"Chrm chrm", Hermione sounded just like their ex-professor Umbridge and that made them jump. Hermione nodded towards the three adults.

"Oh, sorry, professor... I mean..." Harry stammered. Lupin grinned amused to Mr. Weasley but Moody didn't look happy at all.

"Potter, I've got news for you", he announced. "You are going to leave this house.

Harry gaped. Had he misunderstood his past professor of defence against the dark arts? What had he done wrong? Lupin saw the startled look on his face and smiled at Harry, trying to cheer him up.

"It's all right, Harry", he said. "Mad-Eye wanted to say that your training is over and that you can leave soon to search for the horcruxes." Now, that sounded better to Harry.

"But – please, professor – are you sure he is ready?" Hermione asked. "I mean... there is surely still a lot to learn, isn't it?"

"I dare say, Hermione, that this is none of your business", Mr. Weasley answered. "Harry has spent a lot of time on training and is ready now. There is no reason to wait any longer." That was true. Harry had spent most of his time here in Grimmauld place with training. He had duelled himself so many times with members of the Order that he couldn't count it any more. In the evenings, he had read books about defence charms and had also trained them with Ron and Hermione. His body ached regularly but he knew this was worth it.

Mr. Weasley carried on. "I understand you two still want to go with him?" He looked at Ron and Hermione. They both nodded. Harry opened his mouth to say something but Mr. Weasley interrupted. "Fine. Harry, Hermione, have you ever been horseback-riding?" What the hell did that mean? Harry had, of course, never ridden, not with the Dursleys. He had once been near a horse when Dudley wanted to start riding but when the horse had bitten him into his fat belly, he had lost his interest. But Hermione's eyes started to sparkle. "Oh, yes!" she answered. "I've once been horseback-riding when I was in France! It was great!"

"Good", Lupin announced. "You are going to go on horseback"

"Why?" Harry asked, but Lupin ignored him. He continued: "The horses are waiting for you outside, come and see them.

Harry was puzzled. Why the hell should they go by horse? It would be much easier to just fly with a broom! But well, if King Moody wanted them to break all their bones...

But when they were outside, Harry was struck by a sudden feeling he had never felt before. It was like a mixture of pride, respect and... love. He was looking at the most beautiful horse he had ever seen. It was a white mare. She looked at him curiously as if she wanted to say: "Hey, what are you?" Without realizing what he was doing, he walked over to her and patted her neck. She seemed to like that because she rubbed her head on his shoulder.

"Well, I guess, Harry has found his horse", Harry heard Lupin say. He came over and said: "This is lady here is called Lady, the one over there who Ronald is cuddling with is called Cassie. Hermione had already led her horse over; she seemed delighted of the idea. "He's so sweet!" she announced. How's he called?" "He's called Stubbles", Lupin explained. "Oooh, what a nice name, that fits to him!" Harry looked around once

again. There was Hermione's horse, a brown gelding called Stubbles; Ron's had a fox-like colour and was called Cassie and his own beautiful Lady. Just then, he realized something. He looked at Lupin and blushed a little. "I don't know how to ride", he finally repeated, very embarrassed. Now it would be his fault if the whole excursion would fail. But Lupin smiled. "No problem", he said. "Your grandparents also used to have horses and your father was a very good rider. That's where his Quidditch-talent came from, he had an excellent balance. I'd bet you've got his talent. Just try!" In that second, Moody came over from the little house nearby, holding up three saddles with his wand. Lupin quickly picked one of them out of the air which was a good idea because a second later, the saddle might have crashed with the nervous Lady. Lupin put the saddle on and tightened the surcingle carefully. Then he put on the bridle and finally gestured to Harry to mount the horse. Harry was a bit nervous but still he put his foot into the stirrup and suddenly, without realizing how he had done it, he sat in the saddle. He looked at his friends. Hermione sat perfectly straight on Stubbles' back but Ron was still wobbling around. Lupin instructed them, to ride around a bit and get used to the feeling.

One hour later, they were finally allowed to get off their horses. Ron jumped down and immediately fell backwards onto his bottom, where Cassie delightedly started licking his face. Hermione meanwhile jumped elegantly off Stubbles back. Harry tried to show the same elegance but failed. He could feel every muscle. He would never have thought that riding was so exhausting. Inside the house, they had lunch, which wasn't too easy because sitting was not very comfortable after this torture.

After the meal, Lupin leaned back and looked at Harry. "Actually, we should train your riding a bit more but we haven't got the time for it. What we are going to do is slightly illegal but it has to be done." With the word illegal, Ron had sat up straight, looking curiously at Lupin while Hermione didn't look too happy. Lupin continued: "We are going to give you a potion that trains your muscles you use for riding and gives you a bit of a feeling for horse. We can't make perfect riders out of you with a potion but if we don't do something, you won't be leaving for ages. So, please drink this." He held up a bottle that contained a greenish liquid. He gave it to Harry. Harry took a deep breath and took a sip. It didn't taste as bad as he had expected, it was sweet but at the same time, it tasted like leather... He passed it on to Ron who immediately took a big mouthful of the green fluid, wiped his mouth and passed the bottle on to Hermione. She looked at the bottle for a very long time with the same look she had always given Professor Umbridge. She looked at Lupin again, he nodded and finally, she took a sip. She put the bottle down again immediately and looked ashamed.

"Fine", Lupin said. "Now then, maybe we should tell you, where to go and search..." That sounded like a good idea, none of the three had even thought about that. "Do you know, where the Horcruxes are hidden?" Harry asked hopefully. "No", Lupin answered. "But we found a letter from Regulus, Sirius' brother, which he sent to him just before he died, that might be a big help."

Yes, it's finished ;) I hope I can carry on soon and that you liked the chapter. Once again, I am delighted about every new Kommi!

Love you, Linda Black

A letter

Hey there!

Oh man, I'm sorry, I promised to be quick and I wasn't... Well, the chapter is even longer now so I hope it's going to be all right... Thanks to Joanna at this point for BETA-reading the chapter, she was a big help!!!

**hug* Now, I've talked too long and I need to leave so HAVE FUN!*

Lupin stood up and went over to the stairs. After a while he returned, holding a parchment envelope in one hand. Harry was very eager to open the envelope, he wanted to find these horcruxes, but Lupin didn't give it to him directly. He held it in his hand. He wanted to say something, it was absolutely clear, but he didn't know how. At last, Mr. Weasley helped him. "Harry, listen," he said. "This letter is something very private. Remus got it by accident, really. We found it in the attic. Remus found it when we searched the house. At first, we weren't able to read it, because it was in a special scripture but Remus searched through some books and found out what it was. It's a very old handwriting, it comes from the earliest centuries when only the richest people could read and write. The Black family is so old that it is pretty likely that their ancestors have used this scripture. Somehow, the scripture must have been given on throughout the whole family.

Regulus must have known it and Sirius must have known it, too. Harry looked at the paper. He couldn't read a word. He looked at Lupin; he smiled. "Luckily we were able to translate it," he said and gave Harry a second piece of paper. Harry looked at it; fortunately, this was in a scripture he could understand. The writing looked familiar to him but he couldn't remember, where he had seen it. He read:

Dear Sirius

I am going to be dead when you read this, but I have to tell you something. I know you were right. I shouldn't have started with all this rubbish about Voldemort. I thought Voldemort was right in what he does, but he is evil and cruel. I should never have supported him and rather died fighting against him than being killed for leaving him. However, now as I have realized this and nothing to lose, I will tell you something I found out by accident. Voldemort has made horcruxes.

You won't know what a horcrux is, but ask Dumbledore he will be able to explain all the details I do not have the time to tell you more. The only thing to know now is that he split up his soul to make himself immortal.

He made seven of these horcruxes as seven is a very powerful magical number. Please, don't ask where I got these informations from; I can't answer your question anyway. But as I have already written, I can just as well write further. As I said, there were seven horcruxes. One of them is a diary; Voldemort must have made it when he was very young. Another one was the medallion of Slytherin but I have already taken this one and destroyed it. Then there is Slytherin's ring and something from Ravenclaw or Gryffindor, a trophy, Voldemort loves trophies. And I think the last one is Nagini, his snake, he takes so much care of her she must be something special. By the way, you might wonder why I call him Voldemort and not "The dark lord". Well, the reason is simple, I know he is going to kill me and I don't know what I should be afraid of anymore.

Sirius, now you know about Voldemort's biggest secret. I am afraid I can just tell you where one of the horcruxes is, I don't know about any of the others in special. Helga Hufflepuff's beaker is somewhere in a lake, I have no clue where, I just know it's deep down in a lake, protected by some strong charms. Sirius, please, this beaker has to be destroyed; I know you're in the Order of the Phoenix so you can do something. Now, this is going to be the last thing I write before I die. I wish you all the best.

Your brother

Regulus

It took Harry several minutes to understand what he had just read. He read it twice to make sure he had understood everything. So that was why the order knew about the horcruxes. Finally, he looked at Lupin again. Lupin smiled and laid a map in front of him. "Well, as we couldn't ask Dumbledore anymore we first thought we had lost the game but luckily, Professor Slughorn was... with a bit of... er... help of Mad-Eye he cooperated. So then, here you go," he said. "This is a map of the whole United Kingdom, as we are pretty sure

that Voldemort has kept all his treasures in the country I think you won't have to learn any foreign languages." Harry smiled. That was typically Lupin. "We have marked all the lakes that seem reasonable for the beaker to be stored. There are seven of them. Seven seems to be an important number, doesn't it?" Harry smiled again but he didn't feel very happy. The task seemed more and more impossible to manage. As if Mr. Weasley had read his thoughts he said: "Harry, I know this seems impossible to you but we wouldn't send you on this trip if we thought you had no chance." But Harry had one last question. "Why did Sirius not show this letter? If he had, he might not be..." He couldn't say it and turned away. He didn't want the others to see the tears in his eyes.

Lupin answered quickly which made Ron and Hermione turn their heads towards him which Harry was very grateful for. We think that Sirius never got this letter, he would have told us about it or at least later on he would have told Dumbledore about the horcruxes. Dumbledore would have known earlier what Regulus wrote and wouldn't have searched for the medaillon. We supposed that Regulus' owl had flown to the old Black House but Sirius wasn't there anymore. Kreacher might have gotten it from the family to keep and Kreacher hid it on the attic where we found it.

Sirius never cared much for his brother and after we heard that he was dead he never was sad about it. He couldn't have known that Regulus had changed sides before his death. It's a pity that this letter got lost so long, but now he can help us a lot, so Harry, don't be sad that we found it so late, but be happy that we have an initial point for our search.

But now I think you all have to go to bed, you are going to leave very early tomorrow and you have to have had enough sleep. Oh, before I forget, Hermione, you remember the charm to apparate with your horses?" Harry looked at Hermione, stunned. He didn't know anything about that charm... But Hermione nodded and actually, Harry didn't want to think about that as well so he just accepted it. Surprisingly, Ron didn't even start a discussion; he just followed his father together with Harry and Hermione up the stairs. Harry undressed himself quickly and brushed his teeth as fast as he could and when Ron was finally finished in the bathroom, he pretended to be asleep. He didn't want a conversation, not now. He felt terrible after what he had read and heard, he felt as if he had broken into Sirius' privacy, he had no right to read that letter. And he wondered where he had seen that handwriting before.

So, that was it. By the way, I actually wanted Regulus' letter to be in a different font that made it unable to read but that was technically not possible so just imagine it, ok ? ;) Hope you enjoyed it and I'm very much looking forward to your Kommis (Not a very english word, I know^^)

Conversations of the night

*Uuuuuun es geht weiter. Diesmal hats nicht so lange gedauert, oder? Und diesmal ist es wirklich irre lang, find ich jedenfalls. Ich hoffe es hat nicht noch irgendwelche Logik oder sonstige Fehler sonst sagt bitte Bescheid. Das Chap ist mehrfach gebetat (Danke Joanna ;)) aber irgendwann ist mir die Lust vergangen und ich habs nicht mehr komplett durchgelesen... *asche auf mein Haupt* hoffe, es ist trotzdem ok und es gefällt euch. Danke für die lieben Kommiss und die Idee mit Sirius und James, ich glaube daraus ist das beste Chap von der ganzen Geschichte geworden... wenn ihrs nicht so empfindet, hauts mir im Kommi um die Ohren ;-)*

So, genug palavert, viel Spass mit

Conversations of the night

It was evening once again. At least that was what they thought. Sirius and James hadn't seen the daylight for over one year. But according to the rhythm they had in this castle where they were held captive it was night now. They were woken by a metal box thrown into their cell which contained some hard bread and a bottle of water which tasted as if it has been standing around for a week. But that was the only thing they got and it was better than nothing. They didn't realize it anymore but this treatment was completely mortifying. They had been the most popular boys of whole Hogwarts, they had been handsome and all the girls would have loved it just to walk around the castle hand in hand with one of them. And they had played around with this. They had had their fun, at least Sirius had, James had just been languishing after Lily. And what were they now? Prisoners. Held in a cell not bigger than a normal bathroom, stinking of excrements but not of them; they were allowed to use a toilet three times a day and even shower once a week because the Death Eaters didn't want them to stink too much. The shower, though, just spent icy cold water but after a while, that didn't matter anymore. Nothing mattered. After that "breakfast" they were mostly brought out into the hall to scrub the floor or clean the toilets or whatever. Without a wand of course, and only if they were lucky they were allowed to use a cloth. For lunch they had some stinky meat that looked as if it, together with the water, had been lying too long in the sun, at least it tasted like that. In the afternoon they were either sitting around in their cell or "duelling" with the Death Eaters. They weren't allowed a wand there as well which made the duels slightly unfair. And in the evening they had another piece of hard bread. The evenings were actually the most endurable part of the day because that was when Sirius and James talked about the old times, how much fun they had had and for one or two hours they could forget their misery.

It was the evening after the last visit of the black lady, when she had tortured Sirius. She hadn't dared to come again. Sirius sat in his cell, waiting for James to return. He was still cleaning the blood off the wall that had been splashed there during Sirius' torture. That was habit. If one of them made something dirty, the other one had to clean it. That worked, especially as it also counted for the toilets. Normally, it was hell to sit around, having nothing to do, unfortunately, this occurred quite often. But today was different. Sirius sat there, leaning with his back against the wall and thinking about what had happened. Actually, it was nothing new that he was being tortured, especially not after trying to escape. It had been worth the try but once again he hadn't managed it, he hadn't even come to the entrance hall of the castle. What had been worst was that it had been Bellatrix who had caught him again and had taken over the torture personally. It was something strange but whenever Bellatrix used the Cruciatus curse, it was worse than from the other Death Eaters. It was as if their relationship made it harder for her to speak the curse which made her curse even harder for Sirius. However, in the middle of the "session", this girl came in. He had seen her before, hand in hand with Antonin Dolohov. He guessed that she was a Death Eater, too; in some mission who just returned from time to time to deliver her report. The only strange thing about her was that she seemed extremely young. He would have guessed she was no older than 17 but that didn't fit to her lover who was about 40 years old. But well, there were people with different interests and it was none of his business. He had to admit he was slightly surprised when she came over to torture him again. He didn't really know what interest she had in him. But on the other

hand if she really was on a mission she might want some fun when she came back so why not. It didn't matter for him, who did it, nothing mattered. He didn't even feel it anymore properly, he was nearly dead inside. But what troubled him was how she had looked at him.

It had been a look full of sadness but also full of hate. Maybe he hadn't interpreted it correctly because he had been so tired but he was sure it hadn't been the normal look of a Death Eater before torturing him. And the torturing also hadn't been the same like with the others. One or two times he really thought that she hesitated but it was probably only his imagination that had made him see that.

In that moment, the door of the cell was pushed open and James came in. He let himself fall onto the floor and grabbed the piece of hard bread Sirius had left for him.

"God, Padfoot, I thought you were a pure blood so why the heck is your blood so hard to get off the walls?" James moaned. Sirius grinned. Although they were in this miserable situation, James hadn't lost his sense of humour. James started eating his bread but as he didn't hear a sound from Sirius, he looked up, slightly troubled. That was not normal.

"Hey, Padfoot, what is it?" He didn't get an answer. "Padfoot?" he asked again. Still no answer. James sighed, he leaned forward and snipped in front of Sirius' nose. Sirius jumped and hit his head against the wall.

"Ouch," he said. "What was that for?" James grinned.

"What the hippogriff were you thinking about?" Sirius didn't answer.

"Padfoot?" James asked, now slightly troubled. Sirius looked up.

"Oh... nothing." "Well, nothing seems to be quite interesting, doesn't it? Hey, Sirius, I think I know you well enough to know that something is out of order so what's up?" Sirius sighed and leaned back. He shook his head.

"I can't tell you."

"But why?" Now, James was really confused. What was up with his friend? "Come on, Sirius, it can't be that bad!" Sirius glanced at him.

"Yes it can," he replied.

"Come on Sirius, tell me, please!" Sirius shrugged his shoulders. "Fine then. But promise not to laugh, ok?" James nodded. Sirius carried on.

"Did you see that girl who came in with Dolohov today? She has been here once before, also with him." James nodded. Sirius didn't look at him when he carried on. "I think I'm in love with her."

"What?" James asked, alarmed. "But... she was like 17 years old... she's just a child!"

"I know," Sirius replied. "And that's what makes it so horrible."

"But... she tortured you, didn't she?" Sirius nodded. James leaned back. He didn't understand it. Sirius continued. "I don't know why, she just had this sort of charisma. I know it's difficult to understand and I am not sure about this myself, but I don't know how to explain my feelings for her other than as love. I'm really confused. Since the first time I saw her I have had to think about her all the time. Believe me, I don't know why, but she reminds me of someone, it's like I knew her, but that can't be. I really think, I love this girl, because I can't explain my feelings differently. James now had calmed down a bit. He could understand his friend. Although the girl had been there to torture him she was the first person outside this cell who had shown a little bit of pity for him. Because that was what it must have been, pity.

Sirius only thought there was more and that he loved her but it was only an illusion. He would realize this some time but until, then James would let him think that he was in love, because somehow it was a comfort for him. He had never been married, not to mention children. He had never felt how great it was to have a family, have a child smiling when you came home. He had no memory of love and warmth which was, in fact, the only thing that had kept James alive for so long. Maybe this girl had also somehow made him feel like he was seventeen again: young, handsome, always at least one girlfriend. She had reminded him of his glorious times.

James leaned forward, took Sirius' hand and squeezed it a bit. First, Sirius looked at him, alarmed but when he realized that it had just been a gesture of friendship, he relaxed. "Thanks, Prongs," he said. That was all he could say.

After a while of silence, James changed the subject to something he had wanted to talk about for a long time. "How do you think Harry is doing?" It had cost him a lot of effort to ask this question. Sirius shrugged. "I don't know," he replied. I think if he wouldn't be fine we would have heard about it." James nodded. That was true. "What do you think he is doing? I mean, I'm sure he wants to kill Voldemort... or doesn't he?" Sirius smiled. "He is just like you, Prongs, so yes, he wants to kill him." James looked relieved. Sirius carried on. "But I don't know how he wants to do this. I mean, I still don't understand why Harry didn't die in that night but I understand even less how Voldemort managed to survive." Now it was James who shrugged. "I have no idea. But I wish Dumbledore was out there to help him. Dumbledore was the only one whom Voldemort was ever afraid of. Now as he's gone..."

"I guess this is the reason he had to die," Sirius replied. There was another silent pause until James asked: "Do you know whether Harry has got a girlfriend?" Sirius grinned. He had been waiting for this question quite a long time but knew James hadn't had the heart to ask. "He is quite popular but I guess that's more because he's famous. He's not as vain as you, though. He is more like Lily in respect thereof." Sirius just looked up in time to see a tear shimmer in James' eye who was quickly wiped away by a trembling hand. "Sorry," Sirius whispered. He hadn't wanted that. "No problem," James tried to smile but his smile looked very forced. "Carry on."

"Well, he was more or less allied with that Asian girl, Cho Chang but he was not quite... ready for that so they split up." Sirius looked at his friend to see a single tear trickling out of his eye and this time, he didn't wipe it away. Sirius could understand him very well. In one night he had lost everything, his family, his friends, everything. He had come here to that horrible place. At least he had a friend here but that was not half as good as living a peaceful life with his family. Like this, the two men spent the rest of the evening, thinking about their lives. They didn't need to talk any longer. But when Sirius finally fell asleep, James cried, quietly, no to let Sirius hear. He didn't want to show him how weak he was but he missed his wife and his son so much that his heart ached. Meanwhile, Sirius dreamed of a girl in black robes, this time hand in hand with him.

Departure

Hey, da bin ich endlich wieder mal... Tut mir irre leid aber diesmal wars früher wirklich nicht möglich, ich war dermassen im Prüfungsstress dass ich, wenn ich mal zeit hatte, nicht noch mehr schreiben wollte... Hoffe, ich hab trotzdem noch ein paar Leser und es gefällt euch...

Liebe Grüsse,

Linda Black

The black lady had gotten a note that evening, telling her that Harry Potter would be about to leave the next morning. She smiled. That sounded good. She answered the letter immediately and told Remus, where she suspected the horcrux to be. She would be ready and wait for them there.

When Harry woke up the next morning, he kept his eyes closed for a long time. He didn't want to open them because then he would have to get up and leave to search for the horcruxes. He didn't want so, he really didn't, and, as a lot of times before he just wished to be a normal schoolboy who could enjoy his holidays. His classmates could stay in bed now, sleep as long as they wanted to, finally they would get up, have breakfast with their families and, after that, just enjoy their holidays. But he, Harry, had to get up and leave the only family he had - and that came close to being his real -, the Weasleys. But then he thought of Sirius, of his parents, Dumbledore, Cedric and all the other people that had been killed by Voldemort and this thought gave him the strength to open his eyes. His watch showed 5:30 AM. Harry groaned and turned to lie on his back. But then he didn't fall asleep anymore, instead he got up, silently put on his clothes and, without waking Ron, left the room. Carefully he went down the squeaking stairs. He left the house and went over to the stables that had been built for the horses. Stubbles, Cassie and Lady were having an early breakfast on the meadow that had been fenced. Harry went over to Lady and padded her. She closed her eyes and seemed completely relaxed. Harry stayed outside for a while. Being with Lady relaxed him as well. He thought about the journey that lay ahead of him. But for the first time he realized that he wasn't just scared. He had always thought that he went on this journey and hadn't had the idea of refusing it because he felt obliged to do it. But now he realized that he himself wanted to go. He wanted to get revenge.

When he had rested long enough, he went back into the house. While he had been outside, Tonks and Moody had helped Mrs. Weasley to lay the table for breakfast and Mr. Weasley just came down with Hermione and Ron who both still looked very tired. Ron looked at Harry, relieved. "Hey mate, you know how much you scared me when you just weren't in your bed this morning?"

"Sorry," Harry answered. "Couldn't sleep" Mrs. Weasley interrupted them by pushing them onto their chairs. She buttered a toast for each of them and Remus could just stop her from feeding them as well. She seemed extremely nervous. Ron looked very pale and Hermione nearly spilled her orange juice because her hands were shaking so violently. But Harry suddenly felt calmness inside of him. It was as if now, as he knew they were just about to start, the whole anxiety he had felt while planning the trip had left him. He ate his toast, drank his orange juice, listened to Mrs. Weasley who reminded him that he should always change his underwear, listened to Lupin who told him to be careful and to Moody who told him to keep his eyes open and, frankly, he was glad when breakfast was over.

At 8 o'clock, Lupin showed them the map once again. "Look here," he said. "We've got some spies out there and they told us that this is the lake that most possibly contains the first horcrux. There must be some sort of magic around this lake. Go there first and let's hope you'll find it. And now, go and get your baggage ready." Harry and Ron obeyed and went up to their room to pack up their belongings. They couldn't take a lot with them but Harry nevertheless took his invisibility cloak that had once belonged to his father, the presents he had got from Ron and Hermione for his birthday, the book and the three potions. He hoped he wouldn't need them but that was better than nothing. Finally, he put a photo of his parents into his bag. He didn't want

to leave without them.

After having packed up some clothes as well, he closed his bag and went down the stairs with Ron. Hermione was already there, jumping from one foot to the other. "Are you finally ready?" she asked, her voice shaking. "Well, you know, we still had to find our mascara, right?" Ron answered, desperately trying to get her laugh because her nervousness was contagious. "Oh, stop it!" she hissed. Remus laughed. "Okay then," he said. "Let's go!"

They left the house all together, nobody stayed inside. The horses came over as if they knew what was going on. Harry, Ron and Hermione got the saddles and bridles and got their horses ready. The people standing around them simply watched. There was nothing more they could do. When the three friends were finally ready, Mrs. Weasley hugged them all hard. "Take care," she told them, sobbing. They promised to and, with tears in their eyes, turned around to face the way they had to go. It was surprising to see that number twelve Grimmauld Place was so close to the forest but they guessed that the Order wasn't quite innocent about that fact. They waved one last time and finally left.

After a few hours ride, they got to the lake Lupin had showed them. Ron looked around nervously. He had a feeling of being watched but the only thing watching him was a butterfly that was drinking some nectar from a plant close to them. "So, how are we going to get this thing out? What is it, by the way?" Harry shrugged. "I have no idea," he replied. "I guess we have to dive".

"But... you don't know what charms are around this... thing!" Hermione insisted.

"Can't be helped," Harry muttered and took off his shirt.

"What are you doing?" Hermione shrieked. "What... never seen a naked man before?" Ron grinned. Hermione blushed. "Of course... I mean... no... that's none of your business! Harry, you can't go down there, it's too dangerous!"

Harry had, in the meantime, also taken off his trousers, shoes and socks and stood in his boxer shorts in front of his friends. Hermione's ears turned a little pink and she looked over the water as she said: "I'll come with you." Now it was Ron who looked shocked. "No, you can't! It could be dangerous!

"That's why I'm going!" Hermione snapped. Harry knew how this argument would end and said loudly: "None of you is coming with me, I'm going alone. What if something happens and somebody is out here all alone? He wouldn't be of great help, would he? But if you're two, that could be of some help." Hermione sighed. "But be careful, ok?"

"You know me," Harry grinned.

"That's the problem." Hermione shook her head disapprovingly and suddenly hugged him hard. Harry hugged her as well, looked at Ron who said: "Good luck, mate" and then faced the cold, black water that lay beneath him.